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*Abundant Hope*

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**Rosie's Meditations # 2**

# Introduction

What I can say to summarise my experience with these meditations is that this is something I **HAVE NEVER DONE BEFORE** on a daily basis together with a group of people (a group of wonderful and special people I have to say), with reporting and sharing and comparing notes and experiences afterwards online.

I am someone who generally cannot (or maybe only thinks she cannot) sit still for a long time and who has long been allergic to the very word "meditation". Meditative creative activities (singing, piano, drawing, walking in nature, **YES**, but not sitting still). **SO** for many years, meditating has had a sort of negative touch for me. But what this has actually turned into is closing my eyes, visualising connection to Source, asking questions and **WATCHING DIVINE CINEMA**. And being encouraged to write down the script and share it has been a way of cementing these scenes in my memory and on paper, and cementing the experience.

Much of it has value in its potential to visualise the future. Taking the meditation reports one step further would be to illustrate them as paintings - something I would dearly love to do, but rather a challenge because there are so many of them now. Perhaps sketches are an alternative. Never could I have imagined how this would develop, so I am very grateful to Johan for directing and pushing. And I love writing, so this suits me down to the ground.

For me it has been and still is a very creative process, and as thoughts and words and visualisations have their own very definite power, together we have made some sort of a difference, even if that cannot be so clearly seen or defined in relation to what is happening in the world at large. And as we are not "meditating" in the sense of sitting still and being a recluse all day, there is still time for action in the physical plane, with the aim of reaching the blissful constantly meditative state while we are doing **ALL THINGS**.

Love Rosie

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# Rosie's Meditation Reports 2

By Rosie

## **Meditation Report 99, 13th June 2012**

### THE GROWTH EXPERIMENT

During the initial cleansing process a number of waves descended as horizontal layers from above and washed over my head, accompanied by the words BE STILL. I felt a wave of stillness, a wave of clarity, and a wave of love which drowned me completely and put me in a state of utter calm and joy.

The scene changed, and now I was one of about twenty meditators holding hands in a circle. Inside the circle were thousands and thousands of tiny distressed people who felt trapped and helpless, not from being surrounded but from the feeling that there was some vital information to which they had no access. It was not possible to contain all the tiny figures inside the circle, so the meditators were inspired to grow so that they could surround them and protect them. The people grew even tinier as a result.

Then the meditators started to send the tiny people strong positive energy and love. With this support, but also due to their own initiative and desire to progress, the little people grew steadily until they actually outgrew the meditators. They discovered that they had grown wings and joyfully they began to fly around like angels.

The meditators were joyful too, collapsing in each others arms from fatigue, glad that their task was finally over, and that it had been completed successfully.

## **Meditation Report 100, 14th June 2012**

### THE SOURCE OF ALL

While lying down with my eyes closed, I suddenly felt a very strong burning sensation on my face. It was the sun which had just appeared with full intensity from behind a cloud. My skin turned from pink to red, to lighter and then darker shades of brown. In the end it was black and began to crack and peel away in dry flakes, revealing a perfectly white and almost transparent new skin. I knew that I had been radically

cleansed, and also that I had become younger, hearkening back to an age of complete innocence.

I now had the mind and body of a five year-old child, playing in a garden. Suddenly I heard a loud crack which startled me, and a seed fell from the heavens, landing at my feet. With great enthusiasm I planted and watered the seed, checking its growth regularly and watering it gently.

A year later, when the seed had already grown into a small, sturdy plant, another seed landed at my feet with the same cracking sound. I planted that too, regarding this as some sort of inexplicable marvel and distant mystery which happened on an annual basis. I tended and loved my charges, and discovered that my friends in nearby gardens were doing the same.

One year, I happened to be looking upwards when I heard the familiar "crack". This time I realised what was happening and I came into the sudden realisation that ALL SEEDS CAME FROM THE SAME SOURCE. That source was much nearer than I had thought. A huge wisteria plant hung overhead. When the sun was fierce, it dried the seeds pods, putting them under so much pressure that they exploded with force, and the seeds were scattered far and wide in a split second.

I was humbled that a plant of such beauty, with its purple blossoms, and capable of such growth, could be growing so near me. I did not understand why I had not looked upwards before, or why I had not seen it before. I was ashamed not to have realised or acknowledged its presence.

With this new knowledge, I was able to act as a messenger. I walked through all the neighbouring gardens where other children were tending their seedlings, and I told them that they were all children of the SAME SOURCE.

I then found myself in outer space viewing our earth as a purple globe, graced with flowing wisteria trees.

## **Meditation Report 101: 17<sup>th</sup> June 2012**

### **FINDING THE RIVER OF TRUTH**

Due to a sense of great crisis, a group of riders on horses were riding AS FAST AS POSSIBLE on a very vital mission. They all wore armour and carried spears and banners. Together they formed a very colourful crowd, as they came from many

different races and tribes. Even the horses were various surprising shades of colour, apart from the normal black or brown. All together they raced on, leaving clouds of dust and darkness behind them, searching valiantly for the only thing which still interested them - THE RIVER OF TRUTH.

As they travelled, the wide valley they moved through became increasingly narrow and the slopes to the side became steeper, forcing the riders to bunch together more. In addition, they were aware that other riders had joined them on the way, but they did not know exactly who these extra riders were because they were also wearing armour, and visors covered their faces. Their focus remained on the horizon, scanning it for the water that they KNEW must be there, as they KNEW that the valley ended and that the water must descend and become visible soon.

When at last they arrived at the river, weary and thirsty, they stopped and drank of its waters. Almost immediately, they REMEMBERED WHO THEY REALLY WERE - their true selves. Then everyone took off their armour and started to recognise each other from other missions and past lives. Grand reunions took place. Everyone sat and talked about old times, knowing that the veil of forgetfulness had been lifted by their impassioned search for the river of truth. They now knew that they would be working together always.

## **Meditation Report 102, 24<sup>th</sup> June 2012**

### **COME TO THE GLOBAL GARDEN**

A large group of meditators (including myself) gathered together for a special occasion and held hands in a circle. The scene looked a little old-fashioned as all the women wore simple long dresses in various colours, and the men wore comfortable suits, also coloured. At the centre of the circle was our Creator, represented by a tall handsome smiling figure from whom white light emitted continuously.

The meditators sent their collective energy up through their crown chakras so that it created many arcs of light beams in the air which came to rest in the middle with the Creator. From here, all the energy was concentrated and sent down to the core of the earth to assist her. During this time the mood was very serious and the concentration great.

Following this, the atmosphere took on a lighter feel. A sphere suddenly appeared above the head of the Creator. It was a miniature earth, and the Creator took hold of

it gently and twirled it around, pushing it gently like a balloon. Again the meditators all sent energy jointly to this small globe, with the intention of strengthening all those intending to stay on her surface, and who would have to cope with great changes and completely new conditions. The meditators also sent light with the intention of strengthening the spreading and acceptance of revealed truth.

The Creator submerged the miniature earth in the water of a wishing well. Following a cleansing process, it reappeared so white and shimmering that it was almost transparent. He held this renewed earth in front of each person, who then bent forward and poured golden light onto it as if pouring blessings from a jug. With each blessing, the globe became a little more colourful, until in the end it resembled a spherical jewel, similar to an opal.

So far, the meditators had not paid much attention to their surroundings, but at this point they realised that they were all inside a circular walled garden, and I began to sing to myself "There's a Gateway of Plenty, which leads to a walled garden"\* Seats and benches were situated in leafy bowers, or around pools and fountains, and the meditators greeted each other and sat down together in groups as they felt a great need to talk and discuss. The Creator went round to everyone and blessed each and every one in person.

Suddenly the round garden became smaller and smaller and started turning, as if being viewed from increasing height. Now, it was just a small circle on the surface of the earth, and it was possible to see the bigger perspective. When the meditators looked upwards they now saw that the night sky was full of sparkling stars and space-ships. Again the meditators joined hands in a circle to send their love to their galactic sisters and brothers.

\*<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9IB9QSETbbM&feature=plcp>

#### Morning Mantra

There's a gateway to plenty that leads to a walled garden,  
And the door's always open for everyone to see,  
And the path's marked quite clearly for eyes which are open  
And the power of music and love flows through me.

There's a home for the seeker, a reason for showing  
There's a question for feeling, a knowledge to heal  
There's a journey we're taking, a seed we are sewing,  
And the answer for knowing is always in thee.



So come tired spirit and enter the garden,  
We will tread the wet meadow and find the divine,  
Then the sun will embrace you revealing an angel

No matter where, your soul is there in everyone you meet along your journey,  
mirroring your story  
Come to the Global Garden, we will welcome you with open arms  
Come be the revolution, and meet the world with open hearts

And that's why I keep singing, a bird in the walled garden,  
And the words which are wisdom flow gently through me  
And the hearts that can listen to light in the darkness  
When the world is a-sleeping are woken by me, woken by thee, mantra in the morning.

### **Meditation Report 103, 27<sup>th</sup> June 2012**

#### **WHITE RAIN FALLING**

A group of meditators wearing flowing robes were standing in a circle on a large round plinth about a metre higher than the ground. They held hands and concentrated hard on sending joint energy to the central point in the form of white light. When fused together, it rose like a massive fountain into the air and fell in enormous arcs outwards, falling on every possible inch of the earth. This looked like a huge and constantly flowing umbrella of water.

Most inhabitants of earth did not recognise this as positive energy however. They regarded it as part of a monumental godless storm in a terrifyingly dark sky, and they retreated in great fear, protecting themselves from the "rain" by holding black umbrellas.

Suddenly the clouds parted and a great display of flashing lights like myriad fireworks could be seen in the sky. These came from space ships communicating their joy and desire to be seen. One man noticed the change in light, put down his umbrella in amazement and watched the brilliant display. Others followed suit. Yet others rushed away in fear, still clutching their umbrellas, and hid in their homes.

The white "rain" now fell directly onto the spectators, cleansing them in mind and body until their skin was transparent and shimmering. A tall smiling man and his



consort, who I understood to be our Creator, arrived in a carriage and walked to the meditators on the plinth who were all very very tired. He stood behind each meditator in turn, strengthening them, thanking them, and indicating that this was the end of their exertion and of their present task.

## **Meditation Report 104, 28<sup>th</sup> June 2012**

### **RECOGNISING SIGNS OF DECREASING SEPARATION**

Dark clouds filled the sky in all parts of the earth. Earth's inhabitants went about their usual business in a fairly resigned sort of way. Suddenly golden threads descended from the sky, and everyone who noticed them and touched them were filled with awe, as they came to the RECOGNITION that there were many exciting things of which they were unaware.

Then thousands upon thousands of purple flowers fell through the clouds onto the ground, falling at the feet of a number of astonished onlookers. The people who noticed the flowers came to the RECOGNITION that whoever was throwing the flowers had the same connection with nature as themselves, and that "nature" could hardly be a phenomenon restricted to this planet alone, but common to a great number of evolving planets. These people felt uplifted and reassured because they now knew they were not alone in the universe.

Then thousands upon thousand of sea-shells descended from the sky. This really confused the inhabitants in the partial knowing, because although they now knew that those above had an affinity with nature, they usually regarded the sea as a mass of water below, not above. Those who thought about this carefully came to the RECOGNITION THAT EVERYTHING MAY BE THE OTHER WAY AROUND. While this was a disconcerting thought initially, it also seemed quite exciting that everything may be quite different from that which is generally thought.

Then a hailstorm of small golden balls occurred, but miraculously they did not hit the populace but landed on the ground. As they were extremely hard, made out of a transparent material never seen before, they were picked up and marvelled at. The children were delighted as the balls also bounced, and they began to play with them. Others, very busy with their own routines, did not notice the playing children at all. Those who contemplated this wonder came to the RECOGNITION that those above were technologically much more advanced, and also more spiritually advanced. They showed love instead of hate: they had sent golden balls to play with instead of bullets to kill with.

The final bestowal from above was many many columns of light which hit the earth's surface, each forming a perfect circle on the ground. Interspersed were columns of black light. Shining tall beings emerged from the lighted columns and started to greet the earth inhabitants who was them. Some people realised that these were their long-lost galactic brothers and sisters, and received them with great joy.

Those now in the full knowing now understood that the golden threads, the golden balls, the shells and the purple flowers were all signs to announce the coming of their galactical neighbours, in order to increase acceptance and reduce shock. Others, not having noticed any of the previous signs, departed in fright, hiding in the black light columns, which then transported them to other realms where they could adjust more slowly to change in a more appropriate environment.

### **Meditation Report 105, 2<sup>nd</sup> July 2012**

#### **THE INEVITABLE HARVEST**

An orchard appeared, and I understood this to be symbolic of the earth at the present moment. All the apple trees were of varying stages of growth, and of various ages, but they were all subject to the same weather and the changing seasons. This means that the period of growth and the period of harvesting was the same for all trees, as the cycle had to be completed before the colder weather appeared, making the gathering of fruits impossible due to thick layers of snow, and making harvesting pointless also, as the fruits themselves would be frozen and useless.

Around harvest time, many farmers gathered to collect the harvest. First they saw a diseased tree which looked completely black. Although the fruit it bore looked surprisingly large and luscious, the farmers did not trust this, and they partitioned the black tree off, enclosing it in a fence, so that it should not contaminate the others.

Then they attended to the other trees. First they collected the "windfalls". These fruits had not had the strength to hold their own against the high winds. Then they picked the ripe apples which were at the exact point of maturity for harvesting. They left the small, unripe apples still on the tree, hoping that they would develop quickly before the onset on winter. Just before the onslaught of colder weather, the farmers knocked down all the remaining apples whether they were ripe or not. All apples were sorted according to size and quality. Some were sold at market, some were made into juice, others were fed to animals. The luscious large fruits on the

black tree were destroyed, as was the tree itself, especially the roots, as they were discovered to be poisonous.

I was led to understand that there will be a point where it is HARVESTING TIME FOR EVERYONE, whether they are ready or not, irrespective of their specific knowledge or rate of growth or degree of maturity, because conditions on earth will temporarily be no longer be suited for life. It was clear that there are no exceptions and that there is no escape from this harvesting process.

### **Meditation Report 106, 6<sup>th</sup> July 2012**

#### **ALL SOULS ON EARTH MOVE ON**

As I looked up towards the skies, celestial figures were kneeling on a blanket of cloud - similar to portrayals of angels in religious medieval paintings - and they were pouring golden liquid out of buckets. Underneath, the citizens of earth were going about their daily business. Some of them were in a meditative, reflective and open mood, and their crown chakras - which looked like a hole in the top of their heads - were open. The golden liquid fell into these holes and energised these people, causing them to feel light and joyful and full of gratitude. They were filled with a wonderful deep sense of expansive being and limitless strength, and all emotions seemed to be rushing through them simultaneously without blockage.

As the angels above were actually very busy, pouring golden liquid continuously and diligently in the hope of benefitting ALL PEOPLE ON EARTH, there was more than enough, and it overflowed into the streets like golden rivers. Those whose crown chakras were still closed, and who were not yet able to receive its transformational benefits, stopped in wonder to stare at the golden rivulets at their feet. They considered this to be the result of magic as it had seemingly appeared from nowhere.

