

Much More Than I Bargained For

A SAILOR'S VOYAGE
TO A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY

How can we ever know what life has in store for us?

Are we compelled to stay secure,
or do we take the opportunities presented
and let the *'Game of Life'* unravel as it will?

ROGER MILES

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FOR

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By Roger Miles also known as Raj

In gratitude to the many friends who have helped me on my way, my children who express their freedom so well and my two life partners who have shared their dreams and aspirations and supported me in discovering myself in this incredible adventure called "Life on Earth".

Wondai, Queensland, Australia 2017

My Thanks

I am immensely grateful to the friends who supported the writing of this book, the ones who read the various drafts – who understood editing, the subtleties of grammar, pagination and other quirks surrounding the final work that is required to birth a book and specially helped me overcome the fears of writing about my life.

I am further grateful to all those many, many people who appear in the story who have contributed to my life and the adventures we shared together. It has been an honour.

They are all real, although some of the names have been changed for the usual reason.

Lastly, my sincere thanks to unseen powers that have held me and nurtured me through thick and thin, I know we will meet one day and laugh about it all.



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INTRODUCTION

How can we ever know what life has in store for us? Are we willing to stay secure or do we take the opportunities presented and let the 'Game of Life' unravel as it will?

Here is a story of one such journey into a world that most of us suspect but few venture very far into, a true tale of an unfolding of incredible synchronicities, joy, fear, trust and blind faith.

Told in the mix of unfolding experiences in real time with anecdotes that created depth and colour to each experience as it unfolds, the reader will be entertained, bemused, doubting and yet intuitively aware that this is all quite true and indeed, quite possible for each of us to experience, if we are just willing to entertain the unbelievable... *are you?*

1972: Our unfolding begins at the conclusion of the "Rainbow" story.



"We, that is Evelyn and I had just arrived in New Zealand after sailing our 30ft, 80 year old wooden ketch 6,000 miles.

A feat we felt was singularly impressive since we had virtually, to learn sail and navigate along the way with no charts and inadequate sextant knowledge.

This voyage of faith, into the unknown had become a wild adventure, exciting and sometimes terrifying and should the reader be tempted, is recorded in the book "Rainbow Goes To Sea", a real life story."

www.rainbowgoestosea.com

This book "Much More Than I Bargained For" unfolds on the basis that the reader has an open mind, similar to my own, is curious of things unseen yet felt, and willing to embark on a journey discovering that nothing is as it seems and that life is indeed a game whereby the rules, much more than guidelines for each of us have been pre-set by an Authority who not only loves us, but delights in our adventures and eventually, our awakening. Understanding these rules, laws even and living in harmony with them is in fact, what the Game of Life is all about for without adherence to them and living our life from them we are just a rudderless ship, being blown about by the vagaries of the wind, and being continuously corrected.

This adventure begins for two young individuals, arriving in a new country, through challenges and opportunity; it speaks to the highs and the lows, all forming the pattern of life most of us share. It speaks of endings and new beginnings, relationships and families that have to be released, lifestyles and comfort relinquished and sensibilities abandoned in the name of Love and yet together lifted onto a wave that courses across the ocean seeking a shore where it will eventually find its home and above all of trust that all will be well in the end and that freewill and change is the most natural and beautiful of Life's Gifts, if we choose to see it in that light.

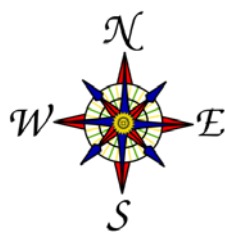
My beloved now partner and fellow companion on this Journey, Suzanne, who you will meet later joins me and offers her own tale and fortunately for you, keeps me honest in the unfolding. I do fervently hope that you can join with us and enjoy the sharing ...

This book is dedicated to both Suzanne's and my children and their children that in the future should they have a desire to know more of our lives they may find them and the strength of our love in the greater sense in the pages of this little book of many words.

Our Reminder

There are four points to the compass and endless variations between them.

The compass is to show us that we all have choices, which way we each go will depend on the variety of aspects to our own		individual makeup. Your choice will
never be the same as mine for my foundations on which I build my Gift because when I join with you, differences, traveling and learning		upbringing has created the experiences as has yours. This is a
but maybe more likely at some and enjoy new experiences and		or you with me we can enjoy our together for a while perhaps forever,
good. It is always, moment by moment simply our Choice and use of our Free Will whereby		point we will each go our own way new relationships and that s all
we discover the potential for ourselves in this and every lifetime that will follow.		



Now isn't that exciting?

PREFACE

So What Do I Really Know About My Parents

I would like to introduce my mother, Doris and my father, Sidney, after all without their contribution none of the following tale would have been anything other than perhaps imagination in someone's mind if they were able to stretch that far! It is important for me to talk about my mother and my father, about their life and my journey into this world through them creating the original elements and subsequently my own creations or mis-creations, that I am still struggling with.

Through this writing I hope to be able to clarify for myself from my memories some idea of the pain they suffered and the source of the emotional 'baggage' they inadvertently bequeathed to me to deal with.

Like most children I know little of detail about their lives prior to joining them which is one of the reasons why I have written this story for my children and my grandchildren. I know nothing of their childhoods, in all the years I knew them there never seemed to be time to share in depth their lives, sadly nor was I that interested so now that they are gone what I am left to go with is vague recollections and presumptions.

Now I can only imagine the complexities and struggles of life at that time, before and growing up during the Great War of 1914 -18, the first one they said that would be "*The war to end all wars*", the stiffness of the culture, the hardships, schooling, earning a living and so on.

Doris was born in London 1910, Sidney in Aldershot 1909, what I do know is Doris married Sidney in 1934, it was engraved on a small plaque on the mantelpiece clock that as a child I dusted every week as part of my family contribution, ever since I have hated dusting. Mum was 24, Dad 25. Unusually perhaps is that my mother's mother married my father's father a few months later if you can get your head around that. I do know Sidney worked in "*Scotch House*" in Regent Street in Men's Wear learning sales and gaining some tailoring experience, he knew lots about cloth. Doris I know was a bookkeeper.

For five years after marriage they would have experienced the hiatus contemplating the possibility of a new war and I can almost sense relief when the decisions were taken and people knew it was finally happening. That would have been until 1940 and retreat at Dunkirk.

For those like my Mum and Dad living in London even the retreat from France and fear of daily invasion was overshadowed by the onslaught of bombing raids on the capital by the German Luftwaffe. Today, we can only imagine the suffering physically and emotionally of being continually bombed night after night. How do you begin to comprehend so many nights without sleep, the sirens wailing and the requirement for people to flee to the air raid shelters?

Despite the British, stiff upper lip, the reported stoicism of Londoners and endless, "Let's have a cup of tea", the Nazi purpose to strike fear into the people of London must have been unbelievably successful.

I know Doris finally refused to spend her nights underground in the shelters, her fear of being buried alive greater than a direct hit on the flat where they were living in Earl's Court. Sidney was often out all night on roof top fire watch. During the day Sidney worked at Selfridges, in Oxford Street, a John Lewis store. After the blitz in 1942, Dad was offered a significant promotion to move to their store in Liverpool. Seeking peace and quiet this seemed like a safe option. Unfortunately for them having failed to quell the spirit of Londoners, the Luftwaffe decided to focus their efforts on destroying Liverpool and the huge dock complex which was the home port for the convoys bringing food and war materiel from the US and Canada.

So for them the war continued without let up. With a curvature of the spine Dad was twice rejected for military service, I know that he would have been disappointed because he was the sort of man who always was available to do his 'bit'. I am pleased now that he didn't or I would most likely not be having this experience. My mother was of a nervous disposition, whether this was so before the war I don't know, I do know that this war was so terrifying for her that like almost everyone else, she could not have been untouched by the experience.

In September 1943 her worst nightmare happened, I was conceived; my mother admitted to me several times that she was terrified. War as she often recounted to me later was no time to bring a child into the world, food and everything else was so scarce including the chance of surviving. Doris in her mid-30 was ill equipped to handle a child with the intensity of terror through the bombing she endured nightly. I was certainly unwanted at that time. This resulted in them relinquishing Liverpool moving back to what they thought would be a much more peaceful London.

The period between June and August 1944, was like nothing experienced before or since. It has often been called *the "Doodlebug Summer"* with Londoners soon getting used to the strange sound of the V1's, and a little later, the V2s rockets clattering across the sky.

People left London in their thousands both through official and unofficial evacuation schemes. By mid July 15,000 a day were leaving the terminal stations on packed trains. Some reports describe a situation at the main stations of near panic as people struggled to get tickets and onto the over flowing trains. Somewhere between one and half to two million people fled the capital during this period.

On July 16, 1944 at the height of the raids I was born before midnight in Hammersmith Hospital, my mother in bed in the corridor as the ward windows were all blown in. A rocket blew apart an entire neighbouring apartment building close by and I arrived resisting and feet first. Maybe landing on my feet has been the pattern ever since? It was not a gentle entry for either of us, small wonder I am an only child.

They had taken on a greengrocers business in Old Brompton Road, Earl's Court next to my mother's brother, Cyril's grocery shop. Dad went to Convent Garden each morning at 4am in a little old Austin 7 box truck to buy for the shop, vegetables in very short supply as the war and soldiers always come first.

I spent a few months with them, I know this because I have a picture of myself as a baby in a pram outside the shop, before they managed to get me out of the city, handed over to Alice Glass, a middle age lady living in somewhat safer Twickenham who had been Mum's nanny when she was young. Throughout the remaining war years I saw little of my parents, usually at weekends and even after the war ended only sporadically until I was fully reunited with my parents permanently when we moved to Clacton-on-Sea on the English East Coast, a seaside resort. Mum and Dad had purchased an eleven room guest house, *Tuxedo*". A family home, together at last!

What I am looking for in all this is to seek some understanding of the circumstances of my parents lives that would have been influential in my own early development. I know that between conception through to five years children absorb the emotions of the parents. For most children who spend 80% of their time with their mother we are heavily influenced by our mother's emotional state thereby creating the primary basics needs of the new child that of being safe, loved, understood, respected and valued, or not.

Without conscious awareness or ability to think or articulate in the first years we are at the mercy of the emotional dynamic of others in which we find ourselves. What do we do? We create, learn actions and behaviour that accommodate the adults demand, we manifest additions to get what we need, our defensive patterns evolve and becomes the foundation directing and colouring the responses to our life circumstances, including forming the basis for all our illness, mental and physical during our lives.

While actually buried in the soul, just like trying to re-program a computer hard drive we find it hard to realise and identify what is driving our behaviour and the why the resulting re-actions occur for us. These addictions remain with us being the emotional soup, our fears through which we live.

We have created now our façade, the filter through which we interact with one another. Beneath the facade the fears are still there underlying our external presentation of ourselves, thus who we appear to be is not who we are. Uncovering the façade, admitting and dropping the additions is not easy for it requires feeling, not thinking. We must also realise the fear emotions buried deep in the soul until we discover the truth of who we are. I have a long way to go.

This then, if we are fortunate to at least understand becomes the Journey of unraveling our Life. This story explains how the understanding came to me, not through my choice but almost as if I was led by the hand from experience to experience, like ascending a staircase to where I stand now at 74, poised to embrace what I have discovered to be the Truth.

The reader is offered the choice to go directly to the last few chapters and find what I have discovered, or to follow an incredible lifetime and to share in how I arrived where I find myself now. It is much about accepting change which most of us are resistive to for it requires Faith and Surrender, whereas we have built our lives on self-reliance.

Realisation: If change is what you choose I have faith that in here somewhere you may unravel some Truth for your own life. Enjoy.



Mum, Dad and I - Austria 1963



My Favourite Message....and probably what this book is all about

THE LAST WORD

"When life asks you to change, see clearly what is needed and change without any resistance, knowing that every change is for the very best.

Change is not always comfortable, especially for those people who have set ideas and ways. You must be willing to fling out one nice, comfortable, well- established idea after another until you are completely free and open to receive something entirely new and revolutionary.

Here is where the difficulty often comes. Many people, having absorbed something new, want to cling on to it and refuse to let it go.

Why not see it only as a stepping stone to greater and more wonderful revelations which are there waiting to be made when you have made room for them?

You cannot fill up a full bucket; you have to empty it first. You cannot move right into the new when you are still clogged up with the old and refuse to let go. So change and, change quickly for I have need of you."

Eileen Cady from 'OPENING DOORS WITHIN'

Chapter 1

Evelyn and I Settle in New Zealand

And so we begin in our early twenties.... With only \$19 in our pocket on arrival, jobs were the first priority. The Bay of Islands has a large tourist hotel at Waitangi, this was our first port of call on the second day in harbour. We were surprised when the House Manager asked what we would like to do!

Realising how tired I was of responsibility from the voyage I said that if they had a good kitchen then I would like to be a dining room waiter, Evie suggested a cocktail waitress, for her that is. On being told they didn't such a position, she boldly stated that if they created one she would demonstrate how viable it was. Surprisingly, unlike any other hotel I had ever worked they agreed and next day after getting the appropriate clothing we were earning proper money for the first time in a couple of years. \$68 for me, plus tips and \$55 for Evelyn.

Wages were low but the tips, particularly for Evelyn were good and we started to feel abundant again. The bartender with whom Evelyn worked was most unfriendly at first to this new person working in his bar, but after sharing her first weeks tips he became very supportive and in time, a good friend.

It that year, 1972 with "*Rainbow*" we were one of just 10 boats that made the crossing from America to arrive in NZ, ten years on that number was to increase to over 600 boats a year. With such a colourful and historic boat and unusual 'doing it on a shoestring' story we were sought after as speakers with local service clubs, resulting in often recognition, acknowledgment in the street, we felt very much at home.

All went well until one afternoon with a friend, John I was rowing out to "*Rainbow*" anchored in Opua harbour. We were not seen by the car ferry driver who I could see was reading the paper, although pulling harder on the oars than ever before I was unable to escape this big flat bottomed ferry with very scary revolving side propellers and as it was quite apparent we were about to be run over we both jumped out, the dingy capsized and sustained serious damage from connecting with the side props which is where we could easily have also found ourselves sucked into.

Frantically trying to get us away from the hull as it went past and simultaneously keeping my non-swimmer friend afloat, I watched car passengers trying to convince the driver that he had indeed just run over a dinghy and needed to go back and rescue us. As the ferry stopped and backed up lowering the ramp, John said, "*Oh God, he's coming to finish us off!*"

The company that ran all the ferries and tour boats in the Bay, was actually owned by a large international cruise ship company based in Wellington. Once ashore I

phoned the local manager at that time to be told in his words, that *"This sort of thing really upsets me"*, I agreed. Going in to work that evening, the hotel manager having heard the story recommended that I speak with a real character, Barry Morris, the hotel lawyer who was dining with us that evening, I did so and Barry said to leave it with him. The company refused to acknowledge any responsibility and were not prepared to pay my \$100 compensation request for repairs to the dinghy, loss of wristwatch and some cash. I wasn't party to the conversations that followed next day between Barry and the head office direct in Wellington when it was pointed out that their option was between my realistic request for \$100 towards repairs versus a million dollar claim for damages being prepared if the requested compensation was not immediately forthcoming. The local manager came by later that day with my \$100 cheque and the matter was settled amicably, or so I thought.

Life seemed to be working out well in this new country. Without wheels we were confined to the pile moorings in the river outside the hotel at Waitangi which while convenient for work was away from shops and services so we felt the need for a vehicle. Borrowing a \$100 from our new bartender friend we bought an old Skoda car which was in reasonable shape and this allowed us to relocate *"Rainbow"* to better moorings in the Opuia harbour further upstream and get to and from the shops and the hotel. Through Evie's share of tips we made enough to pay the car off in just three weeks and were feeling very pleased with ourselves.

We knew we needed a new battery but by parking the car on the hill at Opuia we had no problem getting a rolling start. That day we made the last payment we returned to Opuia after work at midnight, as I was parking the car on the hill, a sheet of flame erupted from under the bonnet. In shock we both leapt out staring in disbelief at our loss.

In my haste to escape I had left the engine running and realising the fuel pump was still fuelling the flames I edged back to the car with Evelyn hanging on to my jacket, it seemed surreal sitting in the car looking out and seeing only flames in front of me, I turned the key off and jumped out again. A Maori guy fishing on the wharf raced up and offered help. We had no containers but our dinghy was on the beach so together we filled it with as much water as we could carry and dumped it over the engine, to no avail. By then the tires had caught and it was clear the car was no longer a going concern but it couldn't be left where it was.

Feeling foolhardy but with no other choice, I jumped back into the driving seat, let the brake off and allowed the car to roll down the hill towards a parking area, for a moment having the now tireless front rims fitting neatly into the railway tracks which ran the length of the wharf, apparently Skoda and the NZ Rail have the same gauge. I started to panic with visualisations of what would confront the morning train but momentum carried me in my now flaming chariot safely into an off road spot where we wouldn't set anything else ablaze. Sooty and demoralised we rowed back to Rainbow.

Next morning we arranged for the local wreckers to tow our precious first investment in our new life to the tip. We dropped our mooring at Opuā and motored sadly back to the piles at Waitangi.

A couple of busy months passed in the very popular Bay of Islands, although while one of NZ's treasured destinations, as the novelty of a working life even with the income wore off we found a growing desire to explore more of this amazing country we had settled in.

In sharing our interest over drinks one evening after work with Richard, the hotel accountant I discovered his father was relinquishing his small tour bus business in historic Russell, just across the harbour from Waitangi and had his mini bus for sale for \$3,000. Perfect I thought for conversion to a campervan. I told Evelyn who suggested I ask what he wanted for the business itself. It was just \$500 which included a valuable licence, one of only two transport licences for sightseeing around historic Russell. Seemed like a great opportunity.

Discovering New Zealand was put on hold. Off we went to start a relationship with a bank manager at the BNZ in Paihia. He knew us from a Rotary Club talk we had given and favoured us with an account for our new company and a loan to assist in buying the business.

We were in business on the understanding that Evie could drive the nine-seater Russell Tours bus, running the daily tours while retaining her job as cocktail waitress in the evenings where she had the perfect opportunity when talking to guests to invite them to experience Russell. The 'deal' included a new job for me. It rankled the hotel that I was grossly over qualified being a waiter with my extensive international hotel experience, I was 'invited' to give up my lucrative dining room job for the more 'prestigious' Reception Manager's position paying \$10 more a week than the waiter's wage, with no tips! working much longer hours, while being responsible for managing seven highly 'competitive' and challenging ladies on the front desk.

Notwithstanding these conditions the attraction of our own business after just a couple of months in New Zealand had huge appeal. We agreed and found ourselves business owners of a tour bus company, "*Russell Tours Limited*".

Life unfolds in the strangest of ways, within a month and still in summer, Evie with a full bus was able to earn \$9 an hour - \$1 per person for the one hour historic tour with a possible five tours a day. Evelyn sewed herself a smart uniform which caught the eye of visitors disembarking from the ferry for their Russell visit, her bus quickly filling was not appreciated by the competition bus driver who took an instant dislike to his new young attractive opposition. To top it off the opposition bus was the one aligned to and promoted by our 'friends' at the ferry and boat tour office. We were not the flavour of the month.

Historic Russell, was first a whaling station, in 1840 the settlers came, battles with local warring Maori tribes ensued; Russell for a short while became the capitol of NZ. It is a small pretty township on a peninsula nestling with lovely bays on both sides, really an attractive place to make our future home. It took no time for Evelyn to make friends, the town being a small place was polarised by the two competing nine-seater tour buses, locals having established allegiances to one or the other.

A few months in and life was about to take another turn. One afternoon, Evelyn having finished her tour run brought the bus over to Waitangi as we wanted to go out to dinner in nearby Keri Keri. I received a call at the hotel from the manager of the large Paihia based tour company with several large 40 seater coaches serviced the daily tourist runs from the Bay to Cape Reinga in the far north and 90 mile beach with four-wheel drive buses as well.

Convinced Evelyn is 'on his turf' picking up clients, the owner is incensed that our bus is seen in Paihia when our license is only for Russell, I explained to the contrary that we are using the bus for private purposes only to be confronted with the statement that if our little nine-seater mini bus, clearly a 'serious' threat, is seen on 'his' side of the Bay he will place a 40 seat bus at the head of the Russell wharf and offer free tours of Russell until we are driven out of business. Even back then I was asking, "*What is going on, how are we attracting this?*"

As one of the tourist attractions our company had membership in the Bay of Islands Public Relations Office, the Board members at that time consisting of the managers of the ferries and boat tour cruises, Waitangi Hotel, the large tour bus operator in Paihia and Mt Cook Airlines who serviced the Bay with two small Widgeon seaplanes.

Soon after, at the Public Relations AGM a motion put forward from the floor to use surplus funds to meet the desperate need for a full time staffed reservation and booking office. This was thrown over by the board members who decided arbitrarily to take themselves on a prolonged South Island marketing promotional tour. Evelyn and I along with many others were disgusted and spoke up for the office, but to no avail. The only means of protest we had was to decline renewing Russell Tours Ltd., with its \$27 annual membership fee. Two days later the hotel manager invited me to a drink in the bar and questions our decision, suggesting with a barely veiled threat that it would not be good 'in my position' to refuse to be supportive of the Bay of Island Public Relations.

Realisation: Hmm! Interesting dilemma, seems like this situation is almost identical to that which made running away to sea so attractive when working in the Vancouver Island hotel four years earlier. What was it that I didn't learn last time I was employed, something about "being my own boss" perhaps?

There were excellent established boat cruises around the Bay of Islands which had been offered for years by the same company, however competition arrived in the form of a

new operator who decided there was an opportunity by offering a faster sightseeing boat to the older style ferries. At the front desk we sold cruises offering both operators, the established one always getting the lions share due to their high profile and variety of options.

The final crunch comes, Richard calls me into his office. There is a problem in the front desk bookings for the boat cruises. The manager of this established company is accusing me of favouring their new opposition boat cruise company.

I said, *"That's easily resolved; let's just check the sales receipts from the past couple of months for the two companies."* Richard replied, *"I already did and you are right but even though their sales are three times higher than the new boat, the problem is that he is saying that you are getting a 50 cent per passenger backhand for sending people to book direct at the wharf."*

My reply, *"You have to be kidding me."* Richard said, *"Sadly no, you are being set up, you must have stirred up a hornet's nest".*

Realisation: Often things occur in our lives which are unwanted, on the surface devastating, yet as in this case unbeknownst to us we were being handed a beautiful gift albeit completely ignorant of the fact until a couple of years later and one that was to direct our approach to all our business decisions and success to come.

It was clearly time to move on. With the bus operating in Russell, we both quit the hotel life and moved "Rainbow" over to Matawhi Bay in Russell, the deep water sheltered anchorage surrounded by green forested hills is beautiful, and also home of several other friends on yachts with whom we cruised, as ourselves also seeking to make their home in New Zealand. It was nice to be back among friends. Philip from "Dulcimer" whom we met and played together with in Mexico and I began offering ourselves for house painting and quickly received work. I really enjoyed the fresh air, no one to demand from me and infinitely better than trying to sort out squabbles amongst those ladies in the front office.

One morning I noticed a Maori guy across the street struggling with furniture he was trying to get from a van into his house, I stopped and asked if I could help. Half an hour later, job done we parted as friends.

Realisation: It's the little things that you never think about that often become significant.

That first year the large number of incoming boats encouraged a few of us already established cruisers with 'dry feet' to put on a big Christmas day celebration. Just a couple of hundred metres from where "Rainbow" swung at anchor was a little tin shack, two metres from the high water, no doors or windows, allowing the cows to wander through, the roof sagging under the weight of a large fallen tree resting on it but the floor was sound. It had been there a long time, the inside corrugated iron walls were pasted with wartime newspapers

We found the name of the Auckland based owner of the 40 acre waterfront property and asked if we could use the shack for a party, he agreed and so was born "*Rainbow Cottage*". Cruising friends, Elke and Bengt from another yacht "*Pinocchio*" helped transform the shack into something wonderful for the Christmas bash and welcome celebration flowed almost without break into the New Year's party with about 60 people, mostly newly arrived sailors grateful to be on dry land attending the huge lamb spit roasts on the beach.



In the New Year, a lady dress shopkeeper who had befriended Evelyn encouraged us to consider opening a shop in a newly built mini mall, there being just one shop still untenanted. We felt attracted to the idea of a craft shop which would appeal to the tourists and be complimentary to the bus tours. In other towns, similar shops were

starting to open in support of the growing handicraft industries, pottery was really new, weaving, woodwork of Maori carvings and Kauri furniture, jewellery, hand-made garments, etc.,

The owner of the new shops was very generous, wanting to ensure that we had sufficient capital to outfit the shop, stock and survive the quiet six month winter; he gave us rent free for four months to get established. We said that we had a loan of \$3,000 for outfitting and stock, although he was highly skeptical this would be enough said, "*Go head*". We were so young, enthusiastic, innocent in ways of business and very grateful for his guidance and support.

"*Rainbow's Anchor*" - we spent more on the signage, I think \$35, than we did on any other item in the shop fitting', aside from the cost of paint for the concrete floor. Most of the fittings were dragged up out of the local Russell tip by the tour bus after operating hours, including a colourful old clinker dingy, with a few holes that became the window centre piece. With frugality that is a natural sailor's skill we begged, borrowed from friends or scrounged items of nautical interest from "*Rainbow*" who by this time had found her permanent anchorage in Russell's Matawhi Bay. The shop looked a treat and ready for merchandise.

Russell is the home of most of the employees of the ferries and the large fleet of tourist boats that ply the Bay. The issue with the car ferry and their payment of damages at that time had created a mini storm in the town against yachties in general and us, in particular.

Our erstwhile supporter who had suggested the craft shop and offered the financial support fell prey to the rumours and wild accusations going on about town about us courtesy of the ferry drivers explained that she had found another use for her investment money when we said we were ready to buy stock. We found ourselves stranded yet committed once again without adequate funds.

Despite having accomplished the shop fitting-out on a shoestring; the stock was another thing. It became very apparent that seeking out craft suppliers, who mostly seem to live in out of way places doing their thing, was going to be impossible. So with this realisation Evelyn set off one day in July for Auckland's Victoria St, Sunday Craft Fair in the tour bus with \$600, every penny that we could muster to stock the shop. I stayed behind finishing our décor covering the concrete block walls with hand dyed scrim and varnished beautiful Rimu paneling.

Our prize winning newly washed and polished dinghy sitting proudly upright in the window, the varnished rum barrels, gifts from the local distillers were all ready to receive their display items. In case anyone wants the recipe; they were also filled with three gallons of water, two cups of port and three cups of brown sugar, the darker the better. The barrels have to be rolled around every three days for four weeks, a little inconvenient but highly worthwhile, the contents may then be drained and consumed carefully, the charred oak timber impregnated with pure rum syrup generously gives up the alcohol and its wonderful flavour to the mix and you have highly alcoholic, toxic but exciting beverage to offer. We chose to share and the shop became popular among tourists keeping them looking around until they find something they liked. We were young then, and surprisingly, did not become vision impaired.

Late that evening the bus arrives back with excitement, it's full to the roof, all nine seats taken up with boxes of literal treasures. Evelyn plonks our \$600 on the nearest barrel and says, "*Well, that was great*".

Apparently, as she went from stall to stall sharing what we were doing, people said that rather than take their stock home after the fair what was not sold could come to us on consignment and so it did. With no outlay from us these wonderful people generously stocked our shop with much more than we could have possibly afforded to purchase. The shop opened on time, complete and looking abundantly full. In the succeeding months those suppliers were to become our regular source of all types of crafts for the shop.

Realisation: Perfect trust almost always equals perfect outcomes.

So began our lives as shopkeepers. Unfortunately, a role that would pale quite quickly as I discovered that I am not made to be trapped inside away from the elements. Certainly for ten months we were involved in many new creative activities, some of which for me included learning how to make all manner of candle holders, wooden spice and wine racks from red cedar building off cuts, made-to-measure leather sandals while you

wait, while having a small rum of course, and in slow times, of which there were many, thread coloured beads and bend horseshoe nails into jewelry.

It was a long winter. Our day's takings in winter were as low as 65c of which there were many. Our best day in summer was \$375. It was depressing to discover queuing in the bank behind the owner of the seafront souvenir shop, who offered tea towels and silver spoons that his banking was usually 10 times ours.

Realisation: If making money is your focus then you must be sure that you give people what they want. The trouble is that this seldom had any appeal for me, there has to be more in life. Maybe educating people to something better is preferable, certainly more enjoyable?

Remember I said, "Our life as shopkeepers was a role that would pale quite quickly" I found I am not made to be trapped inside away from the elements, neither was driving a bus day after day for Evelyn.

Within ten months, in fact just after that realisation came to us two dove-tailing opportunities appeared. The first was the offer to join Rowdy, a sailing friend from our Polynesia days who was about to sail from Vanuatu to New Guinea on a 43ft trimaran. Rowdy was alone and wanted company. Wouldn't that have been great? If only we had the freedom to run away and join him.

So can you call it coincidence when a few days later in a chance conversation in our shop with a man who sold businesses in Auckland we learned he had a client looking to escape from running a grocery shop in the city to go fishing in the Bay, with his wife who wanted a ready-made business to keep her happy.

"Rainbow's Anchor" was exactly what they were looking for. We suggested \$10,000 plus stock at valuation and lo and behold we were free. Ten months for \$10,000, that made all those hours of stitching beads almost worth it and it all happened, as so many things in our life, so quickly.

Realisation: The powers of feelings are much stronger than the powers of thought. When we truly feel we desire change it happens and you shake your head and say, "Wow". Also I should mention, it helps to be very specific or the change you get may not be the quite the one you had in mind.



CHAPTER 2

Running Away To Sea, Again

Leaving "Rainbow" in the care of friends anchored close by on a neighbouring yacht, like sea gulls heading back to sea we flew to Port Vila thrilled with the thought of sailing once again in the South Pacific, this time without all the worry "Rainbow" had given to us along with her many adventures. Being crew has its advantages although you can't always go where you want to therefore it's important to be open and let the adventures unfold.

We found "Rowdy", our friend and owner loading the last of the fuel and water, we changed clothes more appropriate for the hot climate and set off to buy provisions for the three months cruise through New Hebrides, Solomon Islands, New Britain, New Ireland to Raboul and to Port Moresby via Lae on the East Coast of New Guinea.

Realisation: I feel I have said this before... in hindsight the stepping stones seem so obvious yet as we make plans and they go awry and we have changes and feel disappointed or cheated we do not see the great orchestration that is being conducted for us. When we do and we relinquish controlling, or at least attempting to own our destiny it all magically appears. What is required for this simple perfect unfolding? Just Trust, then of course we have to ask ourselves the question - why is it we resist so much?

The cruise went perfectly as planned, through the confused islands of New Hebrides, known now as Vanuatu. I say confused because how do you explain to the islanders about their two colonial governments, an unlikely pair if ever there was, the British and French administering in two languages, neither those of the people who live there. The best depiction of the confusion of these lovely simple people was in our witnessing the opening celebrations to a new school, paid for by the French.

As the French flag, "le drapeau tricolore" rose gracefully and proudly up the freshly painted new flagpole to the accompaniment of young children, the entire school powerfully and yet very melodiously sang "God Save Our Gracious Queen". The embarrassment of all the officials, French on one side, English on the other was palpable.

We met great people, real characters living in the islands in way out places. Imagine anchored in the lower Solomon Islands hundreds of miles from civilisation having a quiet drink in the cockpit watching the setting sun when down the jetty attached to a little shack set among the palms comes a fully kilted Scottish piper marching playing Scottish ballads. We were there for three days, each night this tradition was re-enacted not just for our benefit as we were later told, apparently it took place whether anyone was there or not.

On another occasion we came alongside a trading schooner looking to replenish the beer. We met the captain, a burly and gruff Frenchman, Ernie Lambertine, onetime NCO in the Foreign Legion fighting against the Tuareg tribes of the Sahara in Algeria and later the Germans in Italy. Ernie took a 'shine' to us and after copious lemon fizz, for he too was out of beer, invited us to his home at Luganville on Espiritu Santo, a large island, further up the chain. As we cruised together we enjoyed his hospitality and great tales of events past that no one will ever again hear. In Luganville with Ernie we became frequent house guests and reciprocated as best we could, evenings were always filled with songs of his youth and wilder days of the Legion. These nights attracting Ernie's friends, all equally exciting characters were reminiscent of some 1930's movie.

Finally, my favourite story: One evening secured alongside a Levers Bros plantation wharf somewhere in the Solomon Islands, there is a tapping on the cabin; I look outside and find an older short chubby man in officers dress whites standing there. Invited aboard he shares that he would like to speak to a friend on a ham radio, do we have one? Yes, we do. However, the friend is in Japan and in a different time zone and after recent retirement from the US Navy is about to depart on ocean voyage on his own new yacht. We set up a suitable time tomorrow for him to come back and connect.

Over a beer we learn he is the Chief Engineer off a Banks Line freighter anchored out, that is on its last voyage before the breakers yard. We are on our way to the Supervisors Mess at the Plantation for a movie evening, our new colleague asks to join us. Most of the Supervisors are Indian and we have made friends easily by admiring and sampling their unbelievably delicious curries.

We enter amidst a crowd of Indian and Pakistani engineers and supervisors and find seats. I quail, a bizarre moment indeed as for I recognise the movie which has already started is set in 1800's, called "*Northwest Frontier*" with Trevor Howard as the major who tries to persuade the British General to withdraw before they enter the Khyber Pass and all get slaughtered in the ambush by the locals, at that time mix of Afghanistan, Indian and Pakistani. The general of course refuses, Trevor Howard has it right and yes, despite fierce fighting and many tribesmen shot and dying almost the entire company of British troops and the baggage train are slaughtered. Given the company around me I feel very self-conscious.

The fellow sitting next to me leans over and I think, this is going to be really uncomfortable, maybe I should speak German. In the most delightful Indian lilt he says, "*This sort of thing makes me really angry, this is how we lost the Empire!*" and I realise he is more aligned to the old British Empire than his own people. Movie over and drinks, we join a young Solomon Island's policeman who is sharing that he is there to find some bandits in the jungle and take them prisoner. Our Chief Engineer is bemused and asks if he is armed, nodding in the negative he replies, "*Oh, goodness no Sir, I*

know unarmed combat". Not impressed, our 60 + year old friend asks him to demonstrate. "No, Sir I can't do that, I might hurt you!"

Our friend persists, "Come on Constable show us what you've got", meekly the policeman fists up makes his move, all I see is a blur as the policeman thumps the wall several feet away and slides down it. The Chief Engineer rushes over full of apologies for his instinctive reaction and helps him up. Having only seen this in movies, we are all stunned. Probably for the best, we leave soon after.

Seems like a nightcap is called for, so we accept our new friend's invitation go aboard to have the chance to peruse photos of this man, him with two massive tigers on a mountainside, another in a group in camouflage gear and guns in a jungle setting and another of him with large dogs and big open Bentley in front of his home, very large house in desolate country, looks like Scotland.

Drinks served, he explains his response to being attacked, showing us his Scotland Yard 'Certificate for Weapons Allowed', a seriously long list. After few more single malts he shares some of places and experiences where he has been and with rank of Commander in the Royal Navy and Major in the Gurkas, has spent more time serving in troubled places particularly where the British governed than I have been in restaurants. Now retired he is making this last voyage to the South Pacific.

We decided that this guy must know Ian Fleming or Ian Fleming certainly knows him. It's very James Bond stuff. Next evening true to form our friend is back ready to talk to Japan, turns out the 'friend' about to set sail is a retiring admiral in the US Navy, from what we overheard the two have shared many adventures in common, and plan to rendezvous in Guam to continue to play together, and what a very interesting evening that turned out to be! We were on a roll for quality entertainment.

*Realisation: If you want to meet strange and interesting people you have to
goto strange, outoftheway places.*

We sailed to exciting islands of WW11 fame and the saw remnants and debris of that war. We dove on wrecked warships and walked over islands with overgrown coral airstrips. While taking a pee I found myself looking at unnatural angles, a jungle clad propeller attached to an equally vine enshrouded Japanese Zero fighter. Just off the runway Japanese Betty bombers and Zero fighters are still sitting intact with palm trees growing through the wings. I don't think Evie was as impressed but for Rowdy and I it was a grand adventure, something out of "Boy's Own" which at this age only I would remember.

On the ham radio one evening we connected to a schooner sailing through the Celebes (Indonesia) they shared enthusiastically their discovery of 80ft teak sailing ships, still being built and used for trading in the islands. The cost fully equipped was just \$10,000!

Suddenly, Evelyn and I were fired up with the idea of flying to the Celebes and having a boat built to meet our own specifications and our requirements for charter, sailing it back to the Solomon Islands where we had found incredible craftsmen working with exotic timbers able to transform the crude expansive holds into beautiful cabins.

Our idea was to operate the vessel as a charter boat in the Solomon Islands and New Guinea area where no other such licensed boats existed, a perfect lifestyle for all our skills and experience. And another adventure in the offing.

We still had the money from the shop in the bank so the only issue was getting to the Celebes. Flights had to go via Darwin, Australia. We excitedly started to plan for when our cruise with Rowdy was over in Rabaul, New Guinea, how we would fly to Port Moresby, then on down to Australia and up to the Celebes from there. Although not far from New Guinea or where we were, the Indonesian islands had no links to New Guinea, so it was necessary to go through Australia.

Arriving in Rabaul, we found a nice tidy town, very appealing and with everything you could ask for. Unfortunately, this town was completely destroyed by the 1994 volcanic eruption. We anchored in the harbour, going to the shore for provisions we noticed one truly outstanding craft. Being curious we stopped went alongside and asked about her. Originally, this vessel which started life as a 40ft heavy timber planked US Navy buoy retriever had been carefully and very solidly converted utilising, the packing case material from one of the early Apollo space craft into a Christopher Columbus look alike ship with higher stern deck and extended bow with square sail and yards on the main mast. While only 40ft on the waterline, with the additions of the aft 'castle' and incredible bowsprit which reached skyward and the square yard and the main she appeared at least 60ft.

We met the American owner desperate to have his boat relocated to Port Moresby, "*Would you skipper it her for me?*" Seemed like something we could do, saving airfares and we would get paid for the delivery. All too quickly we said "*Yes*".

"I do have a crew of three to help you and I'll come along too".

How perfect and everything we wanted seemed to be falling into place.

Here we go again...three days later after making some serious adjustments to the state of the boat with the help of a young man, an engineer who dragged a sizeable tool box we looked over the old and seriously smoky diesel engine, checked the bilges, pumps and stored the fuel drum and provisions etc., The rigging was in good condition, the sails were fine also. Although what I didn't and should have done was to was check the fittings above the main yardarm.

Weather report seemed favourable, SE winds in late afternoon, by then we should well on our way to Moresby. We found ourselves sadly saying "Goodbye" to Rowdy. It had been a great few months, a good voyage together, we were a compatible crew even if there were some small disputes they were quickly resolved. Our pirate looking ship sailed from Rabaul early one morning, setting sail just outside the harbour, heading east along the north-shore of New Britain Island, everything fine, boat handling well, good wind, clear skies, everyone happy, we expected to be in Port Moresby in two days at the latest. I should have known better than to start making assumptions when dealing with the elements.

It was very romantic standing at the big wheel below the main mast, looking forward up the sloping deck to the bowsprit which tilted proudly skyward with jib, staysail and square main pulling beautifully; we were doing 6 knots and feeling great.

One hour later the wind freshened and turned to south east gradually increasing, soon we found ourselves experiencing head winds earlier than expected. We pulled the sails in tight, started the engine powering gently to keep offshore. Seas were increasing with big swells, the bow buried often scooping large quantities of water which surged towards the vulnerable helmsman. Romantically perhaps, the pseudo gunports on both sides opened as if to roll out the cannon, provided the opportunity for the sea to abandon the boat before reaching the wheel and the helmsman, and merge back into itself.

Suddenly, a loud crack from above and we saw the spreaders break on the main mast. In pieces, it fell to the deck narrowly missing the helmsman. No longer braced and adequately supported, the solid pine mast suddenly starts a violent fore and

aft whipping action with each wave we pick up, at any moment this could snap causing chaos and possible extensive damage to the ship and crew huddled in the lee of the aft cabin. We reduced our speed but that started a wallowing action and this is worse. By now all sail has been removed and we are dependent on the motor to keep our head into the wind, a fearful dependency in its smoky condition.

A sheltered cove ahead afforded some shelter and we headed in. We dropped the anchor leaving the engine running knowing the amount of coaching that might be required to get it started if it stopped. We launched the dinghy and went ashore to find suitable timber to create a new spreader, by now its early afternoon. We needed to be down the St George channel and into safe anchorage by nightfall if we were to find shelter from the continually increasing SE winds.

Luckily, we found a suitable tree branch quickly and returned to the boat. Our owner reluctantly agreed to go up and replace the spreader which tensioning the shrouds, took some of the risk off the mast. Once done, we up-anchored and moved

back out to discover the seas had further increased. Clearly it was too dangerous to pass through the narrow channel under power in these strengthening head winds so the decision was taken to run back to Rabaul and wait till the blow passed. That meant inconveniencing the owner who had to report for his new job and also losing two of our neophyte crew who now wanted to get off after their experience.

Heading back, the owner almost in tears was talking about selling the boat in Moresby when it got there. I asked what he wanted 'as is' in Rabaul and he said, he would be pleased with \$10,000. It seemed a fair price given the condition and the need for a long overdue maintenance program. Evelyn and I talked and agreed. The key element for us being this boat was the only sailing vessel at that time in New Guinea with a registered charter license. Exactly what we had been considering.

The change in our opportunities heralded the end for the Celebes plans which to be honest, we knew would fraught with many unknown challenges, so we were not sorry. We now had our charter boat and the all-important license and were going to head back down to the Solomon Islands, four days sailing at most, get the interior renovated by local craftsmen, much more suited for us to live aboard and have charter accommodation to offer as we had planned.

Safely back in harbour we spent three long days going over the boat cleaning her out and getting her ready to leave in the harbor while we returned to NZ, settle our affairs, pick up equipment we needed and return to start the new adventure. On our last day, we went ashore with all our gear first to the lawyers to complete the bill of sale, transfer the license and collect our deposit funds from the bank. As we motored away in the dinghy, looking back I remember envisaging this sturdy and ancient looking vessel, beautifully renovated being a very attractive business, lifestyle and home for us.

Here is where it gets interesting....getting out of the dinghy at the yacht club dock we are greeted by three men in black, no, not gangsters but priests from a local mission. They ask the owner if his boat is for sale. To our amazement he says "Yes". I said, "*Just a minute we have a deal*" and he asks us to 'bear with him' while he takes them out to look at the boat and discuss the price with the priests as he needs to get the most he can!

In mutual disgust and yet without a word, Evelyn and I pick up our bags, walk up the dock and get a taxi to the airport and tickets back to New Zealand. We'd had enough. In hindsight, we were literally saved by the grace of God directly through His Servants on Earth. Three weeks later, back on "*Rainbow*" in Russell we are told by friends with radio contacts to Rowdy in Rabaul that this owner is looking for us, he wants to drop the price dramatically. Apparently the missionaries agreed to buy subject to survey, which it didn't pass when discovered to have serious rot under the engine bearers, the one area we had been unable to reach when we checked her over. What can you say, except "*Thank You*". We really do seem to keep the Angels busy.

CHAPTER 3

Welcome to Rainbow Cottage

Early in that New Year of 1975 Evie and I decided that some of the cruising gear we had on "Rainbow" just had to come off as we just had no live-aboard space. Clearly we were not going back to sea again. We thought the beachside shack could provide storage as it was so convenient. We looked at it again and both had the same thought, why not leave "Rainbow" as is and we'll move in here. We contacted the owner again and he said he would come up to talk to us.

Two weekends later the owner, Earl Richardson shows up in the Bay. He tells us that he stopped in at the pub before coming to see us asking around if anyone knew us. Unfortunately, the usual midday bar flies included several people, friends of Evelyn's opposition bus driver. As you might imagine the comments were not kind, however one other bloke spoke up as our owner was leaving to say not to listen to that gossip, we were a just a young couple seeking to make a home, hard-working and really helpful. It was the man who I had helped with his furniture.

Earl told us that he would accept a Maori character reference over a bunch of grumblers any day and generously offered us his 40 acre waterfront property and shack at \$1 a day rental with the condition that all the accumulating rental fees be used to offset our renovation costs for the proposed upgrade. *See you just never know, do you?*

So began the renovation of what was to become our first home in NZ. Windows and doors came from local demolition yards, timber slabs came from the local mill, the only cost being the freight. The outside slabs cut from the trees including the bark were delivered in three huge bales to the beach at the head of the bay, dropped off the trucks at low tide. At high tide the timber floated, just a small matter of moving it.

In the dinghy with our little Seagull motor we towed these huge bales very across slowly to our beach, anchored them and at low tide dismantled the wood. We nailed the slabs to create the interior cladding like a log cabin. For the ceiling, we turned the sawn side down and that looked great too. We found a man with a big chain saw who removed the large tree that had chosen to fall across the roof, cut the into the right size stumps the tree provided the supports for our dining table and benches. We painted the corrugated iron exterior walls, mowed the grass around the cabin and with a final touch, planted geraniums in wooden flower boxes under windows.

I found a half demolished motel, from which I removed all the old steel piping and laid it in the stream that ran down next to the Cottage, please note now upgraded from shack. Chopping down some trees, we built a dam up the hill behind the cottage that created us a reservoir and plumbed in a kitchen sink. Someone gave us a propane stove and

we built shelves, table and benches. A little wood fire with wetback heated the cabin, well almost, and supplied hot water to the shower. We found an old bed and we had a comfortable home, rustic yet in the most idyllic setting with our beloved yacht riding at anchor just a few metres away.

The property was only accessible at low tide over the rocks to the nearest road although



quicker by dinghy to the yacht club dock. We had no phone, no power and no road access which after three years living aboard *"Rainbow"* did not bother us at all.

All we had to do was come up with an idea of how we were going to 'get ahead' with a new venture. We sold our little tour bus business after

the summer rush for what we paid for it originally, we were grateful for the use of the vehicle for so long, supporting us, earning an income and providing some tax write off opportunity, with the proceeds we bought a simple '65 Holden EJ station wagon.

Realising that we were now definitely shore-bound the next thing that had to be addressed was *"Rainbow"*. It was really a big decision to let her go assuming of course an owner could be found.

Listing *"Rainbow"* with an Auckland broker surprisingly brought quick response, almost before I had time to make her look her best. What dismayed me most was a rust stain that ran down the mizzen mast, the one at the back, which showed up badly on the white paint. I thought to just paint the mast but on closer inspection decided to lift the mast out three days before our perspective buyer was due to arrive for inspection.

Lifting was easy utilising a block and tackle from the main mast. I lowered the mizzen over the side and towed it ashore behind our ever faithful yellow dinghy. I put two oil drums on their side and stretched the mast between them for easy sanding and repaint. Off gathering the materials, I heard this loud crack!

I turned around to see the mast in two pieces. Looking closely I discovered that the mast had no core, it was gone, not rotted out, just powdered. For those readers who have read *"Rainbow Goes to Sea"*, remember the sail from Fiji to NZ when we were struck by lightning.

I believe that the electrical charge from that strike flowed into the main mast blowing off the top section before being conducted down the stays to the sea. The charge would have also flowed down the wire cable linking the main mast to the mizzen and it was this that actually destroyed the wood at the core of the mizzen mast. Amazing that it lasted that long, and but for the rust streak I would never have known.

I frantically phoned some sailing friends in Auckland looking for a suitable replacement mast. "Rainbow" true to form, or rather one of the guiding spirits that she carried discovered within hours a perfect replacement, an unwanted mast lying under a fishing boat six inches longer than we needed to replace the original. Trouble was it was in Auckland and too long to be transportable to the Bay without a special truck.

Distressed, but unable to do anything about having reduced "Rainbow" from a ketch rig to a sloop I apologised to the 'potential' owner on his arrival promising that I would fix the problem. He seemed unruffled by the issue and after I explained the difficult circumstances around getting the mast said that he would be pleased to bring the mast with him the following weekend while serving as skipper on a Navy MTB, (Motor Torpedo Boat) participating in maritime exercises in the Bay of Islands!

As a Reserve naval officer Neil Ritchie was immediately enchanted by "Rainbow's" Royal Navy origins and subsequent history. It appears that he had decided to purchase "Rainbow" unseen. Thus began Neil's own adventures with her.

True to his word, the following weekend into Matawhi Bay, to the delight of all the yachts anchored, Neil, in command of the navy ship arrived and came alongside. The crew lifted the promised mast up onto "Rainbow" which with minor adjustments, a quick couple of coats of paint I was able to return her status to a ketch.

With huge sadness we sold "Rainbow", fortunately, as you will have gathered to a perfect new owner. Neil Ritchie, an Optometrist in Auckland. Neil together with his son, Graham were the perfect owners for our boat, totally dedicated and willing to invest a considerable amount of money, many times more than we had originally paid to take care of her ageing needs. "Rainbow" last heard of is still in their family today, still seen sailing on the beautiful Waitamata Harbour.



CHAPTER 4

Once It's In The Blood

One day Evie and I decided to go and have a meeting with Peter, our Bank Manager. It was a beautiful calm morning, clear blue sky, just lovely as we had every intention of being back by lunch we took PoG, the dingy with aging Seagull motor for the spin over to Paihia, about two miles distance across the channel from Russell, twenty minutes by ferry and about 45 minutes by Seagull. Arriving after a perfect crossing, we beached, secured the dinghy and walked up for our appointment.

In truth we were scrounging for ideas or opportunities that we might have been unaware of that Bank Managers are often party to before the general public and local newspapers report on them. We had received a lot of help from this bank manager, meeting him first at a Rotary Club function we spoke at and subsequently through our business loan with Russell Tours. We shared our more recent adventures in the Pacific Islands and hopes and how we came to be back in the Bay wondering what to do next. It was a bit of a bizarre meeting, with Peter almost leading us in a certain direction that involved boats, sailing and the charter business.

Eventually we got it, although never heard of before except in some American sailing circles, the idea materialised of renting a sailing boat out in the same way people rent motor homes. The sheltered Bay of Islands providing the perfect location. At that time the 'drive yourself' idea was still a long way off being popular in New Zealand with just a few converted mini buses and VW Kombi's available to hire.

I remembered hearing about an American couple, Charley and Ginny Cary who started the 'bareboat' concept, weird name! with a sail-yourself charter fleet using a couple of Petersen 38ft yachts in the Caribbean out of Tortola in the British Virgin Islands. It had caught on there, *"Why not here in the Bay of Islands?"* We asked ourselves.

An idea made in heaven, especially to suit the Bay of Islands as a sheltered waterway with countless islands and secure anchorages. The only 'fly in the ointment' was the imperious Ministry of Transport Marine division who looked after survey and safety requirements for all forms of commercial sea going boats and ships no matter canoe or ocean going tanker.

You might be able to imagine the incredulous looks around the table at our first meeting with these officials when attempting to explain what we wanted to do and asking for a list of standards and requirements. They decided to apply the same requirements to us as those used on ferries. Skepticism for the sail yourself idea was not even close to their initial response.

From very humble beginnings a new company was formed, "*Rainbow Yacht Charters Limited*", to be the source of a few hundred wonderful stories some of which I'll share was to become the South Pacific's first bareboat 'sail yourself' charter yacht operation to the complete amazement of the Marine Department officials who thought we were truly out of our minds.

After careful research of the designs available, we ordered our first boat. A Laurie Davidson design called an M20, not an inspiring name is it? This little 20ft long trailer-sailor, meaning no fixed keel, able to be put on a trailer and designed for safe family sailing, looked more like a miniature tugboat yet this floating caravan turned out to be the perfect boat to form the foundation for our future. We drew upon all the experience when making "*Rainbow*" ready for sea, our cruising and live aboard experiences standing us in great stead to get a boat the way we wanted.

What we had desired in a boat, not just for sailing but also for living comfortably aboard we incorporated in this first charter design, the layout, equipment and comfort afloat to provide a home away from home suitable for family living, yet safe, seaworthy and easy to sail for even the most nervous family group. And of course, we had to blend our aspirations with the very rigid, non-compromising and reluctant approval from the Marine department.

The fibreglass hull as in subsequent boats had to be extra thick, all fittings upgraded, lifelines raised to become fences. Ironically, and thankfully, the department never requested any changes to outboard motors, gas tanks, extra fuel storage, never even looked at the mast or rig nor anything to do with the sailing aspect. Fortunately, we knew all the sensible aspects that needed to be built into these charter boats.

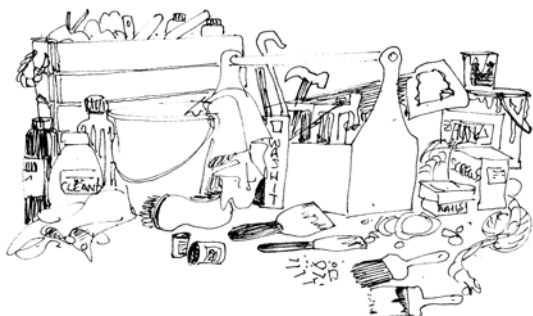
The struggle to get what we wanted extended to the builders as well. Buying an existing boat was not an option due to heavier construction requirements, so we always had to have our boat designs specially evaluated prior to construction and during three specific stages each approved before being allowed to proceed to the next, an exercise that extended the time factor for adding new boats and required infinite patience and politeness.

As the business grew even this had benefits, because as we would get quicker surveys on already approved designs it encouraged us to adopt an identical fleet policy for each size which greatly simplified spares of equipment and also marketing.

Not all boat builders wanted to have anything to do with the Marine Department requirements and complications. Fortunately for us when we came along to place the first order the Davidson M20 builders had run out of customers, the lure being the first boat, if successful and meeting customer satisfaction, could be the beginning of

future orders. This justified their extra effort and work required to satisfy the Marine department and our own special needs. We dubbed the first little boat as "Kea" after the New Zealand bird.

While we waited for consideration of our requests for approval of the design, I went to Whangarei and found a small fibreglass boat builder, Tony willing to help me build a mould for a special dinghy design suitable for accompanying a charter yacht. Getting to and from the shore becomes a major factor in boating, more so when being used by families and children. It has to be extremely stable, unsinkable, and easy to row, carrying a substantial payload without possibility of swamping. Strangely, not many dinghies have all these features and so we decided to build our own. I learned a lot from Tony gaining experience working in fibreglass that "Rainbow" being timber had not offered me.



After some delays in construction time, "Kea" was readied for launching and sea trials. Appointment was made for the inspectors to meet us one afternoon at the launching ramp in Auckland's harbour. It was a frantic race to get the boat cleaned of building debris, the hull polished, fit the safety equipment; life rings, emergency beacons etc., and those ridiculous Titanic ship style kapok lifejackets that took up all our

precious locker space stored, load the boat onto the trailer and get to the ramp for our agreed 4pm appointment.

Racing through the city, the builders towed the boat, we followed. We found no one waiting for us at the ramp but quickly hoisted the rig and launched the boat only to discover the inspectors had already been and gone. I phoned and was told they had finished work and gone home. We could try again early the following morning when they had a short window to do the survey.

Hugely disappointed we decided to check the boat over. As "Kea" gracefully floated off the trailer we noticed with horror the cabin floor was awash and the water level was rising fast. Frantically, we urged the builders to haul us back on the trailer while trying not to make a fuss to attract more attention from the curious onlookers who were as yet unaware that we had a re-enactment of the Titanic sinking about to happen. Back on dry land, us dismayed, the builders scratching their heads water streamed from the stern. I crawled down the narrow side compartment to the transom, to discover that someone had not bothered to fibreglass the two large cockpit drain pipes to the hull which was below the waterline. We gave thanks for our clock watching government officials.

By the time we returned to the factory everyone had gone home. The two brothers, our boat yard owners were incapable or unwilling to undertake the required fibreglass repairs and were also intent on going home too, a New Zealand syndrome in the 1970's. Responsibility being clearly a thin commodity in their world.

Evelyn and I soon '*cottoned on*' that we came from different worlds and that to get something done it was easier to do it ourselves. Unknown to us at that stage this was probably the birthing of "*Rainbow Boat Works*" although it was to be some time before that business took real form. Left to our own devices in the boatyard, literally rolling up our sleeves, we found brushes, rollers, fibreglass cloth and resin and disappeared down either side of the cockpit to fix the drain pipes, easy to say but very difficult in the cramped space at the back of the boat, imagine working in a coffin.

Deserted by the '*brothers Grimm*' as we had dubbed them we found ourselves in the boat factory with access to all manner of equipment and items we did not have at home. Finishing jobs that would still have to be done under difficult circumstances on the beach at fleet base, aka "*Rainbow Cottage*" suddenly became quick and easy to finalise there and then. Working till 11pm that night we were able to achieve a lot more than just fixing the cockpit drains. Although exhausted by the effort we found our way back to a friend's house and dropped into bed setting the alarm for an early start to ensure we did not have a second experience missing the inspectors.

It was 9am, we were back at the ramp with "*Kea*" floating gently off the trailer thankfully with no sign of leaks. The two heavily built inspectors both simultaneously boarding little "*Kea*" demonstrated that we had chosen the perfect design, she barely listed. Although looking completely out of place in overalls and heavy work boots, they did their best to make a good show of checking the gear. I am sure they had no idea what they were looking for.

Satisfied, but with much collective head shaking, they reluctantly signed the Certificate of Survey. As I thanked them, we shook hands and I will forever remember their parting comments, "*It will never work*"!

Before returning to the Bay of Islands we had great fun shopping for the domestic equipment for a live-aboard cruising yacht. Just as we had done for ourselves on "*Rainbow*", we chose to risk china and glass, in the four years of living aboard and sailing life we had broken no more than had we been ashore. We expected no less from our charter guests and in all the following twenty years we were seldom disappointed.

We 'borrowed' a rental car agreement, inserting and retyping 'boat' for 'vehicle', adding and deleting clauses as necessary. We were then ready for our first charter scheduled for later that week.

John & Flo Ross, with their three boys, Nick, Tim and Andy from Auckland stood waiting on the Russell Boating Club jetty as I came alongside in our 12ft 6" "*Captain's Gig*". I had heard the agreed three car toots from across the Bay in the cottage. We set off to "*Kea*", with their bags and provisions and I gave my first of what was to become thousands of 'put out' 'spiels', showing them the operation of the toilet, stove, raising and lowering the keel, hoisting sails and starting the outboard motor. This 'sermon' was followed by a 20 minute practical sail to ensure they had the feeling of the boat then back for a farewell breakfast of rum pancakes, the rum left over from the shop barrels, was to become a traditional welcome at the cottage for charter guests, something appreciated and talked about extensively.

