

Chapter 1 We're Off! America Here We Come!

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are!

Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.

Ann & Jane Taylor 1806

Imagine if you will two slightly unconventional specimens of British womanhood. Both middle aged; neither in a state of peak fitness or even the second blush of youth. One about five foot two with a rapidly crinkling face, slender body, slightly sagging at the rear – it's amazing how the effects of gravity seem to increase on our bodies as we advance in years – slender arms and legs, red hair which has a touch of the untruthful about it. The other, a cuddly five feet six, a huggers delight with a rotund body, large snuggly bosom, the lower half of the body sagging slightly both fore and aft but thankfully the legs and arms retaining some of their original strength and firmness. The truth about the hair is plain for all to see, a large brush of quite dark brown with distinguished grey streaks encroaching from either side, starting around the ears and slowly moving upwards and backwards. Not what you would call prime specimens physically.

Notwithstanding that, they are two women with a mission.

We meet them at London Gatwick airport where each is pushing a baggage trolley laden with two large pieces of luggage and some rather hefty looking cabin luggage. On top of a red soft-sided bag on one trolley rides a rather long-armed gorilla called Grumps and atop the other trolley we see a rather faded apricot coloured pig called Horace. Horace, a very wise and ancient flying pig, has a wistful look on his face, as though he is remembering something from the dim and distant past. Grumps, a rather young, brash gorilla is almost jumping up and down with excitement. He has never flown before and can hardly contain himself. He's nearly fallen off the trolley at least a dozen times and keeps asking Horace the same question over and over again "What's it like?" Gradually Horace comes back from his reverie and realises where he is. "What did you say Grumps?" asks Horace. "What's it like?" asks Grumps. "What do you mean?" asks Horace. "Flying in an aeroplane, America, camping, everything" shouts Grumps excitedly. "Calm down a little and I will tell you all about it between here and America" says Horace in the calmest voice he can find. Actually he felt rather excited himself, as he had not been back to the home of his birth, America, since coming to the UK some six

years ago. Off he goes into his memories of car journeys and camping adventures again and Grumps has to contain his excitement for a while. Remember these two as they will pop up from time to time during the journey. Oh, and by the way, Horace told me to tell you he would be writing his own book someday soon, including how he guarded a collapsed tent all night in a snowstorm!

Both women are scanning the departure boards for signs of their flight but, search as they may, it's nowhere to be seen. They decide to split up and look for the North West desk, the airline with which they are booked. Jackie, the shorter of the two, goes one way and Annie in the opposite direction. Very soon they locate the North West desks and, as they both push their loaded trolleys towards the desk, they see an amazing sight: "NW45 CANCELLED" it says in large letters. In fact all the NW flight boards show CANCELLED and there is an air of abandonment around. They look at each other and shrug! Two rather underworked operators seem surprised to see them as they present their tickets. "Haven't you been told" says one of the operators. "Been told what?" they both ask in unison. "All the North West flights have been cancelled as the pilots have been on strike for the last few weeks. Your travel agent should have informed you" the operator continues. "No, nobody's told us a thing. What happens now?" Annie asks. "You've been re-routed onto a TWA flight via St. Louis leaving at 11:55. You'll reach St. Louis at 13:00 local time, the time you would have been arriving at Minneapolis. There'll be a 5-hour stopover and your connecting flight to Minneapolis will leave at 18:00. It's due to arrive in Minneapolis at 19:30 local time" said the operator, "Here are your new tickets and I hope you have a good journey." And with that she returned to chatting to her companion behind the desk.

We stood and looked at one another and just laughed then we both looked over our shoulders to see where panic was standing. Surprise, surprise, panic hadn't come to the airport with us today. We remained calm, no emotion, no fuss, just acceptance – if this incident was anything to go by, we were going to have quite an adventure! So, with new tickets in hand and laughing fit to bust, we strode off to find the TWA desk. We were checked in immediately and our four hefty bags, minus Horace and Grumps, were seen disappearing off along the baggage conveyer destined, we hoped, for the same aircraft and destination as we were.

The two red soft-sided holdalls which comprised half the luggage must have given the baggage checker a perfect view of a folded tent, two sleeping bags and two deflated air beds as they passed through his x-ray machine. Probably not an unusual sight for him but if he had seen the owners of these items he might have raised an eyebrow or two, for two more unlikely looking outdoor camping types as us you probably could not find within the confines of the airport. We would have been the first to admit that the prospect of the next 5 weeks spent touring great chunks of the centre of America in a

rental car and sleeping in a tent was quite a daunting prospect. Our combined camping experience amounted to:

Jackie – nil, if you discounted the tent putting-up practice we had had about two weeks ago in Annie's living room as it was pouring with rain.

