



INDIA 2009 INSIGHTS ... continued ...

14-15th September, 2009 – Delhi

My stomach muscles ache from continual laughter as my daughter and I sit quietly in the corner of a hotel room in Delhi. There are 11 in the group, many Australians and the humour of all is intoxicating as everyone shares stories and insights of their time here. An older Indian woman from Fiji is singing and our India guide joins her, adding typical Bollywood expressions and movements to the song. There is a sense of danger in the chaos here that we all have felt, particularly catching auto-rickshaws, whose highly skilled manoeuvrings make for highly amusing stories and the opportunity to laugh now is like a pressure release valve as well.

Our time in Delhi passes quickly with many lessons learned for those in our group who have not been to India before. Learning to ignore the beggars who pull at our heart-strings, presenting a seemingly insurmountable problem that tourists just cannot avoid; everyone wants something so that they can survive and the words "we manage" are said time and time again when locals are asked how they handle it all.

Later we board a train at 10pm and 12 hours later arrive in Mirzapur to catch our boats to sail the Ganges for a few days. The train ride itself is chaotic and crammed with the bodies of people trying to sleep, yet all of it is strangely hypnotic. Sleep comes in fits and starts, not for long periods, but enough to refresh the body and mind. It is strange to think that in a week or two this small village will be overrun by the actress Julia Roberts and her security and film crew who are doing the movie "Eat, Pray, Love."

17-19th September, 2009 – Ganges

It is nearly impossible to describe the beauty and energy of the Ganges, the sacred river that the Indian's call Ganga Ji. After arriving hot and a little tired off the train we shower and are driven to the river where 4 wooden boats arrive – 1 for the kitchen crew and 3 for the group. The passenger boats are spread with mattresses and blankets for us to lounge, Cleopatra-style, for a slow sail down the river. After the hectic energy of Delhi, it is all so peaceful and just wonderful to lie back and casually chat as the group open to each other and bond with stories of life and learning. Stories of loving will no doubt come later from among the nine women that are present.

There are no motors on the boats, just the muscle power of the boatmen, who are much stronger than they first appear. Thankfully we are flowing with the current as we make our way to Varanasi, so their rowing work is easier. By 5 pm we pull over to the bank of a beautiful island filled with white sand and dotted with tall grass with white feather-like fronds that gently sway in the breeze. The scene is captivating, like something from an Arabian night's movie, especially once our tents are pitched and the campsite is ready for our occupation.

Although the water is muddy it is not polluted here and so we gingerly step through the slippery mud to bathe in the Ganges – an opportunity too good to miss and so we enter the sacred streams with reverence. Yet it is an experience I thought I could never have as everyone said not to swim in the river unless you are a local. We are told that dolphins born in the Ganges with perfect sight soon become blind because of the pollution. The sun is setting and the light of dusk casts a surreal glow around us, made more so by the crew stepping into the river to serve us all Masala chai. These are magical moments that sometimes occur in life, that leave an imprint so deep within us of just how special and simple things can be. A good group, lots of laughter, open hearted people, a beautiful natural environment and a special experience is had by us all. "Wow" is a word used a lot here now for we feel like children being given an unexpected treat, especially after our time in Delhi.

The days pass quickly on the river and before we know it we arrive in Varanasi, happy to finally be able to shower and take some respite from the heat. The 38 degree Celsius temperatures continue but without the river breeze. Still, big fans in our hotel and relatively clean, filtered and freely flowing cold water for showers nearly compensate for where we have been, yet all of us have a look of longing when recounting our time on the Ganga herself. The river is sacred to those open to feel her beat but then so much is in India.

Later at night after a day of rest, we take to the river again to release biodegradable candles in leaves that float with our prayers, as sitar players strum melodies that remind all of another time, a time of grandeur, of kings and wealth, and where order and beauty dominated over the chaos here. We soon pass the burning ghat where an average of 300 bodies a day are purified then burnt beside this Holy River before their ashes go back to the water. All is done with loving attention and as the sky darkens, the fires seem brighter and a breeze allows all on board to consume, via our breath, the remains of those burning so close beside us. It seems strangely natural that all of us share the same particles this way, something that is unavoidable for anyone passing by the burning ghats. As we motor back up the river, having floated down, carried on a current so strong, the boat soon attaches itself to many other boats that are stationed at the main Ghat for the evenings Pooja, where thousands have gathered to hear the Holy men sing their special prayers. They dance with big incense containers and also huge candelabra's, alight with candles that they swing in ritualized motion to bless the attending crowd.