Evelyn and I had decided to get to know our clients by offering breakfast with us in the cottage before they departed, most having driven for 3 hours or more to reach us. I can only smile today when I think of what those early charterers must have talked about having breakfast and coffee with us in our wooden beachside 'shack'!

We set the Ross family loose with our new boat, watching anxiously as they let go the mooring and motored out of the bay and around the point. On time, a week later "*Kea's*" distinctive orange hull could be seen in the distance and into Matawhi Bay they came to pick up their mooring. I went out to find out how they got on and struggled to listen to the wild adventures of three lively young lads all excited and trying to share at the same time, clearly the week afloat with Mum and Dad had been a great success.

It was this first charter that launched us into an expansion that was to become a major factor in the years of growth ahead. Returning from their wonderful week afloat in the Bay of Islands, John, Flo and their three boys had such a good time they wanted to buy "*Kea*". I said I couldn't sell her because it was our only boat but John, being an Auckland banker had it all figured out proposing the arrangement that would work to our mutual advantage.

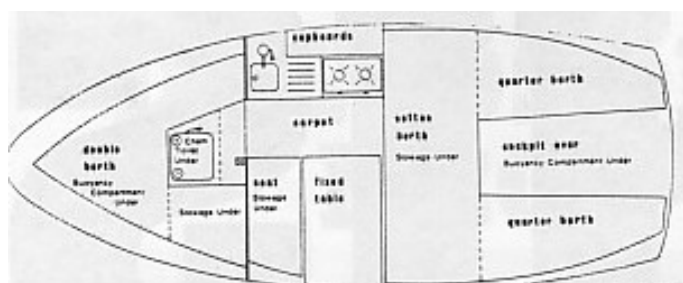
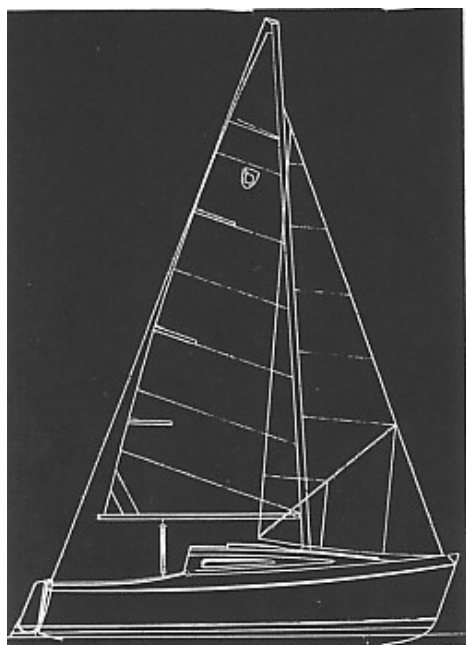
The family would buy "*Kea*" and leave it with us to charter and look after, they would come up several times a year assuming it was free to enjoy without having all the worries and maintenance that went along with typical boat ownership and receiving an agreed split of income.

This turned out to become the foundation for the success and growth of "*Rainbow Yacht Charters*" and all other rental boat companies who followed suit in the years to come.

Their purchase immediately allowed us to order a second boat and started the headlong rush over the following twenty five years to become the South Pacific's largest bare-boat charter operation with some 40 yachts and motor cruisers ranging from 26ft to 51ft based in Auckland, Lake Taupo, Bay of Islands, Fiji's Yasawa Islands and Tonga's Vava'u group.

The key was that initial concept of making charter boats available to private owners providing an investment and personal use opportunity while removing all the headaches of maintenance, moorage, making ready making before the sail and cleaning the yacht after their use.

We rented the boats and returned an equitable 50% of the income to the owners. We had found a faultless and indeed, a magic formulae which fulfilled the dreams of many, one that was a lot of fun doing exactly that which incorporated all the things that made our own hearts sing and in so doing brought happiness and unique experiences to many families, people who like us once before, had only ever dreamed of taking command of their own boat. Long, lasting friendships emerged between these owners and ourselves.



CHAPTER 5

A New Crew Member Arrives

Frustrated by builders unable or unsupportive in providing the boats the way we wanted encouraged us to undertake much of the finishing work ourselves. Our seasonal neighbor, Tom Jackson, a retired Auckland lawyer owned a summer property and house just 200m walk over the rocks along the beach. On the property at the water's edge he had a vacant boatshed which, in return for caretaking his house during its vacant time, we were offered the use of. Perfect for what we had in mind.

This time we ordered a complete hull and decks and interior moldings only, Evelyn and I finished off our second M20 ourselves and saved a lot of money. Another charter owner was soon found for "*Kakapo*", choosing iconic NZ bird name as she too joined the fleet.

"*Rainbow Boat Works*" had come into being. During the winters we spent in Matawhi Bay we kept busy building and selling families our 12ft "*Captain's Gig*", a three week enjoyable finishing project which paid for the groceries, plus the five day project building the small 8ft sailing dinghies we equipped with each of the new charter boats.

Life was great, Evelyn was pregnant with a boy and we were really looking forward to our new crew member. Time for some adjustment to our living conditions and I converted the lean-to 'outhouse' into a nursery. More cosy than classy but I didn't think Justin would notice. He didn't, at least I don't believe he has never complained about his early accommodations.

As time drew near we had to make some decisions for how to get to the hospital in Kawakawa, After leaving the cottage we had the 200m clamber over the rocks to Tom's drive where we kept the car, then drive to Okiato Point catch the 10 minute car ferry crossing to Opuia, then from there the 20 minute drive to Kawakawa. We never factored in this all happening in the dead of night which of course, is when it did!

Anxious to make his arrival noticed Justin chose to start his journey into the world at about 1 am. At first Evelyn suspected the grumbles originated from the spaghetti dinner, quickly though it became obvious that this was something much bigger going on. Hastily dressing, we departed with flashlights along the beach and rocks, halfway "*Moki*", the cat was spotted following us wanting to be in on the activities. Evelyn sat down on the rocks in the moonlight while I took the cat back to the cottage, then we resumed the journey. I woke Tom who was fortunately in close residence with a phone, he kindly woke the ferry driver who had to get the ferry ready and call the hospital tell them we were coming and to get the doctor in. We drove straight on board, off loaded and drove fast to the hospital. Just in time. That is not where Justin's name came from, we had decided that some weeks back, but still very appropriate.

Justin and Evelyn returned to Rainbow Cottage a few days later and life was never the same again. We were blessed, Justin was a great child, slept through the night, right from the onset ready for all adventures, and there were many as with most kids. On Russell race days the cruising yachts competed and we always joined in. Justin too was accommodated and was always seen clutching the sides of his perfectly gimbaled wicker basket strung with rope between the mast and cockpit wall as the boat heeled deeply. It never fazed him and although I don't think he has much recollection of being bombarded by loud cries of sailing vocabulary such as, "going about!", "helm a lee!", but he certainly should have.

That was the time my parents, Doris and Sidney arrived from the UK to settle with their son and his family in New Zealand. Prior to this move, they had been in Spain for five years having a great time among many friends and I think they overlooked that starting again with new friends in a new country might have been a big challenge, more so for Mum than Dad who was much more outgoing and interested in people. They rented a flat under a house in Tapeka Point, Russell, a beautiful secluded bay with lovely beach and views of the islands in the Bay. Ironically, the house owned by the man who had sold us the tour bus business a couple of years earlier.

"Rainbow Cottage" presented a major emotional disappointment to my parents, specially my mother, who while having come to accept the "Rainbow Goes to Sea" period of my life I know my mother did not approve of my swapping a three piece suit for shorts and t-shirts, homesteading on the beach in Matawhi Bay. This is clearly not what she had in mind when introducing me to the hotel business when I was fourteen. Not liking the water anyway and having to use the dinghy to get back and forth to visit her grandson presented a major mental and physical challenge for her, she disliked the water. All that, and then there was the issue of my beard.

In fairness, the cottage was extremely primitive, we were still living with kerosene lamps and camping stove although we had graduated to purchasing a small Honda generator and ringer washer to solve the impact of the endless nappies, all this before disposable diapers. The generator would scream at full speed while indifferently, the washer tub would quietly chug, chug, not much compatibility there. We seldom used the generator as it was too noisy and destroyed the fabulous tranquility the cottage afforded us.

In winter the wood stove with small firebox and oven was barely adequate, to keep warm we put our feet into the oven section. Yet it was an amazing experience, an unbelievable location with the water lapping at our door almost literally at high tide, leaning on the split front door with a coffee and looking at the now, two charter yachts sitting quietly at anchor just a few metres out.

Despite being difficult to reach, "Rainbow Cottage" was never without visitors, sailors from all over the world washed up at our door having heard tales of the annual Christmas and

New Year beach festivities, dancing and food. We had so many friends among the local sailing community; many who like us having arrived in the Bay of Islands had chosen to make Russell their home. Charter clients too seemed unwilling to race away after their sailing for we were always the first to share their adventures. It was a wonderful time, not burdened by overwork, debts or employees. Growth is endemic and we were not able to prevent the wheels of change and bigger opportunity from venturing into our lives.

The next venture was to be a fixed keel 26ft Alan Wright design called Tracker, a beautiful easy to handle sailboat, perhaps my all-time favourite with the extra length providing a more comfortable live aboard interior with headroom and separate toilet. "*Nootka*", this time named after Vancouver Island cruising area, "*Nootka Sound*", our first lead keel boat again a hull and decks with the interior fit-out done by us in the shed. We were a bit nervous about having clients go aground with the keel, which they did. Embarrassingly, something I was also prone to do. Often using opportunity to the clean and check the hull and wave at passers-by pretending it was deliberate.

I asked a friend, Ian to assist with the interior outfit and watched in dismay as he sat for several hours on that first day in the boat apparently doing nothing, no pen or paper. Then late in the afternoon he emerged and started to cut wood. Within a week the interior was all roughed in and he started attaching all the fittings. I could not believe Ian's modus operandi, so different from mine, and so successful. He was a true wizard, a genius in truth at everything.

Finished without the keel, Evelyn, Justin and I drove "*Nootka*" back to Auckland on the slightly inadequate M20 trailer behind the Holden. We were now over length and overweight, a bit tricky but we made it OK in time to exhibit the boat and the "*Rainbow Charter Holiday*" concept in the 1977 Auckland Boat Show.

We had negotiated a deal with the organisers to arrive three days before the show to give us time to fit the keel under the boat and create the staging so that would-be clients could climb aboard and hopefully envisage themselves aboard on holiday.

Fortunately we were alone in inside the pavilion; the boat precariously balanced five feet up on wooden blocks borrowed from a boatyard. It was the car jack that got her up there. Off to the foundry where the keel was cast, loaded on the trusty boat trailer and back to the showgrounds. We pushed the heavy lead keel into place with the car, then more jacking to get it upright under the boat. Then lowering the boat, removing blocks, looking good then "*Oh, no*", panic occurs.

We discovered that the bolts cast into the keel did not match the keel timbers built into the hull. This meant positioning the keel six inches further aft. In desperation, and in the belief that placement of a keel was critical for performance I phoned the designer, Laurie Davidson only to learn from his son that he was out of the country. When asked what the problem was, I explained and told by his son to fix it where it was

most convenient. *"Don't worry, it won't make much difference, worst case you can alter the rig."* Slightly skeptical with this blasé approach to what I had considered gospel, we went ahead and did as advised. He was wrong, it actually made it more balanced and easier to sail, and once setting the sails and without holding the tiller, one of the reasons I liked this boat so much was she lived up to her name, *"Tracker"*!

After a successful show, including finding *"Nootka's"* new owner, Warwick from Hamilton and receiving many bookings for the coming year we had the courage to place an order for a second Tracker 26. Evelyn and I tired from the ten day Show chose to sail the boat back to the Bay, with Justin, as our new crew. When the wind blows from the north and that is where you want to go in a sailboat there is a conflict of interests. Justin's now famous wicker basket had suffered despite our efforts to secure it. After one serious wave encounter the basket left its 'secure' position and deposited itself and contents onto the floor.

Seeing our son crawling across the cabin sole trying to get back into the basket was too much for Mum and so it was that after a full day of beating to windward and encountering quite challenging seas we finally gave up and put into a convenient harbour having made no more than 25 miles. Phoning our son's Godparents in Russell we shared our dilemma, with enthusiasm they agreed to drive down immediately to collect our little boy so that we could continue the delivery voyage without concern.

I remember one day working with Dad to clear a path behind the boat shed so that we had easier access to the car and we were chatting about the economy. Life in NZ was changing rapidly. What had been a largely socialistic society was in 1979 fast moving into the 20th century with new entrepreneurs emerging creating new ventures, international tourism starting to take off and there was a real sense of vibrancy in the air. I remarked to Dad that I could almost see the line being drawn in the sand between a growing middle class and the poor, one that had not been evident prior to that moment, not to me in any case. *"I know this division is coming and I have every intention of being at the bottom above the line rather than be at the top below the line, then at least we have the opportunity to grow."*

Although unknown to us at the time it was that intention expressed that was to herald that opportunity to get ahead.

Few of our sailing friends had a vehicle, Claire, another sailor, had opposed the destruction of a beautiful tree at the head of the Bay asked me to take her to the council offices in Kawakawa to see if her petition against the action had been effective. I agreed, while she was busy with the local planning officials, I discovered a ballot notice to 'interested parties' regarding pending Crown land for sale, nine sections overlooking the harbour in Opua. Asking the man responsible I was surprised to discover only eight sections had been balloted for. When asked if I was interested I said *"Yes"* although

wasn't in a financial situation to purchase. Being helpful the man shared that a lease arrangement was available to the winning applicants, offering great wisdom; "If you haven't got any money you may as well go for the biggest, the half acre piece on the cliff edge".

Realisation: Life and everything we do comes from our own Intention, I firmly believe this, we may as I did have no idea what it all means but just when these options emerge, if we have nothing to lose, we have the freedom to be bold.

Realising then I had little to lose I put my name down. Imagine my surprise when a week later we received a letter informing us that we had been successful and 'just' had to pay \$1,000 to secure a 12 month lease, time to consider our options. Every penny we had or that came in was tied up in the new boat but Dad, not wanting me to miss out on the opportunity offered the money and lo and behold we had, for a year at least secured this beautiful half acre piece of bush land on the cliff edge overlooking the Kawakawa river.



It sounds great but with our \$1 a day cottage, the free boatshed and the boats happy at anchor in Matawhi Bay, we had been provided with the perfect location and a platform allowing us to be committed to building the business. We certainly did not have any thoughts of trying save funds for a real house.

Notwithstanding that, I decided for fun to write to a couple of kitset builders to see what options were available. While quite enamored over one builder called "Lockwood" whose homes were solid pine throughout and easy to put together, the prices that came back even for a 'do-it-yourself' were so far out of our reach I didn't give it another thought.

One day, just before summer Dad and I were working on a "Captain's Gig" in the boatshed, a young man who had been living on a vintage boat in the Bay stopped in to inform us that he had just become the owner of the property where "Rainbow Cottage" stood. We were dumbfounded; no one had even shared with us that the property was for sale. Worse, he wanted immediate access, within a week planning to occupy the cottage while building a house. We had a week to find somewhere else.

Sharing out dilemma with neighbour Tom, he offered a temporary solution. Fortunately, the weather was getting warmer, summer was close and we were able to occupy the small

paddock of grass adjacent to the boatshed. We shooed the six sheep from their favourite grazing, erected two borrowed tents and set up camp, one bedroom for us and one for Justin and his cot. All seemed quite homely with our sparse furniture. I found another old wood stove with wetback and securing it with a concrete base rigged up a wood fired hot water outdoor shower adjacent to the shed .

The boatshed was divided in two with a giant sheet of plastic, one side for the continuous dinghy and boat finishing and the other for our kitchen and eating needs. Bit smelly from the fibreglass, but by now we were used to that. We found we could work out of the shed as efficiently as the Cottage, although we had to give up on the pancake entertainment as we were too busy now with four boats on the go. My mother, despaired even more, the only benefit was that she could at least access her grandson without the 200m clamber over the rocks.

Dad by this time was having fun working with me three days a week, helping with the dinghies and I really enjoyed getting to know him as equals rather than as a young son. Unfortunately, this made Mum's life lonely on those days he was with me.

Realisation: It never fails to amaze me how the universe drops in to be of assistance when we have faith and trust that all will work out for the best.

Reluctantly we vacated our beloved cottage yet in a few weeks we had become settled in the new living arrangements, in the throes of the busy summer when a very jovial man in a suit came knocking on the shed door. Introducing himself as Graeme Lloyd, the new franchise owner of the "Bay of Islands Lockwood Homes" one of the people I had written to for a quote.

We shared that we were attracted to his homes but not in a position to be able to do anything at that time. Bemused by our circumstances as he looked around he suggested that the particular house on which they quoted which I had asked for, was one of their luxury two story versions which was, as our present circumstances indicated perhaps somewhat unnecessarily ambitious at that time. I had to agree.

Rather than what would we like, Graeme asked, what did we actually need right now. *"Would a single level, three bedroom, kitchen dining and lounge area and balconies suffice with of course, a laundry room and separate bathroom and toilet be an improvement on what you have here?"*

From where we were standing looking out at the two tents in the paddock, it sounded ideal. When I explained our financial situation and focus on the charter business. Graeme seemed undeterred, *"Give me a day or so and let me see what I can do. I'll call in at the Opuia land, check out the levels and be in touch."* Not expecting to hear from him again, I was surprised the next afternoon when the phone rang.

"Would this house be your first home in NZ?" Graeme asked, "Because if so, I have an offer for you and Evelyn, let me explain, I have just recently taken over the franchise for "Lockwood Homes" in this area, the last owner left the Bay with debts and bad customer feelings so I have to build our reputation up again from scratch. Perhaps we can help one another. Here is the deal; I'll sell you a kitset of the home I suggested yesterday, you and one of our builders will work together with you for the three weeks it will take to put it up. It will be finished to 'lock up' stage, including all plumbing and electrics. You will just need to arrange for curtains and carpets and you can move in. Now you'll also have to put in the poles for the house foundation. That should not be too hard, we'll do the bearers. How's that?"

"Now regarding the financials, I have spoken with the Housing Corporation and explained the first time homeowner situation and they have offered a 3% loan for 20 years, no deposit required. Total cost \$16,290, with monthly repayments of \$163.00?"

"I am sure we can help each other, I have given you the house at my cost in order to get some action happening and would like to place a sign up and offer people the chance to inspect the house, naturally with adequate notice would you have any objections?"

'Gobsmacked' is the best word I can bring to mind, but I reply "I am not sure we can afford that much commitment at this stage", to which Graeme replied, "Trust me, if it seems a lot from where you are now don't worry, in three years it will seem a bargain." And of course, he was right.

Realisation: Small thinking gets us nowhere.

Deal accepted, Evelyn and I adjusted to owing money for the first time in seven years, everything was going perfectly until I mentioned to Graeme the lease arrangement we had with Crown Lands. Sounding suddenly very serious, despite his jovial nature, he asked, "You don't own the land?" I shook my head. He hung up saying he would call again tomorrow.

Next day true to his word he calls again, "There are a few changes that had to be made, I had to explain to the Housing Corporation that it wasn't a very secure deal for them to own the mortgage on a house built on land over which they had no security. To which they suggested advancing the full funds required to purchase the land under a separate loan, this time it cost a bit more, 8% and repayable over 10 years. Now you will own the house and land and have no future worries."



CHAPTER 6

Moving to Opua and More Crew Sign On

The mortgage for the land raised the monthly payments, but after time, only 24 hours later, and being very flexible people we had both adjusted in absolute gratitude to the truly incredible offer made to us both by our now very good friend, Graeme and obviously, his very good friends at the NZ Housing Corporation.

Dad and I went over to Opua to meet the surveyor and look at the site. The land had an unexpected significant fall which would have required very tall and expensive poles at one end. The surveyor suggested we pour concrete footings and build a timber frame to take half the house and save on the poles. While knowing nothing of house building that seemed a good idea. I phoned friend Graeme and he offered a simple way to get all the materials we needed telling us to charge the cost to Lockwood giving us an order number. Well, we did that.

The project went along reasonably well although neither Dad nor I had ever built the foundations for a house before and were continuously worried about if what we were doing was the right thing. The Building Inspector came by one day. Looking at our progress, asked if we had any idea what we were doing then said, "*For goodness sake, you are not building a piano!*" which we took to be a compliment and stopped being quite so fussy, about getting it perfect. Things sped up.

It was sad to say "*Goodbye*" to the Matawhi Bay community after such four years and a wonderful time, but that era had to be left behind, we were seriously shore-bound and established in a growing business. The tents were packed away and returned, we cleaned out the boat shed, and moved the sheep back into their little paddock.

In Opua a temporary flat was rented to provide shelter while the house was being built. We dispatched the charter clients from Matawhi Bay asking them to be returned to us to moorings we had acquired in the harbour at Opua.

This small village, is the railhead and shipping port for the Bay of Islands located further upstream of Russell. It has a beautiful new concrete wharf designed for big ships and ideally for us, offering a low timber jetty ideal for bringing small boats alongside, perfect for servicing and loading our yachts.

The harbour is safe in all conditions except for the ferry which I remembered did not always have the most attentive of skippers. Our few possessions went into the small flat and the residue of the "*Rainbow Boat Works*" into a rickety and seriously rusted tin shed that overhung the water rented from the local store becoming the 'operational facility' for our boat spares and cleaning equipment needed for the charters.

The relocation was timed perfectly which was just as well, a week later I arrived on the

house site to coincide with the lorry carrying our neatly packaged house. Unloaded it didn't look much. Two cars turned into the driveway as the lorry left with five guys. "Is this it?" asked the tall one introducing himself as Selwyn Cartridge with fag dangling from his lips. "Who are you?" I ask.

"The blokes to build your house, we understand you are to fetch and carry and organise smoko!" Confused I reply, "Graeme said it would be one person and me."

"Yep that was to be me but I decided to bring a few mates to speed things up so we should be done in a week!" Who was I to complain?

Leaving Evelyn to look after the charters, I ran and carried. As they called out numbers of planks shown on the plans I matched those with numbers on the end of the planks. Then I ran to make smoko, Evelyn and Justin came over with freshly baked goodies morning and afternoon to keep the team entertained and fed. I could just keep up. Once the floor was laid, the house mushroomed like magic. It was exhausting but to see our home up in a week including the roof was a great achievement. After they quit each day I swept up then set to varnishing the interior walls and staining door and window frames and the exposed roof beams.

There had been no exaggeration, the house was locked up and keys handed over by the end of seven days. We still had a lot to do, Selwyn offering to stay on to finish the kitchen while I built in dining room seating area and shelves in the bathroom. The laundry became the office, occupied by a new electric typewriter and office paraphernalia; files of bookings, charts etc., I installed a great pot belly stove which would keep us cosy during the long NZ winter.

Somehow in the midst of all this Evelyn had managed to get seriously pregnant and we were starting to look forward to the arrival of "Natasha Ann", to become abbreviated to "Tash" or "Rhubarb". "Tash", in complete contrast to Justin's desire for everything to be 'Now' and arriving earlier than expected, Tasha decided that she wasn't sure and delayed and delayed, as if waiting for her new house to be finished perfectly to her requirements until she finally accepted the fact that she was wanted and appeared magically but not without performance, turning blue just after birth and giving us all a fright, one way to get attention. We received a beautiful bundle with blonde curls enough to make Dad go weak at the knees.

It took three times as long to build the high double garage next to the house which was to become the new *Boat Works* and even before that was finished the next hull and deck of the second 'Tracker' "Wishbone" arrived and filled the shed with the bow sticking out the front. I started to assemble her with Justin now a toddler helping by crawling all over the boat. That was the time I realised I had to let go of being anxious for him and learn to trust that he was taken care of.



It was a busy time, after putting Justin and Tasha to bed and cleaning up from dinner it was into the office till midnight to write letters and confirm bookings for the boats and anything else that we couldn't fit into our days. With summer fast approaching Selwyn was seduced into playing with the boats too. He enjoyed our energy, we enjoyed his laid back style. His wife, Annie was shortly to follow and take over the cleaning from Evelyn busy now with both Justin and our new little lady. Slowly we were gathering a team which as things turned out was just as well.

During the winter months when the Bay was bereft of anyone with the desire to use the boats and our desperation to extend our income we embraced a couple of different ideas. The first idea we engaged with local neighbours creating DIY kitset crochet sheepskin slippers, we called them "*Snuggers*". Our friend's beautiful cat nestled with the slippers provided our packaging cover shot, we made patterns for the sole, heel and uppers. Initially using scissors we hand cut a few dozen samples, bagged up with coloured wool, needles and instructions and offered them to craft shops around the area. Making great gifts, they were readily taken up.

People loved them so we dove in further making the patterns into steel cutters, bit like cookie cutters, acquired an unwanted 2 ton clicking press which was set it up in a wooden shed in the small close by village of Moerewa, where the constant 'thumping' would not bother anyone.

Emboldened by regular orders we expanded our purchase of sheepskins, we had local people creating the small packets of coloured wool for crocheting and helping us package. Things were going well, some other ladies around Opuia became involved with crocheting and creating a finished item which too were also snapped up. We were tempted to expand our reach and after we sent samples to the NZ overseas marketing people we received positive response from their Toronto office. A NZ product importer wanted 1,000 sets to be delivered before mid-November for the shops before Christmas, by now it was already October.

Having received the order we had to find the skins, no easy task we discovered but eventually we did and purchased, borrowing money from all over. Confirming the order, the importer advised part payment to be available shortly and full payment on shipment. We started production. Making a thousand "*Snuggers*" took quite some effort, we were also in the early stages of the charter season and life became very hectic, not the least being unable to move around the lounge with all the packaging. Eventually, we had the order together yet still no funds had arrived although on requesting the full payment we were informed that the funds were available and on shipping notification would be paid, a little concerned we checked with the NZ office in Toronto who confirmed it was all OK.

Time was of the essence so we shipped and waited patiently, and then waited anxiously. Well, the worst occurred; the company defaulted on payment and after receiving our shipment declared bankruptcy. Being just one of many creditors and half way around the world there nothing we could do.

The disappointment was huge and the financial impact quite devastating so the only solution was to put "*Snuggers*" behind us, we sold the idea and equipment and left over stock which helped offset the debt. So much work and all for nothing. We had to knuckle down and engage the charters with a passion and begin to recoup our losses, the season had started in earnest and we were very busy from dawn till dusk most days. There was little opportunity to properly feel into the pain of having been ripped off. Sadly, I realise now.

This was followed by another disaster from which I learned another important lesson. The following autumn and the seasonal end to our bookings brought spare moments and we decided that we needed to create a guide book to give our charterers an idea of what the Bay from Whangamumu in the south of the Bay to the unreachable volcanic recesses of Whangaroa Harbour in the north, including the upper reaches of what both the Kawakawa and Keri Keri inlets offered. It was after all the birthplace of NZ and filled with incredible unspoilt islands and inlets for boats and their crews. And so began another diversionary albeit highly supportive venture with the "*Bay of Islands Cruising Guide*".

It is a magical place when visited by boat and deserved information on anchorages, dangerous rocks and tidal conditions, walking trails, opportunities for provisions, fuel, and shore side assistance, and attractions including explanation and insight into a very colourful history.

Sailing friends quickly supported the idea, seeking much of this knowledge for themselves, our friend Claire offered to research and document the text, another to collect and list all the diverse services offered by the communities dotted around the Bay. Dennis, whom we had met in Tahiti was a beautiful artist and by profession a surveyor offered to provide all the drawings of the anchorages. We commissioned each of them for their respective roles to go ahead and bring this together which culminated after three months with a truly beautiful soft covered book of 150 pages in full colour.

"*The Bay of Islands Cruising Guide*" was launched in the Tourism building in Paihia by the Minister of Tourism. It was a great send off and shortly afterwards available at all book and souvenir stores, yacht clubs and on all the charter boats in the Bay.

We printed 1,000 books, after a year a third had been sold just covering our costs when we received a letter from a solicitor advising that we were in breach of copyright. Apparently the daughter of a wonderful old time sailor in the Bay, who had created excellent hand-drawn charts of the East Coast reproduced in an Atlas asserted that we had copied the drawings of one particular anchorage.

Dennis advised me that this was true as he had been unable to get into the bay due to bad weather and time constraint had required him to call the owner of the Atlas and gain permission to use the information. Permission was granted verbally over the phone and it never occurred to us that we should have received this in writing. Although the Guide gave reference to the Atlas and the work in helping sailors access the Bay and encouraged readers to use the Atlas in support with the Guide.

None of this was to any avail and we were forced to relinquish the plates, destroy proofs and all remaining copies or face a court case and legal action. Despite many attempts to forestall this and save the Guide from destruction we had no choice to once again abandon a venture that would have been the benefit to many.

Realisation: Being an 'entrepreneur' is sometimes not as appealing as it appears; pitfalls are many and often seem to come just after what seems to be a success. It is however incredibly stimulating to take an idea and watch as the aspects to assure its success are drawn to us.

I love it. Yes, it's addictive which must come from the extra energy that pumps us up and gives us the ability to work all hours, dismantling all the negative factors, blocks that are thrown at us and see the creative power at play.

I never laugh at anyone who takes the challenge to strike out with something bold and new, I am not filled with jealousy when it seems what they did made them rich, and I never feel anything but sadness when as it so often does and did for me in this life, work-out as planned. I have learned that all of what we do in the creative phase is but a stepping stone leading us to the truth of our lives and why we are here.

All life is an experiment, how can we learn if we do not take risks and be venturesome? Mistakes and mis-adventure are just part of the background to growth. The only requisite is that we do not keep making the same ones.



CHAPTER 7

Playing with the Big Guys

One day down at the wharf I met a man and we talked boats. It turns out that he was working for a Government supported organisation called the Development Finance Corporation in Auckland with funds and a directive offering finance assistance to small companies.

Hmmm! I invited him up to the house for lunch and then we went back down to the wharf to show him the boats and explain the visions we had for a new fleet of boats more suited to the international tourist who were used to larger yachts with inboard diesel engines and more comfort. We had our eye on a boat called Laurie Davidson 28, the same designer as the M20.

It transpired that although we were an interesting proposition we were not established enough to warrant the DFC risking investment capital. Maybe it was too good to be true.

Far too busy to worry about this disappointing set back, we continued negotiations with the Harbour Board for space on the wharf to build a 20ft x 20ft admin and service office for the clients arriving and departing.

We had watched in dismay as they demolished exactly the tin sheds on the wharf we could have used, perfectly acceptable for us which we would have rented. With the decking gone too, only the piles remained. Fortunately we had a friend and supporter in Hugh Pevy, our harbor master and negotiated to rent the tops of piles, we came up with an affordable annual rental for ten pile tops. They would have done better renting the existing sheds. Go figure!

What began as a disappointment losing the sheds became a godsend for us, providing the impetus for building something customized for our use.

Onto these pile tops Selwyn, his same mates and I built a double garage frame, clad the exterior with oiled actually used diesel oil of which we had plenty, timber siding, fixed full ranch sliders in the front that looked down the harbour, more big windows, built in an office desk, reception area, a toilet and laundry to manage our bedding and staff tearoom/workshop space. It looked spacious while a little crowded behind the scenes but greatly improved on that old rickety tin shed. We laid blue carpet throughout, charts and brass boat memorabilia ex "*Rainbow*" was hung on the walls,

a 15ft carved wooden name plate fixed over the front door, strategically located on the roof to be easily spotted by passengers using the car ferry, flower tubs placed in half varnished barrels on the front veranda and a flagpole with the Rainbow house flag. Perfect.

No longer having to work out of the back of a car and the original tin shed made such a difference and moving the office work out of the house even more so. We had a wonderful opening party to whom many came including Peter, our erstwhile bank manager. On seeing the office he took me aside and knowing our financial situation asked how we had funded the building. I told him from our cashflow rather than borrowing and thought he would be impressed, that was not the response I got and he was quite cross and vocal saying that was not how business was done. When I asked him if a loan for the office would have been forthcoming he emphatically said, "No"! Pleased with our own decision I let the matter drop.

By this time with four M20s and, two Trackers we were very efficient, turn-around time per boat was down to about four hours, which meant in and out in a day. It had to be that way as there was limited space on the small jetty. Soon after we opened the office in the midst of a busy turn-around day came the same fellow from the DFC, Development Finance Corporation. He looked around in amazement checking out all the nautical artifacts, the charts on the wall and out at the view, all the while taking in the activity of delighted and happy returning charterers and families excited to share their experiences with anyone who had time to listen, which often turned out to be the next family to take out the boat they had just brought in. To be in the office on big turnaround days was a real buzz.

I took a break to speak with him and he asked why I had not shared about the office with him on his last visit. I said that it wasn't approved at that time even though it was only six weeks earlier. *"So, you put this altogether that quickly. Now you are an established business this changes everything. I am sure we can approve a loan for you to order that new 28ft yacht you wanted after seeing this, it's called showing commitment!"* Should I tell him about my bank manager's reaction ...and decided against it.

Two weeks later and the agreement was formalised with one condition that I submit myself to a 'mentor', a retired businessman who would guide me through the growth curve of the expanding business. I duly contacted the man to whom I had been referred and agreed to drive down to his house and discuss *"Rainbow Yacht Charters"* with him. My old Holden was in pieces in the garage having its engine rebuilt by our genius friend Ian, the sailing friend, so I arrived in Annie's even older Vauxhall sedan than my Holden.

The old Vauxhall was a bit dilapidated which normally didn't matter much being seldom required to leave the Bay.

Shaking my hand, his first question was, "Is that your car?" "Oh, no," I replied, grateful that I hadn't brought my old Holden with the boring 'Quikstik' lettering on the side. "Ours is in the workshop this week for servicing." Clearly not satisfied, he enquired as to what I did drive, I 'fessed up' as this aspect was obviously all important to him although not to me with my thinking always in directing funds into new boats. At this point we are still standing in his driveway.

"So before we get started discussing your ideas and aspirations, I would like you to find a new car, purchase it and drive down here next week, then we can get started organising the package and financing arrangement." My response was, *"That would be great except our funds are all allocated to the fleet growth."*

He came back with, *"Yes, I understand that but we'll just factor the cost of the new car into the package, so you do your bit and I'll do mine."* I left, driving home and frantically trying to think of a scheme to get a new car with not enough for a down payment in order to make this all happen and impress the 'mentor'.

The owner of "Nootka", Warwick was a car dealer in Hamilton. I phoned him that evening and explained what happened; he laughed and asked me what I wanted.

Warwick pre-empted my ideas with; *"I suggest a new Mitsubishi wagon, we can sell it to you as a commercial vehicle with no rear seats and put those in afterwards, its much cheaper like that because of the sales tax saving for a van, in addition, you'll need it spec'd to look good and I can handle that and I can have it ready for Thursday late pick up. That way you can get to your Friday meeting. I'll take the Holden for the deposit and organise a loan which you can pay off once you get the DFC money although the payments will be quite manageable if you don't want to."*

Unbelievable, Warwick was to become one of many charter owners who had multiple boats and did very well out of the relationship. Best of all his family grew up. Evelyn and I had a lot of pleasure watching how families came together in close surroundings for a week.

Thursday, the old Holden was back in action. I should mention here that Ian came into the house saying that the car was ready. Just the Tuesday before there was a white sheet on the floor of the shed with every individual piece of the engine lying there. I said, *"Shall we take it for a test drive?"* Ian looked at me strangely, *"Why? I have just rebuilt it!"* "Oh" was all I could say. Chagrined, I drove down to Hamilton

and discovered Warwick ready to hand over this beautiful little wagon, white with blue stripes, all professionally sign written with *"Rainbow Yacht Charters, Bay of Islands"*. I felt really great about this, sorry to see the now smooth running Holden go, but it had

served us well and I had the satisfaction of knowing it had a first class reconditioned engine for the next owner.

"How does that make you feel about yourself and your company now?" was the question popped as I drove into our new mentor's drive on Friday. To this day I don't know if our ability to fulfil his requirements were conditional on his becoming our mentor or whether he just wanted to lift my respect both for myself and the business.

Regardless, like the office, it was another significant pivotal point for the company and for pride in what we were doing.

DFC funds duly appeared and "Skookum", Eskimo for "all in order" was ordered from the Davidson 28 builder, Dave Blundell in Auckland whom I trusted sufficiently to have him complete the boat for us to our requirements which he did really well. "Skookie" as we affectionately called her was to be the first of nine such yachts and for many years these superb yachts formed the backbone of the business, including lucrative winter corporate flotilla sailing groups.



Dave was great, allowing me to join him in some of the finishing work on the boat as I intended that in future we would buy just the hull and decks joined and finish the rest ourselves. The 28 proved to be an excellent sea boat with inbound diesel perfect for coastal sailing which allowed many of our more confident charterers to break out of the confines of the Bay to venture north the 30 miles to explore

beautiful volcanic Whangaroa Harbour, only accessible by boat.

With DFC financial support, albeit for just "Skookum", we saw this as the beginning of a significant fleet expansion and started to consider how we could expand our marketing to overseas to gain recognition for the Bay of Islands as the new international sailing destination.

With no idea how to go about it I contacted another sailing friend who worked for Air New Zealand for advice. Derek was one whom we had first met on the West Coast of Vancouver Island, you may remember in the "Rainbow" book. At that time Derek and his NZ wife, Wendy had a beautiful 32ft English yacht called "Tiri Tiri" and was en-route awaiting favourable winds to sail to Hawaii. We both left Canada the same day after spending a few days together sharing our dreams and West Coast salmon meals for breakfast, lunch and dinner all the while. It was listening to Wendy

in the evenings playing her guitar and singing Maori and Polynesian songs that truly fired my enthusiasm for the sail to New Zealand.

They never made it to Hawaii, the same heavy weather that bedeviled "*Rainbow*" on the Oregon coast damaged "*Tiri's*" rudder forcing them to return to Seattle. Eventually making the coastal sail to San Francisco, we met up again. Derek received a job offer from Air New Zealand in Auckland too good to turn down and they sold "*Tiri*", bequeathing us their life raft and several vital items of ocean safety gear for which we were incredibly grateful, before they flew to NZ to start a new life. Derek also became Justin's Godfather.

I was not arrogant in thinking I knew how to approach the '*big fish*' with any chance of success and so soliciting help seemed the smart thing to do. Working with Air New Zealand and responsible for creating corporate type proposals Derek was fully knowledgeable on the 'jargon' used to create impact or at least have the "*speak*" at high levels.

The NZ Tourism Board had established a Grant Scheme to assist tourism enterprises wanting to promote NZ overseas. While we were small by comparison to most enterprises, the one thing in our favour was that charter yachts presented a very high profile, an attractive 'product' from a photographic perspective to uplift any brochure and the special interest nature of sailing holidays 'fit' exactly into what the Board had decided to give focus to and encourage, Special Interest Tourism.

In our first presentation '*a la Derek*' we outlined the growing international recognition of sailing vacations citing the Mediterranean and Caribbean yacht fleets available, our own, now 5 year established business and experience, the new 28ft yacht fleet expansion program supported by Government development funding designed specially to appeal to the international sailing community, and how NZ would appeal to sailors seeking new waters to explore, the unspoilt delights of the northern NZ coastline with its many bays and natural harbours.

We presented our three year marketing strategy with a low initial financial requirement, support mainly for print material also not to frighten anyone, gradually increasing annually as we proved our value, became known and more visible leading to the long term goal of establishing an offshore reservations office in the US, our target market.

The terminology while being completely effective and securing us the financial support as we had outlined, was completely 'seen through' by an astute gentleman

in Wellington Head Office who phoning to advise the Tourism Board decision to accept our submission added,

"Your submission was one of the best and most easily received as we all understood exactly what you were saying as we too use all those terms ourselves! I would be most amenable if you felt it helpful in the future to updating you with new 'catch phrases' to win people like us over. Congratulations."

Embarrassed, I don't think I had a suitable reply except a muted, "Thank you".

With confidence now we had the support and some funds for promotion from the NZTB, it was time to introduce ourselves to Air New Zealand. Again I asked Derek for help, with a 'back door' introduction which led me to meeting three great guys who ran the newly formed Special Interest tour department in the marketing section, it was the beginning of a loyal relationship that was to last 30 years including us flying 980 people to NZ for Halley's Comet watching and culminating in 2011, we booked over 100 people from the US to NZ for a spiritual tour to celebrate the 11.11.11.

That first conversation with Air NZ went like this;

Me, *"I have a small but growing yacht charter business in the Bay of Islands,"*

Them, *"Yes?"*, reading the newspaper.

Me, *"I have been provided with funding by the Development Finance Corporation to build a new fleet of yachts suitable for sailors from overseas, in particular, the USA who after years chartering in the Caribbean are looking for new areas to cruise,"*

Them, *"Yes?"*, looking up from paper.

Me, *"The NZ Tourism Board are providing three years of support funding for the promotion of our special interest product in the US."*

Them, *"Yes?"*, putting aside paper and looking at me with interest.

Me, *"I have no idea how to go about it so I am here looking for advice and help."*

They looked at each other and said, *"Well, you have come to the right place, you know why?"*

Me, *"Not sure"*,

Them, *"Because it is so refreshing to find someone who is asking for our help rather than bringing a finished product and just looking for a free airfare."*

My request was genuine and I could only be honest for I had truly no idea how to begin, but they did and within a couple of hours I was given the salient points to include in a brochure and how to lay it out, I had been introduced by phone to their US counterpart in the LA office who said he would start looking for an agent to

present us and who, over the years was to become a key figure in creating our visibility success. In addition, they would give me a ticket and free carriage for the brochures as soon as they and I was ready to fly to LA with the promotional material and to top it off they also offered to pay the printing cost if we featured the Air NZ logo which we were delighted to do as we felt the association effectively endorsed our company as a quality product.

Realisation: I learned it pays to be honest, be upfront about what we don't know, be willing to be humble and ask for help!

By now Annie was running the office and Selwyn taking care of the day to day boat activity, when that was not occurring he was working on the finishing of "Tamarack", after the Canadian tree, the second 28 in our garage at home. A few weeks later we submitted some print material to the guys at Air NZ for their approval with choices of layout for the cover, photos, wording, booking arrangements .

A month later with Annie, our angel looking after Tasha and Justin, Evelyn and I were on the plane to LA with a thousand brochures, good job we had the airline name on them and the airline to assist with the freight cost.

There, our Air NZ contact in LA introduced us to Joanne Salzer, owner of a specialist yacht charter travel company who was looking for a new destination to promote.

Just as we had been looking for someone to represent us in the States, so too had Joanne been seeking a destination, new to the American sailing community that would increase her product range and holiday destinations for her yacht charter brokerage business. It was to be a relationship made in heaven which benefited us all. Joanne and her husband, Adrian and partner in their charter reservations business became lifelong friends.

We spent time with her and her husband organising the representation that was to last till we dropped out of the US retail travel business in the mid '90s. Plans were made to return to the US later in the year to coincide with the Long Beach Boat Show in LA where we would have a dedicated Air NZ & Rainbow Yacht Charter stand. This was to be the first of ten years consecutive promotion at the Long Beach show. Although we tried boat shows in other major cities; San Diego, Seattle, Atlanta, none provided the results as Long Beach.

A few months later, Joanne, Annie and I arrived to set up the stand, we had great publicity for NZ courtesy of Air New Zealand and the Tourism Board, both who were

obviously very supportive. A few minutes after we had the stand ready someone stopped by to tell us that the night before, a prime time TV program featured the documentary on the Air NZ Mount Erebus, Antarctica plane crash killing all 237 passengers and 20 crew on board recommending that we lose the airline banner.

This and the number of people who stopped and said they would love to go and sightsee New Zealand 'one day' forced us to rethink our promotion and we quickly turned our beautiful posters of the Air NZ 747 around and with a borrowed felt tip pen scrawled an invitation to join a 14 day NZ holiday, 7 days in the Bay of Islands sailing

followed by a 'freewheel' week with rental car and hotel based on twin share, including per person return airfare all for less than \$1,000.

Interestingly, only a few people ever asked who they would fly with, I remember many had heard 'somewhere' of the airline and thought that it was well respected, which is certainly the truth as this was the airline's only ever disaster.

The package drew attention, or maybe the impromptu sign writing did the job, that first year at the Show was a winner, unheard of before or after we booked 72 people at the Show with deposits, and we were launched into another reality far beyond just sailing holidays, into what was to become a South Pacific inbound travel business, "Rainbow Adventure Holidays" with our partner, Joanne thrust into the new role of NZ and South Pacific specialist travel business. So began a whole new adventure for us all.

Realisation: Even when we have ideas of what the outcome of our adventure maybe, rest assured there are always other forces at play who seldom have the same agenda in mind for us, usually much greater than we could have envisaged with our myopic perspective so it pays to be flexible.



CHAPTER 8

Never a Dull Moment

Three more 28s, all pre-sold into the charter fleet, were simultaneously under construction at the new *"Rainbow Boat Works"*, a rented building on the Harbour Board land at Opuia. Two new 38ft centre cockpit yachts were under construction in Christchurch, *"Chinook"* and *"Cheyenne"*, with a third, *"Toulouse"*, because as the owner said, *"These 38s have two loos"*, being privately constructed, all superbly ideal for coastal cruising between Auckland and the Bay.

"Chinook" arrived in the Bay late one Saturday after a rough voyage crossing the strait between NZ's north and south islands. Her delivery skipper complained about an intermittent fuel problem. The the boat was serviced, the engine checked and deemed fine, no one found any fuel issue. Annie unaware of the problem felt really proud to be able to charter our new 38ft to a couple a good looking Frenchmen who walked into the office on Sunday morning, they knew all about boats, paid cash for a four day cruise and left us another \$1,000 cash deposit.

"Chinook" disappeared down the harbour. Tuesday, the police came by asking about foreigners renting boats. The French guys were the only ones and they were due back next day. The police asked us to notify them as soon as the yacht was sighted and if possible to keep them in the office if we could, all very mysterious and quite exciting. Next day, after noon with no sign of *"Chinook"*. As we were starting to worry we get a phone call from the pub owner of the Whangaroa Harbour Hotel, *"Are you by chance missing a boat?" "Could be"*, we said.

"I have one of yours, looks new, tied up here since Sunday night and there is no one aboard." I said I would come and get it straight away and promptly called the police.

On the trip back Selwyn and I too had trouble with the diesel fuel flow, which was worrying but just as had been reported. We dismantled the fuel filters while under sail and once cleaned everything was fine, they were dirty, probably as a result of the rough crossing from the South Island, we arrived back safely to learn more about what was going on.

A week before the Greenpeace protest ship *"Rainbow Warrior"* had been bombed and sunk in the Auckland Harbour, unfortunately a photographer who had returned moments before to get more film for his camera and was aboard and was killed when

the explosion took place. It transpired that it was a deliberate attack with limpet mines planted on the hull below the waterline.

This protest ship had become a serious 'thorn in the side' of the French government due to the very active protesting of the French nuclear testing at Moruroa Atoll in the French Tuamotus Islands, see more in "*Rainbow*". In retaliation, the French had sent a submarine to NZ with a demolition team aboard who landed on a deserted northern beach by Zodiac inflatable, unluckily for them were spotted coming ashore by young German campers who thought it strange and told the police. The Zodiac was found deflated and buried in the sand dunes.

The French then made their way to Auckland, bombed the ship and returned to the Bay to hire the boat from us to rendezvous with their submarine and escape. They would have scuttled the yacht. Our reluctant diesel had saved us and the boat, uncertain of their ability to escape by sea, they abandoned Plan A and somehow boarded a flight to Noumea, French Caledonia where they chartered another yacht from the charter company there. This they subsequently scuppered and sank after they had rendezvoused with their submarine.

Ross Blackman, a friend who you will meet later, managed the charter fleet in Noumea and later told us his bizarre story of being called to meet a man in a café with paper bag full of cash by way of apology for sinking their yacht.

The NZ police did a brilliant piece of detective work to unravel this international spy story and the people responsible, leading all the way to French government and their President who gave the approval for the attack. As you can probably imagine once the truth was discovered the event caused a long lasting scar in French and NZ international relations.

Ironically, as I write this I read in the news.... Paris (AFP) - The French secret service frogman who attached the mines which sank the Greenpeace flagship "*Rainbow Warrior*" in New Zealand 30 years ago apologised for his actions. "*Thirty years after the event, now that emotions have subsided and also with the distance I now have from my professional life, I thought it was the right time for me to express both my deepest regret and my apologies,*" said, Jean-Luc Kister,

In the same year we started considering motorboats for charter which was nearly our undoing. One morning an engaging young man came into the office to discuss with me the optimum motor cruiser for chartering. I say engaging because within half an hour he had me sitting with him on the floor surrounded by yachting magazines from all over the world, each of us armed with scissors.

We went through the magazines cutting out all the features which appealed and could be incorporated to create the perfect charter launch. A quantity surveyor by profession, Mike was a Project Management and Cost Analyst and partner in an expanding and as I later discovered, desperate, Auckland boatbuilding business looking

to get into something new. Together we created the ultimate 36ft easy to handle displacement charter launch. Designer Alan Warwick, was given the job of putting all our chosen cuttings into one boat. Despite what was about to go down, Mike did a great job bringing the Warwick 36 to life.

We inspected the company's yard in Auckland and after satisfying ourselves that they had the practical capability of managing the project we signed the contract. An initial three boat project to be undertaken by the boat builder for all three boats at \$106,000 each completely equipped ready for charter. Funds to be progressively paid through the as various construction stages were reached. With personal knowledge of the spiraling costs of boat building from our own experience with the Davidson 28s I was skeptical about the price given the building requirements to meet MOT approval but was reassured that the builders knew what they were doing and so we committed.

Realisation: When we feel deep inside that something is not right, we need to either stop or tread very carefully watching every step we take.

Funds for the project, \$200,000 at 20% p.a. the standard rate in those days was borrowed for the venture, from a couple of friends ex- farmers turned sailors and friends, Jim and Marg Turnbull. These two lovely people were operating a successful skippered charter yacht "Shalimar" in the Bay. It was a big risk for us both but with a first boat due in 4 months we figured we should be fine.

Well, like many great plans it didn't go according to plan. The builder didn't have the capital to fund the cost of the large moulds for the fibreglass hull and decks as he told us he did and used the first of our staggered progress payments funds for the moulds. Then fell behind on the construction schedule. A couple of months into the project as Evie and I found ourselves in LA at a promotion, Dave, our Operations Manager went down to check on the progress.

The call we received from his discovery of the situation was devastating. Despite half our funds already invested in the first boat all that was on the shop floor was the first hull still in the mould where the second hull should have been, one laid up deck and cabin section and several internal fiberglass components in their moulds, plus the one engine sitting in a box on the floor. The builder was distressed almost to a point of having a complete mental breakdown not being able to pay his workers. It was a disaster. The builder, about to declare bankruptcy offered us his business by way of apology. There was no business, only our orders for the three boats. They had totally underestimated the cost ignoring our warnings and mis-managed the time lines on the construction schedule. Mike, the young man, who had organised and cost the whole project on behalf of the builder was nowhere to be seen.

We truly did not want an Auckland boat building business and if we allowed him to call in the receivers we would lose what assets we owned, if we took our components away we would have to find someone else to complete the first boat. What a mess and quite capable of bringing our own business undone being in no way able to repay our loan. Trying to resolve this half a world away was not easy. We decided together with the builder that we would support him through this and get the first boat out, salvage some of the investment and then see what to do from there.

Returning to NZ, Evie and I stayed on in Auckland, rolled our sleeves up, put on overalls and joined the workers in the factory enlivening them with our energy and together we revitalised the project. Once we had the hull out of the mould and on the floor, the deck attached and it looked like a boat, everyone was re-enthused. We had a party to celebrate. The partitions and engine went in quickly. Finally, "Rascal" completely finished and looking sensational was towed to our stand at the Auckland Boat Show attracting much attention and most importantly was purchased before noon the first day by, one of our existing charter owners.

By the end of the Show people who had never seen or thought there was such a splendid craft available for 'self-drive' charter had booked her out for the season.

Proceeds from the sale allowed part payment of our loan in line with that agreement and we rolled the remainder back into the completion of the second boat, "Ruffian". After two years we finally received the third boat and were able to pay back the full loan. "Rascal", "Ruffin" and "Ragamuffin" quickly became favourites and provided both ourselves and the owners with good year round income, breaking us out of the seasonal confines that sailboat fleets had been.

Realisation: Always remember that nothing is as it seems in business, or in life for that matter nor seldom goes the way we expect, so my advice is to do what we desire to do, but remain very flexible and willing to respond to the challenges that will inevitably be presented to us, even if it means getting our hands dirty. See, it's just like going sailing!

"Rascal" was an ideal 'mothership' for a new venture we had previously been unable to entertain. To keep the boats operating during the winter months, we created a nautical 'Outward Bound' experience for corporate using the match 28ft fleet during the winter months as an ideal team building opportunity. Sailing has always been, is the great equaliser and it worked.

A new face appeared who was to become a major figure in our lives brought his expertise for the project. Trevor Lund, ex-biker and Outward Bound instructor took to the boats with a passion and worked tirelessly to build the winter business. Called "Challengers" the concept immediately proved its worth, working for us, the boat owners, and the corporate whose staff and management really benefited from the unique nautical

and often challenging circumstances coupled with close quarters living and the handling of a sailing boat which for most was usually a first time experience.

Management teams, or management and staff would go sailing for a week, the worse the weather the better, sailing experience or not, with up to eight yachts. With Trevor aboard the lead vessel "*Rascal*" herding and managing the activities and in proper '*Outward Bounds*' fashion always completely indifferent to the weather and challenges he presented. With heavy beard and quite fierce appearance Trevor had little trouble in presenting the challenges and managing the crews.

One winter we used the concept for a tourism seminar. The industry was going through major growth yet was having trouble finding a focus and point of difference to compete with Australia, NZ's larger destination competitor. I met a professional American facilitator who was very attracted to supporting the NZ tourism industry and we got talking about venues and activities and I suggested "*Challengers*" as a possibility for a '*think tank*' experience.

We brought together representatives from all aspects of the industry; airlines, tourism boards, hotel managers, plant operators, tour operators, travel agents, inbound tour companies, car and motor-home fleet owners and of course, ourselves as yacht charter operators.

Twenty eight in the group took off on seven yachts plus lead launch with Tony and our facilitator for an amazing week of challenging discussions. Setting up white boards on sandy beaches, mind mapping ideas and challenges, breakout discussion groups, practical team building activities, such as search and rescue along with sailing the yachts from anchorage to anchorage was great fun, stimulating our minds and bringing up refreshing new ideas.

By the end of the week we had created documents that could be used to refocus the industry leaders with outlines of workable marketing strategies and areas where financial support would benefit the most. Actually, we discovered that if we could create just a 10% increase in our domestic tourism market then not only NZ could save millions that it was spending on promotions in Japan and Korea and the USA, but the extra use of product and plant by NZers holidaying at home would equal or exceed the overseas visitor arrivals.

That realisation brought us to question why NZers flocked to Hawaii and other perceived exotic locations rather than explore their own beautiful country. We resolved that the average Kiwi gained more 'kudos' and self-respect from taking an overseas holiday than staying in their own country. Perhaps there was something amiss in the nation leading to this '*the grass is greener....*' and sense of inadequacy.

A month later I received a call from the director of the NZ Staff College in Wellington who ran a 'think tank' organisation set up for senior Government department heads, CEOs of non-government bodies and industry leaders who asked me if I would come and speak on the recent Tourism seminar we had held in the Bay. Not quite sure where they wanted this to go,

I agreed and duly gave a two hour talk on our experiences, what we found at the end, in particular the issue of NZers not placing value on what they had at home, the later capturing avid attention, because they could all relate to the feeling.

Following a vibrant Q & A with the audience the very practical solution emerged; to hold a "Challengers" workshop for high level people drawn from aspects of Industry, Culture, Religion, Law Enforcement etc., to explore the issue of national self-esteem and what steps would have to be made at government level to build the nation's pride.

This suggestion reached the Prime Minister who endorsed the idea and a hi-level core group was formed including the Chief of Staff for Defence, Minister for Prisons, Human Right representatives, leaders from the Maori and Polynesian people, senior representatives from Anglican and Catholic churches, Tourism and Manufacturing Industry leaders and so on.

It was a very powerful group that assembled one cold and rainy Sunday afternoon on the wharf in Opuia. After stowing the gear aboard the 28ft fleet Trevor, not in the least intimidated by the influential people assembled, true to form treating any group no more or less than others, invited everyone to change in running shorts and join him in a quick run around the harbour.

Obediently, we all did so without complaint, which bode well for the spirit of the week to come. Fortunately it did stop raining. On our return our group was quickly divided up, and the crews sent to their boats to change into warm clothes and return to the dock in ten minutes with pen and notebook.

I always loved the intro, Trevor, unlike me, not bothered by people pleasing would say, *"I am only going to say this once so pay attention for in thirty minutes you will be casting off from this jetty, if you listen carefully you will have heard all you need to know about your boat and what to do to get it from A to B. I am now giving you the latitude and longitude position of tonight's anchorage. You have two hours to get there to have the anchor down in the last of the light during which time you will have each selected a role on board to fulfill. You can change roles during the week if you choose. You'll need a captain, a cook, a navigator and a log keeper.*

You will be under power until you get out of the yacht basin then you will hoist your sails and rendezvous with the group at the anchorage. We have placed adequate provisions aboard for the next four days during which time you will not see a shop, after that we will visit and replenish in Russell. After tonight's meal which you can prepare on board all are invited onto the launch

to discuss the week and set the goal for the group. Most of you are unfamiliar with boats, sailing, nautical terminology and navigation. By the end of the week you'll know almost as much as we do, have lots to share with your families who probably not believe you. Sailing is a team spirit building adventure, afloat so get used to it".

Having very clearly set the ground rules, everyone hung on every word as to how to get their boats under sail. Half an hour later, the fleet under sail down the channel in bright sunshine for our first anchorage given only by coordinates to figure out on the chart. It was the beginning of a great week with some very interesting people and intelligent discussions amid a lot of fun and activity that most would seldom have contemplated ever doing. Our facilitator, the international expert in team building brought everyone together and allowed the group to explore the parameters surrounding the primary focus of "National Self Respect".

The week brought forward many points of view and ideas, concepts ranging from national budget funding to the underprivileged, human rights and self-respect on a national level, for the collective and also the individual. A range of recommendations were documented to be presented to the Prime Minister and cabinet by the Chief of Staff for consideration, not the least being the concept of issues involving national pride and self-determination away from the Crown.

Ironically, although our suggestions may have created some food for thought and even action in high places, the same objective was achieved in NZ within two years that changed the nature of the country.

The government decided to make NZ nuclear free. Although not all people were in agreement as the implications dropped in for it meant the country leaving the ANZUS Treaty, the military alliance between Australia and the US.

