

Messages from
Abundant Hope

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Rosie's Meditations # 1

Introduction

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

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

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

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

Love Rosie

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Rosie's Meditation Reports

By Rosie

Meditation Report 1. and Comment from Seraphin, 8th May 2011

Dearest Gaia: during meditation I felt your gasps of fear and hesitation, and I have held you to my heart and rocked you like a small child, for all mothers were once children. I thank you for your patience with the irresponsible way we - your children - have treated you. If there is fear left I urge you to ask that each breath be in alignment with Divine Will, in the same way that we humans do this. Then fear will dissipate and be replaced by vigour and joy. In gratitude, and asking forgiveness, Rosie

R: Dearest Seraphin, just before meditating my eye fell upon one of my favourite postcards - a photo of an ancient temple in Sicily (Tempio di Segesta) which stands alone on a hill. The hill itself is holy ground, each blade of grass a miracle, and it occurred to me that while each piece of Mother Earth is sacred, a temple may form a focus for energies, just as our bodies - also temples - can act as a link between heaven and earth during a meditation such as this ...

S: Yes Dearest, do not underestimate the powers of transmission on various levels of which you are capable. The only question is whether you are all AWARE to the possibilities or still ASLEEP UNDER THE DELUSION THAT YOU ARE POWERLESS, INSIGNIFICANT AND TEMPORAL.

It is possible to remain in this dormant state of perpetual hibernation, but eventually there will be a rude awakening, for while you have been sleeping, matters of great consequence have been decided, or reversed, or quashed, or instigated WITHOUT YOUR PARTICIPATION.

The beautiful ruined temple in Sicily is a remnant from the past which does not resonate with the fast pace of "modern times". It is a vestige of another era, creating interest for many through its antiquity and its exquisite location. Its isolation, however, is its strength: it has withstood time and the elements, still capable of inspiring sacred thoughts in humans who wonder at this sudden apparition of grandure and exquisite calm - white stone in a sea of green.

And we say: SEARCH FOR THAT WHITE PURITY IN THE LUSH GREEN MEADOWS OF YOUR DAILY EXPERIENCES, FIND THE SACRED STILLNESS WITHIN WHICH IS CAPABLE OF TRANSFORMING THE WHOLE WORLD INTO A LIVING TEMPLE.

Meditation Report 2. 11th June 2011

Short explanation: cleansing the space around oneself is one of the preliminary steps before starting to meditate. On this particular occasion, I never actually got any further than the cleansing process which was very thorough and an exercise in itself

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In addition to clearing the space around me, a multitude of miniscule angels cut open my head, and inside was a miniature version of my house with all the various rooms. They went in there and started cleaning it all up and **THROWING OUT EVERYTHING WHICH WAS OLD, UGLY OR BROKEN**, including books I had already read and digested, papers, old clothes, even my wedding dress. Then they polished all the woodwork and brass handleknobs on the doors. Then they showed me that there were secret connecting passages between the rooms which I did not know of before. But the little miniscule house was still very dark, so then the angels started peeling back the skin on my scalp, and underneath the skin was a transparent layer like glass. Thus the outer walls of the house were now windows, and the house was full of light, and could radiate all the better. This seemed to be the message: **THROW OUT ALL THE RUBBISH, LEAVE EVERYTHING RELATING TO THE PAST BEHIND, PROVIDE CLEAN AND EMPTY SPACES SO THAT YOU CAN BETTER BE A VESSEL OF LIGHT.**

Meditation Report 3. 3rd July 2011

After connecting up to Source and thanking all celestials for their assistance, I saw all meditators sitting in a circle waiting, and an angel went round from person to person, activating their crown chakra by touching it lightly with a sort of wand (when the angel came round to me I felt the touch physically as energy running down my back), and immediately afterwards a shaft of golden light rose from each person to the middle where they twisted together and solidified to form a thick golden rope of great strength which stretched far above, linking to Source.

Encased in it above our heads was a huge crystal ball which gyrated due to the energy we sent along the golden threads, and which lit up from the divine energy reaching it from above. It looked like a giant pearl caught in a golden net. After a while the crystal sphere started to descend very slowly and almost carefully - a long long way

down to the very core of the earth, transporting all our love and support. I spoke with Gaia telling her that she should not worry any longer about the destiny of her children as they themselves are creators of their individual soul journeys and have made their choices, and that she must now concentrate on her own journey. I saw Christ Michael's hand, greatly enlarged, being held over the New Madrid fault and California to contain that temporarily.

I then envisaged the NEW EARTH. I was a woman dressed in white next to a waterfall, bending down helping some ducks to get dust out of their feathers by splashing them with water. Suddenly a HUGE SWAN appeared, like a boat, and I stepped onto her back and she swam on slowly down the river. A sort of prince was next to me, surveying the scene too. It was as if we were checking that all was well with the small village communities. The villagers were celebrating the end of the day with song, music and dancing. There were camp fires along the shores of the river as we sailed on towards sunset. Everything seemed to be idyllic and peaceful, people living happily together.

Suddenly, a change of scene. I saw a huge glass dome where the glass was actually some sort of crystal, capable of storing great amounts of information and energy. Inside the glass dome were many beautiful plants and birds, and a central open space with a huge crystal at the centre, surrounded by a circle of meditators / priests / priestesses carrying out an important ritual. The panes of crystal forming the dome were capable of tilting individually, like opening windows, so that light/energy from the central crystal could be sent out to other places and planets.

I give thanks for being allowed to see these scenes. Rosie.

Meditation Report 4. 5th July 2011

The light of Source descended through me to the earth's core, and when it started to ascend again, it was actually a large lift containing inhabitants from the inner earth, whom we welcomed and thanked, and who positioned themselves all around the equator. All meditators taking part in this meditation were sitting in a circle at the position of the North Pole, and the combined light we sent out and around the earth was caught up at the equator by the inner earth people and sent on to the South Pole.

I asked whether I was allowed to see the glass dome again from another meditation. This time it was really a much larger structure, the size of a town surrounded by beautiful countryside, with simple stone buildings in a sort of grid pattern, all contained within the dome which arose out of the top of a mountain. It was a sort of healing centre where people could recover, regroup and make plans together for the

future, in a rarefied and removed atmosphere. It actually formed the summit of the mountain, which I felt was in the Himalayas. Here people could be removed from all other worldly or personal considerations. Their experiences in the countryside, a lovely natural habitat for many animals, was part of this healing and planning process.

Meditation Report 5. 7th July 2011

After going through the usual processes I saw the usual circle of meditators again, who at one point all got to their feet and joined together for a group hug in the centre of the circle. As they met each other individually as well as a group, they looked at each other with wonder, in pairs, as they recognized each other as important players in their past lives. While this was happening, a circle of light surrounded and protected them all.

When asked what I was allowed to see, three scenes presented themselves:

1. A castle, with a rather forbidding exterior like a fortress (made me think of the Tower of London) with a flag on top, next to a very large river where picknicking boating parties were passing through. The waves became increasingly turbulent, and the boating parties turned towards the shore, just managing to land in time, and the people ran up the slopes of the river and far away as fast as possible. Then a wave of red water pushed along the river so that its banks became wider and wider. The force of the water tore down a part of the fortress. Eventually the river became so large that there was nothing left but red sea. Ever so often, a small island would emerge, and then sink. After a while I understood that these small islands were actually fastened somehow onto the backs of whales, like huge barnacles, who surfaced briefly. This gave me the impression that I was seeing glimpses of future land, of a future life.

2. A night sky, not as dark as the one we experience on planet earth now, full of soft lights in various colours and interesting formations, with some light shows and soothing shades ... I felt that this was the sky after the big changes on earth.

3. An aerial view of very large rather flat snaking river like the Amazon in Brazil. The water was being shaken in an unnatural way. At the mouth of the river was a huge hand. I asked whose hand this was and the reply came "The Luciferien hand". It was pulling at the water, trying to disrupt something, but the tugging did not have the desired effect. Something was stuck. I understood this as being resistance to the hand's workings.

Meditation Report 6. 11 July 2011

A number of meditators were again sitting down in a large circle with a column of light/fire in the middle. This time, they were not alone but with their friends and families who sat at their backs, looking in the opposite direction from the light. As the central fire became increasingly white and as the warmth increased, the meditators started singing, and with the increase in warmth and light and sound, some of the loved ones started to notice and turned round to see why. Eventually everyone was looking in the same direction towards the fire.

This crowd of people was then asked to stand up and climb a tall hill. This took some time as some of the party were slow or disabled or children or still somewhat unwilling to accompany the procession upwards. At the top of the hill was a large archway, and here the party stopped, wondering what to do next, for here the mountain and everything else ended in mist. It would have meant taking a step into an empty space, into nothingness, in pure faith.

But this was not actually required now, it seemed. Suddenly the mist cleared and through the archway was a pure night sky lit with stars. Everyone sat down, as if in front of a huge stage of the universe, and scenes from different planets were shown to the audience one by one. At the same time, other people and souls from other dimensions became visible to some, suddenly introducing themselves, and there were profound and loving reunions. Everyone seemed very moved and happy. The children danced and played together, the young people gathered in groups, and the celestials gently surveyed the scene and brought people together.

I then asked if there was anything else I was supposed to see or report, as these scenes appeared in my inner eye very quickly, and I received this answer: "The length/duration of work is not the most important. The most important thing is that it is SOUL WORK".

I give thanks for this vision and for the final comment which suggests that it does not matter what stage of the journey we are on, or how much effort we have put into life so far, as this is secondary to the quality and divine direction of our work NOW.
Love Rosie

Meditation Report 7. 12th July 2011

I saw the earth as a wooden ball, divided into two as if hacked apart by an axe, but the two halves were still jammed together and could not separate. They could not slide past each other. The meditators were sitting or standing on top of the wooden ball in

a circle, some tired, some wandering around impatiently.

Change of scene:

Earth appeared as a very old woman, a bit grumpy and moving very slowly, carrying a very heavy wicker basket on her back. She was in a bad temper due to the weight which she had been carrying for such a long time, but she was determined to continue. The load on her back had to be forcibly removed.

At first, because she had been carrying the load SO LONG, she continued walking in the same way. Then, realising it was not there any more, she lost her balance and fell over. A group of people appeared and carried her to a snug resting place which was actually a feather bed inside a huge walnut shell, where she fell asleep. The second half of the walnut shell was put over her, so that she was completely covered. Later the walnut shell was opened again, to reveal that the old woman had turned into a beautiful young girl who danced around happily with a lot of colourful ribbons. I give thanks for this vision. Love Rosie

Meditation Report 8. 13th July 2011

During meditation I asked what I am allowed to see at this critical time, and a visual picture immediately flashed into my mind of many horizons - many levels both above the surface of the earth and below. On the earth, everyone was continuing with their lives, going about their daily business in a fairly humdrum manner, completely unconnected, unaware of the multitude of levels or areas above and below.

Below were the inner earth cities and many passages and portals, and above were many sections including a thick layer of cloud right above the earth which would have prevented view of the upper echelons, even if the people would have cared to look upwards, which they did not. Beyond the cloud were heavenly realms right up to the central Isle of Paradise.

One golden figure, very small, stood out from the rest of the crowd on earth, standing on a mountain top. He asked to be connected to the Divine Source and suddenly he was struck by a sheath of golden light from the Paradise Isle, which penetrated and descended through him and continued until it reached the earth's core.

At the same moment, he was connected to ALL LAYERS ABOVE AND BELOW HIM, by the rays of light. He had become the BRIGHTEST CENTRAL PIVOTAL POINT OF A MANY FACETTED THREE DIMENSIONAL STAR OF LIGHT, like the source of a

laser show where the beams of light are sent out from a concentrated source and become more diffuse as they spread outwards. It became clear to this man - symbolic of aspiring universal man and woman - that there were NOT ONLY many levels above and below him, BUT ALSO levels or dimensions which crossed the "ups" and "downs" diagonally. These diagonals or tangents also lit up with light, and again, this was activated by the man at the centre.

As the man walked around, continuing with his duties, his routines, his relaxations, THIS WHOLE STAR-SHAPED APPARATUS MOVED WITH HIM. It was not so brightly luminous during "normal" activities, but it SHONE BRILLIANTLY WHENEVER THE MAN CONSCIOUSLY CONNECTED TO THE DIVINE. IT WAS AS IF THE DIVINE SPARK WAS TRAVELLING THROUGH HIM TO PLACES AND DIMENSIONS OF WHOSE ENORMITY AND NUMBER HE WAS NOT FULLY AWARE, BUT WHICH HAD GREAT IMPACT ANYWAY.

This seemed to be telling me and us that whatever we do when connected to Source, when acting with good intent, this will reach shores FAR BEYOND OUR IMAGINATION, and that we are not haphazard movers on a flat black and white chessboard but SIGNIFICANT PLAYERS ON A MULTI-COLOUR MULTI-STOREY GRID where our every decision affects the other end of the universe. The message was to stop wallowing in stagnation, to be aware of the full consequences of our actions, be aware of our power and use it appropriately.

I give thanks for this vision, Rosie

Meditation Report 9. 15th July 2011

Today during meditation I was presented with a huge view of the ocean - which was all black, covered with oil. Dolphins kept on coming up to breathe. Suddenly a sort of large speedboat appeared, with 3 or 4 decks and a pilot on the top deck together with a crowd of people I knew.

The boat had a very pointed front which plowed through the water so that the wake of the boat dovetailed in a triangle at the back. WHERE THE BOAT HAD BEEN, THE WATERS WERE CLEAR. It was as if the boat and its passengers were pioneers of a new path which purified muddy waters.

The dolphins were very quick to realise this and started to follow the behind the boat. They were attached by a rope to huge whales behind them, and the whales were attached to small islands by ropes, and the islands were attached to huge continents

by even more ropes. So in fact EVERYTHING was being towed along by the dolphins, and in the end the boat had travelled all the seas and the ocean was completely purified. It suggested to me that even if only a few people start a process, it can have widespread consequences and gather greatly in momentum.

Scene 2: Meditators were sitting in a circle singing songs and playing the guitar round a campfire, inside a glass yurt with a hole at the top for the smoke to escape. The yurt had been built for protection by the celestials, who were now busy elsewhere. Outside the yurt there was nothing but a widespread low-lying fire. I felt that the meditators were now having a rest and that the celestials were taking over.

Meditation Report 10. 17th July 2011

Many people requiring healing were lying in hospital beds in a very long corridor. After asking that energy be transferred to them, columns of light sprung up all around the beds, and these columns then connected horizontally through yet more bars of light so that they all lay in illuminated cots suspended in the air, safe from WATER which was rolling in quite rapidly underneath ...

When I turned my attention to the area of the globe known as the Pacific "ring of fire", I saw many meditators lying spread-eagled across small versions of the earth (one "earth" for each person), and light was passing through their bodies and out of their hands and feet to the edges of the Pacific rim. It was as if each person was floating on their stomach on top of the Pacific ocean, holding onto Japan with their left hand, reaching out to North America with their right hand, touching Australia with their left foot, and South America with their right foot.

Then a very large map of the Pacific opened up in front of me and I started building pillars of light all around the ring of fire, including the islands within, asking that this light may serve the people there, so that they may be in a better position to deal with any future danger, so that their powers of intuition and reaction response and warm-heartedness be increased. When the columns of light were all set up, the whole map went black and only the pillars of light remained, like a sort of beacon in the night. I understood this to mean that they would be there functioning as inspiration to assist whatever happens.

Offering thanks for being allowed to see this, Rosie

Meditation Report 11. 19th July 2011

Two angels appeared, one on each side of me, dressed in white, who moved my arms up

and down in synchronised movements, shaking dust off the surface and also from the inside. Then they did the same with my feet and legs (I was sitting down at the time). Then they took my whole body and put it into a glass sphere filled with a substance which made me float so that I had no gravity. Then they spun my body around a central pivot, my navel, so that I was rotating in all directions. Again, dark specks of dust were thrown out of me and landed on the spherical glass, darkening it. After this cleansing process I was wrapped in white towels.

The circle of meditators appeared again. Some were despondent, sitting cross-legged and looking at the ground in front of them. Others stood upright with their hands stretched upwards, and a sort of lightening came out of their hands. Others sat calmly and meditated. Below the surface, another circle of meditators from the inner earth were standing with arms stretched, but their influence was not yet fully felt on the surface.

In the middle was a pond surrounded by a low wall. At the centre of the pond were a few flowers - like pink water lilies or lotus blossoms - bunched together - floating on the surface. Suddenly, the water of the pond, which had been quite still except for small ripples caused by ducks and fish, started to spill over the low wall and the creatures moved away anticipating danger. The flowers in the middle started to rise, like a bunch of flowers with a single stem, and the stem grew and grew and became thicker and thicker, and the flowers at the top turned into enormous half-open blooms which rose high above the planet.

Simultaneously, the roots of the plant grew further and further down through the earth until they reached the earth's core, which they then started to enmesh in a sort of green net - a root system. Then the blooms opened fully and started to send out bolts of light into space. These landed on a whole circular network of planets which previously had not been visible, and similar bolts of lightening started to return to the huge blooms which now looked like a sort of giant antenna or radio transmitter.

This received energy did not travel down the central core of the plant, but outside of it, and down to the root system surrounding the earth's core, which then lit up. The "trunk" of the plant was actually one tube inside the other, the energy from the planets entering the space between the two, and the messages or energy transmitted by the plant itself travelling upwards through the central tube.

When the meditators saw this they all stood up and stretched their arms out, and now all of them sent energy through their hands to support the plant in its work,

which was to strengthen the earth and simultaneously strengthen connection to the other planets.

I asked what "messages" the other planets were sending: the reply was: "We are sending support, information and compassion and we are on standby".

Meanwhile, all the meditators and the plant seemed to be raised on a podium, because they were surrounded by waves and very strong winds. The plant was shaking and bending quite a lot, but with the secure connection to the other planets (who were sending so many bolts of light that they appeared to be one continuous ray) and with the supportive energy of the meditators' hands, the plant was able to withstand this storm.

I asked if there was anything else I was allowed to see: suddenly everything went dark, the plant retreated, shrank, until it was again a bunch of lilies on a pond, and all the meditators were bending forward, their foreheads on the ground, in the "rolled leaf" yoga position. It was not that the waves were less threatening. The storm continued, and the ground was shaken by earthquakes, but the people were somehow protected and unaffected by these events. This, I understood, had something to do with a period of stasis, where everything stands still in time.

I give thanks and may this vision assist our understanding. Rosie

Meditation Report 12. 20th July 2011

After connecting to Source, the earth appeared as a huge red apple. There was a sort of heightened feeling of expectation, as if the earth was bringing forth her harvest, in abundance, in gratitude, ready to move on.

A great crowd of people was gathered at the position of the North Pole, where they could see the handle of a huge golden key turning. The key extended throughout the earth's central axis, penetrating the core halfway. Those who saw the huge gold handle turning knew that something monumental was going to happen. It was almost as if the earth was being wound up like a clockwork. The crowd watching actually assisted the turning by raising their hands and sending energy towards it. When fully wound up, the key stopped and was then removed from the earth by celestial hands from above.

The earth-apple suddenly turned a very bright green and started to vibrate very strongly. The people at the top were ready for this, anticipating a big change, having seen the turning handle. Others were less prepared and very worried. As the vibrating increased in magnitude, spaceships threw a sort of grid or net around the

earth to support and stabilise it. Others threw flowers and ribbons and balloons - lots of party accoutrements - which hung in the net. When I asked what all this meant, the message was quite clear: "THIS IS THE TIME OF CELEBRATION, for transition from red to green, from bud to bloom".

Meditation Report 13. 23rd July 2011

Explanation: part of the preparation process before starting meditation includes inviting OBJECTIVITY so that I can more clearly see, uncoloured by personal bias or emotions. This involves visualising a crystal ball right in front of my third eye. It is usually transparent, except for a few flecks of black which I draw out of it until the crystal is clear. Then I mentally pull it into the space behind my third eye and it lodges there, assisting me with objectivity.

This time, the crystal ball did not appear. It had to be made. I saw a pair of hands (which I later understood to be my own hands) taking a lump of clay, playing around with it, rolling it out, crushing it together again, rolling it out again and then scoring it with markings, as if a giant comb had been pulled across it in all directions. It looked like a tile criss-crossed with groves, covered in paste, as if it were about to be stuck firmly on a wall. But then the hands crushed it all together again and it turned back into a ball.

The hands played with the ball, tossing it all over the place, placing it on the table and regarding it from all angles, but it was still brown and heavy and rough in texture, so that hands were not satisfied. So the hands fired the ball in a kiln and it came out shiny and hardened, but still brown. The hands hacked it to pieces, grinding each piece into dust, and added water to make a new paste.

The infinite patience and love and dedication shown by the hands during this long and wearying process simultaneously transformed the consistency and hue of the paste so that it became as clear as glass. It also became so elastic that the hands discovered they could produce ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING.

The hands used the new paste to form a perfect ball, then changing it into a tree, then a dolphin, then a dinosaur, then a stone, and finally a man. And this changing of forms took place at the single touch of the hands at an astonishing pace.

When I saw the figure of a man in front of me, transparent and life-sized, I somehow knew that I had CREATED MYSELF, and that I am responsible for CREATING MY OBJECTIVITY MYSELF, FREEING MYSELF OF AUTOMATIC HABITS AND

THOUGHT FORMS AND RESIDUES OF OLD INFLUENTIAL EXPERIENCES IN ORDER TO CLEAR MY VISION.

Suddenly, the transparent figure shrank again into a perfectly round and clear crystal ball, which I drew into the third eye area in the usual way. I was left with the feeling that we can only achieve objectivity if we work hard at it - approaching it repeatedly from many different angles - by leaving familiar and reassuring scenarios behind to create radical new forms, only to then leave those behind too to create newer ones, observing the process all the time and becoming increasingly objective and balanced.

Meditation Report 14. 27th July 2011

A camel appeared, walking slowly through the desert. It had three humps. A woman sat between the first and second, and a man sat between the second and third. They seemed to be on a very long journey, tired, dirty, hungry and weary. The camel was in very bad shape and walked with great hesitation.

Suddenly, the camel jerked its head to the left, and there, on the horizon, was a shining white spot, an oasis. The camel did not really want to change direction, but in the end it did so. As they came nearer and nearer, it was clear that the buildings of the oasis were all bright and shining, made of transparent glass, including a dome at the centre.

A line of green ran across the desert in front of the oasis. When the camel saw this, it started running because it knew that green signifies plants and water. When the couple arrived, they were royally welcomed. It was definitely the end of their journey and they were definitely expected and cared for, and took part in a large meeting in the white dome.

When I asked what this means, I was told that this was the present, version of the vision, seen from a third dimensional perspective, and that I would now see the same vision from a higher fifth dimensional perspective. Here is second version.

Again, two people were travelling on a camel, but this time the whole unseen world was also visible. Esu (the soul who incarnated together with Christ Michael as Jesus) was leading the camel by an invisible rope. It was he who tugged the camel's head round to see the oasis in the distance. Although the camel (representing our mother earth) seemed to have difficulty walking she was in fact supported all the way by invisible helpers (all meditators, celestials and Agatha inner earth inhabitants). They pulled and pushed the camel towards its goal, until the camel started to run by itself.