The golden liquid benefitted the soil in the same way that it had benefitted the people with open crown chakras: the grass and flowers started to grow so rapidly that the growth was clearly visible to the naked eye. Not only did the plants grow in great profusion, but also to enormous sizes, so that the heads of the marigolds were as big as the heads of the people.

This continued until the earth's surface was a complete jungle. Those people with open chakras, connected to the divine realms by the golden liquid light, were not unduly affected, as the growing undergrowth did not impinge upon the descending light. These people were always surrounded by a small bright clearing. Having

absorbed the light and being part of it, these people found that if they took one step towards the undergrowth, it parted automatically to let them pass. For them, walking was easy.

Others had to force their way through the jungle because they had not accepted or were not aware of the possibility of divine assistance, never having looked upwards towards the heavens, or never having seriously considered the existence of other realms. In the end, however, EVERYONE arrived at a large central clearing, some guided, some arriving by chance, some light-hearted, some almost euphoric, some tired, some distraught, some sad and some angry and defiant.

At the centre of the clearing was a huge glass dome where many travellers were gathered. Important celestials such as Esu, Christ Michael and Siraya were at the centre, teaching and explaining. Many newcomers went straight to sit at their feet, recognising that they had great truths to impart, trying to get as near as possible to them so as to be able to better soak up their words. Once these people became more settled and assured and more emotionally balanced, they moved a little further back to the outward circles of disciples and listeners. When they had fully understood the situation on earth and the changes necessary to redress that unfortunate situation (in addition to the knowledge of their own role in creating and perpetuating it), they left the dome to take on new roles in society on earth or elsewhere.

When they were ready to leave, guides who accompanied them to the next stage of their journey met them outside the dome. I was given to understand that our journey always went through these stages of struggle, recognition, learning and action. Even those who hung back on the edges of the forest in anger and disbelief, choosing not to enter the white domed building, would eventually do so, even if this meant years of waiting in anger or sorrow, and even if this meant many years of fruitless wandering in the thick jungle.

Eventually, when ALL SOULS HAD MOVED ON, the celestials went outside and the glass dome dissolved, as its purpose had been met.

### **Meditation Report 107, 8<sup>th</sup> July 2012**

#### **THE RIVER OF LAVA: ALL WILL BE GOLDEN**

During the initial cleansing ritual, a rotating beam of golden liquid descended from above and entered the crown chakra at the top of my head. It descended very slowly, inch by inch, and twirling blades seem to scatter energised light particles horizontally so that they reached every part of my body.

After a while I realised that I was not the only person being cleansed: I was one of many meditators on the top of a hill, standing in a circle. We were aware of each other but could not see each other because we were all standing inside a huge clay pot without a bottom. Our feet touched the soil. We knew also that a large special pot was positioned at the centre of our circle.

A huge jug poured golden liquid down from the skies. The liquid fell via the large special pot, where it was divided and distributed so that again, it fell into our crown chakras. When our bodies were "full" of the liquid, it began to spill out of our feet and creep under the rim of the pot into the outside world. It rolled slowly but continuously downhill like a river of lava, and many people who saw it ran away in fright.

Other people were very curious, however, and noticed that the lava did not give off any steam. They dared to touch it. It was not hot but pleasantly warm and it filled them with a deep thrill of joy. They rejoiced and bathed themselves in it until they were completely covered. Those souls who touched the lava but were not capable of absorbing its feelings of great joy and compassion, immediately left for new destinations, leaving their earthly bodies behind them, as they recognised that the golden wave was unstoppable.

The golden liquid continued, covering everything in its path, even climbing tall building such as church spires and skyscrapers. It was as if it had a mind of its own and as if it would not rest until ALL WAS GOLDEN. When this task was complete, the huge jug in the heavens stopped pouring out liquid, and the huge pots containing the meditators split open with a loud crack. The people heard this and climbed the hill to see the meditators looking dazed and tired, surrounded by clay shards. Slowly the liquid covered them also and they regained their energy and started to recognise and greet each other with great joy.

Then the special central pot broke to reveal our Creator, Christ Michael, who had been the main and unseen distributor of golden liquid. He took off a long white robe, and it was clear that he was already golden, so the liquid did not need to cover him.

As far as the people were concerned, all previous differences in features, size and clothing were now softened and almost eradicated by the constant golden hue. They now saw each other as souls instead of representatives of different races, classes or sexes. A feeling of joyful brotherhood and sisterhood ensued.

## **Meditation Report 108, 13<sup>th</sup> July 2012**

### **THE STORMING OF THE CASTLE AND THE REBIRTH**

During the initial cleansing process, all impurities were brushed off my skin by whirling white winds until my skin was soft and almost transparent. Then unseen arms brought black armour which fitted me very closely, and which left no chink through which my lighted aura could escape to the outside world. Moving around and living my life in the "normal" world, no one was aware of my true identity or purpose. It made me feel like a secret agent who was not able to reveal, and who was not even sure of what needed revealing.....

After a while, I became acquainted with other armoured horse riders like myself, and felt united by a joint purpose which became ever clearer. We saw that a great and destructive power held sway over the land, and that it was our duty to disarm it. The dark power was concentrated in a very tall, isolated castle. The only way to penetrate this was to place very long ladders against the walls and climb up, facing whoever it was at the top, lying in wait.

Some of our group decided that this was too dangerous, and that it was suicide to attempt an assault of this nature, saying that the ladders would simply be pushed away. Others were convinced that this was the very last chance we had to save the country from complete oppression, so they started to climb. Miraculously, the ladders were as firm as rock, and the climbers were astonished to see that the rungs had welded themselves to the castle walls, completely eliminating the danger. The climbers supposed that if this miracle was possible, then further miracles awaited them. And indeed, this was so, as the soldiers at the top were immobilised, standing on the ramparts like statues.

Much relieved, the climbers who reached the top took off their armour and started to recognise each other. They realised that they were already friends from past experiences which they could not recall until now. They carried the paralysed dark figures to a central arena which was like a sea of glass, illuminated from below and from above by beams of white light.

The climbers, who were increasing every minute in number, sat around the sea of glass and started to meditate, sending all their love towards the paralysed figures who were their would-be attackers. Bombarded by all this positive energy, the outer armour of these figures began to crack open, but instead of white bodies inside, they were dark and wrinkled. The meditators continued to send love to them, and a number

of these beings suddenly fell into convulsions, crying and asking for help, and stretching out their hands towards the surrounding meditators.

The meditators' hearts melted at such shows or sincere remorse and such deep pain at the realisation of regrettable actions, and they pulled these crying people into their arms and rocked them like babies until they were comforted. Very slowly, these entities actually turned colour, becoming lighter and lighter and smaller and smaller, EXPERIENCING REBIRTH, BECOMING PURE WHITE BABIES WITH INNOCENT SMILES.

Those still on the sea of glass who showed no remorse or emotion, unaffected by the love sent to them, lay twisted on the ground and screamed curses. As they could not respond to the energy sent them, they lost more and more strength, until eventually, they became still. At this point, the meditators realised there was no point in sending more love, and so they stopped. Officials from other planets appeared at the edges of the sea of glass and proceeded towards the collapsed dark entities. They were transported away to another planet to be heard and tried in official courts.

### **Meditation Report 109, 17<sup>th</sup> July 2012**

#### **THE FALL OF THE BANK**

The scene of a busy city centre opened up to me. Many people were milling around, shopping or on business. The bank was an imposing building, several storeys high with many windows, and through the glass front at the bottom it was possible to see queues of customers waiting behind the desk for their turn for attention. Others took money out of the dispensing machines, or paid money in. Everything seemed very clean and efficient, as if completely normal and running smoothly.

However, for me there was something questionable about the whole building. As I moved further and further towards the back of the building to investigate, gaining a new perspective, I was completely shocked to discover that this huge façade was nothing more than a cardboard cutout. The room where customers entered was the only three-dimensional part - like a glass cube.

Behind the façade was a derelict tumbledown building full of broken stairways, unkempt corridors and spider's webs, populated by clerks in shabby black suits. As soon as any money was paid into the bank, it was immediately seized upon by these boys in the back rooms and distributed to various destinations. They made one frantic telephone call after another.



When a customer wished to take a large sum of money out of the bank, the backroom boys were thrown into great consternation. Many more telephone calls were made to secure the money, and this took a considerable amount of time. Meanwhile, the customer was invited to sit down in the glass cube and drink coffee.

Suddenly tall bright figures appeared in a semi-circle behind the whole building. As the building had no wall at the back, their light penetrated the shadowy premises, and all the clerks fell into fright and tried to hide, but it was no use. The light was so intense that they could not open their eyes for fear of being blinded.

This energy was so strong that it pierced the building and shot out through the windows which faced onto the street. The people looked up with astonishment to see the beams of white light emerging from the windows. Some ran away. Some screamed. Some pretended it had not happened. Others felt that this was some miracle. Some fell onto their knees and prayed.

Some were curious and decided to see where the light came from. As I had done, they started to move round the side of the building. When they reached the back, they saw the tall white figures and recognised them as the source of the light and were so attracted by them that they joined them. They received the gift of light and grew to be a tall shining figure themselves.

When our group of shining figures had become much larger, the light we sent was so intense that it pushed the façade of the building over. The onlookers were astonished to see that it was only made of cardboard after all. And they were equally astounded to see the dirt and corruption behind it. Many were angry, many cried, many sank in despair because they had not realised that they had been so duped. The tall figures took them by the hand and comforted them.

### **Meditation Report 110, 19<sup>th</sup> July 2012**

#### **CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE FROM ABOVE**

A man was riding a bicycle with two wheels at the front and one at the back. In front of the handlebars was a large basket in which I was sitting. I felt cramped and could not see much and strained to look over the edge of the basket. Everything looked pretty normal - people going about their general business in an unrushed and methodical sort of way, but this did not satisfy me. There had to be more to life than this, I thought, and I was possessed by a strange feeling of unease, though nothing in the physical situation around me supported this impression.

The strength of my desire to know more acted as a catalyst. The more clearly I wished and intended to see, the higher the basket went, extended into the air on metal poles, still supported by the bicycle below. From this height I could see many people wandering about, stopping intermittently, then continuing on their path. It seemed like a small enclosed world which was oblivious of anything happening outside of its perimeters.

As my gaze turned to the horizon, however, dark curling and menacing clouds were rolling in from every direction. I was given to understand that a great change in climate and weather and situation would occur, causing great distress but also great enlightenment in our ways of thinking. I was reminded that all communities are under the very watchful eye of our Creator, and that his concern for each individual soul is so great that his watch is never over. Constant surveillance, constant attention to detail, constant awareness of all potentials and possibilities are all simultaneously held in the Divine Mind, powered by unconditional love for all.

### **Meditation Report 111, 21<sup>st</sup> July 2012**

#### **INSIDE THE MARBLE**

A large number of people, including myself were wandering around in a large marble quarry, looking at all the blocks of marble and trying to decide which one to choose. Some people took a long time over this, pondering the quality and size of the stones, and others selected intuitively and without hesitation. Those who took their time were gently ushered on by angelic beings who were supervising the whole operation. They gently reminded the people that the outside form of the block of marble was not so important, and what was on the INSIDE mattered.

The angelic beings then gave us to understand that our next task was to DISCOVER OURSELVES, and that by chipping off the outside layer of the marble we would find an aspect of ourselves which required more attention or recognition or dissolution. SO everyone was given a hammer and chisel and was told to begin.

This was no easy work, as some had never held a hammer before, but as they experimented and adjusted and applied dedication, they made progress and were very excited to find the first "unchippable" part of stone which meant they had found the tip of what they were looking for. Others, who tired quickly and who did not really understand what this whole process was about, and who laid down their tools from time to time, were inspired to continue when they saw that others had made headway.

## Meditation Report 112: 26<sup>th</sup> July 2012

### THE VALUE OF MOVEMENT WITHOUT AND WITHIN

A tribe of very weary elephants was travelling through the desert. They were undertaking their annual monumental migration in search of food and water. They concentrated only on the **HERE AND NOW**, intensely aware of the lurking lions who - if their attention wavered for only one second - would pounce on the weakest and smallest elephants in this family. The elephants continued to plod stoically across the drought-stricken plains, moving by day, resting by night, following the rhythms of nature.

I was given to understand that - as inhabitants of this planet - **OUR ATTENTION HAS WAVED**, and that this has made it possible for those with bad intentions to realise their goals of supremacy, power and control.

Simultaneously, I saw scenes from a very large city. Instead of searching for water, the people had water brought to them by means of the water mains system, and the water had travelled many thousands of miles from its original source. The inhabitants did not need to travel long distances for their water supply, or indeed for many other products, because they were always **ON TAP**, requiring little effort.

I understood that there is **LITTLE EFFORT TO DISCOVER THE SOURCE** of all these products, or to **UNDERSTAND THE COMPLEX AND OFTEN DAMAGING AND POISONOUS PROCESSES INVOLVED IN THEIR MASS PRODUCTION**, whether in the area of water, food, medicine, furniture, cars, chemicals, fuel etc. It was clear that we do not comprehend fully **BECAUSE WE HAVE NOT INVESTIGATED THE INTERMEDIARY STEPS**, and that this still requires great determination, dedication and **THE DESIRE TO MOVE IN OUR MENTAL LANDSCAPE**.

And all the time, the elephants kept plodding across the desert in my mind's eye, moving towards the water instead of having it moved towards them.

Then an image of the Taj Mahal appeared, together with other large buildings and cathedrals which inspired visitors with a sense of wonder, with a feeling that there is something as yet undiscovered which was beyond their present selves. This illustrated people **MOVING TOWARDS A PLACE IN SEARCH OF STILLNESS AND SACREDNESS**, whereas actually, this was not really necessary, as this was to be found without travelling anywhere. It was to be found **IN THEMSELVES**.

## Meditation Report 113, 27<sup>th</sup> July 2012

### OPENING THE GATES

A huge dark wooden gate appeared in front of me. It was barred heavily with iron rods, and it seemed to stretch as far as the sky. At either side were walls on which soldier-like figures kept guard. This gate seemed to have been there for a very long time, for centuries, but not always. There used to be stories in circulation about what lay beyond, but those telling the stories had long since departed this life, and the stories had turned into myths. It was impossible to see through chinks in the wooden slats. There was no hope of penetrating it.

I hovered near the gate with some others, keeping to the shadows. I did not really know who the others were, as they wore long black clothes and hoods which covered their faces. Suddenly there was a flash in the sky like nothing I had ever seen before. The guards on the walls started to run around and talk to each other. Other people in the town nearby saw the flash too, and wondered what it was. Some inhabitants were rooted to the spot because this light reawakened very deep memories inside themselves. These memories concerned the TIME BEFORE THE GATE, so they rushed to the gate intuitively.