Annie, that's me, – a veritable veteran with two months tenting experience in America during the summer of 1993, some 5 years ago, but that had been with a physical body somewhat smaller than I now possessed. Oh and Horace has just told me to tell you that he shared that 2 months tenting experience with me, so feels he's a veteran as well, although he's not quite sure what a veteran is but it sounds good!

Once check-in had been completed, there was just enough time for us to grab a well-earned breakfast, find the ladies room and move into the departure lounge. Almost immediately our seat numbers were called for boarding and we disappeared into the bowels of the aircraft which would be our shelter from the elements on high until we stepped out onto American soil at St. Louis, Missouri, some 8 or 9 hours later.

So, why were we, two middle aged English women, boarding an aircraft to take us to America? What were we planning to do when we reached these foreign shores?

Hmmm, where does the story begin? It's not as easy as once upon a time as ultimately there are a myriad of threads to this story, many of which would only come to light later. So, for now, let's leave most of these to be unfolded in their due time, and concentrate on the one which brought us together and prompted us to set off on a 5 week Odyssey to the United States of America. I use the word Odyssey deliberately as one thing we did know was it would not be an ordinary holiday.

Until we reached Gatwick airport, there had only been two definite known parameters relating to our journey plus a wish list of places to visit together with some very fuzzy ideas about what we would be doing there. The two definite knowns were the air tickets and the subsequent car rental. As a result we had arrived at the airport with tickets which said we were booked with North West Airlines who promised to fly us from London, Gatwick airport in the UK to Minneapolis/St Paul airport in Minnesota, USA. We also had in our possession a pre-paid voucher for 5 weeks car rental which promised us we could pick up a car on arrival at Minneapolis airport on 8th September 1998 and drop it off at Albuquerque airport in New Mexico on 13th October 1998. Now, even one of those parameters had changed!

The idea for the trip had popped up some months before and initially I had been arranging a solo journey, something which I had done before. Just book a flight, buy a ticket, pre-book a car and off I would go, my idea of heaven! "It's time for another trip to America" had crossed through my mind just after Christmas. "Mmmmmm that sounds good" I thought, "where would I like to go this time?" The idea that came was to visit some of the places I had not had time to see during my extended camping trip in

America in 1993 with Horace. Places like the Badlands in South Dakota, back to the Black Hills again, also in South Dakota, as I'd fallen in love with them and wanted to see the free roaming buffalo again. Oh yes, and this time I wanted to see some of the canyons, places like Canyonlands in southern Utah; Bryce Canyon also in Utah and the pièce de resistance of canyons, of course, the Grand Canyon. Sedona also called me and if I was going that far south I might as well go and look up my old friend in Albuquerque. Finally the thought came that I could take the opportunity to go back to Fairfield in Iowa (Horace's home town) to sort out the personal belongings I had left in the basement of a house where I had rented an apartment some six years before. Oh, and if I was going to start my journey there, I might as well arrange to fly in to Minneapolis. That would also mean I could take a look at the Mall of America, supposedly the largest shopping mall in the whole of the country, complete with theme park, and give me a relatively short drive down to Fairfield from there. I pulled out the map and looked at my possible itinerary. Wow!! This was going to be some trip, so the next questions were "How long?" and "When?" I toyed with them both for some time. The length of the trip kept varying between 3, 4 and 5 weeks, sometimes extending to 6 and August or September kept coming up as favourites for when. In the end there was only one thing for it, draw the answers out of a hat! Before I started I had to make a solemn promise to myself that I would abide by the answers. Firstly the start date. I put two pieces of paper into the hat August on one, September on the other. September won the day or should I say month! Next, let's see, oh yes 1 to 30 went into the hat, stir them up and out came number 8. This was working quite well. I now had the start date. The only question now was the duration. 3, 4, 5 and 6 went into the hat. I was hoping it wouldn't be 3 but fate took a hand and out came 5. Wow! I was looking at the adventure of five whole weeks in the States starting on 8th September and finishing on or about 13th October. "What happened that made you change your mind about going alone" I hear you ask. Well, the idea of having a travelling companion was put into my mind by a friend when we were chatting on the telephone one day. I was telling her about my embryo idea and the places I wanted to visit and she suddenly said out of the blue "Would you like a companion, its years since I went to the States". Up to that point it hadn't crossed my mind so I said I'd give it some thought. By this time in my preparations I had discarded the idea of renting a campervan, on the grounds of cost, and had decided to either take or buy a tent. Unfortunately the friend in question had quite a physical disability and when we spoke again we both agreed that camping would not be feasible for her. However, the idea of a companion had now taken hold.