An energy has begun to rise again within me; preparing me for the coming days of work – we will soon leave the group to go to Mumbai and attend a huge Congress of Healers where I am to present the Luscious Lifestyle Program. But in this moment here, now, again I find myself also in deep prayer, feeling so thankful to be the watcher of it all, so thankful to witness such ritual and hear

such ancient songs, mantras that have been sung for 5,000 years, passed down but not diluted or polluted with time.

19th September, 2009

We barely escape two near fatal crashes in the taxi on the way to the airport today so I feel the Gods are smiling! No need to go into details as anyone who has been to India knows the chaos of traffic here. There seems to be no road rules and anything goes and drivers cannot be distracted for one moment. All of it can be exhausting as my daughter laughs in nervous relief and I give thanks in prayer each time we escape collision. Still we finally make it and board our flight ready for our next adventure.

20th September, 2009 – Mumbai

People change, cities change and Mumbai has also changed so much since I was last here nearly a decade ago. The city feels less hectic, calmer and cleaner and our more up market accommodation is a welcome sight after our hotel in Varanasi and yet we love it all. India is so rich in her cultures and also in her extremes for everything is to be found here.

While my daughter takes quiet time virtually hibernating in the hotel, I attend the Holistic Health Congress where I am a guest speaker and enjoy the afternoon with many who are open to both personal and global health and harmony. As always in India, I am astounded at how many doctors and scientists I meet at these types of gatherings, people who like myself have been meditating for decades and who appreciate and are open to add to metaphysical research.

21st September, 2009

An energy of such sweet, seductive power has risen up within me, calling me into it and so I sit in still silence and allow myself to surrender fully into it. There are no words to even describe this space or how when we bathe in this infinite well of love, we feel so complete, so pure and yet aware because of the purity of what we are bathing in. It's as if there is an invisible hand on an internal dial that is cranking up the volume of something so indescribable that rises to engulf us in the most perfect and profound yet subtle way. It is an experience full of paradoxes that leaves a smile on our face and an imprint in our being that cannot be fully understood, only appreciated and enjoyed for all that it is. It brings peace, contentment and nourishment in so many ways and it reveals itself in its own way, in its own time, when the energy streams can match it within us and around us. And yet we are never separate from it, it is always there, just its volume alters, the strength or subtlety with which it flows, and so I sit with our host, Shreyans, and indulge myself in this rhythm of love until the outside world calls us to rise and board another plane and rejoin our group of travellers in Rajasthan.

22nd September, 2009 – Jaipur, Rajasthan

It's great to catch up with everyone who, after our shared adventures, have begun to feel like family. Travel can do this, it bonds us via shared adventures and that night we attend the local cinema to see the new release of a Bollywood film, an experience that enchants me for I've never seen anything like it! A thousand people in a beautiful auditorium all cheering and whistling as their favourite Bollywood actors appear. The audience is enthralled and show it throughout the screening and, although most of the film is in Hindi with no subtitles, the plot is easy to follow, and the songs and messages are uplifting.

This morning our group went to the Ambr Fort and as we waited for the local bus to take us back to the city, we were accosted again by a gang of hungry street kids. Beggars here are everywhere and the governments of most Third World countries have enforced a 'do not give money to the beggars' policy as they are encouraging their people into more dignified jobs. Begging is often part of organized street gang activity with Fagan-like characters beating children into submission and babies being borrowed and placed on hips then pinched to cry as part of the show. All of it is part of the survival game as people manage the best they can, given the circumstance they find themselves in this life.

I found all of this so heart wrenching when I first came to India nearly a decade ago; and this morning it hit me again as I watched a child being beaten by an older man because he refused to approach our group and beg. After a little contemplation and meditation I found myself buying enough food from a street vendor to feed a woman, her children and some of the street kids and to make sure that they ate rather than passing it on to the gang controller who had suddenly disappeared from the scene. All of them set upon the food as if they hadn't eaten in a week, particularly the younger children whose grins and joy filled eyes, at being given their own meal, were so heartfelt that all in our group were moved. Such a small gesture that hopefully had no negative repercussions for them all as in India one good deed can create more chaos than the deed is worth especially when dealing with the begging game of organized gangs.

23rd September, 2009 – Roopangarh, Rajasthan

Buses, jeeps, a long drive and finally we enter the small town of Roopangarh where we stay in an old Palace Fort that has now become a hotel. The rooms are breezy and spacious, the cold water hot, yet again everything is a visual delight. A walk through the village to meet the town's people busy at their trade reveals another side to Indian life as we are welcomed with open arms by smiley faces of people curious to know more about us. The only thing they want is for us to take their photos and show them on the camera screens and to this they giggle and ask for more. Head shots, full body shots, group shots – the list is endless and all viewings end in fits of laughter. Mesmerized by the children I am separated from the group and as I turn from them to catch up, I twist my ankle slightly as I step into a gap in the pavement and nearly lose my balance.