Quite a crowd was assembled there now. The gates began to move very very slowly, opening with a heavy grating noise. Some seemed quite desperate to push through the gates. Others were there out of pure curiosity. Yet others walked past but paid little attention because their minds were full of something completely different. They hardly noticed what was going on. As the door opened more fully, people streamed through, and a very brilliant light shone through.

Walking through the gates was like leaving a black and white film behind me and entering a film in brilliant colour. The shimmering landscape opening up was more beautiful than I had ever seen or could ever have imagined. Others saw this through the gate and were attracted to enter also. The most curious and the most enthusiastic and the most lively were immediately drawn to a large amphitheatre around a circular stage of glass. They rushed to the seats at the very front, eager for the performance to begin. Others were more cautious in this new environment, preferring to take seats at the rim, further away from the stage. Yet others felt that this bright light was so unfamiliar that they preferred to go back to their homes in the life of BLACK AND WHITE on the other side of the gate.

The performance started, all in 3D. There were actually many spherical "screens" which curved like huge bubbles. This meant that each spectator saw something different. They only saw WHAT THEY THEMSELVES COULD UNDERSTAND AND DIGEST. Those with some awareness of great changes, of cosmology, of the great potential of humans, of the upward spiritual journey, were able to see the work and lives of multi-dimensional beings in service, helping out in several dimensions simultaneously, in addition to making preparations for future projects for the development of their universe. It was made very clear to the observers THAT THIS WAS ALSO THEIR FUTURE. Those with less interest or knowledge, who sat further away from the central stage, also only saw WHAT THEY NEEDED TO EARN AND WHAT THEY COULD SUCCESSFULLY ASSIMILATE. For example, they saw one person who was able to bi-locate, instead of multiple aspects of their being working in multiple dimensions.

I understood this visual to be an inspiration for our future path, showing us our potential, showing us the multi-dimensional beings we can become, if this is our strong intent.

### **Meditation Report 115, 12th September 2012**

#### **THE GREAT RETURN**

After connecting up to Source I went through a very thorough cleansing process, after which gold leaf was put very carefully all over my body. It was even pasted very carefully between my toes. This was done by the loving hands of angels. Not only the outside but also the inside required cleansing. The crown chakra on the top of my head was opened as if it was the lid on a bottle, and liquid gold was poured inside until every crevice was filled. Now I was SOLID GOLD and I felt that I was on a completely different plane which left me with a feeling of being extremely centred and composed. There was also a staggering feeling of responsibility. I realised that with this appearance and degree of authority, every word I uttered would have a profound effect.

Following this I was presented with a visual. A large deer with enormous antlers appeared. It ran through the forest, trying to protect his herd and family at the same time, and encouraging them to follow him. There were many holes, obstacles and hindrances to negotiate on the way, including barbed wire. Because it was not always clear what was on the other side, this sometimes meant taking a GREAT LEAP OF FAITH, but all were encouraged by the voice of the leader of the herd who had already taken the leap and was calling them to follow.

Some of the less persistent deer fell by the wayside. Some did not understand what the journey was about, or why it was so urgent. They would have been quite content to remain where they were instead of wandering into this dangerous and unpleasant part of the forest. In the end, only a small group was left, but they were still greatly motivated. They saw this as a voyage of great discovery in a positive and negative sense. They had encountered a new world full of trickery and obstacles in the hope of new pastures, but they had managed to survive and to grow through that process.

In the end, however, the small group found themselves in such a dense part of the forest where the wire was so thick that they were forced to stop. They camped out in a very small clearing, keeping a sharp watch out for anyone approaching. They were not quite sure why they were there, but they were convinced they were in the right place and that something relevant to themselves would materialise.

It was necessary to keep watch as they had encountered a large snake with several heads in the forest. Whenever she appeared, the deer had been forced to attack. This was a formidable undertaking as this snake was like the hydra from Greek legend, which grew new heads whenever one was injured. When not under attack, the stronger of the deer called out from time to time, hoping to guide those who were lost to their new location.

One day, just as the staunchest of the deer were about to lose heart, a very strong light appeared from above, turning all their coats to white. Like a laser beam it immediately pulverised the barbed wire away and the deer were free to wander and discover wonderful new pastures. They also began to look for the other deer they had lost earlier on their journey. These reunions were initially hesitant, as many did not recognise the deer in their new white coats, but as soon as the white deer began to speak, their voices were familiar. Recognition and great joy followed.

### **Meditation Report 116, 12.00, 14th September**

#### **THE SUN THAT SET TOO EARLY**

My Higher Self was looking at a wide landscape from above, as if from a hot-air balloon. I had an excellent view. The first thing I saw was my physical self driving a car very very fast along a straight road. This road ended on the rim of the earth exactly where a huge red sun was about to set. The sun was clearly visible in its entirety all the time.

Other people were also on the road - different roads which sometimes twisted and turned or climbed mountains, or descended into valleys. Those on the mountains could

see the sun setting also. Those in the valleys saw the light depart also. Yet others were travelling more slowly, on foot or on bicycles. They also had a different perspective. One thing was clear to all these travellers moving through the "great outdoors": they all realised that the sun was setting **TOO EARLY**.

As the travellers, in their various capacities, were used to new experiences and used to re-orientation in sudden and strange situations, most of them took this in their stride. Yet others, with more stationary occupations like farming and who were in close contact with nature and natural rhythms, were not too perturbed either. Those who lived comparatively artificial lives in the sense of constructed solely by man, with no recognition or knowledge of cycles or natural laws, put this unusual phenomenon out of their minds, or failed to see it in the first place, attributing this to clouds or bad weather.

Then, from my birds' eye view, I saw people in churches crossing themselves and praying in great fear. Bells rang across the land, signalling doom and destruction. These people talked to themselves and to others in great distraction and panic, looking desperately for someone to save them from this unknown threat.

Then, as the light faded, **ALL WAS STILL**. The people filled the stillness with sounds of despair, or sounds of hope, according to their disposition, knowledge and degree of trust, until the light returned.

## **Meditation Report 117, 15.00, 14th September 2012**

### **THE GOLDEN EGGS**

I was shown three scenes showing exploitation of our earth resulting in ruined natural landscapes. The first was a very lush field full of grazing sheep. A small black riverlet was discovered running through the field. Soon, people came to investigate the thick liquid and pronounced that it was oil. The property was sold, the sheep were removed, and the field became part of a barren and muddy drilling complex.

The second scene showed beautiful mountains and a river twisting through them. A small boy found a golden pebble in the river, and so people came to investigate. They discovered that there was gold in the region, and they established a gold mine, destroying the natural landscape.

The third scene showed a desert of sand with a very small oasis consisting of flourishing vegetation. It was only a few metres wide. Again, people came to



investigate this small paradise, and discovered a huge water aquifer underneath this exact spot. The oasis was decimated and machinery erected to siphon off the water.

Following this, I saw a very large bird which resembled an albatross. It flew high across the surface of the earth, scanning the countryside for "eyesores" of the sort already described. When located, the albatross would lay a golden egg in mid flight and drop it exactly on its target. On landing, the egg broke and emitted a shower of light, forming a huge golden bubble which completely surrounded the ruined area of land. Often, these places contained or emitted dangerous toxins, and these were contained within the bubble. Later, spaceships arrived to deal with the toxins.

There were very many birds underway carrying out this job. They covered areas of environmental catastrophe by gathering together in flocks and dropping eggs simultaneously, resulting in very large containing bubbles. One of these was in the Gulf of Mexico. In addition, they dropped eggs onto helicopters and planes, which were similarly contained within a golden bubble and which forced them to gently drift earthwards until they were grounded and in safety. Eggs were also dropped onto power stations, halting all activity.

### **Meditation Report 118: 24th September**

#### **THE BEAUTY TO COME**

A circle of meditators sat cross-legged in a large circle on a disk of glass. As a number of us were agitated, a loud voice suddenly sounded with the words BE STILL. RELEASE YOUR CONVENTIONAL PATH OF THOUGHT, YOUR USUAL MODE OF THINKING. BE AWARE OF COMPLETELY NEW SPACES FOR POSSIBLE MENTAL, EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL JOURNIES. EMPTY YOUR MIND OF ALL WHICH YOU THINK WILL HAPPEN, AND MAKE ROOM FOR THE BEAUTY WHICH IS TO COME.

An incredible stillness lay in the air. We connected hands and felt calmness and warmth spreading around the circle. We noticed warmth emanating from behind us also, and this came from a row of glowing celestial beings who sat right behind us, providing support. In this blissful state we were able to appreciate each other, acknowledge our work together, and join forces, and strengthen our intent, which was to pass on the truth and wisdom which has been suppressed for so many centuries.

As we looked up, we could see thin threads like a three-dimensional family tree stretching far up into the heavens. These showed OUR PAST REINCARNATIONS in a finely woven tapestry of gossamer web, and wherever we had managed to establish

truth, this was indicated by golden liquid trickling downwards towards ourselves through generation upon generation, until it reached us, sitting in this circle, in the PRESENT.

When we looked down through the glass we saw the FUTURE - where the seeds of truth we were now sowing were trickling down onto the surface of the earth. When the celestial beings supporting us sent additional golden liquid out of their crown chakras to join ours at the centre of the circle, these trickles turned into a FLOOD WHICH COVERED THE EARTH BELOW COMPLETELY.

As I was physically feeling energy in my hands during this meditation, I cupped my hands around the golden ball which was earth, moving them gently as if trying to fine-tune her balance. Then I put the golden earth into my heart and sent her love.

### **Meditation Report 119: 5th October 2012** THE VOYAGE OF THE SHIP OF UNITY

Many ships of different sizes were crossing a very choppy ocean in roughly the same direction, heading for a beautiful island far away in the distance. They had heard that the island was like paradise, so this was their goal.

Some ships were more like boats - small and open. The passengers sat silently with head bowed or chanted low incantations or mantras. They were mostly in fear, not daring to look up though very aware of the large waves, and there was great tension in their bodies.

One ship was very large, carrying a great number of soldiers in uniform, accompanied by families who said very little and who did as was expected of them. A brass band was playing triumphant music and this was accompanied by flag hoisting, followed by speeches. No-one really noticed the size of the waves at all, as the ship was so big and powerful, and because their attention was focussed elsewhere.

On another fairly large ship the waves were not noticed either because everyone was on the party deck, dancing and drinking. If they fell over they put it down to their alcohol intake. Yet another ship seemed to be on complete automatic because EVERYONE WAS ASLEEP IN THEIR BEDS.

On one of the smaller ships, the passengers were all alert. They were well organised, helped each other, showed compassion and understanding in difficult circumstances. Those who were afraid were comforted, those who were hungry were fed. The

children were told stories and the old were cared for. It was clear that they had to weather this ordeal together, as they was no option of leaving the ship. There were always at least two lookouts at the prow of the ship, scouring the horizon for danger, and watching the water for rocks. They all worked in unison with each other and communicated frequently.

Suddenly the storm worsened and the view of the island in the distance was completely blocked. It was almost as if a bank of solid mist had descended, except that this took the form of a row of swirling whirlwinds lined up next to each other. While there was room to pass between the whirlwinds, this was very narrow and it was clear that this had to be very carefully navigated and could only be achieved through joint effort.

The look-outs on the ship where all were alert and worked in unison immediately saw the whirlwinds and attempted to sound the alarm by ringing bells and sounding horns. Everyone in their own ship held themselves in a state of readiness while continuing to attend to everyone's basic needs, but the other ships did not hear the bells. The brass band on the very large military ship and the loud music on the cruise ship drowned the sound of the alarm. The small boats heard the alarm but ignored it out of fear and only bent their heads further, praying even more fervently that they might be saved. And the others heard nothing because they were asleep.

This meant that the majority of boats simply continued to steer directly for the whirlwinds and were caught up by them. They were held there, twirling slowly, by a strong force, as if captured within a strong and stable magnetic field. Meanwhile, the lookouts managed to steer their ship between the whirlwinds and were able to continue their path towards the island undisturbed. As they looked back, they saw the other ships twirling in the whirlwinds. They felt great sorrow, as they felt they had not managed to warn them in time, but they knew also that they had done their best.

The ship reached the shores of the beautiful island and everyone cried and fell onto the sandy shore in relief that the journey was over. The emotions which had been largely kept under wraps during the journey were now all released. They seemed now to have a new perspective and a new way of seeing. When they now turned round to look at the whirlwinds they saw that great lighted entities were deliberately creating them to test which ships were not alert enough to discern them. The number of ships approaching was now huge, and the lighted beings/angels had an enormous task. The people on shore understood that they had passed some sort of test and that they were now to proceed down a path into the forest. This path was lined by more angels,

bowing in acknowledgement of their achievement. At the end of the path was the largest lighted being of all, who embraced everyone in turn and brought them all to a place of rest to recover from their experience.

## **Meditation Report 120, 15th October 2012**

### **LIBERATING THE PENAL COLONY**

A group of meditators were seated in a circle, concentrating on sending all their energy and love to a central core of light which in turn travelled to the core of the earth beneath them. A vision of a young girl appeared, and this was a personification of our earth transformed, named Gaia. She felt very weak and was supported by others. When she said she was thirsty, someone brought a pitcher of water and poured her a drink. The energy that the meditators bestowed upon her seemed to help her revival also.

The meditating circle was surrounded by a very high brick wall. The meditators were inside a circular compound within a penal colony. The prisoners paraded around the grounds, all wearing identical clothes, as this was part of their daily "exercise". Some prisoners were so apathetic or felt so weak that it was very difficult to put one foot in front of the other. Their eyes were always cast upon the ground. Other prisoners were very alert, watching the others carefully with darting roving eyes to discover any differences. They would see if one prisoner was fatter than another, which meant that they were receiving secret rations, and they would see if one had shoes in better condition than their own so that they could switch pairs at an opportune moment. And they were on the look-out for anything which could be stolen. Yet other prisoners regarded their fellow inmates with compassion, not seeking anything for themselves but assessing how they could best give.

There were very few prisoners who - in addition to being aware of themselves and others - were also aware of the fact THAT THEY WERE NOT WALKING IN A STRAIGHT LINE. The few that also kept their eyes ON THE SUN AND ITS POSITION also understood that they were walking in a circle, ending up at the same place that they began. Some awareness grew that there MUST BE SOMETHING BEHIND THE WALL AND WITHIN THAT CIRCLE, but most prisoners did not realise, and indeed, they rarely looked up at all.

For those who did look up one cold night, a sudden light met their eyes. The light began as a dull glow above the rim of the wall, and then it became a huge flame which was startling in its intensity. In a flash, it started to explode, and small round golden objects fell to the ground, landing at the feet of the prisoners. This could not be

overlooked. All the prisoners stopped in their tracks immediately. Some prisoners recognised this as money and fell on their knees, pushing others aside in their scramble to collect it. But as they did so, the golden "coins" slipped through their fingers. This was not actually solid metal but a feathery light stretchy material which floated everywhere and glinted fabulously.