This shows how many invisible hands are at work, and that we (riding on our mother earth/camel) are guided towards our inevitable goal. May this serve our understanding, Rosie

Meditation Report 15. 28th July 2011

A river appeared in my inner eye, and three very small yellow ducklings were struggling to swim. Usually, when they became disconcerted or lacking in strength, they would hop onto their mother's back for a rest, but this time, the mother duck was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, they felt something move just below them, in the water, and the ducklings were carried along and able to rest, no longer needing to swim. The surface they stood on was not warm and fluffy, like their mother, but it was supportive nevertheless, and so the ducklings travelled effortlessly down the river on the back of an unknown and unseen entity.

As they did so, people began to gather on the shores of the river, watching the ducklings miraculously standing on the water, or so it seemed. They cheered and waved but stayed on the sidelines, not daring to take the plunge and try this themselves, and the ducklings basked in their admiration and applause. In the beginning, the ducklings were amazed at this attention, but as they grew into ducks, they came to consider this as normal, expecting crowded banks and enthusiastic cries whenever they made a public appearance.

As the river expanded in width and the banks retreated, the ducks automatically quashed any feelings of unease, propped up by their convictions of self-importance. When they realised that they were approaching the open sea and rougher waves, they became afraid, but swim they could not because they had missed their chance to learn, preferring to stay on the ever-supportive back of the entity carrying them. As always, they relied on their unknown supporter, even more so as they could no longer communicate with their fans on the shore.

It was then, as the waves tossed and turned them, that they saw patches of skin revealed under their feet, and they realised that all this time, they had been in dire danger, riding on the back of a crocodile. And almost at the same moment, they realised that not only one crocodile was making for the open seas, but thousands of crocodiles emerging from the mouths of many rivers, each one carrying ducks on their backs.

The crocodiles all converged, drawn as if by magnetism, to a whirlpool of incomparable

depth and strength. No-one could withstand this pull. The crocodiles and their passengers dived down into this hole which turned into a black watery tunnel, and at the end of the tunnel was an intense light. On reaching this, the crocodiles disintegrated. One duck - symbolic for all the ducks - was not disintegrated but enclosed inside an egg, which rolled out of the water onto a hot desert. The light inside the egg was dim but rosy, indicative of the bright light outside, promising joy, renewal and rebirth, providing that the duck inside could respond to the hope that its experience outside the egg would be beneficial and enriching, and if this urge was translated into action (pecking its way out).

This vision ended with a big question mark: would the duckling stay in the cosy comfort of dim pink light inside the shell - food and support provided - or would it cast that aside to step into a new dimension, more light and clarity, and limitless horizons. What choice will it make? And WHAT CHOICE WILL WE MAKE? DO WE NOTICE WHEN WE HAVE LEFT THE BANKS OF OUR SANITY? DO WE REALISE WHO IS SUPPORTING OUR PASSIVITY AND LACK OF INDEPENDENCE? DO WE RECOGNISE THE SECRET SUPPORTERS? OR ARE WE ONLOOKERS FROM THE BANKS, WONDERING WHEN WE WILL DARE TO TAKE THE PLUNGE, OR ARE WE APPLAUDING SPECTATORS OF UNSEEN HORRORS, DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES? WILL WE STAY IN OUR SHELLS OR BREAK OUT AND DISCOVER THE POTENTIAL OF LIMITLESS HORIZONS?
May this assist our understanding, love Rosie

Meditation Report 16, 29th July 2011

I suddenly saw a large house, very tall with many storeys, but still old-fashioned looking. It was full of wolves laughing, full of bravado, hanging out of the windows. Inside was a throne room and banquet hall, and other rooms where obscene scenes and rituals were taking place behind closed doors.

In spite of all this there was a bauble of very strong light situated right on top of the roof, as if the Divine Source was observing and monitoring all this from an upper standpoint. The light flashed on and off like the warning light of an ambulance, as if on red alert and waiting for the right moment to strike.

And strike it did, like lightning from heaven, and it pierced through the house, a continuous and concentrated beam of light from the sky, which pierced through the central core of the house of depravity and corruption. The beam started to turn, slowly at first, as the "dark" and heavy atmosphere in the house made it very difficult. As it got up speed it widened and threw out everything which came into its

path, like a gyrating tornado. This felt like a very very difficult cleansing process, but one which was unstoppable once it got underway.

Meditation Report 17, 21st July 2011

I saw a very large glass dome with a large circle of meditators or priests and priestesses, dressed in white. They were conducting some sort of gently clapping ritual, touching the palms of their neighbour's hand with their own hand. In front of every meditator lay a large leaf, with a red cherry placed on top of it. These were all blessed. Then the earth appeared as a large apple in the middle of the circle and all the leaves swirled round it until they formed a spiral on the floor. The earth was at the centre of the spiral. The cherries - which I felt to be assisting entities - deities or ships or positive forces - then surrounded the earth in a sort of grid, equally spaced around the apple, and continuing underneath the apple AS IF THE FLOOR DID NOT EXIST (I wrote that intuitively in capitals and then asked it there was a message). Message: "That which seems to be hard and indestructible and solid beneath your feet is actually a door which can open into new dimensions and perspectives".

Meditation Report 18, 10th July 2011

A large circle of seated meditators appeared. At the centre a HUGE BURST OF FIRE was blasting forth continuously. It was surrounded by a wall - not very high - and guarded by the dark forces in a close circle around it. Between the large circle of meditators and the dark forces was a lot of land, like a map, where people were going about their daily business.

Sometimes a spark from the fire would land in a street, for example, and then there would be temporary emergency calls and a fire brigade would be called to put it out. Others, who got too near the wall, were either burnt by sparks falling or turned away by the dark forces.

The people on this "map" could actually have seen the blast of fire if they had looked up at the sky in the right direction for long enough, but most were too busy and preoccupied with their own affairs. The meditators were on higher ground and larger, so they could see the fire clearly if they wanted. Some did not see it as they had their eyes closed or were talking to their neighbours. Another walked round trying to draw their attention to the fire. Some of them were bowing down and worshipping the fire with their foreheads on the ground. Another ran towards the fire and sacrificed himself. Another (and I think this was me) took a writing pad and pencil and started

to record all these things that were happening, describing the scene.

The fire continued until the whole sky was red. In the end, no-one could deny that there was something very different, something very wrong, some monumental change at work. Some panicked, some stayed inside. Some threw themselves on the ground and asked forgiveness. Others crowded into churches and felt helpless. Everyone sensed that these were the end times and everyone dealt with that in different ways.

Meditation Report 19, 1st July 2011

During meditation I saw a big net sieving out lots of dark rocks from a crystal, and then a large comb going through the dark rocks, separating them into various piles. In the end, only a pile of black dust - very very small particles - were left - but actually when I looked at them they were not black at all but sparkling light particles. Then all the larger rocks were hammered down so much that they too turned into this light dust, the texture of powder. These particles of pure light were then rolled into balls and unravelled round the earth in a network of light.

I felt that this meant that the last vestiges of the "dark" were being filtered out and being transformed in some final process.

A large group of meditators was sitting in a very large circle in meditation, with a fire at the centre. A bird arose from the fire and sang "Good news" in all directions. (Comment: this bit about the bird rising phoenix-like is interesting because just before the meditation I looked out of the window into the next door garden and saw a blackbird disappear into a hedge. The hole in the hedge is between two objects - a huge discarded frying pan and a fire extinguisher. As birds often give me messages I paid attention to this, and I was reminded of the phrase "out of the frying pan into the fire").

Meditation Report 20. 3rd June 2011

A large number of meditators are standing or sitting in a large circle in a forest clearing. A golden thread comes out of the crown chakra of each person and unites in the middle of the circle so that the threads form a sort of golden dome. The merged threads then ascend as one to join Source.

Similarly, the golden threads descend through the chakras of each person, dividing to pass through the legs, and reunite under the earth to form one large golden thread descending to the core of our earth and then ascending again. (At this point I asked for this circuit of light to be activated and to continue automatically)

The central core above ground additionally turned into a huge fountain which fell well beyond the circle of meditators and landed on very parched ground. Then everyone stood up, hugged each other and splashed water at each other, and the deserts were transformed into verdant green meadows with many plants growing at an amazing rate.

Meditation Report 21, 30th July 2011

Scene 1

The city of Las Vegas lay below, covered in very thick layers of black cloud. The top layer was swarming with thousands of giant wasps patrolling the cloud cover to see if there were any holes developing and to seal them up again if necessary. Not even the tiniest ray of sunlight was allowed to penetrate.

Celestial forces in the form of light beams started to piece the clouds forming a hole which continued through all the cloud layers until it reached the ground. The meditators assisting the celestial forces pulled back the edges of cloud like rolling back huge grey carpets. In this way the hole grew bigger and bigger, allowing a stream of pink air to rise up through the hole from the city below. This was an escape route for all the innocent and abused people imprisoned in the sex / gambling / trafficking industries. All these people were propelled upwards by the pink ray towards freedom.

Meanwhile the celestials and meditators tried to widen the gap in the clouds, coming into great conflict with the giant wasps. Eventually there was not just one hole in the cloud cover but a great rift, allowing a whole wall of pink light to rise in the middle. (Comment: when the first pink light appeared through the first hole, I was physically filled with a tingly sensation all over my body, a feeling of being at great peace, a feeling of great relief).

Scene 2

The sky was suddenly filled with what can only be described as a *CALL* to the soul, on a sound level but also like a huge vibration, and there was a sense of knowing that this was extremely important, a matter of life and death, and that it was imperative to respond to this call.

The sky was suddenly full of space-craft shooting beams of light onto the ground. Some rushed out with their families and tried to convince others that this was an escape route and that they should enter the beam. Some were screaming. Others hung back, waiting to see what others would do. Some were sort of interested enough to be filming the scene with their mobile phones, but they did not recognise the urgency of this. Yet others remained in their homes, afraid. Those with prior knowledge or trust entered the beams, one by one, and were beamed up to craft.

Scene 3

A woman and her children beamed up from earth (now supported and embraced by new companions) were standing on the bridge of a spacecraft looking back at the earth. They were remembering everything which had happened there and everything they had left behind. They knew instinctively that everyone else was cared for in a certain way, even if they did not experience that personally. They saw that the whole scenario - the whole ascension process - provided the opportunity for each soul to go to the right place at exactly the right time, with exactly the right favourable conditions for the next learning experience. They realised with great relief that the parameters were perfect for everyone.

After looking at the earth from this perspective, they then turned the other way to look at all the other planets which would become part of their future. Again, they were given to understand that nothing is lost in this universe, that the network of relationships and connections can always be reactivated, that the circuits are always open, that it is always possible to gain new experiences, but never to lose old ones, that all are steps involving soul growth on a journey towards ever-increasing light, joy and universal companionship between the Creator and all parts of the created.

Meditation Report 22, 1st August 2011

An aerial view of the city of Bogata with lots of high-rise buildings came into view, as if I was approaching it by plane. Suddenly a gigantic hoover-like machine appeared in the skies, and a wide tube was lowered from it. The end of the tube was fitted with a huge transparent nozzle, big enough to fit over the whole city like a glass dome. No-one in the city noticed this. The streets were black, and everyone had their eyes lowered, fixed on the pavements, searching the blackness for the brightness of a golden coin which might assist them.

The huge hoover started to suck in air, and with it, thousands of dark thought-forms like ragged black cloths flew upwards. From my distant standpoint, I watched this for

a while, feeling a little superfluous - an observer on the sidelines - but then I decided to actively enter into the process.

At this point I BECAME THE HOOVER, sucking in dark elements with every breath, and sending back white flowers and petals with every exhale. It struck me at that moment, that the hoover had not been sending white flowers back - only carrying out the removal by sucking - and that COMPLETE AND SUSTAINED TRANSFORMATION OF OUR EARTH INTO PARADISE IS NOT POSSIBLE WITHOUT OUR CONTINUED COMMITMENT. It was again impressed upon me that the key to successful transformation is ourselves being the change.

With all the petals falling, the streets of Bogata were a sea of white. Seeds fell too, growing into sturdy bushes with large horizontal blooms, and the ragged street children climbed into them, sleeping in the petals and drinking the nectar. And the petals continued to fall until every house was white.

The people who had been looking onto the ground, and who continued to do so, thought this was an unexplained miracle. They were in wonder but also a bit helpless because they did not understand it, considering the black streets as well as the white ones a freak of fate.

Others looked up and stretched their hands to the sky. They understood what was happening, that the white and golden rain falling resulted from the power of the Divine working through his servants. And so these people came into the realisation of their own divine potential, having witnessed this. They helped those on the ground to look up and be in wonder and gratefulness too.

I asked what the message of all this was and the reply was: "WHEN WE SHINE WE CAN SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE AND INSPIRATION TO OTHERS, LIGHTING UP THEIR OWN DIVINE SPARK. Speak to those who are on their knees searching desperately for the answers on the ground, for the next lost coin, for the next hand-out, and make them aware of the great heights of content and even ecstasy if only they will extend their awareness upwards - AN UPWARD MOVEMENT OF THE SOUL BROUGHT ABOUT BY CEASELESS QUESTIONING, READJUSTMENT, HUMILITY AND GRATITUDE FOR ALL EXPERIENCES OFFERED THEM, which are stepping stones of the learning process. Visualise the white rose, the flower of compassion directing your behaviour to yourselves and others."

Meditation Report 23, 2nd August 2011

The city of Bogata, still riddled with dark networks like a tangled and intricate root system of a very hardy and persistent bush, appeared in front of me. A huge Hoover appeared which sucked all the impurities (here represented by flying specks of dust) out of me.

The city of Bogata then turned UPSIDEDOWN above me, so that the leaves and trunk of this enormous central bush swayed above me. I got hold of the trunk and pulled and pulled. Together with all forms of assistance the bush was gradually ripped out of the ground together with the main roots. However, many small roots were still in the ground and everyone reached above (the ground still being upsidedown) to dig them out, pull them out.

I scraped the little roots away with my fingernails (and I actually did this physically during the meditation, my hands in the air, always in time with my inhaling breath.) and pulled out as many as possible. Then, I felt "full" of these "dark" roots, and started to breathe them out again, transformed, and I saw little white and golden clouds popping out of my mouth on every exhale.

These clouds formed a sort of protective cover above me. The city of Bogata slowly turned the right way up again, rotating at many different angles so that the cloud cover could completely surround it. In the end, the whole city was enclosed in a large white and gold speckled bauble or closely fitting clouds. The white clouds were protection, and the gold clouds were also transparent. Their function was to allow divine light and energy to enter the bauble and cleanse the city even more.

When I asked whether there was anything else important to relate. I was told: THE TRANSFORMATIONAL POWER OF BREATH SHOULD NOT BE UNDERESTIMATED. IF YOUR BREATH IS LOADED WITH GOLDEN INTENT, IT CAN PRODUCE A BENEFICIAL EFFECT AT EVERY MOMENT. YOUR BREATH CAN TURN STONE STATUES INTO GOLD, COLD THOUGHTS INTO WARM ENERGY, AND COLD HEARTS TOWARDS COMPASSION, IF YOU WILL ONLY DISCOVER YOUR OWN POWER, LITTLE ONES. USE THIS POWER WELL, ALWAYS IN SERVICE, FOR IT IS THIS WHICH YOU FAIL TO SEE: YOURSELVES AS MANY POSITIVE LINKS IN A HOLY CHAIN OF GOLD:

Meditation Report 24, 3rd August 2011

Before meditation I asked for cleansing, and this came in the form of being put into a hammock which was made of very finely meshed netting. Angels swung this from side to side in a sort of silver watery liquid, and as they swung me to and fro, specks of

dust flew out of my body into the liquid, first making colourful swirls, and then gradually disappearing. When I had got used to this and had lost my fear, the angels lowered the hammock so that I was completely submerged. To my surprise, I could breathe underwater without any problem, and here the cleansing process became more intense.

Suitably cleansed for the task, my attention then turned to the cleansing of dark elements in Columbia. A map of Columbia appeared in front of me, with red pools of blood flecking the surface. I was led to understand that these were not the atrocities or murders themselves, but the vibrations of fear which they had left behind and which were still lodged in the minds of the witnesses to these events.

Suddenly a huge tube appeared from above with a nozzle at the end, like a paintbrush. I took the tube and painted over the red spots of blood with a white foamy substance which came out of the nozzle. It was like an extremely nourishing sort of fluffy white soil. A hand threw seeds onto these white patches and they immediately sprouted, growing into blue flowers. In this way, small patches of meadow emerged in the streets of the cities. The people who approached the flowers and smelled their sweet aromas were freed of their fear. Thus the FEAR IN THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO LIVED THROUGH THE ATROCITIES WAS TRANSFORMED INTO JOY.

I asked why the flowers were blue, and the answer given was that it was a pendant to red flowers, like poppies, indicative of the drug trade which had caused so much damage to the country.

I continued to search for red patches of blood, transforming them into patches of meadow. Much larger red patches were to be found in the mountainous areas where they surrounded heaps of bodies, mass graves and whole camps. Again, I sensed these had to do with the drug trade. These large areas, when covered with white soil and sown with seeds, became thick jungles of blue flowers, which turned into enormous plants. Their perfume was extremely strong, indicating that the atrocities committed here were much more concentrated, requiring much stronger methods of transformation.

On the very tallest mountain stood a very large statue with a round smiling face and limbs painted in various bright colours. This could be seen from far and wide, and indeed, all the people in the area looked up towards it. The special quality of this statue was that it NEVER STOOD STILL. IT PIROUETTED CONTINUOUSLY, FIRST ON ONE LEG, THEN ON THE NEXT, ITS ARMS GRACEFULLY WAVING IN CONTINUOUS FLOWING MOVEMENT, SOMETIMES CHANGING DIRECTION,

ALWAYS LEAVING THE PAST BEHIND. The people watching were inspired by the grace of this turning statue, by the continuous rhythm and constant smile, and it encouraged themselves to look at their own lives, to recognise where they were blocked, and to move on with grace, welcoming the new.

Meditation Report 25. 4th August 2011

The cleansing process which precedes meditation took on a different form today. A very large book - the book of my life - appeared in front of me, opened at the middle. On the left page was the word PAST, and the page on the right side said FUTURE. I sat on the crack between past and future, in the middle of the book.

My body was not solid. One by one the pages of the past turned, cutting through me almost as if I were invisible, but taking with them fears or sorrows or anger related to the past events written those pages of my life. These appeared in the form of black blotches on the pages after this residue from the past had been TAKEN OUT OF MY BODY. My body became lighter and more porous as a result.

Then the pages of the future started to turn over, one by one, again cutting through me leaving me unscathed, again taking unhealthy elements out of my body. These were all the hindrances, anticipations, expectations and pressures which clouded my potential for the future. With each page that turned, my body became more transparent, and in the end my skin was completely white and consisted of finely meshed netting which let everything through, COMPLETELY FLEXIBLE, COMPLETELY READY TO ABSORB WHATEVER COMES, TO WELCOME THE NEW WITHOUT HESITATION AND DISPERSE OF THE OLD IMMEDIATELY.

Then the book closed and I danced on top of it, spinning and twirling in spiralling and circular movements. Jumping off the book I danced towards the circle of meditators gathered to send their energy to Central America. They were standing there rather formally and stiffly. I continued to spin and became part of the circle. The energy spinning off me transferred to the person next to me, who started to spin, and so the energy was transported round the circle until everyone was dancing and illuminated with light.

Then the meditators stopped, spread their arms and met in the middle for a communal hug. Moving back to form a circle again they all held hands, and suddenly it was as if we had all just jumped out of a plane to free fall. The earth was beneath us - the area of Columbia up to Central America and Mexico was clearly visible. A large column of light from Source suddenly filled the circular space between us, and we

directed it and pumped it down (with movements of our arms) to where it was needed on earth.

Thousands of white flowers fell through the column of light to land on streets, countryside and people. The children ran towards them immediately and picked them up, instinctively giving them to those who needed them, for the flowers had the power of opening the heart, when placed exactly on the heart.

I was still a figure with white netting skin, and when I landed on the ground I stretched out my fingers, from which rays of light emitted. They were like laser beams which purified everything in their path (when the circle of free-falling meditators expanded and they dropped hands, their fingers were still connected through rays of the same kind). Children rushed up to me and playfully put their fingers onto mine, and they were delighted to see that the light then transferred to themselves. As a catalyst then, I transferred the light and the children continued and took over the purification process.

I give thanks for seeing this. May these scenes further our understanding, Rosie

Meditation Report 26, 5th August 2011

By Rosie meditating upstairs (*accompanied by the music of her unknowing son, who was playing the piano and cello downstairs*)

After connecting up to Source as usual, the preliminary cleansing process began. I lay on my back on a very small sandy island, with my feet in the water. The water was white and washed over my feet gently, and as the tide rose, it began to lap around my ankles, then my knees, and then all the way up the body until it reached my neck. The island shrank accordingly, until it was the size of my head. Simultaneously, I was rotating anti-clockwise, as if I was the second hand on a horizontal clock, and my head the central pivot. I understood that this had something to do with reversing or altering or stopping time as we generally know it.

Suddenly I was upside-down, balancing on my head on the miniscule island, and then I dived head first, travelling towards the centre of the earth like an arrow. At the end of the journey I found myself in a huge hall where a great number of people were gathered together round a huge crystal. These included people from the inner earth, celestials, and fellow meditators from all areas of the earth's surface.

The atmosphere was taut, full of excitement, as if something very important was about to happen. The hall flickered with orange light as if a very large fire was

burning somewhere and throwing shadows onto the walls. Everyone formed a large circle and held hands, intending to increase their energy level before taking part in this event. They first did this through dancing (*and here I could hear my son improvising on the piano in the background, with frequent changes in rhythm, tone and pace*), and the circle of meditators danced in harmony with this music, with small, large, swirling, meditative, fast or slow steps.

They also experimented in pairs, one person leading while the other person closed their eyes, then the "blind" person leading, and running blindfold supported by the partner. This showed everyone new areas of freedom and consciousness, extending beyond their usual limits, and this put them in a state of bliss and high energisation. Some people gathered together in groups, surrounding one person to stroke all negative energy out of the body, and then placing hands firmly on the feet and legs to ground them.

Lots of children entered with their arms full of white flowers. I (and several others) had white porous skin with quite large holes in it, and we were asked to lie down while the children poked the stems of the white flowers through the holes in our skin. The flowers were symbols of complete purity and innocence, and feeling their influence in my body was completely overwhelming, so much so that I started to cry and could not bear it until two people came to hold my hands.

All those white bodies lay in a star shape round the central crystal. Everyone else formed one large circle again and held hands. (*At this point, my son stopped playing the piano in the background, and there was complete silence*). Then, in one go, everyone sent all the energy they had built up to the central crystal, which then sent two huge beams of white light to the earth's surface. The two beams were entwined and gyrated continuously, and there were two figures who twirled in the light and who in fact were the light. I understood this to be the Divine Feminine and the Divine Masculine.