I had met Jackie the previous year during my first visit to a monthly gathering of people whose aim was to explore the boundaries of consciousness and work with subtle energy. We had stopped for lunch and I was in a small group chatting in the

conservatory. It was a really hot day and Jackie was standing right in front of me in a very low cut dress. As the conversation went on my eyes kept being drawn to a scar on her chest. Try as I might I could not keep my attention away from it so eventually asked her if she minded whether I work with the energy of it and hastily explained that I did a form of hands off energy work! She said yes and I went to work. The most amazing thing happened as the scar started to radiate an electric blue light which eventually filled her whole chest area. We had only met at the group meetings a few times since then but when I was looking for some temporary accommodation in the Surrey/north Hampshire area in March, she was the only contact I seemed to have in that area. When I phoned to ask her if she would take a lodger for about 2 weeks, she seemed rather reticent at first but after a few seconds of thought she said yes. She then told me I couldn't have phoned at a better time as her dog had died that day and she was very miserable and lonely as he had been her companion for many years. It turned out that Jackie also had a love affair with America and had a visit planned to North Carolina in June. To cut a long story short, the day Jackie returned from her trip, 21st June, we were both at a gathering of people to celebrate the summer solstice. Jackie arrived hot foot from the airport having landed that morning and a short while later I found myself asking her if she would like to accompany me on my journey. Much to her astonishment as well as mine she said yes. As she put it "other people do this sort of thing, not me!" So, I now had my travelling companion.

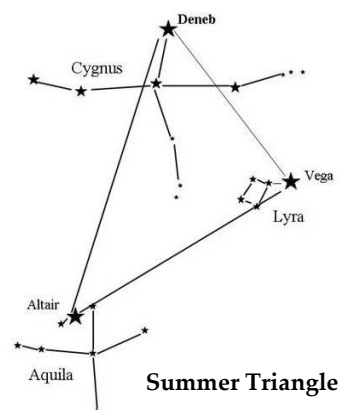
As for the wish list of places to visit, I told Jackie where I seemed drawn to go. Over the last few months the list had changed a little and now consisted of the Badlands and Black Hills in South Dakota; the Rockies in Colorado and Wyoming; Four Corners area where Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona meet and the Grand Canyon and Sedona in Arizona. Jackie, who had just been in North Carolina working with the energy of rocks and mountains, added a couple more places which her American friend had told her were places of great energy, Bear Butte and Devil's Tower in Wyoming. For those of you who have no idea of the geography of the United States of America, you'll find a map of our actual itinerary at the front of the book.

The fuzzy ideas about what we would be doing on the trip related to the fact that the whole of the spring and summer had been rather crazily related to Stars and energy. Not the sort of stars which Hollywood deals in but the kind which most of us never see a great deal of these days, those twinkling, brilliant diamonds in the sky which we all used to sing about when we were kids. It was as though we were being led towards something; something which for now we didn't understand. It was like being on a cosmic treasure hunt, the English leg of which had started in about March and had led us to the airport and our departure from the UK for the American leg.

As we sat on the aircraft sipping our gin and tonics thousands of feet above the Atlantic Ocean we mused over the events which had led us to this point. Our first meeting the previous September; the events that led me to phone Jackie that evening in March looking for somewhere to stay and my subsequent move into a rented studio flat deep in the Hampshire countryside, half of which consisted of a glass conservatory, which was where the Star connection had first started. I had come across the studio flat while lodging at Jackie's house and looking for some more permanent accommodation. I had taken a six month contract of work near the M3 motorway in a town called Frimley in the county of Surrey and wanted to find somewhere to live which was not too far away yet out in the country. I answered an advertisement in the local paper and, when I went to see the flat, could not believe my luck. It was situated about half an hour's drive from work, ideal, and deep in the north Hampshire countryside. It consisted of one large room built over the top of a double garage. The garage rested in the extensive grounds of a house and stood some way from the main building surrounded by grass, shrubs and trees. The property itself was almost at the end of a narrow country lane, a road to nowhere, so no passing traffic and, just as important, no street lights. When I walked into the flat it was as though my dream had become reality. I could not have found a more perfect place if I had tried. The walls of the flat were covered in a beautiful warm, honey-coloured pine cladding, as was the floor. The whole flat was virtually just one room with a small area walled off area as a bathroom. Beside the warm colour of the walls and floor the thing that struck me most was the light. Not only was there a large conventional window straight ahead of me in the wall opposite the door but also two large windows built into the sloping pitched roof on my right. However, the most unusual feature of the flat and the one which produced most of the light was the conservatory. To my left, just past the kitchen area was an opening into the most beautiful glass conservatory. It was five-sided with the most wonderful pointed roof which gave it almost a cathedral-like quality. The roof itself comprised seven glassed sections. The glass walls were about six feet high and curtained in a very heavy cream material. At its centre point the roof was about 12 feet high. Oh, and the far glass wall looked out onto an open-air swimming pool which I was going to be allowed to use! Idyllic!!