Other prisoners watched in wonder as tall golden figures appeared before them. They started to gather the floating material and heaped it gently onto themselves, motioning to the prisoners to do the same. Those who regarded this scene in wonder and love, aware that a great transformation process was being initiated, started to gather the golden flakes which seemed to stick to their skin almost like magnets. It clung to their bodies until they were covered completely by a golden shroud. Those prisoners harbouring vicious and mercenary thoughts were not able to attract the golden particles and were led away by other figures. The remaining prisoners were in fright. They were not particularly unfriendly. They usually kept themselves to themselves and meant no harm. This meant that they appeared to be in a place of complete neutrality. The golden flakes were not attracted to them, but neither did they disperse. The fear in these prisoners impelled them to leave as soon as possible to rejoin their families, and indeed this was made possible because the tall golden beings opened the huge doors of the penal colony to let them through.

Then the golden figures took the hands of those prisoners who were now wearing shrouds of gold, leading them to the top of a nearby hill. From this vantage point it was clear that they were just a handful of people among THOUSANDS who had completed this process of BECOMING LIGHT, and, as it transpired, BECOMING AN INSPIRATION, as all the golden-clad beings were lined up on the ridges of the mountains as far as the eyes could see.

Those in the valleys looked into the skies and saw a flurry of very unusual activity and "stars" which moved, and this plunged them all into great fear. The presence of the still, golden lights on the mountains, however, were a source of great consolation and hope. After some time, all the golden-clad beings walked down the mountains into the villages, and the villagers recognised those prisoners who had once been in their midst before their imprisonment, or as their fellow prisoners until very recently. This was cause for great rejoicing, and it completely eliminated the fear which had afflicted them previously. Thus the gold-clad beings were able to speak their truth and were accepted as messengers of a new and better way of living.



## **Meditation Report 121, 16th October 2012**

### **THE INITIATION RITUAL**

At the beginning of this meditation I asked for those children to appear in front of me who required healing. One baby needed gently tapping on the back, and one toddler had a skin ailment and was very frightened of meeting a stranger. I sensed that he had been chased and hit by a man in the past, and so I approached him very slowly and playfully. In the end I told him that his spiritual father was always surrounding him like a soft white eggshell, and that he would always be present and comforting, but would never be purposely hurtful or impose or overstep any boundaries.

The next in line was a young woman, a personification of our earth. She said I AM A CHILD BUT ALSO A MOTHER. It was clear that she was in pain from injuries inflicted upon her by her children, but that it was very hard for her to let go of her children and let them make their own choices. To alleviate this, I suggested a ritual. The young girl, Gaia, sat in a revolving chair, and together with my group of meditators we formed a circle around her. I asked her to turn the chair towards me and then I said I TAKE ON 100% RESPONSIBILITY FOR MY ACTIONS, FOR I AM A SOVEREIGN BEING. Then Gaia rotated her chair to face the next person in the circle, and the phrase was repeated by everyone.

This greatly comforted Gaia, seeing her children become independent, as she also knew that her own choices involved earth changes and rebalancing of land which would

cause great distress. We brought her to understand that the coming change was a similar INITIATION RITUAL for the global population, who would be brought into the awareness of their own responsibility for the present situation on the planet, combined with the realisation of their power to exercise choice and go into action to redress the problems.

Because Gaia still felt the pain of impending separation from some of her children, we decided to hold her in a sphere of light continuously, so that even when some of us were asleep or lost concentration, she would always feel someone's love.

### **Meditation Report 122. 19th October 2012**

#### **THE GREAT MOMENT OF TRUST AND TRUTH**

A group of meditators holding hands in a circle came into view. They were standing at the edge of the sea with warm gentle waves lapping at their feet. Feeling happy and confident, they concentrated hard to send their joint energy to the core of the earth. But as the meditation progressed, the sea began to swirl and rise. A number of the meditators kept smiling encouragement as the waters rose steadily. A feeling of fear mounted in others, and they held hands tightly to support each other. The most steadfast kept on smiling to the very end, even when only the heads of the meditators were still visible.

Suddenly, everyone was submerged by a huge wave and was forced to dive simultaneously. This was the great MOMENT OF TRUST AND TRUTH. Under the waves, the meditators grasped for each others hands, but they had all been separated by the force of the wave. However, in this GREAT MOMENT OF REVELATION, they found that they could survive on their own and that they could breathe effortlessly underwater. They were able to OPEN THEIR EYES AND DETERMINE WHERE THEY WANTED TO GO NEXT. THEY REALISED THAT IN THIS ENVIRONMENT, AS IN ALL ENVIRONMENTS, THEY COULD EXERCISE THEIR OWN FREE WILL.

In addition to the meditators, many other people had been dragged underwater in order to undergo ritual cleansing. The meditators and some of the other people understood that that the water had come to cleanse them AND TO PROVIDE THE CIRCUMSTANCES NECESSARY FOR A NEW BEGINNING. Others were rigid with fright, incapable of thinking or reacting. They floated helplessly with their eyes firmly shut, until they were propelled away by swimming angel-like figures.

Other people were swimming very actively and shouting COME. LET'S FIND A WAY



OUT OF HERE. They did not actually have a plan of where to go, but they were used to leading, so their hearty cries attracted a huge following. Those who did not know what to do and who were not used to reflecting or assessing, simply followed these self-made leaders. These huge shoals of swimming people were successfully guided ashore by the angel-like figures. Then they all stood on the island, huddling together like a large colony of penguins. The "leaders" realised that their leadership was successful but only in a limited way, because they had not thought any further. They did not know what to do next, so they just let the angels take over. The angels distributed people onto different boats, each according to their inclination and ability to learn. They told everyone they would end up at THE BEST PLACE FOR THEIR LEARNING JOURNEY TO CONTINUE.

Meanwhile, the meditators had followed their intuition and followed inner instructions to swim to other islands. They understood that they would now become teachers, and they waited for their upcoming students who were assigned to them by the angels. The meditators were expected to lead a small community of a hundred people. One community lived in treehouses in the jungle. The new arrivals were greeted and assigned various tasks which were essential contributions to communal living - cooking, cleaning, building maintenance, gardening etc. All the buildings were made of natural material, and life was very simply. Work in the morning, afternoons for spiritual study and discussion, and evenings for celebrations of beauty involving music and the arts,

### **Meditation Report 123, 23rd October 2012**

#### **THE SIGNS IN THE SKY**

A group of people gathered together to meditate and stood holding hands to form an outer circle. There was also an inner circle of highly spiritually evolved people holding hands, facing the outer circle. The inner circle rotated very slowly, so that everyone on the outer circle was able to spend some personal precious moments together with these masters. Many were overcome by emotion during these encounters, as they recognised old acquaintances or remembered mutual experiences. The "masters" I encountered were the souls which have incarnated on the earthly plane under the names of Buddha, Lao-Tse and Jesus. There was also a young man in a dark suit who I did not recognise, and a very graceful Chinese lady who seemed very familiar ...

After these emotional encounters, the masters sat behind us and we sent our joint energy in meditation to the planet earth beneath us. As we were somehow elevated, the earth below looked like a small golden ball. Together we pulled it upwards through our thoughts until this miniature golden planet spun and balanced on a fountain of golden water.

Then there was a sudden change of perspective, as if we had been transported to the surface of the same swirling golden ball. We were on land, looking up at the golden swirling sky. Everyone walked outside in amazement, lured by this beautiful display of colour and patterns. They felt uplifted, and they walked to open spaces or tops of hills so that they could see more or observe better. The display made everyone feel so good that they had absolutely no inclination to return indoors. It also enticed those outside who were normally too timid or reclusive to show their faces in public. Thus, some neighbours met FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME. If there had been any fights or misunderstandings between neighbours previously, then these suddenly seemed petty and insignificant in view of this fantastic and beneficial display in the sky.

For some people, the energy emitted was too much and they had to lie down. These were attended to by angelic-like figures dressed in white. Some people were impervious to the calming effect of the light and were marched away by other angels. A great peace descended on the earth. There was great contemplation among the populace. They shed bitter tears in the knowledge that they had spent their lives in spiritual darkness, knowing that they had let themselves be distracted by the array of offers made by the media and others, which they had experienced within brick walls, separated from nature, and also separated FROM THEIR TRUE NATURES. THEY KNEW THEN THAT THEY WERE PRIVILEGED TO WITNESS THIS - THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA.

### **Meditation Report 124: 24th October 2012**

#### **WHAT THE MIRROR SHOWED**

Again, a group of friends (including myself) met to meditate but instead of meeting in a forest glade, as was their usual practise, they met in a round pool of shallow water which appeared to belong to a network of hot springs. Steam rose steadily and a constant flow of warm water fell onto their heads, relaxing and cleansing them. It also connected the meditators more closely with the earth, as the water was part of her life-force, and at the same time the falling water connected them with the divine Source which sent water from above.

All the meditators were naked, and while this was unusual for them, it was not their focus in a physical sense. Their bodies were actually almost interchangeable, from a visible point of view. Everything was in soft focus, and though they were aware of each other's separate identities, the most obvious common feature was HOW MUCH LIGHT WAS EMANATING FROM EACH FIGURE. The meditators sent their joint LIGHT and energy towards the earth beneath them. They suddenly realised that the

pool of water was not actually on the ground but suspended high in the sky, as if in another unseen but also very real dimension.

Then each meditator was invited to look into the water directly in front of them. A round patch of water cleared itself of ripples and acted as our own personal mirror. First we studied our faces carefully and realised that these - our facial features - were not actually of great importance at that moment. Then we were all shown a scene from our childhood which was important for the present moment and for the present learning process.

I saw my first day at school at the age of five. I did not know anyone in my new class. I heard my mother saying "Look, here is a friend for you. She is tall, just like you, and her name is Susan". I reflected on this scene, wondering what the message might be. I saw that this "friendship" was an awkward one. Feeling lonely, it was nice to have an instant friend, but this was not a personally forged friendship due to joint interests or because we were on the same wavelength, but because we were both tall. The message was that SELF-DETERMINATION, including my choice of companions as I travel through life's journey, had brought me to this point, to this very specific setting, these people who formed our meditation circle. I rejoiced in the fact that we shared the same goals and hopes, and that we would experience the same joy together.

## **Meditation Report 125, 30th October 2012**

### **THE FLIGHT OF THE WHITE HORSES**

During the cleansing process prior to this meditation, a number of white horses suddenly appeared and cantered round me, pulling bands of soft silk behind them. As the silk touched my skin it swept away all remaining vestiges of sadness, anger or fear, replacing them with a feeling of joy. The very sight of these magnificent creatures running free was enough to uplift and amaze. They left a trail of light wherever they went.

In the next scene I again saw horses, but these were tamed and under very strict control. They moved forward in rigid procession, two by two, and the people riding them appeared to be ordered by rank, with the most important leading the procession. They wore crowns, or top hats, or uniforms, or medals which gave them an aura of authority. These were the "kings and queens" who made the decisions. The rest were followers rather than leaders, and wore no distinctive markings at all.

The kings and queens rode very regally with their heads high in the air, aware of the impression they were making on the passers-by. They rode continuously, basking in the admiration of the populace. The villagers turned out regularly without fail to applaud them.

Though most of the followers followed blindly, others became aware (gradually or suddenly) that there was a very strong rigidity in this situation. The route taken was always the same. The pecking order in the procession was always the same. The horses and their riders were never allowed to move to another position. Those positioned at the very end of the procession were so far behind that they had never actually seen the king and queen leading it, and they became very dissatisfied and restless. They were always straining forward, eager for new experiences and chances, but this was not possible. Neither was it possible to stop and have a rest, nor to separate oneself in any way from the other riders.

In the end, the very last rider was so frustrated that he decided to do something which he knew was punishable by death. He turned round and looked behind him. What he saw instilled him with great fear: it was the king and queen at the head of the procession. Their faces distorted with rage, but despite his desperate act, the last rider felt strangely liberated, as if he had broken an enchantment lasting many centuries. At this very moment, everyone in the procession, including the leading king and queen, REALISED THAT THEY HAD BEEN RIDING A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Some did not want to acknowledge this. They felt that their world was falling apart, and they got off their horses and ran screaming to the central pole of the merry-go-round, clasping their arms around it. This was their central pivot, their stability, their point of reference. They closed their eyes and pretended that everything was alright.

Others who were more adventurous urged their horses to jump off the merry-go-round, but the leading king and queen simply sat on their horses and tried to carry on as usual, trying to hide their great dismay that their procession was now decimated. Many of their followers had now deflected. Instead of applause, they now earned the jeers of the villagers, and in the end the remaining group of leaders and the main king and queen were forced to leave the merry-go-round. As they sadly watched the small revolving platform from afar, they realised that they had taken part in a gross façade, a play with little meaning. They had controlled others, and like puppets, they had also been controlled.

The horses felt a great sense of freedom and tossed everyone off their backs who did not rejoice with them. They galloped away like the wind, cleansing everything

which came into their path. (It was here that I realised that these were the horses who cleansed me at the beginning of the meditation). Thus the kings and queens were thrown to the ground, and because they had been riding for so long they had LOST THE ABILITY TO WALK. They tottered to and fro, but after a few faltering steps they fell helplessly to the ground.

Some of the village folk refused to help them, jaunting them about their high and mighty ways and rejoicing in their downfall. They had no sympathy at all. Others, though not impressed by the previous behaviour of the kings and queens, decided to show compassion and mercy. This help was rebuked by all those with hearts of stone, and accepted by those who exercised humility and were able to appreciate the kindness of their former minions. The latter started to interact with the villages and to show gratitude.

Although offers of help were repeatedly made to the remaining few who lay on the ground, they were steadfastly refused, and so gradually the village people gave up, with sadness in their hearts, knowing that they could do nothing to change their minds. Their focus was now finishing the preparations for a village festival with music and dance. This took place in the evening in a lighted market place. The helpless kings and queens were left unattended in the shadows. They had been given up for good. As their bodies crumpled, their souls emerged and were immediately escorted away by angels of justice. Those who survived gathered to dance and celebrate the beginning of a NEW AGE.

### **Meditation Report 127: 12th November 2012**

#### **INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CLIENT CALLED HUMANITY**

At the start of meditation I went through the same procedure I use when advising someone sitting right opposite me - someone who wishes to find a solution to a certain problem.

Today my client was HUMANITY / THE GLOBAL POPULATION as a collective. After connecting up to the energy circuit of the cosmic library in the ONE DIVINE MIND, I invited a ray of red light from HUMANITY to enter this circuit also, and in so doing, I was informed of the nature of the problem. Then I invited a yellow ray from HUMANITY into the circuit, so that I should be able to access the best way of communicating the solution to HUMANITY's problems.

Then I saw the following. I myself, as a representative and member of HUMANITY, was walking in the grounds of a very large palace. I was younger than now, in my

thirties, wearing a coat which I loved for many years. The coat was black and white checked.

I was suddenly presented with a large hand mirror. This seemed to appear out of nowhere, and at first I really did not know what to do with this. Being of a playful and creative mind, I experimented a bit. Above me in the sky was a sort of extra sun which sent out a piercingly bright white beam of light, and I understood this to be the Isle of Paradise, the seat of DIVINITY, sending us its energy.

