



South America January 2010 ... continued ...

Friday 15<sup>th</sup> January, 2010 – Cusco, Peru

In Cusco I spent my first night burning with fever and all that comes with that as my being adjusts to the energies here. I am hot anyway most of the time as the cosmic fire element seems to dominate my system. Cosmic fire is divine love and the more I open to channel music, art, videos or books, the deeper I seem to be anchored in this field. It has also been my baseline program for the last few years that "I am anchored in and experiencing the deepest currents of the purest flows of love within the Matrix." Mix all this together and voila! Heat.

Still it's good to be here and I know from past experiences that when this type of purification occurs, it is always about an alignment of frequencies and nearly always it is followed by an initiation of some sort.

Machu Picchu has been calling me for some time now and finally I am here!

Cusco is the capital of the Inca Empire which was developed around 1,200AD as an impressive economic, political, religious, cultural and artistic organism. The Inca Empire included Ecuador, Colombia, Chile, Argentina and Bolivia; and Machu Picchu was said to be the spiritual centre of it all.

Cusco city is about 3300 metres or 11,000 feet above sea level, so adjusting to the altitude can bring headaches and more, yet usually my body adjusts quickly to all the places I find myself in in the world. What I experienced last night was different again but all of it has locked in now, so I rise from my bed feeling tuned, strong and ready for the days to come. Surprisingly Machu Picchu at 2000+ metres above sea level is 1000 metres lower than Cusco, but I am called to see all of it – from the Sacred Valley area to Machu Picchu itself and whatever else that needs to be revealed to me via our interaction with the people here.

Even though it's the beginning of the rainy season tourists abound and surround me, coming from everywhere around the world to make Cusco feel like an international melting pot of people who are here to tune to the Inca culture. Street musicians, markets, locals selling beautiful handicrafts and silver jewellery and more, the scene in the main plaza is alive with life and rich cultural exchanges; all of it makes me enjoy South America and her people even more.

Machu Picchu was discovered in 1911 by Hiram Bingham, an American explorer who returned regularly to oversee site excavation and restoration of the city and

surrounding trails. It is now named as one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Peru itself has 2,450 types of orchids that blossom in the rainy season; and 5,000 different varieties of potatoes. The Andean people are said to have nearly double the red blood cell count as people from the lower cities and coastal areas, and the majority of people here are fit and healthy and strong, due to their active outdoor lifestyle, loving hearts, positive attitudes and high consumption of fruit and vegetables.

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I am later told that the majority of tourists here are coming from other parts of South America which is unusual but then so many things are unusual in our world these days.

Yesterday while I explored the sacred valley area and enjoyed meditating in the Inca ruins at Ollantaytambo, Cusco was pounded with rain. The rivers today are full, fast flowing and dangerous and the track for the train to go down to Machu Picchu has suffered with a small landslide, so everything has been delayed until it is cleared.

The experience of waiting takes me back to thoughts of my parents who came to Cusco twice and twice attempted to go to Machu Picchu. Both times there were problems with the train so they never fulfilled their dream. I feel as if I am doing this trip to Machu Picchu today for both myself and also them and yet here we are now, experiencing first a landslide and now the train has stopped, two hours into our journey. The surrounding environment is beautiful however and the train is filled with a mixture of so many people, all of us drawn to be in the energy field of this powerful place. After a few more train stops we finally reach Aguas Calientas where we all meet our various guides, drop luggage at the hotel and eventually make our way by bus up to this most famous world heritage site.

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Outside the hotel workman are digging up the street maybe to replace or lay piping to help carry away the endless streams of water that cascade down the paved road during the rainy season. The scene takes my mind to Haiti and the devastation there, with people still being pulled from the rubble 6-7 days after the earthquake that has claimed so many lives this past week. Medics are amazed that they are still alive after a week with no food or water, yet it is incredible what the human heart can achieve and how the body listens to a person's strong desire to survive. The world has rallied again, shipping off supplies and donating funds, feeling again an enormous wave of compassion as we did with the last big Tsunami that devastated parts of the South Pacific a few years ago.

Yet the chaos here on the road is restricted to the rubble, for the men themselves are at peace as they attend to the business of digging up the side of the street. I watch as a woman approaches them and hands each one a small round container of breakfast and they take 10 minutes to sit beside the fast red coloured river that tumultuously flows through the small township. The rains

bring huge amounts of water plus an energy of strength and cleansing change, which is so invigorating as is the energy of the whole area.

Yesterday afternoon was spent on Machu Picchu Mountain herself walking among what remains of the city that was once there. Its beauty took my breath away. I didn't expect it to be so lush, so green and opulent in its natural splendour. The constant down pour of rain kept many of the tourists indoors at the restaurant waiting for the rain to subside thus allowing me to take some beautiful photos but not allowing me to be able to sit and meditate for too long anywhere. It was amazing to also witness the volume of water flowing through the ancient aqueducts, utilising the practical drainage systems that the Inca's built, systems that still work so well today. The guide was wonderful, taking me through the labyrinths of the city via alleyways I would never have discovered, to reveal temples and caves and meeting places where this Inca city civilisation thrived.