When I moved in I was very drawn to put my bed in the conservatory and sleep under the Stars. What a wonderful way to go to sleep far, far better than camping as I could lie in bed and just gaze up through the glass and see a myriad of beautiful twinkling Stars – the Star Nation. No streetlights or the glow from any nearby towns to drown them, there they sat every clear night, slowly moving across the sky. I had my own private show. However, as with everything, there can be a price to pay! The flat itself was not centrally heated it had just three small electric wall heaters and the

conservatory wasn't double glazed. Even in the UK the temperatures between March and May can plummet very low at night, sometimes well below freezing. So, be warned, before you rush to put your bed in your conservatory, you will need an iron constitution and some very, very warm bedclothes! I even renewed my acquaintance with the hot water bottle, an item I had not used for many years! Some Night after night I would wake in the early hours and there they would be twinkling away above and somehow they seemed so close. I even bought a book and started to identify them in the sky. As the weeks went on some nights I would wake up and it was as though some of the Stars had been in the room with me, crazy I know! Yet so real, and as I woke they would withdraw back into the sky. The three Stars, which seemed to be trying to attract my attention are called the Summer Triangle and consist of Deneb in the constellation Cygnus, the Swan, Vega, in the constellation Lyra, the Lyre, and Altair in the constellation Aquila, the diving Eagle. It was to be quite some time before I started to have any understanding of the significance of these three Stars and still to this day my search for clues continues.



As we flew further across the Atlantic, we also talked of what, at the time, seemed a growing number of very bizarre happenings. I am sure many people who read this book will have had unexplainable experiences which seemed very real but which they have never told anyone else about in case they were thought of as crazy. Oh, how we judge ourselves. Why can't we just accept our experiences and not push them away in case we are thought of as mad. You could almost call judgement a human disease. In our case our experiences were easier to accept as there were two of us and we could talk about what appeared to be happening. Even so, there were many times when we heard ourselves saying the words "This is crazy ...", "We must be mad ...", "What on earth is going on?" and "This is the fanciful version." The one thing we had to hold onto from this period onwards was that these were our experiences and, whatever anyone else thought about them, however they tried to judge them and explain them away, no one could take them away from us. They were OUR EXPERIENCES. Even now I see myself shying away from putting them on paper yet, having started down this track, I suppose you would like to know. I just have to say that at this point, it feels as though I am standing alone in the middle of a crowded stadium. In the tiers of seats around the stadium sit thousands and thousands of people who watch as I strip myself bare; open and vulnerable yet free and honest. Many of the spectators may have strong views and judgements about what is being displayed before them. It matters not what they think and shout! I stand by my experiences and offer them to you in the hope that your

awareness of reality and the potential within your life as a human being may be expanded. Nobody else in the whole wide world will have the same experience as Jackie and I did. In fact Jackie and I had very different experiences which complemented each other.

Having got that off my chest, here goes!

During the two weeks I stayed at Jackie's house in March we found that when we came together something very strange seemed to be happening. We would sit down to chat after dinner and find we just couldn't keep our eyes open. We'd literally just fall into a different state of consciousness where we were aware of being almost in a different dimension and working on a non-physical level. Sometimes one or both of us would be poised with coffee mug half way to the mouth and, bingo, suddenly it was as though someone had pressed the pause button! All movement stopped and we would fall into a different state of consciousness. Then at some later date the play button would return us to normal waking state and often a very cold cup of coffee. The most amazing thing was we never spilled a drop! The same thing could occur in the middle of a conversation. Life became very interesting and it seemed there was nothing to be done except accept the situation and trust that all was well. Once again, it was to be some time before understanding dawned.

As the spring progressed these experiences seemed to increase and we gradually became more conscious of what was happening during these excursions into other states of consciousness. Sometimes we were aware of energy flowing through our bodies and other times it was as though we were being made aware of situations around the world and thoughts of what we could do by directing the mind to the situation would flow in unannounced. After each session we would chat about what our experiences had been and usually find that, although they had been different, they complemented each other. For example one evening Jackie's experience had been of the need to open up various geographical locations, mainly hills and mountains, and stir up the energy of these places. I had experienced a similar call to work; however, the methods we both used were very different. Jackie visualised peeling the hills and mountains concerned like a banana and pouring energy into each of them. On the other hand, I visualised each as having a hinged lid which could be lifted up. Once this was done I used a very large wooden spoon to stir up the energy inside rather like mixing a pudding. For many of you who have worked with energy the idea of using the mind in creative visualisation will be very familiar. However, others of you may be very sceptical about the fact that just thinking something could make any difference. For now, I ask you to open your minds, put away your judgements and just accept the premise that energy follows thought and that every thought we have changes something in what we view as our reality around us. There is an ancient saying that says the beat of a butterfly's wings on

one side of the world will immediately have an energetic effect on the opposite side of the world.

