

## **The Aboriginal Shaman Woman**

It was 1993, and I was doing the odd day of relief teaching around Coffs Harbour. Easy work, good pay, and it kept me above the poverty line.

The extraordinary kept recurring in my visions and dreams. One day I fell into a deeply relaxed state during meditation. I was not attempting to glean anything in particular from my mind. In my chair in the dark room the image of a man suddenly appeared before my mind's eye, clearly and vividly, as if he was right before me. It was the face of a man of early middle age. He had a short brown beard, and there was almost a rustic aspect to him, like that of a sailor or farmer. What stood out most were his eyes - the most brilliant light blue eyes imaginable. They pierced right through me. I was so startled that I jumped up, and left the room immediately. I did not meditate again that day, and instead I stayed busy around the house. But I could not get the man's eyes out of my mind.

The next day I spoke to Leslie about this when I attended one of her meditations.

She immediately said in a matter of fact way, "Oh, that is Michael."

"Who is Michael?"

"Archangel Michael," she answered with a mischievous smile.

I did not have any particular knowledge of biblical metaphysics, so I cannot say it was the Archangel Michael. But there was something unworldly about the man I saw.

A few months later I was watching a television program about extraordinary human experiences. A soldier from the first Gulf War spoke of a supernatural experience he'd had during the war. He had been in his tank alone and resting when what he could only describe as an "angel" appeared to him. I was astonished that the soldier's description of the eyes precisely matched my own experience: brilliant piercing blue eyes almost too bright to look at.

These kinds of experiences were opening my mind to the possibilities of other realms of existence beyond the mundane. Yet there was one particular event which occurred during that time in Coffs Harbour which started me thinking more deeply about the nature of consciousness and intelligence.

It was a dream, but a kind of dream unlike I'd ever had before. For it was not a classical dream sequence, but an interaction between myself and another being. I had just fallen asleep when I became aware of a young woman with long brown hair standing over me. I did not open my eyes, did I wake up in the traditional sense of being awake. Yet I was fully aware of the woman's loving presence. I felt her was soft and gentle demeanor as she leaned forward and massaged my body, and I knew that she was healing me.

Then she began to speak.

"Your energy is very blocked," she said softly.

I said nothing, and felt there was no expectation that I should reply. I sensed that her intelligence vastly exceeded my own, and that any comment from me would be pointless.

"At present you are only using three percent of you mental potential," she said gently. With these words came a feeling that there was a long way to travel before I could truly understand what she was saying.

She continued to soothe me with her hands.

Then she was gone, and I awoke. I knew that I had just communicated with someone, or something. I also knew this was important. That was clear. I turned on my bedside light and wrote the dream down immediately, including all the words and feelings communicated to me.

For several days afterwards I contemplated the information she gave me - that I was using only three per cent of my cognitive ability. This was a surprisingly precise figure. It seemed strange that a spiritual being would use mathematical concepts. The entire encounter remained obscure to me for a long time. It was years before I understood that communication that is essentially telepathic occurs first at a non-linguistic level, and then is translated by our psyche as words, symbols, and feelings.

I believe that woman was a spiritual guide. I had other such experiences later on, but none quite as life-altering as this one. The 'way of knowing' involved here comes through a sixth sense which is basically kinesthetic. It is the feelings, the energy of the encounter that is most vivid.

What we experience as consciousness in the Western mind is highly distorted, shaped largely by our education and social settings which sift our inner worlds into a very narrow range of mental processes. A common expression of this is intellectualism, most notable in men. The result of this is that people are less able to intuit or feel at a deep level.

As I will detail in a later chapter, some four years after the meeting with my spirit guide I would meet some extraordinary people who were able to intuitively 'measure' personal consciousness as a percentage of enlightenment. Significantly they would put my mental development at around three percent of enlightenment.

The encounter with my spirit guide was a key moment in my understanding of human consciousness. I'd had an encounter with an intelligence I considered far greater than my own. But most significantly I began to consider the possibility that I was a lot less 'smart' than I had thought. It was also becoming clear that some people whom I had considered very smart were not nearly as intelligent as I had believed they were.