The pulse of the land here is pure yet just as they were conquered, so too did the Inca's conquer those who were before them, as they spread their vast empire over South America before the Spanish came. It's hard to believe that only 500-600 years ago Machu Picchu was a thriving city with a university and a culture in harmony with the rhythms of the natural world.

The people in Peru are warm and friendly and cater to the tourists in the most professional way, dealing with the chaos of so many nationalities and requirements with a respectful sweetness, and a genuine happiness that we have come to enjoy, along with the culture of their land. Their music is haunting, their costumes colourful and the women work constantly at their craft, dyeing, weaving, knitting and sewing mountain-loads of alpaca and sheep wool products, to sell to those passing by. Everyone seems busy here in one way or another yet the people generally look fit, healthy, happy and strong.

The rains have ceased and today I will return to this sacred mountain centre once more to see it all in a different light, under blue skies rather than grey. And for those in Haiti, over 3500 kilometres away, all we can do is pray; for Gaia is cleansing and birthing herself into a new time and place and nowhere is this more evident than in Machu Picchu today.

And so I returned to the mountain to climb the thousands of steps to the Door of the Sun, the entry portal on the Inca trail to the city of Machu Picchu. It's a three hour round trip that took me only two, my body feeling pulled along by an invisible energy stream, pausing only now and then to drink in the incredible views. The Inca trail itself is a marvel to behold and as I bounced along it, I was in awe of what it must have taken to lay the path with so many rocks that are held in place so secure.

There is a lot to feel in awe of in Machu Picchu, especially for people open to harmonious creation with Gaia, our Mother Earth, a spirit called Pachamama by the Indigenous. And in this energy field, here, now, I continue to grow and learn. Later as our train leaves Aguas Calientas with its rapidly rising waters and constant down pour of rain, I sense the protective nature of these natural flows

– as if Pachamama is using her tears to keep this place so protected and so pure.

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Back in Cusco the next morning I leave my hotel feeling in the mood for a massage when a young girl steps out in front of me and asks if I would like just that. She's young and sweet and so I follow her to a small room in a nearby complex where I soon discover that she is an excellent masseuse with natural healing hands. Humble yet competent, the small clinic is run by herself and her sister who is just 17-years-old but looks to be about 14. Both are healthy and happy with great skills and energy and, as she sings and talks, I feel an overwhelming love begin to flow through me as Mother Mary's presence fills my being and radiates out into the girl at my feet.

I love these moments that come so spontaneously, so unexpectedly, in situations I never would have anticipated yet the girl's heart is open and pure. She tells me her mother died when she was 12, that she's resting in heaven now, but watching over her still, and I feel this to be such truth.

Meeting people like this girl, who then stimulate the flow of such love through my being, is such a gift and one that I cherish so much. The Divine Mother's love ray is so compassionate, so empathetic that it transforms all that it touches; none more so than the channel, which feels so good to me now. I love Divine love and I love the purity and silent strength of this shy yet competent young girl.

25<sup>th</sup> January, 2010 – Venezuela

Like the rest of South America, Venezuela carries a heart and openness, plus a strength within her people that is easy to tune to and recognize. It's as if the whole of South America is humming with a frequency that is raw, real and potent and to me it feels as if it is preparing to give birth to something grand.

Yesterday the people of Venezuela gathered in the streets in protest and concern at the direction their President has taken – from the recent decisions that resulted in the devaluing of their currency, to the sudden closing of a popular TV station, to much more. Some support and love him, some feel anger and frustrations; others try to rise above it all and keep their focus clear and pure as they hold the vision for a more harmonious world.

In Chile and Peru and now in Venezuela, we spend the days with the groups who gather around us sharing stories with purposeful parables, providing simple yet powerful tools for change, and meditating together, blending and merging our energies so that each one can receive inspirations, impulses, imprints and insights as required. And when all of it is done, I return to my hotel and continue with my own private journey of life on the road, as the witness and sometimes the instigator, of change.

Solitude, stillness, silence – all of it is required for me to dip into, to balance the talking, giving and stories shared. And so I sit and listen to the inner silence, feeling my divine Beingness respond with its rhythm of love and clarity.

“Trust,” it always tells me, “be at peace,” it reminds me again, when any questions arise from my monkey-mind, that part that always assesses and questions. At other times the Grace is so strong, surrounding and supporting all that I am, and all that I do, so that there is no room for the ‘I’ at all, and the monkey-mind becomes silent in its gratitude.

All of it flows through me to and around me, freeing me to dance on waves that alternate between peace-filled detachment and joy, or the sweet space of open-hearted wonder.