This then implied that navy ships from all nations including the Royal Navy would not be welcome or longer be allowed to enter NZ waters as they would not advise for security reasons which ships were nuclear powered or not. With this dramatic decision a sense of independence stirred and with it a pride that their country was willing to stand up against much mightier powers.

This together with a rising awareness for New Zealand due to other aspects like the successful NZ America's Cup challenge, the growing success of participating NZ athletes in all areas of sport in world class competitions added to a natural awakening of national self-esteem. The country was waking up, it was an exciting time and we felt part of it.



CHAPTER 9

Life in the Bay

All in all, our life in the Bay of Islands for us as a family was ideal and provided the perfect place to bring children up to appreciate their opportunity. The boats, meeting so many people, and really enjoying the outdoors. The Lockwood home was wonderful, overlooking the Kawakawa River with great views. We had several deep water moorings directly below the house for the larger boats which was very convenient and a great experience for the children who often helped motoring the boats to the moorings. Kids are so quickly proficient and ours loved to help and be considered part of the team.

We had neat friends, all with similar age children, the local doctor, harbour master, partners from the "Snuggers" adventure and so on, plus, of course the many new sailors that arrived each year, quite a few who knew us from before NZ or had heard about "Rainbow Yacht Charters" while sailing though the Pacific. When they called in to say "hello" and update us on the adventures of boats heading our way and mutual friends it was always exciting.

In the first couple of years when the kids were really small we invited help from Mount Cook's ski field staff, girls who came for our summer season to live with us in the flat under the house and take the combination role of child minder, cleaner, cook, gofer, driver for charter pick up and drop, car shuttling etc., That was a great solution giving the kids attention we didn't have time to give, they grew up with incredible freedom.



Justin, who joined the crew in 1976, followed by Natasha in 1978 lived very much an outdoor life, growing up with web feet, sailing terms as part of their vocabulary and boat handling of dinghies to 40ft yachts as natural and competently as other children use roller skates. Neither they nor their parents could ever regret the environment in which they grew up and their present lives exemplify the freedom they enjoyed as children 'messing about in boats'. Both birthed their free and independent spirits in those younger years in Opuia, something which has stood them in great stead throughout their lives. we are very grateful.

We often used the boats ourselves, it was about the only family entertainment we had time for, but hey, sailing out on treasure hunts to deserted islands can be a lot of fun. Both children received extreme sailing and boating experience and became quite trustworthy in boat handling.

One day in particular, we were out on "*Chinook*" (38ft yacht) in a particular anchorage, Justin wanted to go ashore in the dinghy with Tash, so off they set in their lifejackets, Jus quite happy rowing. He pulled the dinghy up a little on the sand knowing that the tide was going out. Tash happily singing away and off they went, exploring the island together. Evie and I settled down for a quiet read in the cockpit.

Half an hour later they were back to the dinghy, now high and dry. Jus tried to pull the dinghy down into the water but was unable to do it on his own, Tash wouldn't take any notice of her brother or help him, his increasing frustration and shouts to us for help finally prompted Evie to jump in and swim close to shore where she could communicate with them both, finally getting Tash's attention and getting her to understand that she had to help or both stay on the island overnight, and just convincing Justin to be willing to try again, with his sister helping.

Finally together they managed to launch the dinghy and Evelyn swam back. I really appreciated that my wife understood how important it was to allow them the space to discover life for themselves, not to do everything for them. Not always an easy role to take. Sometimes I wonder if treating them as equals cheated them of some aspect of their childhood, yet if I ask them now how they feel, I quickly get reassured.

We had long ago decided that they had to fit into, to join our lives and grow up to be independent. After school each day they would walk down the hill to the office on the wharf and say, 'hello' then go find something to explore on the shore or the wharf. One time we had a big refrigeration ship tied up for many months, they made friends with the Indian crew who would take them all over the ship and sharing their Indian meals.

Another time, not so good, it was Sunday afternoon very quiet and no boat activity we were catching up with bookwork, our 6 year old Justin happy riding his bike up and down the wharf, he stopped and rested the bike against the low concrete parapet and toppled over dropping upside down on the bike in the narrow 500mm gap between the wharf and the wooden jetty below into the sea. The 4 knot current going out fast under the wharf swept him along towards our boat cleaning barge.

A fisherman, truly the only man in the harbour at that moment, was by chance hauling his dinghy onto the barge where we had allowed him to keep it, noticed what looked like a football floating by in the water and reached over to pull it in to discover it was our son's head! Justin came into the office totally soaked from his immersion, seriously 'pissed off' demanding a grappling hook to get his bike back! Not a scratch and totally unconcerned about his experience. Another time, Tash excitedly ran straight under the railing off the end of the office balcony to wedge herself head first in the rocks of the retaining wall four metres below. That one really scared us, Doctor, David, called down immediately couldn't find anything wrong with her. Our slightly irritated little girl came up fine with only a small scratch.

We couldn't keep them off the boats, sometimes with three or four M20s rafted side by side they would be found swinging through the rigging like pirates from one boat to another to the horror of passers-by who raced into tell us what our children were up to.

With Justin 6, and Tash, 4 they were big enough to go to the snow and be introduced to what was to become our other favourite family pastime, skiing. That proved to be a big success and heralded the start of an annual group gathering with several families each year to Mt Hutt in the South Island. Then came the year there was no snow in NZ and we all missed the experience.

By this time they were 10 and 8, I was at a ski show with a sailing stand on the premise that these two activities appeal to same group, promoting our next sailing season and discovered a marketing stand where Continental Airlines in concert with an emerging US Ski Area; Copper Mountain were offering an introduction package of two weeks skiing in Colorado including airfare, timeshare accommodation, ski gear and ski guide to take us around four different mountains.

Everything was included for the same price as a normal airfare and kids had free airfares under 14 years. Continental Airlines don't exist anymore, I wonder why? Four families went, sharing two fabulous apartments and we had a wonderful time, after that neither Justin nor Tash could be held back.

Life in the Bay was wonderful but they were already setting their sights higher and for wider playgrounds, preferably ones that usually involved a long airline flight which they both loved. Small wonder then that they both found their way to Canada, the Rockies and wider horizons when their time came to leave home.

My mother suddenly discovered she had advanced breast cancer and went to hospital for a double mastectomy, that it was a huge shock for us all, it goes without saying, more so for Sidney, my Dad because of almost 50 years together with very little in the way of illness between either of them. The operation was a success and they returned to the Bay. I do not remember a time in my life when my mother was more 'out there', having fun, laughing and joking and full of beans, it was as if a tremendous weight had been lifted from her. For six weeks she was often with us and the kids, then she went to Auckland for a quick check up. Arriving the day before the scheduled check-up, she had a serious 'turn' in the night and died on her way to the hospital which was just across the road. I drove down immediately to be with Dad. I had to organise the funeral and to this day am still trying to understand my inability to feel anything for my mother at that time of her death. My father returned to the Bay quite lost and stayed with us for some time before venturing back to their flat. Life goes on for those left behind.



CHAPTER 10

The City Beckons

All things change. A diving fanatic friend, who represented "Ironman" in NZ, after chartering one of the motorboats stayed on with us for the weekend and enticed me to share his offices in Auckland from Monday to Thursday each week.

"Try it just for a month" to meet some people in tourism and expand awareness for "Rainbow" among the Auckland boating community.

It sounded good and was easily achievable with me spending time with the family at home in the Bay over the weekends. In the second week while plodding around travel agents and tourist shops with brochures spreading the word I wandered into a new camping and outdoor equipment store in Queen Street in Auckland's downtown. Paul, the owner invited me to coffee and we got chatting. He had rented this great store with huge space including four offices he couldn't use and a prime street front shop window that he couldn't fill.

After Paul learned what we did he asked, "Would you like to have a shop window in Queen Street for the charters, maybe promote ski tours in the winter and rafting and fly-drive packages for tourists to complement the sailing vacations? I have already committed to the rent for 5 years which is very affordable and you can have this carpeted area of the shop for whatever you want very inexpensively." Hmmm!

Ten years in the Bay were coming to an end. We had a great team in place now with Annie and Trevor in charge they didn't need us anymore and we were starting to get itchy feet. The decision to move to Auckland was an easy one to make. The Bay had been a wonderful growing up place for the kids, Justin was nearly a year from high school and Tash not far behind, the Bay did not offer the best in high schools and we felt Auckland would set them up for a brighter future.

Decision made, the house in Opua sold immediately for \$140,000, giving us a substantial capital gain and we could afford to look for some land and have funds left over to start readying the property for building.

September, 1984. Driving home to the Bay one Thursday I decided to call in to a Real Estate office in Albany on the north side of Auckland and found a lot of negative responses from three agents when I explained my idea for a couple of acres property in the area, one guy however followed me out into the street and said that if I was not in a hurry there was a possibility of some farmland coming available in Greenhithe but it would be a month before he knew for sure. He said to call in again later. I did so and was asked to join him to go and have a look.

We walked over a beautiful hillside paddock filled with curious cows, but as it was sub divided for five houses it wasn't the block that offered me the privacy I had in mind, we walked through another gate into the lower acre and half paddock surrounded on three sides with regenerating Kauri forest, "*Perfect,*" I said, "*This is it!*".

"*I don't know if I can get this one for you*" was his response. I suggested he make a cash offer on our behalf, which he did and the owner agreed to sell that particular piece to us. It was awesome, looking down into a lovely valley, completely private and just 15 minutes to the CBD and our office.

With school starting, soon after the summer we relocated from Opuia to a small and cosy flat for the four of us in Devonport which I had been using during my promotional time, it was owned by some of our charterers so we swapped winter boat use for flat rental. It was neat little two storey place which from the bedroom upstairs we could watch the boats going past on the harbour.

Less than a mile away from our land were the Auckland Lockwood Homes people, we walked in one morning said we wanted to build a split-level house on land close by. The manager came out and we all sat down, he started to explain the Lockwood concept, how it worked and we said not to bother because we were already sold because of the house in the Bay to which he said, "*You must be Roger and Evelyn Miles who bought the first of Graeme Lloyd's houses.*"

They told us they would be delighted to help us into another Lockwood, out came the drawings of the model we wanted and together with their in-house designer we made the changes to suit the slope of the land and our personal needs. They were fantastic and we had it all decided and underway in just a couple of hours. This time they would handle all the ground work as we needed extra-long poles due to the slope.

Once again they were very fair giving us a good price and we worked out what changes would have to be, which could be included in their base price and what we would have to pay for. They never asked for a deposit, they simply forgot which was good because it would have been very awkward with all of our funds tied up in that last Warwick 36, "*Ragamuffin*" under construction to be launched in time for the Boat Show.

This house was much bigger than Opuia, almost twice the size, the time to erect and finish was 6 weeks. We still did all the painting and varnishing as it went along keeping up with construction so that as the house was finished the interior was decorated. It was a beautiful home to be another 10 year home ownership.

Dad still feeling young and remembering his contribution to the Opuia house some ten years before came down to Auckland to see if he could help. Unfortunately, age had caught up to him and one day trying to move a beam with Evelyn he fell backwards

off the platform and broke his ankle. To imagine this lovely old English gentleman suffering the discomfort of lying in a hospital bed for six weeks in a ward filled with bikie gang members whose English was barely comprehensible to him is something that evokes sadness in me whenever I think about it. The worse thing was I was away for part of this time overseas and even when back to look in on him was a two hour drive to the hospital and back.

Finally we had him moved to a closer hospital, but after that he came home although walking, never again had the ease as before. On one visit to see him in the Bay I discovered that he was not managing, he was losing weight and although a good cook obviously not eating properly. Always the perfect host immediately on arrival he would always offer a gin and tonic, watching him fill the glass with the clear coloured gin to the top, then add a dribble of tonic and I saw the problem! Wasn't that hard to spot, taking a sip gave it away. With failing eyesight the clear gin was not defined enough, one of Dad's essentially powerful martinis would take anyone's appetite away.

The eyesight loss was less a problem than memory loss, how he got around the shops and bought anything was a mystery. Clearly he could not manage in the Bay on his own any longer and being four hours away we could be of no help so we brought him to Auckland and found a serviced residence for him close to us in Greenhithe and where I could spend quality time and share a Guinness with him on the way home a couple of times a week.

Payment time and keys hand over was to take place on a Tuesday. The Auckland Boat Show was the weekend before with "*Ragamuffin*" on show. In fact, every penny that we had and needed to pay for the house was invested in this boat. On the first day, Saturday morning a doctor, another one of our existing yacht charter owners came in to say, "*Hello*" immediately falling in love with "*Ragamuffin*".

Right there he gave me a cheque for \$208,000, just a bit more than we needed to pay Lockwood on Tuesday for the house. The sigh of relief in our whole family would have been audible from across the Harbour.

The third boat signaled the end of the contract, the boat builder who we had supported throughout had been resurrected, emotionally and financially and was back on his feet with two more private orders. While the exercise frequently filled us with anxiety and fear, the end gain did assist greatly in the cost of our new home in Auckland so it was worth it in the end. I promised to be more vigilant in the future when engaging a long term business arrangement, which as you will discover, I did not follow through on.

Evie's Mum had died the day after Gordon, her Dad retired from his job at the Saskatchewan University understandably leaving him alone and quite devastated. For many years they had been planning a long overseas trip together when he retired. We

suggested he come and live with us for a few months over our summer, the Canadian winter. There was much uncompleted around the house and plenty to occupy him if he wanted and he would have fun with the kids who had not had the chance at that stage to really get to know their Canadian grandfather. How surprised we were when not only Gordon showed up but with two sets of aunts and uncles in tow having decided to join Gordon and have a NZ holiday motor-home vacation together.

They spent a few days with us and then set off with their plans to sightsee NZ, sadly we waved them "goodbye" because they had already made a difference to the house finishing in just the few days they were with us.

On arriving home that evening, we discovered a big motorhome in the drive, obviously they had returned for some reason, the kitchen was emitting incredible roasting smells and we went in to find what was to become the first of an amazing meal set for us. Together they had chosen to forgo the traveling and sightseeing and decided to spend their three weeks camping with us, helping to finish the house and surroundings, establish the garden, cooking and cleaning and taking care of all our needs.

It was just after Christmas and a better present no one could have improved upon. Gordon went off and returned with an old Mazda truck which the boys, the "*Three Musketeers*" as they became known at the hardware shops, was used to carry all the building and landscaping materials. To come home each day and discover the speed at which the house and surroundings changed was unbelievable. Balustrades build, fixed in place and painted, swimming pool surround paved, hot tub decking built, pergolas built and lawns leveled and seeded. You cannot have appreciation of the power of five determined Canadian retired farmers unless you see it in action. By the time their vacation finished the house had been transformed.

Again, we waved the 'rellies' "goodbye" genuinely wishing they could stay forever. Gordon stayed on for the half year and then a blessing for us, returned each year thereafter.

We settled into the house, the kids settled in to Greenhithe. The swimming pool in the garden which the kids loved was close to the house and the adjacent hot tub in a neat pergola arrangement was accessible from the balcony and all the bedrooms. Eventually, the passion fruit vine covered the tub and to sit in there after a hard day in the office with a glass of wine and have the quiet "plop" of fruit dropping into the tub was delicious.

I renovated two old second hand P class sailing dinghies for the kids and that encouraged them to join a local sailing club just 20 minutes away where they learned to improve their skills in a new dimension. Tash who had learned how to tack in her boat in the swimming pool won the chance to compete for NZ in Japan, which was a saga in itself, but that's part of her own story.

Through the sailing club we offered to participate in an exchange program and we enjoyed young people from Tahiti, Brazil and the US coming to live with us as the years flew past. Tash went off for a few months on exchange to Noumea, which should have been great for her French. She phoned one night, soon after arriving and was telling us some of her experiences, the main one not being able to understand any of the language in the home, disappointed that her French language schooling had provided nothing only to realise after two weeks of sitting around the dinner table with the host family that the incomprehensible talking was in Chinese in deference to the visiting grandmother from China. They came to visit once in NZ, lovely people and we laughed a lot over that.

Justin chose to take up Joanne's sister, Dotti's invitation to stay for a semester in Big Bear, California and go to High School there which he did. The only incident that we knew of was when Justin decided to dye his hair blue. Didn't faze us knowing Jus' independent streak but Dottie had trouble with that.

Tasha, not to be outdone when asked by her Godmother who was a teacher in London to go to school in the UK for six months readily agreed and so away she went, and that experience included a skiing holiday in Switzerland.

All this was while the kids were in their teenage years. Small wonder they now live a long way away both on opposite side of the Canadian Rockies and having a wonderful life.

Being very busy, the times we did get off needed to be of quality with the kids so we established a family adventure club where twelve families chipped in \$25 a month and each month there was enough to hire a big boat to have a group family adventure cruise on the Hauraki Gulf, go hiking, or skiing in the winter weekends. Some of my favourite memories are perhaps our families having Sunday lunch at a Henderson Vineyard restaurant. We would gather towards the end of the busy lunch period, take up a big space in the dining room and stay through to late afternoon. The kids played and so did the adults. It was a great group.

Justin and Tash started to mutiny, complaining about being left behind when we travelled overseas to promote the business. The year we participated in the Seattle Boat Show brought it to a head, Evie and I left the kids, at that time 14 and 16 to fend for themselves, they both rode their bikes the 10kms to school every day and one day Tash unfortunately fell off breaking her arm just after we had arrived in the US. Having to leave her in the hospital initially and later stay with friends was a real struggle for us, we both wanted to go home but it was impossible with what we had planned.

This brought everything to a head. We had a family meeting and agreed to take them once a year somewhere on the condition that they paid for their airfare and we would cover all the costs while overseas. This meant they had to get serious and find some

employment. Tash quickly found good paying evening and weekend babysitting jobs, After school and weekends, Justin started working at the local Shell service station and they saved. They grew up fast enjoying the fruits of their labour and discovered a work ethic that has served them well. All they needed was a small inducement. It made our travelling that much more fun to be together.



CHAPTER 11

Drawn in by Halley's Comet

"Rainbow Adventure Holidays" set up in the Queen Street office started attracting customers and we soon became as much a NZ travel consultant as a yacht charter reservation centre. On a trip at that time to LA I had been shopping for some t-shirts for the kids in a little mountain town outside LA called Big Bear.

In the shop the man looked at my Visa card and said, *"Ah, New Zealand, that will be a great place to go to next year"*, I asked *"Why wait, come this year?"* Oh, *no next year is the 76th year of Halley's Comet returning and NZ will be the best place to view the phenomena."*

Curious I asked if this was really important and was told that many astronomers would be going down for the event. I raced back to the house where Joanne lived, where we were staying and asked her to come back to the shop and had the man repeat the conversation. We walked away, *"Let's get going, we need a plan."*

We only advertised in the US Astronomer magazine three times at \$60 a time and collected just over 900 people, all requiring to depart over three days most staying two weeks, for many the maximum length of the US annual vacation period. We organised coach tours that featured observatories, campervans for the free-wheelers, rental cars with motel packages, and homestay for amateur astronomers to meet their NZ counterparts. We were firmly in the tour business now.

Our office in LA during the build up to the event had nine staff all of whom accompanied the people to NZ on the same plane and getting off first to be there as the reception team to greet the groups. Naturally we flew exclusively with Air NZ to the delight of their US office and the special interest guys who had supported us so well in the Auckland office.

One of our primary benefits was the full payment we collected 60 days before and the 60 days grace after before paying suppliers. A very large amount of money sat in the bank on secure roll-over overnight lending. Evelyn spent most of her time managing the funds to get the best interest on overnight deposits. We discovered an interesting fact; on the whole undertaking which consumed us for several months in the planning and execution of the event, we made much more on the bank interest than we did on the profit from the tours.

We kept a lot of people employed and gave everyone a great vacation. Only one aspect clouded the whole project, bad weather created a lot of cloud cover over the two weeks which made viewing Halley at times challenging, but there were no complaints, NZ is a great tourist destination.

We decided to invest the profits into building a unique special interest tour brochure that would allow people at home in the US to plan every facet of their NZ vacation, without requiring a local travel agent who probably first had to find where NZ was. UB1 - Ultimate Brochure No.1, in itself an oxymoron was a great brochure, innovative, easy to use, just way ahead of the developing market and of course, not at all enthusiastically supported by the travel agents. A major flop, we lost our shirts learning once again that it's all about timing and finding niche markets that like the astronomers who with a common interest are easy to reach.

One of the major benefits that came out of the Halley's tour was that we worked with a motorhome and campervan business, "Adventure Vans" becoming good friends with the owners who, like ourselves were struggling to grow and weave their way through the ups and downs of a fluctuating, seasonal and very fickle travel industry.

We became a silent investor with a man who had experiences in magazine publishing and wanting to put his expertise into launching a new travel magazine, investing funds in the venture which looked like it would work and help a lot of the smaller companies like ourselves in the growing special interest and outdoor market. It didn't work. Unable to acquire the advertising required to support the production the magazine died after just a few months with inadequate funds to pay the printer for final edition. We had to go to court over that one which was very sad and embarrassing.

I was deeply attracted to the idea of purchasing the HMNZ "Otago", a warship being scrapped and apparently available for \$40,000. Together with renowned diver and treasure hunter, Kelly Tarlton we created the "Save the Otago" group and together we did our best to get agreement for the ship to be sunk in the Bay of Islands as an underwater diving wreck which the Bay needed to lure this segment of the tourism market. Even though we had a Rear Admiral as our Patron, the project was itself was 'scuppered' by the ex-sailors of the ship who did not want her underwater, so instead we had the miserable experience of watching this once proud ship being cut up for razor blades in the harbour within 300m of our office. Today, the Bay has two such underwater reefs, one of them interestingly, the Greenpeace, "Rainbow Warrior". Again we were before our time.

Realisation: No doubt about it, life hinges so very much on two things; one being in the right place and two, being there at the right time.

Either one of these out of alignment and not even the best idea, flies.



CHAPTER 12

Everyone is Doing It

1984: I was invited to give a talk to the Auckland University MBA students on an entrepreneur's experience with raising money for development of business ventures, I was unaware there were some venture capitalists in the audience. Unfortunately, I had left my speech notes on the kitchen table, not realising this until feeling into my pockets as I was standing at the podium. In embarrassment I used one of those great techniques speakers recommend, saying nothing and looking carefully around the theatre at the audience. Eventually, I found myself something to say, I have no memory of what it was. I think it may have been a personal story of our adventures, the ups and downs of being someone always with a new idea, especially how to go about obtaining funding support.

It must have been a good talk I received a standing ovation from the students, however the flipside was that it brought me to the attention of the new breed of Venture Capitalists supposedly the salvation of under capitalised entrepreneurs with great ideas. This group had emerged as a result of the increasing burgeoning stock market which was in full flood at that time with great offers yet with little real advantage for those who had their necks and usually their homes, on the line.

The share market boom attracted many sharks all touting their new portfolios which promised windfalls for investors. Many publicised tourism as their means of making money only later when fully subscribed, embarrassingly discovered there were few independent tourism businesses that had any hope of creating profits. After approaches from two quite aggressive investors, and the final straw being threatened by a young 'suit' from an Australian company who told me to join them or they would put us out of business in a month. As a result I had little time for the next approach but did tell them upfront that I wasn't interested which was very bold knowing the size of our overdraft we were continuously struggling with at the time.

Despite my strong response, one evening Graham Perrin, from a company recently floated phoned asking if he could meet with me to discuss a situation that may be to our mutual benefit. Graham in a brown suit, for a change, came into the office very different from the usual three piece dark suits that I had so far encountered. He explained that their share offer was completely subscribed and that the portfolio had stated in 'muted terms' about an expansion investment into tourism related products. The trouble was like others they could not find any business, anyone with a tangible organization that had expansion possibilities to invest their new funds in, he asked *"Would you be interested in bringing together a group of complimentary tourism ventures under one umbrella?"*

Again, I declined saying that at present it was not the direction we wanted to go favouring our autonomy rather than partnerships. Graham opened his cheque book and wrote me a personal cheque for \$50,000 and said, *"I am sure you can use this, please take it as a payment for giving us the first option to join you if you change your mind."*

Amazing offer, but it felt wrong to accept the cheque, I tore it up and returned it wondering if it was a test to see if I was honest, but I did feel good about their willingness to trust me to be capable to bring the concept into being, asking for a couple of days to feel into this idea and talk to another business to see if together we could make this work.

I phoned our friends, from *"Adventure Vans"*, we were all open about both our practical difficulties of funding new plant, them motorhomes and us boats and of course, the ever mutual struggle with seasonal financial challenges both sharing the daily pain of overdraft management with NZ's twenty percent interest payments. *"What would it be worth to pay off your overdraft,"* I asked.

It didn't take them long to figure out what we could do together without the burden of debt, so into being came *"Rainbow Group Ltd.,"* the beginning of a new saga, one of promise, excitement, ideas, disappointment, crisis, as usual no less challenging than sailing from Canada some 15 years before.

The new partners satisfying their portfolio claims as per their prospectus took a 30% shareholding for \$700,000, immediately removing the debt issue from both our companies. We invested in the setup of beautiful offices on the waterfront of Auckland's Inner Harbour, a perfect location and exactly where the America's Cup was to be held when NZ won the challenge in 1986. The fleet of charter yachts and motor cruisers expanded into two new locations, Auckland and Lake Taupo in New Zealand, with a third, Marlborough Sounds in view.

We extended the charter yacht ownership/lease back concept into the motorhome fleet and found a ready acceptance by accountants to encourage investors to purchase a custom built six berth motorhome, enjoy high income and personal use and tax benefits. As a result the motor-home business and rental cars, with pick up and drop off in both Christchurch and Auckland developed substantially.

From the beginning with our first charter family our guiding philosophy was based on being a high quality operator of tourism plant that was owned by others. Tourism in NZ as in any country always experiences down time out of season when accommodation, plant and equipment sits empty or idle, not only earning money but through lack of use actually increases maintenance costs, requiring year round admin and business overheads. Our philosophy was for *"Rainbow"* to be plant operators. To have independent owners who would have direct owner use benefits whether they owned a boat, a motorhome, or one of our proposed self-contained villa type accommodation units in the Bay

of Islands, Lake Taupo and Queenstown. Privately owned yet run as a business by an independent operator there is no initial GST payable on the initial cost of the business asset, tax deductible maintenance and no storage worries, income from the rental which usually covered, a 90% loan repayment and interest also deductible against other income, and most importantly, offering the very tangible opportunity to have private use at no cost.

We opened this up for collective ownership of a selection of attractive assets that could be enjoyed during downtime at very low cost to only cover direct expenses, for a nominated period of time depending on amount of ownership investment.

So was born the *"Rainbow Tourism Trust"*. One unit in the Trust was valued at \$2,500, and investment was unlimited. For families this was a small payment for the privileges of use of the assets at minimal expense and for larger investors the whole project was sound just on the 50% of asset earned income. The Trust was to own yachts in New Zealand, Fiji and Tonga operating in the existing *"Rainbow"* fleets, motor boats in three NZ locations, motorhomes and rental cars, based with *"Rainbow Adventure Vans"* out of Auckland and Christchurch. Holiday lodge accommodation at the three proposed *"Rainbow Country Club Resorts"* in the Bay of Islands, Lake Taupo and Queenstown, the three location gems for NZ holidays. With the share market boom in full flight, we joined in the race. Initially the Trust, seeking to generate the \$2 million took off really well. The brochure - our *"Rainbow Tourism Trust"* prospectus was really attractive.

In the fourth week following our launch something caused a tremor in the share market, our investors slowed and by the sixth week the tremors had become a full on earthquake complete with volcanic eruptions as grossly overstated companies started to unravel and the great "rort" which had been going for over two years suddenly was exposed as were the directors and their illegal behaviour.

New Zealand literally ground to a halt, everyone frozen in fear. Our Trust stalled as it reached \$890,000, considerably below the fund requirement.

We went back to all the investors and gave them options that if 80% wanted to keep going we would, with any who wanted their money back would receive it plus the accrued interest. Less than 80% and everyone would be repaid with interest. In the end 95% stayed and we kept going.

For nearly two years we managed but the market both for further investment of any kind and even those enjoying domestic holidays had bottomed. So many of our *"Rainbow Group Ltd"* client base were family people in middle to upper management and income brackets and these were the people who were shed first by companies collapsing.

Fortunately, many who had invested were able in that time to enjoy the benefits we had offered so not all was lost. As it could not grow in the market environment we finally

wound up the Trust and shared the available funds between our investors. However, that was not to be the end of it. For us the nightmare had just begun.

Remember what I said before? *"No doubt about it, life is so very much two things, one being in the right place and two, being there at the right time. Either one of these out of alignment and not even the best idea, flies."*

Our own financial partners and their public listed company fell by the wayside early on and had to relocate their offices in with us. Our little "Rainbow Group" with a really bad season due to the domestic tourism downturn was heading into real cash flow problems, too late we started to abandon projects, consolidate and that awful thing; reduce staff adding to the snowball effect that was threatening so many lives. Banks were foreclosing on business taking owners assets including homes in lieu. Bank managers were under huge pressure to recover funds as banks called in their debts, many managers unable to withstand the pressure our own included, committing suicide.

In the final analysis, Evelyn and I as guarantors found ourselves personally liable for the debt of \$1.6m which in 1987 was a vast amount of money. One night in real terror and fear of what was to come with such a debt led me to serious prayer for help from God. I cried for my lack of ability to fix this issue, there was no one else to turn to. At four in the morning I awoke with a solution in my head which by seven had become a presentation that addressed all the issues and what was needed by the bank to make repayment of the debt completely possible.

My prayers with such humility were answered. The reconstruction of the business to the bank that day resolved all the debt by returning the business enterprises which comprised the Rainbow Group back to their original owner/operators, each of us absorbed personal debt, which was covered by the bank with personal mortgages over our homes. We still had our original businesses which, with their cash flow and reduced overheads allowed each of us to sustain our lives and make the necessary repayments. The bank was relived and so were we. The bank actually offered me a consultant's job on the basis of finding the solution and my presentation.

Realisation: Always know when it is not your clever-ness, it was your sincere prayer that had been answered. Which then invites the question... Why is it that it takes a major impetus to get us to offer a prayer to God when things are really bad, and yet most of us choose to be completely self-reliant at other times. If God exists and I for one have no doubt of that as you will see my inability to deny this Higher Power further on, then I believe that to establish a personal relationship with this Force would make a lot of sense, in fact to continue to ignore the possibility would be the height of foolishness and arrogance.

However, I still had/ have a lot to learn.

CHAPTER 13

STARTING AGAIN

1990: Starting again, back to basics with just the boats as our focus, we discovered an ageing fleet and somewhat tired market image. Even though we had escaped from one disaster, it appeared we had potentially entered another.

I personally believe that three of the most important operating factors in the Universe are the Law of Attraction in terms of recognising it is all my creation and accepting responsibility for what is evolving, Gratitude for what I have and the Willingness to accept and allow whatever is presented to me. This may seem to be an opportunist perspective yet if, or when, we resist and push away the call for change of direction and opening to new possibilities and I love this expression, we are probably, as a friend once called it "*slapping God in the face!*"

We desperately needed a new image, a new fleet and realised with the situation in New Zealand that we needed to expand our local market from mostly sailing to include fishing and dive enthusiasts with fast powerboats and with another base in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf. Throughout our history to this time our business always suffered by the seasonality issue, only really desirably good in the summer months from Christmas to Easter.

We recognised we needed to extend our fleet operations into the South Pacific to earn revenue in the NZ winter months, which meant building yachts quite different from what we had, boats capable of twice yearly deep water repositioning voyages to provide maximum utilisation and income.

As a result of our need for change, we invited Trevor who was managing the Bay of Islands base to join us as a full partner in the business. We had a phone call, chatting about what to do, what we needed. Trevor willingly accepted and offered to forgo his little company station wagon and use his motor bike, we both thought about how we could increase our already over extended mortgages. I asked how much he had left on his personal credit card and he said \$600, ironically, the same as Evelyn and I.

I had heard of a three day workshop called, "*Money and You*" given by international entrepreneur/financier Robert Kyosaki on the coming weekend in Auckland, can you believe? The cost, \$595. We both each agreed to blow the lot on that one weekend.

On Monday evening as we walked away after three days of doing 'ridiculous things' like standing in a circle holding hands, singing songs and playing games with one another, making barnyard animal noises to find our groups, playing at millionaires with paper

money and other completely childish pursuits, which while a lot of fun I must admit, we realized we had blown it. Life as we knew it was clearly over.

Tuesday morning, the phone rang in my office and a sailing friend asked to drop by. Ross Blackman, previously, charter yacht manager from Noumea came in and presented me with his problem. Back from New Caledonia he had been hired as the New Zealand agent by a French Boat builder, "Beneteau", a company which was literally stuck with an over-production problem in France of extremely well respected sailboats ranging from 29 to 44ft all built to meet international charter standards.

Ross, as an America's Cup sailor had the unenviable challenge to sell these boats in a local industry that already had great boat designers and a reputation for boat building, plus just to add to the challenge, following on from the Auckland bombing of the "Rainbow Warrior" debacle by saboteurs in the French Secret Service, New Zealanders as a nation shunned most things French.

Despite the handicap Ross, being a charter yacht fleet manager himself found potential yacht buyers, subject to being able to place their yachts in a charter fleet as an income earning and tourism based business investment with tax advantages. With the investment in the share market having lost appeal people were still seeking new opportunities to place their funds, especially when a personal benefit and with a tangible asset could be offered. Return on investment can be more than income.

Amazingly, given the financial environment we found ourselves a very enthusiastic financial lending company who removed all the hurdles of borrowing including requiring zero deposit. "Rainbow Yacht Charters" after some 10 years in business was well respected and had the perfect high profile that was ready for the new yachts. We knew that we would have support for the new fleets of bigger boats both from Air NZ and the NZ Tourism people by virtue of being in a much better position to attract the more affluent international sailing communities.

A loose joint venture between Beneteau and ourselves was quickly formed and with it for



"Rainbow" the commission earned from sales providing a completely unexpected income stream that resolved all our financial problems and most importantly, created a new fleet with twenty five prestigious yachts in the first year alone.

Built to the best international standard yachts, these 29ft - 43ft yachts specifically designed and built for charter arrived

wrapped complete with standards that met the stringent NZ Maritime requirements with minimal local refinements. It took no more than two days to wash off the salt spray for they all arrived literally bubble wrapped four weeks after ordering as deck cargo from Bordeaux, France. With a good cut and polish, add the charter package of dishes, bedding and spare this and that and we had them ready to sail with new crews of happy 'sail yourself' charter clients. This was a dream compared to what we had been doing for years with local boats.

The fleet was immediately attractive to both the local market and most especially, the overseas sailing enthusiast who recognized and was used to chartering the "Beneteau" yachts in the Caribbean and Mediterranean. It was a perfect marriage and our business was revitalized and our lives took off on an exciting new tack.



Realisation: If I look back over subsequent circumstances unfolded I can plot exactly how seemingly non-aligned events has brought me to writing these pages in a book to offer an insight to how a life can unravel even if at the time I have no idea where all this is leading. Amazing, when all I did was to follow the prompts. Now you could say that this had nothing to do with "Money and You", the dancing and singing and weekend of play, but I disagree.

Something shifted at some point, it may have been in our willingness to take a chance, it may have been our gratitude, it may have been the 'Cosmic Weaver' at play seeing if we would allow ourselves to be lifted from that point of desperation and be humble and willing enough to turn to prayer for help. A beautiful phrase comes to mind, "Of myself I am nothing but with God all things are possible".

Whatever, I do know that this was a major turning point in my life bringing me to where I am now. Thirty years on I see too the identical pattern emerging in the Living Values workshops we are now holding, I watch as we play similar games and sing 'silly' songs, all letting the 'inner child' have some fun and I see people's lives being redirected.

It's pretty awesome.



CHAPTER 14

The Good Life

1991: It is incredible how one can go from one reality to another in such a short period of time, recovering momentum we were already thinking in terms of expansion, there was an opportunity to have a charter base at a new marina, WestPark Marina in the upper reaches of the Waitamata Harbour in Auckland, it had appeal and would give us much closer access to a local market of people living in Auckland who wanted to enjoy the Hauraki Gulf.

With a much wider cruising area than the Bay of Islands it meant expanding our thinking to boats faster and more suitable for those wanting to explore the reaches of the Gulf for diving and fishing. We evaluated the availability of fast 30ft launches with what is called planning hull as opposed to the bigger, slower Bay of Islands fleet of heavier displacement boats. Investigating whose boat might be best led us to "Markline" and their 30ft boat. It had a 165 hp diesel which brought the boat up to high performance and on the plane which reduced fuel consumption.

Over two years we created a fleet of nine of these boats which were eventually used in the Bay, on Lake Taupo and Auckland. The extra hull strength required by the MOT for charter added more weight which unfortunately dropped the power down so that the boat did not perform properly. We had warned the builders of this possibility before ordering the first boat but were assured, fortunately in writing that this would be OK. It wasn't and they had to replace the motors to 200hp in each boat.

To complement the new fleet and provide a shop window close to the city we managed to get permission to moor a unique floating office a bit like a timber Swiss chalet at the head of a dock created especially for charter boats in Auckland's Westhaven Marina.

Surrounded by our new charter yachts, this operational centre was a delightful place to come to work. Evelyn, managed the new modern shore-side office handling reservations, travel and booking details with four staff. Sailors were drawn to the boats for New Zealand and overseas destinations. We asked Trevor to relocate to Auckland to help oversee all boat operations while I concentrated on boat sales and marketing, Evelyn managed the reservations.

The remodeled operational structure and marketing initiatives caused our adventure to begin again. Not only did we offer the sail-yourself option internationally, in Auckland we created a sailing school together with American Express with a match fleet of 29ft boats in Auckland, the "American Express Sailing School"

Trevor and I investigated Fiji's West Coast, Yasawa Islands and realising the potential for flotilla cruising decided to start a base there. The Regent Hotel on Denerau Island offered us pile moorings in the channel out from the hotel and during the NZ winter months we relocated four, 40ft yachts with a lead boat skipper and crew to manage and be 'tour leaders'. The spectacular islands were all inhabited which called for a guide. To go ashore meant a lengthy encounter with the local tribal leader and of course the inevitable ceremony, exchange of gifts and sharing lots of Kava, a numbing and potent brew each time we wanted to go ashore, a hassle yes, but great experience and novelty for the clients.

After two years this operation was simplified through the generosity of Dick Smith at Musket Cove offering us facilities at his marina. We had a base manager and local skippers to guide individual boats. The Yasawas are a fantastic cruising area and paradise made for sailors. The Fiji Marina Department presented quite a few hurdles as what we were offering was completely unfamiliar as it had been many years before for the NZ counterparts. We brought the head man to NZ and gave him the tour of our various operations, reassured that we knew what we were doing the charter yacht idea was accepted.

Tonga was next in our sights, again Trevor and I went exploring the three main island chains and found the beautiful Vava'u Islands. This unique vast volcanic crater several miles across offered uninhabited islands, perfect anchorages, very sheltered waters, incredible blue water so clear that you could see the bottom 50ft down was a sailor's and diver's paradise. Possibly the finest cruising area for short term sailing vacations in the world?

There was already another charter operator there, "*The Moorings*" who had very large 'bareboat' charter fleets throughout the Med and Caribbean, with a relatively small Tonga fleet again largely supplied through "*Beneteau*". Upstream of their base was the Paradise Hotel which became our base, somewhat to the irritation to "*The Moorings*" as every time one of our boats went out or came back passing their base they took notice.

Ironically, establishing the charter fleet in Tonga was quite a different experience to Fiji. We entered the Maritime offices in Nukulofa with trepidations of what regulations we might have to engage only to find a very friendly and welcoming reception. "*No problem*" he said as we outlined our objectives to bring tourists in for the boats.

"You do need a Tongan partner though and I just happen to know a lady, a relative who will be willing for a small payment to be your person."

Whoops! But again we need not have fretted for this was all above board and we met, only once the very nice lady relative who was to be our very silent partner for a very reasonable annual consideration.

The two Pacific Island bases and the need for repositioning our larger boats gave us the opportunity to offer something unique, offshore sailing adventures twice annually between New Zealand and Tonga and Fiji. The cruise north was timed to coincide with the annual Auckland to Musket Cove cruising race.

We now had the opportunity to travel, for the first time competing head on with the big international charter companies at boat shows in the USA.

By this time our total fleet was numbering some forty boats, managed by as many great staff in four prime South Pacific locations. We received wonderful news, Joanne was pregnant. The bad news was that she would have to give up the "Rainbow" reservations office in LA. Then out of the blue we were contacted by Mark, an avid yachting with his own boat in Ventura, California with great connections into the sailing world and magazine editors. Mark offered to set up a new reservations office in the marina at Ventura. Well that didn't take long, did it?

Now we had fulltime representation and a direct link into journalists who were forever writing articles about the next fantastic cruising area they had discovered. This was just what we needed, Joanne had already brought down some writer groups for us and we had some coverage, but this closer relationship with magazines was to really put us on the map.

As a family we skied in Colorado, sailed in exotic places, checked out our own operations in Tonga and Fiji as well as enjoying our own backyard sailing yachts in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf and the Bay of Islands, Justin and Tash, grew up with boats and snowboards.

One day I received a phone call from Tahiti, an owner of a big 60ft charter sailing catamaran inviting Evelyn and I to join a small select group of people on the boat for a weekend sailing in Bora Bora. As this was a promotional trip Air NZ kindly provided the tickets. When we arrived in Tahiti to board the small inter-island plane for Bora bora it was too early to get local money and so we had to pay with duty free cigarettes that were to have been a present for the skipper! How beautiful to again visit those magic islands, this time not on our 80 year old "Rainbow" but a magnificent charter catamaran. Everyone else was and spoke only French but it was a great experience. What an amazing weekend, must be how the rich people live I thought.

On the way home while waiting for check-in time at the airport Evelyn and I relaxed in a park by the lagoon, the continuous sound of falling ripe mangoes drew us to the fruit and we felt we were in heaven, albeit very sticky. What an amazing life.

Around this time Justin, now nineteen, at Uni and working in a senior capacity at two Shell stations after school and on weekends was asked by Shell if he would accept management training, wisely, he said, "No" as greater opportunities were about to open

for him. He was doing International Marketing doing fine in the first year with help from a lovely lady friend who kept him on track and motivated. Early in his second year, one day I found him flung across his bed looking really fed up, "What's wrong?" I asked, he replied, complaining about the stupid teachers, the boring Accounting course he was doing, and clearly not understanding and certainly not enjoying his college experience.

"Why are you doing this then?" In that moment one question changed the course of his life.

Realisation: We don't create Change, change is a gift that comes to us out of the blue, usually when we are least expecting it yet unconsciously, calling it to us. Life can "turn on a dime" literally if we are willing to accept the challenge before us.

I am pleased that something in me has always responded to this Gift and I see in my children that this is perhaps the greatest inheritance I could have given them. So what are you waiting for? Look out for the Gift. It is always yours for the taking and to be sure it is what we grow from.

"Because you and Mum want me to get a degree." I don't remember us ever saying that, we had always tried to give both of them space, encouraging them to make their own choices, at least that was our impression.

"So what would you rather be doing?" the answer came back immediately, "Be snowboarding in America."

"Easy solution then, why aren't you doing that? Sell your car and you have the airfare, from your time in Big Bear you have all the contacts you could ask for. We would not stop you from doing what you love, go and see what happens and just have fun."

He did, in less than three weeks we waved goodbye to our son, two weeks later he calls to tell us that he has been asked to be the "roadie" for a band of ex-Big Bear, California schoolmates that has been hired to play the ski resorts in USA and Canada for a ski gear company, Volcom also owned by another ex-schoolmate. A season of wild snowboarding followed with these young pros in fabulous mountain resorts and wild night life. Jus was certainly never coming home to NZ after that. He has never looked back since, especially now living in the Canadian Rockies in a neat alpine town called Canmore with Dawnette, his beautiful wife and two super kids, my grandchildren, Chase and Keira.

Tasha complains that she remembers the many family Christmas Day activities being abandoned by emergency calls from our charter boat clients having a drama somewhere needing assistance. Tash, at seventeen was working weekends in the Auckland Harbour Shipping office and as usual had her competent fingers on the pulse of the docks and shipping movement.

I remember feeling so proud of her when answering phone calls from the Auckland Harbour Board needing Tash because she was the only one who knew where the Russian other freighter should berth for container unloading. Life, if hectic and unbelievably busy for us all, was good. Soon her life too would give her some new experiences.

Then wouldn't you know it? All was going well until 'something' came to get me. Clearly my time for playing around with boats was up and I was 'called' by what I can only describe as a call to or from my soul to begin a new life. It started slowly and innocuously enough with a strange encounter in Aspen, Colorado.



CHAPTER 15

Heralding the New Adventure

1992: This experience opened my eyes to a new and distant horizon that I had not been able to see before. In the New Zealand business and tourism world we were well known, in a small country you cannot stay in the same business for twenty five years without making many friends and my world was very much of my own creation. This particular encounter rocked me with a new perspective which was much like Pandora's box for although initially I did not take it seriously or heed, circumstances and people starting appearing and adding to and extending what was being offered until it could no longer be avoided or ignored.

It all started through one of those coincidences I would begin to uncover.....

Here we go again, I thought I was a company director with no interest or knowledge of life outside of my busy mainstream world and exciting world of travel and charter yacht fleets and exotic destinations, who could want for more?

We were expanding into greater diversity of yachts and several fleet locations, managing the reservations while keeping control of maintenance, income and expenditure was vital, not just for us but also the accounting monthly to so many owners. We needed to upgrade our systems. I discovered a company in Aspen, Colorado had written a program for time share resort management and adjusted it for a Vancouver based charter company who had similar needs to us.

Contacting the owner of the Aspen computer company, I discovered a trade of one of our 51ft yachts in Tonga for 10 days could meet the cost of the program and the training required to operate. Anxious to sweeten the deal and ensure escape to warmer climates, the owner also offered his, what turned out to be a millionaire's house on the Aspen mountainside. How could we refuse? Evelyn and I flew to Aspen, Colorado for respite from the pressure of work, some 10 days of gentle skiing and the required computer program training.

On the last day, Evelyn went off to receive the last of the training and myself, now at loose ends after an excess of skiing in beautiful weather, which had suddenly changed, I chose to visit a local museum. Arriving at the entrance I found a strange reluctance which prevented me from entering, to describe this; it was as if I was pushing into clear kitchen wrap, I simply could not pass through the gate.

Confused, I thought what now?

After a week in ski boots, my sneakers were a delight to wear even in the snowy conditions yet I had been able to stay on cleared footpaths thus I was surprised when allowing my feet to guide me which they seem to want to do I found myself crossing the road into a side street still a foot deep of fresh snow, plowing through, my mind is asking, "*what are we doing, where are we going*" while the body appears to be in full control guided as if on GPS. A seriously weird yet strangely not unpleasant experience.

Turning left and turning right, two blocks later I, or at least my body came to a stop in front of a small older weatherboard cottage/house set back a few metres off the sidewalk with the name "*Rocky Mountain Bookshop*" on a wooden sign over the veranda.

Realisation: I wonder now what would have happened to my life had I not stopped or not entered. What is the dynamic that makes us choose one path rather than another, turning right or left? Where does the impetus come from? Why at that moment?

I pushed the door open, it was just a usual, cosy room with a large potbelly stove glowing, a rocking chair in the middle of the room and a couple of tables filled with very 'strange' titles to me, books and magazines. I was alone. While I was browsing, wondering what to do a man came through the door, about 60 odd, white hair and a comfortable tanned face. He obviously owned the shop and asked me what I thought of the book I had in my hand. I had to admit, it was far beyond my understanding. Ivan introduced himself and then proceeded to ask me why I was there? I thought that was my question!

"*We're here to ski*", I said. "*No, why are you here?*" he asked again.

"*Oh, you mean in the shop? Well I'm not sure, I just wandered in off the street!*"

"*No, why are you here?*" he persisted.

Well, that really confused me. If I wasn't there to ski, or look at the books, I had no answer!

"*Well, I guess we had better ask my guide Chief Crazy Horse,*" he said, and with that he went into a trance. I thought I had run into an outpost of the 'Moonies' and looked for a way out, there was none, he remained standing in front of the door and I was too polite, too bemused to barge past. A few moments later he looked at me and said "*Congratulations, you're one of us. You are a Starship Commander with the Galactic Federation, you are from the Pleiades, and you've come to take people home!*"

I spent the rest of the morning with Ivan, who shared truly 'off the planet' stories including what the Earth would look like after the cataclysmic event predicted by the 'Star people'. It was all a bit much really, but fascinating all the same. As I left he

handed me a "*Sedona Journal of Emergence*", an 80 page monthly New Age magazine which contained a lot of 'channelings'. I had never encountered that before, messages from strange star people and angelic beings. These people are serious!

This was all too weird for words. I dined out on that story for months! However, strange things began to happen in my life. Joanne, who I had told of my experience was passed a book, Barbara Marciniak's, "*Bringers of the Dawn*" from a lady at Kevin's kindergarten who did not know me, saying she had been told to give it to her friend from the "*Pleiades*". The day after arriving back in Auckland I saw the same book in a local health store. I asked the shopkeeper if she would ask the next buyer to give me a ring. The phone rang as I walked in the house, someone calling following a visit to the shop. With a brief, "*How can I help?*" Michael enquired, "*What is going on?*" I asked.

"*How much do you already know?*" was their question back to me. "*Nothing!*" I explained. Then he started to explain, and I couldn't believe what I was hearing.....and so the story kept unraveling, "*I think we need to meet.*" I said.

Realisations: When the doorway opens into a new world, most often we are not aware of it. Who knows what the dynamic is that brings a particular person to this 'new' place? Certainly this time while I was completely unaware of the shift did not know it.

1993: The annual presence of "*Rainbow Yacht Charters*" at US boat Shows, the regular hosting aboard our boats of international sailing writers was resulting increasing international public awareness for NZ, Fiji and Tonga sailing vacations. It was not surprising then that we caught the eye simultaneously of the world's two largest charter boat fleet operators, the US company dominant in the Caribbean, the other from the UK with fleets of yachts throughout the Mediterranean, both companies vying for new areas to expand and both with eyes on a public float. The South Pacific destination in which we had a significant presence was very suddenly very desirable, and potentially greatly enhancing their prospectus which they would be offering to raise funds.

We fell for the seduction of a merger with "*The Moorings*" the original charter boat company in the Caribbean and more recently with fleets in the Med. They wanted more of the South Pacific, with a New Zealand regional headquarters to complete their global presence and we occupied that 'little' position. We needed a greater international profile than we could afford on our own and saw this '*buy in*' as an opportunity to again reform the business to be the only sensible option to help manage the future long term growth.

Mark, our man in Ventura had developed a serious eye sight problem which meant he could no longer see to run the booking office, and at the same time "*The Moorings*" were offering us the opportunity to move our West Coast office into their Florida

Reservations Centre. It all seemed like a good idea and so we happily and unwittingly closed our office appreciating the saving of expenses and relocated without fully appreciating the difficulties we would be encountering by the merger.

Carole, our office manager in the Bay of Island offered to go to Florida to set up and train the local staff about our fleet and sailing locations. On arrival, she called home somewhat distraught to say that we had been allocated 'eight ceiling tiles' under which we were allowed to have our South Pacific sales office. They do things differently over there. That was the beginning of the realisation that we had two completely different management and operational styles and through the partnership connection "*Rainbow*" now "*Moorings Rainbow*" was now intrinsically linked to their future plans, some of which were not consistent with our ethics.

Finally, after some months of waiting the two boats given to us as 'payout' in lieu of cash for the merger/shares turned out to be two, four year old 51ft "*Beneteau*" yachts.

We sent delivery crews to Tahiti to collect our beautiful ocean going centre cockpit yachts only to discover their terrible condition, certainly well below the maintenance state of the "*Rainbow*" fleet. Although worth \$350,000 each when able to be offered for sale into charter, bringing them back into our standard significantly reduced the value of the "*Moorings*" investment. It was to be yet another signal that we didn't have much clout in the big world charter companies.

Down the track we discovered that their accounting system had a clever arrangement whereby we would be strung out for payments for charters they sent to us. While they kept us waiting, our funds were earning 6% in their Caribbean bank accounts while we were paying 20% on our NZ seasonal overdrafts. Life was starting to get financially difficult, the fair basis that we thought we had from the arrangement was nowhere to be seen.

Our cash flow was a nightmare, every two weeks we had to find payroll funds for forty staff. Sometimes in the nick of time I would sell a boat and the profit would just cover the wages. On one occasion while waiting for the "*Moorings*" to send their money they owed we were at a loss of what to do, an idea dropped in to raise funds by selling the four company cars, none of them were particularly flash, certainly not new. It was almost the end of the month and knowing that all dealerships had requirements to sell left over new cars before end of the month I contacted Ford. They readily agreed that if we were to lease-to-buy four brand new cars on monthly payments, they would buy our old cars for cash at a fair price. In this way once again we met the payroll schedule.

The "*Moorings*'s" money came through a week later, but the bonus was we had new cars. It was a crazy time but in New Zealand with such a small market you needed to be very flexible and inventive to survive.

While one of the advantages of having taken in the shareholders was that we could at least expect a regular salary something we had never had before and we were able to cover the bills in our personal life. The downside, and there always seems to be a downside, was as directors both Evelyn and I found life very stressful, feeling the burden of responsibility as never before.

Time passed, I had started to pursue the strange new world that opened in Aspen forming my interest in the New Age. I felt like a man with a foot in two worlds, very disorientated and somewhat alienated by my personal experiences, then while holidaying with Joanne and Adrian on a canal boat on the Canal du Sud in the South of France, I encountered a 'Voice', no other description available, inside to which I had hitherto been unaware. Over a week this quiet, yet persistent 'Voice' left me in no doubt that I was following a path that would not benefit me or anyone else to the fullest extent possible and that I was at a point where I had to make a choice as to where my life would go.

Realisation: As I have since discovered, there is never any tangible justification offered or, often logic to what is suggested or inferred. It is as if the requirement called for by way of entry to this 'new world' is one of pure trust and faith and that the 'test' is whether we accept the challenge of change. What I do feel though is that it may either be a long time before the invitation is offered again or, maybe never.



CHAPTER 16

Ease And Grace Or Is It?

Without really understanding any of it, Evelyn bless her heart agreed and said she would be quite happy to let it all go. With no idea of where we were going or what we might 'do' next, we chose to relinquish our shareholding in "Moorings Rainbow" to our much larger international partner knowing that all previously held dreams of wealth eventuating from our 25 years in this business had evaporated.

We asked to be relieved of the business, willingly walking away and yet grateful for the support and adventure that it had given us over the years. Trevor, our great friend and partner with whom we had shared so much decided also to move on.

We had been offered an alternative purchase option that would have allowed us personally to pay off a lot of personal debt covered by our house mortgage which had supported the company financially through our growth but to have accepted would have been dishonourable to our boat owners and creditors who would not have been part of the deal. We would not do so and I will be forever grateful that we made the right decision.

"The Moorings" deal while offering no money to us, their management did at least agree to honour all the company's commitments; staff, boat owners, charter clients or creditors who would have been disadvantaged by the change of management. All we took with us was a six month 'consultancy' contract although it was never called upon, but for which we were paid our regular salary and this supported us over the next few months, oh, and my old Toshiba laptop as our 25 year 'golden handshake'.

Sounds familiar like running away, didn't we do something like this once before?

Sometimes life seems to be an endless replay of a series of circumstances that have a common thread, sort of 'Groundhog Day' spread out over time to a point where it is only in hindsight that it becomes apparent that we have been going round and round and never really getting anywhere.

Well, in this circumstance my life went from circles to a definite spiral leading to a new level of awareness, consciousness if you like and new experiences which although have a similar and very familiar outward appearance are remarkably life changing on the inside.

Realisation: Often when we lose hope and think this is the end, GOD smiles from above and says, "Relax, sweetheart, it's just a bend, not the end!"

After handing in our keys that last day, with a huge sense to release and freedom.

It is strange to be unloaded of responsibility so quickly. Yes, it felt sad, and loss of many friends and ourselves with so much knowledge gathered over so many years. And also that deep pain from sense of loss of who we are. We become so attached to what we do, identifying with the 'thing' rather than ourselves, that separation is difficult, no matter what is round the corner.

As we went for lunch at a nearby restaurant. "Didn't we have a free skiing week offered to us?" Evelyn asks. We had purchased a Fiji timeshare a year before and this was the sweetener. I called from the restaurant where we were having lunch. The lady replied, "Today is exactly one year since you purchased and your offer expires today."

"We'll take it" and then remembered the two free airline tickets to Queenstown which we had been gifted some months before and had no use for till then. Perfect! Next morning free as two birds released from a cage we flew to Queenstown for a week of fabulous skiing and wonderment.

What we had stepped into in that moment in the restaurant was the beginning of a new way of life. Coincidence, or synchronicity, whatever you want to call it, it is powerful beyond all measure and delightful to live in, so different from where we had always been or was it that we had never seen it before?

Once in the motel on that first night we decided to open ourselves further to chance or, the spiritual world which was starting to impact on our every move. What were we to do next? We wrote each idea that came to us of what we could do, we entertained everything, no matter how wild or difficult, what we might have thought was a good idea but at the time we had been too busy to seriously entertain. As they came back to us we wrote a 'yellow sticky' and stuck them on the door of the bathroom. We agreed that whichever idea was left, still there by 'check out' would be something that we would seriously explore.

Some nine 'good' ideas came up. One by one the sticky notes just fell off. At the week's end only one remained. We always had the dream to promote the South Seas and the voyage that 'Rainbow' took through film evenings and to do so in the USA and Canada. Coincidentally, our original voyage had for the most part followed the original 1950s air routes of Air New Zealand flights in their original Sunderland flying boats between the US and New Zealand. So we approached our friends once again with the next 'great idea' and they were enthusiastic. So was birthed "*Sailing Tales of the South Pacific*".

Realisation: Why are some undertakings hard and difficult and others flowing with grace and ease? There are times when you know that what you have done is the right thing. It is blatantly obvious that support is coming from somewhere else and you can do nothing wrong. That is the time to trust and move in faith as the path opens before you.

Funds magically appeared to support the idea, in less than three months we had TVNZ build us a beautiful one hour documentary with awesome sound track of evocative island music from accumulated footage donated by grateful island tourist offices and film archives.