As the weeks and months went by we found ourselves increasingly involved with our energy work. It didn't make any difference whether we were physically together or apart. As long as when we were geographically separated we were connected energetically by the telephone, we fell into our work mode, sometimes for hours on end. We were often aware of what we had been doing and sometimes not. We seemed to spend most of the spring and summer in silence on either end of the telephone. The other element, which crept in during those months, was the speaking in tongues. Well not tongues exactly, I don't know what the language was or even if it was or had been a language. Jackie didn't suffer from this affliction and it caused much amusement for us both. The experience started one night, under the Stars, when I came into that half awake half asleep state. You know, that state when it seems your body is still peacefully sleeping but there's that little part of your consciousness which is wide awake and active. Well, this particular night, it was as though someone was pointing at each of the Stars in the Summer Triangle and as they pointed at each Star in turn they spoke its name. Fine, I hear you say. The only thing was the language in use was not English. In fact I don't know what it was. The only sense I had was of something which felt rather Native American yet very ancient. This happened over and over until I had the sense that I was supposed to follow suit and point and name each Star, which I duly did. I have to say that it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be doing in the middle of the night. However, to this day I cannot remember the names I was told and it didn't seem to matter. The main thing seemed to be to allow the experience even though I didn't understand it.

Imagine you are sitting with a friend and have spent a few carefree hours chatting. Your friend asks you whether you would like another cup of coffee. You open your mouth to say yes, however, what you hear coming from your mouth is "Ana tse unta". "Pardon" your friend says. You try again "Ini tsa" Hmmmmm! Even the thoughts aren't in English; however, you don't actually know what the words mean. The conversation continues and the laughter grows by the minute. In the end we were rolling around the floor laughing so much we didn't know what to do with ourselves. Once again as the months went by the episodes of "ana, ini and hunts" as we came to call them became more and more frequent. As I was settling down to sleep at night words would just spew to the surface, unbidden. I would wake in the middle of the night and the same thing would happen, even the thoughts were in foreign. It was as though an ancient energy was coming closer, for what reason I did not know although I would find out later!

I knew I wasn't going too mad as I continued to go to work each day where I masqueraded as a systems engineer within a major defence company and nobody seemed to find me too strange, well no stranger than normal. But what was normal any more. Some days while sitting in front of my computer in work, I'd come to and realise that I'd been off somewhere and hoped that no-one would notice. There was one day when I don't know how I drove home from work as I couldn't quite return to a normal waking state and the greater part of my consciousness seemed stuck out in a different dimension. Try as I might I could find no way to ground myself fully back on planet Earth so I had no option but to set off home in the car. My journey home usually took about 30 minutes through very heavy traffic. This particular day, with the greater part of me off roaming the Cosmos looking for something, I had great trouble keeping my attention on the road. All that was left was that little piece of consciousness that seems to be the autopilot. All of you who are drivers will probably have experienced something similar. You know what it's like when you're driving somewhere and you suddenly reach a spot and can't remember driving the last few miles! I eventually reached home without incident and immediately sat in the chair and let go. I became aware that I was in what I can only describe as the unmanifest sea which lies behind all creation. Like the stage before anything manifests into substance and form and I realised I was looking for something. When I say looking, I don't usually see anything, I get knowings about what is going on. So, I knew I was looking for something, searching, searching, farther and farther, deeper and deeper. As I went I seemed to be picking up strands and when I eventually returned to normal waking state of consciousness, knew that I had searched for and found 13 strands or strings or vibrations, although I was unaware at the time what they were for. Well, it was getting to be all in a days work.

The intellect often needs to feel in control and tries to hang on to everything and



make sense of it. However, as we stand on the doorstep of the Aquarian Age, there is a great urge for each of us to say hello to our intuition once more. That quiet inner voice which we are unable to hear when we are rushing around doing things all the time. I admit to having been one of those people with the hurry disease, always pushing on to do more and more, never really sitting down and relaxing and just being. However, over the past few years I have made every effort to listen with my inner ears.

Gradually, as the summer progressed, we started to listen to our more fanciful thoughts about what was going on. One thing was for sure, neither of us had ever laughed so much in all our lives. This spilled over into our everyday, third dimensional lives as well and life seemed to become filled with JOY. Certainly not a word I'd ever used much about my life before. Now, suddenly it was entering my conversations more and more and more.