The first instruction for HUMANITY was SPREAD DIVINE LIGHT EVERYWHERE.

I took the hand mirror and began to reflect the beam from Paradise in different directions, making certain areas of the sky very definitely brighter. It was like painting the sky with a huge brush, creating magnificent red, orange and purple sunsets. I saw that butterflies and birds eagerly collected in the beams that I projected, as if very much attracted. They appeared to be having great fun, swooping and calling cheerfully to each other. When I directed the light onto the grass, whole groups of small children ran fearlessly towards this area, tumbling and playing and laughing. Some of the adults followed gingerly, but many just watched on from the sidelines, not daring to enter the circle of light where their children played and where tiny daisies grew into huge fantastic blooms within minutes. They felt like outsiders, and they wondered WHAT JOY IS THIS?

In the end I gained the courage to direct the ray of light at myself, directly at my heart, and this began to swell and turn a vivid pink so that the pinkness extended as a large cloud round my body.

The second instruction for HUMANITY was RECOVER BEAUTY.

To carry this out, a huge sieve suddenly appeared in my hand. I drew the sieve through piles of sand and dirt which were lying around in the gardens of the palace. That which was not important fell through the sieve and disappeared completely. I pulled the sieve through a large canal which formed part of the gardens. The sieve caught beautiful rainbow fish which I then released back into the water. The onlookers were astonished as they had never looked at the water closely before, or noticed life in it. As I continued to move the sieve along the bottom of the canal, it started to drag heavily. When I brought it up to the surface, it contained two large pointed crystals, one black and one white. I positioned them together next to the canal bank.

By now the onlookers were so excited that they went into action themselves, dredging up the canal to see what they could find. Again and again, black and white crystals, sometimes 2 metres tall, were discovered and positioned like sentinels along the banks. After reflection, it became clear to all that these crystals represented the many unseen but considerable aspects of our world which are obviously beautiful (like the white crystals) and which PROPEL THE RECOGNITION OF BEAUTY (like the black crystals), and that they are all PART OF OUR COLLECTIVE STORY. The pairs of crystals were left there as symbols to show future generations this - that the darkness had served to bring out the greatest beauty. The black and white checked coat I was wearing was a similar symbol.

The third instruction to HUMANITY was NUTURE THOSE WHO THIRST.

A huge cup appeared in my hands. I filled it and watered the flowers and gave drinks to thirsty children, talking to them and also quenching their thirst for knowledge.

The fourth Instruction to HUMANITY was PLAY AND BE JOYFUL

A tennis racket appeared in my hands, and I played tennis and team games and danced, and everyone interacted and laughed and celebrated in true community feeling.

The fifth Instruction to HUMANITY was BE VIGILENT.

A pair of binoculars landed in my hands, together with a large magnifying glass. When I looked through them, completely new worlds were revealed to me - the macrocosm and the microcosm. But I understood that the MOST IMPORTANT TOOLS WERE MY OWN EYES, which were ordered to look into every crevice of my thoughts and heart.

The sixth Instruction to HUMANITY was EXERCISE JUDGEMENT TO THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

A pair of scales appeared, but again, I understood this to be purely symbolic. I was told to imagine HUMANITY on one side of the scale, and imagine what would hold HUMANITY in good balance for a long period.

The seventh instruction to HUMANITY was LEARN HOW TO BEST SERVE ALL.

A foot-bowl appeared, and I was asked to go and wash the feet of everyone who

passed. The little children loved me doing this, but many of the adults were hesitant, and some broke into tears during the process.

"And now" said a voice "You have all your instructions. GO AND BE GODS". So I gathered up the mirror, the sieve, the tennis racket, the binoculars, the magnifying glass, the scales and the foot-bowl, put them all in a big sack, swung it over my shoulders and started my travels.

I give thanks for this vision. Love to all, Rosie

### **Meditation Report 128: 13th November 2012**

#### **THE VALE OF TEARS**

A young girl stood in a desert on a huge dome of sand, surveying the absolute barrenness of the earth. In her mind's eye, she remembered scenes of terrible destruction and desecration in her life, lamenting all situations involving war, famine, chaos and distress. And through all this, she had kept a stiff upper lip. She had even retained a slight smile on her strained face in the hope that this would somehow ward off what she considered "evil".

But now she stood on the huge sand dome overlooking the deserted ground. The smile was gone and her eyes brimmed with tears. SHE HAD NEVER CRIED BEFORE. There was nothing here but wind and sand and the white bones of dead camels.

As the wind grew stronger she noticed that a few clumps of dead twigs were blown across the desert, and at this point she burst into uncontrollable sobs. She walked on and on, blinded by her own tears, until she reached the very edge of the desert. Here she was greeted by a row of angelic beings who stood in her path. They stopped her gently and motioned to her to turn around.

To her great amazement, the desert was suddenly full of flowers. The small clumps of twigs were actually plants which had purposely uprooted themselves and formed ball-like shapes so that their seeds - still fastened to the twigs - had a better chance of travelling to fertile ground. The many tears shed by the girl had watered the seeds.

It was then that the girl realised the great power of the emotions which she had kept inside her for so long. She rejoiced in the desert garden, her new home, renamed THE VALE OF TEARS, and she laughed and cried there all day long, giving full expression to all feelings, knowing that her authentic behaviour was benefitting all.

### **Meditation Report 129, 16th November 2012**



## THE CYCLE OF DEATH

An elaborate funeral service was taking place in a large church. It involved much pomp and circumstance and expense, and the clergymen leading the service seemed to be secretly laughing at the gullibility and the grief of the mourners, but their faces were serious and resembled masks with very concerned features.

A long established tradition of burying corpses meant that the small graveyard was already crammed with tombstones of all shapes and sizes. There was NO ROOM FOR ANY MORE. Again, the clergymen in charge were fully aware of the principle of reincarnation, and knew that the soul continued its journey in another realm but they encouraged the suppression of this knowledge, continuing their rituals and rites to instil the population with fear, respect and a feeling of helplessness and doom. It was a method of control and of earning money, as the coffins were very ornate.

And an ornate plan accompanied their making. As there was no room in the graveyard, it was suggested that coffins be floated downriver to another site. Boats for accompanying relatives were also provided. Those who were very upset did not notice that the accompanying boats were all roped to the coffin itself. Others wondered mildly what was going on, but most just accepted that this was some sort of tradition.

It was a dark night and very difficult to see ahead in the inky waters. The only assistance came from the light of a bright moon. The passengers who were more wary noticed that the reflection of the moon stopped abruptly a short way ahead. Sensing that something was very very wrong, and disconcerted by the increasingly loud sound of rushing water, they cut the ropes tying them to the coffin and struggled to the banks of the river.

Those who sat humbly in the remaining boats, with eyes closed, fell together with the coffin over a huge waterfall, where all perished on impact with the water below. Slaves and minions of the clergymen were waiting on the shore to collect the broken corpses, so that they too could go through the church service and burial process. And so the system continued - a vicious circle - with only a few people knowing or suspecting the truth of what was going on.

When I asked about the meaning of this visual I heard the following: LIVE YOUR LIVES TO THE FULL, INTENSELY AWARE OF WHAT IS GOING ON AROUND YOU, FOR YOUR CHOICES AND YOUR BEHAVIOUR WILL DETERMINE HOW LONG DESTRUCTIVE CIRCUITS AND CIRCLES OF MANIPULATION AND EXPLOITATION WILL CONTINUE: YOU ARE BEACONS OF LIGHT FOR FUTURE

GENERATIONS.

DO NOT SAY YOU ARE TOO OLD OR WEAK OR OF LITTLE SIGNIFIANCE, FOR EVERY DEED AND THOUGHT CONTRIBUTES TO FUTURE CONSTRUCTS BEYOND THE PERIMETERS OF YOUR PRESENT EARTHLY EXISTENCE. IT IS TIME TO WAKE UP TO YOUR POWER TO EFFECT CHANGE.

**Meditation Report 130, 17th November 2012**

THE CYCLE OF BIRTH

I sat in a chair outside in freezing temperatures, and my body was clothed in a layer of ice. I asked the sun if he could rectify this, and so he shone more brightly, melting the ice away. Though the air was still edged with cold, the sun pierced it and landed on my skin, spread a relaxing warmth.

The voice of the sun then talked to me about BIRTH:

"From my perspective, I see all and I nurture all. While I am conscious of what you call "death", I am simultaneously conscious of what you call BIRTH. This is a simple rearranging of matter. The codes - the blueprints for growth - remain the same. I rejoice in the abundance of the forests which is the response to the light I provide. This feeds an ever-evolving cycle, always in motion. This does not involve regret. Ask the trees. They do not cry over the loss of every leaf, but grow new buds when conditions are right.

Realise that YOU SMALL ONES ARE PART OF THIS CYCLE, AND MIRRORING MYSELF YOU ARE SMALL SUNS WHO SPREAD LIGHT AND ENCOURAGE GROWTH ACCORDINGLY. Imagine that every spurt of joy, each moment of ecstasy, each song of praise and gratitude you sing will WING ITS WAY THROUGH THE UNIVERSE, THROUGH THE AGES, AND THROUGH ETERNITY, PUTTING INTO MOTION EVEN MORE GROWTH WHEREVER IT GOES AND POSITIVELY INFLUENCING EVERYTHING IT MEETS ON ITS WAY.

It matters not if you are old or if you think you are near the end of life. The process is the same. Your effect is the same. And you are always at the start of a new beginning whether you radiate at a rapid pace with your youth and energy, or whether you move slowly with little strength. Important is the MOTION. Strength lies in your intention to do to others as you would do to yourself.

May your lives be FULL OF THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SERVING AS BEARERS OF

LIGHT, IN WHATEVER CAPACITY, WILL BEAUTIFY YOUR EXISTENCE AND YOUR SURROUNDINGS. THUS I SEND MY LIGHT TO YOU."

### **Meditation Report 131: 24th November 2012**

#### **THE CLIMB TO TREASURES UNSEEN**

The preliminary cleansing of myself before meditation took the form of hundreds of bees suddenly swarming around me. They all injected black poison into my bloodstream, and although this was very unpleasant I understood that they were doing me a service. The poison clogged up in my heart, which was exposed, and I was given a cloth and told to polish my heart as much as possible, like cleaning silver to remove tarnish.

The scene changed. A long procession of people in long dark brown hooded robes (almost like monk's habits) was journeying on foot over the floor of a very narrow valley with steep sides. The people knew that this journey would end soon, in fact there was no way out of this enclosed valley as it came to an abrupt end at a sheer face of rock, over which poured a high waterfall.

Along the way, riders on white horses offered their services to the wanderers, offering them rides, saying to them that this would help them reach their destination earlier, but most of the wanderers were steadfast, knowing in their hearts that every step was important and that short-cuts also cut short the learning process. Thus they learnt to walk and live and camp together.

Their hope of actually reaching a "destination" was sometimes very low. On such occasions, some of them complained and displayed impatience, while others remained silent and sought stillness, listening out for the strange and sporadic creaking sound which originated somewhere in the distance, and which echoed softly round the valley. This sound gave them comfort, for it suggested that there was **SO MUCH MORE TAKING PLACE THAN THAT WHICH THEY PRESENTLY PERCEIVED FROM THEIR LIMITED POINT OF VISION.**

Others were inspired to **DIG DEEPER INTERNALLY AND EXTERNALLY.** When they dug into the ground, they discovered nuggets of pure gold beneath the soil. These could not be removed, however. They were somehow fixed. And through this, the wanderers were reminded of the **TREASURES UNSEEN AND IMMOVEABLE, YET TO BE REVEALED, BUT ALWAYS IN EXISTENCE BENEATH THE SHROUD OR DARKNESS.**

When the travellers reached the end of the valley, they were forced to stop and set up camp. The water from the waterfall was their only sustenance. Those with enough strength and stamina and curiosity and who still had enough energy to climb on, discovered a very steep and narrow path cut into the rock. It led upwards, winding on and on to the top of the waterfall.

On reaching the top, the resilient wanderers discovered a large lush plateau of fields surrounding a large lake. Food was abundant. The meadows were populated by smiling dancing people who welcomed them, and who directed them towards a huge tree. This tree was hundreds of years old, with a startlingly thick trunk, but its most astonishing feature was that it was made of solid gold. It was then that the adventurous wanderers recognised this tree as the MOTHER who had birthed the gold nuggets which had inspired them during their journey through the valley. These were not actually nuggets, but golden roots. THE ROOTS HAD GROWN FROM THE SOURCE THROUGH THE THICKEST OF ROCK AND THE THINEST OF SOIL. This phenomenon could not be seen from a bird's eye view, nor understood from logical reasoning. The connection was made through an intuitive internal knowing.

A huge swing was attached to one of the tree's branches. An angel sat on the swing, and as it moved to and fro, the wanderers recognised the creaking of the branches. Seeing the travellers arrive, the angel jumped off the swing and welcomed them saying NOW THERE IS NO NEED TO TRANSPORT TO YOUR EARS THE SOUND OF OUR DIVINE MOVEMENTS, BECAUSE NOW YOU CAN SEE THE SOURCE WHICH CREATE THE MOTION AND THE SOUND.

The travellers were overcome that they had reached the end of their journey, though they understood that this was also the beginning and that THEY THEMSELVES WOULD NOW MAKE THEMSELVES HEARD, GIVING CLUES AND INSPIRATION TO OTHERS SO THAT THEY WOULD SIMILARLY FOLLOW THE CLUES TO FIND THE SOURCE - a place of perfect shelter, calm and love.

### **Meditation Report 132: THE SEA DIVIDES**

By Rosie, 6th December 2012-12-06

It was night, and a group of people walked slowly and steadily through a dark thick forest until they arrived at a clearing. They did not really look at each other or talk to each other much, and their faces were mostly obscured by hoods, but they were nevertheless very intensely aware of each other and of the fact that they were gathered here for a very specific and special purpose.

On reaching the clearing they searched for firewood and piled everything they could find in the middle to form a pyre. Then they sat in a circle in deep meditation, connecting themselves to the very bright light above - which symbolised the LOVING SOURCE OF ALL CREATION. Inspired and strengthened by this energy, they concentrated on the branches in front of them, with the firm intention of assisting their home, the earth, in any way possible.

Suddenly, flames ignited, the wood started to burn, and a beautiful blue phoenix - symbolising the earth - rose high into the air. The meditators were amazed, and some thought that this was the end of their work, but they were inspired to continue, and one by one, more phoenixes were born of the fire, each representing an aspect of renewal in our society. Finally, the whole sky was completely transformed. Instead of the dark starry sky, it had now turned a translucent blue. Thousands of phoenixes had bonded together to form a seamless, rippling and shimmering cloud which obscured all else.

The blue cloud began to travel away from the forest, and stretched until it was even more blue and translucent, so that it covered the whole earth. There were two reactions to this. Some people noticed a different shade of light falling, and turned their faces to the sky. They were seized by a sense of wonder, as they recognised that this blue cloud was not "natural" in origin, but a spiritual phenomenon with a special message. These people stopped what they were doing, paused and reflected, and walked very very slowly, as if discovering new ground with every step, almost like feeling their way into new worlds of feeling and experience.