Undeterred we move on, the incident forgotten until later when I tread on a rock in the darkness and my foot slides again to the side. The pain is excruciating, shooting up to my knee as I sit in the village square to watch the locals dance, for it is the festival of the Goddess and all villages are in celebration mode each night. The villages are excited to have us there, especially as all the women in our group are in saris and the young ones in our group have joined the locals in

their dance. All are amused, all are welcomed and the night is a glorious merging of cultures and customs. My daughter dances among them resplendent in her red and green sari, looking more beautiful than ever before and the village children are enchanted, so happy we have come. Again, as always when I am in India, I feel the warmth of the rhythm of love rising within me and then an out pouring of this love for the people of this land. Sweet faces, sweet, shiny eyes, sweet people who, unlike many in the cities here, seem to be content, not just managing, but also enjoying the rhythm of their life.

The next day the group leave me at the hotel in Pushkar to enjoy their camel rides and night out in the desert camping. While I'd love to be among them, my foot requires its rest and my being is happy for the stillness and alone time, a chance to write and integrate, to meditate and contemplate the beauty and the wonder of all that I have seen. Some people love India, some hate it, others like me just enjoy the richness of it all, the highs and lows and all of the extremes that this culture offers. I cannot even begin to understand how our work will unfold here or what is truly required and yet it will, as it always does, in the right way, in the right time, exactly as is needed. And of this I can be sure.

25th September, 2009 – Pushkar, India

The festival of the Goddess continues in the Holy city of Pushkar and as we walk the streets of our final morning here, we find ourselves corralled by the youth and taken to the Holy men who prepare us for Pooja. The ritual is said to clear all our past karma and for an extra donation they can clear the karma of our family. I close my eyes and open my heart and go beyond the commercialism of it all as we sit together on the ghat beside the Holy Lake. The sun is shining through a clear blue sky, a breeze is blowing to ease the 40 degree Celsius heat and so the chants and prayers continue around me and in this I feel the deep peace that abounds here, this place of pilgrimage where many come to worship. Brahma, Vishnu, Shiva, Durga, Lakshmi and more all are present here, their energy permeating the temples but today is Shakti's day, a day of prayers, purification and peace, of palpable energies that seem to rise and then swim through us all.

I like India and all that it contains, from the mischievous monkeys, to the confident conveyors of goods whose prices change according to the colour of a shopper's skin. I like the Holy men and those who pretend to be so, and the youths who follow us in the street, always telling us how Ricky Ponting the captain of Australian cricket team is their best friend. I like the quiet dignity of the older women who greet me as if I am one of their own, their toothy or toothless grins, their sparkling eyes and bright saris and bangles. I like the sound of the children's laughter as they tease each other or dance around us in the street, begging for alms or asking for their photos to be taken as if they know it is all just a game. Each village, each city is different, each scene unfolding like some crazy cosmic play where cows, dogs, pigs and camels proudly walk the streets picking their way through the rubbish that also lines the streets.

A few hours later we board the train that will take us back to Delhi where tomorrow our group will go our separate ways.

With media interviews done in Mumbai and via phone wherever our group has been, I look forward to the next stage of our journey at the Global Congress for Spiritual Scientists in Pyramid Valley. It will be good to see Patriji again and share the stage with Shri Shri Ravi Shankar and the others that will be there. All of us focused in our way on similar issues and the things that confront an awakening world. It has been good to take this time and be a tourist for this short while, to travel with my daughter and this group of strangers who have now all become friends and to have India reveal a little more of herself to us all. With them I have visited places I never would have gone alone, with them we have shared experiences that come to those who meet in friendship with open hearts and minds, keen to explore new places and new ways and enjoy the gifts that then come.

Though it is my fifth time in India it is the first time I have eaten any of her food, a practice I have found myself recently more open to, to be someone who truly is at choice, who can act appropriately when called. This was also my daughter's time not just mine and it was nice to not draw attention to myself and my usual choice to live only on prana. The food flavours are rich here as is Indian life and my body can take just a little, though my soul absorbs it all. And as our train pulls back into Delhi station I know that my heart will always feel the joy of India's call.

28th September, 2009 - Agra

The drive to Agra takes most of the day and so we stop along the way to stock up on local devotional music. I ask the man at the music desk for music with pure heart and his face lights up in the biggest smile and tears fill his eyes as he tells me he has been waiting 12 years for someone to ask him that. I had already selected 4 CD's which he tells me are his favourite and the best selection of the CD's available in his area. His eyes are filled with wisdom and love, another shiny person who is happy to share something he also loves. Music unites us all and as we listen in the car I think of the new CD we are currently recording in our local studio in Australia. Called 'Alien Sounds' the studio is manned by an aware spiritualist whose background includes theosophical training and whose musical guidance is proving invaluable. While I've had no musical training this life, the CD is coming together with great grace and thankfully modern day technology frees us from the need to have perfect pitch.