These figures sent sparks of their combined energy into the air, which appeared as orange bubbles. These grew into enormous orange disks which floated in the sky like clouds, and joined together. On earth there was absolute silence as if everything had been put on hold. Suddenly the disks sent down their energy all over the earth in the form of rain. Many people could not deal with this, and so they were sucked upwards, accompanied by a whooshing sound (I understood them to be transitioning). Others stood silently and were able to receive this energy. (*At this point I suddenly heard my son playing the cello - long slow notes, in a minor key, playing a bit hesitantly, practising a new piece*). As this music started, the people remaining on earth started

to move their limbs very slowly and carefully, as if trying out a new body for the first time, slowly coming to life on an as yet barren and unfamiliar but NEW WORLD.

When I asked whether there was any message to accompany this vision, I received the following: TELL THEM THAT THERE WILL BE AN ORCHESTRATION OF THIS KIND AND THAT ALL IS PREPARED IN LOVE.

Meditation Report 27, 7th August 2011

The preliminary cleansing process consisted of me spinning around very quickly on the spot. Impurities flew out and upwards in a swirl of black, so that there was a sort of vortex above me. All the dark particles were collected above by a huge hand which moulded them into a clear crystal ball. Infused with a sort of laser beam of celestial light, this ball then shattered into thousands of bright sparks which re-entered my body to energise it.

After inviting various celestials to assist, they all appeared and sat on the upper echelons of a large amphitheatre, while other meditators sat on the lower steps, receiving additional energy from behind. In the middle was a large circular arena covered in water, and below the water was a map of Mexico and California.

First, all the celestials dived into the water to sweep all the pollution in the Gulf of Mexico together. Again, this formed a spiral or vortex which rose into the sky to be transformed into sparkling positive energy. The celestials combed through the countryside, removing especially dark patches, and then returned to their seats in the amphitheatre.

The second dive was then taken by the meditators, including myself. I found myself in Los Angeles where the streets were largely coated with a thick black treacly substance, which stuck persistently like glue. I tugged at it, as we all did, but to no avail because it retreated instantly, recoiling in the face of light.

Then we were all provided with a large shield. One side was black and the other consisted of very brightly shining metal. When we went forward protecting ourselves with the black side of the shield, the treacly substance was immediately attracted to the blackness and stuck to it. When we had accumulated great masses on our shields, we turned the black sides towards the divine light above which transformed it into positive energy and returned it to the streets. The people, whose paths had been severely hampered by the black treacle, and who had been living in a suffocating

atmosphere, were now illuminated by strong light and began to dance happily in the streets.

Meditation Report 28, 17th August 2011

The initial cleansing ritual consisted of two angels holding a sieve horizontally, and drawing it through my body, starting at the head and ending at the feet. The first sieve was fairly coarse, catching the larger particles of dirt which resembled pieces of coal. The process was repeated with a more finely meshed sieve which removed small pieces of black stone. The next sieve looked like net curtain material, combing out black dust from my body. The following sieves did not seem like sieves at all, but were made out of seemingly solid material - very finely woven cloth, wood, and finally glass. I was given to understand that although they looked solid, they also contained "gaps" between their molecules, and were capable of sieving the very last specks of dark dust which are normally invisible to the human eye. After this, I felt completely pure, as if I could walk through a pane of glass and that it would remain clear after I had passed through it.

I saw myself as a member of a circle of meditators who were closely associated with one another, and when I looked across to the other side of the circle I saw an angel of light, dressed in white, but as I continued to look in that direction I realised that this was one of many many angels standing in various rows, like a choir ready to sing.

The ground within the circle of meditators suddenly opened up, and the meditators found themselves on the edge of a very deep pit with a fire at the bottom and brick walls lining the sides, like the inside of a sunken chimney. Frightened or embittered people were climbing up the sides towards the surface, trying to escape the flames.

The angels joined the meditators at the edges of the pit. When the climbers reached the top and saw the angels waiting for them, they reacted in different ways. Some were so filled with anger and hatred that they threw themselves back into the fire in an attempt at self-destruction. But despite this, they always survived to have a very unpleasant experience among the flames, with the result that they started to climb the walls again.

On their arrival at the top, other climbers were so struck with amazement or humility or remorse or unbearable sadness that they were motioned by the angels to sit a while in silent contemplation, with an angel at their side for moral support. After a while the angels bestowed forgiveness and encouraged their charges to forgive themselves also.

Yet others were overcome with joy, so utterly rejecting the darkness which had compassed their journey so far, that they embraced the light with great passion and devotion to the same degree to which they had devoted themselves to malpractices. These climbers dived into divine service with a fever which even had to be tempered by the angels at times.

Yet other climbers were completely mystified by the presence of the angels, relegating them to the status of ghosts, and reacting to them with fear. Such people were led to a large halls, made to sit in rows, and all were very slowly shown in a series of very clear steps what had been the nature of their journey so far AND WHY IT WAS CHANGING SO RADICALLY NOW.

Yet others burst into tears on seeing the angels, recognising their purity and, by default, their own bestiality, subservience, lack of stature and independence, and their rule by fear. These people cried when confronted with the opposite, with the angel's overwhelming love and understanding. This was too much for them. The angels spoke to these climbers gently, rocking them in their arms like babies, explaining and comforting and encouraging them in kind but firm tones until they were able to get to their feet and continue their journey.

Meditation Report 29, 29th August 2011

A circle of all people meditating simultaneously appeared. Their joint energy streams connected, were amplified in strength by a beam of light from the Isle of Paradise above, and then descended to the core of our earth. Assisted by the inner earth inhabitants, this energy was condensed so that it had an even higher vibration, and it was sent to the earth's surface to places of distress.

This took the form of hundreds and thousands of white birds flying up from the core through a large funnel, and then dispersing into the air and spacing out across the atmosphere, hovering at regular intervals. The light which emanated from their eyes pierced the ground with great force, thus increasing the vibrations generally.

The "spaces" between the birds were also bird-shaped (and here I was reminded of Escher's artwork entitled "Day and Night", see http://www.artchive.com/artchive/e/escher/escher_day_night.jpg) , and these bird-shaped "spaces" or shadow birds transmitted a weaker but still definite ray of energy to the surface. I was given to understand that spaces are never just spaces but energy fields, and that NON-ACTION as well as ACTION TAKEN has almost equal

impact, that THERE IS NO NOTHINGNESS OR VOID, THAT EVERYTHING IS RELATED AND VERY INTIMATELY CONNECTED, WITH ALL ACTIONS AND ALL NON-ACTIONS INEVITABLY INFLUENCING THE NEXT.

The white birds and their nebulous counterparts formed a sort of smooth uninterrupted skin around the whole earth. The more the birds graced the surface of Gaia with their intense gaze, the more the atmosphere round the earth seemed to glow and expand. It was as if the cover of birds was a balloon with the earth inside it - a balloon which inflated with the increase of the light.

With this increase in pressure, various small dark balloons on the earth's surface decreased in size, and eventually disappeared altogether. This was a cleansing process of dark entities and areas which reminded me of the phrase "taking the wind out of their sails".

Then the meditators were suddenly all at the core of the earth, looking upwards towards the crust which was completely visible from the underneath, like being inside a globe and seeing a world map in reverse. The mid-Atlantic ridge, as in fact all the fault lines, was a large crack, and volcanoes appeared as holes. The meditators sent up beams of light like search lights looking for cracks. When the beams fell on the cracks, the faults were immediately softened, as if gilded with a lubricant, as if the edges had been smoothed.

It was not possible to implement this process to ease "old" fault lines which did not show up as cracks. Instead they were visible as bulging veins running underneath the crust. I was given to understand that if these were to give way, the impact would be more serious than faults already experiencing a degree of movement. I felt that as a body of lightworkers, we were having a gentle and positive effect for the general good of the planet.

Meditation Report 30, 31st August 2011

A new meditation cleansing process occurred today. This time I was standing upright and an angel in a blue dress wrapped me up in a long white cloth, swaddling me tighter and tighter with every time she circled me. I was even turning in the opposite direction on a sort of pivot, making this even tighter.

In the end I started to struggle against this (I saw myself as being symbolic for all people gradually realising that they live in a prison-like situation, starting to rebel when they realise they can no longer move freely) and as I did so a black liquid oozed

out of me and into the bandages. As soon as this started, I was slowly unwrapped again, and the bandages were black, and I was still in physical form but very light and transparent.

Together with the usual circle of meditators we sent our joint energy to the core of Gaia, where it was emitted as sparks which were caught by higher entities and used as appropriate, but my concentration wavered quite a bit during this process and I did not keep it up for long. When I asked for insight and inspiration I saw a banana tree and was told not to focus on the old dry leaves which had flopped at the sides, but on the new leaves emerging one by one at the top of the tree. I was also given to understand that the "fruits" of my labours, which I could not see at the moment, would eventually be seen, but that they would look different to how I expected, just like people expect bananas to hang, when in fact they grow the other way around.

Meditation Report 31, 2nd September 2011

During the preliminary cleansing process I was painted all over with white paint. Dark areas requiring more cleansing showed through as grey patches when the paint dried, and so then additional layers were applied. In the end, when all dark patches had been treated, I looked like a completely white mummified body lying down. This then cracked in two like the case of a chestnut, and the kernel inside was my original body. This time it was a transparent golden colour all over, except for a white heart which was in the same sort of painted casing as my body previously.

Then I found myself part of a circle of meditators, all with the same golden bodies and white hearts. We all joined hands to create a continuous golden circuit. I was given to understand the "golden" aspect had nothing to do with wealth or solidity or worth. It meant that we are asked to approach each other and connect with each other in a way which is "golden", meaning remaining absolutely centred, with complete honesty and authenticity, paring our communications down to essentials unencumbered by details which may in other contexts be relevant but not in this joint action, without dithering or wavering or doubting.

The moment this higher level of vibration was reached by all meditating participants, all the white hearts split open simultaneously to reveal the golden centre, and these rained golden droplets into a central well which descended to the core of the earth, much resembling a fountain in reverse. With each exhale, every meditator showered the well with droplets from their golden heart, and the words came to me "let me be an instrument of your peace". There was also an image of myself flying as a butterfly,

still pouring out golden droplets, and the knowledge that the energy I was flapping with my wings - just as the love energy I was pouring out of my heart - was having an effect as decided by the celestials, even though I was not aware of the end result.

I have had an issue with concentration recently, and as there were many background noises during this meditation, I asked for help with how to integrate this. On the intake of breath, I noted the "disturbance", and on the exhale I pulled back to our joint purpose:

I hear a car passing,
Yet still I send the golden water of love to the core of the earth.
A loud discussion is continuing outside the window,
Yet still I send the golden water of the love to the core of the earth.
My chair is creaking,
Yet still I send the golden water of love to the core of the earth.
I am aware of my own straying thoughts,
Yet still I send the golden water of love to the core of the earth.

I personally felt that this is a very strong message for all of us: that it is very important for all of us to be very aware of our reactions or over-reactions to outward stimuli, to be aware of happenings or comments which spark off the necessity to look again at personal healing issues, to recognise personal faibles and prejudices and stories and unsolved riddles, and to see that all these have their place, BUT THAT THESE ARE SECONDARY TO OUR INTENT TO CREATE A JOINT POSITIVE EFFECT. To have a current running successfully, all links must be fully operating to full effect, unencumbered by personal baggage. Not that personal distress should not be addressed or mutual support given, but that these should be accompanying but not determining factors, otherwise conflict can take the upper hand and disrupt movement towards a common goal.

Meditation Report 32, 4th September 2011

After connecting up with our creator and all the celestials / inner earth people working together for the benefit of our earth, asking to be united as one and in alignment with divine will, I suddenly became very flushed and hot (whereas usually I feel cold and need to be wrapped in a blanket) and was distracted. Perhaps releasing this heat was a cleansing procedure in itself.

The meditators were all walking along different narrow paths in a huge forest, carrying rucksacks and treading slowly and heavily as if they had already been travelling on a very long journey. Although the paths were sometimes near each other, the walkers never met because the trees were so thick, and no-one deviated from the path they were on.

All the paths ended abruptly in front of the same deep sink hole in the middle of the forest, but still the distance between the paths was too far for the walkers to notice each other. When they reached the abyss, they swung off their rucksacks and sat down, thus becoming a circle of meditators, jointly sending their love and energy to the earth. This manifested as light which entered the sinkhole and descended downwards to the core. When it reached the core, it turned into sparks of energy which were transmitted further to needy areas as decided by other beings.

Knowing that Gaia is in the birth process, I encouraged her to focus on what she is giving birth to - the vision of herself as a pristine rebalanced planet of high vibration populated by loving people. At the same time I felt the importance of this FOR US ALL: HOW DO WE SEE OURSELVES, WHAT VISION DO WE HOLD FOR OURSELVES, because developing this as specifically as possible will draw us more quickly to our goal.

I understood that the meditators were connected etherically, and even more so through their joint meditation, but that they had not yet met on a physical level. On asking whether this was possible in the future, I saw an angel in white going through a gate surmounted by climbing roses into a beautiful garden. The angel held one meditator by the hand, and the rest followed holding hands in a sort of chain, until they reached a central pavillion with a round table. Here the meditators walked round the table once, forming a circle, and then they sat down to talk and laugh and eat and reminisce and wonder at all that had come to pass.

Meditation Report 33, 6th September 2011

The meditators were all dressed in simple, loose, white garments and sitting in a circle on the lowest steps of a huge, ancient stone amphitheatre similar the Roman style ruins in North Africa. Behind this initial circle (and supporting them mentally) sat rows of meditators from the inner earth and other assisting groups, and even further up the stone steps were the celestials and our galactic brothers and sisters. The front line of meditators did not turn round to look at them (Indeed, if they had, they would only have perceived diffuse forms) but they felt their presence and the strong connection to everyone in the arena.

As the chakra at the top of the head in every individual opened, a beam of Divine Light appeared from above and divided into many threads. One thread entered each chakra opening so that all were united. The light poured down this thread, through the bodies of the meditators, out through their feet, and down to the core of the earth.

The centre of the amphitheatre, where men and animals fought and were sacrificed in ancient days, was a large shaft which had pushed its way up from the core of the earth. I was given to understand that this shaft was not of human origin, like so many boreholes and mining operations dug by human hand, but a result of the earth driving energy upwards (strengthened by the extra energy sent to her).

When everyone present started to meditate and send their loving thoughts and energy to Gaia, a smooth golden liquid started to pour out of their crown chakra, descend their backs, forming small golden rivers which first ran horizontally along the circular stone seating, and then vertically in waterfalls down the steps which led down to the central area at regular intervals. These waterfalls propelled the golden liquid into the shaft.

After a while, the shaft was full to the brim and the liquid began to bubble gently. Still later, pressure was released in the form of a huge golden fountain which forced the liquid high into the air like an umbrella which spread over the amphitheatre, and which then spread as far as the eye could see, and then beyond that, and which eventually surrounded the whole planet.

Pressure was also released in the form of huge red coals pushed out of the golden liquid by flying angelic beings, and I understood that these were blockages which had been obstructing the flow of energy, and that it was a great relief for Gaia to expel them. They were swept upwards by the angelic beings into the outer atmosphere of the planet where they disintegrated into light particles and joined the golden sky cover formed by the fountain.

After seeing all this within the space of only 15 minutes, I was in such awe at the intensity and detail and pace of it all that I asked what the effect of such visuals or visions is. I was told that this is a variety of "thought imprint", that such imprints are never lost, that their influence continues once established, and that they can be "relived" or reused by others as desired to strengthen the original intent and to intensify and continue the process.

Meditation Report 34, 7th September 2011

All the meditators were sitting in a circle round a fountain holding hands with the people to their left and right. Previous to meditating, everyone underwent a cleansing process through the drops of water which fell continuously on their faces and bodies. This was to keep energy flowing generally. Then Esu appeared at the centre of the fountain and added his Christed energy to the droplets which in turn enabled the connection process to start.

Each meditator was connected to Source by a strong beam of light emitting from the crown chakra. This turned into a sort of thick root. Before starting this session I was wondering how it was possible to visualise connecting to EVERYONE ON SO MANY LEVELS AND DIMENSIONS, including celestials, inner earth meditators, and all activated light workers, and now I received the answer. Each root stretched to the sky and started to divide and grow towards other points of light in the sky, from which roots were also emerging, and with time the WHOLE SKY WAS A HUGE AND DENSELY MESHED ROOT SYSTEM WHICH STRETCHED AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE. This included other planets and galaxies.

But still, the meditators were not connected to everyone. When I asked how this could be achieved, the fountain in the middle died down and disappeared completely. The meditators were at first dismayed at this, because they thought that they had lost the source of the energy they were trying to transport, but then they suddenly realised that the Christed water which had showered on them continuously WAS NOW IN THEMSELVES AND THAT THEY HAD THE CAPACITY TO BE THE SOURCE OF DIVINE LIGHT THEMSELVES.

With this realisation came great joy, and they all stood up and danced together, and the roots growing out of their crown chakras danced with them, and the whole sky of roots moved with them, vibrating with additional energy which reached the very farthest parts of the universe, and every soul on earth.

I give thanks for this and all other visions, Rosie

Meditation Report 35, 9th September 2011

The Multicoloured Body

Again I saw myself being painted by a big brush, first white, and then all colours of the rainbow, one layer after the other. The last layer was dark. Then I was sort of

scanned so that I fully realised HOW I LOOKED ON THE INSIDE: it was a fantastic cross-section of layers of contrasting colour, with white in the middle, and black at the outward rim. This taught me that we all have many layers of experience and that we should NEVER JUDGE ANOTHER FROM OUTWARD APPEARANCES.

I saw the circle of meditators once more centred round a pool of water, and again two watery figures - one male one female - rose from the waves entwined with each other. They both stretched out their fingers. The fingers of the man ejected blue light, and the fingers of the woman ejected red light. The blue light was directed longitudinally, and the red light laterally, until the whole earth was crisscrossed in this fusion of male and female energy which served as a sort of stabilizer bringing balance.

Meditation Report 36, 11th September 2011

Crossing the Battlefield in the Time of Great Divide

The preliminary cleansing procedure consisted of my skin being brushed very firmly by small scrubbing brushes. As the old skin peeled off, the skin underneath was almost transparent with a bluish haze emitting from light within. I felt like a human light bulb. My feet and lower legs, which apparently needed grounding and needed the most attention, were covered in a layer of black oil, and so it took a long long time for the scrubbing brushes to complete their work and expose the translucent layer.

After connecting up to our Creator and thanking him for his universal love, I asked what it was important to see. Suddenly a white horse appeared, walking around slowly and clumsily in a field, up to his ankles in mud (in the same way as my ankles were covered in a layer of oil) and looking down at the mud continuously wondering how to get out of it.

Raising his head, the horse saw a red field next to the black field, where there seemed to be a lot more horses and a lot more action, and so he dragged himself in that direction. When he arrived, the horse found himself on a battlefield, surrounded by conflict and blood, and encountered many difficulties trying to traverse this without suffering wounds and getting involved.

On the other side of the battlefield was a very small white path with thorns on either side, in fact the entrance was almost invisible. It did not promise much but it seemed to the horse that this was the only route of escape. Once on this path - which was extremely narrow - the horse initially had difficulty staying his course, and was scratched by wild animals on each side, but in spite of this he knew he was safe on the white path and that the wild animals could not hurt him unless he wandered off it.

With increasing confidence that this was the right way to go, the white horse relaxed and broke into a trot. The more relaxed he became, the more the path widened, and now the wild animals were so far away that the horse did not give them a second thought. The path ended on a white shoreline, with the sea behind it. The horse entered the sea to be completely cleansed and to rejoin a multitude of other horses who had also found their way there.

I was given to understand that this was the white PATH OF LOVE similar to the one I had painted in the past, and I also heard the words THIS IS THE TIME OF GREAT DIVIDING AND GREAT REUNION.

Meditation Report 37, 12th September 2011

BEYOND THE BLACK CURTAIN

As part of the cleansing process I was wrapped in a large black net, but this time, instead of being pulled through me like a sieve, it unwrapped slowly cleansing the particles of dust outside of myself. I sensed that other meditators were with me in a large group, but I could not see them. I asked what stage we are at in the ascension process at the moment and what we can do to help, and I understood that there is still a curtain of forgetfulness or oblivion preventing us from seeing the whole situation, symbolised here by black curtains. As a group we were separated by black curtains which were so long that they dragged on the ground. Our task was to push them aside, try to link up with each other, and try to dissipate the heaviness in this stifling air, for the curtains prevented proper flow and circulation.

After a while pulling and pushing these curtains aside, and while expecting to suddenly see a curtain-free landscape in front of us, something completely different happened. Curtains were still blocking our way, but they were all lifted about 20 cm off the ground, and bright light shone over our feet. This gave us the completely new idea of lying on the floor to find each other, instead of trying to get through the curtains. I understood this to mean that our conventional ideas of how to set about things would change radically, opening up completely new possibilities.

Suddenly, all the curtains moved upwards, as if pulled by an invisible force. We found ourselves on a beach altogether, and when we looked up we saw many spaceships carrying the curtains away on the end of a rope.

The group of meditators sat down on the beach in pairs - man and woman together - and sat back to back, opening their crown chakras to let Divine energy pass through

them from above to the core of the earth beneath. After meditation was finished we celebrated by dancing in the shallow waves of the sea.

Meditation Report 38, 13th September 2011

BOUNCING ENERGY BALLS TO THE SUN AND BACK

All meditators were standing in a circle around a really huge tree similar to the HOME TREE in the film Avatar. We were all holding hands and were in awe at the sheer size of it.

Following our wish to be connected to the inner earth people, they started to emerge from the enormous roots in their thousands, filling up a large circular space all round the tree. Then all supporting groups and angels and celestials and fleet personnel appeared behind us so that we were supported on all sides.

Besides connecting mentally we connected physically, each person putting his/her left hand on the shoulder in front of him/her, and putting the other hand on the shoulder of the person on the right, sending our joint energy to the core of the earth.

Then we all moved en masse to the core, which by now was a huge bauble of light, and we were all very happy, experiencing what it meant to BE that light ourselves. We danced through the bauble at all angles, in a long long line, doing a sort of polonaise. During this, we passed all other people and looked into every smiling face.

Finally, we all exited the sphere which was now on a makeshift trampoline - an enormous round white cloth with meditators holding on to all the edges. Together we tossed the ball upwards through the roots and trunk of the tree, through the earth's atmosphere and on to the sun. When the ball of energy reached the sun it fused with it and the sun acquired the appearance of a huge Bunsen burner. A new and bigger ball reappeared and was tossed again by the meditators in the direction of the earth.

The ball surrounded the globe, lit it up briefly, and then everything went black, as if there was still so much darkness there that the light had been swallowed. On seeing this, the meditators hurried to repeat the whole process so that the light on earth could be reignited and sustained. They sent one energy ball after another to the earth until it resembled a brightly shining bauble.

Meditation Report 39, 16th September 2011

THE SMALL SILVER RAY

During meditation I was sitting in the sun and sending energy to the sun. In my mind's eye this energy took the form of a very thin but very pure silver ray of light.