The second reaction to the blue cloud was non-reaction. Those who walked quickly through their lives, from one building to the next, in rapid succession, deeply involved in their own thoughts, or in conversation with others, simply did not notice. They were generally removed from natural surroundings and rarely surveyed it or noticed changes.

The more the first, inquisitive people looked into the sky, trying to see what was going on, the more they could see the individual birds in formation, and indeed the birds started to move away from each other to show the onlookers that yes, indeed, they were not deceiving themselves. All those attracted to this phenomenon, and whose curiosity encouraged the birds to show themselves, were pulled towards one half of the globe. On the other half of the globe, the fast-running very occupied populace continued to talk and run. Here, nothing encouraged the birds to show themselves, and they remained as a blanket of blue.

A deafening thunder rent the air, and lightening struck the ground, causing the land to split and water from the oceans to rush into this huge and ever-increasing divide, thus separating the two consciousnesses. Those who looked up rejoiced to see the birds coming down. Those who did not look up were wrapped up en masse by the huge blue cloud and were removed from the face of the earth.

### **Meditation Report 133: 2nd January 2012**

#### **BECOMING WATCHERS OF THE WORLDS**

**(A STORY TO ENCOURAGE MOVEMENT WITHIN AND WITHOUT IN THE COMING YEAR)**

A large white flower like a lotus lay on the floor. A group of people (including myself) gathered round the flower and sat in a circle in order to meditate. Our united energy was so strong that the flower began to open, petal by petal. As the flower expanded, the very centre came to be exposed. First, an arm stretched skywards, then a head and body were visible, and this beautiful young woman who emerged was Gaia, our Earth. As more petals unfolded, she was lifted high onto a pedestal so that all could see her beauty and so that her living presence was taken more and more into global collective consciousness.

Suddenly there was a change of scene and I was sitting alone at the edge of a lake, wearing robes of white which sparkled with glints of silver. I was intensely aware of everything around me. I seemed to sit there through all the seasons, watching the shades of vegetation, sky and water change, while the contours remained largely the same. Sometimes the surface of the lake was roughly textured, and at other times it was as still as glass, and at times such as this I could see a clump of white water lilies floating in the centre.

My hearing was acute. In autumn I heard the fall of every dry and crackling leaf. In Winter I heard the pieces of melting broken ice chiming like small bells as they hit the shoreline. In Spring I noted the tiny scurrying feet of waking animals in search for food. In Summer I watched the white lilies, sending them my love and energy, and listened to the wind which carried the sound of flutes and drums from a nearby village whenever celebrations were taking place.

The reason for sitting so still during these passing seasons was very clear to me: I knew that EVERY MOVE I MADE COULD BE FELT BY SOMEONE ELSE. Whenever I thought of a place or person, a silver thread immediately emerged from my forehead and travelled to that person, attaching itself to them. My fingers were attached by silver threads to everything I had ever touched. And so I sat there in total stillness,

for my movement would cause movement and reaction and noise, and instead I concentrated on the MOVEMENT WITHIN.

This came to me as a sudden inspiration: I should select a stone, half white and half black, into the lake. It took a very very long time to select the right stone, weighing and turning each one slowly in my hand to check their smooth surfaces for flaws. Some were white marble stones divided by veins of black. Some were jet black stones patched with white. When I had found the perfect stone, balanced in shape and colour, I blessed it and said MAY MY ACTION CAUSE THE HEAVENS TO OPEN FOR THOSE EYES WHICH DO NOT SEE. Then I threw it into the lake one calm Summer's day when the water was as motionless as a mirror.

As the stone fell, ripples emanated from the place of its falling, and just as I was connected by threads to everything I had touched, I was also connected to all movement I had caused. I watched and heard and felt the ripples gathering momentum as I followed them with my eyes, as if the ripples were my fingertips stretching into unknown realms. When they reached the middle of the lake where the white water lilies grew, the force was so great that the lilies were swept away. As the water carried the lilies on towards the shore, I felt the absolute purity of the flowers resonating in my heart.

Small children playing on the shores of the lake looked up in wonder to see the white flowers at the water's edge. Unconsciously, their own purity resonated with the purity of the flowers, and so they were automatically drawn towards them. The children gathered them joyfully in their arms and brought them home to their parents. In the darkness of those small simple homes, the flowers emitted a sort of ethereal light, acting as a lamp which illuminates the shadows. It was discovered that if a white flower was placed near an ailing person, the patient would recover. And so the flowers became greatly desired and highly prized. Many flowers were jealously guarded until they eventually withered and died. Some were preserved as holy relics, but they had lost their power.

There were some people, however, who did not keep the flowers for themselves alone. They felt that this wonder should be shared, so secretly they took the flowers to troubled lands where darkness reigned. Some distributed them petal by petal to poor beggar children. Some decided to plant of the flowers into the ground in a secret and secluded place. They sat round it in a circle, sending all their love and energy towards the flower so that it might take root and grow. Then they built a wall around the plant so that it might not be discovered. Later the wall was torn down by marauders, but the bush did not die completely, and a woman secretly took a flower from the bush

and planted it in a distant forest. Here she watched and sat until it took root. Here it flourished in seclusion until one day, a tree of white flowers poked its head high above the horizon of trees.

All this could I see as I sat timelessly and motionlessly at the lakeside, growing older and weaker. The flowers had travelled in a complete circle round the globe. The tree with the white flowers was growing in the forest behind me. I could not see it with my physical eyes, but I could feel my connection to it through the silver thread. In the background I could again hear the sound of musical instruments in a village celebration. When they suddenly stopped, I knew that the villagers had noticed the new white tree and were walking towards it with wonder. They had heard many old stories about these healing flowers, and they saw that a silver thread ran from the tree across the forest floor, across the meadows, towards the lakeside where I sat.

The villagers were astonished to discover me there, with silver cords stretching from my body in all directions. They thought I was some sort of goddess and they began to cry and bow down, but I motioned to them to stop and told them that they could also generate healing and high levels of awareness if they looked upwards. When they did this they saw the **FIRST SILVER THREAD OF ALL - THEIR CELESTIAL CONNECTION TO THE DIVINE CREATOR**. I told them they could invite this thread into their lives, if they so desired. Some accepted this offer with great joy and took up sitting positions on the edge of the lake, seemingly motionless but slowly growing inwardly and turning into a **WATCHER OF THE WORLD**, aware of every thought and movement, and the consequences thereof.

After many years of meditation at this place, I began to feel weary and ill. A small child from the village came up to me and placed a white petal onto my brow saying **THIS WILL HEAL YOU: A TRAVELLER TOLD ME IT COMES FROM THE FLOWER OF LIFE**. And the very moment the petal touched my forehead, I felt a tug on the fingers which had thrown the perfect black and white stone into the lake so long ago.

### **Meditation Report 134: 9th January 2013** **THE ACTIVATION OF THE FOUNTAIN**

I saw myself as a white figure surrounded by a circle of other white figures who were my friends and colleagues in spirit. I knew we were working towards the same goals and mutually supporting each other. I stood opposite each person in turn, scrutinising their bodies, which were slightly transparent, identifying parts of their anatomy which were not perfectly white. When I identified something, which would appear as a red spot on their shoulder or a blue patch in their stomach, for example, the person



then took hold of a mirror which showed me THAT THERE WAS A SIMILAR FLAW IN MY OWN ANATOMY.

Having recognised this, I closed my eyes, addressed the problem and healed myself. Following this, I opened my eyes and found that the person opposite me was pure white and that the coloured spot had disappeared. I continued this process with every member of the circle surrounding me. In the end, I had healed all the spots in myself, and then I was wrapped in a large white cloth and taken to a round pool of water where I swam in circles for a long time.

Completely cleansed, I stepped out of the pool, climbing impressive steps of white marble. These continued into a long straight path flanked with classically laid out gardens and leading to a beautiful white building. This I recognised as the Taj Mahal. I understood that my purification ceremony had made me capable of pure unconditional love, and that I was now walking towards one of the world's LARGEST MANIFESTED TRIBUTES TO LOVE, a building dedicated to the memory of a loving regent's lost consort.

I stopped at a fountain which was not working. A circle of meditators was sitting round it. I joined them, and ALL TOGETHER we concentrated on sending our energy to the fountain, moving our hands simultaneously towards the water source and then up towards the heavens. We repeated this movement rhythmically to encourage the water to flow. Curious onlookers amassed behind us. Eventually the water erupted into the air, refreshing everyone nearby. When they saw the fountain, crowds of hot and thirsty people were attracted to the water droplets which landed behind the backs of the meditators. The meditators themselves did not see exactly what was going on behind them, but they were aware that their efforts were bearing fruit in some way. They continued to concentrate so that the flow of water continued. They knew that the SPIRIT OF TRUTH - carried by the water - was reaching those who approached.

Then all the meditators spontaneously started to sing, and each song was different and sung in a style unique to each person. Song vibrated through the air and this evoked great waves of emotion, both tears and joy, until everyone started to dance and celebrate.

### **Meditation Report 135: 10th January 2013**

#### **THE FISH WHO SUCCUMBED TO THE LIGHT**

After connecting up to Source I saw the following visual:

The scene was the ocean floor in a very deep part of the ocean. It was so deep, in fact, that no light shed through. One very large fish appeared. Like all fish at this depth, it was luminous and looked rather ghostly and aggressive. Then a smaller fish appeared. Both fish looked each other in the eye and bared their teeth, expecting a fight, preparing to defend themselves. The fish swam around each other tentatively, and then the smaller fish eventually retreated, feeling fear but not showing it, retiring to the depths of the ocean.

The smaller fish spent a lot of time hiding in holes between the coral. Whenever he ventured into the open, he kept a sharp lookout for other fish who were his predators. But he was happiest hiding, as it was a great strain to have to remain aware all the time. And as all fish at that depth were luminous, the fish learnt to associate light with danger.

One day the fish looked out of his hole to see a vertical beam of light which landed in a circle on the ocean floor. It appeared to be never-ending, stretching ever upwards through the water. Initially, the fish was afraid and suspicious. It had never seen such a strong light before, but eventually it overcame its fright and ventured out due to curiosity, and by the fact that his life in the hole was pretty boring.

The fish carefully swam up to the beam of light to investigate. The nearer it got, the warmer he felt, and this was a sort of pleasant warmth which made him feel happy. Still, there was a part of him which thought **THIS MAY BE A TRICK**. In the end, his curiosity got the better of him, and he stuck his nose into the light beam, anticipating a shock of some sort, but instead, the fish felt a surge of energy.

Thus the fish discovered that the light was not a unpleasant material creature shining but that it was something ethereal and transparent. The fish was still a little worried, swimming in and out of the light to test it out. When all his fear was lost, and in a final **SUPREME MOMENT OF RELEASE AND SURRENDER**, the fish entered the beam and swam upwards, vertically, constantly showered with light, until he reached the very surface of the ocean. At that point the fish leapt into the sunlight which was much more radiant and brighter than his wildest imaginings.

### **Meditation Report 136: 16th January 2013**

#### **HOW CAN WE BEST GROW**

I entered this meditation with the question **HOW CAN WE BEST GROW TO FULFIL OUR VARIOUS MISSIONS IN DIVINE SERVICE?** Then I was given the following

visual:

I saw myself curled like an embryo inside a nut with a very hard casing. I understood that *GROWING* is preceded by a period of abstinence, stillness or restriction, *FROM WHICH TO GROW*. Yet I also harboured a feeling of limitless expansion in the knowledge of being *ONE* with all, feeling the hard perimeters of the nut on every surface of my body. There was an enormous feeling of security in that tightness and darkness as a seed. I knew that someone - the *HIM/HER CREATOR OF THE UNIVERSE* was covering my back always.

Understanding that the next step towards optimal growth was my *DECISION* to birth myself, separating myself temporarily from the *ONE*, I started to move. As the seed, I aroused myself from sleep and was overcome with *CURIOSITY*. When I knocked against the familiar wall of the nut casing, it sounded hollow, and I knew without a doubt that there was something *BEYOND* it. *DETERMINATION* to find out saw me pushing relentlessly until the seedling finally cracked its shell and poked its tender green head into the soil.

Now I was in a completely different environment. Every pore was clogged with soil. I relied on instinct to find my way, stretching my head upwards because the ground above me felt warmer. *COURAGE* was needed to leave my old surroundings in search of the new. The desire to grow upwards came from somewhere deep within me: I grew in alignment with a divine blueprint which I did not yet understand in full, but which I learnt to trust.

All this brought me towards the surface of the soil where I suddenly burst into the sunlight. I was overcome with ecstasy at this unknown brightness, warmth and expanse which nurtured me together with the rain. I accepted these gifts fully and gratefully, growing rapidly. I wondered if I would eventually be able to touch the sky. But somehow, the idea of eternal self-perpetuation and growth in one direction only was not appealing, so I began to spread my branches sideways also.

Thus I could survey what was happening on the ground beneath me. Small children were playing beneath my branches. When I saw that they loved to climb, I grew in a way which enabled them to do that, and when I saw they were hungry, I was seized with *COMPASSION* and realised that I had the potential to create fruit for their consumption.

When the children saw peaches ripening on my branches, it seemed like a miracle, and so they were also inspired to set out on their life journeys, creating gifts for others

through the same chain of growth, through DECISION TO SEPARATE FROM THE FAMILIAR, CURIOSITY, COURAGE, DETERMINATION and COMPASSION. Thus they discovered their own unique brand of service to humanity.

### **Meditation Report 137: 20th January 2013**

#### **ARE YOU FACE UP OR FACE DOWN?**

Focussing on the quality of RESPONSE-ABILITY during meditation, I saw myself in three situations:

1. While walking through a forest, the path was covered with dead leaves. As this was a "natural" situation, it all seemed quite normal. But after a while it occurred to me THAT IT WAS NOT AUTUMN. This recognition impelled me to examine the trees more closely, and I discovered that they were dying due to lack of water. I found a watering can and began to quench their thirst. I then understood the importance of BEING ACUTELY AWARE CONTINUOUSLY.

2. While walking along a mountain path, with a deep ravine on one side, I saw that a part of the fencing had fallen into the ravine because its foundations were crumbling, making the path unsafe. I collected the loose stones and cemented them together, simultaneously repairing the fence. I then understood the importance of PAYING ATTENTION TO STURDY FOUNDATIONS SO THAT DECAY CANNOT SET IN.

3. While walking along a river, hoping for a peaceful and beautiful experience away from it all, the beauty was marred by rubbish littering the banks. I then understood the importance of CLEARING UP AFTER DAMAGE HAS BEEN DONE.