As I mentioned earlier, it seemed we were on a cosmic treasure hunt; as though we were being given clues which, if we found the answers, would help us in our understanding of what on Earth we were experiencing and why. For instance, imagine you are driving home from work after a long day in the office in front of your computer. You let your mind gradually fall into neutral. Your brain is in autopilot driving the car for you and making all those sorts of decisions it's good at, when suddenly a thought comes drifting, unbidden, across the blank screen that's now your mind. You look at it to see what it says "Pi and epsilon." Ok, I wonder what that means. You look again "Pi and epsilon, pi in the sky". What on earth does this mean? You take another look "Pi and epsilon, pi in the sky, it's all Greek to me." The whole phrase runs through your mind in an endless loop like an advertising sign which spells out a message in lights, over and over again, endlessly, non-stop until someone either changes the message or switches off the electricity. Very interesting I thought. But what does it mean? It seemed to have a great significance but I didn't know what. The following day in work I was talking to two colleagues when I was suddenly impressed to ask them if they were aware of any equations containing pi and epsilon which related to electromagnetic energy. It just so happened that both colleagues were physicists, one was in his early sixties and the other in his 20's and just completing his PhD. As though of one voice, they both spouted out the same two equations containing pi and epsilon one of which related to the amount of electrical energy a body could absorb and the other relating to the amount of magnetic energy a body could absorb. I was over the moon and so excited I could hardly contain myself! I couldn't actually say why I was so excited but my intuition told me I had solved the first clue of the treasure hunt even if my logical mind didn't actually know what the answer was.

Over the second gin and tonic, high above the Atlantic we also likened the happenings of the spring and summer to living in a jigsaw puzzle without a picture and

with no idea of the dimensions of the puzzle, how many pieces or where it would fit into our lives or the greater scheme of things. How many of these experiences were purely personal and how many, if any, related to the Earth and the Stars? Were we deluding ourselves about the cosmic link? Like the evening we rolled back the Zodiac! One evening while working together, Jackie saw herself rolling back a barbed wire fence from around the Earth. We came to an understanding that this represented the Zodiac, an artificial concept anyway. Our belief was that, on some level, it had been acting as a filter for the energy reaching us here on Earth and that the time had come for humanity to start to shift their realm of awareness from the solar system and expand it out into the Cosmos. In doing so somehow this would enable humanity to activate a greater potential of what Homo Sapiens is capable of. Not content with this, a few days later it was as though the Gods came marching back to Earth. Never had we experienced such strong energy, wave after wave and it felt as though they had hobnail boots on! It also seemed to link in to my jigsaw piece of pi in the sky and it's all Greek to me but, once again, I didn't know how. That was the same evening I suddenly felt a pain in my ears and Jackie told me to listen so I did. I felt as though a very, very ancient energy was trying to surface and was unable to take form. When I allowed it to flow into my body, I was aware of standing on top of a flat top pyramid in South America wearing one of those hats with a large sort of horn coming from the back and bending forward over the top of the crown of my head. I also had a sense of calling very loudly from the top of my high vantage point, my mouth forming a large O. It felt as though I was straddling the two times, one foot in the ancient past on top of the pyramid and the other foot in the present. I was in great danger of doing the splits and it took a great act of will to pull that ancient energy into the present. We also laughed at the way my body had shaken for most of the summer months, whenever we did any energy work. Not a pretty sight! Rather like a large jelly just out of the mould, wibbly, wobbly! Usually around the area of the sacral (or abdomen for those of you not used to that term). Oh, and the many times our nervous systems were obviously coping with a change in energy and frequency levels and we experienced loss of memory, shaking limbs, you name it we had it, heart attacks galore, Parkinson's, senile dementia, brain tumours and even strokes. Just strange happenings within the body that we couldn't explain so we laughed instead! Like the night I got up to go to the loo and for a short while couldn't remember how to walk. Having managed to stagger there and back when I arrived at my bed, for the life of me, I couldn't remember how to sit down. There I was in the middle of the night, standing beside it wondering how on earth I could get back onto it! I decided there was only one way so I launched myself and hoped it would take my weight. I had the brief thought of how hard the floor might feel if I missed and the next moment landed safely. The bed shook a little, a bodyquake but remained in one piece.

You'll be pleased to know that after a good nights sleep I had remembered how to sit down, stand up and walk.