26<sup>th</sup> January, 2010 – Bogotá, Colombia

It's raining here which is unusual for this time of year. It's also cold as Bogotá is 2640 metres above sea level. Yet as I sit by a fire in the apartment of the sister of Patty, my host here, none of this matters, for right here, right now the conversations are engrossing. A government minister sits before me telling me of their plans for new housing to help relocate some of the city's poor away from the unstable hillsides in the Barrio where they currently live. One sizeable earth tremor and many will die, a situation their government hopes to avoid. We discuss the difference between the favelas in Brazil and the slums in Colombia and there seems to be a lot. The locals tell me that there is less fear here and the police presence is strong in all the shanty towns, unlike in Brazil where the police feel overwhelmed by the magnitude of drug lord's weaponry and willingness to use them. We discuss the programs of the Embassy of Peace and our various conflict resolution methods and he tells me how hard they are working to implement their programs before a change in government in this next year. He may retain his portfolio but probably not, and so he doesn't want to see all their good work go to waste by not having the results to speak for themselves. No results and the new government will no doubt throw out much of what they have begun for such is the way in the political world.

It's interesting to hear his view of society and life in Colombia and all the people present tonight express their love and appreciation for this country, and also their concern for the growing political unrest in nearby Venezuela, whose government they are watching closely. A recent spate of attempted kidnappings of Colombians by Venezuelans hasn't helped, even though the kidnappings did not succeed. Here like in Mexico, many of the rich are taken and held for ransom which makes life suspenseful for them all.

27<sup>th</sup> January, 2010

I'm told that the Machu Picchu area is flooded and 2000 tourists have been stranded in Aguas Calientas and I give thanks for the timing that allowed me to leave the area just days before this happened, and then say a silent prayer for the ones that are trapped there. The river was rising so rapidly when I left that

none of it surprises me for never have I seen water so dangerous, fast flowing and fierce.

Our evening event is booked out to maximum capacity and the audience is open and focused as we share the tools to always be able to clearly hear the will of the divine voice within. Next we discuss the lifestyle that we utilise to create health and happiness, and then lastly we close with a meditation that unifies us all. Their energy is sweet and strong and I feel drunk on the energy here, especially after the brief meditation that we did in a church this afternoon where Mother Mary's streams of love were so strong. I feel so much love for all these people, not just those in our audience but also all those in the street, yet I know it's just Divine Mother Love flowing through me in response to who they are.

A short flight the next day to Pereira, then another evening of introduction to a similar sized audience of a totally different energy – at first they are scattered and restless and then it all begins to coagulate and mix into a sweet, strong pool of focused energy as it always tends to do. With some groups this happens slowly and with others it comes quickly yet thankfully it always comes.

The region around Pereira is known for both its coffee and cocaine and yesterday we did an interview with the biggest local newspaper on the issue of drugs and kidnappings and the need to change Trade Agreements so that South American governments can apply other models than prohibition, to deal with the drug lords and trafficking. It's a huge problem here, all agree, and yet I know that all of this happens due to humanity's emotional, mental and spiritual hungers as well. Yet to some this solution of eliminating all of our hungers by merging with our Divine nature, is too simplistic to believe and yet I also know that this is because many still haven't experienced its power.

The force that loves us enough to give us life is not only loving and wise but it is also the most powerful resource of transformation the any being has access to. It can instantly transform our world if we open the inner plane doors to it well and ask to receive all its gifts and of this I have no doubt. There is no other resource that can do this, that can create the harmonics of unification and peace that many seek and yet this must be experienced to be believed. It is the one energy flow that unifies us all into a common frequency where all hungers disappear, it is the one energy that holds the keys to resolution to all the conflict in our world, no matter how insurmountable the problem may appear.

End of January, 2010

I have begun to read the book "The Elder Brothers" by Alan Ereira about the lost city and the Kogi tribe who withdrew to the mountains near Santa Marta in Colombia to avoid being conquered by the Spanish. Patty my host is a good friend of one of the Kogi Elders and so three of their tribe came to my workshop at the weekend in Pereira, two Mamas – or Priests – plus a woman named Ruth. The Kogi tribe say they are the Elder Brothers and that they have peacefully lived their own lives and ignored the rest of the world of the Younger Brothers (us) for as long as they could. Living in absolute harmony within their world, they have now stepped forth to share a little of their wisdom with the message



that we need to be more honouring and take better care of Gaia – Pachamama – and that unless we do, very hard times will come. They say we still have time to change our ways; that it's not too late to listen and alter our path to create our own salvation. Theirs is of course a common message yet to be in their presence is different and so we took advantage of the Kogi's attendance and invited them to address the weekend audience, which for them was quite a large one. With the eldest Mama speaking in their native language and the youngest Mama then translating his words into Spanish, and my translator whispering the English equivalent into my ear, it was all a great layer to add to our Pereira gathering and one that we all appreciated.

On Sunday morning I awoke to begin the last day of the seminar with virtually no voice and only the ability to whisper. This is the second time it has happened in 16 years of constant travel yet the day flowed on regardless bringing through a different energy again. My translator sat close beside me as I whispered into the microphone and she then said it all in Spanish. The meditations went deep, the audience so open and compassionate, offering any help to heal my throat that they felt was appropriate. At the end of the day came a standing ovation plus endless hugs and tears in eyes, as the audience expressed their love, and love channelled through my being in response to their love – filling my body with warmth and all eyes with more tears for all that had been shared. There is such a joy to being with the people of South America who I love as much as the Thai. Both are so open-hearted and giving, so genuine in their care of each other and strangers who soon become family to them all. Thailand's people – being mainly Buddhist – are quiet and gentle while the South American people are more gregarious and joyful for they are people who love to dance and sing, who love family and sharing their homes and hearts.