We designed a very flexible and easily erected yet very professional 60ft stage setting, built an accompanying versatile sound equipment that the Beatles would have been proud to use, all portable and suitable for presentation to crowds in ballrooms and theatres or small groups in miniature venues. We wrote copy, designed and printed a beautiful twenty page souvenir brochure featuring all the South Pacific islands and countries interspersed with travel information to entice the reader to accompany the presentation and through enthusiastic sources we found sufficient funding to pay for everything and still had funds left over for the hire of a motor-home in the US for five months and buy a small 4wd jeep to tow which carried all the film equipment and of course, our skiing gear.

Evelyn, our daughter Tasha, now seventeen and I flew with 1100 kilos excess baggage to the USA to mount this major promotion that would cover some 4,500 miles and introduce the South Seas and sailing as a way of life to thousands. As I recall, some 3,500 people in total came to the shows.

Originally we showed the film as a stand-alone event but after three showings realised the audience needed a personal touch. Evelyn and I took to the stage as presenters taking the show to another dimension retelling our own sailing adventures and the voyage through the South Seas you may have read in *"Rainbow Goes To Sea"*. Unfortunately, the book wasn't available at the time we did those shows.

One thing that stands out in my mind from every event no matter whether we had 200 plus people or just 2 and yes, we did have a few of those, always someone or family would come up to shake our hands and tell us that we had changed their lives through our courage and our tale, giving them the confidence and encouragement to break from the conformity of everyday life to move into trust and faith and do what their hearts were crying out for. Not necessarily, following our dream of running away to sea but just striking out for themselves in whatever form freedom took for them.

Little did we know then that we were again being set up. I found myself in a book shop; a New Age shop in Park City, Utah asking if the shop would display our evening film presentation poster. I browsed the shelves when a book landed at my feet.

As I bent to pick it up and put it back the assistant said, *"Maybe that one is meant for you, that lady too is a sailor"*. I looked at the cover and turned to the back, it was channeled by someone called Jani King with messages from *"P'taah"* which means nothing to me. I put it back.

By the time we reached the mid-west the audience attendance and interest had seriously

dropped, most people not even caring there was such a place as the South Pacific and New Zealand a place for many which was located somewhere off the east coast of Canada, scary but true. Our funds were at an all-time low, the residual money was almost exhausted and the promotional contract with the airline supporting our travelling expenses was at an end. What to do? We had just enough money left for food and fuel to return the motorhome back to Los Angeles.

At what turned out to be our last night of presentations in Flagstaff, Arizona we were advised by some very persuasive people to visit the close by town of Sedona for the Easter break, they even helped by organising us with parking with friends alongside beautiful Oak Creek that runs through the town and through the magnificent red rock canyons. Perhaps we should have been suspicious? We went and they were right, we were enchanted. It is hard not to be awed by such magnificence. The great red rocks and awe inspiring canyons at the end of what is geologically known as the end of the California plateau are comprised of iron oxide and produce a palpable energy field that every visitor to Sedona can feel.

After discovering a flyer in the local grocery shop, I took myself to a 'channeling' evening with author, Robert Shapiro. I was curious. Less so than I Evelyn stayed home. Someone was bringing through information apparently for a new book to be written. It was very interesting all the more because of the supernatural nature, channeled from someone called "Zoosh", an 'out there' source, supposedly 'Friend of the Creator'. Hmm!

The way the message was 'delivered' and the incredible information that was given over two hours really made an impact on me, I wished Evelyn had been there to have given me another, more balanced perspective. Highly skeptical, but still very impressed I asked the man who brought the message through to join us for breakfast next morning as much because there was no way I was going to be able to establish any credibility with Evelyn if I tried to explain what I had heard.

This was the day my life changed. Events and circumstances that had been leading to this point from the moment I had the Aspen experience a couple of years earlier culminated that morning in a local diner over breakfast. I was set up. No doubt about it.

Realisation: Someone once explained to me the vast universal dynamics required to bring us to a point where and when we are ready to hear the Truth, the machinations of spiritual guides and guardians contrive to support us and then one day, in one moment everything comes together and Change is offered. We will never know if and when that might come round again, the risk is possibly, Now or Never. Accepting the reality presented as accounted in these chapters requires a Faith and Trust that there exists something so much greater than who I think I am and what I believe my potential could be. Can I afford to not hear the Call when it comes?

CHAPTER 17

Go Up To the Mountain

Robert Shapiro, almost as wild a man as Dennis Langtry who sold us "*Rainbow*", see there it is again, stood over the table and looked down at us. The restaurant was full, our booth at the far end of the room. Robert's booming voice first asked, "*Well, what are you going to do?*"

I said, "*Good Morning*", Robert repeated his question. Other diners looked around. Clearly he said, "*Your present venture has come to an end, obviously you have no future plans or objectives, you are broke, and on top of that your relationship has almost run its course!*"

I noticed that many diners were shrinking under their tables in case he turned on them next but he was just there for us. It took a bit to swallow where this was all going, unfortunately what he had said certainly rang of truth yet he had never met us other than the few words I spoke with him the night before. Robert finally sat down and a lot of people started to breathe again.

I asked if he had any suggestions and he asked another question,

"Don't you think it's time to give back?"

"Give what and to whom? You have just highlighted that we have nothing much left." I responded.

Realisation: Robert's next words were so much a revelation and something we should, or perhaps are all faced with at some stage in our lives, preferably earlier rather than later.

"You have been here for almost fifty years, in that time you have collected many different experiences and hopefully gained much wisdom about how the world operates, it is time to offer that experience, your Gift back to where it came from, God!"

Now, this was a struggle. *"OK, so how would we even begin to do that?"* I asked, trying to buy time to find a way out of this.

Softening his approach slightly, Robert suggested we take the day, go down to the river and each alone contemplate what the sum of our individual lives had represented to date, what was the underlying current that flowed through all that we had done, what our desire was, what we wanted out of life and we would be prepared to contribute from now on. Then rather than waiting for the next thing to appear, take a positive approach and tell the Universe what we would like to do.....

That night, to visit the Airport Vortex, one of the more powerful energy centers in Sedona and tell the Universe three times in utter sincerity what we could offer to it, not we wanted to get, but what we could actually give of ourselves to be in service. Once we had put our offer forward we should then leave town and let the Universe take care of

it. When everything is brought into a tight focus and desire expressed, a shift occurs and so it was to be.

Realisation: When we come to understand that there is another way to live life, not for 'getting' but with the focus of 'giving', we are immediately inviting Change into our life. We are being humble and sincere, two values that 'the Universe responds to enthusiastically, the Law of Attraction pays immediate attention and unfolds a reality which seems incomprehensible to anyone who is not prepared.

We were not prepared for how quickly the new direction unfolds, with ease and grace and little effort except obedience to follow the prompts.

This talk over breakfast must have stuck a cord, woken something inside of us. Rather than being resentful or upset by the evaluations given to us we were quite willing to explore the suggestions. This may have been desperation, but if that is what it takes then it too is perfect. If we were truthful for most of us that is the driving force that leads us to prayer or meditation. After spending a couple of hours sitting on our own in the rocks by the river meditating on the essence behind our life's activities, we both realised that the common thread for us was Communication and being of Service.

We had no idea what we could do, as essentially having no idea what this was all about, this mysterious new world we had entered into. Yet, somehow we did have the desire to offer ourselves 'back', both determining to play a role. We dutifully followed our guide's suggestions.

I have to be honest feeling extremely embarrassed, as darkness found us wandering on top of the vortex area and calling out to the heavens with how we thought Robert said, Offering to be available, to give back. I offered to dedicate my life to help spread the word, while having no idea what that 'word' might be. Meeting back together Evelyn said that she had contributed something similar.

A strange descent from the mountain in the dark involved helping an older lady clamber over the rocks who turned out to be an Astrologer who offered to give us each a reading by way of thanks.

Getting 'spookier' by the minute.

Then true to what had been shared we did leave town the next day and drove down towards Tucson. Tucson was a town in southern Arizona where the entity called "P'taah" through medium Jani King was giving a workshop and which I had a strong desire to attend due to realizing that my earlier experience with "P'taah" was not a coincidence, the book jumping off the shelves at my feet in the Park City shop. One thing was seemingly leading to another.

Tash got the pip, not surprising by now, I am amazed she lasted this long, she abandoned us taking the jeep to go exploring and meet up with some friends on her own. Evelyn, while not particularly interested in the workshop agreed to stay and accompany me. We arrived in Tucson and again something happened to me. I did not want, could not stop driving and we found ourselves way out of town at the time the event was to take place. Bewildered, over the next couple of days we meandered our way back to Phoenix.

Less than a week since we had left Sedona we found ourselves in a Phoenix supermarket car park which was the venue for a momentous conversation between us that involves taking some New Age books back to New Zealand to see if there was a market. I agreed with Evelyn's idea and remembered the "*Sedona Journal*" in "*Coby*" that Ivan in Aspen had pressed upon me. In the back was a six page book catalogue by the publishers, "*Light Technology*". I called, asked for the publisher, O'Ryan and explained what we had in mind. It went like this....

O'Ryan, "No, not books, it's the magazine." Me, "But I don't know anything about the magazine."

"That's not important." Me, "We don't have any money", O'Ryan answered, "Have I asked for

any?" Me, "I don't understand.", "You had better come back to Sedona and I'll tell you all you need

to know." Me again, "Why me?" "Because we were told that you would come to take the

magazine to Australia," Me, "But I'm from NZ." O'Ryan "That's close enough for now".

Well, there is more to the story but the net effect took us back to Sedona and later that day we met O'Ryin Swanson, publisher for "*Light Technology*" books and originator of the "*Sedona, Journal of Emergence*" a well-respected 10 year old New Age magazine, who had the vision to expand the publication of her Journal into Australia and New Zealand. She told us we were the ones she had been waiting for, the ones Spirit had told would come! How strange, although I had not spoken to her, it was her house that I visited that night where I met Robert. It was also the same publication that Ivan in Aspen had handed to me with a knowing smile some time before.

With no understanding of the publishing business, of spirituality, of how to select content, or any funding we accepted the challenge, and from the moment we said, "Yes" our lives changed, literally within the hour. Spirit took us on a 'fast track' programme of education into the myriad of pathways leading into the world of the New Age.

Realisation: Everyone has a different journey, a road to follow, I do not wish the reader to assume that our experience was likely to be same for others although I have met others who do recount similar tales to ours. Change clearly comes in many forms and apparently is orchestrated to suit the individual who has extended the invitation.

Returning from the Sedona Journal office we arrived back to where we had parked the motor home to find a lady waiting with a message for us to call a man in neighbouring Cottonwood. No one knew us or where we had parked the motorhome. I borrowed her phone cautiously speaking with the man who said we were to go and see him on our way out of town. *"Why, I asked?"* His reply, *"Because there is something I have to share with you, bring some beer."* I took the directions, picked up a few beers and we left Sedona.

Arthur Fanning came to greet us and invited us to sit on his porch, opened three beers and started to share about his life. He asked us if we believed in Spirit and Angels and went on to tell us of his experience as a 20 year old helicopter pilot in Vietnam, picking up large number of wounded in a firefight, overloading the plane and struggling to get in the air when a round of tracers tore through the sky directly at the cockpit. A large white light manifested between the two pilots, they had nowhere to go and nothing they could do and nothing happened. Other shells did tear into the fuselage, yet no one was hurt.

They flew the plane back to base and as soon as it was unloaded the plane collapsed on the ground, a complete wreck. *"I don't need more proof, but still I got it."* Our new acquaintance told how he followed on from Vietnam as a SWAT policeman in LA and later as Forest Service firefighter in Colorado.

Not sure why we were hearing this story of his life, but perhaps this man was trying to demonstrate that he was not the sort of person to talk rubbish. He proceeded to take me into the newly painted lounge, gold, only gold, ceiling, walls, built in furniture and lastly, a huge golden cane fan backed 'throne'. Asking me to sit in the chair he then dropped into my hands a big crystal ball with the most beautiful golden strands woven through it and told me to sit still. After a couple of minutes my hand started to 'fizz', I asked what was going on to which he replied, *"Yahweh, the energy I channel told me to bring you here, imagine that the ball is like the other end of a fax machine, they are checking your DNA" !!*

I am not sure I wanted to stay there, but it was a while before we got away and not before learning a lot of fascinating things, including the source of the ball, all for which we had no reference point.

For the next three weeks as we slowly made our way back to Los Angeles we found ourselves being guided to, or sought out by people who either directed us to channels working with Spirit or talking with beings from other dimensions or invited to spiritual activities of a wide variety that fast tracked us through an awakening to the fringes of something so far removed from our lives so far.

We were invited to lunch with *"Kryon's"* Channel, Lee Carrol and his wife at *"Kryon's"* insistence, still I have no idea how this is all happening. Then I see a flyer in a shop window advertising *"P'taah"* and took down the phone number. We called and

finally discovered the Australian born channel for "P'taah" Jani King in San Diego who immediately invited us over. We turned up on her porch and her first words were, "Where are your bags, I thought you'd be staying a night or two?"

Over dinner that night Jani told us how she sailed a large Baltic Trader to NZ from the States, I recognised the name and said, "We had friends aboard that ship, you came in the same year we did on "Rainbow"." Although we had never met Jani in Opua we were both there the same time, following us eventually she had heard of our adventures in the islands sailing through the Pacific in the same months. This meeting is after 24 years.

We had so many friends in common and spent an entertaining hour on the phone calling them around the world to say we had just met up. How bizarre! Well, if that was strange, stranger still was watching Jani's face morph over the dinner table looking at me. For a few moments I swear she looked like "Yoda" from "Star Wars" and "P'taah" said to me from down the table,

"Beloved we are so pleased and you are much welcome among us."

Then everything shifted back to normal and no one had noticed. Obviously I had been drinking too much wine at least that is what I put it down to.

We were willing; we had no attachments or opinions being completely 'out of our depth' in every respect, like Hansel and Gretel in the forest, or maybe more like Alice who had just fallen down the rabbit hole. We were enmeshed in a myriad of simply unexplainable circumstances that left us bewildered and with wonder of this new world to which we were being opened.

Realisation: When your life takes a new direction what is most difficult is that seldom are your friends able to share it with you for it is your experience and as such often quite unexplainable. Curiously too, they are often completely indifferent which leads to new friendships.



CHAPTER 18

Back To New Zealand and Life Begins Again

Evelyn and I embarked upon this new adventure with all the curiosity and willingness of a couple of innocents with no idea of what lie ahead. From Sedona in April 1996, my wife and I went into an amazing series of life changes and shifts in consciousness that for me continue to this day. Having concluded and fulfilled our promotional activities as promised it was in late May that we returned to New Zealand in possession of this complete spiritual magazine that was ready to be offered to a new market, if indeed one even existed and if so how were we ever likely to find it.

Our first weekend back in May, staying with friends now living in Auckland from our Opua days it was suggested that we could visit a local healing festival and see what it was all about. We were actually surprised that they told us as they were extremely vocal in the skepticism of our related experiences.

We did go taking a copy of the American version of the Sedona Journal with us. We were amazed at the welcome reception, interest and support that we received. We were completely innocent and naïve about the market potential. Clearly a lot of people were involved or interested.

Can you imagine, in that first six weeks back we assembled a mailing list of 10,000 names. Everyone with whom we spoke involved with any related activity that had a spiritual focus willingly shared their mailing lists introducing us to a much wider circle. Coincidence after coincidence led us from person to person and into a world that seemingly had existed side by side to the sailing business and yet one we had been completely unaware of.

Using our past experience of marketing intangible objects such as a sailing holiday, Evelyn and I committed the remaining \$1,000 of our funds on the credit cards to produce 10,000 flyers offering a one year subscription for \$75 to our new monthly magazine. Being used to having someone else handling the mail room in our business I totally overlooked the need for stamp money to fund the \$5,000 worth of postage stamps and we were completely broke.

A Friday evening in June saw the lounge in the house where we were house sitting filled with boxes containing our 10,000 flyers and with no way to get them to our recently assembled mailing list.

On the Monday after that weekend, Evelyn goes to the Post Office to collect our mail, she comes in and asks me if I really believed in this spiritual stuff.

"I truly don't know but am willing to be open and see what happens." Evie says, "Well, then you might like to read this flyer that was in our mailbox"

It was an announcement that the New Zealand Post Office was offering, for the first time in the country's history, a one-day only FREE POST offer on the following Monday! The only condition was that the addresses were to be handwritten. For us that was a gift of \$5,000 worth of stamps. Explain that! Just how do *they* do that?

We had a busy week with the help of our many new friends addressing envelopes to our data base. The following Monday tongue in cheek, we toured the city looking for letter boxes nervous about putting all the envelopes in one box.

Within two weeks we had received 685, \$75 subscriptions in cash and cheques totaling almost \$50,000, our much needed start-up capital. Once again we started to believe that we were doing what was right. Life is after all about trust, isn't it?

Realisation: Trust is the most precious commodity to have in our life. When we base our life on Trust, it will support us. What must be remembered is that Trust does not always, seldom bring you what you believed you want or expect but it knows absolutely what your soul requires sometime quite different from what our human version might be.

Each month we received the full issue of the Journal which arrived on multiple floppy disks as promised by O'Ryin in Sedona so that all we had to do was to collect advertising and print. Wanting our South Pacific Journal to have slightly different look we found a great musician who had a series of CD albums with superb spiritual artwork covers. I called and asked permission to use them and he allowed us to giving us a quality look for our first three issues.

Working out of the house in July we are joined by Judy, a friend who came to work on a commission only basis. Judy was very good at getting advertising for the new publication and this went a long way to supporting the printing costs. Evelyn was managing the publishing side, absorbing the techniques of moving text blocks, designing ads for those that couldn't supply ready-made artwork and preparing the layout for the printer, she did a great job having to learn everything long the way.

My job was set about finding places to distribute the publication in advance of the first issues to get more public visibility and arouse curiosity, doctor's and dentist waiting rooms, libraries, business office coffee tables. One day Judy and I decided to actually walk in and ask if people would allow our publication in their waiting area. We started in Auckland's downtown Queen's Street high rise office blocks. It was on the second floor that Judy said, *"I have struck gold, come with me."* she said.

Little was I to know that once again the Universe was orchestrating connections that would have impact on my lifetime.

Together we entered an office where a polished executive in three piece suit met us. Robb was excited by the prospect of the Journal, first issue still yet to come from the printers and suggested that it would be the perfect medium for an Australian friend who channeled an entity called, "Redwing" with his message to Humanity. Right there he called Sandy Midson in Melbourne and we chatted on the phone. She asked for a copy of the Journal immediately it was available and she would now send an article from her "Redwing" for us to review for the next issue.

With little real knowledge of what was right or wrong, how valid a message might be or how to evaluate it, we went by the guideline given to us so sagely by O'Ryin, "Listen to your heart and do what it tells you to do." Sandy's message seemed to be more directed at correcting the errors within our personality and the way we behaved with one another so that felt good and we had our first discerning experience.

Realisation: When you are responsible for sharing information with others who have an expectation that you know what you are doing, you are accountable for what you share. The Law of Compensation, more on that later, is always responding to where we act in error, even in ignorance if we are negatively affecting others. Be aware because as this is one of the fundamental Laws and as such there are always repercussions. I should add here that I do have concern as to how many times I may have broken this Law over the years.

Ignorance is not an acceptable excuse.

Sandy said she would be coming to NZ in September to give a workshop. From that spontaneous meeting with Robb and through him, Sandy would be more important and life changing for my future than I had any idea.

We had already started to discover 'home grown' aspects of spiritual interest and so gently swapped out stories from America to give the Journal more of a New Zealand flavour and also to give exposure to the people who were supporting us. One of these people in particular made a significant contribution to my life on the evening we went to a local channeling session as an opportunity to expose the Journal.

We met Brian Cattermole who shared his encounter with a group of spiritual beings interested in healing people in the physical body. Remember, we were really new at this and still had significant cynicism to tread very carefully. Although not wanting to promise anything, we did accept his article on "Spiritual Surgery" which led to the beginning of an ever unfolding adventure into acknowledging and understanding the Spirit World which we discovered exists contemporaneously alongside this world.

The following day I shared our experience with Judy who asked to see the article; she seemed quite intrigued. The next day she came in late with a tale of her interaction during the evening before with Brian. In the half hour session he introduced Judy to "Alison" her 'spiritual surgeon', similar to a spiritual guide, who had been a doctor and explained how together with Judy she could assist people heal their physical dysfunctions.

Before coming to work that morning Judy 'coincidentally' received a call from a friend to say she was in real pain. Judy asked her to come round and did as she had been told to do the night before. The woman left feeling much better, the pain dissolved. I asked what this session with Brian cost, "Nothing", she said, "How long did it take?", "Just ten minutes" she answered.

Wow, I had become involved with a three level process healing modality called "Reiki" for which just the initial cost to become a healer using spiritual symbols was in the hundreds of dollars and took about three months training. Over the following months I saw less and less of Judy as her 'practice' grew, her activities with Alison becoming a source of income for her and helping many people.

Late in 1996 our home which had been rented for a year while we were away came free and we were able to move back in. It was great to be back home but short lived. It had been the rent plus what was left of our consultancy fee from the charter business that had kept up with the mortgage payments. We were in trouble. The debt was substantial; we owed approximately \$450,000 although the house with its location and quality on the market at that time was worth at least \$650,000. We had no alternative but to put our beautiful home on the market and be willing to down size.



CHAPTER 19

Exploring the Weird World of the New Age

This chapter I write as my own introduction to a range of people and circumstances. At the time remember, I was completely new and this a kaleidoscope of memories, some which may be familiar to you, others as strange as I found them, yet I have long since realised that for me anyway this was an unfolding pathway to where I had no idea and yet was drawn along as if by "Alice" wanting to show me what she had found "in Wonderland".

We met a couple who invited us to their meditation circle an aspect that we felt we should understand. A house in the suburbs near One Tree Hill was the venue and we turned up to discover people gathering. They seemed like an interesting group of about twenty. Sitting in a circle a few new people, us included, introduced ourselves. Tom, the host explained the nature of a 'toning' meditation, others shared information of things going on in the coming weeks, some told of experiences they had since the previous meditation and then climbing narrow stairs we all adjourned to the attic. This was going to be interesting I thought, well, it was that! Although 'bizarre' might be a better word.

As Evelyn and I stood in a circle wondering what was going to happen, nothing prepared us for what came next. All with eyes closed, gradually sighs, groaning, moaning, wailing, then voices in strange tongues accompanied by melodious singing, everyone emitting sounds, except us and possibly a few other first timers. All I could think of was the neighbours and what they must think was going on.

After almost half an hour it did get a bit quieter, with a message coming through from goodness knows where. Eventually, gratefully the meditation concluded and we descended, everyone, except us in a strange space, conversation was limited, stilted. Tea and refreshments were offered and in a circle each of us was given a turn at relating our individual experiences.

I could not believe what people recounted, truly imaginative enough to have satisfied even Lewis Carroll's "Alice". Evie looked at me eyes rolling and me at her, I can't remember what I said, but Evie being completely honest said, "Nothing" which after the other seriously weird recounting was very refreshing. I am not able to judge another's experience only to share that there was really nothing here that attracted me.

The New Age is very diverse ranging from Yoga and meditation to extra-terrestrials and conspiracy theories, it provides an endless playground and sadly for many a distraction that avoids one discovering the truth. Now I understand the reason I became involved

but in the beginning we were just trying to get a handle on this world that clearly involved a lot of people and almost as many diverse beliefs.

Realisation: When there is a space of not really understanding the full picture, many variations grow into being which unfortunately both disrupt and distract the seeker. Discernment is vital for in this environment the unaware freely give their freedom away.

Fortunately for us the Journal with its spectrum of offering to the readership became like a magic carpet introducing us to circumstances, places and spiritual teachers often providing these 'way out' experiences, yet the nature of our involvement was that we personally never lingered long with any one experience, bit like a picking over a buffet table, the problem usually being that we go home still hungry and unsatisfied.

The initial readership was drawn from all manner of people interested in new ideas, new information on everything from aliens and conspiracies to healthy living and natural remedies and spiritual healing, anyone desiring and searching for meaning to their lives.

We were invited to a gathering at Lake Taupo. We were to be guest speakers albeit with not much to share except the strange journey we found ourselves on which at least made for a good tale. It was here we met Jasmuheen, a foremost spiritual teacher and prolific writer of over 30 books, great channel and breatharian who has been with us all along and is still a lovely friend of the heart with a message of love that is clean and simple. We also met Shalanda ma, now Sai Maa, an Indian lady who grew up with Sai Baba on his ashram and later became a major teacher in India with a following of millions.

Gradually our network was expanding and with each meeting of new people "*Sedona Journal of Emergence*", South Pacific version was becoming known.

One of the activities we planned to offer in the Journal was a small group tour and the first one was to be a fourteen day "*Back to Sedona*" trip scheduled for April 1997. Truthfully, we had so enjoyed our short time among those red canyons we very much wanted to return and do more.

We had met so many interesting people and connections from our journey there we felt we could offer the perfect combination of activities, channeling evenings, Navaho and Hopi Indian Reservation explorations combined with great sightseeing that we

could satisfy anyone's interests. We came up with the idea of using rental Toyota Tarago 8 seaters each with one or two nominated drivers from the group thus keeping travel costs to a minimum. We promoted the tour and by November to our surprise had filled the tour. Having thought that with the magazine our globetrotting days were over we discovered to our delight that we were back in the travel business.

Also of course, the Journal was the perfect vehicle for promotion to serve teachers and wayshowers who were in NZ to give talks and we soon became event planners for those too. The first international speaker to ask for our services was Jani King with "P'taah" whose messages were being featured in the Journal and who wanted us to set up and promote a March speaking tour, not only in NZ but also throughout the major cities on the East Coast of Australia, of which I had very little understanding. We were realistic enough to acknowledge that we could not do that on our own and needed local help.

As time passed and we became more discerning and aware of our own involvement in spiritual growth, the nature of the Journal became more focused on aspects to which we ourselves were aligned and trusted and less on the original wider spectrum of offerings from America.

For example, even within the first year of publishing the Journal we recognised the cost in time involved in getting advertising, plus the necessary accounting and collecting money was not where our interest or heart lie. We also didn't like the concept of editorial space in return for advertising called 'advertorial', which looked as though the Journal was endorsing the product many of which were doubtful of delivering what was promised.

The next step appeared quickly, the realisation that we could no longer accept advertising for anything that we could not honestly communicate as being of real benefit to our readers. Yet for almost all publications advertising is the primary source of income, survival and profit. Income from actual sales making a minimal contribution. We also had come to recognise and acknowledge the potential of subscriptions paid upfront could become a dangerous liability.

As we turned away from advertising as our primary source of income we naturally became more conscious of the importance for quality of content which led us into greater discernment, looking for more truth and honesty to maintain credibility with the readership. We could see that our income for meeting both our living costs and publishing the Journal would not support us alone. Although seeming like financial suicide we trusted that something else would emerge and soon discovered ourselves accepting a new role in which the Journal could provide a fulcrum and leverage. It soon became clear that we should take on the role as event managers but again only for those teachers who we trusted to be expressing truth as we knew it then.

The business platform we were starting to build was quite capable of providing free publicity direct into a dedicated data base of readers, a speaking tour organising service for speakers taking bookings and payments, organising venues, ground travel and accommodation needs, managing their accounting, and by being willing to participate in a supporting role at the actual event ensuring smooth running.

This was clearly an opportunity for expansion, not only in New Zealand but the much greater market in Australia. It was as if both our lives and the Journal had taken on a life of its own and we were being carried along on a wave.

What was happening was that we were starting to recognise the importance of engaging truth, ethics, and discovering the relevant necessary values in building this 'business', although more 'A Way of Life'. There was no room for cutting corners.

Realisation: It is when we follow the prompts, not taking short cuts, nor responding to fearful thoughts but staying true to our desires that we receive the support of the Universe.

We were discovering that not only was this a new world we had entered from the perspective of belief and spiritual interaction but that our world existed with a much greater or, one could say, higher set of Laws and behavioral requirements. We had to and indeed wanted, to conform.

Like everything in life though it does take time particularly if you have been successful using the old method, to learn the new rules.



CHAPTER 20

The Guest Who Came To Dinner

True to her word, Sandy Midson arrived at our house for dinner with Robb and a guest who was assisting at their *"Beyond the Game"* workshop with *"Redwing"*. Due to car parking, it was the guest who rang the doorbell and I opened it to find this attractive lady standing there alone, *"Hello, I'm Suzanne Stallard, with Sandy and Robb, they are just coming."*

Something inside me stopped. Recovering, I invited her in, the others following close behind, I remember going to the kitchen to tell Evelyn and said something inane like, *"I think I have just fallen in love,"* *"With Sandy?"* who was a stunning blonde, *"No, our other dinner guest"* I said. *"Oh, that's nice dear."* Evie turned back to the spaghetti dinner on the stove.



By the end of the evening we had shared our journey with the Journal and Sandy, and she with her experience and relationship with *"Redwing"*. Something in the Journal's future possibility captured Suzanne's attention, plus she liked the concept of *"A Course in Metaphysics"* which I had recently become involved in. Suzanne thought she might like to do the Course herself in Australia and we agreed to meet the following day for me to introduce Suzanne to the people who represented the *"University of Metaphysics"* in New Zealand.

Next morning we met for the meeting, I was surprised when I discovered I was jealous of the interest Johann was taking in Suzanne. Hmm! Afterwards we had lunch together, Tash came along and they got on well. We talked about the Journal and that how I envisaged it expanding to Australia and some of the other activities we had in mind, the tours and event management etc., I found her very attractive, alive and fun to be with, our interests so much in common.

A few days later we caught up with Sandy and Suzanne at the venue where their workshop was being held and we went for walk over One Tree Hill. Suzanne proceeded to give me a 'spiel' about her experience in various fields, her passion to unravel the aspects of spirituality which led her to becoming involved in various elements for quite a few years before joining Sandy in *"Red Wing's"* circle in Geelong, a town near Melbourne. Suzanne told me that she would like to be considered for the representative role for the Journal in Australia. I had alarm bells ringing.

On the way home, Evelyn said, *"Well, you now have exactly the person you wanted for Australia, why are you looking so unsure?"* I knew why. *"I am not sure she is right"*

I said knowing all along of the attraction I was feeling for Suzanne and fearful of

something major looming. I clearly remembered Robert's view of the state of our marriage in that coffee shop in Sedona.

Finally agreeing to have Suzanne to join us in Australia, before she went home we arranged an evening meeting to discuss the practicalities, make plans for how to duplicate the success we were having in New Zealand; developing a subscription base and retail distribution network in Australia. That evening immediately after dinner, just as we were about to get down to the discussion around structure and remuneration Evelyn informed us that she had to drive half an hour away to Henderson to feed an absent friend's dog. Something we had been doing and had in fact already done just that morning.

Suzanne and I were left alone to try and figure out a workable plan for Australia. It was a very charged evening felt, I believed by both of us. Due to questions regarding logistics and remuneration we needed Evelyn's input and so rescheduled for another evening. This time again just as we were about to start Evelyn announced that she felt she needed to participate in a meditation circle. We had never been there before and Evelyn certainly had never expressed any desire to do so, yet again she went.

Suzanne and I carried on pretending that although it was all quite above board we were starting to get to know each other and the attraction was felt strongly and quite clearly mutual.

November, 1996: I knew the Journal had to be based in Australia. The "*Sydney Mind, Body, Spirit Show*" was on, I went over to promote the Journal. Suzanne joined me in Sydney for two days and we started in earnest to create the workshop event for Jani and "*P'taah*" and build a business plan that would get the Journals flowing in Australia.

While I was in Australia, Evelyn phoned, "*The Bank have been in touch and we are advised that as we have made no apparent effort towards reducing our mortgage they will be foreclosing on the property.*"

This was a blow we had not anticipated. In fairness to the bank they had allowed us time to have an Auction which we had done. Almost 60 people attended that October day. Some 20 people registered a genuine interest in the beautiful house and property. We had a well-respected Auctioneer and in anticipation of a successful outcome I had placed a couple of bottles of champagne in the fridge. It was all over in half an hour.

After the people departed, the Auctioneer shared, "*In my 27 years of offering homes nothing this has never happened before, I just don't understand what is going on.*"

No one made a bid of any type, it was if they were all struck dumb. Well, we drank the champagne anyway. The bank could see no alternative to offering a bank sale at whatever they could get. We would be liable for whatever the shortfall, which based on the bank auction at bargain prices, response could be significant.

As we were getting close to Christmas, I didn't think we should worry unduly and that it would probably be late in January after the holidays before they took action. Wrong! Next afternoon she phoned again, *"The signs are arriving tomorrow and will be up for everyone to see over the weekend, what can I do?"*

I sat down, closed my eyes and had a long talk with my guides; at that time I had developed a somewhat one-sided relationship I thought, with St. Germain, Archangel Michael and Sananda. One-sided because although I talked often with them in the early hours there was never a verbal response, I later learned that conversation with Spirit is not quite how we do it here. I told them what was happening, I explained that if we lost the house this way we would be bankrupt in which case we would lose what little we had and with the Journal in our own names that business would have to be all be wound up too. I suggested if could they send us someone suitable quickly we would sign the whole project over to them.

I phoned Evelyn back, the answer machine was on I asked her to go out to the garden and explain to the spirits of the property what was happening and we would have to go soon and thank them for looking after us and giving such a beautiful place to live for so long, and asked them to find a new owner who would enhance the property.

About two hours later Evelyn phoned to say the house was sold!

Apparently, while all this was going on a man who had attended the Auction was driving past the end of our road saw our Real Estate agent who just 'happened' to be passing the other way. He flagged her down and asked if our house was still for sale. He said that it was a low offer but if we would take \$450,000 cash right now he would buy the house. She accepted on our behalf knowing our situation and drove down to get Evelyn's signature

It was a surreal Christmas, in a house that we had built, our family home for ten years into which we had poured our hearts and soul into. We had nearly lost everything and although being extremely grateful for the last minute reprieve, we were bewildered how it had all happened. It was as if our lives were being unraveled.

We lived out the last few weeks of our occupancy with no idea of where we were go to next.

Justin had long since flown the nest and settled in Canada. Tash was finishing College and although still home, sometimes. She had her own interests that were absorbing her completely. At seventeen, she met Ian, a young 'hotshot' snow boarder. One weekend she was allowed to tag along to Mt Ruhapehu. Early in the season the snow still sparse, Ian over-ran the snow and in a big jump landed on his back on the rocks breaking the spine in several places. As the helicopter carried him to hospital Tash followed, staying with him through the operations and in the hospital. The doctors told him he would never walk again and categorised him as paraplegic. They obviously did not know Ian's

amazing determination. Tash stayed with him becoming nurse, and care giver, and eventually bringing him back into the world, walking, albeit with difficulty.

Tash and Ian solidified their relationship and eventually Ian broke through all the psychological barriers to healing and once again became a top snowboarder, a wonderful example of determination and faith in himself. It wasn't long before they too followed Justin to move to Canada, settling in the British Columbia Rockies initially managing a ski lodge while building a business together where they could assist young women in gaining confidence and courage through mountain sport activities, snowboarding, snowshoeing, mountain biking etc., Ian's determination brought him all the way back to life, including participating in the 2012 Para Olympics in Russia on the Canadian Team.

One morning during that 1996 Christmas break the new owner of 'our' house came to visit and discuss the logistics of the move. "*Where are you moving to*" he asked. We had yet to find anything to rent as it had all happened so fast. He asked where we would be like to go.

We liked Greenhithe and the ridge we lived on, close to the city and yet still a country feel, we liked the idea of overlooking the two harbours which the ridge afforded and perhaps we could get some thing two stories where the Journal business could be accommodated on the lower floor with us living upstairs.

Hmmm! How does this happen? What we were asking for fit exactly the description of the house he owned which he had been unable to sell and now wanted to rent, its location just 5 kms down the road. It was exactly what we had asked for. We took it.

Moving was so simple, one van going between the houses loaded each way for minimum cost and maximum efficiency.

In January we settled into the new house which showed itself to be an ideal home and location for continuing the Journal production and getting on with the business of planning the first event, Jani and "*P'taah's*" imminent tour of New Zealand, and then on to Australia.

The people who had brought the University of Metaphysics Course to New Zealand and who had become friends had run into trouble with an insurance claim, legal action followed by the Insurance company conjunction with an overzealous policeman who traveled all over the world courtesy of the taxpayers in an attempt to build a case against these supposed 'international' fraudsters.

Johann was taken to court and received a year in prison during which he converted many of the population to vegetarianism through becoming cook for those who wanted quality food and, demonstrating '*hands on healing*' and massage therapy to many of the gang member inmates who carried it on after he was released. His wife, Erica alone was finding life more difficult and moved into our upstairs room which helped Evelyn and I with the rent.

One day Erica said she wanted to take me to meet a friend who turned out to be "Maurice" a gay French hairdresser asking him to do something with my hair, which I have to confess was not good as I was thinning and unsuccessfully still trying to hide. The result was staggering, he simply mowed it all off, a number one, if quantity was the benchmark I got my money's worth. Actually I thought it looked great, it certainly felt great, Evelyn's expression however on our return home was less than appreciative, she didn't speak to Erika for several days.

Erika was quite a character, recovering her normal state following the drama caused by the court case, she started to talk to me about my relationship. Through living with us she saw what I did not, especially how I was allowing myself to be treated. While difficult to hear it did start to open my eyes to the way Evelyn and I were relating to each other.

Without my noticing and maybe Evelyn too it had degenerated to barely concealed contempt. Being in a co-dependent relationship for so long, working together in one business after another, losing our house and our investment, suffering through all the doubt and having to put up with my enthusiasm for the 'adventure' of it all had not been kind on her. I guess deep down I knew it had been getting worse since we returned from the States and I can only imagine Evelyn's fear over the house sale, the loss of the money we thought we would receive from selling up and the fact that we were going to be struggling for some time to come. We were both guilty and had completely lost any sense of magic or even enjoyment of being together.

On top of the day to day stuff, while my passion was aroused by this new world and people I was meeting, for Evelyn who had the responsibility of getting the monthly publication together, life had become an endless and exhausting task which while she excelled at and never complained it was clear this was just a job. There was a lot of cynicism, which in hindsight much was probably justified and she never really shared the same curiosity and emotional passion to a spiritual awakening.

I knew then it was a time to make another change in my life releasing our 28 year old marriage bonds. How do you start to unwind a relationship without pain? So much history, so many years, a lifetime of adventure together, of highs and lows and sharing two beautiful grown up children.

My relationship with Suzanne in Australia I confess had moved to a passionate affair and I was very much attracted to her enthusiasm for life, and encouragement for spiritual awakening, but she too was married with two older teenage sons. Both of us unhappy in our respective marriages for different reasons we had talked of 'running away' together yet that led into the complete unknown and practically didn't sound like a sensible course for either of us.

Truthfully, I was also terrified of leaving a known environment even if it was unsatisfying and sure to continue to deteriorate. At 52 with no funds and facing the fear of leaving and finding myself alone was hugely confronting.

It was a most difficult time for us Evelyn and I both and as I would be the instigator I knew regardless of the outcome I would feel the emotional impact and guilt of leaving for years afterwards, which I have and still have not shed much of the emotions involved.

Circumstances had once again created the motivation for change in the most bizarre way and I was unable and unwilling to resist the beckoning of Australia and exploring another chapter to my life.

It all came to a head with Jani King and her husband Mark arriving in New Zealand for the "*P'taah*" seminars being held in Auckland, at Mount Tongariro and Christchurch. I realised I was having a crisis, at a real crossroads in my life and didn't know which way to go. A councilor friend took me through my feelings, my fears and opened me to clarity in my options. The thought of leaving Evelyn after all those years, essentially deserting her after having lost everything was awful, but to go on as we were would be the most unloving thing I could do to myself and to her. I did not believe our love could be resurrected, yet the pull to do nothing was intense. I felt like a snail being 'winkled' from its shell.

Where would I go? What would I do? How could I live? One immediate option was simple, to manage "*P'taah*" in NZ and fly oner from Christchurch to Melbourne and on up along the coast to Brisbane doing the scheduled workshops as planned and see what happened at the end.

I called Suzanne and told her I had made the decision to leave Evelyn and that I would manage the events in New Zealand and come on through to Australia with Mark and Jani and continue to look after the events, if she was available to help that would be great but I did not want to influence her in any way. I had no expectations that she would be there to meet me.

It was a sad departure, no anger, no shouting, just deep sadness that we had lost something vital and irretrievable. For me, buffered somewhat by the events that required quite a lot of my attention, I am embarrassed to share that I felt free, a beautiful feeling as if a huge weight had been taken from me. I still do not know if this is a reflection of the state of our relationship, overcoming my fear of the responsibility for leaving or, simply the excitement of engaging something new. It was four days before the Christchurch flight took me to Melbourne in Australia. I had no idea what awaited me.



CHAPTER 21

Come To The Edge

1997: "WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA", the Customs officer said as He glanced at my passport. "How long can I stay?" I asked. "Forever" was his answer, "Enjoy your life here".

Roger. Could he have known that it was the beginning of a new life in a new country? At 52 with only \$19 and a bottle of champagne I was truly starting anew. I stepped through into the arrivals area. The question uppermost in my mind was "Will she be there?"

Searching for joy and happiness I had 'run away' from a marriage into the unknown. Suzanne had broken the binding that had kept me attached to a relationship which had drifted into mediocrity and once I realised that I could not rejuvenate the relationship. Everything had occurred in perfection to bring me to Australia at that time, I made my decision. I did not know if I was on my own or had someone waiting.

Suzanne. Well, someone was waiting for him at the Airport...Me. Thin, brittle and nervous. For the first time in my life I had shocked everyone who knew me. Just five months after meeting Rog. I had decided to walk away from a secure life with paid mortgage, antiques, cars, shares and superannuation.

I packed a suitcase for summer and winter, an electric frypan, two place settings of china & cutlery and two champagne glasses, in my little car and left, not knowing when or if, I would sort out the history of my life. I was in love with him within three days of meeting him and the Universe created many miracles to allow that to become a whole new life within five months. I loved my husband of 21 years, my boys, my parents, family and friends, but nothing was powerful enough to hold me against the drive to take back my freedom and risk it with Rog.

So from having told no one at all, to telling my immediate family and leaving, took just four days; dreadful days of pain and guilt at the hurt and upheaval that I was causing, in what must have seemed like a selfish mid-life crisis. Most of the time I was as numb as a robot, trying to stay calm and rationale, while I witnessed all those I love, cope with the shock of the decision that I had made. By the time I met Rog at the airport, I had lost half a stone and wasn't terribly coherent.

Roger. Jani King and "P'taah" were scheduled for events along the East Coast and it was part of the Journal's job to manage them, so I had work to do. Suzanne had set up the tour and we had hopes for great crowds for that was to be our opportunity to introduce the Journal in Australia. Although we made some money from the events, most had to go back to New Zealand to cover debts left behind. On the long, 1800 km drive to Brisbane we stopped in every town, sought out the local New Age shop

and introduced the Journal. The result was very positive and helped us get quickly established. The last event was held in Brisbane and from then on we were on our own, our day to day living became literally hand to mouth. On top of which we were both very sick with the shock of what we had done. Suzie had low blood pressure and Candida and I mirrored her every symptom and had chronic asthma to boot.

Suzanne. Having no financial security was a new experience for me and it brought the accompanying fear of lack and limitation. Yet I discovered that I had run away with a magician, a natural Merlin and day after day he taught me about miracles, every kind of luck from windfalls to parking spaces. What I discovered was that I had been swaddled in material comfort and I was desensitized to the wonder of how the Universe provides.

When I was not sure where the next place to sleep was coming from and it all unfolded perfectly, maybe something else was helping, some dynamic that really provided everything without any 'control' on my part. I also discovered that I had many dependencies that I had never recognized.

My comfort zone in a community I had lived in for fifteen years. Hooked on appearance and normality I was known and accepted everywhere, the bank, the hairdresser, dentist, doctor, shopping, trades people, solicitor, friends & work.

It sounds pathetic now, but at that time in those first few months I couldn't venture forth to even buy milk without a street map and advice on where to go. Slowly but surely the old crystalline structure that represented Suzanne was chipped away, allowing the real person underneath to emerge. Who I thought I was, wasn't much help any more.

Roger. Motel life was OK, but expensive and we relocated 38 times in those first three months together. There was no business, and we had no fixed abode. Our business and worldly goods were in thirteen small cardboard boxes. Everything seemed a battle, our phone bill at the motel was outrageous, we had been given a great rate for our apartment on the basis we were flexible and willing to move as required which turned out to be almost every second day. We had to pack up everything, food and all and relocate, until one day the motel had literally 'no room at the Inn' and we had to move on. We searched everywhere for an apartment to rent at a price we could afford, they were few and far between. We felt rejection and uncertainty and, had we made the wrong decision?

Eventually, we stumbled upon a brand new development, a small villa next to a beautiful swimming pool in Brisbane's Morningside. Located in a gully, next to a creek with lovely bush views opposite, this was the very idea of what we sought, maybe that was why we couldn't find anything else. However, always and 'but, the ownership details had yet to be completed and we could not move in until they had. We had a firm commitment from the agent so we relaxed. With our money dwindling and nowhere to live, a new found friend who was house-sitting offered us a bedroom until we could get the key to the new unit. The weeks started to go by with the owner soon to return.

One evening while meditating I asked the elusive spirits why we couldn't settle. I received the message that it was a test of our endurance and 100 days would pass before we had a place of our own. Sounds like rubbish, who plays such games? So how surprised were we then when the agent phoned the following day saying we could move in although the papers were still incomplete, she had threatened to resign if we were held at bay any longer. Imagine how we felt when we totaled the number of days we had been homeless, from meeting at the airport to moving into the little villa by the creek. It was 100 days exactly to the day we moved into our new home.

Suzanne. We had just enough money left to pay our bond, one month's rent and with \$1,000, to set up house. Twenty years on and we are still using most of the furniture. Someone lent us a bed and we used the money we had to buy furniture at the auction rooms. Weekends we would comb the flea markets for vegetables and treasures. We are still using the glasses we bought for \$5 for a box lot. Slowly we added pot plants, a broom, a vacuum cleaner, a dinner set, pots and pans. All purchased with great excitement and gratitude, all contributing to a beautiful, exciting new life.

Roger. We did everything we could to make a living, even setting up a stand at Brisbane's weekend waterfront market, using cardboard boxes and masking tape for the table we couldn't afford. Suz made the table cloth big enough so you couldn't see the boxes it sat on, we had no trouble packing up and were usually the first to leave, only problem we had was when a 12 year old girl sat on the table. Gradually we made friends and some people bought the Journal, a new subscription.

That subscription purchase was a time for celebration, our weekly treat was a roast lunch at the local pub for \$1.95 which we often shared. The big adventure twice a week was the trip to the Post Office to check our box and most times we found that we had sold a subscription which allowed us the chance to go shopping for groceries. We started advertising our first tour to Sedona by word of mouth,

Suzanne. We converted the spare bedroom into the office. We had two desks, one telephone and the old laptop computer, which produced the first Australian edition of the Journal, all put together by the old method of cut and paste. Every day we diligently went into the office and applied ourselves to every idea we could come up with. Believe me, there were plenty. Rog is a natural entrepreneur, never short of an idea, fortunately, most of them died a natural death, but every now and again something worked and we made a few dollars, enough to keep going for another week. We put together a couple of seminars and events, and I still remember with love and gratitude the support and encouragement we received, especially as we little idea of what we were talking about.

Roger. We struggled through from March to July and then we had no money to pay the phone bill and rent on the much loved little rented home we had made. Three days before it was due, a wonderful person, a reader gifted us \$1,000, exactly what we needed. We breathed again, August came round and again we were in strife and the same

thing, this time an unexpected cheque for \$1,000 turned up, payment for marketing assistance from a year before. We were surviving and the first Australian tour to Sedona was all set for twelve people, enough to recover the costs and give a small profit. Then disaster struck. Four people cancelled independently of each other all in one week! With only eight we had just enough to cover the tour costs but barely enough for us to buy our own food. We had to honour the remaining clients.

Suzanne. Before we left on the tour, I sat down for a heart to heart with Rog. I felt we should give up. We didn't have enough money to print another Journal, and while Gordon & Gotch, Australia's biggest magazine distributors believed in us enough to want to distribute the Journal we needed to be able to carry the cost of three print runs at \$12,000 each before we would see any money back and we couldn't even cover the rent! I felt the sensible thing was to quit and find jobs.

Roger. This truly was crunch time for me. I knew that I had to make a decision. I could get a job in some management position, yet I knew that while the money would be good, the hours and commitment required would allow no opportunity for me continue to expand my spiritual growth as I wanted. Way back in Sedona on a mountain top I had committed to Spirit to work in Communications and everything

had seemed so right, support had always been there for me every step of the way, should I start to doubt now?

I felt as though I was being invited to "come to the edge", I had to choose and, if necessary be willing to let go of everything and be prepared to sleep on the beach if that is what it took. I knew too that I couldn't ask that of Suzanne. I knew then this is what I would do even giving up our new relationship.

I admit the terror of being alone yet I surprised myself by the degree of commitment I discovered within which I had no before fully acknowledged. Truly I was 100% committed which was remarkable because at that time so early in my growth I had no real basis or logical understanding of what it was I was committed to.

Realisation: In hindsight and years on, this it all seems so easy, at the time it was anything but that. At some point along the Journey we all "come to the edge", maybe it is relationship, maybe health, work related. We all face the opportunity for change of direction and that is where our 'edge' is. All we can have is Trust that everything is unfolding perfectly and of course, none of us will be able to see how that will evolve, look or what will have to take place to ease the change.

I can say that for every change I have been willing to accept I have never been disappointed, that I have come to know the power of the Universe working behind the scenes of my life to bring me to where I can discover the truth and the opening of my soul.

CHAPTER 22

Being Awakened to Spiritual Surgery

April 1997: Evelyn in New Zealand experienced a massive shift in reality, three events in relatively quick succession.

Our old Ford was struggling yet someone offered to buy it for what we had paid, Evelyn phoned and asked for suggestions. The events with Jani in Australia had created some funds which we had sent back to the NZ account so I suggested she buy something she liked for herself. She did and bought a beautiful 'spunky' red Honda, happy, she got all dressed up and took herself to a friend's new book launch. On coming out to go home she found the new car gone, stolen. It was driven to the other side of the city, abandoned and destroyed by fire.

A couple of weeks later after accepting a part-time secretarial job with a NZ philanthropic foundation she fell so seriously ill and had to be rushed to hospital requiring extensive blood transfusions. Tasha was distraught and I had to return immediately from Brisbane leaving Suzanne alone in a strange city.

It was a very dramatic, terrible time, filled with pain for us all. Visiting Evelyn in hospital having left just two months earlier was the most dreadful experience and one I would not wish on anyone. Seeing the pain in her eyes, I felt that she was pleading to be told I loved her, which I still did and that I would come back to her. Yet I had made my choice and that could not be undone. There was so much of the business to be managed while Evelyn was in hospital so I stayed at the house.

My attempts to relate to Tasha who at 17 was still living with her Mum always dissolved into blame and anger. I had nightly calls from Suzanne alone in Brisbane who was really struggling and frightened that I might not return. I asked her to come and join me. Robb, Sandy's friend offered to provide a temporary home for us in his penthouse apartment and that helped ease the distress. Evelyn recovered and was able to return home, the new job was still held for her.

Again the outcome of Suzanne joining me seemed to have been engineered as this coincided with the annual Auckland's "*Mind, Body, Spirit Festival*", New Age show. The organisers kindly offered to swap a large double space and table in exchange for promotion of the Show to our subscribers. With only three back issues to display, we had more table space than we needed.

Judy was busy doing her Spiritual Surgery work and we offered her to share space with us. Over the three days we watched amazed as a continuous stream of people came to see Judy, to express their gratitude for their healing, to introduce her to friends or

their children. It certainly endorsed all that Brian Cattermole had promised her and as you might expect we were more than curious.

Suz and I decided to call the man who first introduced Spiritual Surgery to me some months before and see if he could do something for us. With our own personal wellness at an all-time low, we felt if nothing else maybe we could help each other. The next evening found us in his garden shed sitting together on a sagging couch while Brian sat in front in football shorts and two different socks.

"Put your hands on my knees", thinking, "You have to be kidding!" we obediently we did as told.

"Roger, your surgeon is here, Suzanne we'll do you next."

"Roger, your surgeon is called "Zahn" he is a healer from the time of Atlantis."

It was difficult for me to keep a straight face.

Suzanne thrilled that if I had attracted an 'Atlantian' lightbeing she, with infinitely more knowledge about spiritual stuff was going to get somebody really exciting. Piqued indeed when she received *"Annabelle"*, a Mexican peasant healer who had one small finger missing from her right hand. Later, Suz found it necessary to apologise to her 'friend' for her disappointment.

We both received messages from our respective new 'friends' courtesy of Brian and off we went. Half an hour in total and no charge, and not much credibility in either of our minds, we did however keep referencing back to Judy's experience. This was my first interactive experience with someone from the 'otherside'.

I truly made an effort seeking to connect with *"Zahn"* sitting night after night in a meditational space. In hope that it might help we even took a three day weekend channeling workshop, the first two days consisting of us watching 128 slides on how to channel spirit and then in the last part of the Sunday we were allowed to practice.

I am sure that it was not necessary to watch all those endless slides, but maybe it did help close the mind down and that is what is required to connect to this elusive Spirit World, apparently, for all of us present did have some strange inexplicable experiences.

In the fashion of a child, I started to enjoy talking to my *'friend'*, although there was never any response that I could discern. It took six months of pure faith.

Meantime in New Zealand, the house we had rented was put back on the market. Evelyn and Tasha were packing up when the house caught fire. All our lifetime of personal effects shared by Evelyn and I were in the top floor living area and were destroyed, downstairs

nothing of Tasha's was, neither were all the computers and personal effects including all the back issues stored below in the garage on the ground floor. All record and memories of our past 28 years were consumed by the flames. Is that is what is meant by *"letting go of the past?"*

Struggling through this third drama, Evelyn had called me in tears from across the road watching the fireman pour water into the blaze. She found temporary home with our friends from Opua days now living in Henderson. One evening they had a dinner party and brought Evelyn together with John, a mutual friend who had lost his wife a year or so back and they found they had much in common, only then did Evelyn realise that the 'purging' had ceased. The last thing to go was the Journal which she handed back to me. After all the 'dross' of her previous life was gone she was able to move on into much deserved greater circumstances.

Evelyn had found herself with a really neat man complete with a sailboat, one who would build her a new home, ironically on a hillside across the valley from the Lockwood we had shared for 10 years. With great ability to manage and impeccably honest she showed herself to be suitable for the role of director for the Foundation where she had originally started as a temp. The new role fit her like a glove and one she would have until retirement. The Foundation had an environmental focus with millions of dollars requiring distribution to eco-friendly projects annually, a role that not only suited her but fulfilled her passion in helping others create positively.

Even though things sorted themselves out for us both, the impact of leaving and starting again has left an indelible sadness in my soul and in hindsight I can see that I was guilty of so many errors that led to the dissolution of the relationship.

Interesting were the responses to our breakup I received from my friends, one asked me why I couldn't do as they did and enjoy an affair on the side, another, Joanne gave me a bad time for several months until she met Suzanne and then said she understood why I was attracted. My beautiful son said that he was unhappy that his parents had broken up, that he could see there were problems and that it was my life and as I said to him about doing what made his heart sing, that I equally deserved to be happy and if Suzanne was the one that would make that happen then he was fine with that.

Tash was a little less reticent.



CHAPTER 23

Our First Tour Experience

It must be in the blood somewhere, at fourteen being escorted into the Personal Manager's office of Trust Houses to be offered up as a very junior and inexperienced hotel employee wherever they needed someone. At nineteen hitch-hiking around Europe and down to Israel, later through Spain to North Africa, working in hotels for several years in Austria, selling newspapers in winter on the streets in Paris, migrating to Canada and living aboard "*Rainbow*" our nautical magic carpet whose wild adventure carried us sailing through the Pacific Islands to New Zealand have left me with a passion for travel.

Travel stretches us and drives us from the comfort and complacency of our home. It brings fun and also challenges us to engage the unknown. It offers discomfort in discovering new places, an equalising effect through meeting people of different and often strange cultures without judgment and presents us with the opportunity of learning about our vulnerability through confronting us with the need to communicate with others who seldom speak our language and encourage us to try to speak foreign languages.

For me, the desire that goes along with all of this is my joy in sharing the experience with others. So it was through discovering our new found interest in spiritual awakening was shared by many and having our own publication and readership opened the doors for a greater expansion into travel than I could ever have imagined.

How was I to know that within four months of leaving the boat business we would set out for six months touring through the western United States and Canada with a motorhome together with our daughter, Natasha putting on film nights about the South Pacific?

Then just a year or so later with Suzanne, building a tour business that would last 20 years and through this new spiritual direction our lives had taken we would be visiting the most amazing places, always with others who shared the same passion and desire to explore and find that elusive something inside that we often know there but cannot connect to it.

We did not need the services of an accountant to realise that the Journal on its own would never provide us with adequate income yet it could be the ideal medium

for us to promote our own tours and also organise and give exposure for some our spiritual contributors.

The first of our annual tours and pilgrimages with groups to recognize spiritual and sacred sites around the world started in 1997. While acknowledging right here that it is

unnecessary to go anywhere to discover '*spiritual awareness*' there is no doubt that getting away from work and often family distractions, being thrust together with new people who share a common interest brings up a lot of internal and less than desirable patterns that the lives we have constructed hide from us, does create a medium for transformation.

It started innocently enough in that April when the first small group of about 14 people, largely from New Zealand with Evelyn leading. She took them back to America sharing with them many of our spiritual encounters in particular, the many channels, who featured in our Journal willingly brought forward their spirit entities, Zoosh, P'taah, Kryon, Yahweh and other teachers of spiritual interest with helpful awakening information for the group.

Using two self-drive mini buses they moved through California, Nevada, Arizona in a wide circle, sightseeing and exploring the Red Rock canyons of Sedona, the mesa of the Hopi, the wild unspoilt desert canyons of the Navajo, the Grand Canyon at each place interacting with the real native inhabitants of those areas learning of their traditional spiritual life and ceremonies, joining with them in their meals, sweat lodge meetings and praying under the stars on mountain tops.

It was only a few months since we separated, although under great emotional strain, Evelyn still chose to undertake this first tour on her own. No small feat, the first is always the most difficult. The group knowing our marital circumstances were extremely supportive of Evelyn's circumstances and the experience began the healing process for her.

The second tour in October of 1997 followed a similar route, adding new people and newly discovered places of interest. Suzanne and I led this time with Australian readers of the Journal. Like an unfolding with incredible synchronicities all the group had '*ah hah*' moments and revelations. We too, discovered much about ourselves.