Then the image of a JIG-SAW PUZZLE came to mind. I saw huge hands belonging to a celestial being taking a box of puzzle pieces (WHICH ALL CAME FROM THE SAME SOURCE) onto a table. The pieces scattered far and wide. Some were face up. Others were face down. The celestial hands ensured that all the pieces were face up. They were counted, and none was found missing, so the celestial being departed in the confident knowledge that he had initiated the process, and that all pieces were perfect. He knew that each piece was unique and essential to the whole. And he knew that it was simply a case of rearrangement until the full picture came into view.

I understood that WE were the pieces, and that through our inner and outer movements and decisions, we would find our perfect position and contribute to a harmonious and completed picture. The pieces wandered around on the table, as we wander through life, looking for a sign that they were going in the right direction.

Sometimes a flash of colour or an attractive shape would compass their direction. When pieces of the same colour or pattern met as a group there was great excitement, as they knew that they belonged together somehow. And so, all pieces were on their own searching journey.

Sometimes the celestial being would come back to observe progress. If he saw a piece wandering off by itself, or approaching danger (the edge of the table), he would turn it around, to give it a new perspective. In very difficult cases, he would actually pluck the piece from the table and position it exactly where it was supposed to be. This was a shock for the piece, but necessary. If the celestial being saw a piece which was very sad and which had given in to despair, and which was no longer searching, then he would send a "neighbouring" piece in that direction to console and inspire. Much joy arose when two pieces found that they fitted together perfectly in both shape and colour. Then they interlocked, as jigsaw pieces do, and continued their search for more interlocking parts.

This process of looking for those of similar mind and intention, recognising others and joining forces, was approved of by the watching celestial eyes. Some pieces, however, did not take part at all. They became more and more isolated (as others moved away), but however long this took, the celestial being repeatedly pushed them gently but firmly in new directions.

In the end, only one piece was missing for the completion of the picture. The missing piece did not actually need to search for his particular position as it was all too clear. After refusing to participate for so long, it was very difficult for this piece to surrender to the will of the celestial being and join his fellows, but he had to swallow his pride and do so.

I understood from this that everyone involved with the effort to UPLIFT OUR EARTH AT THIS TIME IS A UNIQUE AND ESSENTIAL PART OF THE SUPPORTING STRUCTURE, AND THAT WE MUST COME INTO THE KNOWING OF OUR CORRECT POSITION AND OUR GREAT INDIVIDUAL AND COLLECTIVE RESPONSIBILITY.

I also understood that unseen celestial hands will guide us in the right direction if we appear to be lost. The full picture can only be realised and seen when all pieces are present and perfectly matched.

**Meditation Report 138: 25th January 2013**

## YOU ARE ALL JESUS

I was suddenly presented with the scene of a shipwreck. A huge storm was raging and the tall waves crashed down onto flimsy boats, tossing their crew into the water. They were certain that they had very slim chances of survival as the sea was so rough. Though they could see a distant lighthouse and knew that land was not far, they also knew that the rocks lining the coast were jagged and dangerous.

Those who dived underwater to avoid the crashing of the huge waves suddenly saw a field of light approaching and passing below them, illuminating the entire sea-bed. It rose steadily upwards until it touched the feet of the struggling swimmers. It was then that the people realised that this was not simply a beam of light but a force field, and that the surface of this field felt solid. Suddenly they could all stand, although they were still in very deep waters. They threw their arms to the heavens in gratitude and started to cry. One man started to shout LOOK AT ME! I AM WALKING ON WATER! I AM JESUS! As the force field rose above the waves, all the people were able to walk to the shore to safety.

Everyone was in awe of what they had just experienced. They felt as if they were CHOSEN PEOPLE, selected to survive, and a feeling of relief but also pride arose. Sitting together in a large circle around a camp fire, they discussed their plight, their rescue, their own significance, and what to do next.

Some time later a stranger arrived in their midst who told these survivors that they were not the only survivors. Others had also been saved by similar force fields, and they were camping in groups further along the coast. Some people were thereby forced to reassess themselves. They could no longer consider themselves "specially chosen" to continue and organise new life on earth. As their pride melted away, they were filled with gratitude that the force-field had rescued others too.

The stranger sat with them around the fire, first saying little, but gradually telling stories and uttering words of wisdom. Suddenly the man who had screamed I AM JESUS during the storm recognised who this really was and fell on his knees at his feet and wept and asked forgiveness. But the stranger said "Rise: I AM YOU AND YOU ARE ME. YOU ARE ALL JESUS AND CAPABLE OF ALL I DO AND MORE."

**Meditation Report 139: 27th January 2013**

THE SPREADING RAINBOW

A group of people appeared who harboured the same intent to increase earth's vibrational frequency. They sat on a hilltop around a camp fire and simultaneously went into meditative state, fixing their attention on the flames. The more energy they sent in that direction, the higher the flames grew. Each person sent their own particular energy to the flames which was visible as a single coloured beam of light - red or white or gold ....

After a while of intense concentration, the flames started to crackle loudly and spit baubles into the air. These were multicoloured, like spherical rainbows, and large birds appeared to carry them off in their beaks. These birds carried the baubles to places on earth where great distress reigned. These were dirty, colourless, depressed places where the inhabitants had lost all hope. Here they dropped the baubles, which burst as they hit the ground, to form beautiful pools of multi-coloured water.

Half of the population in these depressed areas was so suspicious and resigned and entrenched in their own lives and problems that they scarcely raised their head when they saw these pools. They practically ignored them, immediately dismissing them as a trap or a deceptive mirage. Some of the people passing by noticed these brilliant pools and - if their courage was great enough - they approached them and tested them with a finger. The moment they did so, a feeling of lightness and joy spread from their finger, up their arm, and into the rest of their body, and they were infused with a great optimism for the future.

The small children had no inhibitions; they screamed with delight and immediately jumped into the pools, splashing around with delight. This caused more multi-coloured baubles to rise into the air, and again the birds arrived to carry these new baubles to yet more depressed and deprived areas of earth. This process, which had been initiated by the meditators on the hill, continued to spread until the whole surface of the earth was covered in brilliant multi-coloured light. It was unavoidable. It was no longer possible to hide in a dark corner, because dark corners no longer existed. It was no longer possible to retreat from the great wave of optimism, joy and enthusiasm. Those who continued to resist were removed by angels and relocated to places where they could continue to live in the way they personally chose to do so, in a degree of less intense light which was more suitable for their spiritual growth.

### **Meditation Report 140: 28th January 2013**

#### **THE DISASTER THAT WAS NOT**

A very strong storm was raging, creating large waves, and these forced many small

wooden boats to capsize. Their occupants were holding onto the overturned boats to save their lives. Whenever they could, they scoured the horizon for signs of other boats which could pick them up.

A small black dot appeared in the distance, and joy mounted in their hearts at the thought of being rescued, but as the ship approached them, fear arose too, for the ship was huge and black and steaming ahead at a tremendous pace, appearing not to notice them. It passed very close by, and the people bobbing in the waves cried in anguish because they thought they had missed their chance of survival.

However, once the ship had passed them, it stopped. Huge rescue rings combined to form a sort of float were attached to the rear end. The people immediately let go of their craft and swam towards the float. They sat on it as the ship continued on its path with them in tow.

A while later, the ship arrived at a beautiful island where several wooden jetties were built out into the sea. The people jumped off the float and swam towards the jetties. After climbing out of the water up wooden steps, they realised that there was a red carpet on the jetties, and that on shore - at the end of the red carpet - was a welcoming committee.

Each survivor was greeted individually, with great joy and celebration, by as yet unseen personal guides, long lost friends and family members from previous lives. When everyone was reunited, they sat in small groups on the shores, discussing their past and future, determining which path was now the best to follow.

### **Meditation Report 141: 3rd February 2013**

#### **THE NEW WORLD**

A small medieval town suddenly appeared. People bonnets and top hats and long, old-fashioned clothing were bustling about in the streets, busily greeting each other and moving on as quickly as possible to their destinations. They did not linger, and neither did they look down, as they took pride in their connections, wanting to be on good business terms with everyone, and so they were always wary, watching out for whoever might turn the corner and approach them next. They always had a pleasant greeting on their lips, waiting for the next oncoming acquaintance.

When they reached their houses or businesses, the first thing they did was take off their shoes, leaving them outside the door. These shoes were ENCRUSTED WITH MUD, but this mud did not actually ever touch the feet of the owners, as all shoes



were positioned on top of stilts. The residents were very accustomed to walking in this cumbersome way. Many did not even ask themselves why this was so. If the residents had looked down onto the streets, they would have seen a river of mud and sewage.

I asked what the solution to this situation would be. Then I saw other people running around the town during the night, gathering up all the shoes outside all the doors. When the residents woke up the next morning, preparing to leave the house as usual, they found that their shoes were gone. Some people said to themselves BUSINESS AS USUAL, and left the house in slippers. They were delighted to be able to walk so fast on the pavements, but they were appalled when they sunk to their knees in grime and sewage when trying to cross a street. It was the first time that they had really been aware of it. In the end, everyone was forced to stay at home indefinitely, and many fell into fear because they had no idea how long this situation would last.

A few days later, those residents who were able to overcome their fear awoke with an unexplainable feeling of lightness and relief. They peered out of their doorways and were greeted by a wonderful fresh smell. The streets were sparkling clean, and for the first time they saw the cobbles which formed the roads, and they walked across them with bare feet, feeling that a completely NEW WORLD was emerging from the old.

### **Meditation Report 142: 5th February 2013**

#### **THE UNQUENCHABLE LIGHT**

A man was running through dark streets with a torch in his hand. He was very frightened as he knew that the light could be very clearly seen at night, but he was not stopped as very few people were about, and even those who passed him were drunk or preoccupied with something else. He ran on, leaving the town and going towards the hills where he entered a cave and an extensive cavern system.

At the heart of this system was a large room where a group of people were anxiously waiting for him. WELCOME TO THE BRINGER OF THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH, they said as he entered. And they held forward their own torches and lit them from the sacred fire which had been brought to them. These people then separated, spreading the spirit of truth just as their predecessor did before them.

The man continued his own journey, still carrying his torch, until he reached the coastline and a large lighthouse. He knew that this was his destiny and his destination

and he knew also that he was being closely followed. He climbed the spiral stairway right to the very top and lit the light. This light could be seen from great distances and immediately caught the attention of dark forces who were determined to stamp out the spirit of truth. They mustered all their airplanes and machine guns and focussed them on this one solitary lighthouse, which was subsequently completely destroyed.

While the lighthouse had diverted attention, the original group of people in the cave had been able to spread far and wide, lighting new torches carried by new bearers at every turn, so that now the whole earth was a sea of light. It was impossible for the dark forces to deal with so much opposition at once, and they were forced to retreat, recuperate and rethink.

### **Meditation Report 143: 17th February 2013**

#### **TEACHING INSTRUCTIONS**

A group of meditators were sitting in a very large circle at the earth's north pole position, but the climate was mild. They were all joined together by streams of energy - a circuit which started at Source above them, descended through them to the central core of the earth, and which then ascended through them again, returning to Source. In addition, all the meditators were connected to each other by golden strands, forming an intricate golden network. As the meditators concentrated on sending out love energy in order to increase the vibrations of their surroundings, the entire flow of the circuit increased and threw off sparks which fell on areas which needed this uplift.

The extraordinary element in this scene was that the ground was completely transparent, as were the hills in the distance. The meditators were sitting on a sea of glass, and when they looked down, they could see bright blazes and flows of lava, but still they managed to retain their composure. They felt that they benefitted from this warmth and motion beneath them, in fact, they felt INFUSED by light from both above and below.

After a period of intense meditation, the meditators were told that it was now their turn to carry this light to others, and to in fact BE LIGHT and BE TRANSPARENCY. The meditators separated and went their different ways as teachers, entering classrooms far and wide. Thus the network of golden strands, which was still attached to every person, was vastly stretched, but still remained intact.

As teachers, the meditators taught sorrowful, bewildered and sometimes angry and very disappointed students who were suffering the collapse of a lifetime of convictions and struggling to understand new concepts of life. In the face of this challenge, the teachers strived to always remember their instructions, which were follows:

ALWAYS DEMONSTRATE IMPECCABLE BEHAVIOUR

ALWAYS REMAIN HONEST

TEACH WHAT YOU KNOW AND ADMIT WHAT YOU DO NOT KNOW

RECOGNISE YOUR LIMITS

SAY "I DO NOT KNOW" or "I AM NOT SURE", if that is the case.

SHUT YOUR EYES BRIEFLY AND GO WITHIN to find answers to difficult questions.

CONVEY THE IMPORTANCE OF HONESTY, CLARITY AND EAGERNESS TO EMBRACE LEARNING PROCESSES.

INTRODUCE HUMOUR

DEMONSTRATE JOY.

DO NOT INDULGE ANY ONE DIRECTION FOR TOO LONG, AS THIS WILL HINDER PROGRESS. BE COMPASSIONATE, BUT NOT CONTINUOUSLY.

COMPASSION ONLY WILL SLOW DOWN FORWARD MOTION.

FORWARD MOTION WITHOUT COMPASSION WILL ALIENATE.

ALWAYS STRIVE FOR BALANCE.

PRACTICE, ILLUSTRATE AND BE THE SORT OF PERSON YOU WISH YOUR STUDENTS TO BE.

After a long period of teaching, all the meditators were called together again to recount their experiences, to re-orientate, and to learn. They gathered in a large circular room, which appeared to be inside a space-ship, where they became students of celestial teachers. With new knowledge, orientation and determination, they then set off again to continue with their own teaching on the surface of the earth.

### **Meditation Report 149: 3rd April 2013**

#### **DEPICTION OF THE ASCENT OF HUMANKIND**

A beautiful woman in blue robes stands with arms outstretched to encircle half of an ocean. She is the spirit of intuition and nurturing, representative of the Divine Feminine. Wearing a necklace of roses in bud, she symbolises the potential possessed by all to burst into bloom (a beautiful fully blown rose can be seen on the horizon) and her long curly hair falls into the sea-water so that in the end it is almost impossible to discern the difference between the waves and her blue tresses.

This woman is FULLY INTEGRATED WITH THE ELEMENT OF WATER, AND SHE EXERCISES HER ABILITY TO FLOW AND ADAPT CONSTANTLY TO NEW SITUATIONS, WHILE ALWAYS RETAINING DIVINE FOCUS. In this instance, her "divine focus" is the ISLAND OF PARADISE which is visible in the background.

The woman holds hands with her male counterpart, the representative of the Divine Masculine, and together they carry the ocean and our universe, supporting all those on the paradise journey within their embrace.

Symbols of simple living (wooden huts on stilts) and of purity and devotion (a white dove) are visible in the foreground. A path leads to a jetty which stretches out into the ocean.

Some pilgrims on the journey rest by the wayside because they are exhausted or injured or depressed because the journey is so long and the island not yet in view.

Yet others sit alone, not because they have physical impairments but because fear or fear of losing face prevents them from asking for directions.

Others have chosen faster methods of transport, like bicycles or trucks. Some travel together, assisting each other, and travel faster as a result.

Those who earnestly search continue at a regular pace along the path.