I have a few more days here as all flights home earlier were booked out and so I rest, read and go into silence so the muscles in my throat can also rest after five intense weeks of talking with our groups plus politicians, media and more, in so many different situations that arise for an Ambassador of Peace these days. I look forward to the day where I no longer have that title and that the Embassy of Peace can close its doors on Earth because none of it will be required. Until then we enjoy each moment and all that unfolds, sharing when required with words, and our presence, being in deep communion in the silence when it draws me and living and loving with appreciation and joy. This world is never boring and there is so much more for us all to understand and experience about the cultures and choices that make up the human life-wave in the here and now so that we can exist in deeper states of harmony.

As I complete this journal entry the Kogi Mamas are downstairs in this abode, sharing more deeply with our hosts who they've come to love and trust. No doubt before this day is out there will be more stories to tell. My voice is still only a whisper which also suits me fine. I am a shy and silent person at heart so to sit and just be and listen is also pleasing to my nature.

Yesterday the elder Mama told me that if I search within myself I will find the answer to why I have lost my voice, independent of some contributing factors like being drenched by the storms in Machu Picchu and having to stay in wet

clothes until I could return to Agua Calientas and change my clothes which may have weakened my immune system a little, or that my throat muscles get tired from all the talking. The last time I lost my voice I had also been in South America working in Brazil favelas where I felt the throat slowly tighten. A week or so later, in my last event in Europe in the Canary Islands, when I was again in a Spanish speaking land, my voice box suddenly had no sound and so that event also concluded with a whisper.

Losing my voice in Spanish speaking lands, my throat energy weakened in some way ... I contemplate this as the Mamas wander the lawn below me. As the Elder looks up and smiles, we meet in heart and mind, and my being is filled with the flash of a powerful vision. I see my Shaman self in another timeline kneeling on the ground, my head held back by the hair by a big rough hand of a man who viciously runs a large sharp edged knife across my exposed throat. Blood rushes out of the gaping wound that has effectively cut through the cords of my voice box and with mouth agape and my voice silenced, I watch as I fall to the ground and die.

Even as I write these words an energy shifts from around my voice box as my body continues to release its tears, so sad at the cruelty of man, still sad at the greed and ignorance that some still hold, for we can all live so well together on Earth even if we choose to exist in different ways. I was so naïve and trusting then, for in that life all were our brothers and sisters, strangers and family alike. All that we had then was shared – our food, our wisdom, our ways and our love and every visit together was a visit of mutual enhancement with our exchanges made in ways that made us all better and stronger. That was the way of many tribes before the Conquistadors came.

Some tapestries of life are long ones, others are shorter of course, with each life a pattern of colour, a weave of threads, rough and smooth, from which we grow and learn. My throat is still tender yet slowly I begin the process of forgiveness that is always required for healing to begin. And in the silence of this farmhouse in Colombia with the Kogi Mamas now so close, my body continues to release its tears as a deeper process of healing begins. Other details of that life are no longer required to be seen for our time is here, and now the causative factor of my throat's weakness has clearly been revealed.

As many know, these visions and insights come when they need to and when we are ready to be free from events of the past whose influence we no longer need today. There is no need to chase anything for it all comes up within us when the time is right to move on and let our times of persecution go.

So much is written about Colombia and the levels of violence here, violence is in the land, brought by Cortez and the Conquistador's quest for gold. Driven by greed they spilt the blood of so many, wiping out the Incas and the Aztecs while the Kogi silently retreated to mountains that were too difficult for many to climb.

I can see the Kogi tribe now in my mind's eye and also feel their hearts which have often been filled with sadness at the ways of their younger brothers, who lacked the sensitivity to tune to and be at One with each other and with



Pachamama and her land, those who forgot how to feel the currents of a cosmic heart beat and the true richness that the Kogi's knowledge contains.

As I weave the symbol of infinity across my throat to neutralize the energy there, I intuitively chant the words "I release the wounds of the past, I reclaim my voice and my right to share the truth of the past and the wisdom of our future" and my body gasps for air as if it is breathing for the very first time. And so an intuitive voice chants on soundlessly in my head until my tears are gone "I forgive all who have ever hurt me through all time. I ask for forgiveness of all that I have also done that has hurt another ..." over and over these chants flow as these limiting energy webs slowly untangle themselves through my throat until the process is done. Other visions come with the chants until I see the tribe I came from, being tracked through the jungles by the men with no light in their eyes whose only desire was for gold. I feel angry, then sad as the visions reveal my Indigenous nature and the ways of the peaceful tribes, all of it gone, swamped by white man's lust for more.