Both Suzanne and I faced health issues resulting no doubt from the new relationship struggling through highs of the '*honeymoon*' phase and the lows of the guilt and grief of what we had done to both our partners and families and the friends we had left behind. I manifested serious back troubles and Suz with the very nasty flu which the doctors worried was a potential for pneumonia. While physical in manifestation, the cause would like all physical illness and injury certainly would

have been emotional, but no less debilitating. It was on this tour that I had the first interaction with my Guide, "*Zahn*", the spiritual surgeon I had '*received*' as recounted earlier.

The healing which consisted of me placing my hands lightly on Suzanne took place over about half an hour during which I had this '*bizarre*' and informative conversation which opened a doorway in my consciousness to fully accepting that life as we know it is just the beginning of a much greater experience awaiting us. I spoke with someone from the so called "*other side*" and they answered me!

It was so simple, in complete humility and with sincere desire for help, this voice in my head answered, *"yes, of course"*. It was so clear as if in the room, not just inside my head. To which I replied, *"Oh, are you real?"*

Zahn's next remark convinced me, *"Yes, are you?"* he said. This was the beginning of a conversation that last for some 20 minutes. Suz, sleeping now and breathing quite peacefully at last I just had to share with someone. I raced to the next unit banging on the door, John opened it and asked if I was alright, I started to stutter out the experience and all I got was, *"Well, Raj, that's great so you can perhaps share with us in the morning."* and he shut the door. Obviously it was not as special to John as to me.

I feel it was my sincere desperation that broke through my resistance to letting *"Zahn"* through. It was the moment when we formed a friendship that continues to this day.

My new found friend, would drop into my head uninvited from time to time, sometimes in the most unusual places, walking down the street to give me information of what was occurring for me relative to people on the street on levels I could not or chose not to be conscious of, in healing sessions where he would tell people things through me that would assist them in their lives, many, many examples, so much so that I started to place real specialness on the relationship.

Some years later when I had come to seriously cherish, enjoy and be grateful for the interaction he wasn't there anymore. Now I understand. What he was doing with the healing or maybe something more had provided him with the opportunity to move to another higher level in the Spirit World, no longer interacting with me. Perhaps our vibrational links were severed as I had not shifted in concert with him? Whatever, it was with surprise he reappeared some couple of years later clear as ever with a new name, *"Zephir"* and our conversations resumed when I open to it or he has something to share about my journey which I need to be aware of, always accepted gracefully, although I am ashamed to say, not always acted upon. To my own loss.

That first tour provided me with one other insight into mediumship. Our group moving through the tour had become very comfortable with the nature of experiences, the quality accommodations we had arranged for them, the information they were receiving and the 'spiritual' experiences and insights many of them were having so they were feeling pretty good about themselves.

After a long drive from the Grand Canyon confrontation was awaiting us on our arrival in San Diego's Imperial Beach, the last town before the Mexican border and where *"P'taah"*, our last entity would talk with the group.

We had wanted the tour to have a Pacific Coast beach experience for their last two nights in the States. Strangely for such a long coastline there is but one hotel, quite substantial that we could find where you could wake and walk directly onto the beach so we booked the group in there.

Yes, it is an older property, although the rooms were being progressively refurbished but because of the splendid location, literally on the beach we decided that with the new rooms it would be perfect.

With our tour costs matching the tour income, this partially due to four people cancelling a week before departure, we had no margin to play with so Suz and I chose to forgo the hotel saving a couple of hundred dollars to stay down the road with "Ptaah's" channel, Jani King.

Being full, the promised refurbished accommodation was not given to everyone in the group as expected and it so was a very disgruntled lot I met for breakfast the next morning. Suz still feeling poorly did not accompany me.

The moment I arrived and sat down they started in with how great the tour had been for them, how uplifted and in such good emotional wellbeing, in discussing among themselves they had decided that they had risen significantly in spiritual awareness and love and that they definitely could be counted among the 144,000 apparently 'elevated' and spiritually conscious humans, which by the way, is some New Age idea and certainly not based on any sound reasoning.

Consequently, they reasoned that it was quite unacceptable to be 'dumped' into a sub-standard aging hotel that was beneath their status, and which from the appearance of people they had seen walking around, namely local Mexicans who lived there, the area was probably very unsafe, they felt lost and vulnerable.

Of course it wasn't helped when they discovered we were not prepared to stay in the hotel there with them. I had started into a nice American bacon and eggs platter in front of me which was unfortunate for at that moment a 'Being', I am sure I now know who it was chose to come through me with no warning to me whatsoever. Even the love that I felt from him as he arrived didn't prevent me from expelling that mouthful of food I had just forked into my mouth all over the table.

With great gentleness but extreme power he verbalised to the group that they were firstly completely missing the point of being part of any possible group of highly evolved beings if they thought that they were entitled to anything, for that would be implying total arrogance. Any evolved being would have humility and gratitude no matter what they were given.

Secondly, they had wrongly assumed that in less than two weeks they could have any expectation that they might have moved significantly on any scale of Love just because they had received messages from some disincarnate opinionated beings. No one had experienced any emotional shift or change to their facades, which could be judged from the eagerness to separate themselves in personal fear from their brothers and sisters who lived in the locality and looked slightly different to themselves.

Thirdly, that to extend blame to another for their own Law of Attraction with no self-

examination of what in them had created their accommodation experience would be deemed completely in error. The energy left me with after one last piece of advice that they might like to redefine their selfish purpose in future and be open to all that comes to them no matter how or where they receive it and use it to enhance their greater understanding of what real Love is.

There was stunned silence, everyone after looking at me in amazement, looked away. I am sure that it was as embarrassing for them as for me, I did not know what to say, something in me wanted to apologise but I resisted because I knew that the Truth had been spoken. Despite this drama, the tour, aside from the financial aspect was a great success and paved the way for a new way of life.

Realisation: One thing about working with spirit is that we have no recourse to what is shared. We can accept the wisdom that comes, choosing whether to judge and ignore or accept and explore the gift of the information. I have always found it easy to value as I can feel the love that comes, never demand or condemnation or judgment for anything I may have done which has been unloving.

My guides have always told it as it is with supportive suggestions how I may change and again always with the disclaimer, if I choose. In a later chapter I have provided some extracts from my 'Communication with My Guide Journal'.



CHAPTER 24

Is it the End or the Beginning?

Editorial taken from Elohim Journal.

Suzanne. On tour, while we were away we had so much worry with the exchange rate and the possibility that something may go wrong. Once we reached Sedona, the energy wasn't to be denied; Rog had his 'accident' with the luggage followed days later by me. A beautiful healer told me that I was undergoing a crisis, stripping away my old beliefs, and preparing me to return to my home town after the tour, to sort out a settlement and connect with my children & family. A daunting prospect given how they all felt about me. We had around US \$200 of our own money left and even though the doctor gave me medicine free the visit still took all of that.

With our plans curtailed through sickness we changed our tickets for an earlier flight to come home. The conditions of our tickets required that we pay an extra Au\$100 each to change, but due to my sickness in LA, they waived it. When we arrived in N.Z. on the way through, the ticket people announced that we had to pay the fee or stay over for an extra week, to the correct date.

We stood in the airport like a pair of lost waifs, and prayed to our Angel's to do something. We gave them 15 minutes to perform a miracle then approached the ticket office again only to be told the rules were 'The Rules'. Rog looked very lost, because the very grumpy lady told him to stay there and went into the office. She came back minutes later and told him that in the entire history of her working with the company they had never allowed this rule to be changed and she didn't know why they were doing it now. Banged a stamp on both our tickets and told him to go and check in.

Realisation: Don't ever discount the power of Angels!

We had exactly \$25 left to get the cab home from the airport. Not much food in the cupboard and no apparent future.

Roger. We returned home, sick, destitute and very worried. We needed to get the Journal into the newsagents. To publish the Journal and satisfy having the largest distributor in Australia, Gordon & Gotch accept the Journal for distribution in both Australia and New Zealand required \$30,000 to cover the costs of the first three issues out there.

We tried to sell the Journal to possible investors or publishers of other titles with the option of staying on as editors. We tried to give it away with the idea by working normal jobs for our living, do the editing for a small percentage of sales. No one was interested. Yet we were unable to give up. We prayed and kept faith. Four long days

went by then one morning the phone rang, a friend offering us funds, an extended loan big enough to get one issue out there. That weekend a further issue was funded by a financial consultant and his wife, saying that while our project was not something that he could recommend to anyone else as a sound business venture, they personally believed in what we were doing and would support it totally out of their own pocket, whatever we needed!

In thanking him for his confidence and generosity, I suggested a similar amount to what we had already been given would be more than enough. Within a week, a third issue was funded by a lady taking a two year full back page advertising contract to promote her essential oils all due to her mother winning Lotto the week before so she could pay up front. We were in business. Our prayers had been answered.

Suzanne. I remember that morning, the excitement, like Christmas. We were back in business and best of all, somebody else, three separate people believed in us enough to each make a huge \$10,000 gesture.

Roger. I am not sure exactly when I discovered Faith, maybe it was giving up my previous business in New Zealand, maybe leaving my wife, and maybe coming to Australia, or maybe those really challenging first few months in Brisbane. I do know the pain, the guilt, the loss, the joy, and the freedom all brought me to the beauty of where I am now. Throughout those times of fear of not knowing why, not understanding what was happening, I trusted that what I was doing was 'right'. I do know that I am very happy doing exactly what I am meant to be doing and I know that if I '*come to the edge*' again, I will take that same '*Leap of Faith*' without hesitation. I know that I am always safe and well cared for when I trust in the Divine. It was and is an awesome experience

Suzanne. I love the new me. Living simply, a much more honest and real person. I am truly grateful, and happy. My life is full of miracles and wonderful experiences that I could never have envisaged. I love to try to imagine every time some new impossible dream is fulfilled, how I would have felt if I had been told back then, that it would turn out like this, how full of joy and anticipation I would have been, or maybe I would never have believed it! Many of the old wounds are healed, most of the old friends are gone, but there are beautiful new ones, and a never ending day to day adventure, in the flow! What can I say other than ... "*THANK YOU GOD!*"



CHAPTER 25

Spiritual Surgery

I would like to share the following understanding for us developed over a period of twelve years from 1997 to 2009. In the beginning while it was never our intention, somehow Suzanne and I were drawn to become intrinsically linked to this particular healing modality of "*Spiritual Surgery*" and over the years we have received many rewarding practical and personal experiences, we also have undertaken a program of workshops in many countries to explain the process and connect people.

In 2009 as you will discover further along, a new understanding about the Universe and our place in it, our relationship to God, to our Spirit body and our Soul and the Soul's journey was brought to us making some of the more simplified understanding here far more extensive. But to get there we have to pass through the story. The journey with Spiritual Surgery happened like this...

Over time we have both received much new understanding relative to the Spirit World and what happens when we die. There are significant ramifications for a '*life well lived*' in gratitude and service and in loving relationship with our brothers and sisters that will impact on our future and continuing existence, our future pathway in those spheres of the Spirit World.

Almost all Spirit Guides or surgeons I have encountered in this '*work*' have moved from a human physical existence in foregoing their own lives, reaching out to be of assistance of another, spontaneously without regard for their own safety, no matter which time-frame, nature of their role on Earth, or their age. The common denominator I have found is the willingness to give up their life for another, the greatest gift one can give.

To read the circumstances of one such traveler in Robert James Lees "*Through the Mists*", most highly recommended reading, was for me a wondrous endorsement of what I had been shown and shared in my many communications with Spirit.

I love and embrace wholeheartedly the opportunity to draw aside without fear, the supposed '*veil*' that separates this dimension from the next for I have come to see no difference between one in body and one in Spirit, except that the physical body is transitional, the Spirit body is eternal. We are all traveling together, albeit on our own individual pathway, back to the Father.

Without seeking to curtail the opportunity given to me to grow in Love while in the body, I do look forward to the continuing journey with immense curiosity and wonder for the life that lies ahead of me in other dimensions. If in any way I have or can assist others in awakening their own inquisitiveness for this too, I feel I will have lived a blessed life.

I am certain that I do not have the full picture and I am sure that in the future so much will be revealed that I have been unable to grasp with my limited consciousness at this time and I know that this will continue through eternity. I pray only that I have not misunderstood, nor in any way misled others with whom I have shared my own experience.

Everyone must find their own path. I fervently believe that discernment and desire together will safeguard us on the journey recognising that I too, have often been side-tracked for a period before realising that I was perhaps following the wrong person or path and thereby taking the long way round.

Nothing in this book is other than that my own experience and for that I will be eternally grateful for the trust and willingness of those in spirit to open me to a relationship with other dimensions. I cannot emphasize enough the value of Faith, Intention and Action. To have no Faith in this process will guarantee no connection, to have no Intention will guarantee no results and, to take no Action will guarantee no growth.

Imagine for a moment that you had the belief that through your hands you could provide some relief to people with common everyday health difficulties. Would be pretty amazing concept? We freely give our power away to others in the belief that they can heal us through modern science and technology, drugs and medical procedures that are a mystery to us, yet to even begin to contemplate that through our own hands we have the power to create and make changes to the body of another, is a challenge that most won't consider.

Alternative healing is now a popular and accepted option. What might have seemed strange at first has proven to be very effective and many now prefer to seek alternative methods at the onset of illness. It can be even simpler and gentler, if we but choose.

What we have been introducing here is another, even more simple form of healing in the "hands on" category and most importantly, anyone can do it. The only difficulty here is that it challenges common accepted belief and can take a great stretch of the mind and the beliefs that we hold.

If we are willing to allow that there is more to life than just the world we see. If we can accept that there are other dimensions of us that are equally valid as our physical body and forces beyond this dimension that want to assist us, then the concept of spiritual surgery will not seem so strange. It will place a healing gift in your hands that can change your life and enhance the quality of life of those around you.

It is important not to confuse Spiritual Surgery with Psychic Surgery. Psychic Surgery is a very real phenomenon that is available in parts of the world by healers like, John of God for example but for the most part, it is virtually unavailable in the Western World. Spiritual Surgery is designed to fill the gap in Western cultures; however it is different in that it is a completely non-evasive modality. Spiritual Surgery requires no skill, no

sleight of hand and no tricks, it is nothing more than providing the connection to allow a healing to take place.

All human illness results from emotional imbalance here accumulated, unresolved emotion is expressed through and by the body in the form of dis-ease. This is the consequence of a strong belief that permits the body to hold a physical imbalance until that belief is changed.

For this reason illness may be a gift for our highest good and therefore it is beyond our knowing to predict what might take place when we surrender to spirit, in a request for transformation around this issue which sometimes offers spontaneous healings, almost always some short relief.

As with any healing in order to be truly successful, Spiritual Surgery requires that the patient be willing to let go of the belief system that is holding the illness in place, otherwise the so called healing will have no lasting effect. It also requires the '*practitioner*' to have no vested interest or attachment to the outcome for they are not the one doing this.

Why would anyone have a health issue? Many people are attached to the generally accepted belief, that illness is a consequence of a cause outside of them. They see themselves as the victim of something that has happened to them, for a variety of reasons. The ego is able to prey on feelings of guilt, sin and fear, to keep them entrenched in darkness and ignorance. Anything that keeps us confused and powerless, serves the ego's primary concern, that of keeping us separate from united wholeness, and the truth of who we are.

Amazingly, this deceptively simple method of embracing healing allows for all possibilities, because it offers the highest good in every instance. Spiritual Surgery is not done by you, or determined by you, it bypasses the ego's need to have a particular outcome. It relies solely on surrender to and through, the facility of spirit determining what is appropriate to every individual need.

Spirit Surgeons are people in spirit, who have a soul desire to continue to be of service to humanity through healing. They are a vast cross section, from ordinary, everyday folk some with previous healing interests, to others with full medical training. They too are on a path of growth and their contribution of Love and Willingness to assist humanity may be the opportunity for growth in the Spirit World. Yet even they have their own emotional issues brought with them from their time in the body which they too must address to move on.

It takes no particular skill or intuitive wisdom to perform Spiritual Surgery, only a willingness and patience to allow the surgeons to work through us. This wonderful process can be used by healers already working with other modalities, or by any individual of any age who would like to be able to help friends and family in times

of physical distress. I often wonder if the Spirit World that exists around us, yet outside of this dimension, is perplexed by our seeming lack of interest in benefiting from their abilities and willingness to be of service. Aside from any desire to be assistance is the opportunity to connect with another in spirit form for it will change your perspective on your own life and through encountering a person with higher knowledge than you can help your own spiritual growth.

For several years Suzanne and I offered workshops and initializations in Spiritual Surgery. This wonderfully simple 'hands on healing' modality is literally something anyone can do with very little formal training. We have been able to introduce people to their spiritual surgeons and encourage them to use their new ability to assist others. There are many people now practicing this modality in New Zealand, Australia, Canada, USA, Europe and Mexico.

One morning a man called and asked for my help. He told me he had been offering Spiritual Surgery healing for 25 years on the Gold Coast and was personally experiencing back pain which his guide would heal but needed 'hands' to work through. Would I help? *"Sure if I can, how did you find me?"* I asked. *"My guide told me to call you and where to find you."* More confirmation, *"Again in OK, Come on up. I'll do my best."*

A really weird experience even for me; He lay on the massage table and as usual I placed my hands on him and invited spirit to assist me. I had the most amazing experience I had never experienced before or since. It was as if I was unzipped down the back and this spirit entered me, I felt myself being expanded from inside, growing

taller and bigger in every respect. The table seemed further away and my arms longer and my hands huge, my calves filled out, it all happened so fast. I was fully aware yet feeling as if I had been joined. My hands started moving over the man's back.

Twenty minutes later, I felt the energy being withdrawn, I was zipped back up as it left. The man got off the table, stretched and thanked me. When I explained my experience he apologised saying,

"Sorry about that I should have told you that my guide is a very big Zulu warrior."



CHAPTER 26

It's All in the Name

Those early tours to Sedona attracted a lot of interest for they were a seamless kaleidoscope of experiences, meeting with channels, attending sessions with well-known entities, discovering magic locations of unparalleled beauty, meeting and making friends with the Navaho and Hopi tribal leaders and learning about their history. It was all there in just two stimulating and exciting weeks, energy ensuring unusual experiences of spiritual implication.

As time passed and we became more discerning and aware of our own involvement in spiritual growth, the nature of the Journal became more focused on aspects where we ourselves were aligned and trusted and less on the original wider spectrum of offerings.

One day we realised that we could no longer accept advertising for anything that we could not honestly communicate as being of real benefit to our readers, it was a matter of integrity. Advertising is the way all retail publications survive and make profit, income from actual sales is minimal. As we turned away from this primary source of income the nature of the content became paramount forcing us into greater discernment, looking for truth and honesty to maintain credibility with the readership.

Although refusing advertising seemed like publisher's *'harikari'* we trusted that something else would emerge and when it unfolded for us it led to accepting a new role in which the Journal played the lesser role in our lives. It was as if both our lives and the Journal had taken on a life of its own, we were being carried along on a wave.

The tours became annual events and it was in the course of one of these visits back to our beloved Sedona that Suz and I stopped in as usual to chat with O'Ryan Swanson, the publisher. We had enjoyed the opportunity to carry the Sedona name on the Australian Journal and benefited from the access to many well-known spiritual teachers who we would normally never had been able to approach; Sedona Journal opened the doors for us.

We were therefore quite concerned when O'Ryan questioned us about a couple of articles that appeared in the Journal which she had yet to publish and she wanted to know why. Also she asked, *"How much of your Journal is using the material that I send you each month?"*

Reluctantly, I confessed that we now had many contributors in Australia and New Zealand and while we were grateful for the US articles, we were starting to support local writers.

With rising panic that she might want to withdraw the "Sedona" name just as we were about to go into nationwide distribution through Gordon and Gotch, we were both

surprised when she said, *"Why are you still paying me \$500 each issue when you could change the name and save yourselves the cost"* adding, *"Not that I mind, I do trust you not to abuse the use of the "Sedona" name but you should consider having your own publication."*

Thanking O'Ryan for her trust we assured her that we wanted to keep the name and we parted as usual on good terms breathing a sigh of relief that we had been offered our choice of what was best for us lunch with some old and new locals that day was at a great Mexican restaurant, ambience and excellent food, we were to meet a man with a great story, Bryan de Flores and his channel friend, Michelle.

Sliding into the banquette seating next to Michelle the weirdest thing happened. Everyone was getting seated, the waitress hovering with menus and the world went into slow motion, all conversation was distorted, the actions went into slow down. From the look on her face clearly the waitress felt it too. It was exactly like one too many 'pot' cookies.

I asked Michelle in drawn out diction, *"What on Earth is going on?"*, equally slowly she apologises and said that the energy that she channeled had suddenly manifested and wanted to communicate with us. I asked if it was possible to go somewhere other than the restaurant afterwards and talk to it/them. She said that it would be OK and just as suddenly as the slowness appeared, so too did it disappear and everything went back to normal, stranger than fiction does not describe interaction with Spirit.

Meeting Bryan was a novelty and even though by now the 'unusual' experiences were becoming more 'normal' and certainly frequent, Bryan had proof that stranger than fiction things happened. Here is Bryan's story, make of it what you will.

As a truck driver one day driving between Phoenix and LA with a full load of empty shampoo bottles going to the factory he was taken out of body. A scene, he said like Egypt filled his windscreen and the next thing he knew someone was banging on his door asking him to get down from the cab. They said he had been sitting in the LA factory yard for quite some time as if in a trance. Terrified Bryan had no recall of the distance travelled, his response to this was to go and get a bottle

of Jack Daniels and go home and lock the door and get drunk. Worried that he had started hallucinating, he quit driving and after a couple of weeks moved to Sedona.

Never having done any drawing or art work he found it strange to be possessed by a strong desire to buy art paper and materials. Even more strange he would be woken in the night to sit down and draw these poster size bodies with heliographic symbols. He had no idea what it was. The landlady saw what he had done and suggested they take the drawing to the *"Center for the New Age"* a well-known shop in Sedona and ask if anyone knew what it was. The shopkeeper was thrilled saying that Bryan had drawn a Light Body and she would like him to do one of her. Bryan said OK and waited to see what happened. Again same story and began a new income earning activity.

Then one night it all changed and a being appeared before him and told him that he was being asked to draw the Universal Matrix. His responsibility was only to be available and allow the drawing to manifest into physicality through him. Sounds like a great story?

Then please explain the hundreds of exquisite complicated and incredibly defined drawings he produced over two years with no skills or talent hitherto, the proof exists for all to see. It made a sensational display so much so that one of our fellow travelers on the tour brought Bryan to Australia for a tour with his artwork.

Bryan and his art is there for all to see, just Google Bryan de Flores on the net or look up on Youtube.

Michelle, Suz and I adjourned after lunch to Michelle's rooms, after a few moments quiet this incredible 'Angelic' singing emerged from Michelle who we later discovered could ordinarily not hold a note. This lasted for about eight minutes and then this 'Voice' spoke to us direct.

The 'Voice' said that the Elohim were speaking to us with some suggestions for our publication and direction that we were going. It said we were ready to make changes and they would encourage us to consider removing the lower tone name of "Sedona" and replace it with something of a higher resonance, more uplifting that would be more aligned to the direction that we were taking the Journal.

Astounded, we looked at each other, no one knew of our conversation with O'Ryan, nor any idea that the quality and direction of the messages that were coming to us now were quite different to those we had started out with a year and half before.

The conversation continued for some while and then 'transmission' ceased. Michelle

collapsed, exhausted and we left her to rest. At that time we didn't know who or what "Elohim" meant, neither could we spell or even pronounce the name correctly. We felt that perhaps the encouragement to change the name to a higher frequency meant to use the name "Elohim" but we were concerned about the lack of awareness among new readers who like us, probably couldn't pronounce correctly.

On arriving home I phoned our Jewish friends and asked if they could enlighten us, this was before Google remember. They said it was one of the Hebrew words for God, and as such was the Word that could not be used in Jewish faith. Hmm!

The first project then was getting a .com website up and running. We wanted the name "www.elohim.com" but it was taken by some people in Ireland. I phoned them, no email then, and spoke with the owner of the domain name. Sean and his wife were planning to start a fashion business and had reserved the name. However they then decided to adopt another child and had been waiting for some time for approval and this was not forthcoming, others too had been seeking this name but they said, "No, it wasn't for sale" as they had decided to proceed with the business venture ...

...until the morning I called. The Adoption Agency had called earlier that morning and confirmed their approval and that a little twelve month girl was waiting for them. The man said, *"Your timing is impeccable, we are willing to sell the name for \$500."*

Now, you call that coincidence or, just maybe the "Elohim" greased the wheels to allow us to rename the Journal and in so doing, provided one little girl with parents.

Although we did receive some angry correspondence from a couple of orthodox Jews, the name stuck and became accepted for our business, the activities and the Journal, and eventually, like us people learned to pronounce the name correctly.

"What's in a name?" a lot apparently for just as we had been told in Sedona, the new Journal started to attract a new quality of writers and readers and through the Gordon and Gotch distributors the name of God began to appear on magazine racks in bookstores and newsagents across New Zealand and Australia.



CHAPTER 27

Living on a Hilltop

1998: Ashtara, a spiritual Astrologer with a real connection to the issues around the Soul appeared in our lives. She was living on a hillside overlooking the Hinze Dam on the Gold Coast. We decided we needed an education about the soul and so joined her Wednesday morning group of seven who met and we had a lot of fun. I confess that while Suz excelled in all the technical aspects, reading birth charts and understanding sextants, chimes, aspects and alignments, I had little ability to grasp or hold onto the complex dialogue. So long as we stayed with the spiritual implications, where my passion lay, I was fine.

Poor Ashtara, I am sure she saw my confusion even after two years and didn't ever make me feel uncomfortable. We became great mates and every time we went down to the Coast we spent personal time together looking out over the dam and the beautiful hills opposite her house.

We had a few friends in Brisbane but the city hadn't captivated us, the Coast however was a real pull probably through all the time we spent with Ashtara. In our second year with her, and after the morning sessions we allocated our afternoons to looking for a property to rent, we saw quite a few but nothing between Mudgeeraba and Nerang in the vicinity of the Hinze dam and the hinterland that suited us. In desperation and attempting to clear our thoughts we created a list of what we wanted in a house. 54 points emerged - be very specific the angels said. OK, no problem with that.

After one particularly distressing drive from house to house, often finding someone there first, an agent offered to meet us at a new house at 1pm which she felt would be perfect. We went for lunch which was unusually a long time coming. We were definitely late at the house and the agent drove off as we drove up, we had a quick look, it was a lovely new house although further out than we had envisaged, it did look perfect. We ran back to the car and chased the agent all the way back to town right behind her, we flashed our lights, we hooted and hooted she didn't hear or see us it was as if we were invisible, I felt I knew then how a ghost feels.

From the direction taken she was clearly not going back to her office, we were tired and disillusioned, time to give up and go home. Passing another agency we stopped, I went in. Suz refused to get out of the car, she had had enough. The lady asked if

we were in a hurry for accommodation, I said, "No" She told me that a family who were building a new home close to a house they were currently renting would be available in five weeks. The one problem was that the hill which was so steep she wouldn't even drive up herself, we could go and look, the man, Brian might be home or if not, we would find him just a few doors further up working on his new home.

Although reluctant, we agreed to try just this one more. Arriving on top of the hill which overlooked the expanse of the Hinze Dam we spied Ashtara's house, on the far side along with the 25 kilometres of unspoilt hills. The 'lake' spread below us was unbelievably beautiful, and as we turned around to look the other way, below us stretched the whole of the Gold Coast beaches and ocean. It would not have mattered what the house was like, however as it turned out it had 52 of our 54 requirements, having an electric stove top instead of gas and something else which at that moment in time was inconsequential. This architect designed two story, four bedroom brick California style house became our new rented home.

It was so perfect and for the same rent as we had been paying in Brisbane. We had waited patiently, well somewhat and it came to us.

One year later, Suz was walking across the large outside deck that overlooked the lake when the timber decking gave way and she fell through to the ground below, luckily at that spot only a couple of feet, it could have been much worse. We called the agent, she called the owner and he said, "Sell it". The price he wanted was appropriate for the house were it in good condition but including the deck there was an estimated \$60,000 of work required to bring it up to scratch. After some lengthy discussion over 24 hours back and forth, he reduced the price by the \$60,000 and we found ourselves owning the house on eight acres in prestigious Tallai, secluded and high above the Gold Coast.



That last inconsequential item on our list had been the opportunity to rent and live in a house for year to be sure that it was right for us and know what needed fixing and, to be able to buy it at a price we could afford. Our dream came true. The large formal lounge was given over to our office, with great views to the gardens, it couldn't have been better.

Realisation: Be specific about your requirements, the Universe apparently does not deal with vague notions.

Having developed a relationship with our astrology friend and now neighbour across the lake it was quite natural to brain storm something to do together and we decided to hold an event on the Gold Coast, a combination of Ashtara presenting Soul Based Astrology, ourselves the story of our involvement with Spiritual Surgery.

We were delighted when 47 people turned up. At the end of my talk I was quite surprised when I heard myself ask if anyone was interested in having a connection to a spiritual surgeon, even more surprised when 47 hands went up. It had not occurred to us before that moment to even contemplate doing what Brian Cattermole had done for us and I certainly had no intention of offering to do so. I wonder who initiated that idea?

It was agreed that we would hold sessions at our house on Thursday evenings working with eight people each time. The first one was truly scary, particularly as I was the one supposedly finding the surgeons and connecting people. Imagine then my surprise when I closed my eyes and in complete faith and a prayer to my guide, "Zahn" I found myself suddenly introducing without hesitation one 'surgeon' after another for people, each talking about themselves and having a story to share about their passing or their life on Earth. I know that even with my fertile imagination I could not have conjured up all these characters, and each so perfectly in tune with the person in front of me and often with relevant messages for them, about which I could not have had any fore knowledge. It was my first real experience with mediumship or "channeling".

It was a great success. Emboldened, we decided to run some local workshops to connect people. Our first was in Byron Bay which worked fine, just 15 minutes each was given to the 27 people who attended. This time Suz joined in supported by "Annabelle" with the same success. The following weekend we held another talk in Noosa with bookings set for 30 minute intervals. Starting at 9.30am we discovered as we crossed paths at around 11am we were completely behind schedule. What had taken 15 minutes in Byron Bay had escalated to 45 minutes with the surgeons being much more interactive and wanting to learn more about their new partners 'in body'. We were seriously venturing into channeling and becoming comfortable with talking to spirits.

Through the Journal we were still promoting and traveling twice a year with small groups to Arizona. On one tour we made some inquiries in California which led us to a Los Angeles based spiritual circle that were always looking for new speakers. I made contact with the person responsible for scheduling talks for the group who asked me what I proposed our talk would be about - I mentioned 'Law of Attraction' - no, done that! I suggested another couple of aspects which both came up negative, I then mentioned our Spiritual Surgery experience and hit 'jackpot', no one had done that before and so we had made our first solid booking for later in the year.

We realised that this would be a very good way to introduce "Elohim Journal" and expand the publication into the largest potential English speaking overseas market. All we required was some 'give away' material better than a couple of typed handouts. A new techno friend Glen Palmer, a man with a spiritual curiosity interviewed us and created a CD on the subject of Spiritual Surgery in a Q & A format to which we added a small handbook and we had our presentation and the entry into a whole new adventure.

Realisation: When we get a prompt to engage something new, it is time to consider allowing Faith to share in the direction our life may go. Spiritual Surgery was in of itself another stepping stone to teach us about the "Real World(s)" that lies behind the physical façade of our daily lives, to introduce us to the "Real" people existing side by side with us. While it was significant in our lives for many years yet again it was not something where we wanted to become attached. We give thanks for all that we learnt and we move along...exactly as we are expected to do.

CHAPTER 28

Jeshua and Way of the Heart

When I was young, maybe around ten I remember having a conversation with my Father about the church, Jesus and God. As a Boy Scout I was expected to attend church service. My reasoning was that I did not believe in Jesus and the church because I could not understand why only Christians who believed in Jesus as their Saviour went to Heaven. As there were obviously a lot more people in the world who were not Christian this seemed grossly unfair particularly as many through no fault of their own had never heard of Jesus Christ.

I could not understand how a so called 'loving' God could be so discriminating. I might add I also had trouble with the invariable church chrysanthemums which immediately on entering activated my asthma.

So I hit out with the perfect accusation, *"So how come you and Mum never go to church?"*

His reply has stayed with me all my life, *"Every person has to find their own beliefs relative to religion, you are no different, you must explore and find your own way and then you will have faith and trust. For me, my God is all around me in nature in the earth, in the chickens, the insects in the ground here, the sun and sky and the magic of life. Go and find your own God for yourself and then whatever it means for you, you will go to it willingly."*

He did also add that as I had joined the Scouts, and attending church service on Sundays was their criteria I had responsibility to meet their expectation. I resolved this by leaving the Scouts! And in so doing threw out any further involvement in connecting to Jesus or God. I managed quite well all told, becoming very self-reliant which I thought was a good thing, unless of course, there was real fear in which case I did, as most of us do, instantly turn to God for help, which strangely enough given my relationship with Him/Her always received immediate attention and resolution, obviously it is good to have something to fall back on in an emergency.

So it was that some 40 years later, in bed in that drifting time between sleep and awakening, I looked down at my feet and saw I had sandals on, was on a stone path with a white robe passing backwards and forwards across my feet as I walked. I knew instantly who it was and I was overwhelmed by the love that came upon me and burst into tears at the intensity of the feeling. I felt my shame and guilt at my indifference to Him throughout my life. It was hard to bear.

Thereafter, as Suz and I proceeded in our relationship together and our journey into exploring many avenues of religion and spirituality I felt this growing connection to Jesus and through him a strengthening of my awareness of the role God played in my life when I let Him/Her in. After we started to channel I would often have conversations with Jesus or who I thought it to be and always received sound advice.

In 1999 despite all the good things that were happening for us we were still suffering from poverty consciousness causing us to doubt ourselves and most things we were doing. One day we went to the car auctions to try to find a replacement for the four wheel drive 'lemon' we had purchased, which I now know to be an unfair projection, as I came to realise the influence my Law of Attraction has over everything in my life, including my car. Driving back in serious confusion as to what course to take with the next car, Suz said, *"Why don't we ask for help."*

I stopped the car and asked, *"Jesus"* appeared immediately and said something to the effect, *"It's not about the car, it is your fear surrounding lack of abundance and trust that everything is unfolding in perfection, feel the fear and let it go"*.

Later that afternoon, Suz asked me what car I would have if there was no issue over the cost. Now at last a requirement to make a decision. I said, I had really found the car I had owned in NZ to be perfect, it was a Ford TX5 sedan that had back seats that dropped to create a station wagon effect. We looked in the paper, there was just one advertised. I phoned, a lady said, *"Yes it is still here"*. When I discovered she lived on the far side of the city, I lost interest. She asked, *"Where exactly are you?"* I replied, *"Morningside, on the other side of the city."*

Perfect she said, *"I am coming past your house on the way to visit my daughter in an hour I will bring it to you."*

She did, it was beautiful. We bought the car for just a little more than we got for our old wagon. *"Daisy"* became a trusted friend and stayed with us for many years. It was that easy, once we let go of the drama we had brought to the experience.

So it was no surprise to me when the nature of the *"Elohim"* publication started to 'morph' from many diverse spiritual teachings to a more defined path towards the questions about God. This was reflected in our editorials which we had taken to writing in an effort to be upfront about our own journey and what was occurring for us.

Of course that had an impact on the readership, losing some who didn't want to go where we were going, struggling with the God issue and yet we gained others more supportive and aligned to our new direction.

It was always my desire to leave a clean desk when we went away. The usual editorial material was piled up six inches high on my desk awaiting reading and selecting or rejecting, dozens of unopened envelopes had to be cleared. Sitting on the floor one evening mail strewn everywhere I was finally at the bottom of the pile to a last manila coloured envelope. There was no return address, I opened it and found 20 pages of photocopied text obviously from a book but no accompanying letter. I had no idea when it had come, from whom, or how long it sat patiently waiting for me at the bottom of the pile.

Curious, I started reading and quickly found tears welling up in my eyes and then falling down my cheeks. Something beautiful was really moving me. Suzanne hearing

the gentle sobbing, glanced over and asked if I was OK. I could not say much but gave her the pages and she too felt the power of the words explaining how Jesus had appeared to the writer and the conversation that had passed between them. I completely identified with the message and had to find the writer.

There was nothing to go by except the message, I started asking round and finally, a friend suggested I check out a book called, *"The Jeshua Letters"* by Jon Marc Hammer.

This led to a dialogue with the American author living in Hawaii whose experience of encountering Jeshua, the original Aramaic name for Jesus, in his living room captivated me. I was very attracted to the whole story.

I asked Jayem as he was known if he would contribute to the Journal, he agreed and eventually due to his coming to Australia to present at a spiritual conference we connected with a meeting which was to be the beginning of a ten year relationship which brought a new awakening into my life.

The following year we created a week long workshop in Noosa for Jayem joining in we made up a small group of fifteen friends seeking an insight into expanded thinking.

During the week we couldn't help but notice Jayem disappearing into his room with a book for an hour before the activities. Suz asked him about the book and he handed it to us and said we could borrow it but to take care as it was his last. That afternoon we found solitude and warmth on the beach with the book. We decided to read it to one another and I started chapter one of the *"Way of the Heart"*, in minutes we were both crying. It was a heart-opening experience; we felt we had come home.

Jayem told us during the mid nineties he had channeled three books with Jeshua, what we were reading was the first book of profound and inspiring teachings. The books along with his other works had been incorporated into a non-profit foundation called *"Shanti Christo"* based in Santa Fe, New Mexico set up originally by Jayem.

He then shared that he was calling a board meeting to advise that he would soon retire to live quietly in Hawaii to focus on his desire and dream to be a screen writer.

We desperately wanted to be part of what was going on and flew to the States, rented a motorhome and drove across Arizona to Santa Fe. The hotel kindly allowed us to camp in the car park for the conference which suited us fine. This was also an opportunity for us to see if we were compatible with living in a small space as we had an intention of taking an extended motorhome trip up the West Coast to promote the Journal.

At the conference we met the directors and we gave them a presentation offering to give *"Shanti Christo"* the Journal renamed *"Way of the Heart"* to be their own organisation's publication which we would continue to manage. *"What's it going to cost us?"* one asked bluntly.

I replied, *"Nothing, we just want to be part of getting Jeshua's messages out into the world."*

Suddenly, my enthusiasm left me as again I felt that inside 'Voice' shouting "No". I realised that we had little in common with the direction these people had in mind and slowly let the conversation move on realising also that in the Journal was our potential for personal growth, not something to be given away.

Later at the AGM, Jayem announced to the 70 people present that he was retiring and that there was an opportunity for anyone who felt the desire and passion for the material to do their own thing and get it out however possible even if that included driving around in a motor home giving talks! Suz and I found ourselves staring at each other with exactly the same thought.

Aside from discovering Santa Fe which is one of the most beautiful towns in America and meeting a few great people involved in the Foundation we were pleased to be on our way full of ideas of how we could contribute while still remaining independent. Living on the road in the motor home or RV as they are known in the USA was proving to be a success.

The 24ft one we had rented was small by American standards but ideal for us. We were enjoying the benefit of the transportation and having our home with us, we could cook what we wanted to eat, and the overnighting in the RV was usually in laybys, truck stops or Walmarts who at that time fortunately for us encouraged campers in their spacious carparks.

We quickly realised that if we had a couple of months we could promote the Journal to a large number of New Age shops in California, Arizona and Nevada, give Spiritual Surgery workshops, talk about our new adventure with "*Way of the Heart*" and the Jeshua teachings and gain new clients for our international tours.

We had hired the van in this off peak period for \$100 a day. For three months that would be maximum \$9,000 which seems a lot but not when we considered it a viable investment for our accommodation, transport, kitchen and potential opportunities that could expand our business.

Our next stop was to give a talk on Spiritual Surgery in Big Bear, a mountain ski town two hours out of LA in the San Bernardino Mountains where my friends from the yachting and travel days, Joanne and Adrian lived.

Friday evening, snowing and cold, I arrived at the yoga studio, our venue to meet the owner and to set up the chairs ready for our 7.30pm start. I had to wait as she was still busy with a class. I sat in the carpark, a 'Voice', yes, that one says, "*Start the car and drive down the street and look at the houses*". I ignore it. Persistent, it speaks again, I ignore it while answering with, "*Why would I do that?*"

Persistence apparently pays off with me for after three repeats of the same message I gave in. I turned the car into the street and obediently drove down the road, over one stop sign, then a second and am about to turn round when I saw the only empty lot in this

street occupied by a very large 28ft RV with a 'For Sale' sign in the window. I stopped incredulous, I read the sign.



\$8,950 ono. Low 34,000 miles. How come that was what we were budgeting to rent? After the evening meeting which was very successful with nearly 50 people I share excitedly with Suz what I have found. Highly skeptical but willing to look and next morning finally after difficulties finding the owner we get to go inside. It's dirty but everything seems to work. The big name on the front and side front door

said, "Cobra". I liked it and gradually, Suz too warms to the idea.

To cut the story short, we became owners for a final price of \$7,900, drove "Coby" gently over to Joanne's house and start the clean-up. We were supposed to have another workshop before flying home but that serendipitously was cancelled so we had one week free to get ourselves established for our next extended visit.

Being led to, and buying "Coby" turned out to be the easy part. Then began the technicalities, want insurance? No problem as long as we have US driving licence! To get that requires having a Social Security number which requires a Green Card or US Citizenship! Impossible, no, it's possible to get an exemption. And so it went on.

The US was still reeling from 9/11 so getting into any government building was one person at a time, all doors guarded and entry only after frisking. Gradually with extreme patience we found ways to get around or through all the rules, "Coby" became legally ours and we could legally drive it. We drove her with infinite care not sure of the condition of the brakes or anything else for that matter down off the mountain by the quiet back route on the multiple S bend highway terrified of meeting oncoming traffic, there was none, we gratefully had the road to ourselves all the way through the 70 miles to Joshua Tree, the high desert town and home of Jani King's "P'taah" US organiser, Mickey.

We were worried about where to leave "Coby", which the local garage resolved by offering us secure parking/storage for \$50/mth, we bought new material to upholster the cushions throughout and handed them to the upholstery lady in Joshua Tree to be done by the time we returned. We fell in love with "Coby" very quickly and for the first time we reluctantly boarded the aircraft for the flight home feeling that we had left our new friend too soon.

It was to become an awesome relationship, a magical carpet that carried us some 20,000 miles over ten years and into many adventures that would never had been possible

had we not had the ability to travel so freely and live so inexpensively for prolonged periods.

Unknowingly, this all led us to the next step. On the way home we stopped into Hawaii and flew across to Maui at Jayem's invitation to spend a few days with him. The following day we awoke to a clatter coming from the garage, there we found Jayem tossing out boxes, books, files of handwritten notes of channelings and the original audio tapes all from Jeshua into the rubbish bin.

"What on earth are you doing?" I asked. "It's all going out", he said heaving a box of audio tapes in my direction to go into the bin. "Wait!" I cried seeing messages that I never knew existed.

"You want it, it's yours" As a pile of manuscripts followed, I dove head first into the wheelie and started gathering up what had been thrown out. "We'll take it all and we'll extend the messages into the world", I said wondering where we could buy another suitcase.

And that is how "Elohim Journal" changed again, this time to the very appropriate name, "Way of the Heart" and how we became the publishers and distributors and promoters for all the material from Jayem's ten year relationship with Jeshua. It was a dream come true and we felt we had found our calling.

Back in Australia we felt that the first approach would be to bring together the 'family' of people who were following the "Way of the Heart" through the Journal. One day at a local Brisbane Mind, Body, Spirit show my helper, a friend, Eion told me that he wished so much that he could be involved as Jeshua and the teachings had become a primary focus in his life. On the way home that evening I thought about what he had shared and came up with the idea of offering Study groups throughout the country, and in New Zealand too.

You know how it is when some things are meant to be? On arriving home I made one phone call and had my venue for the Gold Coast group, that determined the day, the times and how often we would meet, the date we would commence and how we could blend our announcement to suit the venue's own newsletter. Another call and we had the same arranged for Brisbane. Eoin had his wish come true, he would run the Brisbane Study Group. We quickly found a format that allowed people who were enthusiastic to hold a study group but felt inadequate to the task of managing the group, being a leader.

It was only a matter of following an established format and listening to Jeshua's teachings and opening it up for discussion and interplay. A manual answered all the possible questions and situations we could think of and we added more as they came up.

In the years following at one time we had 78 study groups, some small just 4 people, others with 20 plus. Our role was to print "The Way of" books of the teachings, build sets

of CDs, sell the product and we shipped everywhere, took bookings for our own annual weeklong workshops in Noosa and managed other people's events - people like Jani, Abdy, David Hoffmeister, and a myriad of other teachers and 'way-showers' who featured with editorial in the Journal. As you will read further on we started managing tours, creating and escorting tours around Australia, our favourites being Palm Cove by Cairns and to Uluru and then overseas to spiritually interesting places.

Managing all this became a major activity, initially just Suz and I, then we were joined by a wonderful young really switched on lady, Jemila who looked after the office if we were away, clearing messages etc., now a lifelong friend. As she became too busy with school Ondreya, an English lady joined us, great sense of humour, down to earth and smart as a whip. Dreya was good fun and lively to have in the office, particularly good with people on the phone, then inevitably she got married and moved away and we thought we could manage.

Ha! We were soon brought back to reality and starting to get desperate, and prayed for help to come.

Soon after I opened the front door one morning to a lovely lady who stood there and told me that she had come to work with us. I invited her in. Pania became the linchpin and office manager for the "Way of the Heart" during the explosion of the business for several years.

A major asset for us in that she loved the teachings, enjoyed sharing with callers and really held a beautiful energy in the office which would have been frantic if Suz and I had been left to ourselves.

The first morning Pania arrived, which was I think the day after she came to tell us she was working with us, she greeted me with a lovely hug. I was a little taken back, Suz too and that became her way of saying 'hello' and 'goodbye' for every day of the years she spent with us. Far more than an employee, Pania was our partner, friend and sister to us both though thick and thin, and there was quite a lot of 'thin'. I don't know if she appreciated what a beautiful gift her presence was in our life, we certainly did..

Pania allowed Suz and I the freedom to travel further afield to develop the readership overseas and that in turn led to widening our tour business. All this was fine but we were wondering where help would come from as we were very under-capitalised to embark on the dreams we had in mind.

Realisation: There comes a time in a small business when you have to let go from doing it all yourself, the key then is to know exactly the type of person you want and put it out there for the universe to take the message, your need to the right person. Trust and loyalty are essential on both sides, secrets are not allowed and transparency in all things is vital. To have committed and dedicated people working with you will make the business work and be fun to come to just as the wrong person with different motivation will stop the business in its tracks.

CHAPTER 29

Help Comes From Where It Is Least Expected

Three more groups were taken to America each getting larger and adding more and more experiences as we came to the attention of genuine seekers of truth.

One of these new experiences we were able to offer was a very interesting lady called Patricia Cota-Robles who came from Tucson. She had a book called, *“What On Earth Is Going On”*. While on tour I spoke with her by phone and asked if she would be able to speak with our group and she readily agreed. We had an evening free and met in Sedona. She had driven 400 miles there and back just to spend a couple of hours with us, she gave each one of the group a book. Something clicked between us and the relationship was to be very beneficial for us both over the years to come.

After one such group who we dropped off at LA airport after a successful tour, Suzanne and I drove the motorhome north to the Wesak, Buddha’s birthday celebrations at Weed by Mt Shasta, we wanted to see if we could introduce the Journal to the shops and to the people at the event. It was cold, the early snow had arrived but we were conveniently parked out back of the conference centre, cosy in *“Coby”* with the heater.

The snow piled up about a foot deep on the roof, but that was no problem it would melt eventually. Soon we were to discover there was a problem as we drove away, melting snow had penetrated the roof into the ceiling lining and lay there innocently waiting for motion, every time we braked a small wave action occurred and the water gushed though all the lighting fittings inundating us! All together we didn’t like Weed that much.

This particular year around 1700 people gathered in a basketball stadium over two days to listen to ‘revered’ channels and spiritual teachers. As a new arrival, with no prior booking for display space for the Journal we were relegated to being outside. I sat outside at my inexpensive table in the snow with our Journals attempting to sell subscriptions all the while brushing drifting snow flakes off the covers a man approached the table and stood, repeatedly pronouncing the word, *“Elohim”*, *“Elohim”*, *“Elohim”*! Frankly, I was over it and not particularly engaging.

He introduced himself explaining that he was looking to invest some money in something that had a spiritual connotation, that maybe we could use an injection of funds to assist us in the growth of our publication?

Would I like to share my business plan with him so he could evaluate the possibility? *“Of course”*, said I, not believing that my luck had changed and I had been almost rude by his strange behaviour at the beginning of our meeting. *“Bring it over to the house tomorrow and we’ll discuss it.”*

Panic! We didn't have a business plan; in fact, we had no plan at all. It had not occurred to me to even create one we were just following the prompts. Galvanised into action, I grabbed Suz, forgot about trying to sell subscriptions and gratefully retreated to cosy "Coby" and with the laptop and we started work.

By morning we had discovered that there was indeed a plan which emerged from our desire. We formulated a multi-stage strategy for Australia and American wide publishing and the accompanying workshops and tours that could be achieved over the following five years. We detailed projection of sales, expected costs, what type of structure and marketing would be needed to create the distribution networks for magazine outlets; New Age retail shops and individual subscriptions, and the potential annual tour income to diverse destinations sourced from our own international readership.

The "Plan" showed how the diverse aspects could dovetail to support each aspect of the business. Wow! It just flowed from us, idea after idea transforming on paper at least, into practical application. All of this substantiated the income predictions and provide a reasonable return on investment. We found the local photocopy shop, bought colourful and smart folders, the presentation was fantastic.

Duly, at the appointed hour we arrived at our would-be benefactor's home with great expectation. Without even glancing at it, he casually dropped our beautiful presentation into a floor rack of magazines, demonstrating that our enthusiasm for our future was no longer in his sights as an immediate investment, his sexy new wife generating far more interest than our proposal. I feel that we were just curiosity items picked on for their amusement, or maybe another stepping stone?

Realisation: There is a big message here, when you get a prompt, no matter how it comes or from where, follow it. It may not unfold as you imagine, it probably won't but if you do not follow the lead you will never discover where it might take you.

We realised we had been had! Or maybe in our enthusiasm we had greatly misinterpreted the signals which cost us a lot of unnecessary effort, however, the upside was that we had been forced into clarifying our direction, our desires for the future, our priorities and over the following days started to appreciate that rather than being victims of a cruel hoax, we had been given a great gift.

It was on returning to Australia a few weeks later that I read about a new Federal Government incentive for small businesses seeking to expand into the international market. It was all about generating foreign exchange to help with the balance of payments. "Elohim" we reasoned was created in Australia, it was printed there, it was already being shipped and sold into New Zealand, why not the USA?

Did you guess? To accompany our application they required a full five year export earning Business Plan, income cash flow projections, and the full set up expenditure and most importantly, a summary of marketing costs involved.

Our mysterious friend in Weed did us such a great service, maybe another 'Angel' in disguise? We would never have seen all the possibilities for our business, it would probably never have occurred to us to explore other avenues of development support and we certainly would not have considered ourselves eligible for this new opportunity.

We did apply and were soon advised that our proposal fit within their guidelines. We could immediately begin to action the Plan as outlined. The Incentive scheme would refund 50% payment for **all** international related expenditure at the end of each year against supporting receipts and auditing as to the purpose of the expenditure and the results achieved through the expenditure, but importantly, not depending on the results.

While this did mean stretching ourselves financially to upfront our costs for the next 12 months, we had the confidence that we would be reimbursed within six weeks of submitting for audit our accounts at the end of the year and with the potential, subject to their annual approval, the possibility of the full five years of support for our product development and international marketing.

Far better than an investor who would look over your shoulder, who most likely has an eye on immediate returns rather than a wider long term picture, who may suddenly want their money back, or may not have the same philosophy as we did or want to go in the direction we had in our hearts.

Armed with new courage, we started to work through "*The Plan*", once a dream now a reality, finding the first steps manageable within our cash flow, the first priority being the creation of a new website for "*Way of the Heart*", and our new direction.

David Andor, techno, musician and webmaster living at that time in Byron Bay did amazing work for very little reward, giving us fresh look in presentation and artwork which led him from the website creation to undertaking the graphic design of the Journal.

We decided with his very affordable help the Journal could become full colour and perfect bind to the delight of our printer who had been urging us to upgrade the look of the Journal. The result was stunning. Gordon & Gotch were really supportive too.

David's skills took us to a new level, and to this day he continues to manage and take care of our websites and graphic needs. As a result of the new look we started to attract high quality articles from renowned international writers which enhanced the 'read' gaining us yet more subscribers. With some 80 pages devoid of unrelated advertising and so much quality material we were able to become a bi-monthly instead of a monthly Journal thus saving costs and giving ourselves more time to create better content, and with 80 pages of solid content the readers appreciated having more time to read an issue before the next one arrived.

Free from advertisers pressure we began to refine the messages we wanted to share. Our

focus moved completely away from the New Age stories and channeled messages to Self-Development and Love.

One day a call came from a reader who having grown up with Catholicism and now rejecting it wholeheartedly was very disappointed with our 'shift' towards and somewhere in the text the use of the word "God". Always desiring to challenge resistance, our response was to include "GOD" as a front page bi-line, "*Finding GOD Within*".

We discovered that you can't use that Word without invoking new dynamics and although we did indeed lose some anti-God readers we moved towards a whole new readership. The Journal has always had a life of its own, we always felt we were motivated for someone or something else.

The Gordon & Gotch distribution went direct from the printer, Journals for the subscribers and retail shops came to the house. Friends would come to help us for every mail out day, the office was transformed and for a full day five of us would focus on slipping hundreds of Journals into plastic sleeves, taping, labeling, bagging, bundling. Going to the post office was an adventure, the volume sometimes requiring two cars.

One day, our local postmaster curious as to what we were doing stopped us before we mailed the international subscribers. We showed him a copy of the Journal and he told us he had been given free reign for developing Post Office business for small organisations and asked how he could help us. We told him about our desire to get more Journals going overseas but the cost of postage was the challenge.

He offered us a special 50% discount postal rate to the USA for 6 months, helping us afford the upfront cost of postage. Isn't it amazing where help comes from? Who would have thought, and that was the second time the Post Office came to our assistance.

After a couple of years down the track with the EPDG scheme, we were invited to a meeting with officials from the government who wanted to hear firsthand about entrepreneur's experience with their international marketing. About fifteen of us gathered in a Gold Coast board room, a very interesting and diverse group of people involved with products like "*Vegemite*", "*Wet 'n Dry*", a Qld Cruise ship operator, and another ten interesting products and me, with "*Way of the Heart Journal - Finding GOD Within*".

Sitting around the room they invited each of us to share our product, what we were doing, our ultimate goals and how it was going and if the Grant Scheme was really making a difference. I was last. "*What was I promoting?*" they asked.

I answered, "*God*". What we were doing was so diverse from all the other products, yet no less an overseas income earner. I explained our objectives and the desire to spread the word about Love. Following the meeting the two 'suits' came up and congratulated me sharing how they were proud to be able to support a venture that was altruistic, with a high and positive focus to helping people grow, not just money making.

Realisation: I have found that often big organisations have people on their staffs that have a desire to make a difference and be of genuine assistance when they perceive someone is doing something to help others. While the organisation may appear to be indifferent, these people are always looking to see where they can be of benefit. The key then is to find those people.

In truth, that first year of our marketing exercise did stretch us financially and we were constantly fearful of overstepping ourselves, especially unsure if we had conformed in the manner we submitted our annual expenditure, would it be accepted?

One morning Suz and I were visiting a vineyard in the Hunter Valley seeking a venue that would be able to host a visiting speaker and her weeklong workshop. We were completely broke, again and we had a \$10,000 printer's bill looming, it was hard to stay focused listening to the deposit requirements which were completely beyond our means. The phone rang, Suz answered the phone to be told that a cheque for \$29,000, our first marketing support from the Government had arrived.



CHAPTER 30

Incarcerated in the USA

While it was never our intention, somehow Suzanne and I were drawn to becoming intrinsically linked to that healing modality of *"Spiritual Surgery"*. During those years we received many rewarding practical and personal experiences as we confidently undertook a program of workshops in many countries to explain the process and connect people.

It happened like this; the Sante Fe meeting with *"Way of the Heart"* people brought many new friends into our acquaintance, one lady in particular, came forward to make a significant contribution to our experiences in America. Clarissa lives in Carmel, a beautiful little town in California, on the coast just south of Monterey. Clarissa was quick to offer to host us and bring groups together to experience a Spiritual Surgery event, something she too had a passion for.

We arrived back in the States to collect *"Coby"* from Joshua Tree and start the journey north meeting our scheduled speaking engagements. Somewhat optimistically some weeks prior to our flight we had shipped a few thousand back copies of the Journal by sea to LA. Shipping them from Australia was the easy part, easier than collecting them at the other end as we discovered at the vast freight terminal in Long Beach.

We had camped overnight outside the *"Queen Mary"*. Early morning found us taking up both of the double 'loading zone only' outside the Documentation of Goods office in Long Beach Blvd. *"Be back in 5"*, I said running from *"Coby"* leaving Suz sitting in front of the wheel. Five minutes stretched to become an hour.

They had lost the paperwork, and not just mine, the office was a terrifying example of mismanagement with piles of documents stacked all over the floor, feet deep. I reflected that all this paper represented people's belongings, just like ours. This was about 2003 by the way. With one incredibly harassed, highly stressed lady and myself we searched through recently arrived piles of shipping forms. Finally she announced that she had no idea where my documents might be in this mess, she saw my face drop and suddenly leapt up grabbing a new pile which had just that moment arrived while we were looking, excitedly extracted a file and screamed, *"Eureka"*. Whew! The alternative delay was unthinkable as we had a tight schedule to keep. Suz too, was relieved to see me back and without parking tickets, amazing.

From the documents office to the L A shipping terminal where we found ourselves at this vast freight terminal, dwarfed amidst dozens of mega- trucks waiting to collect their freight for transportation all over the States.

One burly trucker standing in the long line kindly advised me not to irritate the old Chinese man in the booth as he spoke virtually no English and if he chose could have us

waiting for days to find our goods. After an hour in the line, this one little virtually non English speaking and very ancient Chinaman around which apparently hinged the entire West Coast USA transportation system refused my storage payment by credit card demanding cash of \$167.50. Losing my place in the line I ran back to "Coby" and Suz, we scoured our wallets, pockets, small change in the glove box and came up with \$168.95. Voila!