I really felt SO SMALL AND HUMBLE compared with the sun, whose rays I could feel in reality burning down on my face. I told the sun that and the answer came that this did not matter at all, and that he would use the small silver ray.

As the silver ray reached the sun it was caught by a hand and drawn inside to the sun's heart. From there the hand took the ray and sent it back, placing it on my heart. I felt in awe to be connected in this way.

I also saw many hands extending from the sun holding familiar household objects like a brush or duster. This looked quite comical and I asked the meaning of it, and I understood that it was an attempt to show me that the sun is a soul like me and like everyone going through similar processes, though we may be at different stages. All in all, our ONENESS was the focus here.

Meditation Report 40, 17th September 2011

SPIRALS AND THE CONCENTRATED WEB

The preliminary cleansing ritual today consisted of multi-coloured swirling spirals like small galaxies sweeping across the sky and countryside around me. When the outside space had been cleared, the space inside myself was treated: one horizontal spiral, spinning rapidly anti-clockwise, was positioned above my head, and then descended very slowly, scanning every cell of my body for negative matter and spinning it out.

I understood that the anti-clockwise direction was important in this case as it created a sort of antidote to the usual, normal direction taken, like continuing along the same path without thinking, like roughing up edges so that hidden dust has a chance to emerge.

Then I asked to be joined with the many other meditators wishing to send their energy to the sun, and I saw isolated individuals all over the earth, each in a garden or quiet plot of land, preparing to do this. After all voicing our intent to become connected, very thin silver threads led to each other and to the centre of the sun, where they were collected into a very strong silver thread, as strong and solid as steel.

I was reminded of the thread of spider's webs which, although immensely thin and flexible, have a strength many times stronger than steel of the same width (see <http://www.dandydesigns.org/id41.html>), and this seemed to reflect OUR JOINT

STRENGTH WHEN OUR INTENT TO FORM A WEB IS CONCENTRATED AND WHEN ENOUGH PEOPLE ARE PARTICIPATING.

The thick, strong silver thread - representing our joint energy - was sent in a molten silver ray towards the earth, surrounding it until it resembled a huge blob of mercury. There was a feeling of absoluteness about this, a great density which left nothing to chance, and from which nothing could escape. The earth was completely contained, and inside everything was coming to the boil. All situations were becoming intense.

Meditation Report 41, 18 September 2011

THE SHRUNKEN PEA TURNS INTO NEW EARTH

After expressing my wish to be connected to all meditators - wherever they are - who are supporting the earth's ascension process, I felt as if I was the centre of a HUGE DANDYLION CLOCK, with all the stems of the parachute seedlings firmly attached to me.

First I thought that the seeds were the other meditators, but then I realised later that I was a sort of transmitter and that the spokes of the parachutes sent out rays of energy which met other rays from similar sources, forming a large grid or network. The seeds were illuminated in fluorescent light.

As the centre of this dandyion clock I floated lightly down to the core of the earth and then over to the sun, where I rested at the very middle, responding to the directive of BEING ONE with the sun. From this point, I had 360 degree vision, and I felt that the vastness we call "space" was not so overwhelming from this position. I saw many stars and planets I had not seen before. My sympathy lay with the earth.

From here, earth looked like a small shrunken pea. I detached all the seed parachutes and they spread out all over the universe. One landed on the earth, and immediately the light energy it was carrying spread and transformed the earth so that it now resembled a lush and shiny green orb.

When visualising the NEW EARTH, I saw that all concrete roads had turned into grassy areas for play or growing vegetables, and that a new transport system floated overhead. As the climate was steady and continuously warm and agreeable, there was no need to wear shoes any more. There were no more solitary individuals, but large communities which met regularly, so there was much less need for telephones or other communication media. They met at designated times on a daily basis to prayer and recreation, including making music, dancing and singing. Misunderstandings

generally did not arise as there was so much personal contact, and there was always someone to consult if any problems arose. There was no such thing as a busy social schedule or a packed timetable. Everything was measured and balanced.

Meditation Report 42, 19th September 2011

THOUSANDS MOVING AS ONE

This time the usual circle of meditators was an incomplete circle in the sense that it was the beginning of spiral downwards into a central hole which lead to the earth's core. When I asked to be connected to the inner earth inhabitants, they suddenly appeared below us and BECAME THE SPIRAL below, lining the walls of the hole like a giant coil of which we were the beginning.

We were able to pass down our loving energy to the earth through this, almost as if through an electrical circuit. When we all connected up to Source, ALL OUR CHAKRAS received additional activation, enabling us to deliver even more energy to the earth's core. I understood that in this way we were helping Gaia on a physical, emotional and spiritual level, as she also has ALL CHAKRAS which are in the process of rebalancing.

Following the directive to BE the sun, I moved over to the centre of the sun and sat in a warm place at the core, surrounded by orange light. AND EVERYONE ELSE SAT ON THE SAME SPOT, which meant that I was sort of overlaid by many many transparent bodies, all occupying the same space and energetically joined. When I moved my head slightly, it felt heavy, as if I had a tremendous responsibility. This was because thousands of heads moved with me.

I realised that "connection" means that our every movement affects everybody else. It was impressed upon me that it is not only our thoughts and actions which have unrecognised power, but that they also simultaneously affect the MANY DIFFERENT PARTS OF OURSELVES INCARNATED ON OTHER PLANES IN OTHER TIME FRAMES.

Together - that is, all meditators converging into one living entity - we sent energy to the earth. This manifested as an aeroplane leaving a white fluffy energy trail behind it. When it reached the earth, the plane circled it again and again until it resembled a ball of cotton wool vibrating with light. This reminded me that we all always leave an energy trail behind us WHETHER WE NOTICE IT OR NOT.

Meditation Report 43. 21st September 2011

FUSING WITH THE SUN

The preliminary cleansing procedure was today conducted by the sun. I sat in the sun - a figure with very brown and wrinkled and worn skin - and the strength and warmth of the sun burnt off the old skin to reveal a new delicate pink layer underneath. I felt that this had purified me, disposed of old excesses that I had been carrying about with me, and caused me to grow, just as the sun's energy helps the plant world to grow and flourish. I sent my love to the sun knowing that it is a caring and beneficial entity to which we can be truly grateful, knowing that the sun is not destructive and fierce as often represented.

Wanting to share ONENESS with the sun, I saw myself moving with all meditators to the sun's centre. Again, all meditators seemed to be fused with me and with the sun as one. My heart rate (physically while meditating) became rapid as I experienced the joy and excitement of this togetherness and joint purpose. I also noticed that my breathing was quite flat, and I was encouraged to respect the fact that I am in a physical body with certain needs, and to breathe more deeply.

Jointly, we considered how we could send light to the earth and best encourage her inhabitants to discover truth. We asked ourselves how we could send love to a disturbed planet where many are blinded and not looking upwards, and certainly not looking towards the sun or other sources of light. We decided to send messages in the form of millions of white envelopes which flew over to the earth and searched out suitable receivers. These were PEOPLE WITH THE LOWEST VIBRATIONS. Some people received letters but threw them away immediately. Others put them aside for later. A few opened them and were instantly surrounded by white light, thus raising their vibrations and making them open their mouths in wonder.

As we did not achieve the desired effect worldwide, we - the meditators - again deliberated what to do. We decided to send messages again, but this time without envelopes and without paper. This time a huge cloud of letters (ie letters of the alphabet) and words and phrases (in which LOVE was often the keyword) flew over to the earth and hovered in front of the noses of unbelieving individuals. This really got their attention, and soon everyone was in awe of this miracle, and their hearts opened and they rejoiced and they were ready to accept all sorts of miracles and new teachings. This was the beginning of a golden era.

Meditation Report 44, 26th September 2011

THE SUN STROKES THE HAIR OF THE EARTH

The preliminary cleansing method consisted of being swaddled in swathes of white cloth, in the way people depict the Baby Jesus on Christmas cards. This is how I saw newborns in hospital in China, a long time ago. When the cloth was taken off, they relaxed, had a bowel movement, were washed and then wrapped up again. So I felt like a Chinese newborn with the swaddling clothes removed, with restrictions taken away, finally able to relax, let go of the past, and go through cleansing processes.

As I was sitting in the sun during this session, I again had a very strong urge to connect to the sun and asked to join with his consciousness if possible. This produced a very strong tingling sensation throughout my body, and I saw myself at the core of the sun feeling the ABSOLUTE LOVE which he was pouring towards to earth. The sun had two enormous hands which were stretching towards earth which looked like the head of a baby with golden hair. The sun combed through the hair gently, making partings, energising it by pulling it carefully this way and that. The baby also received a gentle face massage in the form of the sun applying pressure to certain points with infinite care - part of a monitoring and rebalancing process. The head was turned to varying angles, and I understood that this was not always pleasant for the earth's inhabitants, but necessary, and the sun was gentle but very firm about it.

Then I returned to become one of a circle of meditators sitting on the earth. There was a huge silent crowd of people, and also many starships and connections to far off planets. It was a sort of breathless moment with little movement apart from sending our joint energy in a shaft of light to the sun. When we looked up, we could see the huge hands of the sun passing over us.

Meditation Report 45, 27th September

THE SONG OF THE CAGED BIRDS

I saw myself being prepared for the next stage of meditation. My hair was standing on end, and suddenly a flock of birds appeared from nowhere and took hold of my hair in their beaks so that my feet no longer touched the ground. They transported me to a row of huge paint pots. First I was dipped into red paint to increase PASSION, then into blue paint to increase CALM, then into green paint to increase BALANCE, then into gold paint to increase CHRIST CONSIIOUSNESS, then into silver paint to increase my sense of ONENESS WITH ALL.

Together with other meditators, also silver in colour, we sat in a circle, and silver threads emerged from our crown chakras and met in the middle, rising to form a link to Paradise, the seat of Source and LOVE. Through this we were blessed and energised. In the middle of the circle was a colourful bird singing in a silver cage. It was not yet time for the bird to be released, though I was certain that this would happen, but the bird was singing happily in anticipation of his freedom. I understood that we are those birds, with knowledge of the wonderful future which lies ahead, and that we should sing and spread enthusiasm and warmth, instead of focussing on the bars. (The words which came to me were "I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS", which is actually a book by Maya Angelou).

Finally, all meditators were charged up with energy and started glinting like mirrors, and together with many more meditators who arrived on the scene, we all joined together at different angles to form a sphere which reflected light in an outwards direction, much like the twisting silver balls which hang from the ceilings of discos or at parties. In this position, all connected, we sent forth love simultaneously, not hanging from a ceiling but from the island of Paradise.

Meditation Report 46, 28th September 2011

THE HARMONIOUS SOCIETY CREATED BY ALL

During my personal cleansing process I saw myself inside a transparent rubber sphere, like a large bubble, which rolled over all sorts of rugged terrain, fields, concrete roads, even very stony ground, and with each bump and jolt I learnt something about my journey and incorporated that into the story of my life, and then rolled on.

The last stage was floating on the sea - a period of rest. I then sensed it was time to get out of the sphere, that I had gone through the whole range of emotions and experiences necessary, but then I was faced with a brick wall. My first reaction was "Oh, no, my path is blocked". My second reaction was "If the way is blocked, it cannot be the right way, so there must be another one". I moved along the wall to the end and was able to walk around the high wall and away from it. On the other side was the ring of meditators, all dressed in white. Together we connected our energy and sent it off in the direction of the sky, asking it to be used appropriately for the highest good of all.

Then I saw our earth in a state of renewal: people were gathered at a large centre, like a church hall, and in the confusion the suggestion was made that everyone,

regardless of age or stature, should go up on stage, introduce themselves and state their skills and purpose and mission in this new society. Some were quite at ease in this situation, and others felt very shy, but in the end even the very youngest of souls went through this process. This allowed everyone to feel included, to be a part of the community which was trying to regulate and organise itself in a new and sustainable and humanitarian way. The stating of skills enabled small groups to form with similar interests and capabilities, and they met together to decide on their next move. Everyone talked simply and honestly and put their hand on their heart as they did so.

Decisions were taken to form sanctuaries where all animals were well treated and loved. No-one ate meat any more. Appraisal was made of all available resources, and new rubbish control and dispersal systems were introduced. Collecting points were set up for surplus machinery, tools, seeds and even clothes. These were distributed to whoever needed them, and then returned if no longer needed.

Every evening included communal gatherings for quiet meditation time or listening to musical performances by local residents, including children. Small workshops offering emotional release through dance and body work were a constant daily feature because so much trauma and readjustment was taking place. Lectures to fill in on the history of the planet and the universe were given by those with this knowledge.

There was no more noise, as cars and planes were trappings of the past, replaced by a completely different hovering transit system. All the roads were transformed into gardens and vegetable patches. Much work was done dealing with abandoned cars and houses.

Our celestial sisters and brothers assisted and oversaw this whole process, and the earth's population was in awe of this. Seeing this selfless attitude, the people were deeply moved and in time, they emulated them, all actions being MOTIVATED BY THE DESIRE TO HELP OTHERS, while retaining their own balance. They experienced joy through action and its positive results.

Meditation Report 47, 29th September 2011

LIVING IN BOXES

Just before meditation a very specific scene from a film flashed vividly through my mind. This surprised me as I saw it a very long time ago. The film is set in Shanghai in the thirties or forties, when a lot of Europeans lived there, some in great luxury. The shot I remembered was an old-fashioned black taxi transporting wealthy Europeans in party clothes on their way to a celebration. They were worlds apart from the streets

packed with poor, angry, panicking Chinese who hammered on the taxi window. My main thought was: THEY ARE ONLY SEPARATED BY A PANE OF GLASS.

During meditation, in response to my question "What is it that I need to know?", this scene was still very present in my mind's eye. What I understood is that it is time to get rid of all BARRIERS which separate us from each other, and from our true selves.

When I asked to be personally cleansed, I saw my body just as an external skin without internal organs. Instead of the organs, the whole body cavity was composed of right-angled structures, like lots of boxes packed in next to each other to fill out all available space. There were holes or "doors" which connected these box-like rooms to each other, but they were very small. My crown chakra opened, and a sort of divine water poured in from above, filling up all the boxes and trickling down through the holes. As the force of the water increased from above, the ceilings and floors started to collapse and cave in, and in the end, the boxes were gone and I was full of water only. I understood that now information and feelings could flow freely, whereas before they were regulated by the mind and by pre-judgment and compartalisation.

(See my painting of the Box Man under

http://www.rosie-jackson.de/pages/acryl_1_e_intuitionboxman.html).

The next thing I saw was our earth inside a box, wrapped up in paper and ribbons as if it was a birthday present. It was surrounded by light. Then I found myself inside the box on the earth's surface. When I looked up I saw the night sky - black with twinkling stars, but I knew that they were not real - just painted on the inside of the box. Suddenly the box flew open to reveal this, and all people on the earth realised that they had been living an illusion, that the universe was actually full of life and light, and that the planet had been in quarantine during which darkness had reigned.

I felt the general message was that we should try and dispense with fences, barriers, separation strategies and self-imposed limitations, whether conscious or subconscious, on whatever level, in an effort to achieve ONENESS within and without.

Meditation Report 48, 30th September 2011

TRAVELLING WITH THE THREE SPIRITS OF THE TRINITY

Following the directive to talk to the Trinity, the three spirits who reside in us, love us and assist us, I sat down cross-legged on a small carpet, and all three appeared in human form. They sat down and linked shoulders, forming a tight protective circle round me. The Mother Spirit sat opposite me to my left, the Father Spirit sat to my right, and behind me sat the Spirit which is THE ETERNAL SOURCE OF ALL.

Feeling wonderfully loved and secure, I asked them telepathically what their function was in relation to myself. The Mother Spirit smiled and rocked me and said she was there to nurture and to nurture creativity. The Father Spirit said he guided me towards Christ consciousness and assisted with decision-making in alignment with my soul's purpose and desire. The Source Spirit indicated that he/she was the source of all, the essence of all, the creator of all, and the one who surveys and experiences all.

To demonstrate that I was completely IN THEIR CARE, the carpet rose into the air, and we flew long distances, landing at intervals. We landed in a war zone, littered with barbed wire. We rested in a serenely still and sunny meadow. We hovered over snowy mountains. We landed in a huge football stadium crammed with shouting fans. We landed in a strangely silent town in the desert, and we stopped in a teeming metropolis. Then the journey took on a completely different dimension: we flew over to other planets, visiting underwater civilisations, evolving worlds inhabited by small animals, and marvellous landscapes with tall clear-cut buildings on architectural worlds.

All these experiences - however extreme, however joyful, however devastating - were tempered by the fact that the three spirits were pouring out their love and wisdom on me. I sat passively and received gratefully. But when we returned to earth, the three spirits suddenly became one and decreased rapidly in size until all that was left was a small crystal ball. This entered my heart, and I understood that it was now my turn to go into action, with the knowledge that the three spirits would always be a part of myself, providing guidance and clarity. I got up and walked, feeling joyous and independent, and consulting the crystal whenever I lost balance. My general feeling was that the sacred trinity of spirits ARE ALWAYS PRESENT WHETHER ACKNOWLEDGED OR NOT, and it is our choice whether to include them in our journey.

Meditation Report 49, 1st October 2011

WHAT WE NEED TO KNOW

This is the reply I received to the question WHAT DO I NEED TO KNOW?

"You need to know that IMPATIENCE when part of a complex process is MISPLACED. If everything happened smoothly and quickly, IT WOULD NOT BE A PROCESS, and no learning would be gleaned from that.

You need to know that impediments to the heart's desire will be eradicated by the force of this desire. You chose the pace. Either you chew off small pieces at regular

intervals and digest them at leisure, or you bite off huge chunks when you are ravenous, but which have the effect of choking you. You need to practise CONTINUOUS ASSESSMENT of situations, instead of deciding THIS IS SO, and then leaving it for months in this state of stagnation. Unsolved issues are unsolved because they have not been addressed in good time.

You need to know that hopping on one leg makes for instability. Decide on basic principles and direct your life according to those. Always steer your boat towards the rising sun, not towards the dying light. Fly your plane above the clouds, not through the thick of the storm. Rejoice in the infinitesimal number of new worlds and experiences opening up towards you. Set up a "calm room" in reality or in your mind where you can rest at regular intervals. Take a walk to see the stillness of the soul, to see things pass by while YOU remain the same. Reach out to those who enter your circle, but do not allow them to become your pivot. Listen for changes and speak your truth. Carry tools with you constantly, like a bunch of keys, ever prepared to unlock a stubborn heart (including your own): the key of compassion, the key of gentle enquiry, the key of honesty, the key of redressing balance, the key of retirement to let growth occur in another.

You need to know that love is never lost, and that its source is eternal. You need to know that unquenchable thirst will lead you to the deepest never-ending source. You need to know that pallid desire leads to a small puddle.

You need to know that the distractions of this material world - centred on food, appearance, status, entertainment - are merely distractions. Know that beauty is everywhere, in every cell created, including every cell of yourself. Know that love, laughter and enthusiasm are infectious.

You need to know that your view is necessarily limited, but rejoice that I your Creator have an ALL-SEEING EYE. Trust in my decisions which are based on a bird's eye view. Know that all aspects are always taken into account BECAUSE I SEE ALL. Be comforted that this is so, and that I love my children, taking every opportunity as a father does to support your learning process towards joyful independence.

You need to know that many will face new experiences, will have to move to a new place, a new home, with new people. I say that these places, homes and people HAVE BEEN THERE ALL THE TIME, the only difference being your movement towards them and your awakening to their existence. So I say: AWAKEN TO MY EXISTENCE, FOR I HAVE BEEN HERE ALL THE TIME AS YOUR CREATOR". I give thanks for these words. May they further our understanding. Love Rosie

Meditation Report 50, 2nd October 2011

MESSAGES FROM THE TRINITY

Again I asked the question **WHAT DO I NEED TO KNOW**, and again the Trinity appeared to me in the form of the Mother Spirit, the Father Spirit and the Spirit of Source. Each gave me a sentence for me to repeat, accompanied by a visual image, like an exercise or arm movement:

The Father Spirit gave me the sentence:

"I hold **EVERYTHING** in my embrace, draw it through my understanding and towards my heart". At the same time, he stretched out his arms downwards, then to the side and then upwards to meet over his head, as if completing a circle. The words "through my understanding" were accompanied by a movement of the hands towards the head, and the words "towards my heart" were accompanied by moving the hands to the heart.

The Mother Spirit gave me the sentence:

"I am the pivot of **EVERYTHING**, if I retain my position at the centre, and the quicker I turn the further I expand". She spun round as she spoke, fast but steady, and a spiral of energy emitted from her as she did so.

The Spirit of Source gave me the sentence:

"I am **EVERYTHING** in you, and you are **EVERYTHING** in me. When I send love to the **WHOLE**, I experience it myself, for I am part of the **WHOLE**." The Source Spirit was sitting inside one half of a figure of eight, and I sat in the other half. A circuit of love energy was running around the figure of eight, illustrating that all which is sent out returns to oneself.

Meditation Report 51, 4th October 2011

THE PIVOT OF CHRIST CONSCIOUSNESS

I sat outside in the sun during this meditation, and while connecting up with Source through the crown chakra I could feel a breeze gently blowing round dead leaves, and gently brushing against my skin. This was echoed in the cleansing process I saw myself going through. I was a tree with lots of loose bark, dead branches and leaves, and a very strong wind whirled around me constantly until nothing was left but a bare framework of white branches. Although I felt rather exposed, I was happy in the knowledge that the "past" had been completely removed, and that I had the potential

for growth and developing new buds, for the nurturing sun could now reach me more easily, unencumbered by extra layers.

When asking the question WHAT DO I NEED TO KNOW, this transformed into the question WHAT DO I NEED? Simultaneously, the pencil drawing I made of the Last Supper as a small child at school came into my mind. I was given to understand that the apostles were required to leave everything behind, that they lived only with the bare necessities, that they dropped their "normal" lives to follow the call of their master. I understood that all that they needed (and all that I need) was the pivot or goal of Christ consciousness. This was their steering point which compassed all their doings.

Meditation Report 52, 6th October 2011

IMAGINARY PRISONS

Just previous to meditation I was reminded of the place I grew up in - a sea-side resort where the land was flat and the sea very shallow, and I relived my feelings of that time, the conviction that life must somehow be DEEPER and HIGHER and MORE INTENSE than this. It almost felt as if I could not breathe.

During meditation, in response to the question WHAT DO I NEED TO KNOW, I saw myself in a high-rise building, in a single-roofed flat fairly near the top, with one window. I was sitting in shackles, hardly able to move or BREATHE because it was so stifling hot.

Through the window I saw a line of green in the distance where there was a jungle full of plants breathing with ease. I knew that the shackles were of my own making and that they were just a precursor to moving out of the city to that lush abundance.

And so it is that all prisons are imaginary prisons inducing us to start on new paths, towards places where we can BREATHE DEEPLY, RETANK ENERGY, TAKE ACTION and - when we have reached this state of inspiration - inspire others.