I sat down one evening to read the local paper, and noticed a small ad for psychic readings in the classifieds section. I was then becoming interested in the psychic realm. I found myself speaking to a woman named Maria. The very next day I was at her home for a reading.

There was nothing special about Maria on the surface. She was quite down to earth, and although I was open to the possibility that she might offer something useful or even profound, I found myself quite skeptical. She didn't appear to be particularly spiritual in the way I thought "spiritual" was supposed to be. Her house was far from tidy and was run-down. There was renovation being carried out as she spoke to me, with workmen coming and going. She also smoked, a strong dislike of mine.

"Put your paw up here," she said. She took my hand, and began to "read."

"I see here that there has been a great tearing," she commented. "It's like a part of you has been torn away."

"Hmm, I have no idea what that could mean," I mumbled skeptically. At the time I had little interest in emotional healing and had no genuine comprehension of the depth of the emotional scars I was carrying inside.

"Why is it that they made you feel like you didn't exist?" she asked bluntly.

"I don't know about that," I mumbled. "My childhood wasn't that great, but others have had worse."

"Listen to what I'm telling you!" she scolded me gently. "There is a tearing here. I can hear it. You have been torn away."

She interspersed the reading with information about her own life. Her father had been a kadaicha medicine man, and he had trained her in the ways of the shaman. She spoke of how she had struggled to deal with the responsibilities this entailed.

"He is telling me to tell you that you should believe in yourself."

"Who is telling you?" I asked with incredulity.

"My spirit guide, Zodiac."

"Oh?"

"He speaks to me directly, just the way you do now. I am just telling you what he says."

I listened. If nothing else she was an interesting case study.

"I can sense your father. He is a thoughtful man, but he is closed. Like a closed box. You can't get near him."

I laughed. "That's certainly spot on. He isn't exactly known for his affectionate nature."

"Does he have heart problems?"

I folded my arms. "No. He doesn't have any heart problems. As far as I know he's in good health."

"I see him with heart problems. I see him reaching for his chest. Actually it will be quite unexpected. How old is he?"

"Fifty-three or so."

"He will be around sixty when it happens."

"I guess we'll just have to see about that."

"Zodaic tells me you don't trust yourself. You have much ability but you don't let yourself believe you are any good because of what you were told when you were young. It's time that you began to accept your abilities."

"Abilities?" I scoffed. "What abilities might those be?"

"You see you are a very gifted person, but you don't know it. You are very psychic."

"Psychic? Me?" I guffawed. "Sorry, but I'm not psychic at all."

"Just listen to what you are being told," she firmly rebuffed me. "You have much to offer. You want to stretch yourself, but you don't know how to do it."

"Fair enough. Like most people, I suppose."

"I see you going back to study."

"Study what? I've had enough of study." At that point in my life I would rather have stuck toothpicks in my eyeballs.

"I see you going for your masters, maybe even a Ph.D. You have done quite well academically."

I hadn't told her I had a university degree, so this did impress me a little. But she was dead wrong about my having any intention to study again, and I told her so.

"I didn't do that well at school," I said. I had always felt like I didn't live up to my abilities, even though I had an honours degree in History.

"I see you lecturing before people," she said. "There is a lot of knowledge and power that will come your way, but you will have to earn it."

I listened. Maria was interesting if nothing else.

"You will not be given that power for a long time yet. You are not ready and you might destroy it. When you are ready, they will give it to you."

I shuffled in my chair. "Who? Who will give me this knowledge?"

"Your spirit guides will. I also see an old man. He has a lot of knowledge. He's going to take you under his arm and help you."

Maria went on. Much of what Maria told me seemed rather grandiose, but there was one thing she mentioned that changed my life.

"You should listen to the songs in your head." "They are put there by Spirit. It is one of the ways that they try to communicate with you and guide you."

"Really?" I said, looking at her inquisitively. "Well, lots of people hear songs in their heads. That doesn't mean they are messages from spirits."

"You need to listen more."