My voice still needs rest for the muscles in my throat are tender and sore and yet I give thanks to the Mamas, the priests of the Kogi tribe, for finding me again this life and with so few words allowing this release to come.

I remembered something else while meditating with the Colombian group this past weekend about my time so long ago with the Orion's on their councils of war and the skills learnt there in peace negotiations. I realised that I have seen so much of war that my being has no tolerance for it anymore, so to me the choice of war seems so barbaric when the alternative is just to make a few adjustments so that peace can reign again among us all. When will we learn to value each other? I wonder as I swing in my hammock on the veranda of a house in the countryside in Colombia and integrate the insights that I have gained in this land of ancient cultures, with the Kogi tribe who chose to retire to the mountains and be secluded, rather than play the games of war.

Identifying the source of a weakness in our energy field is always required to effect permanent healing, then intuiting the correct process to repair the weakness is also another challenge for often there are various factors that contribute to the ongoing weakness. Past linear time-line events, current time-line lifestyle habits, attitudes and beliefs, and also sometimes parallel life or future life influences, for time in higher frequency bands is simultaneous not linear. Much of this I discovered a few years ago when shifting myself out of the genetic weakness of cancer. It was then that I also realised that our own Divine Beingness is the only one that holds the formula for perfect healing. Others of course can help, like the acupuncturist this weekend that sensed I was also having an allergic reaction of the local flora that was closing up my throat, and when I checked within I found that yes this is was a small contributing factor. But the initial cause of the energy field weakness went of course much deeper.

Holding the clear intention to discover and clear the original causative factor of a debilitating situation – as I have been doing the last 36 hours – allows this knowledge to rise within us if and when we are ready. And yet we also need sincerity in the forgiveness routine and I realise that I still feel too angry to

sincerely forgive from my heart and not just my head. This anger must rise for release and then flow from my being gently, when the time is right and only then can I be truly free. Mentally I understand the history of our world; the endless cycles we have endured of war, conquering and greed, where one tribe imposes, by brute force or more subtle manipulation, their own ways over another's, claiming that they are superior or know better. This has been the history of so many worlds. We know this and it is nothing new.

Being there is different. Seeing our friends and family slaughtered, their precious life, then our own, draining away so violently in crumpled heaps upon the ground. Feeling it all and living through it is a completely different story to just hearing about it later or reading about it in a book. We have all endured so many tortuous ways, time and time again, as people of peace with our simple loving ways do when we are exposed to hatred, judgement and greed. We hold all of this memory in our cells, of lives when we have conquered others ourselves, or then been conquered in turn, of lives when fear and ignorance replaced love and compassion and drained out our intuitive nature, that pure part of us, that has always held the key to the kingdom of existence in peace-filled worlds.

But we have changed; we do know better, we are seeking the inner kingdom of peace again even though this is not always evident in our external world. The Elder Kogi Mamas here has this peace and holds it deep within himself like a silent force of the greatest wisdom and power and this I also feel now deep within now that my tears have gone.

According to Alan Ereira, the Kogi believe they are the guardians of the world and like many Indigenous cultures they believe that Mother Earth is a living spirit being who we need to exist in harmony with. They see all of Colombia as sacred land. The Kogi's word for their priests – Mamas – means the sun or the Enlightened Ones. They speak of the Aluna – the realm where all is one, part of a divine being, a realm where they silently work to keep the equilibrium in our world.

The Mamas are educated in the dark virtually from birth where they spend two-nine year periods. Some spend another two-nine year periods in the dark and become oracles who then only communicate with other Mamas. 36 years living in darkness to develop their clairvoyance, clairsentient and more skills that come from darkness training. I love the darkroom myself and have spent only 60 days in that environment. To spend 9 years or 36 years in darkness with only another Mama for company is unfathomable to me and yet I understand why and the benefits this brings esoterically. It is these highly sensitive ones who have seen the disasters to come to our world and who have inspired some of the Mamas to leave their mountain of seclusion and speak to the younger brothers – us – so that we change our behaviour towards the natural world and come into equilibrium within them.

Later in the afternoon my host and I drive with the two Mamas and Ruth – the woman who is travelling with them – to a small mountain town outside of Pereira, a place so beautiful, with sweet people and great energies pulsing

through the Earth – it is both picturesque and profound. We walk the streets and later I sit with them as they take their evening meal. We ask each other questions and the Kogi begin to share of some of their deeper ways and this continues all the way back in the car. Now and then I ask a question and the Elder Mamas shares with such an open and easy flow.

In Alan Ereira's book they are described as secretive and silent and so I feel privileged to be with them now, putting a scientific bent on everything they say as I listen in silence. Our work in essence is the same, to create again an equilibrium in the world, so that Pachamama can be supported and we can support each other, in a more harmonious way. Many things that they reveal to me this day are not my place to speak of. I would also like to say that it is important for Indigenous people to share what they have to say in their way, in their time, without any editing or misinterpretation by white people, which has often happened in the past. As a consequence of this, I have agreed with the Kogi to offer them space in the Embassy of Peace on our YouTube channel to share their message in video form exactly as they want and hopefully this will be done soon. These people are wise and loving, with a light of love and joy that shines from their eyes. The Elder Mamas always holds a deep peace and at-onement with his surrounds, a peace that I feel too as we drive together through this land.