Back at the line the guys graciously allowed me to go to the front. We found the boxes and loaded them into "Coby". Driving the freeways in rush hour through LA back to Joshua Tree was not a picnic. The boxes distributed all through the floor area posed a considerable weight we had not factored, with the front wheels barely touching the road, the steering was extremely light.

We made it back without being pulled over and arrived at 5.45pm at the storage area where we were to keep the boxes of several thousand unused back issues to draw from as we required. It took some unpacking but we were finished by 6.30pm, completely exhausted after the harrowing day, drove to the gate to discover we were only people around and were locked in for the night!

It didn't look good, being in the high desert the temperature was dropping fast and our heater was out of propane.

Fortunately, there was an after-hours number, but of course, it was on the outside of the gate! We couldn't read it. Eventually we flagged down someone going past by making a significant disruption with horn and flashing lights. They stopped and read the number to us and drove off. It was then we discovered that our phone had no time left. We were allowed one free call to the phone company office, but they would not take a credit card over the phone, it was against the rules. After reciting the adventures of our day the person on the other end, in hysterics of laughter relented and opened our phone so we could call for help to escape our prison. Relieved we phoned, Mickey had gone out, there was nobody home just an answering machine.

It was all too much and we gave up. The hot showers, promised beautiful dinner and bed waiting our arrival just 2kms away was abandoned. We slumped into resignation of spending a very cold night huddled in "Coby" saying genuine prayers of gratitude for having got this far when an 'Angel' in the guise of a security van driver pulled up and opened the gate and released us.

Better late than never we did get to our friend, Mickey's house, she had returned home wondering where we were and had dinner waiting. After food, hot showers we dropped into bed with the last thought being that next time we'll take everything we need with us on the plane.

The next day we started out north but not before we had had propane for the heater after the previous night's experience. We arrived to meet Clarissa in beautiful Carmel

and relaxed for our full day workshop we had entitled *"Intuitive Healing Workshop"*. Clarissa had done a great job, found a beautiful octagonal church in a woodland setting for us to use and gathered some 60 people to attend.

Aside from having to remind Suz publically what *"IHW"* stood for in the notes, the event was well received, although the best, like most things came at the end when we were approached by two friends of Clarissa's to ask if we would be willing to accompany them next day to their regular weekly spiritual gathering in Solidad, a very large maximum security prison nearby.

Sequoia and Jack offered to endorse us to the Warden to obtain clearance to enter and join with the inmates, who were in prison for life. While there was a slight momentary hesitation on my part I confess, Suz readily agreed for us both. What a wonderful opportunity.

We received instructions on clothing requirements and sensible etiquette for ladies and duly presented ourselves early next morning for the drive to the prison, excuse me; *"Correctional Centre"*. Of the ten thousand men, three thousand were housed in one block designated for the worst offenders who only left their cells for one hour each day if there was no *"lock down"* in place which was often. We could feel the intense energy emanating from that cell block as we drove past.

The group of buildings we were destined to was far less daunting, we received our approved passes and after signing in, made our way through the three electronically locked and heavily guarded gates to the room where the meeting was usually held. I have to confess I was quite nervous walking through the yard with everyone watching us with curiosity. Suzie was quite unperturbed. Normally Sequoia gave art classes and Jack played and made Indian flutes however this day they turned the event over to us to share about our Journal and our own spiritual journey.

The guys, some fifteen inmates of all possible religious denominations received us very gracefully; we were able to ask them about their lives and experiences. We had a great day together which they clearly enjoyed, lots of laughter and sincere mutual sharing. It was a very rewarding experience and very enlightening for us both.

We were asked to come back and were allowed to do so many times, the Warden commenting once that if we misbehaved he would have us deported, but that was never a necessity. Through some miracle we were always allowed to be able to bring books on Love and Truth into the prison for the guys to share. Strangely, no one ever looked to see what we had in our boxes.

On one occasion we had a visitor, the assistant Warden of Solidad as he had seen that our visits were becoming frequent and wanted to find out exactly what we were doing with his men. No one noticed him come in as he sat at the back just after we offered the question which was *"How do you feel about being in Prison here?"*

Without hesitation, the first answered that, he knew his actions had resulted in someone dying and had no grudge against the sentence. He believed that he could be more use on the inside helping others deal with their pain than he could be on the outside, he was grateful that God had found a use for him. The next was in a similar vein and after all fifteen had shared their similar feelings, I saw the Warden get up and leave with a nod to us. Ever after I have had visions of him reporting back to the boss, I would love to know he said.

Our prison visits became extended, not just to Solidaridad, but other centres to become an annual pilgrimage always following on from the various tours we escorted overseas. The out of the way locations of these prisons were made possible by "Coby" which led us to wonder, did spirit know that this opportunity would manifest in advance and that transport with accommodation would be required?

Realisation: These guys, inside for life have blessed us with an understanding that no matter our differences; who we are, what we have done, what colour or religious beliefs we hold we are truly brothers in humanity. We have discovered so much humility and grace in men who have every reason to rail against their circumstances and Law of Attraction.

Our relationship lasts to this day, over ten years with regular exchange of letters two or three times a year and even now as I write, the undertaking by the inmates themselves working with Living Values Distance materials. The original groups that we met at Solidaridad, continue to form the core group even though many are now in different prisons throughout California. Over the years others, some we have never met have been attracted to join us and share our mutual journeys of awakening.



CHAPTER 31

ChristConsciousness

Drawn from the editorial archives "Way of the Heart" 2007. Forming a perfect insight into the ever changing journey we are all on.

It's so easy to get stuck in a rut, to overlook new possibilities and to resist opening up. I am guilty of denying such an impulse exactly one year ago when I had the inspiration to rename the Journal, yes, again! and to embrace the expansion of new material, of inviting new writers with fresh perspectives and thereby creating wider readership. I have no excuse for the delay.

Obviously I was not ready, and the desire only a glimmer, the timing not quite perfect. Now, after a major prompting from another spiritual teacher, Padma I am feeling an urgency and a need to open in all areas of my life, it feels like something that has long been in the wind has now landed. The dynamic of the new title "*CHRIST CONSCIOUSNESS* "- *Way of the Heart*" is a positive statement and defines exactly that Path we are all seeking.

I don't believe that anywhere will you have seen anything like this bold new magazine with a purpose that: speaks out on profound spiritual matters, offers clear direction of the highest perspective, brings together the spiritual family of the Christ Mind, is unfettered by the influence of non-aligned advertisers and is positioned outside of the bounds of traditional religious dogma and structure.

It is for those who resonate to the Christ Mind and the Christ Teachings. This publication is a magnet to draw together lovers of the Christ from all over the world, extending the reader into greater awareness and awakening and to be a high quality publication you are proud to share as being representative of your own journey into Higher Consciousness.

No better timing could have been envisioned for the new look Journal and a name, that symbolically means a shift into a new and greater holon for us. "*Now we begin!*"

"Christ Consciousness", the words are already working their magic on me. This concept is found throughout "*A Course in Miracles*", is embodied by Earnest Holmes in "*Science of Mind*", is the foundation of Charles Fillmore's Unity church and the basis for all New Thought teachings, and explicitly invites us on every page of Jeshua's "*Way of*" teachings. Extolled as humanity's purpose in almost every religion, Christ Consciousness became the sole focus of this Journal.

We are now moving into a place where there is no excuse for not embracing this State of Being.

I know that for me and I am sure, for many of you reading this, it is time to move beyond the need of support from all form of relationships and worldly belongings, teachings, beliefs and ideologies. It is time to find ourselves and if there is any specific direction to this publication it is simply that: Time to become empowered, to look beyond the form of all things for the real gift that each form offers - the Context, dict: "*the situation within which something exists or happens,*" and that can help explain it.

What does that mean? I now realise that when I receive, draw to me something new, an idea, a belief, another way, or another's way of looking at something, another's story, spiritual ho-ha, if I identify and engage myself with it, I have literally 'saddled' myself. The form of experience is the message, yet the value for me lies not in the form of the 'message' but how I feel while I am receiving the message. I realise that every issue, person, circumstance is in my life only for the purpose of reflecting to me my own guilt, shame, judgment, attachment, or the extent of my Love as I evolve to my willingness to be Christ Conscious and surrendered into God.

When I experience no clench, no need to react or respond, the circumstance loses its power and simply dissolves away. It is my very 'lack' of consciousness, dict: "to be aware of the existence or presence," which requires me to become embroiled in circumstance, join another in their belief, their story or their dysfunction because I am not whole in myself. Seeking always for wholeness I will bind myself to whatever is presented. Form is my ego's only focus and playground and as I become the witness to each and every response in myself I can uncover and choose to utilise each circumstance as an opportunity to open myself to love and greater expansion.

When I identify, I miss spaciousness and peace. It is very uncomfortable, painful even to let go of the very reference points to the identity, denying that with which I have become familiar. This pain should give me the clue, the key being to ask, "*who is uncomfortable?*" Just as you cannot sail a boat with the sails up while still tied to the dock, true freedom only comes from floating free with no strings attached.

I see how much of myself I have given away in the guise of being helpful. How easily I fall into the trap of doing too much, trying to be there for everybody, joining them. What a great ego trip that is! I liken my own experience to the devout Catholic who cannot allow himself to accept contraception and ceaselessly goes on producing children, while he loves his creations passionately, he also knows they will inevitably overwhelm him, to say nothing of the wife he loves.

All my creations; the Journal, the tours, the events, the workshops and '*naturally*' endless opportunities to be in support of others are continuously being presented to me, to which up to now I have been unable to say, "*No*". There really is nothing outside of me, I am the very one drawing them to me! I witness how I sabotage myself being unable to properly support these creations and I am certainly not fulfilling their potential or my own. The ten years of publishing this Journal is a prime example.

As I now witness the ego's enthusiasm each time it hooks and reels me in I see how this completely addictive behaviour is not benefiting where I want to be or my own growth. It's my time to learn to say, "No". To take time for myself, to focus on my own growth and my own 'work' on what I have to offer.

Suzanne, being much more intuitive than me has seen the writing on her wall for some time and has retreated to Bali for a few months respite. Now it's my turn to accept the challenge, to let opportunities slip by and refocus my attention on what is truly important to me, primarily this publication and the benefit it can offer to you, the reader. Letting go of my tight hold on the reins and inviting greater participation and interaction is the first step.

This is where the Guest Editor concept of the new look Journal comes in. Padma, our instigator and first Guest Editor leads off with the perfect title, "*The Second Coming*", Glenda Green who wrote the very popular book, "*Love Without End*", her encounter with Jeshua and the "*Keys of Jeshua*" is our next editor in line and like each editor in the future, Glenda will bring a new and exciting vibrant flavour to the Journal. We have invited our friend, Michael Beckwith to take the reins of the last issue for 2007 and take us into the magic of 2008.

Now that the September and October tours with Patti Cota Robles in the Mediterranean and France and Jayem's three destination Egypt, Israel and Turkey Pilgrimage, our two big events for this year, are almost fully booked and most of the time consuming administrative aspects dealt with, I can turn my attention to bringing this amazing publication to a much wider readership and fulfill the dream to create unity and a cohesive force among all those who hold Christ Mind as their Path.

Suzanne and I find our passion hosting transformative Retreats. This year, Bali in July with the theme "*How Deep Are You Willing to Go*" and in Sedona, USA in November - "*Opening to the Higher Power - what on Earth is holding me Back?*" Two great questions which, in sharing exquisite locations with like-minded people and common desire provide us with the perfect vehicle to open up, clearing our own persona debris faster than anything else we do and enjoy your own 'shifts' with us?

And speaking of opening up and shifts, I have had so much growth and pleasure from completing my own book about my early adventures with an antique sailboat called "*Rainbow*" on an ocean voyage. The writing of it revealed to me the previously hidden beginnings of my spiritual journey with "*Rainbow Goes To Sea*" leading to its natural conclusion of encouraging me to open up to another book and to share the adventure of Suzanne and my spiritual journey of miracles together over the past ten years. The epilogue in "*Rainbow*" paves the way for the rest of the story and what a tale it is! True and unembellished, it may be a signpost for others, a personal invitation to dive into trust and passion, to open and allow miracles and become the witness to another way of life that is available to us all.

On that last note, I can really encourage anyone passionate about writing a book to do so. If the book never becomes a best seller or even sells one copy, the sheer delight of witnessing that internal voice being given a chance to speak is awesome. As I have discovered it is a wonderful expression of self and no matter the subject, the book takes on a life of its own. It's really a magical experience.

As we go into "Christ Consciousness" together, we welcome you to the new Journal, enjoying your participation and companionship - friends of the heart experiencing a whole new facet of 'The Journey' together.

Author's note:

How interesting this book of experiences is being written finally now in 2016. As I read what was shared 11 years ago I am embarrassed that although changes have occurred for me I am still very much 'a work in progress' and maybe that is how it will be forever.

Maybe it is just a Journey without end, into Infinity, not even pausing at death of the body but carrying on through the multitudinous levels of the Spirit World, maybe I'll let you know.

That new book, by the way is almost done – "Much More Than I Bargained For" starts where "Rainbow Goes To Sea" finished and is this man's journey into the

World of Spirit and Love for God.

Somewhere in all of this....

"Raj" explained: Along the way in one of the many channeled sessions we encountered an 'energy' that came through introducing himself as "Rajpur". Years later at a "Way of the Heart" workshop in Noosa, as the facilitator I gave over, in complete trust, the workshop to spirit and was astounded at the result.

During the course of the week with no preparation everything transpired in perfect synchronicity, everything needed for the group was given to me. The first question directed at the circle was to introduce themselves by a name different to the one they used but felt attracted to in this moment and to use that new identity during the workshop.

Last to share, I blurted out "Raj" and from that time on many in the group became know by their new name, including myself. Pretty close to "Rog" short for Roger. It stuck.



CHAPTER 32

An Ashram in Bali

Editorial taken from "*Way of the Heart*" 2006

The room is lit only by candles; the voice of Jayem embraces my mind and soothes me. He is speaking of the opportunity for spaciousness in our 24 hour Shabbat period, Friday evening until Saturday evening where I will rest and allow God and Holy Spirit to have dominance over that ego mind that usually keeps me so busy. This weekly ritual is a feature of life at the Bali ashram.

As I drop deeper into the feeling that is welling up, I cast a glance back over the expression I chose, was given to me - the energy I had agreed to live in during the past week - '*Delicious Expansion*' and what occurred for me as a result. For this 24 hour Shabbat period, the word, '*Wonder*' came up and I look back upon the orchestrations of Holy Spirit as circumstances and people changed and opportunities appeared as if by magic all around me. Delicious indeed! New words are coming now for the coming week, I seek to quiet them - it is not time yet I say, and still I know everything is linked - '*To live and experience beyond my wildest expectations*', and in that moment I am so deeply ashamed.

I am ashamed at my smallness, my limitation of God flowing out through me. For an instance I feel so deeply how much of a conduit I could be were I to be unrestricted, uncontrolled, willing to really let myself go. And as I touch that feeling all of this past week unrolls before me like rewinding a video, apparently unrelated sequence after sequence showing me in different guises my own story of limitation. I am so humbled. With intense humility I clearly see God's wish for me and I see how often my reluctance to allow all that is possible, to occur through me.

We found ourselves in Sanggingan, Ubud, Bali, at the end of Patti's Bali tour, the people safely departed homeward. Days before I had '*seen*' Suzanne and I in quiet refuge for a month before returning to Australia. We discovered, or were led to "*Sunrise Villas*", a collection of traditional Bali style two storey villas cascading down the steep hillside above the Campuhan River.

I asked if there was a pool, "*At the bottom*" was the reply from the pretty Balinese lady showing us the though the empty property, "*Would you like to see?*", through beautiful gardens we descend 96 steps, to discover the large infinity pool hidden from sight by beautiful foliage and just some nine flagstones distant is 'my' villa, like the pool also overhanging the gorge, the rushing water far below, exactly as I had been shown.

"*How does this happen?*" I wonder. By then it wasn't a matter of cost but still surprised

when the month rental was only \$1,250 just \$40 a night for the three storey villa with two complete self-contained, serviced apartments, including breakfast brought to us each morning and the rooms serviced daily.

Our friend, Jayem in India was wondering where to go next when our message reached him of our find in Bali. He had been looking at Thailand but there were no flights and the travel agent had been urging him to consider going to Bali. Three days later he arrived, moving into our upstairs unit.

One evening Jayem, Suzanne and myself are returning from our little local restaurant, "Toko Toko's" which lies almost directly across the street where we had been having fun playing with the concept of creating an 'ashram' in Bali for the "Way of Heart" people.

As we walked back to the almost hidden doorway leading to the resort steps we see a dejected figure sitting on the gutter, it is the owner of the villas. We sit beside him on the road. "What's wrong, you look so sad" I ask Made, he looks up and almost in tears explains his plight of trying to run a small hotel after the bombing when both governments of America and Australia, Bali's primary source of tourists, have declared Bali as too dangerous for travel and abruptly caused all bookings to the island be cancelled, probably to the delight of Thailand and Vietnam, Bali's closest tropical competitors.

I ask what his normal villa occupancy would have been at that time, and did quick mental calculations based on what we were paying and with 'tongue in cheek' asked if he would be interested in leasing the entire property on a 40% occupancy basis including his staff for a year with right of renewal at the same rate for a further two years, cash payment annually in advance. Made became animated very quickly, his face betrayed the cloud lifting with both his personal and financial freedom at hand. By next morning we had an agreement and found ourselves the proud 'owners' of a hotel, now an ashram in Bali.

Realisation: When you are in the right space, manifestation doesn't take long.

It took little time at all to sub-lease the villas with upfront payment for a year that covered the rent, Jayem had both a home and place to offer his teachings, the "Way of Mastery". We helped with promotion of the activities in the Journal which were then being received by a growing number of people attracted to the "Way of the Heart" and Jeshua's messages.

Our villa remained our Bali escape home for five years, the ashram an awesome hide-away exclusively for 'Friends of the Heart' all like-minded people. When we were not there it was rented to others who wanted to enjoy this pristine and beautiful retreat environment.

How glibly I have used the expressions, "Edging God Out" in describing the ego, or the action of "Slapping God in the Face" without ever truly feeling the depths of pain that surround the recognition of the truth that these words hold, what it means to deliberately

choose to be against God, the Universe, the Force or Whatever's desire for me. I realise that if I am not for something, then I am against it!

Wow, how could I be so restricted? I asked for '*Delicious Expansion*', I received fully, and I drop into wonder as miracle after miracle unfolds in perfection and yet I remain separate, an onlooker almost, a witness to the magnificence yet still not part of It, like a visitor to an exhibition, not a participant at all which was my REAL purpose. Oh, how could I have been so blind not to see and feel the calling that has been waiting for me?

The current issue, so aptly named, "*Passion of Christ*" is exactly what I/we are being called to feel. Certainly I now feel that passion rising in me as I see the vast potential that could be real-ised through me. There is nothing for me to do, it is just ALL done through me, I have never done anything, I see that too, every apparent accomplishment, every success in my life occurred only because for a moment I dropped my guard and allowed God to pour through before, in fearfulness of That power, I slam the door shut lest I cannot control it. A hard fact to accept but I know it to be true, I have done this all my life.

As I ponder, memory flashes come to mind, times past that I am often anxious to share that were tough when suddenly breakthrough; shortages of money and then magically, abundance. Life stress and despair followed by blinding opportunities, relationship struggle then perfect unity and companionship. Every single example demonstrating nothing more than my opening occurring in the moment of my desperation when I couldn't fix the problem and let go, and I allowed God's Love to burst through. Not miracles at all, just the way it is on that side of the 'curtain'.

In the past year in particular I have been shown how it is when I have no attachment, Bali Outreach vs. our business. I see demonstrated over and over the magic of the Flow in the Bali adventure, a continuous stream of miracles unfolding and potential difficulties evaporating in front of us. While the business too enjoys flow, it is not of the same quality or frequency and I notice the difference. Bali is effortless manifestation, ours is self-reliance.

It can only be myself who pulls away from God. God is already here expressing through me to the degree that I choose how much of That One I will allow out. I am 100% responsible for every moment when I choose to control the flow of Love into the world.

If I don't allow Love out, the only other option I have must be fear. Am I willing to truly look God in the face and acknowledge what I have done and what I do? How do I apologise to God? Must I fall on my knees and ask forgiveness?

The words came quick, words I have seen and heard a hundred times and never really embraced, '*Now, we begin!*' No, I don't have to do anything except to '*feel*' my verwhelming

denial of my Father's Love for me and choose again. *My Father does not judge, My Father does not know guilt, My Father does not even know forgiveness, My Father knows only Love.*

If you haven't guessed yet, this is seriously BIG for me and I write in the moment. The question only remains, "*Will I change now, will I let go?*" Will means my desire, is this then truly my will? Can I do this? Am I ready? These are bloody HUGE questions and I am amazed at the fear that they unleash!

Tomorrow, I go into this coming week with '*To live and experience beyond my wildest expectations*'. Let us see what unravels if I hold true to that.....

And so it is in Bali where I write this, we are in that week and still I am unfolding. First again in LovesBreath sessions when I feel the depth of my being and then as my '*story*' unfolds more for me and I know that I am being called to move to another '*holon*', another step on the Christ Path.

At morning Darshan, I face the truth of my core issue - that moment when first the '*pulse*' occurs in which I am propelled to move to the '*world*' in response to some deep fear rather than to the spaciousness of the '*Kingdom*', to love and peace.

Like an addiction, the '*pulse*', that which I have come to associate with the spark of life, excitement, is in truth just my ego mind grabbing me and pulling me into doing, making, pushing! Swimming upstream in struggle, rather than floating downstream in ease with the current. Why would I even entertain the idea? It is nothing more than patterned behaviour - an ancient birth experience where I was forced to push and fight to get out of the womb and now that pattern after 60 odd years is ingrained so deep. "*How can I choose anew?*", and "*How long will I take?*" I am so disappointed in me.

Note to the reader: *Here I am sitting at 4am once again overlooking the rice fields in Bali. Ten years have elapsed since I wrote this editorial, I am amazed, ashamed even for it differs little to the same words I used last night with Wayan, our co-founder in Karuna Bali.*

How could I have not 'got it', in all that time you might ask and my only excuse if it could be called that is that my 'façade' tragically is infinitely stronger and more embedded than I could have conceived. It was never about believing for there is no doubt in my mind back then and now that I know the Truth, that has not changed, I realise I knew it even long before writing the article but that does not matter.

Knowing is still in the mind, the 'façade's accomplice, the only thing that can help make a change is to feel every aspect of the little self I have created in fear of 'my safety', and which I have clearly not done or change would be apparent, and most likely none of this book would have been written for it would have all been unnecessary.

I wonder still "How long will I take?"

CHAPTER 33

Manifesting is not done by me, it's done for me!

How does all this manifestation come about – Chance? Luck?

Being in the right place at the right time? I still don't know the exact formulae, but I can say what does work is the dedication of a small group of motivated people in love with life and a fervent desire to be of service and to assist others in their growth and awakening and who keep opening to "Yes" when anything is offered, and that is how the next stage is unfolding.....Where does anything have its true beginning?

October, 2005....All aboard! I was busy counting heads and surprised to see all the passengers fixated on something occurring at the front of the big hotel where we had been staying for a week, the courtyard was filling with dozens of Balinese from various hotel departments and surrounding the bus, they held banners, they waved and smiled, the Balinese always smile! Then I noticed some crying. What was going on? This very large hotel had many tours like ours.

The driver turned to explain, *"They didn't tell you? They are honouring the group for your courage to come – you are the last tour group. Throughout all Bali every other tour has cancelled."*

And hereby begins a perfect manifestation story. May I share with you this amazing unfolding tale that demonstrates what happens when we step out of 'our world' for a moment and allow Spirit to inform us and if we allow, to carry us along in the Flow?

It was just after the last Bali bombing in late 2005 we were witness to the economic distress caused through the US and Australian governments actively communicating the potential danger and risks of vacationing in Bali, supporting fear and thus wreaking havoc on the local economy. The hotels empty, shops with no sales, taxis idle by the roadside and staff throughout being dismissed and national morale of these beautiful giving people at an all-time low.

Following the departure of our group, Suzanne and I stayed on and came to know many youngsters who opened their hearts to us, sharing their personal difficulties of a life disrupted through no cause of their own. Ill-equipped to deal with this drastic collapse in their economy and having all opportunity in tourism and related industries withdrawn, they felt they had no future and held no hope.

Suz and I hit upon the simple idea of sponsoring a few young waitresses and taxi drivers offering them the chance to expand their horizons through being taught how to use the computer, simple programs like Word and Excel, to access the internet and how to communicate with the world via email.

Quickly becoming friends with Wayan who was running the Internet café at Toko's restaurant and guest house in the 'posh' part of the cultural town of Ubud, we watched as these guys amazed us. For \$20 each we were rewarded magnificently and inspired by their natural ability and enthusiasm. As a result we decided to formalise our sponsorship of a small computer and English language 'school' for up to 12 young Balinese students.

A few months passed and on our next trip to Bali we were discussing where to put our 12 potential students as the café was too small and the students were interfering with the returning tourists now wanting to use the internet cafe. Toko, the Balinese owner who is a walking demonstration of how the world could be, offered to convert his garage for \$1,500 to a classroom where we could have full time classes. This was exciting...and he offered it rent free. I could see Wayan was interested, but did we really want to go that far?

Then as we chatted about the door and lighting required, Toko said, *"Of course, if you could pay to finish the incomplete top two floors of this building, I spent all the finance I had allocated to the building keeping my whole staff employed during the recession. I will give you that rent free for 5 years!"*

There was no top floor, just a huge expanse of flat roof. *"How much do you need?"* I asked. *"Around US\$25,000 would complete it."* Toko replied.

How did we get here from \$20? yet in reality not that much to provide eight classrooms, office, and a significant meeting area. From our 12 students we could go to 260 students a year. Was that achievable? Could I stretch my mind? I should have known then that I was being carried along on the beginning of what has morphed from drip, to trickle, to fast flowing river.

Pondering the possibilities, I walked back to the retreat I was attending. Washing hands and in conversation with a man next to me whom I did not know, I mentioned what had occurred. His response was immediate, *"Do you really want to do that?"* Well, that took me back and I had to seriously consider the potential responsibilities. It didn't take long before I heard myself say, *"Yes, I really do!"* then to

my amazement he said immediately, *"Let me pay for that building project and you make that classroom idea of yours into a College".* Just like that.

At lunch, I returned with my new benefactor, the owner of an Australian Brisbane based company, to share with Toko and Wayan what had transpired. They were overwhelmed to discover so much support and so fast. When I asked Wayan if he could make it work, he told me that we were fulfilling his greatest dream and that he was born for this opportunity to give back to others for all the support he had received in his life. In less than five months it is done!



February, 2007, and Suzanne and I were standing in the Sanginggan street. The hammers



had fallen quiet at Toko's, sawdust and the usual accompanying builders' debris has long since removed. Bali comes alive in the early morning. Water drips from the blossoming flowerboxes that surround the windows of the upper floors of the building which host the classrooms of the Campuhan College, and our magnificent carved teak doors stand open letting sunlight and fresh air stream through the building. There are only three or four motor scooters in the front yard and the

stillness pervades, yet soon many more scooters with our students will start arriving into the courtyard as morning lessons begin and the College will come alive. I can't believe it!

I was right on the spot to witness the unfolding, spontaneity, speed, and transformation of a 'little idea' into a magnificent dream that has become an ever expanding reality, and all the while I have been in the middle playing just like "*Alice in Wonderland*" watching as it unfolded so magically.

Let me share with you where this has all taken us - since that day we opened the doors to Campuhan College over 250 young high school graduates from financially challenged families have received our full one year scholarship to the Leadership, Communications and Values education programs even gaining experience in multimedia programs creating values-based educational films to help others less fortunate. On graduation, they are assured of jobs that pay three times that of their peers and a future that their unique personal skills will always be in high demand. This gift comes to each of them from international sponsors who pay \$1,200 for their one year scholarship.

Also each year more than 850 young people, take the three month fast English learning curriculum that give them more versatility in choosing better jobs. We have special training programs in Values Education for teachers from State Schools supported by the Department of Education.

Each week our 24 full time Leadership students participate sharing their own learning experience and knowledge with young rural village children in a 'giveback' outreach program called "EduCare". Local Ubud High schools send their grade 10 and 11 students to improve their speaking English and learn about teambuilding and personal development, things they cannot access in the State run school.

Karuna Bali Foundation is established as an Indonesian non-profit foundation, the team of twenty two dedicated faculty and administrative people all focused with a mandate to "reduce poverty through education" and yet we do it very differently from most - our anagram for Bali is "*Bringing Alive Love's Inspiration*" and it's all about values, not teaching or curriculum based education per se.

Our focus has been to create a learning program with the priority around love, self-esteem, and personal development. Imagine reaching into any community with that exciting and radical message!

This is history in the making over 8 years, what I call manifestation and being in the 'Flow'. Every single aspect came to us without drama or chaos. As need appears, synchronistically the solution is offered; this is just the beginning of a story that has now overflowed into our own lives and on into Australia.

How does all this manifestation come about? Chance maybe, or Luck? Being in the right place at the right time? I still don't know the exact formulae, but I can say what does work is the dedication of a small group of motivated people in love with life and a fervent desire to be of service and to assist others in their growth and awakening and who keep opening to "Yes" when anything is offered, and that is how the next stage is unfolding.....

Last year, in recognition of its enthusiasm for values-based education Karuna Bali Foundation attracted the attention of Living Values Education, an international program in 50 countries. It subsequently received Associate status responsible for the expansion of the program into the islands and almost 300 million people of Indonesia.

Today that program is now well underway training school teachers, professors in Universities in many locations throughout Indonesia in Values education techniques.

It was through this involvement that Suz and I became accredited LVE facilitators and received first-hand experience of the amazing potential of the program. In July 2009, upon receiving our accreditation, we enthusiastically offered our services to the then Living Values organisation in Australia. "How can we help?" we asked.

"You are the ONLY facilitators in Australia. What ideas do you have?"

Taking a deep breath, I set down some broad concepts for how this well established program might be introduced nationally into our Australian community. Within one day and three emails we found ourselves suddenly nominated for the position of the new Australian 'Focal Point', responsible for the development of the Living Values Education Program for Australia taking over from UNESCO APNIEVE Australia Inc (Asia Pacific Network for International Education and Values Education).

As you can imagine, by now we are very aware of the magnitude of this river we somehow stepped into just a few years earlier. What is this key to manifestation? Clearly, one would have to be to forget trying to get anything. This is about what I can give, not what I can get. I've had it backwards for so many years.

Here is the exciting bit. Although Living Values was structured and designed with the education of children in mind through its early UNESCO connection, our consistent experience so far has been that everyone, no matter what age, gender profession, culture

or status in life, uniformly seems to benefit in a uniquely simple yet profound way from opening to these 12 intrinsic human values: *Love, Peace, Respect, Tolerance, Co-Operation, Humility, Honesty, Simplicity, Responsibility, Happiness, Freedom, Unity.*

These values, when applied in personal life, in families, working relationships, business or social circumstances create immediate change, benefiting everyone and is most noticeable in behavior patterns that centre on respect for one another, expressions of kindness, acceptance, responsibility, honesty and integrity, facilitating easy co-operation at all levels. Struggle falls away and life becomes simple, peaceful and relaxed, and the great thing about this program is that it offers people who truly care the opportunity to become facilitators, thereby empowering them to be the ones that make a difference.

So what's different about this program? Probably, the major point of difference between this and other human development programs is the first axiom, that Living Values cannot be taught, it can only be caught! As facilitators we are trained to facilitate, not teach. To draw out, not add to or put in.

The foundation of the Program is that it acknowledges as its first premise that these values are intrinsic to all beings, and the program has been meticulously designed by many of the world's foremost educators to create a nurturing space that naturally draws out what is already inherent within each one of us. Once again, it has all been done for us.

We love Living Values, its fun, interactive and experiential. It is about feelings and emotions rather than mind intelligence gathering. It suits every age group because at our basic nature we are emotional beings.

Discovering our true qualities is a joy, which once found and owned, is an easy next step to embrace and develop what comes naturally, especially when it is so apparent that it attracts peace and flow in all aspects of our life. The Law of Attraction does the rest.

With training in the subtle delivery of values activities anyone can be a LVE facilitator. Just imagine being given the mandate to care for an exciting and established program supported at the highest level, implemented in some 3,000 sites, schools, hospices, businesses, non-government organisations and communities in both western and developing nations, with its international headquarters based in Geneva.

As facilitators we are individuals working as a collective team sharing experience and programs under guidance from the organisation. Our income is derived from a percentage of whatever is received by way of donation or payment for the facilitator's activity and, while workshops can easily be applied through teachers and schools, we feel it has vital application for all people who interact with others, parents, nurses, police, social welfare workers, counselors and therapists and sales-oriented commercial organisations, real estate, hotels, restaurants, banks, coffee shops, retail outlets, supermarket staff, etc.

All starting from a small idea to be of help, here we are sitting once again at the forefront of 'we know not what'! From what I have seen so far I truly believe practicing and extending real values can occur face to face wherever anyone interacts with others, with the potential to change the quality of our daily life experience. Where can this all go?

What if even the first three primary values of peace, love and respect become synonymous with the Australian culture, demonstrating a world standard in how we treat one another regardless of race, colour, age or gender?

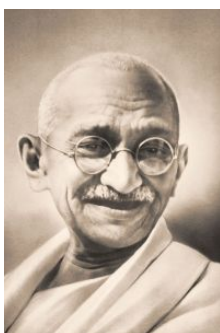
Living Values offers a service-oriented vocation that provides income within a structured, respected, internationally recognised organisation that is already delivering amazing results in many nations world-wide. It is simple and straightforward, with all the materials provided an including a full training program.

The most recent development is the creation of a "*Distance Living Values Home Study Program*" that offers the 12 core values demonstrated in practical modules, each with a different activity. A Distance Program that can be done at home either alone or in small study groups, offering fun and interactivity for anyone who wants to foster a dynamic of peace, love and respect.

It is now being made available to all the Living Values organisations around the world for use, modified slightly to suit their own particular application and needs.

Even that concept is taking on a life of its own as it starts to be introduced into the prisons of California where you will remember we have friends who are starting small study groups behind the walls.

What an amazing life this is!



Mahatma Gandhi said,

" We but mirror the world. All the tendencies present in the world are to be found in the world of our body. If we could change ourselves the tendencies in the world would also change. As a man changes his own nature, so does the attitude of the world change towards him.

This is the Divine mystery supreme. A wonderful thing it is and the source of our happiness. We need not wait to see what others do."



CHAPTER 34

The 'Wow' Factor

Drawn from "Way of the Heart" 2007 editorial archives

Since we first conceived the title for this particular issue of the Journal I have been contemplating the by-line - *"What on Earth am I waiting for?"*

I have been trying to place the blockage in me that keeps me from just plain dropping in and trusting implicitly that everything is perfect and that God is working through me. Just in this moment of writing I realise the essence of my resistance, I am terrified of that power, my power!

What if I truly *'let go'*? I lose all opportunity to be the victim, to be at the effect of the world and I have to recognise absolutely that I am the cause of everything, and that I have always been and always will be. Talk about responsibility! Now you may think that in this *'work'*, in this extraordinary life I lead, that all this would be obvious, not so. The deeper or closer I get to the truth, the more subtle become the games I play. I realise that if I accept 100% responsibility for my life, I engage a power source that is not mine but of which I Am and in so doing all I create will be magnified by that power. Do I really want to go that far? That fast?

Ahhh! The crux of my question then becomes, *"Do I want to go that far?"* So many people, friends of the Heart who are on this same path as me say, *"I am not ready yet to give it all up!"*, *"I am not ready yet to stop enjoying the world!"*, and ask, *"Can't I play a little longer?"*

What is it that we think we are going to lose, miss out on? At what point does opening to God become so desirable that the world can fade into insignificance to a point where I will just *'Let Go'* willingly. Why do I have to wait until something forces me out of my comfort zone? When did I last call on an angel or whatever greater aspect I look up to just to say, *"Hello and thanks for being there"* No, the only time I ask for help is after I have failed trying once again, *'to do it for myself or my way'*. Why can't I just stop trying to make things happen the way I want them to?

As I write this the 2007 year is about to begin. So, I ask myself, *"Is Now the Time?"* What if I start the year off with a new way of Being. What if I drop the little *'me'* and move into allowing God to flow through me and truly become that *"Servant of God"*. What if everything I demonstrate from now on becomes an expressing of that Mystery? What truly do I have to lose?

I might lose my FEAR of the Father's power and by extension, fear of That power which will come to me, The essence of that fear lies in my questions, *"Am I worthy, am I capable, am I to be trusted?"* I cannot know the answer to these questions, I can however

make the turning of them over to God my very first action and let That One decide and show me where to go from there.

How Love flows into my heart, something inside is stirring, awakening even as I write this. I notice that I have touched a cord, pulled on the bell rope to my soul and expressed a desire to move further, deeper into the truth of who I am. I like this sensation. It feels warm and fuzzy, a little hollow in the solar plexus, some nervous flutters deep in the belly. Thoughts come quickly, *"Have I overstepped the mark, am I sure that I want this?"* Another one arises, a different vein, *"We can always pull back if it gets too hot"*, who is 'we', where did that come from, and too hot for whom, I wonder?

I am getting the impetus to change the form of the editorial now, go back to something less personal, explain something to the readers and to stop sharing this process less I be judged. Interesting to witness the discord, this is great stuff! It's amazing, there is really 'someone' here who is quite concerned about where all this going. So let's keep pushing the envelope, oh, another thought, we (note the 'we' again!) don't have to print this, it's just a typing exercise. Well, what if I did let it go as the editorial? So what, maybe it is what my friends out there want me to share. If I can't share with these ones who are on the same path then who indeed?

And so the process goes. Yes, I do want to experience that ever present and supporting Flow. That is my 'God' - that indefinable Mystery that is Everything, All That Is. It is the very flow itself, not as I had previously assumed, the river, not even the water, not even the current; it is the dynamic of the Flow. That it how It gets to be in everything. That is why I cannot ever be separate from It even if I pretend. Imagine the water or the river believing it was everything and attempting to make its own way to the sea. Without the Flow it actually becomes a stagnant lake and that is exactly what I am when I refuse to acknowledge God as my Flow and that I Am in That. Once I move into allowing this recognition - it will come to me and then I start to move as I have never moved before. The Flow is me. And that which was the lake suddenly becomes a living vibrant flowing force in harmony with all things, and as that I Am at one.

You know, I truly have no excuse! If you have read the account of Suz and my journey from September to December Bali - Israel, to Sinai, to France, to America and back to Oz you will have read how many times we touched that Flow, how often we allowed ourselves to be led in absolute trust into circumstances and where we

were, in every single instance, held in the palm of Grace - perfect occurrences, perfect outcomes, perfect blessings with never a doubt from one moment to the next. So, if I have already tasted the nectar of the wine that comes from being at One and know it to be available to me, I truly can have no reason or excuse not to remain there.

In the last few weeks I have discovered the "WOW Factor" - maybe I should copyright this quickly. It's that moment when you realise that something 'extra-ordinary' has happened - like when I received an email a few minutes ago from Wayan in Bali telling

me excitedly that the new Bali Outreach sign had just been affixed to the College gates. I say, "Wow!" which I did and I automatically smile and.....something previously not connected, connects in me like the moment as a phone is answered.

I know that "WOW!" brings me directly into the Flow (that which I know as God) and that I am in it up to the eyeballs for as long as the wonder of "WOW!" stays with me. As that feeling dissolves so I slide back into my more resistant nature - you know the one you used to have that wanted to be 'right' and 'do things its way'.

The WOW! factor - its all about staying right there in Wowland. Maybe I'll write a best seller called "*The Power of Wow!*" sort of a non- intellectual idea of "*The Power of Now*".

This is how the shift will finally occur for me - from being in the world with all it's drama and intrigue, the pain and suffering and at the effect of something outside of me pushing me around and then to seeing God in everything, witnessing it, embracing it en-joying it. Maybe at first I only touch that magical space every now and again marveling in the feeling that comes from being in the Flow that carries me along.

Yet it will grow because as I make space, allow, it becomes more forceful, invited and I slip into that feeling of being at One in that Space all the time, to be in the world but not of it, then witnessing in wonder, those moment when I make a choice to drop out of Grace and touch again the effect of the world.

WOW! That is the interesting experience. Like leaving a comfortable home and going out to a cold restaurant and bad meal - you can't wait to get back home again and you wonder why you ever thought of going out.

It's all tied up in my perception of course - how will I see - it or IT? And will I choose for the Good, the Holy and the Beautiful? Jeshua calls it, "*being the extension of love in form*" because that is exactly what it feels like - that Flow - boy, I sure know when I am in it and I certainly know the difference when I choose to drop

out of It. And you know what? I am the only one who can decide where to place my focus and, when I will choose to make that shift.

So, back to the first question, "*What on Earth am I waiting for?*" NO- THING! Here I am hanging on the edge of this New Year - a blank canvas on which I can write my own script or shall I choose to see what God has in store for me? I know the answer this time and I will, "Let Go' and let it all unravel. Sure Suz and I have plans but they will only manifest if they are the Will of God and now all I have to do is pay attention to what I am being shown and guided to. Isn't that more fun than gambling, pushing and shoving to make it happen?

Would you like to play together in the New World? - I've already started and yes, the water is warm - come on in!

CHAPTER 35

The Fog Lifts

Drawn from the 2008 Journal editorial archives

Today, it's time to write my editorial for this issue - as I awoke this morning the 'fog' of the last couple of weeks continues. Total confusion about myself, my beliefs, this so called 'spiritual journey', the validity of all I do, or what I don't, who is doing or got it right or not, which teacher is best, whose modality for healing really works. Am I alone? I think not, anyway here is how it started for me

David Hoffmeister's Retreat in Noosa, while being a great all round experience left me feeling strangely 'uncomfortable' in my discovery that I was really in joy of my life! How can I feel 'uncomfortable' about that you might ask? To be working in this mysterious field, where I can freely share my truth and that of others with people, to be a connector benefiting many through bringing 'family' together, my travels and the variety of teachers I get to meet and play with, the never ending stream of adventures that colour the pages of my life. All really great and then, wham, I realize that I am seriously attached to it! No, I mean really attached to it and desperate that it doesn't go away or change. I'm as stuck as the man desperately attached to his brand new BMW or the French poodle or the grand children!

Smug in the thought that I had resolved most of the 'letting go' stuff, I now discover how neatly the ego had boxed me into 'owning' something as simple as 'my life' or how about this even?.....'my desire to give and be helpful', I realize that my enjoyment is conditional on my behavior and making sure that the status quo does not change. So where is the freedom in that? I realize that approval from others still affects what I do and how I do it. No chance of thinking or being myself for better or worse. I discover I am reluctant of taking a leap for fear of loss or rejection. No flow, no spontaneity, no self-love, no self-worth. *Hello! Its wakey wakey time!*

This discovery led me to realizing the need to be fully vulnerable, to drop considering how others would have me be. Suz actually said it best this week in a realization that she had, when she said the only option was to 'fall in love with myself'. While we are ever dependent on anyone or anything outside no matter how spiritual or altruistic it may appear we are 'shutting God out'.

"Give it all to God and keep not one thing for yourself" is often spoken of, yet this can be very difficult. I remember asking, at a table gathering of a group in Noosa, who wanted to be truly awakened in this lifetime? Everyone hands shot up, when I then

asked if they were willing to let go of the value they placed on everything and as we ticked off the car, the house, the grandchildren, the money, the relationship, the super,

still some holding in there, but when we got to beliefs and values gradually all our hands came down. It's real tough this willing to be fully vulnerable.

I have a friend, several in fact, who live right on the economic edge, some not even knowing where the rent will come from this week, some where they will sleep each night and remarkably, they are still able to stay in that space of complete openness and trust that they will be provided for, and they always are. Surely if they can do that, so can I.

It doesn't mean I have to commit economic *'hari-kari'*, but it does mean that I do have to cease doing things that will protect me and keep me safe.

That moment of realization where I saw I was still playing it safe in so many aspects of my life must have started the chain reaction of unraveling. One morning, I sat in conversation with Pania when all of a sudden I was aware of myself pushing on a membrane, best description I can find, I felt as if I was entrapped in something close, warm and comfortable. This is wide awake in the middle of a business conversation, not in meditation or a dream, and I started to relate what was occurring as it happened to me.

The membrane parted easily as I pushed, no tearing, no struggle and I *'fell'* or slipped into a huge cavernous space that had no sides, no top or bottom, wasn't dark and wasn't bright white lights, just nothing to relate to, no boundaries or points of reference. I can report that it hasn't gone away and the days have passed with no change in the feeling and the external world is reflecting perfectly that spaciousness.

Yes, it is great and wonderful, but for an active person, one who is used to doing something, having plans unfold and making things happen it can be very disconcerting. It isn't though; it's actually OK as I sit in wonder with what is, nothing happening. Not so much the lack of activity, but I can't string a conscious thought together, my beliefs, my understanding, and my values have all taken a tumble. Not a good moment for counseling you might think, yet the gift in this experience is that I, of myself have little if anything to offer, so whatever comes must come through me. Right now, I truly am unable to make a judgment call on anything. How perfect. What an experience indeed!

And speaking of that word, *'Experience'*. Someone once asked me *"When are you going to give back to God that which is God's?"*

I didn't understand and asked for clarity and was told, *"Discover the sum value of your life experiences"*.

Even though that question was The One that changed my life back in Sedona in '96 and started my spiritual awakening, I don't think I truly *'got it'* until this morning,

I realize now that all my experiences are simply God's experiences. I had assumed they were mine and like most, I had in the moment judged many dramatic experiences as undesirable and because I identify so much with the body, I had taken them for myself. Not only that, many have been buried in the body and I refused to let go of them.

You see, when we talk of giving back to God all of our life, it does really mean ALL OF IT, not just the attachment to things or people that support us, but also our attachment to all things, maybe even people that keep us confined and ...most especially to our past memories and those experiences that we are still clinging to and identifying with.

It was in the moment that I realised that experiences, both those I had judged both good and bad, belonged to God, I saw the TRUE value of Experience. I even thought I was at the effect of my experiences and I had it completely backwards as usual. Every experience I have ever had, everyone was there for me to grow through and from, and therefore, 'The Gift is in the Experience' or you could say 'The Experience is always The Gift'.

I always love Alan Cohen's writings - so clean, clear and concise - one article in particular, "From Dirt to Soil" really appeared in synchronicity while providing loving support to a friend in need. Alan shares...

"The pain in our lives proceeds not from events that occur, but from our judgments about the events. The part of the mind that thinks it knows how things should be is extremely limited, confused, self-contradictory, and basically delusional. To use that ego as the guideline for how to live is to needlessly limit and condemn ourselves and the world. When, on the other hand, we suspend our negative judgments, we free ourselves and each other, open the door to escape from the prison of resistance, and literally set our feet on the lawns of heaven."

How many of us have so many awesome experiences to share and so much to offer to others and yet we refuse to open up and let them go? Is this what real healing/loving is all about then- releasing back to God the sum value of our experiences so that they might be used to heal, to love others?

Could it just be that simple? Doesn't Jeshua say somewhere that it doesn't have to be hard or painful? It is only in giving that we receive, and in sharing 'our' wisdom, we become It and in so doing we "set our feet on the lawns of heaven". Just God seeking joyously to extend Itself.

As I write this editorial Suzanne and I are in Ubud working with the Karuna Bali Foundation on the next steps that we are embarking on - truly exciting stuff. Coincidentally, the "International Ubud Writers Festival" is also this week and happening right across the street from us. Karuna is very much present with students and faculty smart in new t-shirts manning a booth and in the College with Open House displays.

Yesterday as I sat talking with writers who have been drawn to Bali from all over the world for this event I came to the realisation that there is a writer within each of us and yet as with so many qualities and potentials lying untapped within us, many of us have never embraced the opportunity to tell 'our story'.

What you are reading is stemming from that experience, that and I want my children to know about my life and how I found myself where I am.

Author's Note:

*2018 and still I am not where I want to be, it's not an east Journey all this letting go!
Now I find that I have errors in my soul which keep me on a wheel repeating over and over through allowing the errors to dictate how I will behave and respond, and let me tell you that the more I learn, the less I know.*

The mind cannot help me, the only language of the soul is feeling through emotion, and I have forgotten how to do that, the child did but this man has long forgotten and getting back to it may be simple but it certainly not easy!



CHAPTER 36

Sacred Sexuality

Drawn from the 2008 Journal editorial archives – Suzanne

(This cover took a lot of courage for us both!)

I have procrastinated about this editorial longer than any before, because in truth I don't feel I know much about the subject and honestly sharing with you about it is going to take a deep breath ...What has been particularly hard is that I know that it will be read by Raj, my sons, my Mum and my friend, you! What that reveals is all the neat compartments that my persona has devised, yet if I really love you, I owe you the deepest truth I can find.

I guess you could say that I have had a sheltered sex life. I was a teenager in the 60's, born into an average middle class family, and

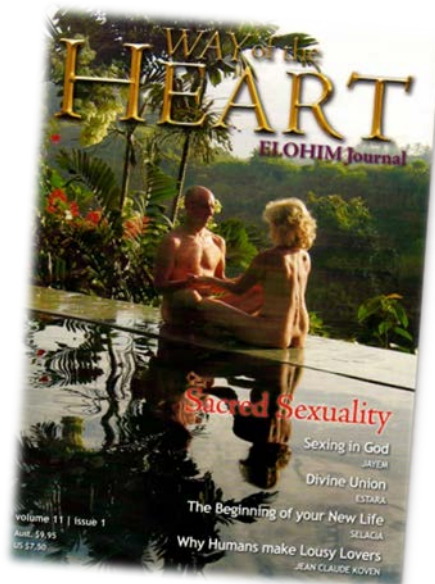
virginity was a big deal. I was sensitive, underdeveloped and not much of a target for anyone's attention and so I made it through to the ripe old age of 21+ before I lost my virginity and in my over simplified way of dealing with things then, I figured that was the guy I was going to marry. Aided by the fact that I "fell in love", I shifted into that mind set and looked no further.

What is interesting is that I had great career prospects, I worked in radio and television over that time and had I been ambitious I would have had the opportunity to go on. What seemed most significant to me then at the ripe old age of 22, was to 'fall in love' and get married and so I followed that urge.

I had no clue about consciousness in the way I do now... although I was fascinated by anything metaphysical, wherever I found it. The world I experienced at that time was conventional and predictable and my secret dreams stayed buried.

I entered marriage in a mire of high sexual urgency coupled with all the programming for co-dependence. My twenties and thirties was a time of high energy devoted to having children, establishing a home and all the usual suburban stuff. My husband had a roving eye, but I was dedicated to security, both so typical of the average middle class prototype of world values that exists even now.

In my twenties I was energetic, motivated and wanted to be an individual, but not where sex was concerned. I had made my choices early, conformed to social mores and saw no reason to change. Being sexually adventurous was dangerous in my mind and a major threat to the security of my family. I got over my husband's occasional



indiscretions and avoided friends who wanted to explore couple swapping relationships, extramarital sex etc. Somehow I felt that sex was something that kept a marriage together, so it was not to be ignored completely, but it was hardly a motivating force in my life.

Sometime in my late thirties I thought I fell in love with a work colleague and had my first fling. It was a disaster of unrequited love and I spent a miserable year, trying to hold myself and my life together strung between a few seamy encounters and lots of pining. I was well on my way exploring and becoming passionate about a spiritual life, but it was very much a development of New Age thinking, which seemed revolutionary, but barely scraped the surface of any true spiritual understanding.

Not long after that my husband had a major affair and it looked like he would leave me. Our two very lively boys were in their teens at that time and I freaked, totally unable to imagine how I would raise them as a single parent, and I begged my husband to stay in our marriage. We travelled on in the conventional sense for another four years, together but not really happy. The really meaningful consideration of how and where things go '*wrong*' didn't occur to me, caught as I was in my own story, not sure what I believed in.

Around then I met Raj, fell hopelessly in love and I made a break for freedom and the next phase of my life. Now almost a decade later I am more interested in the concepts of '*wrong*' and '*right*', relative to how they are wired in my nervous system. I have had an incredible adventure, with more amazing experiences than my tiny mind could ever have hoped for, so many encounters quietly leading me further into the evolutionary stages of deep personal healing. The first stage of moving into a new consciousness, started with rearranging what I believed. Amazingly this took years of teachers, reading and workshops, until I finally refined what was me and what I wanted to believe in. So far I haven't found anything more encompassing than the Jeshua's teachings as a basis of truth.

I love writers like Jayem, Ken Wilbur and many of the authors you will find on these pages and yet the one revolutionary realization that is predominant on my horizon, is that no amount of reading is going to actually transform my deep egoic patterns. My experience is that as I move into greater understanding the translation of what is true and false becomes apparent and subtle changes, upgrades in my intelligence occur. Evolution of my values and understanding follow, but that in itself as I'm sure you have discovered doesn't do much to create transformation, a deep and lasting change in my internal experience.

Transformation is the work of moving through the deep grips in the nervous system that constitute the reactionary persona, the source of my suffering. Once the mind has opened to a new way of thinking, there is a much greater chance than when the opportunity arrives to pass through a deep egoic pattern, I will face it rather than run away, perhaps the most pivotal point to a real spiritual path.

The only significant purpose to being in a body is the opportunity for contexts that Love and Holy Spirit can create to dissolve the ways that I hold the "World", the belief in separation in place, since my identity with the belief in it, is what creates it. I come back again and again to the axiom, *"Everything within the World is diametrically opposed to the Kingdom."* Jeshua, "Way of Heart"

All of my identity with Sexuality has been based on fear. Every way that I think, feel and relate to Sexuality has been out of alignment with truth. I have used sexuality to validate my worth, measure how attractive I am and attract partners to me. I have used it to create special relationships and try to manipulate and control them. I have used it to flirt my way through situations where it suited me or where I thought it could be a source of power. I have had the expectation that it is for my bodily pleasure, something that I can get from, or give pleasure in a way that supports my need in relationships. I have withheld it out of fear of not being valued or risking vulnerability and pain. Perhaps the only way that I have used it properly was to become pregnant and even the deep underlying motives there are dubious.

It's small wonder that relationships that start out in euphoria of love and oneness, eventually fade into patterns of co-existence or co-dependence. In fact, if I look at what happens in my relationships I start out so deeply alive, excited, allowing and giving. Then the first little fear sets in. I don't want my love to be too far from me. I look for reassurance. I don't want them to give as deeply to others as they give to me. I want them around all the time. I have wanted them to like what I like, think like I think, do what I do, be the source of my peace and happiness. What was love becomes a fortress. Compromises are made, agreements are forged. What was once alive and exciting is now as vibrant as a caged bird and the relationship is on an inevitable pathway to habit. The awesome Sexual aliveness, that is my Godliness, becomes suffocated under the weight of boredom, rigidity and need.

So what of Sacred Sexuality? Sacredness and Sexuality are two separate dynamics. What I have shared is where I have found myself to be in relation to Sexuality. What has occurred for me in this evolution of my values and beliefs around sexuality is that I realize that every way that I ever approached it was doomed to failure. All of the reactions in my nervous system around sexuality come from neediness and fear.

Sacredness is the key to the Kingdom, it's all about giving, not getting. When I let go of all my phobias and needs and simply rest in pure unattached love of everyone and everything for the joy of being and giving an extension of God's Love, all other considerations are dissolved. The key to Sacredness is appreciation.

When I move into the absolute wonder and awe of how incredible everything is, be present, still and breathe, I experience a deep peace and connectedness. It can be in relation to the sexual act, more than that is the profound sensuality that occurs and that can affect how I relate to everything. Appreciation for me is equivalent to prayer.

So what would Love have me do with my Sexuality? It feels like the first stage is to look at my current relationship and see it in the light of where I am now. To lighten up on a lot of my ideas and expand how I see my life and others. Risk more in relationships, open up more to others. Not just sexually, but in terms of my conditions, reactions and the essence of giving. Become aware of subtle patterns and denials. Be more vulnerable. Realize that my aliveness comes from risking, flying in the wind and letting go.

Raj and I have both been surprised by the depth of what Love has uncovered for us individually and together. There are serious pointers toward finding ourselves exactly where we have ended up in relationship before if we can't change our ideas and upgrade into a new type of Freedom and allowance. Christ Mind doesn't cling. It doesn't need and it doesn't play exclusive or own. I don't even own my body that too is God's and it maybe that when enough of me is healed and rewired, God has a very different plan for it than mine. Right now I am still in wonder. Feeling strands that started in discord become re-adjusted between Raj and I that might take us anywhere. If I trust that Love is winning all the time and if I remember that I am always in the Grace Stream then I embrace the transformation so much more easily and I find myself moving into gentleness, realizing the opportunity to simply bring Sacredness to everything.

I think you will find this one of the most potent editions of the Journal ever and I thought that Sacred Sexuality was going to be about Tantra. Ha! It might be for others but for me it has been about Yoga.....the Yoga of Love, how deep and real can I get?

What might it be about for you?



CHAPTER 37

Letting Go

Editorial drawn from "Way of the Heart Journal", 2008

While it may occur for each of us in different aspects of relationship with this life in physicality, for me right now it is this issue of Sexuality in my relationship with Suzanne that is providing the key, the platform for growth and freedom. It is obviously no coincidence then that this theme was chosen for the next issue for as I have often shared we seem to be pulled into the energy vortex of whatever theme 'we' choose to nominate. Now I realize that I am being asked to create spaciousness in my life, a field of infinite potential in which creativity can appear. This is quite different from the life where I have created a structure of relationships and experiences and in many cases safe and known outcomes that will provide me with the means to support my identity, my persona and my life.

As I write this, I am literally a work in progress. As of this moment I cannot see what this new spacious me looks like, I do know and feel, painfully at times as the ego is confronted, the alchemical changes occurring, rewiring, if you like of the circuitry which will provide the outcome.

Still vague, so let's get down to brass tacks. Like many men I have issues around my self-worth relative to my partnership with another. Suz makes me feel good about myself! So like most, I covet my one 'special' relationship and my partner. Like most, I place such importance on the relationship that I seek at all times to protect it, to nurture and to defend it. And I don't like idea of anyone else messing about with it. Sounds reasonable?

Unfortunately, like so many I have fallen into the trap of identifying myself with the relationship and in that moment I am no longer a sovereign being. Somebody or something owns me. Not only that - into this relationship I have snared and trapped the very thing I say I love. Now fearful of the potential loss of this thing I value I project that fear into the relationship and then I wonder why it withers. No matter whether I lavish it or starve it, it will die. For how can anything flourish unless it can be free to breathe of itself?