What I saw here was very reminiscent of the text I wrote describing global villager 96, a young Brazilian woman, so I thought I would add that again here:

GLOBAL VILLAGER 96 - ABILITY TO TAKE RISKS

This woman is an extremely small figure on top of a huge red tower block where she and her family live in a single box-like room. She has just hung out the washing in

front of her grimy window, blocking out the light. When she slides back the window pane to let in a waft of air, she hears the traffic roaring menacingly below and televisions emitting a cacophony of screams, shots and cheering football crowds. Her sudden claustrophobia impels her to rush to the top of the skyscraper, where she now stands.

It is a relief to escape and feel the wind on her face, and she spreads out her arms wide towards the heavens. As she surveys the sprawling grey city before her she suddenly becomes aware of Rio's huge stature of Christ the Redeemer in the distance. The statue's arms are outstretched too, and she retracts her arms uneasily and folds her hands devoutly, convinced of her own insignificance and mediocrity.

Somehow, she is separate from the writhing activity below, and especially from the elegant villa situated next to the tower block. From here, she can see the patch of green garden surrounding it. But on the horizon is a thicker belt of green. Reeling slightly, the woman suddenly envisages jungle on the outskirts - home to huge blossoms and exuberant growth - but she feels choked by concrete, weeds and violence. She thinks she will never be able to overcome her timidity and reticence. Escape from poverty and the crime-ridden city to the more placid, rural hinterlands seems impossible.

One day the woman runs up to the roof of the tower, again to escape her feeling of claustrophobia, but her path is blocked off: workmen are setting up a huge television mast on top of the building. Instead, the woman runs into the streets, desperate to get away into new surroundings. As she turns a corner, she sees the villa which she recognises from looking down from the tower. A man and two children walk towards the gates. The woman's heart suddenly pounds, wanting to run up to the man and plead with him to let her work for him, to tend his garden. She summons all her courage and runs up to him, running the risk of rejection.

Stuttering out her offer of help, the man responds positively and offers her work for a trial period. As she gets to know her employer better, it becomes clear to her that money is not the sole factor leading to a full and satisfying existence. The woman becomes aware of her own creative power, calling upon Jesus and the Brazilian Storm Goddess Oya to assist her transformation, illuminate her fear and destroy the rigid structures which prevent flow in her life. Instead of folding her hands reverently when she prays, she lifts them towards the heavens which gives her an exhilarating feeling of freedom.

She dreams of being a flower surrounded by weeds, indicating that she can flourish despite adversity, and her vision of being in the jungle is the first step to getting there. Now the woman herself is large and verdant, glorifying in her own fertility like the giant blooms she has been imagining. She at last dares to show herself, to state her feelings or complaints in a firm, direct way before considering the negative effect they may have on her listeners. Her expansive and generous nature is an inspiration to all who meet her. Inspired by stories about the Yanomani tribe and their belief that nature is sacred, she also concludes that the 'fate' of mankind and nature are inextricably entwined. Nature can teach her how to interact with others, and she communicates this to the rich Brazilian, inviting him to accompany her on her jungle trip. When she reaches the edge of the jungle, she steps off the concrete onto what she knows is holy ground.

Questions

Is there nowhere else to go?

What areas of your life are claustrophobic?

If a storm clears away all obstacles, which path would you take?

What experience are you denying yourself through your conviction that it is impossible?

How often do you close your eyes and visualise exactly who and where you want to be?

What will change if you express your feelings the moment they arise?

How strong is your tendency to wait or stop because you anticipate a negative reaction?

What if you prayed daily?

Do you dare to consider yourself a holy messenger of God or the Divine?

Meditation Report 53, 13th October 2011

A SOJOURN ON EARTH

After connecting to the Divine Source and asking to be shown more about my soul's journey and purpose, I saw myself inside a silver orb of light travelling at great speed to different destinations in the universe until it finally arrived just outside the atmosphere of the earth. The earth itself was not visible as it was swathed in a dark layer of cloud. As the silver orb descended, it absorbed this dark colour and had turned black by the time it landed on the earth's surface.

As it hit the ground, the orb shattered like glass and I stepped out, disguised in the dress of a traveller wearing a short black cape and a wide-brimmed hat. First I saw

myself travelling on foot through towns and villages, shaking hands with passers-by. Then I travelled across mountainous country with huge waterfalls.

Sometimes I was an observer of traditions and customs. I saw the game "tug-of-war" with men pulling a rope, and a fierce giant of a man who stopped the game by cutting the rope in half with an axe. Thus I observed victims and champions, the oppressed and the oppressors.

During the sojourn on earth I also entered various physical bodies: I saw myself as an old beggar woman in Pakistan, a child in the Middle East, and a young woman in France. Sometimes I led a more passive life, and sometimes I carried out heroic acts which seemed almost impossible. I was given to understand that it made no odds whether I believed that I was capable of such heroic acts in the past or not, but that the important thing was to regard this vision as a present source of inspiration.

After all this, I saw myself step into another silver orb which was about to leave the earth. As it rose, the orb retained its silver colour, for the dark mantle surrounding the earth had now dissolved completely. Viewed from above, the planet was a beautiful combination of azures blue and lush green.

Meditation Report 54, 15th October 2011

THE GLOBAL ROOT SYSTEM IN REVERSE

All the meditators appeared in a forest near a clearing with a small shallow pond at its centre. Each person moved away from the clearing in search of a tree and sat down next to it with their arms around the trunk. Thousands of additional meditators and well-wishers appeared and sat next to a tree also, so that there was an enormous strength in numbers and a synergy effect of the strength of mutual intent. A huge forested area of the earth was now populated in this way.

Love energy from the hearts of the meditators transferred to the water system inside each tree, and this "information" was carried down the tree trunks into the intricate and vast root system. The roots started to grow sideways to join with the root systems of neighbouring trees, and simultaneously downwards towards the centre of the earth so that in the end, all the hearts of all the meditators were connected with the core of the earth.

When the synergy of love arrived at the core through the enormous root system of all trees united, the water at the core turned red, and this forced it to rise, turning orange, yellow, green, blue and violet - passing through all the chakra colours - on its

way to the surface. The violet water emerged in an enormous fountain through the small shallow pond at the centre of the forest clearing and fell as rain on the forest. Again, this water entered the trees and the root system, travelling to the core, blessed on its way by all the meditators. Thus, a continuous water circuit had been established. This shows the importance of solidarity - the necessity for us all to act together - and the power of numbers to create a significant change.

I understood the message of this to be as follows: the circuit was flowing IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, as roots of trees usually draw in water and pull it upwards. RENEWAL in critical situations like the one we presently face involves RADICAL STOP and REVERSE processes as opposed to building atop of already existing layers. It is necessary to REVERSE rather than to improve, eg, instead of spending money on more sustainable products (advisable on one level), try to stop using money altogether. Instead of changing one aspect, construct a RADICALLY NEW BASE. Instead of dealing with symptoms, ERRADICATE THE CAUSE. Instead of focussing on personal solutions, FOCUS ON PLANETARY SOLUTIONS which will inevitably incorporate solutions to personal issues. Instead of avoiding problems, SEEK SOLUTIONS ACTIVELY, for otherwise they will return with added force.

Meditation Report 55, 19th October 2011

A VISION OF THE PERFECT SMALL COMMUNITY

After connecting up the Divine Source, I asked the question "What do I, as a small player on the great cosmic stage, need to know or see at this time?" and the answer was "You need to recognise the importance of focussing on the sort of society you want to create. The dead leaves falling around you are like dead concepts and structures which are not sustained by the life-force of truth and honesty. The thin high voices of the birds which you can hear, are the minority of voices now proclaiming their truth over the general din, voicing the advent of a new age".

I understood that as players in this scenario WE must come into our full consciousness that WE must start building the new society. I was then shown a society which already exists somewhere on another planet. I saw myself approaching this small village from a great height, sitting on the back of an enormous bird. Moving over snow-covered country towards lush green countryside, I suddenly saw a glinting round structure below. It sparkled as if gold was somehow built into the walls.

On landing and on closer inspection, the walls of the "houses" were made of stone and large expanses of glass, combining a rural look with high technology. The circular shape which I had seen from above actually included several households belonging to a

large family, similar to the way large family clans lived together in quarters linked by courtyards in ancient China. In the middle was a small circular amphitheatre for meetings, celebrations and devotions. The whole complex was surrounded by a wall so that small children could run around safely but unhindered, and beyond that lay a moat or river with several stone bridges crossing over into the next "circle".

The central "circle" or island was residential only, and the second circle was a larger area for schools, agriculture and creative and organisational pursuits. Beyond that was the third circle (which actually intersected with the third circles of other communities) which was used for trading, public meetings, and interaction with neighbours.

Everyone was wakened by gentle live music. Breakfast was taken altogether in the central open space, after which everyone proceeded to their own particular task. At 12.00 midday, bells rang and everyone stopped their activities immediately, standing in silent devotion and communion with Source, standing facing the island and blessing their homes and families. Then they turned outwards to face their neighbours and the rest of their world to bless them too. In the evening, the clan met to sit together, talk and exchange ideas, or to listen to concerts.

I asked whether there was anything else which it was important for me to convey, and the answer was: IT IS OUR RESPONSIBILITY TO CARRY PICTURES OF IDEAL LIVING AND WORKING CONDITIONS IN OUR MINDS, FOR THIS WILL PROMOTE AND FACILITATE THEIR CONSTRUCTION IN THE FUTURE. DARE TO CREATE THE VERY BEST FOR YOURSELVES AND OTHERS. COUNTERACT THE DISHARMONY AND REGRESSION IN YOUR SOCIETY AND TAKE ON THE LEADERSHIP.

Meditation Report 56, 24th October 2011

OUR ROLE AS TRANSMITTER

While connecting to the Creator Source, I asked to be an instrument of peace, transmitting the love I received from above to the core of the earth below. Functioning as a transmitter caused a physical tingling sensation which ran through my body like a strong wave. I felt that this wave travelled quickly from above, and then through me, but that its passage to the core was impeded, as it was forced to disperse and divert through newly opening cracks. These cracks, which had very sharp and angular edges, did not allow large rock formations to slide past each other, but caused them to jam and "stick", resulting in a build up of great pressure.

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A group of meditators was standing on a volcano, standing at intervals along the rim and looking down into the caldera which looked like an enormous pot of bubbling orange lava. Due to a sudden large explosion, all meditators ran down the slopes of the volcano to safety. At the bottom they entered a huge transparent tube-like construction which housed a huge community, and which seemed to be very bright, as if painted in white or infused constantly with light.

I understood that it was too dangerous now for us to be active participants on the top of the volcano, and that we were on standby in our capacity as transmitter as described in the opening paragraph. The huge transparent tube turned out to be a huge circular spacecraft WITH A HOLE IN THE MIDDLE, and that the volcano rose through the middle of that hole. By landing in precisely that position, the craft had been able to activate earth's energy.

Then I saw a piece of the past. The craft had already activated a whole area of volcanoes by landing round them in this way. The volcanoes lay in a circular pattern around a high flat plateau (and here I was reminded of the mountains of Peru). Following completion of its mission the craft landed on the plateau and opened up its doors to the stream of people who were wandering up to see what was going on. They cried out in amazement, and the meditators were pivotal in helping them and teaching them to understand.

One of the things we taught the mountain inhabitants was the power of their thoughts. They learnt this by watching their good thoughts transform into beautiful flowers growing on the plateau, and by watching their harmful thoughts turn into stunted low-lying shrubs with thorns.

Meditation Report 57, 25th October 2011

YELLOW TRUTH BUBBLES BRING PEACE

The circle of meditators sat round the edges of a large pond where a flock of flamingos were reaching down into the water in their search for food, but this was less a search for physical food and more in search of spiritual sustenance. Interspersed with the flamingoes were small ducklings whose enthusiasm and spontaneity and closeness to the water's surface made them much quicker than the flamingos. They were the first to find what they were looking for: the spirit of truth which was enclosed in yellow bubbles. The flamingoes found these too, but at a slower pace, and then heaped them onto land where the meditators were waiting.

The ducklings seemed to have finished their stint of working and searching, and so they remained in the pond to play while the flamingos patiently fed all the meditators with the yellow "truth" balls, like giving them "food" for the soul, until they could eat no more. Then the meditators stood up and started to blow the yellow bubbles out again, through their open mouths, and they all rose to the sky where they burst to form an arch of yellow flowers. Meanwhile, the water of the pond expanded and spread round the feet of the meditators to cover the earth as far as the eye could see.

Suddenly the earth turned completely UP-SIDE-DOWN so that the sky of yellow flowers turned into a yellow carpet underfoot, and the blue water reversed to form a blue firmament in the sky, shedding gentle rain where necessary for the growth of the vegetation. This was a world of constant, sun, constant harvest and constant abundance.

Finally I was given to understand that EVERYONE is an IMPORTANT LINK in the truth dissemination process, that truth is passed one from one person to another until it bursts out into the open. I saw the promise of a peaceful future once truth has spread throughout all lands.

Meditation Report 58, 30th October 2011

MAKING EARTH A SACRED PLACE

Before meditating I decided I would ask for visuals concerning the following question: HOW CAN WE MAKE EARTH A SACRED PLACE, A WORTHY MEMBER OF A PERFECTLY FUNCTIONING UNIVERSE?

The personal cleansing process consisted of water falling over me from above like a shower of LOVE. The moment I turned my face upwards to greet it, my face turned to a golden colour which - attuned to my feelings of gratitude - spread more and more rapidly throughout my whole body. Simultaneously I grew to an enormous height so that in the end I was even bigger than the earth.

Earth was a highly pregnant woman who - with all her magnitude - I was somehow able to hold in my arms. She was crying and shaking and desperately in need of comfort, as if she knew that the birth was imminent and that it would be painful however glorious the outcome. Inside her stomach, riverlets of lava were coursing with greater and greater fury. Physically rocking and massaging her was not enough. She needed spiritual protection and encouragement too, so the celestials put an additional bubble around her, and I placed many amethysts within this bubble which helped her to

regain her balance. Water appeared at our feet and rose continuously until we were completely submerged, but breathing was no difficulty. It was a further way of helping Earth to relax.

Then I asked the question HOW CAN WE MAKE EARTH A SACRED PLACE? Another bubble appeared, and this time it came out of my mouth. This indicated to me that this is what I (and all of us) can give voice to and create in reality if we so desire.

Inside the bubble was a beautiful hilly landscape without roads. A path lead through a forest where all the trees had faces and other "human" features like arms. I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED BY RESPECTING THE TREES AS YOUR LIVING SISTERS AND BROTHERS.

It was autumn, and I walked through many dead leaves which also had decaying human faces. I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED IF YOU ARE CONSTANTLY AWARE OF THE CYCLES OF RENEWAL.

Then I walked into a field where lots of small children were laughing and playing with hopping baby lambs. I heard the answer YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED IF YOU PROTECT THE INNOCENT AND CELEBRATE BIRTH.

Then I walked into a village where I greeted the local people. I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED IF YOU VALUE EACH ENCOUNTER AND ACT WITH RESPECT AND GRACE TOWARDS HER INHABITANTS.

Then I walked much further, into other countries, and was greeted by Kings and Queens and dignitaries. I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED BY DEVELOPING PEACEFUL RELATIONS AND CO-OPERATION WITH OTHER NATIONS.

Then I looked upwards towards the sky and saw many stars and planets. And I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED IF YOU SUPPORT HER CLAIM TO RE-ENTER THE DIVINE CELESTIAL BROTHERHOOD, THE FAMILY TO WHICH SHE BELONGS AND WHICH - OUT OF LOVE FOR YOU - SHE HAS LONG BEEN SEVERED,

Then I climbed to the top of a mountain and stood with arms outstretched. I heard the answer: YOU CAN MAKE THE EARTH MORE SACRED BY RECOGNISING YOURSELVES AS GODS AND GODDESSES, HAVING THE DIVINELY GUIDED AND GIVEN POWER TO CREATE POSITIVE CHANGE.

Meditation Report 59

EARTH IS A LIVING BEING

In meditative mode I went back into the past. I saw myself realising for the first time that our earth is a sentient being, with feelings of love and fear like my own. I buried my head in my hands, for her pain was my pain - the holes bored into her skin, the poison poured into her veins, the toxic air she breathed, the dangerous waste she was forced to process, the sores festering on her surface, the destruction caused by blasts in her innards, the excavation of her treasures, the rupturing of her organs.

Then I saw a vision for our earth; I was walking on her green ferns, her lush undergrowth, and the cells on the soles of my feet were singing a song which vibrated the ground beneath. Each step was a prayer, a gift given and received, a duet between the surfaces which met and the breath which mingled. My hand embraced a branch to become one: cells greeted one another, exchanging and transforming as a result of the encounter.

My face touched the face of the earth in mutual caress, each cell whispering love and receiving love's whispers. My breath met her breath - the wind - to sing exquisite harmonies. Earth's coloured petals delighted my senses, and I delighted the earth with my light floating movements, every touch a kiss and a blessing. I ran endlessly over grass which rose eagerly to meet me. The ground was free to breathe through every pore, soaking up all light and gratitude and admiration and adoration, inspiring her to produce abundance for herself and for grateful givers who grant her peace, grace, quietness, rest and repose.

May we all be blessed with a divine relationship to our Mother Earth who serves and supports us until her strength is spent, until her resources are exploited, until her desire to ascend towards her Creator takes precedence over her children. May her sacrifices and long wait be honoured.

Meditation Report 60, 7th November 2011

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

Following the meditation directive to bring love and energy to the earth's surface, I was given to understand that this also meant BRINGING OURSELVES TO THE SURFACE and OUT INTO THE OPEN, realising past limitations and future potential. This was indicated by the following scene.

I saw myself as a small person walking down a very long dark and cramped underground tunnel with a hammer and a lantern in my hands. I knocked on the walls with the hammer at regular intervals to orientate myself and to see whether the walls sounded solid or hollow. I also looked for a pointer - a possible way out. All the time, something was spurring me on in my search - an imprint of a circle of light on my retina, as if I had looked at something very bright for too long. The image remained with me, though I had no definite memory of the original.

Eventually I reached the end of the tunnel and climbed up to the surface of the earth. I was greeted by huge people with transparent skin. The light of day nearly blinded me. The people treated me graciously, and I was struck by their wisdom and grace. It was only then that I realised my own awkward movements and stunted growth. When I was able to look into the sky, I saw the sun and realised that this was the origin of the image on my retina which had inspired me to keep going for so long during my period of darkness. The longer I spent above ground, the more I grew and lost my former features, interacting with the large people, and in the end I was one of them, having undergone complete transformation, having grown in mind and body.

Together we pulled a sort of transparent skin just above the surface of the planet, and another layer was positioned below so that the crust lay isolated in a sort of buffer zone where it was simultaneously protected and contained, meaning that this buffer belt assisted equalisation processes, spreading and dispersing large waves of energy so that they did not get stuck in just one place. Pressure in the form of lava from the core was also distributed more evenly, and pressure from spaceships pushing down on the buffer zone helped to contain and diffuse heavy movements of the crust. Our earth was very nervous, but happy to receive this assistance.

Meditation Report 61, 10th November 2011

BLOWING THE GOLDEN WIND OF CHANGE

Groups of people in long, old-fashioned cloaks and dresses were walking calmly together in pairs or in families in a park. However, although everything was tranquil on the surface, appearances were deceiving. I was one of those strolling ladies, outwardly composed and inwardly agitated. I wanted to know more clearly how to help the earth in her transformation - how to bring energy to her surface and just below, as directed. Just walking around, trying to energise the soil through my feet, did not seem to be working.

In the course of walking, I came upon a large pond where flying fish kept popping up for air. I thought that some action could be taken by the fish, and I asked them to

send energy to the earth via water in the oceans, but the fish did not really understand what I was talking about. They swam around rather hopelessly and helplessly, not able to go beyond the boundaries of the pond, and they were astonished that anyone should ask them to do so.

It was then that I realised that I MYSELF had to take a stand and become more active. Still wearing my long robes, I stood with my arms stretched up to the sky, and celestial beings took hold of my hands and drew me up towards a cloud-like mass. There I lay on my stomach together with many others, blowing the golden wind of change through my mouth. It landed on the vegetation below like a golden shroud. It was so fine that it was able to penetrate the soil and descend a short distance. All the land was covered in this way.

When the fish saw the golden shroud lying around their pond, they realised that this was part of what I had asked them to do previously. Their mental recognition and their desire to assist was so powerful that the ground split, suddenly creating a new river which led from the pond to the sea. The fish then swam to the oceans to spread their own version of the golden shroud - a plethora of golden bubbles emitting from their mouths.

These scenes brought me to understand that it is necessary to *GO INTO ACTION, CREATING AN INSPIRING PRECEDENT* as opposed to urging others to do something they cannot understand. Through our own example and leadership, others will automatically follow.

Meditation Report 62, 15th November 2011

TRANSFORMATION IN THE WHITE CATHEDRAL

The aim of this meditation was to focus energy on those earth inhabitants who have an important role to play in coming events, but who have not yet awakened to their potential and responsibility. After connecting up to Source in the usual way I saw the following:

A large figure of eight was drawn on the ground, and I sat inside one loop. Four people appeared, one after another, and stepped into the loop opposite me. I recognised these as people with great potential and tried to reach them mentally, or by speaking a few calm well chosen words when possible, while remaining centred in my half of the figure of eight, and without letting them encroach on my area.

The first woman sat opposite me crying and asking for help, but as soon as I had

comforted her in the form of soothing words, she stopped and regarded me critically. She became melodramatic when I held my ground, sometimes stopping to check my reaction. She thrashed about and made demands. It was difficult to remain calm. In the end she turned round stubbornly and refused contact. Communication ended.

The second woman sat writing, with her body at an angle to me. She was aware of my presence, but not looking up or acknowledging me. She kept repeating to herself: "I am important, I am writing something important, I must not become distracted again, I will do what I want. I must fulfill myself. All else is secondary." Communication ended.

The third woman never kept still. She bounced in and out of the circle, sometimes completely disappearing, sometimes very close in front of me. She smiled and talked a lot. She was carefree and seemingly tolerant of other approaches to life, but always confident that she was right. She listened and smiled but went her own way. Communication ended.

The fourth person was not distinguishable as a man or woman, but as a person who I felt represented both symbolically. This person was on their hands and knees inside a black box, with white skin which had not seen sunlight for a long time. Indeed, this seems to have been the case. Attempts to "free" or "wake up" this person, by lifting up the box lid for a fragment of a second, were thwarted by fear. The person was used to these brief intrusions and always pulled the lid down again immediately with a bang.

However, when the person noticed that no one had tried to open their box for a long time, they began to wonder what was going on, and very carefully, they tried to push up the lid themselves. This time, the lid did not move because heaps of heavy soil had been piled up on top. It was then that the person realised that he/she had let themselves be buried alive, and they started to scream.

At this point, all lightworkers combined appeared with shovels in their hands to free those who were imprisoned. When the soil was removed, the persons of great potential stepped out into the light, stumbling blindly, shattered by the knowledge that they had spent most of their lives in darkness. The lightworkers took them by the hand and showed them round.