I paid Maria the forty bucks and left. Despite my aversion to her, there was something profound about some of the things she said. Her advice about music led me to listen more closely to song lyrics in my head. I began to listen more carefully to my inner mind. I discovered a veritable radio station of messages being relayed to me day and night.

I began to write down all the lyrics that came to me while sleeping or meditating, or when I was engaging in mundane activities such as talking, even writing up a lesson plan at school. What began as a kind of quaint hobby later became a rather more involved activity. Soon, I was being woken in the middle of the night by song lyrics being drummed into my skull while I was sleeping. One night I was awoken by a particular song in the middle of the night. Being drowsy and barely awake, I stumbled out of bed and walked over to the CD player to turn it off, only to find to my amazement that it was turned off.

One night I was woken up by a woman singing. Yet it was unlike any singing I had ever heard. The language was unrecognizable to me, and there was no instrumentation. Simply an angelic female voice, with an ancient world feeling to it. The pace of the song was very, very slow, and the words drawn out into long melodic flute-like notes. As I was listening I realised that I was not hearing it with my ears. It was coming from within, or perhaps beyond. I sat up in bed and the singing stopped. Then I deliberately relaxed into a light trance state and the singing was there again. It was almost as if the woman was serenading me. It was the most beautiful thing imaginable. I fell into a deep sleep.

At other times I have been warned of danger, given insights into the nature of mind and consciousness, aided in identifying my own healing issues, and assisted in relationships with others.

I began to recognise an intelligence beyond my conscious mind with a greater awareness than I, an intelligence which I could access at will. This was the beginning of my understanding of integrated intelligence.

Integrated intelligence is not the infallible Word of God. Perfect mastery may be impossible. As my own acuity and experience in these cognitive realms increased, I came to appreciate this more and more. Sometimes things just clicked and a deep 'knowing' came that was seemingly beyond any doubt. Other times there was nothing, or the images, dreams or visions did not reveal what I had thought they revealed.

I am concerned when New Age teachers write about their visions as if they are the Word of God. The human psyche is a minefield of competing energies and voices. What I learned as the years went by is just how easily psychic data such as visions, voices and feelings are affected by the ego, and also by interference from the psychic pull of other people and spiritual beings. Beginners may not realise that the existence of the nonlocal mind means that human consciousness is not confined to the individual brain. There is a never-ending stream of thoughts and feelings from everyone around us, especially loved ones, family and people we interact with at work and socially.

I have come to see that we are guided through life, but not pushed. The rule of Spirit is noninterference. It is up to us to make our own choices, our own successes and failures, and our own mistakes.

And there were plenty of mistakes. With dreams and visions, there is the tendency to interpret them in terms of the wishes of our ego.

I finished writing my book *The Freedom of Dynamic Consciousness*, and sent out proposals to a dozen or so publishers. And waited. I had written it in the spirit of *The Fool*, not really knowing what I was doing, just trusting that the universe would reward my courage. I thought that if the New Agers were correct I would be hearing from a publisher soon.

A month or so after sending off proposals for my book, I had a dream that I received two envelopes in the mail: one large, and one small. I immediately interpreted this as evidence that a book contract was on the way. Each day I waited for the mail with great expectation. Eventually the replies did come, all rejections. I did get some positive feedback, but nobody wanted to publish it.

I tend to get so caught up in what I am doing or creating, that I miss the signs being given to me. In writing that book I was not spiritually mature enough, and if my book had been published and successful, I dread to think what would have happened.

Maria, the Aboriginal shaman was correct. If power spiritual power is given too soon it is easily abused.

Maturity comes in different ways at different speeds. I was not ready to receive the kind of power and success that I believed I could achieve. There was a subtle level of delusion sneaking up on me, a spiritual narcissism of which I was barely conscious.

Instead of being given spiritual power I was going to be given quite a few good spiritual kicks in the bum, which was exactly what I needed. There was still a lot of pain and struggle ahead for me. As Leslie had said, there is a price to pay for wisdom, and in the coming years I would learn what that price is.