As I begin to realize what it was that I was 'getting from' Suz to make me whole, I realize how much I trap her and suck her freedom, all in fear that I have something to lose. Yet it is not her prison I create, it is my own. I am the one in the trap. I have secured the bars to my own cage.

Suz, of course, has her own fears which until now have dovetailed, making the

relationship that much more attractive, into mine and we have danced together for nearly ten years in apparent harmony yet in truth, in adjacent cages both terrified of our own projections and inadequacies.

This week I have set her free. In the moment that it dawned on me what was going on, I let go. In letting go of her, and that meant verbally releasing her with unconditional love to express and do whatever she wants with no hooks from me, no attachments, no reservations, and totally feeling my love for her, I discovered I had freed myself. Sounds easy doesn't it?

Getting real here, this was and still is not an easy step to take; the ego showed me then and continues to provide graphic visions of the implications of this 'letting go'. What I realize is that the issue, my issue here is that it is not about the possibility of love making with another, it's about allowing the spaciousness in which love can be expressed without constraint of convention and social implication, whether by me or a partner. It's about giving; no withholding for any reason whether it be a few coins to a beggar on the street, buying an unsuspecting kid an ice cream or yes, even making love to another because you really want to share yourself. It must be possible to be spontaneous and be love extending itself whatever that looks like in the moment.

The moment there is any 'clench' around this allowance, whether in me or in my partner because of some prearranged contract or concept holding or binding her to me, literally any restriction then know that, like I have found, I am withholding love and that means I am in fear. If I am honest about my desire to be the presence of Love, that doing this work is my choice, then how real am I being?

As I go through this process which brings up so many fears of inadequacy and unworthiness I am struck by the degree of pain my ego doesn't want me to feel. Yet in my worse moments during this process, I hear an inner voice that says,

"You do not have to do this alone, your part was the Allowance for the truth to occur within you, the rest is done for you."

Our fears show up in many aspects of life, wherever and whatever I have chosen to identify myself with, wherever that 'outside' thing has a hook into me and I cannot let it go. Whether it is a son or daughter, parent, grandchild, house, car, business, the body or even spirituality and particularly beliefs, whatever I identify with, place value on, don't want to let go of, owns me and imprisons me.

I remember "Ptaah" teaching years ago that one day we will be called upon to leave our house, to walk away leaving the front door open and never look back. At that time I had no idea of the immense reality of doing just that. For while we are attached to anything in this world we are separate from God.

If you are still reading this as an observer and have yet to engage with me, you may like to try asking yourself this question. Then sit with each of these potentialities for a moment and see what fear, if any arises. You will instantly know the extent of the identification and attachment.

A favourite question asked of us by Jayem is, *"What remains unacceptable to me"* for example; finding my partner having sex with another man or woman, discovering my son is on drugs, that my daughter is running off with an older man, the death of my grandchild, my business going bankrupt, the loss of a bodily function, the loss of my savings, finding that my spiritual 'hero' is not who or what I had trusted him or her to be. Whatever is unacceptable to me, whenever the tightness is felt, is where my edge is and that is the edge of my limitation, the bars of my cage. Freedom extends only beyond that edge, not within it. And now we have come to the *"Choice Point"*.

No matter what the identity has fused with, for example being 'in love', letting go will cause a direct confrontation with the world of form. The very act of *"Letting Go"* opposes every parental, social, structural and religious framework that we have been led to believe, it goes against common sense and I doubt anyone in their 'right' mind is going to support your decision to even engage.

Quoting directly from Jeshua in the *"Way of the Heart"*,

"When will you know Peace? When nothing is unacceptable to you, for you shall have chosen to wrap all things in the allowing embrace of Love, and you will know you are the freedom you have been seeking."

"Love is the not a sentimental affection, Love is the choice for spaciousness, here is the heart and soul of all genuine spirituality.

It is the very Essence of the Christ Path; to cultivate the choice for Love as the Door through which we honestly enter into our own directly felt experience...especially into the seat of our Fear".

Why would I do it then? Because as long as I identify myself with any one thing because I fear I am not enough.

"When we see through the Door of Fear we see nothing, understand nothing, and thus do not grow in our capacity to embody Christ. We suffer, because in the depth of our being we know we have resisted and denied our True Self, and slapped God in the face".

How does that feel? *"Slapping God in the face"*. As I am writing this in the present I cannot know the outcome, I can only trust.

Perhaps once I crack the core foundation on which this unstable persona is built and identifies with, it will crumble the entire edifice, the ego personality that is hiding the True Me.

I am doing this only for me yet if I stay open and honest my personal experience moment to moment maybe a doorway that others may be encouraged to step through. I do not yet know if I can open the bars of my cage wide enough to escape, or worse if my fear will be so great that I do not want to try. Have I left it too late in this lifetime?

Releasing this woman I love is my biggest step into vulnerability, I have opened myself wide open to loss and hurt yet having done so I am instantly experiencing her in a new light. When I consider her now I am overwhelmed by the spaciousness in my heart and I know that it is my own spaciousness I am feeling, not the loving of her. Imagine the glory of two unbounded spirits in flight together versus two spirits trapped in cages side by side.

Through all this I am discovering my "Essence" and how to find it. Now I know what It feels like, I know what It tastes like, I know what It brings me. Most important I know how to bring It to awareness in the moment and I know how to allow myself to extend from It. For as it is in me I now also know how to see 'It' in others.

"Awakening is not difficult. You don't have to believe it. You merely need to acknowledge it. Each time you do so, the spaciousness of your heart increases. And as that occurs, the willingness to be wholly vulnerable with one another will blossom. And then Love can shine forth in all its glory."

Come to understand that when you choose to be awake, you extend to the world the greatest of gifts you could ever bring: the living demonstration of the Holy Union of Father and Son."

Jeshua, in the "Way of the Heart"

Letting Go seems to be the way Home. In 2010 we came to the realisation and acceptance that life is changing, yet again. This time it has to be giving up our print version of the Journal. We ceased publication because we had to fully acknowledge the importance of the Internet as a much greater eco-friendly medium for communication. Through this we expanded offering all manner of information, services and resources through the new website, "A Way of Life" offering more free articles, downloads the original concept behind our 13 year old print version of the "Way of the Heart Journal". Now we have unlimited space, are available to unlimited participants and best of all, it's free.

Isn't life Grand! A friend, Michael Lightweaver, just shared with me his thoughts on change. There are two ways of looking at this; 'Oh my God, what am I going to do now that it is gone' or, Like Martin Luther King; 'Free at last, Free at last. Thank God Almighty, I'm free at last!'

Yes, while I follow the Martin Luther concept absolutely - it did come as a bit of a shock to realise that all my experiences for 13 years had been based around the concept of the Journal, my identity, who I am (was) and that meant all the 'experiences', 'history' and

'stories' also have to be let go along with the identity otherwise, it's a bit like getting a divorce and keeping the marriage bed and the treasures hoarded from the 'dead' relationship. It has been very disorientating as the full import dropped in, "*If I am no longer the 'publisher' then who am I.*"

The challenge for me right now is not to drop into doing more or immediately something else. I am surprised at how quickly ego seeks to fill the void, to avoid feeling the spaciousness in between it just doesn't like me feeling the Freedom. And interestingly, I am being challenged by so many great ideas of what I could do right now! Yet, the real challenge for me in this moment, is to do nothing.

I have really come to understand, truly 'get' the concept of waiting for God to show me what He/She wants done. It is not my life any longer. Yes, I have said this before, but never truly felt it quite as powerfully as I do at this time and so my job in this 'resurrection' period, and isn't the timing perfect? to let go of grand ideas and wait for a sign of which way to go next. I think in the last 65 years I have just about had enough ideas and experiences, all wonderful and so this time is my opportunity to just wait and even in that there lies my next experience.

Maybe my adventure of Service will be with the Indonesia project of "*Karuna Bali*". where I will discover the next "*Who I am*". Certainly, it's not about me anymore.



Chapter 38

The Law of Attraction

Drawn from a 2009 editorial in the "Way of the Heart Journal"

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." the Bible, Epistle to the Galatians, 6:7

So why don't I have enough money? Why do I have ill health? Why are my relationships unsatisfactory?

"As I sow, so shall I reap" I wonder if there are still people who believe that there is an alternative possibility to this statement. Because for an alternative to be true would require a complete restructuring of the laws of nature, for no matter what action I choose in any moment I set in a place a stream of reactions.

Equally the feeling I hold in any moment will bring me the result of my attitude, even writing this short article will release certain consequences. That is known as the Law of Cause and Effect and it is closely connected to the Law of Attraction. What I feel at the deepest level of my being (often referred to as the unconscious mind) shapes my reactions and perceptions and that will determine what I attract into my experience.

So, if we assume that there is validity to the last statement let's see how far we can play with the Law of Attraction. If what I reap is the result of what I sow, would it not mean then that I am responsible for 'my crop', the quantity, the quality and if my sowing was related to my behaviour then it follows that my life circumstances, are directly related to that behaviour. What I put out at a feeling level, I get back. That is a bit challenging isn't it?

So why don't I have enough money or good health? Why are my relationships uncertain? If the Law of Attraction is true then all of these situations are of my own making and there must come a time when I have to be willing to assume responsibility for what is happening. I am either at the effect of something, or I am creating it. Am I a victim or am I experiencing the results of my dropping pebbles in the pond of my life, returning as ripples on the surface of my life?

Stay with me for a moment and I will share because in the experiment of my life I can assure you that I have found this to be true, so I fully accept responsibility for my creation and there is only one person who can change it, me.

How do I harness the power of the Law of Attraction and make it work for me?

Firstly by recognizing that this Law operates like all fundamental laws, without judgment, it is not personal and is certainly not vindictive. It is simply an unbiased natural response mechanism, a GPS system by which my life is reflected back to me. This

provides me with a means of truly coming to understand the deeper levels of my emotions and it is a means by which, if I choose I can understand what it is to be happy and fulfilled. I just have to be willing to bring awareness to what I am being shown in every moment.

The Law of Attraction is a moment by moment demonstration of my emotional projections. Notice it is not what I think, it is what I feel. The mind is not the engine here, it is the observer. I only have to notice what feeling is present that creates a parking space where I want it or doesn't, the bank has no queue, a friend calls when I need help, I get cut off in traffic, I receive a kind word or helping hand, the simplest things in an unending flow are what build our total life experience, that eventually shape what we believe.

Taking personal responsibility is the first step and this includes the acceptance that Yes, I have many emotions that I want to ignore or disown. It's much easier to project them than to feel them and own them; after all being human does take practice. Yet if I don't start to change now I will not have any benefit in the future. So how do I change and harness the beauty of this Law?

If I accept the benefit of the Law of Attraction, how might I live more consciously? What tools might I engage to help me navigate my life, aid me to be more aware? Why not start with basic human values, for that was how it started for me.

These values when applied in my life provide my opportunity to make corrective choices away from what might have been my inherited behavioural response from my past and genetic patterning.

There are many beacons or Values; we all recognize them, even if we don't always apply them, they are how we would like to be treated and they are inherent, seeded in each of us. Remember, *"As I sow, so shall I reap"*. Here are some of the most common ones...

*Peace, Love, Respect, Tolerance, Responsibility, Cooperation,
Honesty, Humility, Happiness, Simplicity, Freedom, and Unity.*

Imagine for one moment if these values were present in every interaction in your home, in the workplace, schools, and the community. Values as I apply them in my life immediately create a change, a new dynamic in my Law of Attraction. I am simply getting back what I put out, and so is everyone else, because *"I deserve"* it, a simple dynamic of another one of God's Laws, that of Cause and Effect.

There is no mystery here, no magic; it is just simple common sense. Imagine a world where everyone understood and lived in the understanding of how they create their own experience, and they truly lived their values, not for anyone else, but for themselves, the collective effect would change everything.

The adventure we have with Karuna Bali Foundation which just emerged and took flight and has been beautifully soaring and unfolding for the past eight years.

Thanks to many friends who share our journey, supporters and sponsors of the students at the College and other activities we are making a substantial impact on changing lives and none of that could be said to have been by our own intent.

So it was that we did not plan to become involved with Living Values Education, the international organization that the Bali Foundation is now representing, not just in Bali but is now taking off through schools and universities on the other islands of Indonesia. Neither did Suz and I envisage that we would become personally involved with teaching Living Values in Australia, for that too just rolled on in.

Even when I submitted a plan seeking approval for running workshops here I did not do so with any thought or idea that we would be asked to take over management of the organization in Australia. Now we are training others to take this program out to families, to businesses, to communities and into the education arena.

It's all about the Law of Attraction, for what else could it possibly be?

Reflection: Of all God's Laws that demand notice, the most obvious and easiest to see in action is the Law of Attraction. Most of us know that what we put out comes back. So while we are often quick to accept that we created something good by an action taken, do we ever often take full responsibility for the times when what comes back is uncomfortable for us? How often do we say, "Oh, look I have created this illness, accident, suffering?" asking, "What was I feeling, where did I take the wrong step, tell an untruth or extend an unloving hand."

In truth most often, we dodge, deny and blame but rarely are willing to take responsibility for the errors we make in our day to day lives.

What I am coming to realise is that there are a range of these Universal, God's Laws that relate specifically to me and govern, yes actually govern how I live in this world, all based on my actions. I now believe there are an infinite hierarchy of Laws in which we live without knowing, four of these worthy of immediate consideration are the Law of Attraction, The Law of Compensation, The Law of Cause and Effect and The Law of Forgiveness, correction and reward, not punishment as we often unjustly interpret them.

If you have not yet met these 'friends' of yours I would certainly invite you to do so, just like man's laws which we usually abide by or in, have implications and outcomes, so do these greater Laws have far reaching implications both when we live within their framework or seek to ignore them at our peril in this world and the next.

CHAPTER 39

On The Road Again

In years past we have visited Uluru and Olgas in that beautiful oasis in the Australian desert, played among the Mexican and Mayan pyramids, the stones of Avebury and Stonehenge, engaged the dynamic of the Michael and Mary Ley lines of Glastonbury and Southern England, connected with the Magdalene and Cathar energies in the South of France.

Yet for all of that, the highlight for us remains the four years retracing the footsteps of Jeshua through Egypt, Sinai and Israel until we are now as much at home in the Upper Room of the Last Supper in St Mark's church in the Old City of Jerusalem, meditating among the ruins of Capernaum and sharing His cave on the shores of Galilee as we are on the Gold Coast of Australia's East Coast where we lived. What a life, indeed!

Much of our own personal growth has occurred in the leading of these groups of trusting souls whom we refer to as the *'Family of the Heart'* and being plunged into the unknown from day to day, being responsible yet all the while handing it all back over to Holy Spirit. Each tour a resounding success while truly attributing to the phrase...*"Of myself I do nothing, but through me my Father does all things."*

Over the years no matter who we travelled with, how big or small the group, each carved its own dynamic, unfolded in its own perfection. What was amazing was to witness and experience the happenings that occurred on each of these tours.

Every tour was an experience unto itself, and always with messages for us. One morning in Jerusalem, Suz and I took the opportunity to make an early morning visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, a favourite experience before the usual crowds.

Moving through empty alleys we entered a street with shops, vendors gathered together in one shop playing backgammon, the traditional Arab game. Passing one particular shop a flicker caught my eye as a two foot cross with Jesus detached itself from the shops back wall where it had been hanging on a nail alongside others and crashed at our feet in the street, a distance of about eight feet. Jesus left the cross going one way, the cross the other. We froze, a shop keeper quick on his feet raced to his shop stooping to pick up the cross, I bent down picking up Jesus intact and passing it to him said, *"I don't think He wants to be there anymore!"*

Suz and I were quite shaken by this graphic attention grabbing display and the obvious message contained. We moved to the Wailing Wall and sat together in silence attempting to digest what had just occurred in front of us.

Another time in southern France, I was awoken early one morning in the town, Saint-Maximin-la-Sainte-Baume where the Basilica that the remains of Mary Magdalene's are said to be enshrined. I left the hotel room in the early morning light and made my way to the church. Entering, although never having been there before I crossed the floor following my guidance, unhesitating, descended the stone steps to the crypt.

I sat on the flagstones and next to the tomb and the words came clearly into my head, *"Do not keep us in history for we are not there, come to us now and join us where we are"* and the tears rolled down my face, just as they do now as I recount this.

Back in the mid 60's, yes, I really am that old, I escorted coach tours across Europe in particular to Germany, Austria and Switzerland but never experienced the synchronicities, the magic found with the groups of these spiritual seekers.

All of our tours were more of an event with a theme, either dictated by ourselves or the teachers for whom we had organised, each contained workshops, meditations, teachings, and of course, the sightseeing and travelling. Our first big group was with Jani King and *"P'taah"* to Palm Cove near Cairns, our next with Patti Cota Robles to the Australian desert. Can you imagine 60 people, including a large contingent of ladies on a camping safari through the desert between Alice and Uluru, camping overnight in self-erected tents, sleeping in real swags, collecting firewood and cooking meals over the camp fires, long before the sophistication as is offered today.

Never a complaint, even awake in the still dark early morning starting the fires and sharing steaming coffee from a tin mug, no one even asked for soy. Patti and her friend Kay turned out each morning immaculate as if they had been staying in a five star hotel provided with hair dryers.

That tour created a bond between us that would last for 15 years and see that group sometimes 100 strong, again in Australia in 2001, in England 2003 for the Michael and Mary leylines, Maui in 2004, Bali in 2005, the group whose courage held fast when all other tours to Bali cancelled following the second bombing which devastated tourism and disrupted the simple lives of these beautiful people and which subsequently resulted in the birth of the Ashram and Karuna Bali.

With complete trust that we could do it, Patti would just say where she would like to be on a given date leaving us to figure it all out, organise the tour, handle the bookings, escort the group and take care of activities along the way, this often requiring us to make a research trip months ahead of the group so we knew what we were doing, what to expect, absolutely invaluable with such large groups and three coaches. It was a lot of fun from beginning to end, no tour was ever the same, yet many brought us the same faces and old friends.

For the 2009 tour Patti said she needed to be on the Mediterranean island of Malta for the one day of 11.11.



I discovered that the “Costa Concordia” would dock exactly on that day in Valetta, how lucky for us, a beautiful cruise ship in only her second season with an itinerary through the Western Mediterranean. Spain, Majorca, Tunisia in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, wonderful to be aboard, sailing at night between ports, daily we would dock at yet another exotic destination, the group would go ashore, Suz and I would stay

aboard to enjoy a long leisurely lunch. Sadly this beautiful ship, only three years old sank a year later while the world looked on.

We followed the cruise with a week exploring the Cathar region around Carcassonne in the south of France, finishing in Lourdes arriving by coincidence on the day when their season finished and witnessed the thousand wheelchairs of those who came to pray.

Following the French tour, I asked where to next, Patti just said the word “You choose,” with so much trust how much better a relationship can you have?

In concert with the ‘spiritually important’ date 11th November 2011 we chose New Zealand. Even after playing my part for twenty five years in that country’s tourism industry I was unprepared for the quality of the tour that unfolded and was so enjoyed by our 106 strong following.

“Assisi” when I asked where to for 2013. That was a wonderful experience from Rome to Venice in Italy. Like the ship we had to research Italy the year before so we could get the best for our group, we worked together with a young inbound tour operator, Matteo in Perugia who helped us every step of the way.

Suzanne and I often extended our time abroad, the tours were always challenging and fast moving although it was less apparent to the group than to us. Together we made the best team but inevitably it was exhausting especially as the tours for us started months earlier long before we ever boarded the flights, before we waited at the airport to greet the group at the destination we had chosen. In all that time we only ever lost one small bag, only one person once had to go home early, only had one accident requiring some medical treatment.

These tours funded our publication, our own workshops, our life over the years of building the Karuna Bali Foundation. Like most things in life it’s a numbers game and with large groups there is always potential for significant profit or, if you make a mistake, a big loss. It all comes with a huge amount of work always starting more than 18 months in advance with the research and the planning. Then comes the careful management of other people’s money, accounting for hundreds of thousands of

dollars. We were a tight ship of just three, adept in our roles, working as a team efficiently handling the complexity of monthly workshops, annual international travel, the Journal editing and production and distribution, there was literally never a dull moment. It was challenging and a lot of fun for it stretched us and proved that with focus there is nothing you could not do.

Following Italy, Patti said she would like to do a Riverboat Cruise through Europe, I complemented this with a coach tour through my beloved Austria where I did my hotel training. Maybe I should have been suspicious, everything dropped into place in perfection, I discovered a riverboat company building a brand new boat for 80 passengers that we could have for ourselves at a wonderful price, I had the itinerary planned and then suddenly, it became apparent that we were in difficulty. As you will read soon our personal truth was being challenged and expanded by a special new relationship.

Earlier in 2009 Patti and her husband Dickie met with Suz and I in Sedona for a weekend to discuss the future, we explained that a new force had entered our lives and that the philosophy behind the teachings had differences to the ones she held and to the message carried to the people while on tour with us.

We asked if this would compromise our relationship and we discussed some differences openly. It was not deemed to be a problem and Patti understood and was in harmony with much of what we shared. One of the issues was that we no longer wanted to accept payment for the work involved with the tours; we would however accept a donation if that was offered. Patti accepted that managing to always keep the donations about the same as what we had always received, but from our side we had dropped the expectation.

Many of the people who travelled with us had done so many times and often out of natural curiosity they would ask us about our lives and our spiritual journey but we never entered into discussions as we felt that it would highlight differences in what Patti shared.

All was well until Assisi in 2013. While exploring this beautiful little town we were, Suz in particular intensely pressured into sharing our beliefs by a very insistent French lady. Suz told the truth about the teachings we were aligned to and the relationship we had entered into with Jesus. This brought us to the full realisation that the two teachings were irreconcilable and for us to remain in integrity we could no longer organise events in support of someone whose beliefs we felt were misleading.

It was a sad experience; our business relationship developed over ten years which had benefited both parties immensely was over. Sadly, we parted as friends with differences each respecting the other's free will to choose.

As it sunk in that the days of travel and tours had come to an end, I personally felt a heavy heart, and only then realised the depth of attachment I had to that activity and all the benefits to my façade that it offered and supported.

My addictions were seen in complete clarity; my need for approval, getting attention, pleasing people, having authority, making money from something I loved to name but a few. Once I realised that my façade was being so well supported by the tour activity I had no choice but to acknowledge it was definitely time to let go for as each sinful aspect of oneself is exposed holding on is no longer an option.

Realisation: Sometimes when we are so attracted to something it pays to pause and consider what it is that is causing the attraction: looking at pretty girls in the supermarket to watching “Games of Thrones”, even to finding our activity enjoyable. Frequently if we are honest these so called “good things” are merely feeding addictions that prevent us from knowing and feeling our Truth.

Truth hurts particularly if you don't want to hear it.



CHAPTER 40

Suzanne Editorial

Drawn from "A Way of Life Journal" 2009 editorial archive

I am in an aircraft, high above the Atlantic....between Paris and Chicago....ruminating God. I've given God a lot of thought lately, more and more as the simplicity of it all becomes so apparent. The more completely I realise that there is only me and God, the room to move really shuts down. No matter what's happening or how I feel, I have to keep bringing it all back to me.



I guess I've hit a point in these teachings where I realized that if I exist, I am part of God, simple, start and finish Now that is such an idiotically obvious statement, that it's embarrassing to say it. But one day not long ago I just got it. It makes it superfluous to say most things, because what can I say, what in fact can I bring to anything.

Something that occurred in my life about 20 years ago that left a lasting impression was the passing of one of the great influences in my life, my Grandfather. He represented Truth and Deep Goodness that has given me a navigation light all my life. A gentle man of few words, he was a truly unselfish soul, some one who knew how to love deeply and give. Being the oldest Grandchild I was blessed with a great number of years to know him.

When I look around at how so many lives unfold and I realize that many people have to make it through without ever experiencing anyone like my Grandfather, my eyes fill with tears and I am really humbled. I was in my mid-thirties when he finally passed and so he was around for all the formative years, child, teenager, young adult and parent. My Grandmother was his perfect partner, also a beacon of the kind of LOVE that embraces every facet of life with care and spaciousness, not just selecting what serves the self.

They were perfect lovers. Simple hardworking people, they met shortly after the First World War and migrated to Australia together to start a new life. My Grandfather trained to be a butcher and so they found work on a property in Central Victoria, where Pa was a cattle hand and my Grandmother was a cook. They were gentle refined people and the early years in a new land, far away from family and friends in England took its toll on Gran as she endured many hardships.

They worked long hours, lost a child at birth, successfully brought two others into the world and later moved to Melbourne where my Grandfather followed his passion and became a professional Landscape Gardener.

Eventually, Pa and Gran bought their own home, a simple cottage in the suburbs of Melbourne, but it had the air of a temple in the Love that filled it. Peace and beauty exuded from everything from the polish on the furniture, to the vases of flowers and the cooking smells in the kitchen. Everything was cared for in a way that kept it perfect, whether it was old or new.

Food was taken to needy neighbours, and I never heard them say an unkind word about anyone. The memories of visiting them bring a smile to my face to this day, such happy events, feasts and treats, laughter and music, time for everybody and everything. When they came to stay with us the excitement would build for weeks and the magic of Love imbued all of life.

Sometime around my eighth birthday I found my father crying, something I had never seen before and we were all gathered together to be told that my Grandmother was gravely ill with a brain tumor, a terrifyingly ominous sentence in those times and she was to have emergency surgery. She survived that crude operation, only to have the tumour grow back and have to go through the whole ordeal again two years later. The damage to her brain required some fourteen other operations to stop the involuntary spasms in other parts of her body, and she laid in a hospital bed for weeks, with the diagnosis of being severely disabled for life. Her face was badly affected on one side and she went through terrible pain.

My Grandfather only saw her through the eyes of love. Determined to love her back to health, he ignored Doctors and dire predictions and took her to their beautiful home and set about nursing and caring for her and loving her day and night as she needed every kind of care. He spoon fed her like a little bird and just kept up enough certainty for them both.

The house was a simple weatherboard on an average suburban block, but my Grandfather kept it a pristine white with black trim and red and white canvas awnings, set in an enchanting garden of silver birches, perfect green lawns, roses and azalea bushes. As Nan started to recover, he set about remodeling the garden and growing magnificent tubs of seasonal flowers so that he could create beautiful flower displays out of every window so that wherever Nan was able to look out, she could see all the things that she loved.

Eventually with her courage and his faith, she learnt to speak again, walk, write with her left hand, cook, care for everyone and became fully immersed in life again. Over all those years one of my favourite things in life was to visit them. Jobs came and went, we all got married and had children of our own and they quietly got older.

I always lived reasonably close to them and so visited regularly and gardened with Pa to help him with the things that became harder and harder for him to get around in the later years. Outside in the garden together, nothing much to say except the quiet chatter of how everyone was doing amid discussions of when to re pot the bonsai and what I

should do in my own garden. I can still see his big hands gently prying out the tiniest weeds with silent love and patience. Teaching me the names of flowers and the secrets of gardening, such perfect times and although my life is astonishing now, challenging and exciting, nothing in life has ever topped those times with my Grandparents, and the gratitude and love that I am able to feel now, how I found my values, where I get my grit from, comes from them.

When my Grandfather finally passed we were given the opportunity to be with him to say our goodbyes. It was so strange to touch his beautiful face, cold and unmoving and realize that he simply wasn't there anymore. In that moment I had the most profound understanding of what we are, we are the indwelling presence that is the light and love. When It's in, there is life and when It is not, there is nothing. That Presence is Life.

So back to me and God. I might have saved myself quite a chunk of the Journey if I had really stopped and fully contemplated what I realized then. But I didn't, I simply allowed the realization to occur and went back to life as I knew it. Now, some twenty years later the same realization is coming to mean everything to me.

I am just a hollow tube, a random expression of nature that can only exist and know itself to be because Something breathes life into it and wishes it to be. I am a filament extending from the Source of all life, expressing as an integral part of a vast tapestry and as such I am the Holy Child of God and a 'nothing of itself' at the same time. I have no idea what I am, so it's cute that I can exist in a mindset of an individual me, all the while held among and with all other things in creation in absolute unconditional love, in the loving care of All That Is.

Watching myself playing out the idea of an individual me has become more and more interesting, the feelings, the mood swings, the embarrassing realizations, including the resilience of the idea of '*a me*'. At this level I truly am nothing. Life will live me and I will pass like a leaf from a tree.

All of life's seeming dramas and significance, the struggle to survive, live out a story that repeats itself ad nauseam from one generation to the next has no meaning

of itself, the famous, infamous and insignificant, all the same in the end and all the getting comes to naught!

If I want God, I simply have to acknowledge the Life Force that powers the thing I call me. Be still and allow It to be present in me more fully, cultivate the capacity to allow It more fully, through Compassion, Forgiveness and Gratitude, realizing that It alone can complete me and bring me into the realm of the Real, as I allow the Love that It is to flow unimpeded. This can occur most profoundly when I tune into Giving, because that is what It does. It, serves and gives through everything It creates. As my life this past year changed gear into being more deeply involved in service, I

witnessed astonishing flow, Miracles and satisfaction beyond anything I have experienced before. It has been like coming online directly in proportion to how I practice coming to a greater spaciousness through Gratitude, Compassion and Forgiveness. Allowing myself to be used for Love, everything is brighter and more fulfilling.

My only real purpose is to be the presence of love, in service, extending love. I am a creature, like all things alive by virtue of the Divine, made in God's likeness I have been given the capacity to see, hear, feel, think and create, using Divine power given to me freely and without condition. My capacity to think, reason and create makes me first among all creatures, in this realm I have no equal, and yet of myself I am still nothing, except when I am a vehicle for Love, then I become Real.

So I guess '*The Promise Etched in Forever*' is simply that no matter how or what I am, total unconditional Love is always holding me. As I give Love, I become more of the Life Force. Love becomes mine and that is Bliss and Fulfillment. In the end Only Love is real and nothing Unreal exists. All of my life I have been held gently and persistently shaped to understand that this. It is my purpose and the fulfillment of who I AM.



CHAPTER 41

Accepting Change

Our Personal Encounter with Jesus

2009: As publishers for the "Way of the Heart Journal" for over a decade we brought together writers and teachers focusing on Christ material with what we might call the Teachings of Jesus, not just those of the bible but the 'true' messages Jesus brought forth during his three year ministry and subsequently over the 2000 years through mediums and channels and other way-showers.

When change comes, it does in strange ways. The "Way of the Heart" had filled our lives for a decade, but this too was about to change leading us to advising Jayem that we were unable to continue to represent the books and other products which we had helped develop and distribute so successfully for so long. It was a big decision but we were offered no other choice for change came to us as Jesus revealed Himself in person to us.

A name change for the website introduced our new direction, *www.awayoflife.net* reflecting the personal discoveries we have made since early 2009 and with a purpose to support those aspiring to the 'Way', to share and disseminate the amazing experiences and unfolding development of those brothers and sisters who have embraced the 'New' life. Its purpose is to provide a resource on the Divine Love Path journey to Love, Truth and ultimately, to a Relationship with God.

This whole experience, starting with Ivan in Aspen in 1994 has been and continues to be the wildest and singularly most magical adventure I have ever had, or could imagine and I would not have missed it for the world.

Realisation: Yet here it was again, seemingly innocent stepping from one thing into the next with ease, because I knew what to do, but all I was doing was repeating the same old mistakes and fulfilling my addictions.

Then I landed in the next level. Something that began very early in 2008 when a very good friend called and said he had spent the weekend with Jesus. "In meditation?" I asked? "No", he replied, "In body, here in a small town north of Brisbane." Yeah Right!

Well, even after all I have been through it was a bit hard to swallow even though this friend is an extremely grounded person who has an successful engineering business employing 150 people who is nobody's fool. What do you say? I checked out the DVD's and was fascinated. So a few weekends later we decided we had better go see for ourselves. Full of curiosity we journeyed to where this event takes place and met Jesus, also known as AJ Miller.

Since that time we have been on a roller coaster that is intensifying almost daily. We have become friends with Jesus and Mary, yes, there is Mary too, incredibly beautiful people who have stayed with us here at the house several times. So often have I asked for Jesus to come and have dinner so I could ask some questions, and thus planted the seed, the inspiration for this book – *“Much More Than I Bargained For”*

I am completely convinced that He is who He says! You could say that for us this is a perfectly natural progression of where we have been travelling, after all I have spent the last ten years actively promoting His teachings through the *‘Way of the Heart’*. However, now Jesus coming into our lives is not about Him it is the message that He brings with Him, that same message He tried to bring 2,000 years ago.

Suz and I and thousands of others around the world are getting it first hand and this time thanks to the electronic age everything is being recorded, nearly 2,400 hours on YouTube, DVD and mp3, so that it will never again be distorted.

Maybe as I did, you could ask yourself, *“What IF he really is?”* and setting aside judgment for a moment to explore what Jesus shares on *“Youtube’s Divine Truth Channel”*. ***It all makes perfect sense.***

Needless to say, much of what is said is still falling on deaf ears and many who find out about Him are quite angry. Funny how so many yearn for the *“ Second Coming”* but when it is not how they expect they freak out and get very upset!

Jesus, I want to call him that, has no interest in any following, any disciples or miracles, he doesn’t ask for or take any money, everything he gives is free. He is just bringing a message about our life and our future and most importantly how we can each have a personal Relationship with God right now in this lifetime.

After 16 years of experiencing some of the world’s foremost spiritual teachers I can honestly say that I have never met anyone who is more humble, more direct, more enlightened, more honest, more truthful and overall a better representation of how we could be than Jesus. So what can you do but listen when he shares something and you know deep inside that this message is vital to your future growth, and by that word ‘future’ I mean *for the rest of eternity!*

For Suzanne - The greatest moment of my life... I often am magnetized to an absolute standstill and brought to tears, as I take a heartfelt moment to reflect on my astounding fortune over the past several years.

Like Raj I was very skeptical when our friend told us that Jesus was alive, in a body in Queensland, Australia. Even in the life of constant miracles that we currently abide in, computers, flying, television, accepting the possibility of one of the greatest icons that ever lived, walking amongst us again, is somewhat breathtaking.

No matter how often we have been told of these times of great change, opening to this miracle is a great test of faith, or perhaps the greatest scientific test that we have ever had the opportunity to partake in, if we are of a true investigative nature. It seems that I must be of the later, because I chose to spend a moment checking, before I dismissed the opportunity. Looking back it was the most profound moment of my life, but as the time it just felt like *"OK, let's see who this dude is"*.

I put the DVD into the machine, and sat back waiting to see yet another guru type peddling his personal idea of spirituality. My years publishing our Journal and leading spiritual tours around the world had exposed me to quite a few.

Very fortunately for me, the quieter, deeper spiritual desire that had led me on a quest to find God and the feeling sense of the man called Jesus had given me a profound gift that I didn't even realise I had. I still don't know how to describe it to you, but it enabled me after about ten minutes of listening to him, to have the realization that, *"If the man called Jesus was to walk among us today, this is what he would be like."*

It wasn't his appearance, although the likeness could be striking. Even as I feel into that I find it a funny statement since none of us can in reality know what he looked like 2000 years ago. The thing that arrested my life and changed its direction forever in that moment was the profound quality of the human being before me.

For years as I met various spiritual leaders around the globe I had been asking them the questions that played over and over in my longing heart. *"Who am I? What am I? What is my soul, really? What is the purpose of our life? Who and What is God? What is the real point of life? What is life after death, if it is real, actually like?"*

I had long since tired of listening to long winded esoteric mumbo jumbo, that my heart knew had no substance that I could give myself to. I never met a single one that really answered any one of those questions.

The first impression was the sincerity combined with a humble naturalness, then the depth of wisdom in what he shared. Suddenly before me was this amazing man, meticulously answering every single question in depth, adding wonder and possibility that connected everything in one complete picture that grew and grew.

I tear up now as I recall the moment of my whole body/mind recognition at the possibility that this was really true. *"This man could be the actual one."* And so with a tentative heart, I started the journey of a deeper investigation and now stand at the doorway of the best chance I could have of a real relationship with God, gifted through the grace of a relationship with this man we sometimes call AJ, the second coming of Jesus and his beautiful partner, Mary.

The last two years have completely changed my life and continue to do so, as I learn, embrace the Truth and possibilities of Love. With a sense of integrity and

wholeheartedness I can at last turn to you and with all the love I am capable of extend a hand to you, look you in the eye and recommend these teachings to you, for your own journey of investigation.

Welcome to our life with Jesus and Mary, a life that was never available to us herewith, until the same seed of desire in my heart, brought me to the doorstep of God.

Raj: At the beginning of my spiritual journey I offered myself to Spirit in some form of Communication capacity with no idea of where it might lead and where I find myself now is beyond my wildest expectations.

Raj asks Jesus for an interview

Welcome AJ, Since meeting you for the first time Suzanne and I have been immersing in your teachings. Perhaps because of our past association with the "Way of Mastery" we have a strong foundation from which to evaluate and open to the depth of Truth and remarkable simplicity of what you have brought to our life.

We are in wonder daily at the realisations and new depth that we feel called to and felt it was time to introduce you.

What initially seemed a vast leap, accepting that you are that one, Jeshua ben Joseph aka Jesus, was a momentary challenge that dissolved beyond any doubt the more that we came to know you. There we said it! Who is still reading?

Ok, let's really open this interview up by acknowledging the inspiration that you are, the total expression of Truth we have found in your message and the humility with which you extend yourself in your DVD's, seminars here in Australia and personally at our dinner table. How many times have I asked Jesus to come for tea? And you did!

Now, we have the opportunity to open to the gifts that you bring, or not, as we choose. We have spent many hours with the DVD's and reading material and have found that all of your teachings are essentially very simple and correct error in the many diverse beliefs that humanity grapples with at this time. We trust that the questions below will enable a feeling for the Divine Love Path.

So everyone... if this is new to you dear reader here is your chance to meet AJ Miller, Jesus re-incarnated and with us here on Earth now.

Q. Who are you? "Hello again, Raj & Suzanne, and greetings to your readers.

Well, in the bigger picture, I am one half of a human soul, since God created souls dual in nature, requiring that we split into two halves when we incarnate. I am the masculine expression of the dominant masculine one half of our soul, and my soul mate is the feminine expression of the dominant feminine half of our soul.

We, together, form one soul that was, before our first incarnation, in the same condition as every other soul, and that is; a created child of God that is yet to be conscious of itself, yet to be conscious of it's own Free Will, and yet to be conscious of the experience of God's Love.

Each soul incarnates by firstly splitting into two, and then by connecting to bodies (material & spiritual) created through the process of conception from the sex act, so that it can begin experiencing the world and learning about the expression of Love & Free Will. My half of the soul firstly incarnated onto the planet earth by being attracted by my parents whom you know as Mary & Joseph, and I became their first child, Yeshua ben Joseph, whom you know as the Jesus of the Bible. My soul mate, when she incarnated, became the Mary you know as Magdalene, who is mentioned only a few times in the Bible, but to whom I was married in the first century.

Both Mary & myself then lived a life in the first century (firstly separate before we met, and then together, which we may talk about with you sometime), then we passed at different times, and lived a life in the spirit world through the dimensional spaces (spheres), continuing to grow in Love for each other, and receiving Divine Love from God, until we entered the soul-union condition in the 22nd sphere. We were the first to enter that condition, but, shortly after we entered, many others also began to enter the condition as well.

When I was on earth, I talked about At-Onement with God, which occurs when we enter the 8th dimension or sphere. That is the state you refer to as becoming Christ!

I entered that state in the first century shortly before I began my public ministry, and I passed into the spirit world when I was crucified, in the spiritual condition of Love that allowed me to directly enter the 10th dimension or sphere.

Mary and I had a life in the spirit world, and we took over 1900 years to reach the soul union state in the 22nd sphere or dimension (which is the only state from which re-incarnation can occur). We are slow learners! (laughs) Once we reached that state (at around 1935AD on the earth) we decided to return to earth and, after waiting for others to reach the same state of soul-union in the spirit world, we began the process of re-incarnation to return to earth. This happened in 1962AD.

I reincarnated by my half of our soul attaching to new spiritual & physical masculine bodies created by my 20th century parents, and I was named Alan John Miller. Most people refer to me as AJ. Mary reincarnated 16 years after I did by her half of our soul attaching to new spiritual & physical feminine bodies, and she was named Mary Suzanne Luck.

Since then, both myself & Mary have been working through a gradual process of full reconnection with our own soul, which is an emotional process of the heart, the Way Of The Heart, and which will eventually result in a complete restoration of our memory

of our entire lives (first century, spirit life, soul-union state, reincarnation & this life).

This process, although now significantly progressed, is not yet complete, but has begun to speed up considerably over the past 5 years or so. It will result in our eventually being able to demonstrate the full Divine Truth that we know and learned throughout our entire life while we live on earth in this century.

When God desires for us to do so, we will also demonstrate the masculine & feminine expressions of Divine Love as far as that is possible to demonstrate on earth.

Every single person on this planet can reach the same condition while they remain in physical form, and every single spirit in the spirit universes can reach the same condition without returning (reincarnating) to earth.

Q. Why are you here now?

Over the years since the 1st century, we and many other Celestial spirits (people existing above the 7th sphere in the spirit dimensions) have attempted to correct the untruths that modified the Divine Truth I presented in the first century. We did this mostly by connecting to sincere people who were 'prophets' or 'mediums' over the course of 2000 years, and then delivering material through them to the earth.

However, we found that although we were able to deliver these Divine Truths regarding At-Onement to God to many persons via means sometimes effective and sometimes not very effective, and some people on earth practiced portions of Truth in their lives thereby affecting the world of humankind's soul condition, in the end, no-one could understand the Divine Truth fully or was able to grow into a condition of At-Onement with God while they remained on the earth.

When we used automatic writing as a method to give Divine Truth to earth through a man named James Padgett in the early 1900's, we believed that this Truth would "take the world by storm", but it did not do as we expected because the people who were attracted to the Truth did not generally understand the Way of the Heart as I taught it in the first century.

So, after getting into a condition where we realized we could return to earth ourselves and deliver these Divine Truths again to earth, we, through our connection with God, understood that this is what God had been planning all along. We chose reincarnation as the method to return to earth (so we could also teach the truth of the reincarnation process, something we had never before experienced, and something that no person on earth had ever before that time experienced).

We chose reincarnation over the many other methods of return because we wanted to illustrate the entire process of becoming at-one with God from a condition of error or "sin" by demonstrating it as a living example, by our own personal example. It gave us the means to teach the Way by our personal example of soul progression, from the

“hells” or the darkest places of humankind’s emotions, into At-Onement with God, and then the soul-union state. Also, through those teachings, we could un-teach (laughs, if that is such a word), all of the untruth that now exists on the earth regarding At-Onement with God, and spiritual progression generally.

So, that’s why we are here!

Q. What do you want from us?

Nothing! (laughs) God wants nothing from you, and neither do we.

Q. What do you bring us?

Nothing! (laughs) All things come from my Father, so, really we cannot bring anything to you that God has not already offered you.

But, hopefully you begin to recognize the Divine Truth, which will help you come to have the personal relationship with God that God inbuilt inside of you as your primary soul desire. This will mean you will never need a guru, never need a “mediator”, never need a “teacher”, never need anyone again through whom you connect to God, because, you have the means to connect to God directly using the Divine Truth that God firstly taught me because I desired it, and has since then taught billions of others because they desired it.

So we bring to you a knowledge of God’s Laws of Divine Love, and show you the Way of the Heart in practice, the way of REALLY connecting in LOVE to God, to yourself, to your other half (laughs, your soul mate), and to every other being in the universe.

We are doing everything we can to make that knowledge of the Heart readily and freely available to every single person on this planet, and in the spirit world. You do not need to meet us (Jesus or Mary) to access that information, nor do you need to have a personal relationship with us in order to develop your soul condition in Divine Love.

We bring you these things for free, because God freely gave them to us. If you wish to deny these Truths, criticize them, berate them, become resentful of them, or become angry & suspicious with Mary or myself as the messengers of Truth to you, then that is your Free Will decision, and we honour it.

If you decide differently, and you decide to experiment with these “Truths,” you will find by your own personal experience that what we say to you is the Divine Truth because as you grow spiritually, you will be able to know the Divine Truth through your own personal connection with the Creator and compare that with what we are teaching.

The world at the moment struggles with Divine Truth, and, not understanding how a connection with God is developed or maintained, generally is influenced into confusion by the wide variety of philosophical and theological information presented. Even those

paths that purport to understand what it means to be At-One with God have enough distortions of Divine Truth to prevent the sincere seeker from ever being At-One with God while on earth.

When you follow the True Way, all doubt eventually disappears, and all Truth is revealed. By seeking first God's Love, all these other beautiful things that you have been seeking all your life will also come to you. All of the delusional attractions, the things that cause you pain in your life, will disappear.

Q. What do we have to do?

Nothing! (laughs) Seriously, you HAVE to do nothing!

But I ask you; what do you DESIRE to do, what do you WANT to do?

Do you want a personal relationship with your Creator, bliss while you live on earth, and a perfect love relationship with your soul mate? Or perhaps you want to wait and watch others practice the Way and come to have what you desire, and then you choose differently. You can do that too. Or, perhaps you feel that you do not want Divine Love or Divine Truth at all, and as you decide, so it shall be!

That is all YOUR CHOICE! We are just here to give you a clear conception of what you are choosing between, to give you a clear comprehension of the choices you make, and to provide you with a clear contrast of the of the results or effects of those choices! Remember, the pebbles you are dropping into the water all have outcomes, personal outcomes for you!

So you HAVE to do nothing! We hope you choose differently, since we have seen over and over the effects to those who choose to do nothing! But, in the end, God's gifts include your ability to choose to do nothing!

Q. How hard is it going to be?

Well, the Divine Truth is very simple to understand! So simple, in fact, that it can be easily taught to a child. There are only 3 things you really need to have a sincere longing in your heart to do completely, and they are:

1. *Have a heartfelt longing for God's Love.* This means to have a pure, sincere and passionate longing for God's Love to enter you.
2. *Have a heartfelt longing for God's Truth* (the "Truth that will set you free!"). This means to have a pure, sincere and passionate longing to bring yourself into harmony with Divine Love by accepting God's Absolute Truth with your whole heart and practicing this Divine Truth in your life.
3. *Have Humility.* Which is to have a pure, sincere and passionate longing to fully

experience each and every emotion within yourself whether the emotion is from the past or in the moment, whether the emotion is pleasurable or painful, projecting that emotion onto your environment only when the emotion is in harmony with Divine Love.

Of course, although this is very simple, it is NOT easy, because we have so many illusions from our environment that cause us to either; deny emotion; believe errors; deny desire and passion; deny love; deny personal truth; deny God's Truth; or avoid morality.

We have layers of soul denial to work our way through, and, if we do not have a sincere desire to experience all of the error and release it from ourselves, we create the further illusion that we are progressing towards God, when, in reality, we are often just fooling ourselves and are really quite stagnant or even regressing in that relationship.

If we have not really made progression at the "Heart" level, in our soul, then, when our lives become tumultuous, our own behavior will demonstrate our true soul condition! Unless we make true progress at the heart level, we will become afraid, get angry or resentful, resort to attack of others, and allow our pride (ego) to dominate us.

Our Law of Attraction will demonstrate to ourselves and all those around us what our true soul condition really is!

So, although the Divine Truth is very simple to understand, it will not be easy, and that is why I called it the "Narrow Way leading to Life". It will be a very emotional path, a path where releasing most errors will be an emotionally painful process, because the error has become so deeply entrenched within our own soul, that to remove the error requires a massive operation in which God, our spirit friends, and ourselves will need to play a full part.

Q. Can you give us a bit of an idea of how your teachings differ from those of the New Age, A Course in Miracles, Christianity etc?

Well firstly, I do not have any teachings that come from myself personally since all of the teachings I present are not my own teachings, but rather God's Truths that She presented to me. All I am doing is presenting the Divine Truth that I learned from God, just as I have always done.

Of course, there are many teachings on this planet that either claim to be the teachings of God that I originally taught but are not, or conversely, that are truly a part of the Divine Truth. Almost all religions and spiritual paths on the planet have differing degrees of God's Truth incorporated into them. For example, the Bible does mention the New Birth, or becoming At-One with God, which is a fundamental Divine Truth.

The Quran states that our Creator is an entity, one God, the Almighty, and this is also a fundamental Divine Truth. The New Age philosophies all mention connection to the spirit

world (or other dimensional spaces), and this is also Divine Truth. Buddhism & Hindu teachings include the Law of Cause & Effect, the Law of Karma (Law of Compensation), and the importance of good virtue (moral laws), and these are Divine Truths.

Unfortunately it has become difficult to sort out the Divine Truth from the error-based teachings, because error has become mixed with Truth.

The Bible and the Quran both teach or infer a wrathful God and righteous warfare, both of which are fundamental errors. The New Age movement teaches that we are all Gods or are born with a Divine Nature, and these are fundamental errors. The common Hindu thought of caste, which results in classes of people being treated differently, is obviously not harmonious with Divine Love.

Buddhism teaches that mental discipline is required to develop mastery over one's own mind, but this is a fundamental error, since in Truth, we are all emotional beings and our mind is noisy because of emotions we are denying within our soul. In the At-Onement with God state we are full of desire, passion, enthusiasm and love, but have a calm mind!

In addition, many teachings about my life and myself come from errors or from attempted comparisons with the lives (or assumed lives) of many 'holy' men of times gone past. For example, most "Christians" believe I am the second person of a triune God (the Trinity), and this is a comparison with Krishna, who is said to be the second person of the Hindu Trinity. Both are untrue teachings. The problem is that so much "truth" actually comes from the minds of men who are not connected with God, or who have a partial connection with God, and this always results in errors mixed with Divine Truth.

Unless we accept the Divine Truth completely, with no error, man - made or spirit-made teachings, we can never be At-One with God.

Almost all spiritual and love based teachings on this planet come from people who have received inspiration from the spirit world (either information from spirits claiming to be God, or information claiming to be from spirits who are said to be avatars, or "enlightened", as people claim I am).

While many of these teachings are much more harmonious with Love than what has been present on the earth in the past, they still need further development to bring them into harmony with Divine Truth, God's Absolute Truth.

Since God is the source of all Divine Truth, all we need to do to learn the Divine Truth is to be able to listen to God completely. The Divine Truth teaches you how to listen to God, so that you can hear more Truth. As you do this, your desire for God's Love grows, and as God's Love enters you, it transforms your soul completely, from the human soul, into the Divine Angel.

This process is, of course, a Free Will choice.

But it is not a choice of the mind (since Free Will is given to the soul, not to the mind), but rather, it is a choice that will involve all of your emotions, passions, desires and intentions. It is the choice of the soul, offered to us from our Divine Parent!

We are constantly in this 'moment of decision' of the soul! While we hold onto error, or believe errors to be 'truth', we are yet to make the full choice. Mary and I, and others, have come as a living example to demonstrate how to make that full choice, and, in time, to demonstrate the real results of living in the condition you call being Christed, or as I like to call it, being At-One With God.

When you follow the True Way, all doubt eventually disappears, and all Truth is revealed.



If you feel intrigued through this introduction and the opportunity of re-uniting with Jesus, and want to know more there are many seminar audio sessions and now thousands of hours of DVD recordings available for free download at:
<http://www.divinetruth.com>



CHAPTER 42

Communicating with My Guides

I cannot share about my life without including this chapter for it has been and still is a most wonderful contributing experience, one that is open to everyone yet few listen or try to come to grips with the concepts of an *'afterlife'* to which we are all destined to journey.

This chapter then is about what in past years might have been called *'mediumship'*, *"automatic writing"*, in more recent times, *'channeling'*. It is however no different to emailing a friend with a question that has been weighing on your mind and receiving an answer, usually with a perspective that would have eluded you for ever and often in complete contrast to what the world would offer.

We each of us have guides, *'out of body'* spiritual friends whose job it is to see with greater overview of how we might change direction or perspective to get a clearer picture of our journey.

Like any good friend in this world they are only concerned with offering practical assistance that is within our ability to grasp. They never demand, they never complain and they are without judgment. Most importantly as I have come to learn they are within our reach in any moment, in any circumstance and situation.

Whether we choose to hand write their answers, sit quietly and listen to what they share or, like myself type the response on a computer it matters not. If we choose not to take their advice they will not be hurt but usually will remind us that it was our choice. They are completely respectful of our Free Will.

What is important is that anyone can do this, it requires no special talent. The messages that I have placed here are personal ones relating to difficulties in my greater understanding, in steps that I, or we could or feel are important to take. Always you will notice that the Guide, or Guides take the *'higher view'* and seldom dwell in areas that are more earthy in nature. Yet always the support is free of fear, practical, sensible and gifted.

I hope that these sample messages, of the recorded hundreds, give you confidence to practice and share your heart for yourself.

The key is to know absolutely that we do have a guide or more than one. That they are real people dwelling in the spirit world at some level of spiritual consciousness always higher than where we are at this time. If you do receive messages from ones who are not of higher

consciousness the quality of the messages and their *'neediness'* to have you do something will be apparent to you and you will feel unhappy or fearful of their suggestions. Tell them to go away and ask for higher communication.

Usually the only difficulty in connecting comes from being fearful, unloving, resentful or judgmental. Go into the communication with the same attitude as you would a friend around the corner. Self-doubt, a tool of the mind will most likely assail us from time to time. That is quite normal, just keep stretching this new muscle and the kinks will eventually let go. Don't forget to express gratitude, just as for us appreciation is quite appropriate and they will enjoy their relationship with you much more.

Sharings from my Guides - 21/1/2012

Good Morning to you my friends, you will be aware of the decision made yesterday to visit a specialist for healing this skin condition. It became so obvious that I had to take action, that of itself it was no longer going to get 'better'. I am pleased I went and have some trust that this will turn the tide of the condition and get me back on a healthy footing.

Do you have any thoughts or suggestions to offer me ?

At this time we can only share that we are pleased that you have taken positive action.

Your soul condition is what is really being made plain to you and we would suggest no, rather we ask you to consider taking the same positive action towards your soul in a mental and heartfelt space as you have done with the physical.

While a physical cleanse for that is what it is that you have embarked upon will no doubt have great effect on the state of your, please remember 68 year old body, the inner you, the same soul age condition will also be demanding cleansing and healing. The same degree of emotional input, negative in form has been directed at it as your physical body.

The only risk we see here is that you will bring the body back to health and comfort with the ability to use it for the purposes of your practical life and yet you will allow the soul condition to remain the same. The end result will be either a reoccurrence of the physical ailment you are experiencing at this time or provide another equally or more difficult experience for you to face. You must come to recognise that you are multi-faceted, there are levels to the structure, what you see is the surface, exactly like the skin - and yes, of course that depicts the deeper condition.

This is no different in the spirit world as you will discover. Layers upon layers.

The deepest layer the one closest to the source of your being is the one that sets the benchmark for the subsequent layers. It is the foundation of your edifice if you like, so fixing the cracks in the top floor are all very well and may keep the weather out but have little benefit if the foundation itself is asking for refurbishment.

You are born into this reality in perfect state in spirit form, your body is applied to you based on

the emotional issues attracted during the conception, gestation and initial upbringing.

It is time for you to go back and resolve the initial input of the 'computer' program. You can add more and more attractive and sophisticated programs but as you are experiencing in this moment, it bears little benefit when the screen keeps sliding up and down not allowing you to focus on any one thing. Can you see the analogy is so perfect in even this moment as we give this message to you.

You have over-laid or imported programs which now malfunctioning on a perfectly good computer rendering it useless. What action did you take to resolve this? You removed the programs that are causing the difficulty, right? So too, do the programs of your childhood impact on the soul condition and subsequently your life.

So now we hear you asking again, "how do I reach down into those conditions and make the changes that will reprogram this computer called Roger?" First, allow yourself to ACKNOWLEDGE that there is a problem. So long as this is avoided there will be no changes possible, is this not the same case with the body illness, how long have you said that there is no problem, it will go away. This is simply not so. Accept it.

Then let us find the DESIRE, yes in big letters to resolve the whole nature of your being. We are asking you to really COMMIT, not to us, AJ or any other of your teachers who have tried to give you direction, but to take action for yourself. It is your life, this physical life will end one way or another and then you will have to deal with the situation.

Why would you not do it now? This is not about anyone's teachings or leadership. You do not have to feel that you are giving your power away. You only have to recognise that through some wonderful and magical circumstance you have been allowed to see and truly believe in the big picture. Now accept that the big picture is where you should play the 'game of life' not in the transitional little world of physicality.

Now that you realise the degree of the gift that has been brought to you and accepted the truth of this, it is time to DESIRE this beyond anything else. There is nothing in this world right now that has the importance of the DESIRE to grow the soul, your Soul. Do you understand this?

We are talking about making an investment in the potential of Eternal Life. Is that not something that deserves your most sincere and total commitment? Read again the Way of the Heart chapter five. It is all there and was offered to you many years ago and you started to see the potential for you. Your friend, for indeed he is your friend, AJ or the Master is adding all the weight he can to bring about your change of direction. What more can he do but open his arms and welcome you?

So the next step and this has all been said before but, as you will learn we have unlimited patience and the sincere desire to see you become literally all you can become while under our care and tutelage. It is time to set the INTENTION – yes, I am going to commit 100% to the development and growth of my soul in the most loving way possible.

Let the focus on the physical body lapse a little and see it as the out-picturing of the soul, not the end result. It is the expression of the soul and yet if you put your focus on the soul and the allow change to occur in the patterning and programming of your make up you will have the complete satisfaction of seeing everything as one not several different layers.

You are a composite being. The layers are all joined – fused is the word we would offer so that your opportunity is not to see the separation of the layers but the fused unit because to reach that point will ensure that you will be in concert in all your undertakings no matter where or what body you may inhabit at this or any other time.

We ask you to truly realise in the time you have been given now, a true window to cleansing the emotional baggage that is the foundation of the body's out-picturing.

Everything is here to support you. You must acknowledge that you have a home, you have a loving partner, you have funds that mean you do not have to work, you have time, perhaps for the first time you have been given time to resolve this issue. Spend it well for much has been moved and shifted to allow you this opportunity.

Be not affected or frightened by potential future events on your world. These are no more important to you that a sneeze that stops you in the middle of a conversation. Let go of the attractions of worldly unfoldings. There is nothing you can do about what is occurring except add to it by your worry and emotional negative energy.

You must now take responsibility for your own life in the fullest sense of the word. Your life is the fully fused aspects of all your parts the sum of all your parts if you like, Take care of it and nurture it on all levels. Talk with us frequently for as you refocus your attention and direct your desire to the growth of your soul it is like an invitation for us to join with you. You can have no idea of the opportunity that you provide to us in our own soul growth by being able to work with you in yours.