A group of these white people surrounded me, put me on a pedestal, and wanted to sit at my feet and listen to my words in awe, but I did not let them. I asked them all to stand up individually and speak their truth one by one. Then they followed me

dutifully in a long line as I lead them to a huge white cathedral. There were no ornate decorations. There wasn't even an altar. I stood where the altar should have been and said I AM A PART OF DIVINITY. When I asked everyone else to go up and do the same they cried and cowered and rolled on the floor and pleaded unworthiness. Eventually, amid much emotion, they all did so.

In a final scene, we all held hands and formed a large meditation circle. As our feeling of togetherness and communion with Spirit increased, a tiny shoot of green appeared in the middle. This grew into a beautiful bush with large white flowers, symbolising that we are all individual but spring from the same Divine Source, and that WE ALL HAVE THE POTENTIAL TO DEVELOP FROM A CLOSED SLEEPING BUD INTO AN ABUNDANT VIBRANT BLOSSOM.

Meditation Report 63, 20th November 2011

A FACIAL PEEL FOR THE EARTH

A huge net was placed over the earth's surface, like medicinal gauze spread thickly with something yellow like butter or vaseline. Lots of strings were attached to the gauze and were held by helpful beings in the sky.

After the sticky substance had sunk into the surface, it stuck to everything which was unclean. This included all people holding on to negativity and not in service, all buildings and areas where atrocities, wars, destructive plans had taken place, and all areas of pollution, including radioactive deposit areas on land and at sea.

Then all the beings and angels pulled at the strings and the gauze peeled off the face of the earth, together with everything stuck to it. Thus all impurities were removed.

Meditation Report 64, 18th November 2011

FLOWERS COVER THE EARTH IN MORNING GLORY

A circle of about fifty meditators formed, all holding hands and sending strength through and to each other. In the middle was a small plant sprouting blue blossoms, but they withered and died after a very brief blooming period. The plant did not seem to have enough energy to truly take root.

When the meditators started to build up a sphere of energy around the plant, it started to flourish. All the meditators produced green watering cans and started to water it lovingly. As growth was now extremely rapid, they had a lot of watering to do, and before long, THE WHOLE WORLD WAS COVERED IN A CARPET OF BLUE

FLOWERS* The plant grew over EVERYTHING, including mountains, polluted areas, deserted mines, industrial complexes and streets where dead bodies lay.

In this way EVERYTHING provide nurture for the plant, the new movement of truth and beauty. There were very few people walking the earth in comparison with the past. They wandered somewhat dazed over the blue carpet of flowers, but they experienced great joy when they suddenly met other people, for they were not strangers but long-lost friends from the past, and so there were many tearful reunions.

I also met figures from my past. Three fairy children appeared to explain why they had made a brief appearance in my womb in this life, only to depart before birth. Then they made their exit in a calm studied way as if their performance was over, and as if they would now proceed to more interesting and urgent issues. I understood that my encounters with these three souls, which was very traumatic for me at the time, was necessary for my growth, and that they were symbolic of all encounters and losses which may seem tragic, but which have their specific reason.

In a final scene, earth was rotating in a different direction, and I felt this to mean that we will all be given the opportunity to see our lives in retrospect, to review our lives with new eyes.

Interestingly, the purple flowers were Morning Glory flowers, perhaps symbolic of the glorious new age to come.

http://www.santabarbarafloweressences.com/store/flower_essences/morning_glory_xl.jpg



Meditation Report 65: CONTINUOUS GRATITUDE

We have been given the directive of addressing our past and expressing gratitude for everyone who has touched our lives significantly. The more I hold the feeling of gratitude in my head and heart as I move around the day, the more I am swamped with memories from the past - not all pleasant BUT ALL SERVING THEIR PERFECT PURPOSE AS A STEPPING STONE TO FURTHER WONDERFUL EXPERIENCES - for which I can be so grateful.

In addition to so many people known to me by face and name, there are so many unnamed unknown persons. I got to thinking about the person who built my piano, or the person who takes away my rubbish, or the person who may have given me a smile or a word of encouragement when walking about as a toddler, which I can no longer remember.

In addition to this, of course, are all spirits in the non-visible worlds who assist us personally, like guardian angels, or who unflaggingly replenish the beauty of the landscapes, like the nature spirits, and those galactic sisters and brothers from the celestial hierarchy who watch over us with a loving eye. In short ALL LIVING THINGS. In this frame of mind I am finding that even the most commonplace actions offer up huge perspectives for us to express gratitude. Here is one of them:

THE COFFEE APPRECIATION MEDITATION

Expressions of gratitude while "waiting" for the espresso can to boil
To all these, my deepest thanks;

To the Earth who supports my feet

To the Earth who grows the coffee beans

To the Earth who nourishes the man who looks after the cow which produces the milk

To the Earth who produces the metal ore from beneath her skin

To the Earth who nourishes the person who extracts the molten metal to make the can

To the Earth who allows the extraction of water from her sources

To the Earth who fires the electricity grid which heats the water

To the Earth who lives in a dimension gifting us with time to reflect upon and discover these interconnections on an eternal voyage of discovery.

Meditation Report 66, 3rd January 2012

Walking Meditation: WHAT I SAW: WHAT I THOUGHT

Before setting off on my walk through the forest, I asked that I might be shown more about our present global situation through symbols.

What I saw: two people sitting on a bench, some distance apart, not looking at each other, but looking towards the setting sun. As I approached the bench from behind, I noticed that there was some huge lettering on the back of the bench, placed exactly in the space between these two strangers. The word was LOVE.

What I thought: Love is the answer to all separation

What I saw: Areas of sunshine and areas of shadow. An old lady with a walking frame was walking in the shade of the trees. She was exhausted and sat down. A child was playing on some swings in the sunshine.

What I thought: We can choose whether to stumble in the shadows or play in the light.

What I saw: Roots of trees crushed by treading feet so that they were bare, worn down and deformed.

What I thought: We have desecrated nature, not paying attention to the destruction caused by our footsteps

What I saw: Dead leaves covering the ground so that the path was no longer clearly defined.

What I thought: Old wasted inappropriate paradigms and thought-forms are

cluttering up and clogging our mental processes, preventing clarity. These must be cleared away so that the path can be redefined.

What I saw: I was forced to stop dead in my tracks as a tree had fallen right across my path. I decided to climb over it instead of going round it.

What I thought: We are about to be stopped in our tracks and forced to decide our next move and how to respond to that. There will be no way we can avoid this.

What I saw: When I left the well-trodden path to hide in the thick lush undergrowth, I looked up to see a plane leaving a trail of noxious substances in the sky.

What I thought: We may try to hide or build up a small paradise for ourselves, away from everyone else, but it is not possible to escape polluted air. We are part of all.

What I saw: I was suddenly inspired to turn down an unfamiliar street, and a beautiful white dog appeared at a gate. It was alone in a big garden, but had no company. I fell in love with the dog immediately, spoke to it, tried to comfort it, and told him about the wondrous changes to come. Then I blessed him and went on my way with tears in my eyes.

What I thought: Every moment can bring a new mutually joyful encounter if we are prepared to respond to intuition and take new paths.

Meditation Report 67, 17th January 2012

Resurrection of the Broken Picture Frame

Just before meditating I was wondering what path it would take, and whether anything lying around would have any relevance, when my eyes fell upon a picture frame. It was broken at one corner, causing a release of pressure and causing the photos inside to drop.

During meditation, following a cleansing ceremony during which tenseness and impurities were sucked out of my body through a white sheet, I saw this same square shape on the ground, with one corner still open, like four walls with a gap.

Outside this square patch of ground, behind each wall, stood various groups or individuals. I stood with a group of meditators behind one wall, looking over to the other side where our EARTH stood waiting - a beautiful woman with some dark patches on her body, still waiting to be cleansed. The wall to my right was flanked by COMMANDERS OF THE GALACTIC FLEET, with all their many associates fanning out

behind them. Next to the wall on my left was MY FUTURE SELF, with a very great variety of paths and opportunities fanning out behind me.

Everyone seemed to be waiting for something. Suddenly a VERY STRONG DIVINE LIGHT representing the Creator Source appeared at the opening and entered the square to fill it with very high vibrations. Simultaneously, the old fallen photos which had been lying on the ground were swept out through the gap. This felt like completion of this event, as the walls then shifted to shut the gap through which the light entered.

The square, or the "picture frame" was WHOLE again. Past, present and future were united to form the ETERNAL NOW. The meditators, the Earth, my future self and the fleet commanders all climbed over the walls to join hands and make a circle. We celebrated and saw new possibilities of working together. My present self was joined with my future self to make one person. I interpret this to mean that there will be myriad opportunities for service in new realms, once the denseness has dissipated, once the veil of forgetfulness which accompanies us from birth is lifted, and when all parts of the "picture" have been illuminated, and when the framework for these happenings is again perfectly complete.

Meditation Report 68, 27th January 2012

DISINTEGRATION OF THE WALL

After connecting up with our Creator and sending a beam of love and light through me to the core of the earth and back again, (a circuit circulating automatically and as quickly as possible), I visualised a crystal ball in front of my third eye (through which I invite clarity and objectivity) but this was not possible because two snakes were writhing over the ball. They were trying to disturb my vision. I turned around, taking the ball with me, but they clung onto it and followed my movements. The only way I could get rid of them was to divide myself in two, leaving the snakes with one part of myself so that the other part was free to continue (this echoes my present feeling of living in two worlds, one of clarity and one under a present veil of forgetfulness and third dimension density)

I was cleansed by swimming through a tunnel of very clear green sea-water, and at the end of the tunnel I found myself in the sky with a great many other "observers". We were watching the actions of people in a town on earth. Some were walking down the street, some were sitting in hovels. Some were baking bread. Some were in conflict. Some were completely numb and hardly did anything except what they were told.

On the other side of the town, other malignant observers were also watching from the heavens. They had thousands of microphones hanging in the air to catch what was going on. We also were straining all our senses to see what would be the outcome of the fate of those below. We could pick up vibrations in our own way telepathically, without microphones.

The moment was one of great poignancy, and all observers knew that, although those below did not have any idea of this. They played out their scenes while we all looked on anxiously. We knew that the resolution DEPENDED ON THEIR DECISIONS, and that while we had important roles to play later, it was up to the collective to act as catalyst. There was a sort of magnetic field or wall separating the "dark" observers from the "light" observers, and I understood that when the townsfolk had resolved all their problems and had realised the great deceptions they had been involved in, this wall would disintegrate.

Meditation Report 69, 31st January 2012

THE SHIPWRECK AND THE BIRTH OF THE GREEN TORUSES

I sat in a chair in front of a window, with the sun streaming in onto my face, and I was put through an inner preliminary cleaning procedure initiated by the sun. Liquid yellow sun poured over me and spread throughout the room, carrying with it all the impure particles it encountered on the way. When the liquid sun had drained away, everything was coloured a very vivid green.

After connecting up with the core of our beloved earth, I expressed my wish to connect with ALL LIGHTWORKERS WORLDWIDE at the same time, and threads of green light started emitting from my crown chakra, splaying out to all sides like a fountain. After passing through the bodies of others working for the light, in whatever capacity, the threads of light returned to my feet and travelled up together through my body so that I was the CENTRE of a torus shape. There were many other people who looked like green toruses too - the size of the torus being dependent on the amount of energy sent out, and the number of people receiving that in a positive way.

Then I suddenly saw a large military ship rocking in huge waves. The waves certainly exerted a large force, but still the rocking seemed unnatural, as if influenced by another source. I became aware that there was an invisible submarine with very advanced technology right underneath the ship, and that it had the ship in a magnetic grip. The submarine moved towards the shore, taking the ship with it. Thus the ship's

crew was forced to land on unfamiliar ground. It was an island where many people holidayed on the beach.

When the inhabitants saw this strange sight of a huge military ship stranded on the shore, alarm bells started to ring in their heads. They started to question what this ship's intentions were and what it was doing in foreign waters. Some of the more active islanders started to sound the alarm, investigate and spread the news, and these people soon glowed green and were the centre of a torus too, and their toruses grew as they gained in momentum, spreading their truth.

Meditation Report 70, 3rd February 2012

LIFE IN DARKNESS AND DARKNESS GIVES LIFE

During meditation, after sending my love to the earth, I saw in my mind's eye a woman sitting on a plain wooden chair in the middle of the desert. Her gaze was fixed on the very dry sand, watching intently for any sign of life, scouring every inch to see if the little shoots had popped their heads above ground.

She knew that the sand contained seeds, because she had the vague memory of sewing them there herself. Now she was rather despondent because she could see no concrete result, although she KNEW in her subconscious that the seeds had potential, and that they must be developing a root system underground, beyond her present sight.

To counteract her despondency, she tore her eyes away from the desert and looked upwards to gain another perspective. There, in the very far distance, she saw a number of dark clouds on the horizon. This was a catalyst inside her, releasing joyous anticipation. She now knew beyond a shadow of doubt that rain was on its way, and that she would witness the growth of the seeds herself.

The shadow of doubt only returned when she again turned to prolonged and studied contemplation of the dry desert where there was nothing to be seen to the naked eye. The woman learnt not to direct her gaze in that direction too long, but to look at the horizon at frequent intervals, and so she was able to keep her mental balance and focus during that very long period of time during which the black clouds very slowly drifted towards her.

The arrival of flocks of birds on the parched soil, some white and some black, consolidated the woman's memory that she had indeed sewn seeds there in the very

distant past. The birds tried to find the seeds, and squabbled among themselves, but they did not find them because they were so deep below the surface.

The inevitable happened. The rain began to fall, and the seeds grew rapidly into seedlings, then plants, then bushes laden with flowers and fruit, as they were programmed to do. The chair the woman was sitting on started to sink into the rain-soaked ground, and thus she realised that it was time to move on. She carried the chair through the lush field she had created and entered another desert. Here, she dug deep holes and put a seed in each one. Then she sat down on her chair, and she wondered - in view of her last experience - what would happen this time.

After contemplation she realised that this was not a question of "wait and see" but the result of her own actions and expectations, and she was filled with the knowledge and joy of her own creativity. She realised that she did not need to stay on the chair and wait. She realised that the seeds would germinate by themselves WHEN THE TIME WAS RIPE AND WHEN THE CONDITIONS WERE PERFECT. A flock of birds came again. This time, all the birds were grey. They no longer fought with each other, just as the girl's gaze was no longer torn between watching the sand and scouring the horizon. And so she left and continued on her journey, knowing that her energy was no longer needed in that particular area of desert.

Meditation Report 71, 10th February 2012

THE MASK COLLECTORS AND THE MASK DISCARDERS

After connecting myself up to the divine circuit between the isle of paradise above and the earth's core below (with me inbetween), I saw a large crack developing which I sensed was opening up more and more and which would have devastating consequences. Liquid ran out of the crack like a small crimson river, and felt like this was the beginning of a birthing process.

(Inwardly, I felt myself rebelling against this visual as the picture or metaphor of Gaia giving birth has cropped up so often, and I have the feeling it has been going on for so long, but I was given strictly to understand that this is NO EASY MATTER and the end of a VERY LONG CYCLE, and that the necessary for patience is continuous. Another scene came to mind - of scalding my hand by pouring boiling water into a hot water bottle too quickly. I was also instructed to think about my own experience of giving birth, a process which happened too quickly and which became dangerous as a result. I understood that the desire to "speed up" Gaia's birth would be harmful, and I remembered the advice given to birthing mothers to breathe deeply, reach a centre of calm, in the full knowledge and experience of deep contractions)

I saw Gaia, calm and still on the surface, but also aware of the contractions inside which were gradually gaining in strength. When the time had come, she gave birth to a new earth which was not a perfect sphere. It was rough at the edges but had a relaxed air of joyous freshness about it. On its surface, a huge tree suddenly grew very rapidly from a tiny seed.

Earth's inhabitants had - up till this time - all been wearing white porcelain masks. Cracks opened in the earth as land masses were rebalanced, and cracks appeared simultaneously in the masks on people's faces. The masks fell into pieces and the grass was littered with porcelain shards.

Now, everyone could see clearly. Some were astounded by the enormous tree and looked upwards as far as they could. Beyond the tree, in the sky, they discovered the presence of a fleet of galactic space ships. Some people, however, did not look up. Instead, they looked down, distraught at having lost their masks. They started to collect the broken pieces. Despite everything else happening around and above them, this was their focus, and they could not stop crying and insisted on collecting the broken pieces.

Although angels dressed in white tried to attract their attention, they did not succeed. In the end, the angels recognised defeat and sadly dragged the unhappy mask-collectors to bring them to a place where they would be happy - to a workshop where they could glue the bits of broken mask they had collected to recreate the original mask, or where they could create a new one. It was their own free will to choose.

Meditation Report 72, 14th February 2012

TAKING THE LEAP OF FAITH

In my mind's eye I saw a small chubby boy sitting on the grass, looking downwards and not feeling very happy. Ladies dressed in long white robes were looking after him and a lot of other children. A big box of fancy dress clothing stood in the middle of the field, and the children screamed with excitement as they discovered a huge variety of costumes, each more elaborate and beautiful than the next. When they found a suit that fit, they took on that particular role, pretending to be birds, fairies, elves or butterflies.

One of the ladies tried to animate the little chubby boy, showing him gorgeous costumes, but he was too sad to make much of an effort and just sat watching.

Suddenly, one of the white ladies produced a large hoola hoop and positioned it vertically on the grass, as if something or someone was going to jump through it. The costumed children ran towards it excitedly but stopped in surprise when they looked through the hoop. On the other side, instead of grass, was nothing except for a circle of blackness.

The lady in white encouraged the children gently saying that if they dared to go through the hoop, their dreams would come true. She told them that something was on the other side, even though they could not see it. The first child plucked up his courage and went through the hoop. He disappeared completely. But the children could hear his excited cries on the "other side" saying "I am flying! I am a bird!" One by one, they followed him through the hoop. The small sad chubby boy became even sadder, because all the other children were gone, just as always. They came and went, but nobody stayed for any amount of time.

Then the lady in white carried the small boy to the edge of the hoop and whispered in his ear: "You cannot see the other side, BUT KNOW THAT IT IS THERE". Then she went through the hoop herself and disappeared into the darkness. Now the little boy was very distraught because he was completely alone. But then he heard the voice of the lady in white, his guardian angel, encouraging him to take a leap of faith. When he did so, she caught him joyfully in her arms and threw him up into the sky because there, on the other side, everyone was able to fly. The small boy smiled and rejoiced, and the next time he saw a hoop being set up, he moved on with those who chose to do so, not knowing what his next experience might be, but knowing he would always learn something new, and knowing that his guardian angel would always be waiting to catch him the moment he jumped into the unknown.

Meditation Report 73, 16th February 2012 **SELF-SABOTAGE IN THE SEASON OF LIGHT**

I was sitting in a chair in a very large pool of shallow water which stretched as far as the eye could see. When I connected up to the Cosmic Source, by means of a shaft of light stretching down through me to the core of the earth, my feet caught fire. White flames danced around my legs, though I could feel no heat, and grew to envelop my whole body. This felt like a highly energising self-cleansing process. When it was over, I looked at my body to see that it was white all over, and much simplified. Identifying features such as clothes or hair were not longer perceivable, as if I was wearing an all-in-one body suit.

As I looked around the earth, I saw a number of other white bodies like myself. We wandered through streets and buildings and countryside, and we saw many "normal" people in distress, fear, anger and sadness, and chaos and destruction all around. We were calm and completely unaffected by any danger.

So that the other people should also gain mastery of their surroundings and situations and know the joy of service, we stretched out our hands to them. Those who took our hands were taken to chairs standing in the large pool of water, which seemed to act as a sort of conductor, and - still holding our hands - they sat down, relaxed, allowed the "holy flame" to enter them and to engulf their bodies as it did mine. Thus, more and more white people wandered among the sick and destitute and wounded, helping those in despair wherever possible.

Meanwhile, a row of dark grey military ships were lined up along a coast-line. It was not possible for any white people to board or even get near, because they were surrounded by a protective field of energy which repelled outsiders attempting "sabotage". This saddened the white people, who were aware of the many unhappy and misled people inside, and who actually needed help. By refusing help, they were sabotaging themselves. In the end, a fleet of flying objects with very strong light beams pierced the protective bubble from above and it burst. The many ships were then enclosed in a prison of white light and removed in a great mass, accompanied by the flying objects.

Meditation Report 74, February 24th 2012

RELEASING THE CROWN

(Just a few seconds before starting meditation my eye fell on a open text book left on the table by my daughter. I registered an engraving of a crown in one corner).

During the preliminary cleansing process, a spiral of golden light descended from above and entered my body via the crown chakra on the top of my head. As this is usually a straight shaft of white light, I felt that this was increased energy of some sort, and I felt this spreading strongly on a physical level in addition to the symbolic level of spiritual connection to Source.

In my mind's eye I saw a King riding a white horse through a forest. He looked tired, as if carrying the weight of the world on his head and shoulders, so he took his heavy crown off and placed it on the stump of a tree in the middle of a clearing. Instead, he made a daisy-chain and put that on his head. Feeling light and happy, he galloped off.

A group of people gathered together to meditate on what to do next, assembling in a circle round the tree stump. They were astonished to see the crown sitting there, but continued to meditate as usual. The message they all internally received was „Seek, but do not look for reward“, and they were told to leave the crown behind, separate, go their own ways, and to meet again after a prescribed period of time.

Some decided to live simply as hermits in the forest. Others went to preach about the ways and laws of Spirit in the neighbouring villages. Yet more became teachers, bakers, musicians, farmers or actors. But one meditator could not forget the glittering crown and, mesmerised by its dazzling gold, decided to begin trading with gold coins. By the end of the given period, he had amassed a fortune, but he was extremely tired and worn.

When the meditators met again in the middle of the forest, they shared their newly gained knowledge and skills and produce. Some sang, some danced, some held speeches, some provided food, and everyone seemed content except for the gold trader. He had worked so hard to acquire his gold coins that he did not want to give them away.

The more he received gifts from his fellows, the more uncomfortable he felt, until in the end he too began to share his wares. The coins were politely and gratefully received and put away in pockets, but the wave of delight and laughter did not depend or centre on this gift, as the trader expected. The emphasis was on being together and sharing experiences.

(After finishing meditation I took another look at the picture of the crown which had captured my attention. I discovered that it was not just a crown but also a prison with a man inside it. See http://www.freiburgs-geschichte.de/images/1848-1870_Revolution/Michel_in_der_Monarchie_w.jpg)

Meditation Report 75, Sunday 26th February 2012

TRIALS AND THE COMING OF THE RAINBOW TRIBES

I found myself being subjected to a severe cleansing process, standing underneath a strong shower of silver water. Hard silver stars also fell upon me and stuck to my clothes so that I resembled a bizarre sort of Christmas tree spangled and glittering with decorations.

Wearing this cumbersome but very protective silver suit I walked into a forest flanked on both sides by tall mountains. In every clearing between the trees there was a goblin busy hammering and forming swords out of silvery metal. As soon as they saw me they cackled with glee and ripped the silver stars off my clothing. Very excited at having even more material to produce even more swords, they anticipated the approval of their masters. But although the goblins attempted to melt down and reform the stars into weapons of war, the stars did not melt. They were made of a very hard metal unknown to the goblins. Neither could the stars be cut or bent. The only way they could be used was soldering them together at the points.