29th September, 2009

The festival of Dussehra for Shri Ram's triumph of good over evil is being celebrated today and as I stand outside the Taj Mahal filming the procession, young girls come up to me and paint my face in reds, pinks and yellows. Everyone in the street looks at this and laughs, so happy that I am happy to be part of their celebrations. In moments they have painted my daughters face as well and after that everywhere we walk people laugh good naturedly at how we both look with our brightly coloured faces. Again these are moments that happen so spontaneously that they make me love India even more.

India is a land that prompts reflections and introspections for us all and so it is with me as so many have said how they've envied my life. Yet like others, I have

learnt that many things that we seek, when found, do not fulfill the human heart in the way that some hope. Fame, fortune, a love affair – while all these offer gifts to the seeker – none of these can provide the type of nourishment that brings the real “Ahha” moments where all of our hungers disappear. And yet freedom from the quest for these things can sometimes only come when we have attained them and fully explored and revelled in them. This of course is another interesting paradox in the matrix of life so it can be hard for someone who longs for fame, love or fortune to understand that another being may have no interest in these things or that there are seekers in our world who follow a different call like I choose to do. Sometimes seekers do not know what they are seeking until they find themselves immersed in the experience that takes away the mind, the judgment, the questions and the seeking. Only experience can deliver us into the ‘I know that I know’ or the ‘I AM that I AM’ of mastery which a seeker of esoteric truth will eventually come to BE. It is the doing that eventually allows the Being. It’s the seeking that allows the Beingness to be revealed. And it is in the purity of Beingness, where our essence lies, that we see that all the rest are just stories, streams of energy passing by that offer distraction, shadows and also richness to our lives if required. All of it bubbles and flows through the matrix of life within us and around us. And all of this India demonstrates to the watcher for India holds so many stories just by the sheer number of her people. Officially 1.2 billion people, unofficially maybe 20% more, each one existing in the truth or illusion of their own creation, just as we all do in the world.

As we spend this free time in Agra we find ourselves missing Mahi, our tour guide of the past 15 days, his ways of dealing with Indian life and his ability to make our journey smoother. India is no place for the gullible or naive as the main story here for many is just the need to survive. So many games are played around money with tourists, with the object to have us buy as much as possible regardless of whether we want or need the product. Their energy can be incessant and overwhelming for our Rupees can simply mean their family will eat that night.

People come to India to discover the secrets of the holy men and how the human heart can thrive, yet all of this is also surrounded by stories, of the epic tales of Ram or Krishna, the teachings of the Gita, the Vedas and more. The countless babas and gurus – some of who go to a University for Holy men where they can study for up to 18 years or more in order to become more holy.

What makes a person holy?

What makes a life feel holy?

What makes a moment holy?

These are also some questions that many come to India to have answered.

4th October, 2009

The Global Congress of Spiritual Scientists is flowing well again, with presenters coming from all over the world to share their spiritual science projects. Patriji is

his usual sweet supportive self as is the staff and it is good to see them all again. My daughter decided to stay on with me in India for another week and bathe in the energy of this new group of loving people, which has of course added another beautiful layer to her travels in this amazing land.

It is peaceful here, the energies sweet and gentle without any of the hectic chaos of Delhi or city life. The Valley is beautiful, the pyramid power strong and vibrant, uplifting all who sit in it to meditate and share for pyramids, like crystals, amplify and direct energy flows. All who attend here share the same vision of a peaceful unified world and so to be in their field is food for us all on so many levels.

Meeting Shri Shri Ravi Shankar

Two nights ago after my presentation, Shri Shri Ravi Shankar gave the evening's keynote address to a packed hall, where he spoke of the things that all of us are bound by; the need for holistic education, to introduce meditation and vegetarianism widely through the world and much more.

Tonight we were invited for a private audience with him at his ashram, as his international headquarters is only 15 minutes away from Pyramid Valley. What they have created there over the last 20 years is amazing. A beautiful lotus shaped meditation hall complex, schools, infrastructure to support a huge community of aware people who are involved in the Art of Living courses and lifestyle.

As we wait to meet with him we meet his sister who invites us to her 2011 Global Women's Congress that she holds every 2 years. Of course it will be an honour to attend.