Everywhere we walked today the Mamas were stopped by people who wanted to take their photos or who had one or two things to ask or say. During our day our car was stopped twice by police who were also curious to see who we were before sending us on our way. To many, Colombia is a dangerous place, filled with guerrillas, drug cartels, tomb raiders and corruption that manifests itself in so many ways. People are kidnapped or killed here regularly, yet there is a deeper layer to this land that manifests itself to those who are open to its song, which is how it always is in our dual-natured world.

When we arrive back to the compound where I am staying, the Mamas invite me to undergo a small ceremony with them the next day so that they too can help to support my work in their own way. They know the difficulties of being outspoken today, about the need for a more harmonious way and the challenges this brings to us all and so they will weave their webs of support around me. As we later retire to sleep, they ask that I pay attention to any dreams that come my way.

My body needs so little sleep at times and tonight it is the same, yet in that semi-conscious state, the invisible world that they call Aluna, begins to speak again.

"Oneness," it says over and over. "Oneness is the game. Forget the past, reweave the future into the Oneness game" and so I sit up, switch on the light and let Aluna's wisdom flow. This is what it tells me as it delivers the data and images for yet another YouTube video:

ONENESS

According to many metaphysicians, and also our Indigenous people, we exist in a web of Oneness, each of us interconnected with all things, like a cell in the Body of Living Field of Intelligence. What we do, how we live affects us all and imprints vibrations in this web.

When we each set the clear intention to live in harmony within ourselves, within our community and within this Earth, then the web of love responds and begins to teach us how, but only when we are truly open in our heart to receive this knowledge.

There are of course practical things that we can do to experience harmony in this Web of One; such as choosing to see the good in each other. We can also focus on the things that bind us, that we have in common, rather than on the things that separate and divide us further.

We share a common essence in the Web of Love, the same baseline frequency, which is of course, Pure Love. This ocean of Pure Love which is within each of us, can be small or large, depending on our recognition of it and attention to it and it has many gifts to give.

By turning our awareness within – via meditation and pure concentration – with a desire to feel this inner ocean of love, it can then rise within us and reveal that we are all the same in essence, that we are all one.

The stronger this force becomes and the more we acknowledge its presence by focusing upon it, the sooner we will be united as one species living on one planet. This is the Universal Law of Love and the Universal Law of Resonance – coming into being in action.

It is a simple science that goes beyond separatist ideologies and religions.

At the Embassy of Peace we encourage you to live a lifestyle that fills your Being with joy, a lifestyle that is also beneficial to the world as a whole. Then we may all move as one heart, one mind – with love in our hearts and wisdom in our minds – and be in harmony with Gaia, the spirit of our world. Some call Gaia, Pachamama, and know her as a living being that is also part of the Web of Oneness.

She invites us to live in harmony upon her and for those who know how, to show the way. And so it is time for us to acknowledge the wisdom of the Elders of the Indigenous tribes. It is their time now and our time to listen to all that they have to say.

- Listen to the Kogi from Colombia.
- Listen to what the Hopi Indians have to say.
- Listen to the wise ones from the Aboriginal lines.
- And listen to the voice of the Divine Essence within. Seek to know its gifts so that harmony and Oneness can be our experience in every way.

As many now know, the greatest teacher dwells within us. When we hear its voice and receive its gifts we will know the Oneness game.

And when the last of this message has come, I lie back down in the dark to enjoy the silence again.

This morning the Mamas arrive early again to complete the ceremony that they began with me last night and then to continue their teachings with the others that are here.

As we sit in the silence together, the Elder Mamas behind me doing his work in Aluna's plane (the field of Infinite Love and Wisdom), "Focus on the pure spirit," he tells me, "on the spirit of the trees," and with his clear instructions I slip effortlessly into a visionary state, where I find myself with Pachamama again and then with the great spirit of the trees. Here waves of love and light wash through me as if I am in a tunnel of wind, yet it is vaster than that again. Within moments I find myself in the Temple of the Sun and hear the words "Welcome back our granddaughter of love," as new patterns are rewoven through my energy field by the Kogi Mamas behind me. A matching of my baseline frequency occurs then deepens my connection into Pachamama's pure field where layers of support and strength await to then claim my Being back into theirs.

Slowly words of power begin to flow through me from the spirit of the trees, and the Temple of the Sun, linking me with them as I chant what I hear and the vibrations of the words settle through my energy fields

"I AM THE WHITE EARTH LIGHT OF PACHAMAMA" was the first chant that came when the ceremony began with them last night and it comes to me again now, before more profound, more personal words began to flow. The tree spirit with us now is fluid, powerful and strong as is the energy in the Temple of the Sun, and tears stream down my face in a silent grateful flow as the Mamas continues to do what he needs to do as he sits silent and still in the chair behind me. I hear him working his Poporo and sense his presence now deep in my energy fields. It is a presence of great love and patience and in my heart I feel these people are my tribe, that our focus is on harmony and that in this we are forever linked. More is told to me in Aluna's field, then the words and visions cease and I know the work is done. Next the Mamas reads my vibrations from the breath I left on a piece of cotton that I held in my right hand throughout the journey, after which he tells me that I have the Kogi's permission now to spread our message through their land with safety and with their support as he ties another string of white cotton around my wrists. They tell me to keep those two strings on my wrists forever as it is a link to their ways and their world, for they read the vibrations of the worlds through the threads of nature. My heart is full and I feel so touched by their wise and gentle ways.