Each star had eight points, and when all the stars were soldered together they formed a long tall wall of silver which stretched from one side of the valley to the other. The goblins giggled with glee at their great accomplishment and secured the wall of silver at each end to the rock of the mountains. On hearing their masters approach on horseback, the goblins turned towards them, wondering what reward or praise they would receive for their work, but the masters were greatly displeased and cursed the goblins, for now they were no longer able to pass, no longer able to travel further. The silver wall stood in their way.

Suddenly a great voice sounded from the heavens saying to the goblins "SO LONG HAVE YOU WORKED UNWITTINGLY FOR THE DARK, AND NOW YOU HAVE WORKED UNWITTINGLY FOR THE LIGHT!" The light which appeared on the other side of the wall was blinding, and a huge silver sword appeared and cut the wall swiftly in the middle so that it swung open like an enormous gate.

Instead of the normal forest scenery which everyone expected to see, this was now a cavernous entrance hall to a large courthouse where trials were being held and evidence heard. Angels in white accompanied the dark masters through the long hallway towards these courts, where they were forced to sit and wait for their turn to be tried.

Meanwhile, the goblins were as still as statues, petrified by what they had seen, by what they had unwittingly done, devastated by the knowledge that they had personally partaken in and contributed to violence, perversions and deliberate cruelty. They realised that they had let themselves be grossly misled by looking up trustfully to those who wielded the power. They had lived only to bathe in the approving glances of their masters. Weighed down by these dreadful realisations, they all sank to the ground and fell asleep on the forest floor.

When the trials were over, the convicted men wearing long grey robes walked in two lines of single file, slowly entering a dark entrance in the mountain rock. As soon as they were all inside, a slab of rock closed off the entrance. At this exact moment, the sun gained spectacularly in strength and emitted powerful rays onto the land beyond the forest. This was a desert plain sparsely populated by trees. Great areas of earth began to move wherever the beams struck, sliding back to reveal temples hewn out of rock and parts of underground cities.

The goblins, now reawakened, slow and subdued, looked down into these great holes and saw tall people with long hair and elegant cloaks shimmering with all colours of the rainbow. Some of the goblins immediately fell to the ground and started to worship them. Others stood around lamely, expecting to be told what to do, but the tall people said nothing and did nothing until one of them stood up and cried: "YOU OF THE EARTH MUST STAND TALL AND CHOOSE OUR COOPERATION. WE ARE NOT YOUR NEW MASTERS. WE ARE YOUR NEW COMPANIONS IF WE JOIN IN THE SAME SPIRIT". The goblins looked ashamed and held their heads, but one by one they rose and stood tall. One by one they spoke loud and clear saying "WE ASK YOU TO JOIN US IN THE PERSUIT OF GOODNESS". Their voices, previously slight and high, were now deep and resonant.

The tall rainbow people heard this and walked up to the earth's surface, and the desert soil received their tread, and grass sprung up wherever their feet trod. It was a moment of great solemnity followed by great celebration.

I was lying immobile, with a tense unpleasant feeling around my chest, still feeling weak and bereft of all the stars which had given me strength. The rainbow people came, put their hands on my body and revived me.

Meditation Report 76, 27th February 2012

WAYS OF SEEING

Before "seeing" anything in my mind's eye, my eyes themselves went through a rigorous cleansing process. Strong beams of concentrated light, like lasers, pierced through them from the outside and eliminated any dark specks within my eyeball. This made my sight razor sharp, and I relived a scene I actually experienced in reality earlier today:

While looking at an iron grid, which looked dark against the bright light behind it, the blocks of lights suddenly became "alive" and three-dimensional, as if they were

actually floating IN FRONT OF the grid, instead of acting as a homogenous background.

I understood that it is presently important to LOOK AT THE SPACES INBETWEEN, look at WHAT HAS NOT BEEN SAID OR REPORTED, or WHAT HAS HAPPENED BUT IS NOT OPENLY DISCUSSED, and that the fact that it is not immediately SEEN does not mean that it is not there.

This was followed by other mental images: a tree in full bloom, covered in leaves, suddenly lost all its foliage. The space occupied by thick bushy leafy material was suddenly nothing. Then a mountain appeared, seemingly made of hard rock, but actually there was a maze of tunnels and caverns inside. Then the surface of the ocean appeared, and although the waves looked rhythmic and beautiful, they concealed ugly secrets below.

The last image was a canvas (which was actually standing on an easel next to me during meditation) A part of it is covered in a layer of yellow paint and the rest is white. I have only just started to paint on it. It "looks" like absolutely nothing, but it has the potential for being the background of a vibrant multi-coloured scene.

My general feeling was that our ways of seeing are limited because we restrict ourselves to that which is purely physical and visible on the surface of things, and that it is important at the present time to sharpen our sight and our awareness, and to utilise visualisation techniques to form our future.

Meditation Report 77, 1st March 2012

THE RED LOVE CARPET

The personal cleansing process which always precedes my meditation took the form of a shower of red liquid pouring over me. It came in such huge quantities that it covered the ground where I stood until all land as far as I could see had turned into a carpet of red. I understood that my body, now also red in colour, had adopted and was emitting the vibrations of love, just like the body of the earth. Previously to this event, the face of the earth had been multi-coloured, with isolated patches of red here and there.

Small sinkholes appeared everywhere in the skin of the earth, and the love vibrations from the carpet poured down them right down to the earth's core, heating it until it expanded into an huge white molten mass. The birds in the air, as well as the celestials watching from above and on the ground, were aware of this process, and

the birds sang loudly. But many of the people on earth did not really notice. They chattered away, continued with their usual routine and had no real idea of what was going on beneath their feet.

Due to stark contrast, anything which failed to transmute to red showed up very clearly. Dark areas which responded well to the love vibrations changed colours at varying paces, merging with the whole. Those which remained were stubborn black blobs, like burnt shrubs amidst burgeoning poppy fields if viewed from above.

And indeed they were viewed from above by a host of mighty eagles with extremely good eyesight which scoured every piece of land for these dark elements. When they found one, the eagles swooped down, clutched it in one claw and dropped it into a net carried by the other foot. Nothing escaped their eye, and I realised that these eagles were a part of our Creator saying "Do not worry: nothing escapes my eye which is everywhere and all-pervading. Be assured that nothing can be "overlooked" ".

When the contents of the nets were emptied, far away somewhere on the coastline of an isolated island, it became clear that these dark blobs were actually people wearing black cloaks. Their skin was also a faded red, but the cloaks prevented the new energy from reviving them. They were invited to walk along a long red carpet, which they did with great reluctance and a lot of persuasion, and when they reached the door of a large building, they were asked to remove their cloaks.

Most refused. They were ushered in one direction. Those who complied were ushered into a different direction. Both groups were always accompanied by angels. It was clear that both parties were going through a series of courts. Those relinquishing their cloaks were pleading guilty and would be treated more leniently. Those insisting on wearing their cloaks to the bitter end pleaded innocent - if they said anything at all - and were treated with severity. Justice was meted out in accordance with the crime, tempered by the degree of genuine remorse.

Meditation Report 78, 4th March 2012

RECLAIMING THE TREE OF HEALING

I went through a cleansing ceremony during which a white silk veil fell over me, closing together under my feet so that I was inside a sack. Very slowly it was pulled downwards through my body as if sieving out impurities and taking them away.

The image of absolute purity was continued with the image of a tree without leaves. Silver bells hung from every branch, emitting heavenly music. The tree attracted people from all walks of life, and when they heard the music or touched the bark of the tree, they fell into ecstasy. They loved the high vibration or tingling feeling which swept through their bodies.

However, visitors to the tree included those with hardened hearts and desire for power. They noted the effect that the tree exerted, but they went to other places and other people and said that the tree was a fraud, and that they were unaffected. Thus they spread lies across the land.

To stop people from approaching the tree for its healing effect, the men in power issued an order that the tree required extra protection and should be surrounded by a fence. People accepted this as they indeed loved the tree and did not want it to be hurt. It remained a place of great pilgrimage, and because of the many visitors, more and more fences were ordered, again to protect the tree.

When the men in power saw that the number of pilgrims to the tree did not diminish, despite being enclosed and despite its diminished effect, they decided that a wall should be built. This wall was so high that no one could see over it. But the visitors could still hear the very faint ringing of the tree's silver bells. One visitor decided to bring a ladder to the wall so that he could see over it. In time, this was duly noticed, and the men on power decided on a final measure: to place guards all along the outside perimeter of the wall. The guards were chosen from faraway places, and some had never even heard about the tree. They certainly had no idea of what they were guarding. They simply followed their orders. And as time passed, all memories of the tree faded, except in the minds of a few of the older generation.

One young man learned about the tree from an older member of the family and wondered whether it still existed. His common sense told him that there must be something very important beyond the tall brick wall because it was being guarded so closely (And the soldiers also sometimes wondered what terribly dangerous thing they were guarding). Obsessed by old folk tales about the tree, the man set out to find it. After much secrecy and hardship, he was able to burrow underneath the wall and discover that the tree was still alive, still singing, still capable of healing its visitors.

The man revealed his discovery to close friends, who again related it to a close circle of friends, and thus a message spread rapidly through the land, from one trusted mouth to another, and they secretly rejoiced, simultaneously devastated by the degree of oppression to which they and the tree had been subjected. This was like

the turning of a tide. The more widely the news spread and the more people bonded on a spiritual and energetic level with the tree (which was still hidden behind the wall), the louder the silver bells on the tree sang. Ultimately, the music was so intense, and the connection to the tree so strong, that the surrounding walls began to crumble. The guards became afraid and ran away, and everyone else climbed over the ruins to reclaim their spiritual heritage. Those elderly people who had always carried the memory of the tree in their hearts smiled gently and knowingly. They had never doubted that the tree was still there. But for the younger generation who had never seen the tree before, it was like a fairytale coming true.

Meditation Report 79, 7th March 2012

RAKING THE SOIL FOR ANSWERS

A great number of despairing farmers and labourers gathered in their fields to discuss why their crop had failed. They decided to carry out extensive investigation into the soil to see whether it contained anything which prevented growth, and so they got out their rakes and tilled the soil. As they worked, one rake struck something hard, and they uncovered a human skull. The more they searched and the more diligently they combed their land, the more vestiges of war and violence greeted their eyes. They were confronted with bones, armour, bullets and carnage of all descriptions.

Now the farmers were even more devastated than before. They understood that they themselves were the cause of crop failure. They had failed to cleanse the fields and their consciences. The land was burdened by an unrecognised past and misplaced justice. With this realisation, the farmers crumbled inwardly and outwardly, cowering on the ground with their heads in their hands, weeping bitter tears, immobilised by grief.

A group of angels dressed in white wandered through the fields. Whenever they discovered a grieving person, they touched him lightly on the shoulder, releasing him from his paralysed state. Now the farmers were able to look skywards, and they saw a strange flying object like an unknown variety of plane. This plane dropped huge parcels from the air. Inside were thousands of seeds. The farmers were overjoyed to discover that they had been given a new chance - a new lease of life.

This time, the farmers did not hurriedly plant the seeds wherever they could in the hope of a large and rapid harvest. Instead they chose the very best location and sifted every grain of soil beforehand. When they eventually planted the seeds, they

did so with ceremony and gratitude, in full acknowledgment of the miracle which is growth.

They attended the seed with love and water, and soon the fields were full of tall sun-flowers which provided beauty for the eye and shade for the resting workers. The farmers looked to the sky often in hope of seeing the strange plane again, but instead they saw the migrating birds, and they realised that the birds mirrored their own journey. They came to the realisation that every flap of the wing counts, just as every careful step taken with respect for the well-being of the seeds counts, resulting in a full harvest.

Meditation Report 80, 9th March 2012

ESCAPE FROM GREEN WATER CITY

I found myself swimming alone in a green ocean. A huge hand appeared out of the sky and started to move the water around me so that I became the middle of a vortex, the centre of a whirlpool which twirled ever faster and deeper. I understood that this was a cleansing process for me, and also part of the story to follow. All impurities in my body were extracted and whisked upwards by a spiral of wind which suddenly moved upwards, forming a tornado which spun away on the sea surface.

Meanwhile, I was beneath the surface in a green watery world. While it all felt claustrophobic, I could still breathe completely normally. People were living on the floor of the ocean, going about their daily lives. They seemed COMPLETELY ADAPTED to their dark and rather unpleasant environment, walking underwater in the same way in which they might walk on earth.

I, on the other hand, was having problems. I kept floating upwards and had to dive constantly to get down again, for I was curious to observe these people from close quarters. Most of them appeared to have sedentary lives, sitting at tables or in front of computer screens, and when they stood up (which was rare) they did so slowly and methodically. As I approached, I saw that there was a reason for this: they were all wearing very heavy leather boots with nails, soles and toe-caps made of iron.

Suddenly I was caught by a shadowy grey figure who forced me to put on a similar pair of boots. It was now much easier to manoeuvre, BUT ONLY ON THE SEA FLOOR, so whereas it was easier to go in a certain direction, THE DIRECTION WAS NEVER UP. I lived in this town for a while, but the memories of life above water had not been completely submerged. No one attempted to escape because they feared the huge

orange fish which appeared periodically above the town. The rulers said the fish would consume anyone who dared to float upwards.

Strangely, the thought of the fish did not seem to disturb me much, as they did not look particularly ferocious. I still couldn't forget home, and so I decided on a plan. Although this was strictly against the rules, I removed my boots one night in secret and swam upwards towards the surface. I was caught - not by a fish but by a man in grey and sent down again. On my second attempt, I got further, but found that the rulers had placed a dome of thick transparent glass over the whole town. On my return I informed the others secretly about my discovery. Some were very distressed, some did not want to hear, others threw off their boots and floated up to see if this was true.

The grey men were extremely angry, threatening to remove the dome and let the fish devour the whole population. And then they carried out their threat (otherwise they would have lost face). But the fish were just curious and not ferocious after all. The grey men saw that their power was collapsing and screamed with anger. Some of the population just continued to look at their computer screens. Others just sat there paralysed. Yet others saw their chance for freedom, threw off their boots and floated to the surface. The huge fish rejoiced with these people as they regained the light after years in the dark water city, and the fish carried them on their backs to an island where the shores were full of inhabitants dancing and celebrating. **THUS SOME MADE THEIR GREAT ESCAPE, AND OTHERS CHOSE TO REMAIN IN DARKNESS.**

Meditation Report 81, 12th March 2012

EARTH COCOONED: CONSTRUCTING THE WORLDWIDE WEB

As usual I was put through a cleansing procedure, after connecting up to Source, and this time I found myself sitting on top of a huge sieve which was being rocked to and fro to shake out all impurities. Slowly, I passed through the sieve and reappeared underneath it as a white body. Large white spiders who seemed like some sort of relatives suddenly surrounded me. They started to attach thread to my body and then travelled very long distances, carrying it to certain places and attaching it there. Thus I was suddenly connected to EVERYTHING - trees, church spires, mountains, other people in distant lands, ships on the ocean, and tiny desert islands - by thin white gossamer spiders' thread.

Threads were even fixed to different points on my face, and these threads were connected to the same positions on other faces. If I cried, the muscles on my face moved, pulling on the threads and forcing my connected compatriots to cry too. If I smiled, they smiled too, although they were sometimes thousands of miles away. When I walked or moved, I was aware that this had an incredible impact on a large number of places and people, so I trod with great care.

At the same time, I could see the earth from outer space. The earth was surrounded by a grid of white lines where the white spiders' thread was concentrated. As more and more people went through the same cleansing process as myself, the earth turned whiter and whiter. In the end it looked like a completely white sphere, cocooned in thread. I understood that we were becoming the spiders ourselves in that we were continuing their mission with our movements, continuing their connecting activities and **CONNECTING ALL**.

Some people refused to participate in this process. At first, it was quite easy to avoid the sticky white threads, as they were few and far between, but as the numbers of cleansed people grew - as the number of light-workers increased - it became more and more difficult. In the end, those who resisted the cleaning process could no longer wander freely, for their movements were prevented by the thick all pervading web.

The spiders were sad because they had tried to initiate these people, inviting them to step onto the sieve many many times, but to no avail. Now, there was nothing more they could do. They wrapped the trapped bodies up in the silken thread and laid them out in rows. Ambulances came to take them away for their next life experience.

Meditation Report 82, 13th 2012

AND A LIGHT WILL SPREAD THROUGH THE WORLD

A cleansing process was initiated. This consisted of a beam of pure energy pulsing through me as if I was a sort of large computer chip - a binary system - and the beam was testing the circuit to see if all reactions were correct.

Then I found myself standing in a circle holding hands with a number of other meditators. We all sensed that there was something or someone behind us, but did not know exactly what or who that was. In the middle of the circle was a large crystal which we equated with divine knowledge.

The crystal was very attractive. It suddenly seemed to be very far away though, and we became tiny figures, and while we were aware of the crystal's existence, and knew that this was our final destination, we started on a journey to get there which was not direct. That is to say that we wove our path to and fro in tight hairpin bends.

Sometimes, when we strayed too far from our paths or lost sight of the crystal or rested for a very long time, the invisible force behind us would take hold of us, turn us round, and show us where to go next, indicating that our journey would be shorter if we used the crystal as our compass.

The nearer we got to the crystal, the more we grew physically and spiritually. By the time we arrived very close to the crystal, we had become very very tall - as tall as the invisible figures behind us. We had so grown in stature that these figures were now able to greet us personally - they were guardians and angels - and they gave us hugs and became part of our consciousness.

When the meditators reached the crystal they were large enough to hold hands surrounding it, and they all leaned against it and hugged it in great joy. At this moment, all energies were united, including unison with the galactic sisters and brothers watching very carefully from above, and a great flash of light emitted from the crystal and spread all over the world.

Other people were surrounded by this light. Those who looked upwards and who understood that it was divine in origin, grew taller as the meditators had grown taller. Those who wished (subconsciously) to remain small did not look towards the sky nor recognised the divinity of which they were part, and which was capable of encouraging their growth.

Meditation Report 83, 20th March 2012

BOARDING THE ARK AND THE MOMENT OF WEIGHTLESSNESS

The scene of a fairground showed itself to me. There were various rides available, but not very well frequented. The weather was cloudy and overcast, and rain had caused big muddy puddles. Most people spent their time walking around avoiding these.

Some visitors did look up and noticed something extremely unusual. One ride seemed to be absolutely huge in comparison with the others. Rising high above the fairground was a large wooden boat, swinging from side to side on a single axis, and the axis was not a strong metal tower anchored into the ground but dangled at the end of an

enormous golden chain which hung from the rain clouds. No one could prove what was holding it or why it hung there.

The majority of those who saw this (which was only a small proportion of the crowd anyway) took fright immediately. They did not want to see how the chain was secured when the clouds dissipated. Others were "realists" and did not contemplate taking a ride on this boat because they could not see exactly how it was secured, saying that this was impossible or too risky. Yet others admired those who decided to queue up to board, but they themselves did not have the courage or enough TRUST IN THE DIVINE. And most of all, they were terrified by the idea of being in a MOMENT OF WEIGHTLESSNESS, which is the moment of non-time when the boat swung upwards and paused for a split second before swinging down again (I was given to understand that we, globally, are presently in the "moment of weightlessness" before we inevitably swing into rapid movement and developments).

The people in the boat experienced the "moment of weightlessness" as a moment of great exhilaration and new orientation which was difficult to explain. After the ride, they emerged in an ecstatic state, talking about their experience to any one who cared to listen, but most were too frightened and rushed away.

Through the increasing efforts of the SUN, the clouds parted to reveal that the great golden chain was being held by a huge celestial hand. This caused tumultuous commotion. Those who recognised this as the hand of God rushed immediately to board the boat. Others ran away. Suddenly there was a tremendous surge of water and those on the boat were able to survive and sail to new lands.

All this time, beyond the fairground scene, a huge pair of silver balancing scales shone in the distance. On one side lay a pound of flesh (and here I was reminded of the Shakespeare play *The Merchant of Venice*) and on the other side lay a pound of gold. When the divine hand appeared, the flesh transformed into a baby calf which jumped off the scales. Simultaneously the lump of gold toppled off the scales and disintegrated into nothing.

Meditation Report 84, 21st March 2012

THE MOVING EARTH AND THE SAFETY NET

After thanking the sun for warmth, love and dedication to the earth's ascension process, I saw the sun sending beams of energy like great tongues of fire down to the earth until it was enclosed in a grid. The earth was bathed in yellow light and looked somewhat like a glowing grapefruit suspended in an orange net held by the fingers of

the sun. Also surrounding the earth, outside the net, were a multitude of space-ships sending powerful energy fields to her surface.

The sun encouraged the earth to move, expand, and readjust. At the same time, the sun assured her very lovingly that she was SAFE TO DO SO as she was held in a security net. Together with the pressure waves exerted by the ships, she was completely contained and it was impossible to fall apart.

I whispered similar encouragement to the earth, knowing this was only just a whisper, and the reply came that thousands of loving whispers combined could cause the thundering of a huge waterfall.

As I watched the earth from space, I suddenly saw many smaller round lights, first at the North Pole, and then darting about to different places. When I asked what these were I received the answer that these were exterior presences observing the process from closer quarters; special forces which moved around to especially problematic areas like major fault lines or volcanoes. Everything was under full surveillance.

Then came a change of scene. A young girl wearing an orange hat and an old-fashioned white pinafore dress, as if she came from a time at the turn of the century, was walking along the shore. She walked slowly into the sea, fully dressed, and disappeared. Her white dress and hat floated on the waves and were pushed towards the beach with the tide, much to the dismay of the locals who thought her drowned. But she was not. She was swimming freely in the ocean, leaving the vestiges of life on land behind her. I understood this to mean that those who "die" transition peacefully and are free to enjoy new beginnings, however tragic their demise may appear.

Meditation Report 85, 24th March 2012

THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

The sun appeared and gained increasingly in strength, burning the superficial layers off every person. This started when the sun beat down on their heads, causing the skin there to split, and as it dried it split further and peeled down until each person stepped out of their own skin and everyone was then visible in their true colours. Those who were capable of expressing a great variety of feelings and emotions were multi-coloured. Those who were sad, angry or afraid were speckled with black patches. From observing the colours of a person's new skin, it was easy to determine their state of mind, as well as their level of honesty and exuberance. Nothing could be hidden.

Then I saw a large bean, and was reminded of the story of Jack and the Beanstalk, only that the scene which followed was the Beanstalk story in reverse. Instead of climbing the plant to defeat the giant, a number of people descended the beanstalk which grew down from the heavens to fight corruption, greed and power on earth. The moment they touched the soil, soldiers appeared to fight them, and the battles were bloody and long. Those envoys from heaven who survived went into hiding.

One man fled to the countryside, living there with his wife and tiny child in a hovel built of stones alone. It had no windows and no cement. The walls rose to a central hole at the top in the form of a large beehive. His wife was honest, trusting and dependent on him, and the man knew he was ultimately responsible for the safety and well-being not only of his family but also of future generations. He knew that his knowledge and actions were extremely important, and he took his responsibility very seriously.