Soon we are called to sit with Shri Shri. I feel him to be a sweet and gentle man, who I know likes to sing and who I notice, seems to have a limitless capacity to be available to the streams of people who constantly seek an audience with him. We all sit together under a full moon, silent, smiling with not much to say. We neither need nor seek anything from each other and we all appreciate the demands on his time. He talks about the recent flooding and loss of life north of here and how he was called by the government to come and be with the people who'd lost everything – not just their homes but also their loved ones and how his group distributed practical things like food and blankets, money and clothes as well as hope, since their foundation is in a position to do this. Much of their work is charity service based and the list of their projects is huge and it feels great to be with people who are such compassionate examples of love in practical action. Yes the ashram-compound is beautiful and operates like a well oiled machine with great infrastructure and yes it still holds the guru-devotee paradigm which is so strongly expressed and also appreciated in India. And yes Shri Shri is a sweet loving being who radiates calmness from his inner core and yes it was great to meet and greet and just spend this brief time together. As we prepare to leave he tells me that he too would like to live on light and so I leave him The Prana Program book and trust that he will absorb its contents when and if it is appropriate.

Another adventure in India.

The next night I spend hours in the dining hall sharing deeply of many things with one of the other presenters as we blend our energies and talk about being in the public eye. She is a shy author with a well selling book who prefers to be at home and write and who finds the whole 'being in the lime-light-public-eye' thing difficult. I tell her I was the same, that I'm also naturally quiet and shy although that is not how it appears on stage due to the inner plane night time training that I underwent in my early public years. Yet sometimes life draws us into streams of reality we would never have actively sought because it is tied up with our service agenda and so we learn, adjust and make the best and most of it regardless. I hold no personal interest in being a public figure, I have no desire for any of it and yet it is done because that's what has been required, just as it is now required for her to leave her sanctuary and take her insights on the road along with the books she has written. Resisting is useless so we may as well get trained and enjoy each moment. We bond deeply as like-minded soul sisters do and I promise to keep in touch and come to her village the next time I'm in India.

Later that evening I stumble again as the wind billows out my wide leg silk pants and my toe gets caught in the material. There are many stairs to potentially fall down and so I dance in mid air trying to free my foot and keep myself upright and make sure I land safely which I do, but I twist my left ankle again and feel the ligaments stretch. I manage to hobble as gracefully as possible to my room where I collapse on the bed, unable to stand any pressure on my foot. Two sprains in my left ankle in two weeks, wearing the same light silk pants with open toed sandals so I decide to only wear the pants with closed in shoes in future.

This hasn't happened before, I have never hurt my physical self like this for many years, in all my time of hectic travel to extreme places, I have only received one small bloody toe when I was in the heart of the Amazon jungles, so the symbolism here is interesting and worth pondering.

Later I realize that India is a country of support systems and I have been rejecting offers here of support on so many practical levels. "I'm an independent woman," I tell those who offer to bring me things with a sweet smile. "No thanks, I'm fine," I have regularly said here. Their offers range from carrying my bag to bringing me things for comfort and I realize that people here love to help and support each other and so injuring my ankle again is a message for me to let them. I realize also that for my feminine intuitive nature to be expressed in service here I need to allow myself to be supported as my left ankle represents my feminine side and the ankle itself support. Okay. Message received, and now the job begins on healing my ankle quickly.

And so I begin to talk to my body, and to release the cellular weakness in the ankle area, which formed when I was around 8 years old and nearly drowned. It was my first near death experience and as I lie in my bed here now, willing the molecules in my ankle to rearrange themselves through the body and to bring new molecules to the area so the pain is disbursed and the healing sped up, I relive this childhood experience.

Running along the concrete at the local pool, slipping, my left foot sliding into that narrow space of the hand rail and the wall, my bone snapping, ankle flesh swelling, me under the water, there's no help yet but thankfully I don't panic and I hold my breath. Then I hear a multitude of voices, of children around me, who observe it all unsure what to do. Next I sense an adult jumping in to the water, then reaching down to bring my head up for air, holding me there until they can unscrew the railing and release my damaged limb. I sense soothing water, relief then calm for I am safe. In the background I hear sirens blaring of an ambulance, hospital, my worried parents, my left leg being cast. The scenes then shift to my feeling's of boredom as my left foot is in plaster all summer long ... All of these scenes and feelings flash through me as I now will my body to heal, and all of this the body releases as it listens to my commands. And yet the physical damage is done.

The pain continues to build, throbbing, pulsing all night long and in the morning I call for help. A car to drive me up for my workshop; but before this some herbal Indian salve and a bandage, and still I continue to will my ankle to heal. "I need time," it tells me, "yes I know," I reply, "but I've a two day workshop to do." The ligaments are torn, the sprain is bad, a doctor would prescribe bed rest then crutches. "It will be fine in a few weeks," I hear a doctor say in my mind, "Rest, ice, compression, you'll be good. It will just take time." But we have work to do and there is no time for rest yet. So I ask that during our workshop, that an extra dose of healing energies can come through for my still excruciatingly painful ankle, as it is agony to walk and climb the many stairs into and out of the Pyramid.