This is one of the greatest moments in the work that we have chosen to do – when one finally gives up focus on the world and the local surroundings and starts on the big adventure to unravel the soul and bring it to fullness of life which means reconnecting back to the Source – to the Father and then, as many have shared in your world – the angels will rejoice or every time a soul returns home a celebration takes place for this is indeed a glorious and victorious occasion and our greatest wish and joy would be that you re such a soul.

We love you 'little' brother and the 'little' is used only as a loving expression of our passion to have you come to us and be one.

Sharings from my Guides - 28/10/2013

Q. Good Morning, Thank you for being here for me, I truly do appreciate your willingness to help me in this life. I have no particular questions at this time..just a

slurry of things running around in my mind relative to this visit to my family in Canada? Do you have any clarity to impart?

It has been sometime again since we spoke. We would ask why you find it so difficult to not make more use of this connection you have with us? Reflecting back as you did a few moments ago you were so impressed in the material that has been passed through to you and the clarity that would assist you on your journey and we fail to understand why this has yet to light a fire in your heart for yet greater connection.

You seem to be remote and unwilling to spend or rather invest in this relationship that you have been offered. There are few human beings who have the degree of connection that is available to you - why would you not make more use of it? In addition, you must realise that there are very many dimensions of connections available, there are many spirits who would be grateful for the opportunity of connection to impart their knowledge for the sake of helping those in physicality to move to another level of understanding, not just ourselves. You have the ability to widen your relationship and be of further help in connecting worlds and dimensions. Something for you to ponder upon.

Yes, we hear you thinking about time yet it is about prioritizing and what is most important and of the greatest benefit. You know you have to make your commitment yet you hold back from embracing the fullness of the journey. Why is that, what is the fear that restricts you to feeling Love?

And so to where you find yourself now - we were party to the dreams of the other night regarding extending the Word and it was our response to you about the nature of such ideal. First you have to bring yourself to a state of total dedication to the 'message' through living it - that was the message we were seeking to give to you. You cannot expect any soul to

be curious as to your understanding and behaviour if the way that you are living does not in some way excite interest for something that may be of use to their own growth.

Right now you are 'wishy washy' about God's Truth and God's Love - be honest. Until this becomes a heated passion - is allowed to become the fire through which you live your life nothing will happen and no one will be inspired to seek your wisdom and understanding. All urging or impetus comes through the soul no matter what it is about and regardless of the condition of the soul, this urging is usually the result of triggers relating to soul desires whether they be harmonious to love or not. God does not impart His will onto any soul. Your desire to reach your son's soul will not have any effect unless his soul is desiring to hear what you have to share which can only come from you. It is your demonstration of love that will arouse his soul's interest.

Every father desires that his son and daughter benefits from his experience and yet in the same way as you did not fully allow your father to give you his wisdom is the same circumstance repeating itself in your own offspring.

And this is no different in the relationship between you and your real Father who too would

love nothing more than to share His Kingdom with you yet, you have no real desire to demand a deeper relationship and avail yourself of the potential of His Kingdom.

This is how it is for each of us. We must be willing to visit the potential that is offered to us at every step along the way. Until that willingness is firmly entrenched no amount of sharing or pressure on your part will have any effect. This why Jesus advises you not to promote nor to push to gain opening in another who has yet to awaken their curiosity and passion for a greater knowing. Quite simply you are wasting your time and most importantly, not being loving through not respecting the free will of another.

Yes, we heard your thoughts and you are right, the fastest way is through Prayer expressing your sincere desire for the Father's love and to have the faith that this is available for you. Like the dynamic of all passion as this becomes a guiding focus within you then the desire will intensify.

We too cannot urge you to do this, our desire for your growth is held in check through love and respect for your own free will and so change must come from you. When you enter into communication as you have done today we can share with you. Can you imagine our delight when you come to us asking for clarity? You give us the opportunity to share our own passion for the benefits, so far beyond your imagination that are available to you when Love breaks through, like a child discovering gifts under the Christmas tree. When you start to break through you will understand the passion of so many spirits who are attempting to share the love they have discovered, not unlike the desire you have to get Jesus' message out into the world.

You are far along the Path to awakening love within you. All your experiences have brought you to this place. You have not resisted the challenges set down so far nor refused to feel the Love in your own heart when it has appeared as you can feel it rising in you in this moment. Now is not the time to pause, it is the time to step forward with renewed passion. Move through the fear that is nothing more than the last remnants of the veil that is 'protecting' you from the Father's Love.

Love of and for this relationship with God is the only way. "The Way". That is what it is all about. Intellectually you know this which is a big step, you can also feel it in your heart which is why you keep up this correspondence with us and your desire to share with others is a further indication that you know it to be the Truth.

Where then is the blockage preventing you from going the whole way? Ask yourself, "What specifically is the fear element that is holding me back?" and "What is it that I think that I will lose or have to give up, that I am addicted to, through in making this commitment?"

Is it ...the thought of surrendering your will to God?Do you think you will lose your individuality?Is the thought of surrendering the 'good life' in physicality?

.....Losing relationships?about having to live differently?....not feeding the addictions of a lifetime?

You know none of these are valid, in Truth there can be no valid reason for holding back from this Offer. When Love enters you will not be giving up, losing, or missing out on anything. All things that you have surrounded yourself with over a lifetime to support you in the 'illusion of

separation' just fall away as they are no longer needed, there is no longer desire for them and certainly you will miss nothing. All things that support you in Love now are enhanced a thousand fold.

Again only you can take this step and we are here to support and encourage you through this. We are to support you in every moment and rest assured we will not leave until we have done our part in your growth no matter in this world or the next.

We will look forward to continuing this discussion.....we hope that this has been of benefit to you and once again clarified your opportunity.

Blessings.

Sharings with My Guides 24th October 2014

Q. Good Afternoon not that this time element has any meaning for you I do understand this.....

Hello our brother.... We are pleased to hear from you and even more grateful that it was a friend's experience that led you to communicating with us. You speak of knowing what to do and you speak of recognising the resistance to admitting and remembering the pain suffered by you as a little boy growing up in the shadow of your mother and father.

If this is true then you can start to make notes of exactly those times that you remember that you were frightened, in doubt of yourself, punished without understanding the reason or, belief of not being wanted. All these thoughts will be supported by feelings which are unpleasant for you and if you approach the feelings from the standpoint of the little boy rather than any justification of an adult's reasoning you will begin to have breakthroughs.

As we have shared with you before none of this is complex nor difficult to comprehend, it has to be simple to be grasped by the little child. Adulthood and the justification process that goes into the creation and living of and with a façade self is not necessary and will serve to complicate the process.

We would suggest you take this time to see what comes up for you – in no particular order of occurrence....jus let it all out.

OK here goes.....thank you

Living with (being brought up) the Glass family for three years somewhere between 6-9 mths old from December 1944 to 1947

Sleeping with my Nanny

Not being able to get up into the big bed. Being frightened, hearing her cry in the night

Being bathed in the kitchen sink with Linda, their daughter

Having Bill Glass's anger projected at me being in Nanny's house. Getting into trouble when playing and in the house making too much noise

Having to be on my 'best behaviour' while Bill was around
Having fights with Linda and getting into trouble because of her lies Having no mum and dad except on weekends when they came to visit. Having them not come to visit me, feeling forgotten
Not liking the food
Falling down the rabbit hole and having my parents laughing at me. My mother's paranoia that my penis might be dirty under the foreskin My circumcision, knowing that something was wrong, scared of the pain, the expressed anger of my father towards both the doctor and my mother for what was being done against his expressed wishes.
Having my penis inspected by both my mother and my father afterwards, being looked at, feeling ashamed
Falling of the seawall, being punished
Being stopped from racing my tricycle to the end of the breakwater
Having to live the summer in a tent in the garden because my room was needed for visitors (11 bedroom guest house by the seaside)
Being frightened in the tent in stormy nights
Having Dad bring me my dinner on a tray to eat alone.
My father's anger
My mother's fear of life, the business, Dad and keeping it all together
Dad leaving me to go to work leaving me with Mum
Being in the way
Told to clean up my toys and put everything away. Having to help and clean around the guest house
Being abandoned by my mother on the first day at school
Having no friends at school
Being shown off to visitors
Being shut in space under the stairs in the dark for answering back/being naughty
Being made to go upstairs on my own to bed in the dark, frightened of the dark, not being able to reach the light switch
Being incessantly bullied by our neighbour, Bernard, same age as me
Being beaten by my Dad for stealing the plant cutters from a neighbour's property for my Dad
Suffering with Asthma and always having blocked nasal passages or streaming nose
My fear over school exams and getting into trouble at home for not performing to their expectations
Not being any good at sports, being last to be chosen for a team activity because of my breathing difficulties
My mother's migraines and pains, having to be quiet around the place because of her condition
Expectation that I would always be responsible
From fourteen during every school holiday being sent to work in hotels in the country, my mother's idea

Wow, I had no idea that if I opened the door that so much buried painful and hurtful experiences all charged with unresolved sleeping emotion lay in waiting for me.

Realisations: in this list I begin to be real about my 'justifications' or rather, the source of my loneliness, my fear of abandonment, my fear of sexual inadequacy, my desperation to be liked, my need for gratification, above all my chronic need to please the 'woman' and my willingness to subjugate myself in order to 'get' love even to my own physical and emotions detriment.

Seeing these things for the first time, owning them as my foundations on which my façade is built is a start to becoming aware of my developed behavior patterns and then I have the choice to decide if they serve me enough and if I want to continue or is it afterall; the time for Change.

Sharings with My Guides 22/01/2015

Q. What am I going to do with the resistance - why cannot I prioritise Love of God or God's Love for me as the most important thing in my life?

We watched yesterday as you connected with Jesus' message on Loving God. You felt throughout the message, you noticed and enjoyed the emotion rising in you from the words and the dynamic of Jesus' own passion and desire to share the Love of God with the audience.

This is your entry point, the same as occurred at the 'Table'. Remember 'Bring them to the Table'? The Voice asking you to experience the closeness from a loving energy, how did you feel every time you experienced this? You see, you say you cannot feel, this is untruth that you believe you are unable to extract the feeling through the façade, and the reluctance is nothing other than fear of what might be in there - yes, there you are, feeling again.

Please do not seek to identify or label the feeling at this stage for that involves the mind and pulls you out of the feeling. At this stage the feelings, your emotions you are experiencing while always occurring remain hidden from your gross consciousness, they are secondary, just lying below the surface shunned though years and layers of blockage, yet they are no less there.

Feelings are your first communication medium of your surroundings, what you have done in the past is to immediately negate and let the mind take over to analyse the necessary response based on prior experience of what keeps you safe. The first thing is to acknowledge to yourself that there is nothing wrong with you, then to start to become aware with this new experience of feeling first, then allowing the awareness of the emotion to surface through the mists of your consciousness, always seek to respond to the feeling rather than the mind to the experience.

You will then return to the behaviour of the child unfettered by conditioning and fear. Feelings overcome fear when engaged in wonder and with gentleness. From this you will engage a whole new way of being that automatically brings up forgiveness and repentance for actions you have taken in the past to protect you from others behaviour against you.

Build on the joy that you feel each time you desire to connect to God. This 'good' feeling that you can identify is your key to breaking the matrix in which you find yourself. Prayer, the longing for God is the fastest way to engage and strengthen the muscle of feeling. Indeed fully feeling is likened to a strong muscle - that is the essence of who you are.

Your soul, my friend is what is crying out for you to see through the 'clag' of your patterning and opening to the purity of yourself. Your Real self. You must empty out the dross, the errors and fears in your soul in order to create space for Love to enter.

Feelings ensure that life is lived from a different space than the one which you only appear locked into. We can only assure you that as you let go and embrace first the feeling of all that is happening for you moment to moment, your communication with your brothers and sisters and indeed all aspects of the physical world will change and you will communicate from a completely different level even to having connection to plants and creatures previously separated by you from you.

Opening the space of hearing feelings of all living things is the greatest source of joy in the universe. You do not have to do anything in the physical or mental to be safe any longer, you live from the heart and feelings communicate your love into the world in a language that all others have access to, are connected to.

God lives through this language in yourself and will share His/Her Universe with you. Your mind will struggle for millennium before it can accomplish what you can automatically receive through speaking and living from and in your feelings. Do you see our, rather do you feel our excitement? We are not able to move your fingers fast enough to keep up with the joy that is created through this dialogue - from the smile in your heart and through the mists in your eyes we feel you and embrace you and love you, see, you can feel that, now, how long can you stay in that space and keep pushing back the barriers to living your entire life from that place? You will be amazed what opening this door just a crack will do for you in every respect.

There we have said enough. Read back and read from feeling not from thoughts. We Love You, we embrace you and we thank you for your trust to write down this dialogue.

In Gratitude - Thank You. Allow yourself to fully feel that then.

Sharings with My Guides, 25 January 2015

Q. Good Day to you - I have a question - twice this week I have been stung by a wasp while in a certain place in the garden and under the house where I have interfered with a nest. The sting was on the same finger (my ring finger) of the same hand. Can you please offer any clarity as to what this is all about?

The level of intense pain that you experienced in both instances and the indignation that you felt are the clues - follow this path ...relating to the feminine, an attack, tied to your relationship. Why are you not open to the truth?

There is presently little joy in your heart, you thought that your re-connection would be more joyful and more loving which is your need and that has not been the case. You are disappointed and feel sad. You have no sense of beauty or pleasure at what is occurring. Look too at why your expected house caretaker is no longer available and thus your plans are needing to change perhaps.

Again the pattern would be that it is not what you expected. Now you are in doubt as to your desire and your passion and direction. All this leads to uncertainty creating carelessness, not being present, not remembering a similar instance happened just three days earlier.

Sharings with My Guides 10/11/2015

Q. After listening to Jesus teaching over the weekend I realise I have to have some quiet time to avoid the constant insistence on pleasing myself and Suz in order to be 'safe' I am here now in the caravan and want to have time to speak with you, or at least be able to converse with you as my emotions come to the surface. OK, I heard the answer to the question I was about to put to you ...

There is little for us to share that which we have not already shared with you – it is only when you will be so 'upset, distressed and unhappy' that you will make the break to allow yourself to really feel. Your ability to avoid this space, this taking of time for yourself must teach you something – that you place more importance on avoiding the fear than you do of finding the Peace that is available to you, if you would but accept it.

There is nothing left to put into your mind that is not already there, your awareness at a conscious level while maybe not always available in the moment is more than adequate to take you to the next stage if you would allow it to do so. Information that you feel is useful will automatically emerge from where it is stored even if at this moment you cannot "lay your hands upon it".

You do not need to read anymore just feel what hurts and where. The little boy is already pointing you to the areas where the pain lies. All external forces and circumstances are attempting to gain your attention and all there is to do is see them for the signposts that they represent and the road ahead.

At every moment the choice is yours but there is the irony, but one choice – to go in that direction, like any route taken the scenery and circumstances will unfold in perfect alignment as you journey. In your world you have a saying – "all journeys begin with the first step" perfect truth - that is all you have to do. Let's see as the days go by if you have been courageous enough to have taken that one first step.

Trust us for we are here to guide and help you over the stony path.

Author's Note: This "automatic writing" as it is called comes to me with such ease, when I want it to. There is no pressure just a desire that arises in me to ask a question. The message appears in my mind often using words and phrasing that are not mine. The essence is always consistently loving, humble and inspiring.

It is never demanding, or oppressive, there is no judgment just a sense of genuine care and love for me that what is shared I might find useful. I personally value the guidance so that I do not go to the Guides with frivolous questions or seeking help with worldly matters.



I would heartily encourage anyone to do this. Some people write with their less used hand, others type, I like that way and the words come to me without me thinking about them or the subject which is being addressed. I do go back and correct my grammar or spelling, I am not good at taking dictation. I do not alter what has been shared.

The single biggest block to this is doubt. Overcome that and a new world and relationship and awareness of yourself is available whenever you desire it. I 'played' with this communication for some time before I started collecting the messages seriously in 2009.

The Guides primary focus is that I understand, become aware of the emotional issues that most often lie behind my questions, my situations. The messages reflect this greater wisdom. Although created in a specific time, the messages are always timeless. As I go from situation to situation which may seem different to me, the essence of God's Laws relating to life in a body remains constant and applicable no matter when read.

This is a beautiful Gift to give yourself. All you need is to feel a sincere desire to communicate and to trust what you receive even if what you receive is not what you want to hear. Truth often conflicts with our façade.



CHAPTER 43

Living in Harmony With God's Love

I have included this chapter as it is the essence of the Journey on which Suzanne and I now find ourselves and it is our desire for you, our reader to be aware of this for yourself whether or not you seek it.

This dialogue is from AJ Miller who we have come to know is Jesus.

Rapid progression towards God, and therefore rapid reception of His Divine Love which makes this progression possible, can only be obtained by a soul that continually lives in harmony with truth with regard to its own desires and longings to receive Divine Love.

When we say or think that we have a desire to really have more Divine Love flow into our soul, and yet we are not conscious of receiving that Love, then we must face an important truth, and that is; we do not have a pure sincere desire that comes from the soul. When I have mentioned this to some, they have become offended with me, as they believe they do have a sincere and pure desire. Then I ask them if they feel the sensations of the Divine Love entering their soul on a consistent basis (ie. every day for most hours of the day). Most answer truthfully that they do not. I then ask them why this is the case. Most do not feel they know, but they assure me they have a pure desire for the Divine Love.

But if we have a pure sincere desire from the soul, our Father would immediately respond to our soulful longing, and give us more of His Love. He never delays the delivery of His Love to the soul who truthfully desires it. Never, ever does He withhold that which is sincerely desired with a pure motive from the soul. God is completely Faithful in His Laws of Love, and He never fails to respond to a sincere pure desires. It is very important we understand this one vital fact. If we are not receiving the Love, and yet we think we are longing for it, then the cause of our not receiving it is not God's 'mysterious ways', as some may call it, but rather that our own longings and desires are not pure, truthful or sincerely motivated.

The Holy Spirit is the connection via which our soul is connected to God's, and which allows the flow of His Divine Love into our own soul when it is longed for. The Holy Spirit is a Spirit of Truth. The Holy Spirit cannot maintain a connection with our soul when our soul is in a condition of having impure, untruthful or insincere desires. If we choose to lie or withhold the truth about our passions, desires, longings and feelings, even to ourselves, then we automatically

break the connection with the Holy Spirit, and from that moment it becomes impossible for our Father to give us more of His Love until we re-establish the connection by living in emotional truth.

This is totally dependent on our own thoughts, words, and actions, which are motivated by our own true feelings and emotions, and God will not and cannot without breaking His Own Laws, which He shall never do, give us the Love we think we desire when we are exercising our free will in a way that is preventing a connection with the Holy Spirit.

There are sins of omission and commission in regards to truth. We involve ourselves in a sin of commission when we lie, since a lie, given for whatever reason, and made either to ourselves, to God or to another person, is the result of a desire on our part to misrepresent the truth. A desire to misrepresent truth comes from an emotion within us that is in disharmony with happiness and God's Laws (even the Laws of Natural Love), and it is this emotional cause we need to find, address and release before we can act with a pure desire.

We involve ourselves in a sin of omission when we withhold the truth from ourselves, from God, or from others. When we withhold the truth, and fail to be open or transparent in our dealings with ourselves, others or God, since withholding the truth is also motivated by desires or emotions within us that are in disharmony with God's Laws and happiness, we will need to find, address and release these emotional causes of our desire to withhold truth before we can expect to continue to receive God's Love.

In other words, if we lie or even cover over the truth, and omit to be open and transparent with ourselves, God or others, then we are also involved in a sin of commission or omission towards truth, and the result of that sin will be that we will break the connection with God's Holy Spirit, and His Divine Love will no longer be able to flow into our soul. Without truth, Divine Love cannot flow.

Even if our own condition is not observable to ourselves, our Creator and every Celestial spirit is completely aware of every fault, error, belief, desire, passion, emotion and longing within us that is opposing our soul's reception of God's Love. They are all waiting for US to become conscious of the error WITHIN OURSELVES. I must emphasize this! God waits for US to become conscious of the ERROR within OURSELVES before He can give us more of His Divine Love. It is our responsibility to find the errors within ourselves, although we have the assistance of God, our Celestial friends, all of those in a better spiritual condition than ourselves, and also other synchronistic events involving any person or situation, which can demonstrate to us our own errors. Our soul will attract the events and circumstances required to expose within ourselves our own errors, and this is one of the operations of the Divine Law of Attraction.

So we need to come to see ourselves as we truly are from God's perspective, rather than how we wish to be perceived by ourselves or others. One of the greatest causes of stagnation with regard to the reception of Divine Love is our personal desire to retain false mental concepts of ourselves in an effort to avoid a confrontation with our emotions of error within.

Some Reminders About Emotional Clearing

Our Father, since He always Loves us and wants us to find the correct path, is always using his angels and events and circumstances to confront our own errors within, and He has constructed the Laws of Attraction to enable the soul to become confronted with its own error, and this Law operates whether a person has received Divine Love or not.

A soul in error will generally attract pain and suffering to itself, whether that pain be physical in nature (which is usually the result of the active denial of emotions within), or emotional. Generally, many of us have a large amount of fear of dealing with our internal emotions, and so, because of this fear, we also need an even greater amount of physical and emotional pain before we are willing to face our own internal truth. Truth exposes all fears as False Expectations Appearing Real, and once we are perfected in Divine Love, we will have no fear. *"Perfect Love throws fear aside."*

Almost all physical suffering is emotionally caused. All physical and emotional suffering is the result of sin, whether that sin be of our own making, or the result of the sins of the parents, environment, culture and so on being visited upon our soul, and then, as a subsequent effect, upon our spiritual and material bodies. The effects of ALL sin can be removed from within us, no matter what or who is the cause, depending on our personal and pure desire to enter a deeply loving personal relationship with our Creator. As we receive His Divine Love, this Love has a purifying effect on our soul, which, in turn, affects the condition of our spiritual and physical bodies towards the state that they no longer experience suffering.

If we continue to progress until we are in a condition of at-onement with God, at that time even on Earth all suffering will cease, except for that caused by others exercising their free will towards us in disharmony with God's Laws (and even those effects are sharply reduced).

Our Father created our body as a perfect system to measure pain, and pain is always an indicator that something is wrong within ourselves. Physical pain is a response provided for the protection of our material body, and emotional pain for the protection of our spiritual body.

For example, if we put our hand on a hot stove, we will quickly feel the pain of a burn, and this causes us to respond in a way that protects our hand from being burnt to a cinder and totally damaged. So the pain is a protection for our physical body, and a reminder that placing our body in the path of fire will damage our own body. This causes us to exercise care with potential situations that may cause this pain.

In a similar way, emotional pain is a reminder that if we continue a course of action that is in disharmony with our own creation, we will continue to bear its consequences. For example, if I continue to express my anger with everyone who walks into my path, eventually I will be left completely alone or in the company of other angry people, since

no-one who is peaceful will want or value my company. I am continuing to sin, and while I continue to sin my soul's condition continues to degrade. I must find a way to release my anger and connect to my sadness that does not harm others, myself, or God's living creation.

Taking the emotional example further, if I choose to not release the sadness that causes my anger, and if I then choose to continue to suppress the anger and sadness, eventually I will become depressed, and I will be so unhappy that I will feel that life is not worth living. However, once I connect with my sadness, realize the truth about it, and release it and talk to my Father about it, now the operation of His Love will help me overcome the sadness completely so that its cause will be forgotten, and in addition as a result of the cause being removed, I will not be able to get angry nor become depressed.

So, my emotional pain is an indicator that I have emotions, beliefs, practices, thoughts, words or actions that are, or I am living in an environment that is, in disharmony with God's Laws, and to no longer experience emotional pain I must choose to realize, and release the soul-based causes of the emotional pain. In other words, I must choose to CHANGE and have an emotional desire to do so.

Some Practical Advice: As I have said, one of the greatest causes of stagnation is our own refusal to humbly accept our own true emotional and spiritual condition, and then choosing to develop a desire to change that condition.

While we desire to retain false mental concepts of ourselves, and wish to project to others a false impression of whom we really are, it will be impossible for us in that condition to receive more of our Father's Love.

So how do we go about determining who we really are? It is difficult asking others, because unless they are in an obviously better spiritual and emotional condition than we are ourselves, they too may have erroneous concepts of truth and love, and they may then teach us even more erroneous concepts that we will later have to remove from our own soul in order to progress.

Do we even really want to know who we really are? Or are we content to retaining a false concept of ourselves while we live on Earth, preferring to live in a condition of ignorance? Eventually, whether we do it now or later, and whether we do it kicking and screaming against all of the Laws of God (which will cause us great amounts of additional emotional and physical pain), or working in harmony with those laws (which is the least painful method), we will at some time need to have a pure desire to truly know ourselves, and this applies whether we follow the path to the perfection of our natural love, or the Divine Love Path.

Surely, the best thing for us to decide is to be completely open and honest with ourselves, others, and especially our Creator, about our own true emotional and spiritual condition.

Coming from a position of having a sinful nature, how do we achieve this? A sinful nature means that we will generally have a pre-disposition to deny our own true condition due to all of the emotions of error within us. In addition, we may actually desire or have a passion for things that are in disharmony with God's Moral or Ethical Laws (Laws of Natural Love), and while we continue to believe these things are able to be practiced without penalty, we continue to worsen the condition of our own soul, and therefore increase its pain until we recognize the truth.

The only way I can progress consistently and without limit is to emotionally accept that I am in a condition of error, that only God is the source of Absolute Truth, and that I must generate within me a pure desire to seek for and find His Truth. This is the only path that will set me free. To do this, I must begin to see myself how God sees me, and I must desire from the heart to come to know Him and His Truths. I must become God-Reliant.

A side benefit of this course of action is that I will also come to know myself completely, and I will place myself in the condition of being able to receive God's Divine Love consistently. His Love is the only substance that can transform me into a Divine Angel, and it will also create within me untold happiness.

If I am not conscious of the Divine Love entering my soul, and assuming I think I desire it to enter me, then there must be something wrong within myself for this condition to exist. Although I think I desire His Love, I must not have a sincerely motivated pure desire for it. So I must question myself truthfully and openly if I want to move beyond this condition of stagnation in regards to receiving and experiencing my Father's Love.

I do this by asking myself a few important questions on a daily basis. These are;

1. *What events are currently happening in my life that demonstrates I am out of harmony with God's Love and how have I attracted these events to my life?*
2. *What emotions within me are triggered by these events and are those emotions in harmony with truth and love?*
3. *Do I feel any emotional or physical pain? If so, what reasons within my beliefs, emotions, desires or passions could there be for my experiencing this pain?*
4. *How do I portray myself to others, am I being emotionally truthful and open?*
5. *Am I still doing things that God or a Celestial angel would not do?*

6. How do I really feel inside, and what tools am I using to deny my feelings?

7. Have all my actions been moral and ethical? If not, what is the emotional cause for my being immoral or unethical?

As most who know me realize, I have a notebook with me most of the time. I then use this notebook to write down things that I notice in my life that are not in harmony with my Father's Laws of Love, based on my own honest answers to these questions. I then make those subjects a matter for prayer with my Father.

Coming from a condition of sin, sometimes during my progression I have felt physical pain and yet not been able to identify its emotional or spiritual cause. Or I have experienced frustration. During this time I make the subject a matter of intense prayer to my Father, asking Him to demonstrate to me using whatever methods are at his disposal over the next few days what the true cause may be.

I then make an effort to take notice of the events and circumstances that happen over the next few days to see what my Father is telling me is the cause of the issue. I am particularly careful to take notice of everything, even those things of what may normally be called minor, since I have found that it is often the instant mental dismissal of something that has been presented to me many times that has been the cause of the stagnation. He is so Merciful and Generous towards me that He

keeps on showing me what is wrong within me even when I have repeatedly ignored the issue, and the closer I return to Him the more I remember the consistency of His Love.

I do these things and much more because what I desire the most in my life is to know my Creator intimately. This desire has been with me for as long as I can remember. My relationship with Him is my passion. He is my never ending love. It is difficult for me to describe in words how intense this desire for God is within me, and I cannot keep from weeping just thinking about it.

Every other desire within me is subservient. I realize that I cannot keep coming closer to Him without confronting all and any error within me that keeps me distant from Him, and just as my desire for Him is personal, passionate and real, so too I take personal responsibility for the condition within me that prevents my progression towards Him. While my soul exists, this will forever be the state I seek.

It is not possible to reach God without facing personal truth; without seeing things as they really are within our own personal emotional and spiritual condition.

We cannot fake it until we make it, we cannot counterfeit passion for God, it either exists as a real substantial emotional feeling, or it does not exist and needs to be developed and nurtured by coming to know the Divine Truth.

We cannot fake a desire for Divine Truth, we either have a passion for knowledge, or we need to be willing to remove the emotions within us that cause us to reject it.

So rather than becoming frustrated with your progression, allow yourself to re-examine your own feelings, desires, passions and longings, and be totally willing to face the truth about yourself as God sees you. If you do, you will find that your relationship with Him will forever grow.

Cheers, Jesus & Mary



CHAPTER 44

A Letter To My Children

I include this letter for anyone who may chance upon these chapters of my life in the hope and trust that it may be of benefit to you too.

A Letter from Dad, May 31st 2010

Hi Guys,

How perfect , I didn't realize this until I sat down to write to you both that today is my father's birthday which makes all that I have to share with you even more symbolic.

This is going to be quite a long letter because there is much to say. If you can print it out, so much the better. Please don't rush through this as it contains information which you both deserve to know. Maybe certain aspects of your own life will become clear. First of all I have to tell you where I am at with my own personal journey is this life, so I hope that you are sitting down and taking some with time to go through this with me.

You have both been very accepting about my 'weird' spiritual journey over the past 15 years, quite a lot of which you have shared with me. I wonder what you really think and how you really feel about it. From my first experience back in 1994 meeting with Ivan and 'The Rocky Mountain Bookshop' in Aspen - all that 'Galactic Federation' and 'Earth changes' stuff, right through the Sedona Journal, the spiritual surgery experience, my coming to Australia, Elohim, the "Way of the Heart", Jayem and the Pathway with Jeshua and much more that I probably have not shared ... and it is about this and where I am right now that I feel obliged to share with you - because it concerns you both too.

In the fifteen years since this began for me I have vacillated between outright disbelief, to allowance and then acceptance. It is in acceptance that I share with you now. I have been witness to many strange and wondrous possibilities, I have heard much, read many books of others experiences and been exposed to many teachers all with their own favourite doctrine.

All through this I have grown but much like a butterfly, never really landed even when the experiences were my own direct encounters such as bringing through hundreds of spirits in the Spiritual Surgery sessions where there could never have been any doubt that something was communicating through me. In the moment there is the euphoria and wonder then doubt, like a veil drops back and I find myself dismissing what has occurred.

I have never shared much of my spiritual journey in depth with you. Why is this different? There are two reasons for me sharing all this with you - one, is I do not know how you will come to this information unless I tell you and while it might be a stretch for you to grasp or believe at least it is coming from me which might give it

more credibility than if you were to find it eventually on the internet or out of a book and the second is that I have to work my own way through a vast sea of mis-creation in my lifetime before I can get far enough into or at least onto the starting point of this second Path while in my remaining years on Earth.

You see, it's not about whether I am interested in a 'life hereafter' - for me that's a given, now I truly know that this earthly life is just the beginning. For me there is no viable alternative other than to be proactive in my soul's journey, a journey vitally more important than what I have in the 'here and now'. I see the error of living for this moment of 'getting' and 'having' being concerned with my comfort, and even more important I have to start cleaning up the mis-creation of this lifetime, a lot of which I have unknowingly 'dumped' on both of you.

How do I equate mis-creation, what is good and what is bad? I am coming to understand the full implication and impact of my choices, now and throughout my life. While errors are created by the obviously 'bad things' - murder, incest, rape, violence etc., that humans perpetrate on one another, that can be easily identified as being in error, the more challenging level is recognizing and taking responsibility for all the thousands of times where I have done or do unloving acts and unfortunately, even had or have unloving thoughts.

If God is all loving and I am made in His image, then anything I have done that is unloving has separated me from my Father - this is the error that is now recorded in my soul and it is the accumulation of this that determines my soul condition and where I start my journey in the next life.

Certainly the various religions allude to this and it is not as though I do not know the difference from right and wrong and yet still I have, many times and still do when I am not conscious, hurt others and myself either willingly or unwillingly. I have hurt by denial, by misusing my power, my disrespect, my mis-behaviour, my withholding of my love through my fears ... and so on.

It's interesting that Suzie and I now find ourselves representing Living Values in Australia, 12 values - *Love, Peace, Respect, Responsibility, Humility, Honesty, Tolerance, Freedom, Simplicity, Unity* - all key qualities that adherence to and lived from, lead in the direction of the Divine Love Path albeit that they are part of natural love. What is done is done, so, what can I do? It appears that God's '*Law of Compensation*', a bit like Karma, can only be honoured through genuinely taking responsibility and feeling true remorse and that requires first the acknowledgement of the issue and then fully feeling into the emotional pain of the experience, both for the pain within me and any other who might have suffered as a result of my actions and thoughts. And this where I find myself right now, at the beginning by remembering and acknowledging the things in my life that I am ashamed of.

The crux of the letter is that I am apologizing to each of you ... right now

... For everything that I have brought forward from my parents and their parents before them that comprise the errors of my lineage which you both are likely to carry until they are healed for all time in me.

...Please feel my anguish that I truly did not know what I was bringing forth, that so much of my own patterning and lifetime behaviour was based on fears from my mother and my father and their pain and suffering.

... Know that that the circumstances around my own birth at the height of the bombing in London during the war, my mother's fear in particular created unknown schisms in my psyche which I have yet to repair. You have these ingrained in both of you. I am truly sorry.

... I apologize for the abandonment issues that I felt as a child when separated from my mother due to her fear for my safety which created foundations of panic, fear and issues of self-worth which have accounted for so many unloving acts and mis-behaviours, all of which you have been at the effect of in some way and most likely still living from.

... I apologize to you both for your early childhood and the any times when I put business before family, not giving you attention, the love you craved, you both deserved and needed as a little ones, all the times when I wasn't there for you in the fullness of my heart, which you had every right to expect in your Innocence.

... I apologize for every time I was serious and you wanted to have fun, when you wanted to play and I didn't have time or too tired, for my impatience, for not fully sharing in your schooling, not taking real loving note of your pain with your distress and your own issues of worthiness.

... I want to apologize for all the times I didn't hold you in loving arms when you were suffering from the pangs of growing up, where I ignored your cries for love when you were unhappy or just needed a friend. I am really saddened for the many times that meant so much to you when I failed to take the opportunity to love you as God has loved me always - unconditionally.

Now that you are standing on your own feet and living your own life, you, Justin with Dawnette and the kids, Chase and Keira, and you, Tash with Ian will often encounter situations and circumstances in which your response will be drawn from what I have bequeathed and for that I am really ashamed.

Perhaps I can repair some of the damage through this process today by acknowledging what I have done and in promising to continue to pursue the Divine Love Path - because I believe that some of what has been passed down will, if I clear it in me through fully feeling, may be further erased and be freed in you. I can only pray for this to be so.

I give you my word that I am willing to explore this as far as I can and again I will pray

that you will be freed from what I have left undone in our parent and child relationship so that it not be passed along further and ... that you might live your own lives from now on considering each moment the simple question of ... "is this that I do now a loving act?" Because if you do when your time comes to start out on the next step in your own Soul's journey as it surely will for death is the one given fact in our human life, you will have a momentum which I do not currently have and that will better ensure your soul's faster growth and progression.

I imagine that this letter and what is contained within is a stretch for you at this time in your lives. It may seem bizarre or simply too hard to contemplate when compared against daily work, family needs and money worries and against the pleasures of life on Earth. This, I fully understand.

I know only that this letter is vital for me because I am responsible largely for where and how you find yourselves just as my father and mother were for me, but they did not know what I know. At least I have the opportunity to share with you.

We can't change the past - we can however learn from it and we can, if we choose, start to be more aware of what is unfolding for us all and conscious that in every moment from little to significant, each action we take, each thought we allow creates, through the Law of Attraction our next unfolding. Every choice, loving or unloving we make will be revealed back to us, sometimes immediately or certainly later and the un-loving choices have far greater implication than we will ever truly comprehend.

I was never able to give you a solid foundation for a relationship with God because I never had one to give. Now I feel the greatest gift I can offer to you both is the strength of understanding - this awareness which is the fruits of my own journey so far.

As I reflect on the years gone by and in particular, the past 15 years whereby I have been 'pushed' along this path acquiring consciousness I know completely that God has been with me every step of the way. It is impossible for me to have doubt for I have been blessed by innumerable circumstances and when I have called out for help, it has been immediately given. Now here in this place at this time to have this Truth given to me for my own growth humbles me deeply. I know that I desire connection to my Father and I know that will be my single goal for what remains of this lifetime.

Thank you both for coming into my life - I love you both so much and I honour and respect you for who you are and where you are right now.

Dad

PS there is so much more than this overview that Jesus has given - it is not possible to include it here and this is more about you and me and our responsibilities towards each other and those that follow us. If you want to go deeper into this just follow the prompts. It is your life now.

Chapter 45

Escape to the Country

2010: The decision was made, the house on the hill in Tallai was to be let go and we would look for somewhere little further away from the Gold Coast. The house had served us very well, the home of all the publications but with the winding up of the print version of the Journal we no longer required all the space. In addition and in truth the primary factor was our developing friendship with AJ and Mary was growing and with it our desire to focus on the Divine Truth path.

The house was valued by many agents all eager for a listing. Some said over a million, others just under, we felt they really had no idea of reality, we were right. Despite the magnificent 8 acre location the house itself needed some modernisation, many homes in the area were for sale, competition was fierce and truthfully mostly their standard above ours. We felt somewhere in the \$700 - 750,000 was realistic and went with an agent who thought that it would be very attractive at that price. On the market we went. The downward slide was already happening and like many we had not got in front of it, nor did we ever catch up to the slide.

Locally, we were part of a small cluster of people also involved with Divine Truth many being drawn to relocate to be closer to "God's Way of Love" in the South Burnett about 3.5hrs from Brisbane, directly inland 100kms from Noosa. We felt to go and have a look. One friend who was already living in Wondai near Kingaroy asked if we would house-sit for 10 days, we thought this a good idea.

This sleepy little village of about 1,500 people is only an hour from Gympie, it has a few shops, cafes, three pubs, every recreational facility you would expect in a much larger town, plus small hospital, nursing home and every type of amenity we thought we could make use of in our retirement years. We really liked the place.

Our local Wondai real estate company was enjoying the influx of Divine Truth people heading into the community. Although the word got out to the media about some type of commune being created that was far from the truth, just a bunch of individuals like us who were looking to relocate into the area in private properties.

People were either renting or buying everything from 40 acre blocks out of town to small houses in town. We were shown half a dozen 'possibles' but none caught our imagination. We followed our previously successful pattern of writing down, for some strange unknown reason this time what we didn't want; not a Queenslander, not weatherboards, not steel frame, other than that we were not too fussy.

I should have known something was up when motivated to take an early morning stroll. Further down the street from our house-sit I discovered on the corner an unusual five

acre block for sale, unusual because most in the neighbourhood were 2 acres. The house was uniquely set back among the trees in the middle of the property. A highset Queenslander which means complete useable ground floor underneath, the house just 20 years old yet with the traditional wide balconies, I identified from the sales notice that yes, indeed it was steel framed thus secure from termites and had '*Hardiplank*' weatherboard cladding, which made for easy maintenance.

It was exactly all of those elements we said we didn't want, again, don't tell God your plan; She always seems to have the opposite perspective.

Reminiscent of our experience with "*Coby*" in the USA this house was deemed perfect, there was nothing else like it in the village and best of all, while located just on the edge of the village, it enjoyed all the services power and water of the community.

We met with the agent who for some strange reason had neglected to mention this property and he put an offer to the present owners for us to have a right to purchase subject to sale of our Gold Coast property. They gave us a renewable three months option.

Now the decision was made we became excited, some upgrading around Tallai house done, things we had wanted to do but never got to. The ads were placed, we embarked on the first of what was to become many, many Open House days. All to no avail, the market was collapsing around us.

Optimistically, while we waited, storage cupboards were emptied, old Journal back issues painfully dumped at the recyclers, we packed what we could convinced someone would come who be as thrilled with the house as we had been. They never did, still we kept faith.

Gary, our very tolerant and patient real estate agent in Wondai measured all the windows so that we could have curtains made in Bali on our next trip up. Avidly we watched the Aldi catalogue for power tools and gardening equipment and the Nerang demolition yard for things which we would need for vegie gardens. Still no takers.

Our three month option was renewed and later again. We felt embarrassed for the owners in Wondai but they kept faith, interesting coincidence that the elderly owner was called AJ. We made a couple of trips up and met the neighbours who were very kind and helpful but we were stuck. We had two auctions and never received a bid. Our Law of Attraction was working overtime this time in reverse.

In between all this the tour for Patti's 100 strong group to New Zealand came together in concert with the once again supposedly spiritually significant 11 minutes after 11 on the 11th day of the 11th month of 2011. We chose a Maori site on the southern end of Lake Taupo where the ley lines crossed for the ceremony. That morning we learnt that the Wondai owners said they couldn't wait any longer and had to sell, therefore they would not renew our option and immediately put the property back on the market refunding our deposit. Not much celebrating was done by us on that day.

Two days later on the 13th in Wellington, we received an offer, \$695,000, the only offer we received. There were some conditions which we could sort out on our return, jubilantly we contacted Gary back in Wondai, the owners relieved, took their house back off the market.



Our sale and purchase both had all the drama experienced like many house sales, through all the usual machinations and legal issues. In the end persistence won out and we were able to buy the Wondai house for \$360,000 with enough extra cash to do all the things we wanted, including adding self-sufficient solar and massive fresh water tankage, to make the house and property as we wanted.

The final outcome for Tallai was not what was expected, changes in legal requirements occurred in the middle of the purchase delayed us for three months eventually leading us to having to accept far less cash, participate in a trade credits scheme and on top of that leave some money in on a personal guarantee, none of which was never realised, dissolving amidst bankruptcy cases two years down the track. Yes, it took some time to allow for the sense of loss to settle. What was to have been a safe retirement investment fund was minimised.

Six years on however, we do have exactly what we want, and where we want it and how we want it. We love the house, the property, the countryside and most of all the beautiful ordinary, yet honest folk that live in around us, such a breath of fresh air from the Gold Coast urgency and hunger for money scene we had come to dislike so much.



CHAPTER 46

Coming Of Age - Karuna Bali Foundation

Suzanne and I are so blessed to still be involved, play our part in the Karuna Bali story and witness the expansion of this model that is beginning to be felt throughout the islands of Indonesia. We travel twice yearly to Bali for management meetings, provide some ideas and assist where we can be useful, but conscious always that this Foundation remains as it always will, a Bali initiative.

Karuna Bali—YAYASAN KARUNA BALI –is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-religious



Indonesian organization, created to assist in providing education and individual growth opportunities to the people of Bali and elsewhere. If you are looking for us our operational centre for Karuna Bali and Campuhan College is located on the main Campuhan Sanggingan highway into Ubud opposite Indus restaurant. 24 Indonesian are our team in administration, project management marketing and the

teaching faculty. At least one third are past students who have returned to KBF after being in the workplace or university.

Karuna Bali goes beyond traditional teaching of its students. Based on the conviction that each student carries within himself and herself an innate knowing of their natural skills and creativity, our intention is to offer them the opportunity to direct their energy into these areas and thereby grow into their full potential.

Karuna Bali uniqueness lies in its innovative use of the student body for administrative and management support for humanitarian projects the organisation supports. Responsibilities undertaken by the students provide them an opportunity to put into immediate practice skills such as accountability, team work, and creativity. Students become the example for other students, the most powerful language young people respond to.

Our role as an educational institution is to provide environment wherein the knowledge, skills and guidance leads students and indeed the employees into the discovery of their talents, gifts and skills so that they may contribute them to their communities and the world and lead a life of fulfillment.

The fulcrum around which KBF ethos exists is founded in Living Values. As the Associate for LVE in Indonesia the organization is responsible for the extension of Values Education by

the 50 plus trainers to the Indonesian population (256 million) primarily targeted through the education system. Fifteen Muslim Teaching Universities now embrace LVE as part of their own curriculum and training.

No other education program offers its students such an opportunity to prove themselves to themselves and thus build confidence in their abilities. This is where our Leadership Training starts: in the minds and hearts of the students themselves.

The most recent was a complete re-think about who we are, what we represented and the new direction we want to see our opportunity grow was the embracement of a project Suz worked on with the core team in Bali; to introduce unique for Bali, a salary scale based on reward for initiative, cooperation, responsibility, tolerance – in fact, embracement of all the Values in their way of being with their commitment to the foundation; that together with the concept of Human Resources as an integral aspect of management style.

Now implemented, we can move to changes in the programs to bring a Values Based atmosphere as a way of being and held within each individual as well as embodied in the essence of the Foundation activities.

A message from our co-founders Wayan and Iluh Rustiasa in Bali.

Karuna Bali Foundation is very delighted to finally release the first edition of its guidebook. The guidebook itself has been in development for about 6 months by the members of core team of the Foundation to reach to this very first stage in its ongoing development and refinement.

This Guidebook includes Vision and Mission of the Foundation, its Values, Culture and Ethics, as well as the merit salary system. The development of this guidebook is inspired by the LVE approach. How to put values into actions and interactions in the form of best practices that create a value based atmosphere.

A Values Based Atmosphere provides a safe and nurturing environment for everyone to realize their own values, their self-worth and dignity. It restores our power to make conscious choices that enable us to determine our personal destiny and also the destiny of our organization.

We believe that, the values of the Foundation are based on the universal shared values of its people. The Foundation itself is its people together with their shared purpose. We believe that investing in the growth of every family member of the Foundation, naturally determines the growth of the Foundation. Our merit salary system is created to challenge everyone to be willing to grow as an individual as well as, as a team and also to embrace growth that fosters self-contentment and the experience of prosperity at its essence, where love and goodness flows through us.

This guidebook is still in the early stage of its development and it will updated constantly to accommodate the current and future needs and personal growth of its family members and the Organization itself. As we take our first step together, we believe that everything will become clearer to all of us as change naturally refines this guidebook. This guidebook is a work in progress, it is lifelong learning.

At last, congratulations to all of us to have arrived at this stage where we have come together because we value the same things, where we all long to be our true selves, full of values and virtues.

In Service,

Wayan Rustiasa

Co-Founder of Karuna Bali Foundation

Raj: *Thank you,* Wayan and Iluh for always making us so welcome and sharing your beautiful rice field home with us, for the amazing ideas and creative process that unfolds in the your family circle around your dining table and in the magic that surrounds your lives. One of the joys of knowing you both is the wonderful and ever expanding spiritual Journey we are able to share together, for in this we are intrinsically linked forever.

Now isn't that just wonderful?

Our relationship and friendship are one of the most important facets of my whole life. Only God could have brought us together. I love you all so much.....



CHAPTER 47

A Lifetime of Error

Being in Wondai brought us in touch with the organisation created by AJ to take “*The Word*” out to the world. I was offered a role to establish a Communications Team and to share God’s Way of Love. We decided to start to archive material in film of the various aspects that were emerging, activities, people, projects to bring a collective impression that would provide a forum for those within the organisation and those interested in what was actually going on.

The media was very excited about revealing the ‘phoniness’ of AJ’s claim to be Jesus and left indelible scarring through their judgment and cynicism, yet there were some media people who did give their public a real look at the man and what he was attempting to do through Love and Truth.

Jesus was way ahead of us already working to create a library of the teachings that would be available to people throughout the world, every seminar was an opportunity to reach not only the immediate audience but through videoing every event, people everywhere including the ones in Spirit who came to hear from the Master.

I discovered that my own entrepreneurial skills from “*Way of the Heart*” activities to be not only outdated but that my addictive and manipulative way of working in the world did not fit into Jesus’ way of doing things. Trying to please women is one of my serious faults and comes from seeking to earn love from my mother. I was therefore easily manipulated and did not have the ability to manage the Team in accordance with God’s Way of Love.

Two more attempts to take what I know - 'worldly skills' and to use them in this new world also failed me. There is a ‘world of difference’ between how we do things in this world and how we would do them in a Loving World. Using my learned talents did me little good in developing my next passion which was publishing the newly created written transcription of Jesus’ video teachings into booklets.

My first exercise was to attend the local town markets. I knew that I had to overcome my fear of rejection in the face of people living in this Bible belt area.

Each weekend for several months I would get up in the dark, load the truck with the display gear and make my way to the various towns around us to the local market. There I would set up my Divine Truth tent. I soon came to realise that I needed print material to give away and quickly using our office printer created some basic booklets sourced from Jesus’s early teachings which were in written form. Many people gave me small and some, a couple of large donations which allowed me to commercially print more professional looking booklets as hand- outs to interested passers-by of which there were not many.

People glanced at me with curiosity but quickly turned away after seeing that it was about *“that fella who calls himself Jesus”*.

There were many interesting responses to my efforts, most trying to convert me to their version of Jesus! But that was what I was there for, to allow others to have their opinions and not seek or have expectation that they might change and for me to feel the impact of their attitude, and sometimes anger to what I was offering. Jesus did kindly say, *“You don’t have to do this anymore”*, but I was doing it just for me.

On what was to be my last market attendance, a very cold day in the middle of winter in Kingaroy with virtually no one stopping to berate me except the lady who wanted \$5 for the stand space, shivering I too asked myself, *“Why am I doing this?”*

Within minutes I received my answer, a young lady came up and entered into conversation about Divine Truth and I realised I was talking to one of our group. She looked at the books and asked about the printing cost saying that she had a friend who was getting into the teachings living in Adelaide with a big photocopier in his lounge and would probably do a print run for me at minimal, if any cost.

Getting Glen’s name and number I called when I arrived home and chatted to him about the books and what I wanted to do which was to build a book library of Jesus teachings to compliment the video recordings. By now there were quite a few transcripts of talks that could be turned into booklets.

Over a couple of weeks we chatted back and forth, on one call Glen asked me if I would like a photocopier to create them myself. *“Of course”*, I answered! Being a salesman for the Fuji Xerox company he had access to trade-in machines which were sometimes renovated and passed through free to assist charitable organisations, he had recommended Divine Truth. Three weeks later Glen brought this huge machine to Wondai from Adelaide and helped me set it up. Yes, we can talk about a literal gift from God.

At the same time we set up www.divinetruthpublishing.com in support of Jesus’ own www.divinetruth.com site. Quickly the new books were added and people started collecting the books and building their own libraries. We worked as with all Jesus’ materials on a ‘donations only’ basis and yes, it did work and we always had sufficient funds to meet the printing and maintenance costs.

Now the library has some 150 titles all available online, I print on demand, or people can download the books for self-printing. There are another 600 titles at least in the pipeline almost ready to be published. Yet for me the dynamic, the momentum that was there before is gone and there are no more requests at this time. Why is that?

I am passionate about being of service to what I know to be the Truth. I love the books and the publishing role I believe, without facade and have everything now in place to continue to build the library but everything is in abeyance, waiting for something. That something I feel is my release of fear and beliefs in this world that have me locked into another old and not yet dead paradigm, way of doing things.

Until I can bring myself into alignment with the quality of what is written in the books I am out of step with Love and Truth and cannot and will not be able to rekindle the publishing activity. It is not me doing it, it is done through me but until I have the same Love in me that is embodied in the teachings, the deadlock will not be removed.

Jesus never exerts pressure or requirement from anyone as that would be unloving and against their free will, as I write this I realise that I am the only one who can move myself to a place where the books will 'go' again, or maybe another will come to take over the publishing role whose soul is in a better condition.

And the other thing where I have 'fallen down' is organising Jesus and Mary's speaking and workshop venues. Asked by them to arrange the venues for the 2016 - 2018 events I went about it in my normal 'worldly' way in full addiction, in fear of rejection believing that when the identity of the person giving the workshop became known we would be unwelcome. Certainly, in the end we did get the ideal location and were accepted by the resort but how I went about it was again out of alignment with love and trust and a lack of faith. It is shocking to see how much the self can be dominated by façade, while the "Real Me" is still yet to emerge.

I begin to see that there is little point, in fact, counter-productive in feeling frustration at my inability to 'get it', for these are but the baby steps of a soul to starting to walk, the beginning of a long journey that may last into Infinity, who knows?

It would be the wrong choice were I berate to myself causing only more unloving behaviour in particular, to myself. I let go of the mistake, taking from it, as with a lifetime of other mistakes a "thank you" for showing me the error of my ways and endeavouring to not repeat those ones in the future.



ON REFLECTION

It seems that we require most stories to have a beginning and end, this story however, like the Real lives of us all, is quite different.

This life, my life so far as I reach now further into my seventies is, I realise but the beginning, for I do absolutely know that this time in the body has been but the kindergarten stage of my Real Life, till yet to emerge. I am like the caterpillar in the chrysalis, wondering what the future will be like, what I will make of it, for it is all up to me.

The foundation placed within me by my parents based on their values, life experience, fears and errors I have built on upon, establishing a façade that crudely put, got me what I wanted and took me where I wanted to go. This façade has been my shield, my suit of armour protecting me from the pain of feeling inadequate, unworthy, unloved and unsafe, mostly.

I do still have to feel all of that and then I must let it go.

For all of my life it is as if I have been on a conveyor belt leading me to and then through a 'processing hall' whereby my façade is gradually being stripped away. I am scared as to what might remain when eventually I do let it all go, or it is, all taken from me whichever comes first.

Even in the process of writing this, my webmaster informs me that the www.awayoflife.net our primary site has been deleted and is not retrievable, he shared, *"the developers closed shop back in 2012, so you have no place to go to get the site running again. If you want to get the site back up, then we're looking at a rebuild from scratch."*

All that history is gone, editorials from countless Journals, our tours, reader's resource information, Spiritual Surgery notes, personal channelings and the invitation to the five other related websites to our Journey over the past 20 odd years. It seems like a never ending stripping away of what once was so important to me. A cleanse, a falling away of what has supported my façade for so long.

The last few chapters may have provided the reader with insight into a new way of seeing the world, as Jesus says, *"living in the world but not being of it"*.

While I know this World to exist. Will I ever find it?

Many times in my life I have been unloving in my behaviour, my actions and thoughts, resulting I am sure in physical and emotional damage to others. Many times others have mistreated me, trying to get from me that which they wanted or needed to enhance their experience. For my actions of unloving behaviour '*Repentance*' on my part is called for.

For those who have been unloving to me, *'Forgiveness'* must be offered by me. In writing and editing my thoughts and feelings many circumstances surfaced in these pages which has allowed me to apply the two virtues where and as appropriate.

Now in these later years I know that sincerely embracing these two dynamics will play a large part in where I start out on the next stage of my Journey.

Love too has played a big part in my life. So many wonderful loving experiences have occurred or been brought to me, I have met so many wonderful and loving people on the road, I have experienced a loving relationship with two amazing women companions who each in their own way both in 20 plus year relationships molded me and shaped my experiences and to both of them I will be eternally grateful. Perhaps even more important than lovers they have been wonderful companions. I pray that in my unknowingness, I have not negatively impacted their lives, for that certainly would never have been my intent.

I have made many friends during the different aspects of my life although few have stayed the distance into this part of my journey. Yet like all good things they have blessed me with contribution of their sharing and then moved on, some in this world and others already delivered into the next.

My children are two of my best friends. I see them not as "*mine*" for I know that they are not in any way 'my children', they are their own people and have always been on their own journey. They are truly God's Children.

As a final note to sum up when someone once posed to me the big question, "*Why are you here?*" I can truthfully answer...

In reflection, I see my life's purpose has been to experience this wild adventure ride which has offered me every opportunity to taste the pleasure of freedom from conformity and normal society patterns, to benefit from having the trust and willingness to open myself to these opportunities and not be attached to either personal possessions, wealth or lifestyles, being willing to let go, to take change when it is offered, to float free and, of course, to surrender to the Flow of Grace.

In doing so, my life has been and I would like to believe a living demonstration for others to take courage from witnessing and opening to the possibility for them also to choose again. Everything in my life, the world of boats, travel and publishing has provided a platform to express the allure of personal freedom, not that this is just my good fortune but available to others when they are ready to release themselves from the ties that bind.

In the past twenty years in this 'new world' of spirituality I have sought to offer others an opportunity to join with me and together discover more in both ourselves, the Truth of Life on Earth and beyond, and most importantly, to become open to the opportunity of a Relationship with God and I say this while freely admitting that I personally, still

have a long way to go. This quote says it all, *"Its not the destination that counts, but the Journey to it"*.

Like mountaineers if you can get a better view of the Path ahead than I please don't hesitate to pass me, I'll see you at the top. What an adventure! And this is only kindergarten, the Real World is yet ahead.....AND SO WE BEGIN

To the sincere student of life I do recommend some books that will assist anyone wanting to embrace their desire for freedom...;*"Through the Mists", "The Life Elysian", "The Gates of Heaven"*, all from Robert James Lees, all about a lifetime in the Real World

"The Pagett Messages" – James. E. Pagett channels many well known individuals on the otherside with important messages to humanity.

Hans Radox' *"The Judas Messages"* all of which provide an excellent insight into mediumship.

"Life in the World Unseen", Robert Hugh Benson (1871 – 1914) who shares about his death and subsequent life on the other side.

...and most importantly, Jesus' incredible present day contribution of literally the thousands of hours of video recordings and books on the Human Soul, the Spirit World and our opportunity for a very real Relationship with God, all available on the Divine Truth website: www.divinetruth.com and immediately available free for viewing on the Youtube; Divine Truth Channel.

Thank you for being there throughout this narration which began quite simply as a letter to my children and their children.

Ubud, Bali - December 2016/2018



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Here is a story of one such journey into a world that most of us suspect but few venture very far into, a true tale of an unfolding of incredible synchronicity, joy, fear, trust and blind faith.

Told in the mix of unfolding experiences in real time with anecdotes that created depth and colour to each experience as it unfolds, the reader will be entertained, bemused, doubting and yet intuitively aware that this is all quite true and indeed, quite possible for each of us to experience, if we are just willing to entertain the unbelievable ... are you?

Much More Than I Bargained For unfolds on the basis that the reader has an open mind, similar to my own, is curious of things unseen yet felt, and willing to embark on a journey discovering that nothing is as it seems and that life is indeed a game whereby the rules, much more than guidelines for each of us have been pre-set by an Authority who not only loves us, but delights in our adventures and eventually, our awakening. Understanding these rules, laws even and living in harmony with them is in fact, what the Game of Life is all about for without adherence to them and living our life from them we are just a rudderless ship, being blown about by the vagaries of the wind, and being continuously corrected.