Over our days together with Mamas Eugeno and Mamas Noelle and Ruth, we manage to share with them that Little Brother is rising to do their part, and that there is a huge network of support for their message, as we also have been getting the same message from Pachamama and Aluna when we meditate and engage in prayer. When they finally realise this as truth, they tell me how happy

it makes their heart and I tell them how happy their hearts make me. They are a pure and gentle yet strong people and I feel so blessed, so privileged to have had this encounter.

Later on the phone I recount some of this to my husband and I realise that so much of what I have experienced with them would not have occurred unless I'd lost my voice. I know I am a strong and independent woman and that I need to be to do the public work I do, and also to do the work on the inner plane in Aluna's field, yet it seems that only when I am incapacitated in some way, do I get to really experience the skills of others, as they can then step forth in their strength and wisdom to help me in the ways that they can. First there was Swami Nardanand in India who recently helped to heal my ankle and make me aware, by spending time with him that way, of his healing powers and his wonderful heart and now it is the Mamas of the Kogi. I know that if my voice had stayed strong, many of the experiences we have just shared would not have been able to happen. Perhaps our connections would have happened anyway but in a different way but there is still a lesson here for me – about silence and listening and support. Many people step forward in such different ways when they feel they are needed and can help and being needed brings out parts of themselves that may otherwise remain hidden.

I know I am in a small position of influence in the world and I know that all that we share with others when I travel, is always based on personal experience, and so it is easy to support and promote people in whose abilities we trust. Trust for me usually comes from personal experience and so now it is so easy to promote both Swami Nardanand and the Kogi. And for this insight today I give thanks to my husband and the conversation we have just shared, still, I can't help but wonder if I can learn all of this in a slightly different way ...

Despite all of this my body is strong and constantly amazes me with its capacity to handle my ever changing lifestyle. Heat in Santiago; cold in the Andes Mountains; heat and humidity in Lima Peru then extreme cold in Cusco; rainy, cold then humid in Machu Picchu followed quickly by freezing cold to my bones in Bogotá then heat, then cold again all in one day. Then comes more heat and humidity in Pereira. All of this climate change happens over one day to the next and all of it my body needs to adjust to, plus constant plane rides and various pollutions. And yet it stays so strong and copes so well through it all, with just prana for its food plus a little water and coffee now and then for its pleasure. So the rare sprained ankle or sore throat is all so inconsequential in the bigger scheme of things. Add all that is required – for any of us in this field – to be constantly centred and focused and also then add the need for us to be able to handle huge frequency downloads and stay in a virtually constant channelling state and WOW ... I am thankful for what my body is capable of handling!

Life on the road is amazing and gifts us with so much through each experience and interaction, from the love that pours into me from the heart of each one who hugs my body, to the person who in turn who has been so filled with love and insights that they hold me so tightly and won't let go, as tears pour down their faces and love flows from every part of them in gratitude of our meeting – all of this also adds another layer, infusing me with so much support and feeding



my body as well. All of this is just a natural part of my life on the road and all of it constantly requires small or big energy adjustments within me and around me. Adjustments of attitudes or awareness as we all grow and understand more about each other and our lives together in this world.

The Mamas have just gone to catch their plane back to the Sierra Nevada where they say they will share our message with their tribe and ask that I also share theirs with the world.

They see Earth as feminine, the trees upon her as masculine and they prize highly the equilibrium between the sexes, where each are fulfilling their roles and seeking to experience, in the fulfilment of their roles, the conscious awareness they need, to do it in harmony and accordance to the Mother's Laws. They are a people who listen to and feel the currents of the cosmic flows that come from the Mother and her creative fluid, the waters of life, which gave birth to the light and creation.

Our understandings match perfectly. Mine comes from nearly 40 years of meditation, listening and being intuitively guided by the Universal Field of Infinite Love and Intelligence which flows via waves of love from the divine heart. Their wisdom has come in similar ways yet it is a wisdom that flows to them so that they can read the vibrations of all life, from stones to birds, to trees and rain, to the breath we all breathe. They say that everything they know comes from the Mother and that we are caretakers of Earth, here to love and respect and care for life, not to take and destroy without thought.

The Mamas use their mind as I have been trained to do – focused, clear, concentrated, as a tool to do our bidding as we in turn take instruction from the Rhythm of Love of the Divine Mother in all her forms. She is Pachamama, she is Spiderwoman, the Madonna, the Goddess energy streams and more. Their culture is deep and their rituals are precise with everything done with pure meaning and I feel privileged to have spent these last 5 days with them all as I learn how to work with them in Aluna.