People attending offer me help with healing devices which I accept and use in our break time. Later an orange clad Swami offers his help which feels right to accept as well. He has come to the Congress to meet me at the invitation of a mutual friend of ours.

The Swami Story (Swami Nardanand – Siddha Ashram)

That evening 20 hours after my ankle tendon tear, the swami stands over my foot and tells me to close my eyes. He draws ancient symbols on top of, and beneath my left foot, then pushes it back and whacks it hard causing me to take a sharp intake of breath. He does this three times, then tells me to stand and put all my weight on my foot. I do.

"How does it feel? Walk," he says.

I hobble, the pain is still intense but it does feel better.

"Okay lie down, you need more."

I do as invited and he sits in the chair beside me and goes deep into a meditative state as do I. We both focus on my ankle, me re-knitting and reweaving the energy fields to repair the damage in the foot and him silently doing what he does.

“Okay, stand, walk, put your full weight on your foot,” he says again and again I do. It feels better but there is still pain. He tells me it will be 100% healed in the morning and as we sit again he shares his story.

“I am not a healer,” he says. “But I do what is required for some who need it.”

“Nor am I,” I reply and share how we use group energy which has been performing many wondrous tasks.

He tells me how as a young man he contracted malaria, how he suffered greatly for a year, at the end of which he was so exhausted all he wanted was to die. He says it was then that a swami he greatly revered, who was no longer in body, came to him in a dream and showed him a specific selection of herbs which he was to mix and take to get well. He followed the instructions and was cured and found himself with a herbal formula to cure malaria that he felt since it worked for him, it could work for others.

Later ill people would come to him, having heard about his own success, and again he would receive in dream-state or meditation a range of herbs to combine, to cure them of many illnesses – dengue fever, malaria, arthritis, asthma, blood cancer and more.

We talk about his ashram as my foot heals itself quicker than I could do it by myself yet it is still tender to the touch.

We talk about the sun temple in his town that he feels compelled to restore as it is said to be the exact spot where time began in the zodiac of life on Earth. And then we talk about his camp at Kumbh Mela this coming year.

Kumbh Mela is a festival held every 3 years, where all the Indian Sadhus, yogis and Holy men come down from their caves in the Himalayas and out from their ashrams and villages. It is a melting pot of millions, sharing and connecting in the most amazing ways and at the new moon each month the Naga (naked) ones do their ritual bathing which many come to watch.

I'd asked the Universe to bring me the perfect connection if I was to be at Kumbh Mela this coming year and in walks this interesting swami to the Congress at Pyramid Valley.

Anyway, I like him. His eyes are gentle and kind and my friend Anne, who knows him well, assures me he is genuine, open and 'cool'. As Anne and he later get up to leave and I rise to join them, he sees me still unable to put my full weight on my left foot, so tells me to lie down again and close my eyes. He repeats the ancient symbol inscription on my left foot, whacks it 3 times, then tells me to try to walk without a limp. I can't, it is still too tender. So again he looks me intently in the eyes and says, “In the morning it will be 100%” and with this they leave. I have not slept for the past four nights but now I finally fall asleep and have the longest sleep I have had for a long long time thinking that yes, I like this swami

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Morning comes, I touch my foot, the top is tender, but as I stand, my foot can easily take all my weight and I can walk with just the slightest hint of a limp. By 5 pm I can dance, pain free, with the group. All are happy to see the change, none more so than me.

Later I acknowledge the swami's presence to the group and invite them to support him in his work which many are drawn to do.

And so our work has ended in Pyramid Valley where so much was achieved; 6 days, many presenters – Ambassadors from the Damanhur community in Italy sharing research technology where they can hear the song of plants, my friend harp player and healer Erik Berglund, Dr Newton and his wife Lakshmi who are master past-life regressionists, plus others – all presenting their research and gifts to a delighted crowd. Ahh what a week it has been

Last night – the 6th – my daughter boarded a plane back to Australia, happy to be going home, but also aware that yes India changes us in deep and also subtle ways. She gathered her own fan club here at Pyramid Valley who begged her to come back with me next year. There is a greater light in her eyes now and while I would have liked to be leaving with her there is still more for me to do. Another week, a new retreat and then I can return to another land that I love, where I can rest awhile and absorb more deeply all that I have learned.