Consequently he was always aware, always taking stock of the situation, always observing the animals and always observing the sky. He knew intuitively that if he saw a spiral in the sky, this would be a sign that the new era had begun. He knew he must constantly be vigilant as the fate of many unsuspecting villagers depended on his swift reactions when the time came. But the man did not say much, except that there would be a spiral in the sky, and he was known as "the silent man".

On that final day when the spiral was seen by all, the villagers remembered what the silent man had said. Soon, a long line of people were queuing up outside his stone hovel, asking questions. The silent man spent a few minutes alone with each visitor, imparting words of advice and comfort. This was truly the beginning of a new age in which he was free to impart his divine wisdom, and his humble home came to be known as THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN.

Meditation Report 86, 29th March 2012

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH

A very ornate tall castle stood at the top of a mountain. It commanded spectacular views, but the people inside it were not concerned with the view. They were carrying out lavish celebrations involving a great deal of excess in all things physical. Some were entirely in party mode. Some of the women were nervous because they heard strange sounds outside, but they tried not to show it and put on a brave and happy face.

Meanwhile, the wind was blowing very strongly, and I understood that these were THE WINDS OF CHANGE. The noise which the party guests vaguely registered in the background were actually volcanic explosions taking place very nearby. Deep cavernous holes appeared all round the mountain, with molten red lava flowing at the bottom. Soon nothing was left except for the peak on which the castle stood, but still the guests failed to look through outside.

Some people knew intuitively that something there was something very disturbing going on, and they shielded their eyes when they passed a window. The party continued until the lights suddenly went out, and the light of huge fires threw shadows into the dark rooms.

It was now clear to everyone that they were isolated within a ring of fire and destruction. (At this point I was reminded of Psalm 23: Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me). Those who were able to look upwards in submission and regret, admitting guilt and asking divine forgiveness, stretched their arms heavenwards and were spirited up by the wind into the arms of their Creator. Those who refused to relent and refused to look upwards lost their physical bodies, but their souls were rescued and packed up into boxes by angels.

The sides of these boxes were not material but transparent force fields which isolated the soul from others. Contact was not allowed. These boxes were taken to a huge space-ship where other evacuees from earth were presently living. These souls were allowed to wander, surrounded by their force field, but always under supervision. They were also invisible. They were made to listen to their former workers / slaves / minions and employees so that they would truly understand the terrible effect which their behaviour and actions had wrought on these people. This was part of their rehabilitation programme, available to all those who wished to comply.

Meditation Report 87, 25th April 2012

TURNING TOWARDS THE MIRACLE ON FAIR GROUND

I found myself at the scene of a fairground, taking a ride which flung me around horizontally and then vertically inside a sort of cage. I understood this to be a cleansing process during which all impurities spun off me. The circular movement created waves which spiralled outwards to cleanse the atmosphere around me.

The fairground was not very large, but enclosed by a strong fence to prevent people entering free of charge. A long queue of visitors stood in front of the ticket office at the entrance. Inside, nearly everyone crowded around a very tall man in a golden suit who made great shows of his strength. He picked up a huge hammer and brought it to land onto a machine which measured the force of his hit. He managed to make the bell at the top sound every time, and the crowd was extremely impressed and applauded politely. As night fell, the neon lights surrounding this spectacle became even brighter and the people were mesmerised by THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN.

Meanwhile, no one was looking on the ground. If they had done so, they would have seen many ants going about their daily business. The acts of strength they performed were actually very much greater than those of the man with the hammer. They carried seeds or crumbs or pieces of dropped popcorn which were twice or even three times their own size, but they were overlooked.

Meanwhile, trying to attract the attention of the crowd with their eyes riveted to the strong man in the golden suit, a number of large animals appeared one by one. They could not enter the fairground compound, so they stood on a nearby hill to be in good view. The first was a giraffe who became a fantastic silhouette against the sunset, but no one looked in that direction. The second was a huge lion who roared as loudly as possible, but the crowd was still in a stupor, assuming that the vague roaring they heard in the background was a passing train. The third was an elephant who trumpeted with all his might, but these were drowned by the cheers of the crowd, or it was assumed that this was distant thunder or an aircraft or both.

Then an angel appeared, lighting up the whole fairground with its light. The neon lights and the golden suit of the strong man no longer stood out in the darkness, and at last the attention of the crowd turned away from him, their eyes travelling heavenwards, trying to see what was happening. Some fled in fright. Others were overcome by a sense of wonder and waited in great anticipation. They recognised this as a sort of miracle which they did not yet understand.

The large animals were now able to walk into the fairground peacefully, without fear of being attacked. They showed the people they were wise and peaceful beings instead of ferocious beasts. The strong man got very angry when he saw what was happening. He took the hammer and hit the machine again and again, making an incredible noise, but now no one paid him any attention. Completely exhausted, he fell to the ground, unable to move. The animals walked up to him, regarded him sadly, and then they pulled him gently out of the arena.

Meditation Report 88: 4th May

THE FALSE DESERT

A thin, poor man in a very hot country was standing alone in the desert. The only thing he possessed was a simple rake-like tool. In a sudden moment of inspiration he started to dig into the sand, and after a while he stumbled upon a single blade of grass. This encouraged him to dig deeper, until he reached a level where the sand ended and thick luxuriant grass began. The man cleared a square metre of grassy ground and sat upon it proudly, claiming it for his own.

A second man, a water carrier, appeared on the horizon, saw the patch of green, admired it, and asked the "owner" of the grass if he might sit on it too. This he was allowed to do, in exchange for some water. In the night, the "owner" secretly cleared away another square metre of sand, and again the water-carrier was very impressed, ascribing magic powers to the "landowner". This continued. More and more people were attracted to the ever-increasing patch of green, and in exchange for food and services, they were allowed to erect small huts there and create a village. They all paid homage to their generous benefactor, the landowner, and held him in great esteem, building him a palace at the centre of the village.

At night, sand continued to be removed to increase the landowner's property, but he no longer did this personally with his rake, but indoctrinated loyal servants, employing them to drive tractors during the night to remove the sand. They were sworn to secrecy and received great honours in exchange. The landowner himself became lazy and exploiting.

One night a group of winged horses descended from the sky, and their riders surveyed what was happening on earth. Horrified by this huge cover-up, they decided to send a huge strong wind to blow away all of the remaining sand, so that the whole desert turned into a lush paradise overnight. When the landowner's "slaves" saw this the following morning they were astonished, wondering how this had come about, wondering why they were all congregated in one town when there was actually so much abundance. They realised that they had been grossly deceived, and the fraudulent landowner was forced to flee from their anger.

When asking about the message of this I heard the following: ABUNDANCE IS EVERYWHERE FOR THOSE WITH EYES TO SEE. SLAVERY IS FOR THOSE WHO RELY ON OTHERS AND WHO ARE SUCEPTIBLE TO INDOCTRINATION. FULFILLMENT IS FOR THOSE WHO RECOGNISE THAT THEIR ENERGIES SHOULD BE DIRECTED TOWARDS SIMPLE COMMUNITY LIVING.

Meditation Report 89, 9th May 2012

WE SEE THROUGH THE FAÇADE

I found myself clad in a long dress and flying like a bird over three different locations. The first was a huge factory complex, crammed with black buildings, large boilers and complex antiquated machinery. Although there were very obvious cracks here and there, it was also obvious that no-one had the desire to make repairs or to control the pollutants which sank into the ground. Wildlife (BIRDS LIKE MYSELF) suffered as a result when forced to land during long journeys. I understood that sooner or later, everyone will be forced to see such "eyesores", that they will out of necessity be forced to "land" and realise what has been happening elsewhere.

The second location was a small tropical island alias holiday resort. While wealthy guests rested under the swaying palms, they were completely unaware of the more unsavoury aspects of their visit - that the coconuts above their head were rotten and infected by disease (with the potential of falling on their heads), that their food and conveniences had to be hauled long distances, that their waste also had to do this return journey, that behind their smiles the employees were ill-paid and often very aggressive towards each other. When they discovered the bodies of dead dolphins a little beyond the water's edge, some of the women started to scream. This did not fit into the perfect image of their holiday and put them into a state of intense fright.

The third location was a large city consisting almost entirely of high, modern tower blocks separated by paved squares and regimented lines of small trees. From my bird's eye view, everything looked grey apart from the small green trees and the people in black suits who looked liked ants busy about their business. All of them were walking and turning corners at right angles. In the central and largest square was a huge screen which was actually the whole side of a building. This was a transmitting arena. It showed a film about the beautiful countryside which the employees in this city were allowed to visit for a few days a year, when on holiday, providing that they had worked hard.

A few people were sitting watching this film. But many were suspicious of what they were being told. They decided to go to the edges of the city and see if this countryside really existed. But instead of lush vegetation they found deserted and desecrated land with a few blades of grass. When they asked officials at the city's perimeter where holidays were taken, they pointed to a fenced off area some distance away from the city, which resembled a small oasis in the desert. The people were shocked and outraged to see how they had been duped, and were distraught to

see that they had allowed themselves to be deceived. This brewed the seeds of revolution.

Meditation Report 90, 9th May 2012

FOUR SCENES SHOWING PRESENT BEHAVIOURS

1. A blackbird was hopping around on a lush lawn, her head cocked and listening intently. When she found a worm, she flew off immediately to her nest in the nearby hedge and fed it to her babies. Then she set off again, repeating the same procedure again and again.

(WHAT SHE DID NOT DO: she did not make a small pile of worms, and get other lesser birds to guard them for her. She did not steal worms from other birds to make her pile bigger. She did not put her pile of worms in a freezer to use later. She did not sell her extra worms for gold. She did not continue to collect worms once her babies were fed. And she did not pay for the worms in the first place)

2. A woman was sitting on the very top of an ancient pyramid structure in Mexico, looking across the jungle towards the sea. She was completely content, watching the sun descend, enjoying the beautiful sunset while eating a couple of sandwiches.

(WHAT SHE DID NOT DO: take hundreds of photos, answer her mobile phone, eat at the restaurant or wander through the gift shop)

3. A man on a motorbike was joyriding on the motorway, weaving his way between the cars and overtaking them at a terrific pace. He wanted to get to a party as fast as possible. When he arrived at the party near the beach he danced flamboyantly to very loud music and got so drunk that he became unconscious.

(WHAT HE DID NOT SEE: the glorious sunset in the background and the beauty of the beach)

4. A lady was imprisoned in very tall tower, growing her hair as long as possible so that one day, a prince would climb up it and come to save her. This actually happened. A young man appeared and climbed up her hair, but he was so happy at the top of the tower that he decided to stay.

(WHAT SHE DID NOT SEE was the branch of a tall tree growing near to the window. The man climbed up this into a jungle of treetops where he lived from exotic fruits, drank water caught in flowers, and was befriended by a host of loving animals. What the lady did not realise was THAT SHE COULD HAVE BEEN RESCUED ALREADY IF SHE HAD CHANGED FOCUS).

Meditation Report 91, 13th May 2012

REMOVING THE SUN-GLASSES TO WELCOME THE LIGHT

A number of black towers loomed on the horizon, like oversized factory chimneys. Some people had decided to climb up these towers on small steep ladders which were riveted to the walls.

The surrounding crowds watched, thinking that the climbers must be crazy to want to get nearer to all the dark smoke belching out of the towers. It was very difficult to understand what their aim might be, or where they were going. It seemed completely pointless and dangerous.

During their ascent, the climbers were sometimes attacked by snakes and knocked off the ladders. The whole scene looked like a giant version of the game SNAKES AND LADDERS. I understood that this was the climb to ascension - to a new life - terrifying as it was to the onlookers, and terrifying as it sometimes was to the courageous climbers.

When the climbers reached the top, they were greeted warmly by a figure in white who REMOVED THE DARK GLASSES THE CLIMBERS HAD BEEN WEARING. The climbers were astounded to see that the black towers were actually sparkling white, and that the dark smoke billowing out of them was actually a huge beam of bright light which extended far up into the heavens.

One chimney was hollow but covered by a sea of glass through which it was possible to see enormous crystals below which transmitted energy to the earth's core as well as above. Multi-dimensional beings landed on this glass, greeted the new arrivals and guided them gently into certain groups. These groups formed a circle and held hands, with their new guardians standing behind them. Then they were transported away rapidly to new destinations.

Other beings called down to the people who wandered around sadly at the bottom of the black towers. Some responded to these calls and started to climb, even though

they did not know who was calling, and even though they could not see anyone at the top. Others refused to start climbing, dismissing the urging voices as fantasy. Instead they relied solely on their physical faculties of visual perception, not realising that the dark glasses they were always wearing distorted their vision anyway.

As dark shadows passed over them, the people became more and more desolate and aggressive amongst themselves, jeering at those who decided to scale the walls of the dark towers towards what seemed like certain death.

Meditation Report 93, 17th May 2012

THE NEW EARTH

The soul of our Earth appeared to be rather upset: she had a face like a tired middle-aged woman lined with creases of worry, and her body was quite round. Suddenly a strong and concentrated ray of energy and light from the sun entered her crown chakra and descended vertically through the very centre of her body, which fell apart in many segments as if it were a newly spliced orange. The segments landed in a flower shape on the ground. The tubular central pith was now separate from the slices of fruit. This developed wings and flew towards the sun, rejoining him like a lost daughter welcomed home by a parent. Great relief was felt on both sides. I understood that this indicated a renewed and strengthened spiritual connection.

Then I saw a vision of future times on earth. The only inhabitants were children and child-like adults, running around playing on green hills and in small rivers. This was completely free of previous dangers (such as wasps, snakes or scorpions). Animals large and small were integrated into the playing, especially small white rabbits which attracted the attention of the younger children. Large tigers offered rides, and large birds offered flights.

The countryside was completely unsullied: there were no barriers, telegraph poles, electricity wires, fences or roads of any sort. All this was no longer necessary due to new technology and also due to a new desire to preserve beauty. All ugly buildings and structures had been pulverised by something resembling laser beams.

These children were completely carefree: they could not recollect the past and did not worry about the future. They were full of natural goodness, spontaneous joy and friendliness. They also exercised extreme sensitivity in their relationships with other living beings. They never stepped on flowers if they could help it, and their sole intention was to create beauty.

Meditation Report 94, 19th May 2012

WELCOME TO UNSEEN WORLDS

After connecting up to the divine Source, my waist seemed to become the centre of a wheel sending out spokes or rays of light energy which struck the ground around me and then bounced back upwards, only to land again on other places on the earth's surface where such energy could be accepted. This was a way of connecting all lightworkers in a single network. Then I saw the following:

A group of deer on a meadow were munching away at the grass, moving quite quickly from one patch to another, as the grass was already very short. They had grazed there for a long time, it seemed, as there did not seem to be much food left. Thus they kept their heads down and concentrated hard on finding bits they had missed the first time round. Sometimes their path was barred by a hard object. While they vaguely registered that something was preventing them from continuing, they immediately moved in another direction in search of more food. This was their sole aim. No amount of calling or loud noises was capable of making them raise their heads.

A curious baby deer who did not always follow suit, was dissatisfied by the shortly cropped grass in front of his nose and looked up. It was then that he saw what the hard object was: a 2 metre high fence which seemed to stretch for miles. But as he looked up even more, he saw the UNENDING EXPANSE of the sky. Sometimes he saw stars there which twinkled and blinked. The more he looked upwards, the more he knew instinctively that there were other populated worlds beyond the fence and beyond the planet.

Then next scene showed a man in combat uniform moving through the jungle in what he considered to be DANGEROUS TERRITORY. He was armed with a gun which was always pointing forwards. Unbeknown to himself, animals were following him - lions, tigers and leopards who - if they had been in attack mode - could have easily overpowered him in an instant. But this was not part of their nature: they were gentle, bemused at the man's fear, and curious to see where he wanted to go. When the man was exhausted, they lay round him in a protective circle. Many other beings from other realms were also present. Though the man felt threatened and alone, he was actually protected by many invisible friends.

The last scene showed people stranded in a boat at sea at night. They scoured the darkness searching for a sign of life, seemingly alone. Suddenly they saw a dim light in the distance and they started to argue amongst themselves. Some of them wanted to

row towards it immediately, thinking it would be a ship which could save them. Others wanted to stay put, saying the light must be a lighthouse on dangerous rocks. Yet others wanted to wait until the fog lifted so that they could have clear vision and make an informed decision.

Meditation Report 96, 19th May 2012

THE DEMISE OF THE BLACK SERPENTS

A barren field was fenced off from a town where life followed its normal routine. In the field, which was out of bounds, were a number of large mounds of earth covered in black plastic. The local people who did not usually ask many questions, preferring to concentrate on their own lives, sometimes looked over the barbed wire fence but saw nothing which was particularly disturbing. In fact they were reassured because the mounds resembled piles of potatoes being protected by a covering, as in other potato fields nearby. As for the barbed wire, they said to themselves **THERE MUST BE A GOOD REASON FOR THAT**, and they did not investigate further. They rested in the assurance that this was extra food storage for their own benefit in adverse times.

Suddenly a group of men on horses with spears in their hands leapt over the barbed wire fences and galloped towards one of the black mounds, piercing it with their spears as they passed. The mound, now punctured with spears, began to shudder and expand, and with a tremendous roar, a huge black serpent raised its head, wounded by the attack. The serpent was blinded by its sudden exposure to strong light and - despite intense struggles - it eventually collapsed. The group of riders continued lancing spears at all the black mounds until the whole field was alive with collapsing black serpents.

The townspeople gathered at the fence and looked on with horror and in complete disbelief. Their quiet lives were shattered, their sense of security was gravely shaken, but above all they wondered **HOW COULD THEY HAVE BEEN SO IGNORANT AND SO BLIND IN THE VICINITY OF SOMETHING SO DESTRUCTIVE, SO POWERFUL AND SO EVIL**. They gathered in small groups, sitting outside on the grass in circles, each trying to work out where they stood and what had actually happened. Many could not express themselves as they had lead solitary lives and never learned to say much apart from polite niceties. They could not communicate their innermost feelings, desires or fears to each other, so other methods were used to help them on the road to expression. Various objects were placed at the centre of the circles of people - for example a piece of broken wood, a stone and dead leaves. The people were encouraged to pick up one of these objects

and say things like THIS BROKEN BRANCH IS MY BROKEN BELIEF or THIS STONE IS MY COLD HEART AND RESISTANCE TO NEW IDEAS or THIS DEAD LEAF IS MY WITHERED RELATIONSHIP TO OTHERS AND TO MY DIVINE SELF. While this helped greatly, many people were still floundering ...

Then a trumpet blast sounded. The horseriders appeared, dismounted and wandered through the groups of people, offering wisdom encouraging their growth and assuring them that this was just the difficult and unusual start to a glorious future.

Meditation Report 96, 25th May 2012
LEVELLING THE MOUNTAIN OF DECAY

Today, my gratitude to the sun was overwhelming. I realised that sunlight (and the growth it stimulates on earth) has graced and sustained my every step from babyhood to adulthood, especially when visible, but also when behind the clouds. I saw the sun also as a cleansing agent, dispersing positive energy, with the capability of throwing things into shadow. I understood that we underestimate this very powerful transforming energy, and this was shown in the following scene.

The earth was covered in a HUGE PILE OF LEAVES, and this pile was as high as a mountain. The leaves were in the process of decay, and the sun was pouring all his energy onto them, drying and purifying and killing bacteria through intense heat. These leaves were symbols of superfluous, dead, discarded and useless thought-forms and objects: old paradigms, antiquated or inappropriate views of the world, irrelevant structures, old facades, old "toys", old fences and boundaries, old views of oneself, including old bodies which had been discarded by souls deciding to leave for new horizons.

This huge heap of leaves gradually disintegrated and crumbled through the activity of the sun, guided by love, until it was COMPLETELY LEVELLED TO FORM A FLAT AND FERTILE PLAIN. Seeds were dropped by birds, which grew to create a new lush garden landscape where children danced and sang in CIRCLES. I understood that this was the prevailing form, the circular form, which dominated this new society in architecture and in meetings of all kinds. All sharing of thoughts, pain or ideas were expressed to one another while sitting in a circle. Thus all were seen, all were heard and all were included.

Meditation Report 97, 27th May 2012
OUTGROWING CHRIST

I lay on a large stone in the middle of a river, but the stone was just underwater so that the water flowed over me. I was forced to witness everything which floated past me and which sullied the river - soap, sewage, plastic bags, and production waste. After seeing all this and experiencing the adverse effect of pollution on my very own body, I sadly recognised the part I myself had played in promoting this. With the recognition of personal responsibility, I was cleansed, which led to the cleansing of the river.

The scene changed to Rio de Janeiro where the huge statue of Christ with outstretched arms stood on a mountain overlooking the city. Flocks of pigeons descended and rested by perching on the outstretched arms, and I was given to understand that it is only possible to support others with arms outstretched. If hands are closed and head bowed, one is more likely to be centred upon oneself or to assume a position of submission.

Most of the tourists and visitors looking up at the statue felt small and overpowered by its size and openness. They were glad to leave. But other visitors stood tall and decided to stretch out their arms in the same way as the statue. The more they did so, the more they felt elation, and the more they grew, UNTIL THEY WERE AS TALL AS THE STATUE ITSELF. The knowledge of their constant steady growth filled them with exhilaration, and as they grew their minds and their perspectives expanded also, adjusting to new ideas and mental landscapes at every level. In the end, they were even bigger than the statue and had acquired so much new knowledge and powers that they were able to fly and depart for new shores.

Meditation Report 98, 1st June 2012-06-04

THE END OF AN ERA

An army of ants were marching along a concrete path with their eyes focussed fully on the ground immediately in front of them. A little further along, two men were drilling a trench in the concrete, and when the ants reached the trench they all fell in. Some of the ants further back in the procession suddenly felt intuitively that something was wrong. They started to leave the path and climb the plants at the wayside to get a better view of what was going on. When they saw their comrades falling into the trench they decided not to follow on but take a different route. In the end, as the feeling of impending doom spread throughout the ranks at varying degrees of urgency, more and more ants decided to leave the formation and make their own decisions about which path to take next. This resulted in some confusion

and complicated, but the whole process was watched and guided by two very large birds who brought up the rear of the procession. I was given to understand that this symbolised THE END OF AN ERA where personal decision-making and a high level of awareness were critical factors.

A number of hens lived on a free-range farm, and the farmer and his wife came every day to collect the eggs. One day, however, there were no eggs to collect. The hens, who longed to have children, rolled their eggs away and hid them so that the chicks could be raised elsewhere. I understood that this signified THE END OF EXPLOITATION of domestic animals.

A pleasure cruiser ploughed its way through a shoal of fish towards huge waterfalls. The fish hated the nose of the engines and tried to stop the ship by throwing themselves onto the deck to signify their plight. Others deliberately swam into the propellers and sacrificed themselves. They tried to tell the people that this was their habitat which was being destroyed through pollution and noise. I understood that this situation would be terminated, that this means THE END OF HARMFUL PERSUITS which infringe on the environment.