Suddenly, they are all forced to stop at the end of the jetty to find that it has broken off. It seems that there is no way to continue. Some travellers break down and cry, looking longingly at the horizon. Thus they do not notice the small boats at their side, offering to transport them further.

Others are just glad to have an excuse to stop this strenuous journey. Their eyes are no longer on their paradise goal, but on neighbouring islands which appear to offer entertainment and rest and distraction. On those islands, bungee-jumping and fast car racing and huge banquets are all the rage.

Some travellers are travelling SO QUICKLY THAT THEY DO NOT NOTICE THAT THE JETTY HAS ENDED. For a split second they hang in mid-air before they plunge into the waves. Rubber rings are thrown in to save them, if they wish to be saved, and they are severely shaken by their experiences. They are forced to ask themselves how they could possibly have overseen something so obvious - the end of their

present path. They necessarily become more aware. Some are so traumatised that they walk extremely slowly, putting one foot in front of another in order to test the ground fully before committing their weight to it.

All along this journey, new situations arise, forcing the travellers to make new decisions. Sometimes their vehicles or boats run out of petrol. Sometimes friends take different routes or decide to become permanent residents of the loud and busy pleasure islands. But all the time, the music from the Island of Paradise calls, issuing invitations to everyone who has separated themselves from the noise.

### **Meditation Report 150: 8th April 2013**

#### **THE ISLAND OF MIRRORS**

My question before meditation was WHAT IS THE BEST FOCUS FOR OUR UPWARD SPIRITUAL JOURNEY AND FOR THE ASCENT OF HUMANKIND AT THIS POINT. I understood that it is critical to conceive of our journey as a joint journey, as opposed to one in constant isolation, removing ourselves from all things unpleasant and seemingly irrelevant to ourselves, for EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED and THE GROUP (in this case the global population moves forwards at the rate of the slowest member of the group). We NEED EACH OTHER to progress further.

Then I was shown THE ISLAND OF MIRRORS, which was a learning centre for people of all nationalities, cultures, religions, ages and sexes. The small children went to MIRROR SCHOOL, which meant that whenever they encountered problems with someone else, or landed in a conflict, they were gently ushered by their superiors to take out their pocket mirror and place it in front of the person who annoyed them.

In this way they learnt to see that they themselves had issues to deal with. And in this way they also learnt that anger directed towards themselves was not always justified, and that they were just acting as the "sounding board" for someone else's learning.

The young adults on this island went about their studies and their work with joyful hearts and great humour and camaraderie, as they had already internalised this process and they had few, if any conflicts.

The adult teachers were gracious and wise, but still wore small mirror pendants around their necks in order to remind them - should they feel the slightest nuance of impatience or annoyance fall upon them - of the importance of this principle.

## **Meditation Report 151: 15th April 2013**

### **THE NATURE OF THE SOURCE**

A castle stood on the very top of a huge rock in the middle of a valley surrounded by mountains. It was so high that it was impossible to see what - if anything - was going on below. No one quite remembered why or how they came to live within these walls, or who had built the castle originally. To the castle's inhabitants, life was completely normal. They followed certain traditions and rituals, and obeyed certain rules.

One of these rules pertained to the treatment of water, which was considered sacred. It appeared miraculously at the bottom of the castle's very very deep well, was brought ceremoniously to the surface each day, and was stored in a tank like a large barrel. A row of taps was situated along the barrel so that the people could simultaneously place their cups beneath the taps, and ritually draw off exactly one cup of water at specified times of the day. The source of the water was not known, and it was thought that these rigid customs would ensure gratitude for the water and encourage it to keep appearing. It was clear to the people that there was some sort of mystery involved here, as water did of course appear as rain from the sky in order to feed their vegetables, grown in the castle grounds, but rain fell at unusual and irregular times, which they felt was very unsettling. They all took a vow to never drink rainwater.

In times of great rain scarcity, when their vegetables failed and when hunger was prevalent, the people relied even more heavily on their daily water. Some secretly started to use a larger cup, or to siphon off water at undesignated times, and great discussions and conflict arose. The cup of one man was discovered sitting on a window ledge. The man was hoping to catch rain in it, and he was verbally attacked by the others and made responsible for the diminishing water supply. Rationing became even stricter.

By this time, everyone in the castle was on the point of physical collapse and they wondered if they would survive. They also wondered whether they were alone in this world, as they had never seen any living creatures apart from insects. One day they looked towards the skies and saw a white bird. This astounded them and filled them with great hope, so much so that they even contemplated the idea of venturing out of the castle in order to investigate.

Great preparations were made. Spears and daggers were polished. The remaining water rations were carefully packed, and they opened the gates which had remained

closed for many centuries and walked the long long road down into the valley. After many hours of walking, they descended into a lush green plain. They wondered in amazement at the plant growth and trees. They collapsed in shock to see rivers and streams criss-crossing the land in abundance. They fell down in fright before tall smiling people who greeted them. They cowered and screamed and fainted when they saw that these people cupped their hands together and drank from the streams whenever they wanted. They learnt that rain and drinking water all came from the same Source, and that this Source was inexhaustible.

After a period of getting to know each other, the castle inhabitants listened to the stories of the tall smiling people about how they lived and worked and worshipped. And the tall smiling people listened in earnest to the castle inhabitants who related the ways they had found to live together within the restrictive castle walls. From that time on, they were as ONE: the door of the castle remained forever open, and all were free to visit and learn from each other.

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From ENTERING THE HALL OF TRUTH: "At the end of the red carpet was a chair where her Creator sat. She threw herself at his feet, but he bade her to rise saying MY CHILD: I HAVE SEEN AND FELT ALL THE FEELINGS YOU HAVE CREATED IN OTHERS, INCLUDING IN YOURSELF. YOUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS ARE MERELY A REFLECTION OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH ME, AS I AM INSEPERABLE FROM YOU, AND I AM INSEPERABLE FROM THEM. PROCEED WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE INTO THE NEW WORLD"

### **Meditation Report 152: 22nd April 2013**

#### **ENTERING THE HALL OF TRUTH**

A long queue of people stood waiting in front of a simple door. They were all very tense as they had no idea what was awaiting them, but they knew it would be a monumental learning experience. One by one, they were ushered in.

It was turn for one woman to enter, and she found herself at the end of a huge hall full of people. As she walked in, all eyes turned towards her. Nothing was said. She felt a rush of great apprehension because she recognised EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THE ROOM. They had all touched her life some time in the past, but this was not the focus now. The reason for being there was for her to experience HOW SHE HAD TOUCHED THEM.

The woman moved very slowly along a long central red carpet. As she did so she

realised that this was THE HALL OF TRUTH WHERE EVERYTHING IS REVEALED. It was not possible for her to overlook someone, to avoid someone, or to invent some excuse to look in the opposite direction. She was forced to LOOK EVERYONE IN THE EYE. And as she did so, everyone responded truthfully. If the woman had treated them well, they smiled. If she had ignored them or treated them disrespectfully, they glared. If she had actively degraded them, they stared malevolently. If she had loved them, they fell upon her in embrace.

At the end of the red carpet was a chair where her Creator sat. She threw herself at his feet, but he bade her to rise saying MY CHILD: I HAVE SEEN AND FELT ALL THE FEELINGS YOU HAVE CREATED IN OTHERS, INCLUDING IN YOURSELF. YOUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS ARE MERELY A REFLECTION OF YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH ME, AS I AM INSEPERABLE FROM YOU, AND I AM INSEPERABLE FROM THEM. PROCEED WITH THIS KNOWLEDGE INTO THE NEW WORLD.

Then the woman was shown the way out through one of many doors at the back of the hall, and the person at the head of the queue outside was ushered in to take his turn at walking the hall of truth.

### **Meditation Report 153: 24th April 2013**

#### THE SHIP APPROACHES

The air was filled with the sound of war cries. An army of soldiers in sparkling silver armour was charging forward on horseback, parading white flags and proclaiming allegiance to God. Their enemy was a similar army wearing black armour, approaching rapidly and ready for conflict. The feeling of solidarity in each group was extremely high and they felt an exalted and righteous feeling as they moved inevitably nearer to the battleground.

When they arrived at the battleground, however, the armies were separated by a river. This was not regarded as a barrier by the soldiers at the forefront. They stormed ahead, plunging into the water. Those whose focus was not purely on the enemy before them, and who glanced to the left and the right, assessing their position in the whole, aware of the surrounding landscape, noticed a HUGE SHIP APPROACHING.

The size of this ship was such that it completely dwarfed everything else. It was difficult to understand HOW such a large ship could possibly float in this small and shallow river. If one looked more carefully, it became clear that the ship was



ploughing its own way through earth and rock and deepening the river as it moved continuously forward. Nothing could break its path. At the very helm stood a man with open arms and tears running down his face. This was Esu Immanuel, who many know as Jesus. He wept tears of sadness at the sight of the two armies on either side of him, and he wept tears of joy when those who saw him on the ship laid down their arms in wonder and astonishment.

As the ship passed, all armour broke off the soldiers, and irrespective of whether the armour had been white or black, it now all turned to grey and lay useless on the ground. And indeed, it was no longer necessary as all attack was made impossible: the ship had caused the small river to swell into a great and mighty swell which no one could cross. Those who had entered the waters previous to the ships passing had been picked up and placed on a raft towed by the ship.

Now that their armour had been removed, identities and intentions could no longer be concealed. The members of both armies were stunned by these unexpected revelations and were forced to question many of their convictions and loyalties and behaviours. All they could do now was to walk along the river bank, following the ship which was heading down river to the open sea. Whatever their confused or sad or angry feelings were, everyone felt that this was the only answer as to what to do next. When they reached the shore, the huge ship had turned around, and Esu was visible at the helm for all to see. A great light emanated from his person and spread to the shoreline. Here, people gathered in huge crowds to receive this beneficial light which made them feel calm and whole again.

### **Meditation Report 154: 25th April 2013**

#### **WE LOVE NATURE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE**

A valley lay between two very tall mountains. On the valley floor was a forest of trees and shrubs, but apart from a few which rose above the rest, they all had the appearance of being withered and stunted. This was due to a very strong relentless wind which descended from the top of the mountain on the right and on the left. Only the sturdiest of plants were able to withstand this simultaneous attack from both sides. There were hardly any new seedlings because they were periodically forced to the ground.

A rider on a horse appeared in the forest one day and was astounded to see the damaged condition of the vegetation. He stayed there for a while to observe what was going on, and he noticed that the destructive winds descended in a very regular way from both mountain tops, so he decided to climb them both.

At the top of the mountain on the right, he discovered a very dedicated team of people activating an enormous pair of bellows. They worked in shifts so that wind was continually pumped into the valley. The rider asked why: WE LOVE NATURE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE they replied. OUR LEADERS HAVE TOLD US THAT THE PLANTS NEED WIND SO THAT THEIR SEEDS ARE WELL SCATTERED.

At the top of the mountain on the left, the rider found another very dedicated team of workers, also working in shifts to keep a similar pair of bellows providing wind for the valley. Again, the rider asked why: WE LOVE NATURE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE they replied. OUR LEADERS HAVE TOLD US THAT WIND IS NEEDED CONSTANTLY SO THAT THE OLD LEAVES WILL DROP AND MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW.

On hearing this the rider invited both groups down into the forest to see what was going on. Some refused to do this, as their loyalty to the cause prevented them from leaving their posts. Those who sensed the rider's great distress decided to follow him down the mountain. When they learnt about the effects of the constant wind from both directions on their beloved trees, they collapsed and cried, knowing that their lack of curiosity and blind allegiance had contributed to this destruction.

### **Meditation Report 158: 16th June 2013**

#### **GAIA'S CRY: I NEED LOVE**

I saw our earth, Gaia, personified as an old woman wearing shabby black clothes. She always had her arms outstretched as if asking for something, and thus she walked haltingly down the busy streets of a large city. She was largely ignored by the smart urbanites who passed her by. They always walked swiftly and turned their heads, for they did not wish to be distracted from "important business". Others took pity on the old woman and placed a coin or loaves in her outstretched hands, but this did not seem to satisfy her. The pained expression on her face never changed.

As Gaia became more and more crippled, she was no longer able to reach the pedestrian precincts of the inner city, and so she sat forlorn on the outskirts where very few people passed her at all. One day a black limousine slowed down and stopped beside her. The window opened and someone threw a huge gold coin into her lap. Then the car drove off.

This seemed to be a breaking point for Gaia: she flung the coin high up into the air screaming "I DON'T NEED GOLD: I NEED LOVE!". As she screamed with pain and

rage, she transformed herself into a huge black whirlwind which tracked all over the earth's surface to places where great damage had been done - open mines, polluted rivers, desecrated countryside. When she saw these places she wept bitterly, and wherever she passed, the whirlwind spilt the ground creating deep fissures and earthquakes.

When all places of destruction and violation had been visited and purged and cleansed, Gaia was able to rest. She chose a small green hill covered in meadow, and she slept for a long time. The outer mantle of an old woman dissolved, and Gaia mutated into a beautiful young girl who smiled in her sleep, dreaming of a new world where LOVE IS EVERYWHERE.

### **Meditation Report 159: 19th July, 2013**

#### **SUMMARY OF YOUR LIFE IN ONE SENTENCE**

The sky had turned a strange pale yellow, and the wind blew rubbish and leaves down a long street. The scene looked as if it had come straight out of an old movie. People wore shabby old-fashioned clothes, shuffled around, waiting in a very long queue. Nobody said anything much, mostly out of fear, as no one entering the long dark building ever came out again. Yet there were some who waited patiently and smiled graciously, trying to put the others at ease.

The long building was actually a courthouse. Each person entered to find themselves on a large stage in front of many spectators. Three people were officiating. They smiled, and then one of them said. "Welcome. This is very important. You can see that we have a lot of work to do, and that the situation is very grave, so we will be brief. Please give a summary of your life in one sentence. What did you do?"

One after another, people stepped onto the stage and answered this question. A mother wept saying "I looked after my child". A man shouted "That has nothing to do with you". Another woman asked "How could all this have happened?" A man hung his head saying "I just carried on" and another said "I enjoyed myself and I regret nothing". A woman said "I tried to warn them", and a man said "I trusted my intuition". Yet others said "I worked" or "I was successful" or "I will fight to the end!" or "Everyone else behaved dreadfully" or "I was a failure" or "Nothing went well" or "I suffered". Some people said nothing at all. Others simply smiled and bowed, and this was an indication that they knew they had accomplished their life's goal and that they wished to move on. The three dignitaries always smiled saying "Yes, we understand. Thank you", and then the people were dismissed and shown out of the door.

Stepping out of this door of the judicial building was like moving from a black and white film into glorious colour. Each person was greeted and supervised by an angelic being. Together, they sat down in beautiful gardens and talked about all aspects of their lives, how they had progressed, where obstacles had prevented progression, and what was the next best suitable step. All this was conducted with infinite understanding and compassion so that each person was able to deal with the experience in the best possible way. Those who still would not talk, repressing anger and sorrow, were lead gently away by their supervisors to a place which was more private and suitable for their learning process.