8th October, 2009

I misread the time on my clock to be 10 am and so I take my luggage downstairs, vacating my room only to find it is 9 am and our driver won't arrive for another hour, but there are no mistakes in timing as I soon find. I sit in the shade and talk 'women's business' with Hema, a loving woman who has expertly been taking care of all the guests at Pyramid Valley. Just as we complete our conversations, I look up to see a young girl being led over to me by her anxious parents. "She insists on speaking and being with Jasmuheen," their interpreter says, asking if it is okay. I nod and the young girl sits down in the chair in front of me. She is all wobbly and I realize her brain circuitry is misfiring. I am told her parents are taking her to the hospital tomorrow as they fear she is mentally ill and yet on one level I know that she knows what is going on with her system, for it is plain for me to see.

"She's not mentally ill," my spirit guides and I tell her anxious parents, "her body is just receiving a huge influx of energy." Tears are streaming down her face, her eyes constantly watering as she leans back and shudders in her chair. Her body is having a hard time adjusting to the frequencies that are beaming in, preparing her to be a visionary and clairaudient. Her parents are concerned, frightened for her, shocked at her behaviour as 30 days before she was a normal, very intelligent school-girl.

"Last full moon," they tell me "everything changed; she's been like this for 40 days, not eating for the last 4. What do we do?" they plead. By this time their daughter has leaned forward and gripped my hands and, as we scan her energy field, I pick up huge activity in her brain wave patterns sensing that it's almost being fried by all that is flowing through her crown chakra from cosmic sources.

"Cosmic energy coming now," she chants over and over. "Guru is coming now, serve God, meditate, serve God, just serve God," she keeps chanting rocking back and forth. Her words are clipped, almost unintelligible and then she stops, sits up right, leans forwards and looks into my eyes and in full lucidity introduces herself, asks my name, notices the colour of my nail polish and begins laughing. She knows I know what she is undergoing and that I can help her parents understand so that they won't commit her to a hospital for the mentally ill.

"She will be a great channel," we tell them as I go deeper into the meditative trance-like state. "She is being prepared to be a great visionary. Let her do what she needs now," for they instinctively try to stop her as she falls forward, her body drawing her to the ground.

"Meditate, meditate now," she says, and finally they allow her. Instinctively she knows what to do and has been flailing her arms around in movements I recognize as moving energy flows, yet up until now her parents keep restraining her, hoping not to draw attention to their well loved daughter who has suddenly been transformed to a crying, shaking, arm moving, shuddering almost unintelligible being.

She meditates in peace for a few moments on the ground, seated in the lotus position then suddenly she lets her body fall backward so she can lie on the earth. It's clear she's in a state of being where she has no awareness of hurting herself for she just flops backwards in physical release, her body needing grounding and earth contact. I catch her just before her head bangs down and let her rest gently.

Later she talks about seeing coloured streams of energy all around her and others, mentioning the name of a well known Guru who has passed on (I didn't hear it clearly but those around me know) I sense that this Guru is over-lighting her now on the inner planes and that she will later continue with his work.

"She is a pure soul," I tell her parents, as I check all I have sensed via the rhythm of my breath and find it to be truth.

She tells me she is in God's Garden, "yes we are in God's garden," I reply, "we are in the garden of love." She laughs at this with ecstatic joy and repeats it over and over, so relieved that someone else can see where she is.

"We are in the garden of God, we are in the Garden of love." She keeps laughing and chanting almost hysterically, yet her eyes are wide open now and burning with the brightest light as if her soul is ablaze within her. At the same time her palms are over mine and she is drawing energy from my hand chakras, intuitively stabilizing her own energy fields. While blending with my energy fields and infusing me with her bliss, images of her healing, guiding and channelling for a multitude of others, again flow into my third eye.

I ask her parents for permission to continue to stabilize her energy fields from a distance; particularly her brain and they give it willingly. Then I assign an inner plane angel team and healers to also help her. I ask her if she knows how long this transition will last and to ask God, "How long?" she chants out loud over and

over "God! How long?" as she does this the number 16 keeps flashing in my mind.

"Before the next full moon," I tell them, "by then you will see a big change but she will never be the same. All those gifts are being activated, she has great service work to do, you will see," we channel through.

As I say this the young girl rises and hugs me tight, resting her head on my heart chakra and I enfold her in my arms. She begins to sob and sob like one who is going through the utmost pain and confusion and has finally found someone who understands her. We flood her with love and rock back and forth as I place my hand on the back of her head, infusing her brain with light, visualizing synapses and nerves settling and integrating the cosmic pulses she is now receiving into a gentler rhythm. And in this embrace we stand.

"Grandmother," she told me when she first saw me, "you are my grandmother," and it feels like this now, that I am holding a precious grandchild in my arms.