Before their car drives away, Ruth promises she will send me the video that they want shown through the world. It has 7 chapters of about 7 minutes each which is perfect for our YouTube channel. Here we will give them their own playlist, to lodge unedited, exactly what it is that they want to say. This is what the Embassy of Peace is for, to tell the stories that need to be told and share the tools that will help to harmonize our worlds.

They are a joyous people, some of who are also a little saddened by the past, by those that came and took so much without understanding the true value of the gold or artefacts. And yes they are concerned at continual deforestation and reforestation of plants (that are not the ones they want replanted) and plans of the government to do so many things that in essence do not serve their needs. Few truly take the time to listen to what they have to share and yet they have also put the past behind them and are focused on education for their children, to pass on their many skills and ways. They are also open now to gain the attention of the younger brother, asking us in essence to tune into forces bigger than

ourselves and learn to be in equilibrium once more with Gaia's heart and also the Universal streams.

According to Alan Ereira's book "The Elder Brothers" the message the Kogi Mamas gave him was one of great concern for the environment. High in the Andes they see that the world is hotter, no snow comes on the mountains like it used to, so their land is drier, vegetation is sparser, and so the Earth is changing. They told him how all our mining, deforestation and continued tomb raiding has disturbed the balance in the world, as it does when we always take and give nothing in return. Despite all this they believe there is time for us to change our ways and be more aware and respectful with how we treat the Earth and also each other and so they hope we will hear their message.

They hope we will learn to be still and listen to the Mother's heart and to understand that everything is alive with consciousness – from the Earth to the trees, to the sun and more. They hope we will work with them to restore the balance again. They want no tourists to come to their land, they want the tomb raiding to cease, they want to be consulted before the government intervenes in anything, they would like access again to the sea and be safe from guerrilla warfare and the drug lord's games. They would also like us to stop plundering the Earth and killing trees and mining as thoughtlessly as we do. And they want to be left to care for the Mother as they've been shown to do for the Mother's Laws have kept them well and safe for so long.

Mamas Eugenio said many things to me, much of which we have also been sharing with the world but in a slightly different way. Other things they spoke of, I was told to keep private and to some questions I asked, I received information that failed to answer the question, for the Kogi share only what they want us to know.

During the Mamas own evening seminar, I sat in the audience listening to Mamas Eugenio speak in his own native tongue, then to Mamas Noelle translate it into Spanish while a sweet young man named Juan, sat beside me to translate it all into English. Through it all I closed my eyes and tuned my heart to Mamas Eugenio's heart, to listen to his spirit on another plane, and there again I saw a man of peace, who had his 'bench', which is what they call their seat of centre, whose heart is pure with a message true, and so I await their video to let them speak directly rather than offer any additional translation here.

32 hours later, my plane touches down to Brisbane airport where my husband greets me with the biggest hug. It feels as if I have been gone for so long and yet the past 5 weeks have passed so quickly for us both; so many adventures and so many insights that tend to transform us in so many different ways. I feel the Kogi with me on the inner plane, present in my dreaming and later as I meditate upon all that has unfolded, I realise that there is a lot that we can do to support them, especially in Aluna's plane.

Over the next few days, as I continue to integrate all that has occurred, new insights come about how we can support our Indigenous people especially the Kogi, since they are the ones that I have most recently connected with.

This morning as I sat on my veranda, I watched a dozen colourful wild King Parrots eating their seed a metre away. The birds come here now every day, often with dozens eating in harmony, enjoying the wild seed mix that is good for these breeds. They can sit and mix in together, singing and cooing and enjoying without fuss, and then suddenly a new one will come and chase them all away – snapping and biting and attacking until this lone one has the bowl of seed to itself. Over and over I watch their various displays, reminded again and again of life in the human world and the stories of Indigenous South America in pre-Colombian days.

Is permanent peace possible within the human world? Will we always have those few individuals who arrive and attack and take by brute force and noise? Is this plane of duality we call Earth in the here and now, really destined to rise beyond such things?

It's rare for me to have such thoughts and yet as I do, I make a noise on the veranda and the birds all fly away, yet within moments many return and in peace and gentle silence, with a respectful attitude of sharing, they commence to eat again. The bully birds, the noisy ones, do not come back, so peace is finally maintained. And so I sit to meditate in peace, high among the treetops in my mountain ashram, happy to be home at last.

Enjoy the silence ...

Be still ...

Meditate on the love that you are.

The mountain seems to say ...

Peace comes to all who are open ... in their time ...

Nothing to do ...

Nothing to chase ...

In a few days I will go to the funeral of another friend of mine who died a few days ago of cancer ... she's at peace now, happy to be free and unfettered. But today I am here, surrounded by birds in song, feeling the mountain's breeze and able to enjoy this moment with all of my senses. Travel weary, a little sad of heart for the loss of my friend yet happy to have my health, my family and to finally be home again. And so the cycles continue ...