We certainly found a need for a good sense of humour that spring and summer. I think it was the only thing that kept us sane! That and the fact that there were two of us and we were both having similar experiences! We often used to feel as though our souls were pulling our strings, rather like two puppets and we frequently imagined them swinging along on fluffy white clouds whilst cooking up another part of the adventure for us! We also helped ourselves and put in place a couple of very useful techniques. The first was what we called putting our heads together. This literally consisted of having the intention of linking our minds, not quite like the mind meld of Mr Spock in Star Trek, but you get the idea. I liked to think that, when we did that, we were consciously allowing our souls to take charge and letting go of our individual need to control either the experiences or their outcome. The second technique consisted of using our creative imagination to conjure up a large chandelier which we then hopped onto and would wind ourselves up to a much higher level of vibration. It worked a treat. Effective as these techniques were, the most useful thing we started using was flower essences. Somebody told us that just 10 minutes drive away from my Star flat in Conford was an Aladdin's cave filled with flower and animal essences from around the world. I'll never forget my first visit there. Even before I walked through the door I could feel the vibrations from the essences and, when I actually entered I went weak at the knees and could hardly stand up! I did manage to stagger round and see all the essences on offer, there seemed to be hundreds of them. Some couple of hours later I could be seen staggering back to my car with a large bag containing boxes full of three different types of essence. First into the bag were four boxes of Himalayan Flower Enhancers which are essences made from wild flowers growing in remote Himalayan valleys. In the words of their creator, Tanmaya, "They are not remedies for something that is wrong in man, rather their work is to enhance what is right, by shining their lights or vibrational frequency into particular parts of the human body, opening them up and dispelling any darkness, blocks or stored negativity". Snuggled next to them in the bag were four boxes of Dancing Light Orchid Essences. I had chosen these, not only because they spoke to me but also because in the information leaflet their creator, Shabd-sangeet Khalsa, told me that orchids are considered to be the queens of the plant kingdom and have exceptionally high rates of vibratory frequency. Their blossoms often take the shape of angels and are said to create a link between the higher spiritual levels and mankind. It went on to say that because orchid essences are potent energy medicine they can enhance your ability to live in balance, optimise your health, well being and spiritual growth. The final clincher was when I read "Imagine a multi-dimensional blueprint which overlights and infuses your energetic pathways. It takes

the struggle out of transformation when your energetic blueprints are renewed.” Just what we needed! Last but not least in my bag were four boxes containing Wild Earth Animal Essences. The founder of these essences, Daniel Mapel, described them as “Gentle remedies for transformation which, since 1996, have been helping people around the world deepen their connection with themselves and their world”. The information leaflet for these stressed that no animals are captured or harmed in the development of these essences. They are natural vibrational remedies that are made during a ceremonial process which includes attuning with and invoking the spirit of the animal involved. The resulting liquid contains the vibrational imprint and energy of the animal but does not contain any animal parts. At that time, something told me we were going to need all the help we could get in working with these altered states of consciousness and higher energies and, from that day on, we had started using the essences to assist us with our energy work. Their effects were very subtle and we were still getting to know them, however, we already knew they were helping us come into resonance with the energies we were starting to work with. Now, as we sat in our aircraft droning across the Atlantic, all these essences were sitting quietly in my backpack in the locker above my head waiting to be put to good use.

The hours passed rapidly in the aircraft. While some of the other passengers spent their journey watching the in-flight entertainment and others slept, we sat right at the back of the cabin and continued to muse over what had brought us to this point and why we thought we were going to America. The summer seemed to produce a great deal of activity within the Earth. In parallel to our physical experiences of increased energy input, almost like some sort of preparation, we were aware there was a similar activity happening within the Earth. We talked of the many people who had been aware of helping to set up of a new crystalline grid network within the Earth. In the same way as energy is carried throughout the body in a series of energy channels or nadis¹, the Earth has similar energy channels which are often called ley lines, a term I’m sure most people have heard of even if you’ve never experienced the phenomena.

Perhaps now would be a good place to introduce the concept of higher guidance or what some call Channelling² and the idea that we each have a higher frequency part of ourselves which doesn’t exist within the dense frequency framework of the physical reality. It is still part of us but we cannot access it with any of our 5 physical senses. I

¹ **Nadis** – [Sanskrit for tube, pipe] are the channels through which, in traditional Indian medicine and spiritual science, the energies of the subtle body are said to flow. They connect at special points of intensity called chakras. Nadis seems to correspond to the meridians of traditional Chinese medicine.

² **Higher Guidance/Channelling** involves consciously shifting your awareness to achieve an expanded state of consciousness. You have to learn to concentrate and get your own thoughts out of the way so that you can become receptive to your higher guidance; in this receptive state you can bring in the higher energies.

only introduce this term here as a prelude to some relevant words of higher guidance which Jackie spoke one evening not long before we left for this trip:

As you surmise the flow of energy coming to your world from the Stars is increasing in capacity. It is as if the light of the Stars is being received and spread abroad or distributed over the Earth along new pathways. These pathways form a web of connection linking points or places of light with each other in ever expanding frequencies. Earth has not seen herself in the past as cosmically connected. She is part of a living, breathing, conscious Universe and now is the time for her to step forward into the fulfilment of this role.