Her parents appear to be simple folk and as we later summarize all that has occurred, again through their interpreter, we tell them to support her well and not to be alarmed. MRI scans would be good and help them relax but they can't afford to do this and the changes within their daughter are happening on levels undetectable to the medical eye; and no instruments would be able to show what and why these things are going on.

Can a machine read cosmic energy? Yes, it will pick up electromagnetic disturbances. But can a machine see that a being of great light is infusing this young girl's brain and rewiring her circuitry to prepare her for a future as a visionary of truth? Unfortunately no machine, except the human machine of supreme consciousness, can do this yet.

Our meeting is done and so she turns and walks away, showing no interest in social graces, so her parents grab her arm and bring her back to me and make her bow and say thanks, which she does and then she laughs again and walks away, no tears this time, just a big bright shiny smile.

Ahh India!! How I love this land.

Within moments our taxi is packed with the Swami and me and 2 others and we hit the road; the Swami heading back to his ashram in Ujjain, a witness to all that just occurred and happy to share his camp at Kumbh Mela with me this March. We drop him at the railway station where he disappears into the crowd and an hour or so later I arrive at the eco-village resort.

9th October, 2009

In India I always meet an abundance of doctors and scientists who are also committed to spiritual life. Because of their own meditation experiences they are always open and fascinated by our research into pranic living for while their yogi have lived on prana for thousands of years, they haven't done the personal research to understand the science of it all. To have a Western woman among

them who has personally experienced this phenomenon and taken the time (16 years) to research it as fully as possible, is an opportunity for discussion they rarely want to miss.

I reflect on my time with this in the West, with so many saying "It's just not possible!" and then the effort they spend wanting to prove why it's not possible; and then in India with doctors who say instead "How is it possible?" who then listen to our findings and do corollary research with the data we provide them. This is such a blessing for me, such a difference. Quantum physicists working on the subatomic level, have already proven that we alter an event or flow of particles just by our observation of it, so as we, the Divine Being's that we are, interact in our mastery with the particle mix contained within our physical form and within the interdimensional realms then we alter reality and 'normality' within us and around us in just the same way.

It is all about consciousness.

It is all about BEingness.

Being the Divine force that we are; the force who has a drop of its essence in each body; the force that we can meditate on so that it grows and blossoms within us via the 3 Universal Laws of Love, Oneness and Resonance. The force which in its infinite love, wisdom and power can then deliver through us and to us all its gifts if only we open ourselves to the possibility that

- a) it exists and
- b) that it has gifts to deliver.

In India the perfect people come to me, as they do in the Western world, open to synthesize what is said and to what radiates through my Beingness, as I open even deeper to allow this force to channel through me and into this physical plane, whatever is the highest harmonic for all.

It's all about openness, allowance, intention, clarity and resonance.

I may not have all the answers regarding how we will eliminate the hunger issue in India (as discussed as the 4th project in the Madonna Frequency Planetary Peace Program) but I do know that if it can be done, via who and what we are, then it will be done, and so the right networks are forming. Meeting with Shri Shri, reconnecting again with the bright light shining Beings at Pyramid Valley, many who are doctors, coming here to this resort now talking constantly to the media who find me, all of this is weaving a web so important to the fulfilment of the agenda.

And again while I do not have all the 'how' details, I do know how to pray and program, how to bathe in this field of infinite love and I know more now how to just relax and be the rhythm of love in action. Hopefully this is enough to manifest in joy all that is to unfold in this land; a land so full of contradictions, a land so rich and pure, a land with so many people who carry the pulse of their ancestors and who are quick to remember who they truly are.

Some say that in our Western world, people have drugged themselves into deep states of unawareness via the pulses of television and general 'busy'ness and by blindly accepting the limited paradigms of separatist thought forms, through cultural and educational programs, and yet I have witnessed much of this changing as people step back, go within and with open hearts seek resolution so that all may live in peace.

Some say that in India it is the same – that those watching television have been made so hungry for Western wealth and realities that they have lost the desire to listen to their yogis and those who have always spoken the truth here.

- The truth that the kingdom of heaven is within.
- The truth that when we turn our senses within, and be in meditation, only then can we find the river of energy that will bring true freedom from human suffering.
- The truth that it is always time to be kind and compassionate to each other and to all sentient beings.
- The truth that the best master/guru we have is within, breathing us, silently and lovingly supporting our existence.

Yet here in India as in the Western world, once again I see that so many are embracing these ancient paradigms of truth, experiencing them so completely, until they become these truths and no longer exist in worlds of separation, suffering and doubt.

And all of this is such a joy to witness. And so I await the arrival of this next group who are drawn to this retreat in the eco-village, by enjoying the silence and solitude of my own Beingness and all that it contains ... smile