We reminisced about the time I was passing Stonehenge and was almost overcome with a feeling of celebration and joy and the words which came into my mind were, “The Ancient Ones have returned”. Quite what that meant I did not know on the level of the logical mind but it sure did cause a stir throughout my whole energy field. It was about this time, around the summer solstice, that I became aware of the Pole Star as a doorway into other dimensions or worlds. Once again my logical mind could not explain it but there was a definite knowing that this was true and I was not the only one to experience this. I had agreed to run a small drumming workshop at the summer solstice celebration and, in the weeks prior to this event, my interest kept being drawn to the Pole Star, Polaris, the star which is the nearest to the celestial north pole and lies in the constellation of the Little Bear (Ursa Minor). About 6 adults and 4 children gathered on the lawn for the workshop and, having sent the children off on a mission into the grounds with a drum each, decided, on the spur of the moment, to lead the adults on a Journey to the Pole Star. We sat in a circle on the grass, eyes closed as though for meditation, and, as I started drumming everybody held the intention of journeying to the Pole Star. Some time later when everyone shared their experiences at the end of the journey, the results were quite amazing. The first person to speak was a man who had been a complete sceptic about the whole thing and had told us he was only there to keep his partner company. However, he had found himself journeying through the heavens and saw great bands of electromagnetic energy linking up the Stars and the Planets³ and had spent all his time flying along from star to star. He reported that he had visited the Pole Star and although he hadn’t entered the doorway he had looked through it. Every other person in the group had had slightly different experiences but they all confirmed the existence of a doorway into other dimensions/worlds. Some had been through the doorway and others just looked but without exception everyone was unable to express

³ Science eventually catches up with intuition! Article *Ride the Celestial Subway* published in New Scientist 25 March 2006 describes gravitational corridors between all major bodies in our solar system rather like underground tube lines. See *New planet freeway could transform space travel* by Richard Stenger CNN 22Jul02 at <http://archives.cnn.com/2002/TECH/space/07/19/planet.freeway>

their experience in words. I was totally amazed, as I had deliberately said nothing to them beforehand about the possible existence of a doorway so they would not have any expectations. It seems we had found another ubiquitous sky piece for our jigsaw but were still no nearer finding the picture for the front of the box!

I suppose the major pieces which had come our way all related to links between the Stars and the Earth. The first one seemed to link specific stars with pyramids in the ancient world, especially in Egypt and South America. One of the books we bought to enhance our knowledge and understanding of the skies was a book called *The Secret Language of the Stars and Planets*⁴ in which the authors had included a Chapter on Sacred Alignments where they provided “compelling evidence of deliberate alignments” of ancient architectural sites “to astronomical phenomenasometimes to Stars and planets”. The chapter related the findings of a team of Egyptologists and astronomers in the ‘60s who discovered that the locations of the pyramids on the Giza Plateau provide a terrestrial map of the Stars of Orion and the Hyades. The other piece also came from a book. As Jackie was waiting with her friends at the airport for her return flight from North Carolina in June, they decided to buy her a book as a surprise. The title was *Starwalking - Shamanic Practices for Travelling Into the Night Sky* by Page Bryant in which she recounts what ancient cultures knew about the Stars and how the Native American shamanic practices of Skywalking can be revived. Were we being told something? We didn’t really know. We didn’t even know at this point whether these were pieces of another jigsaw puzzle or whether it fitted into the one we were experiencing and living.

As the snores reverberated though the cabin and, a few people who couldn’t sleep paced up and down the aisles to get some exercise, we talked about the coming trip. It seemed to relate to working with the energy of the Earth and Stars. The places we were drawn to were South Dakota – Badlands and Black Hills; Bear Butte and Devil’s Tower in Wyoming; the Rockies in Wyoming and Colorado; Four Corners area where Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona meet as well as the Grand Canyon and Sedona in Arizona. However, nothing about our itinerary was set in stone. It did look as though we were going to be seeing a lot of rocks though! What else did we think we knew?

- ✧ All spring and summer long we had been preparing our bodies to take higher and stronger energies;
- ✧ there were great highways of electromagnetic energy flowing between the Stars and the energy was somehow stepped down until it reached us in our human bodies here on Earth;

⁴ *The Secret Language of the Stars and Planets* by Geoffrey Cornelius & Paul Devereux

- ✧ the Zodiac had been rolled back, one level of filter had been stripped away and, shortly afterwards the Gods had come marching back in;
- ✧ the Earth herself had also been preparing her mineral body all summer long with the crafting of a new crystalline grid network;
- ✧ the Ancient Ones had returned to Earth;
- ✧ there was an ancient energy coming closer all the while;
- ✧ we knew this was some sort of mission, an Odyssey, and not just a holiday.

Soon, the seat belt signs came on and the announcement was made that we would shortly be landing at St. Louis, Missouri. We were told to have our passports and completed immigration cards ready for inspection and reminded to collect all of our cabin luggage and not to get up from our seats until the aircraft had come to a complete stop. "Thank you for flying TWA and we hope you have enjoyed your flight" said the stewardess. The time, as well as us, had flown! The excitement started to mount again as we readied ourselves to step, once again, onto American soil with open minds and no expectations!

Let the adventure begin!