

Dewdrop Evera Newsletter

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The Evera Website is up! Tineke organised, designed and realised it and is also the webmaster. With texts from Helma and Henk, photo galleries, direct access to all issues of the 'Dewdrop' and links with related sites we hope it serves well as yet another instrument for Shin's work.

www.evera-ecosophy.com.au

The Voice of Mahadeva (pg 16)

Shin Shiva Svayambhu M.

Respect and honour the life in all creation. Care for and protect animals, plants and stones, for you carry a gift from each of them within you. Respect and honour life, it flows to you from God. All beings have given you gifts. Search for the highest gift. It lies deep within you. It is your blissful unity with the Great, Beneficent God.

I am - I am - I am.

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Editorial

Dear friends, welcome to our winter issue, and to the third year of the Dewdrop's life. As so often happens, the articles in this issue reflect many related themes and ideas, especially connecting polarities in the world and in life. Shin - and other teachers - have often pointed to the importance of connecting the apparent disparity of polar opposites, to bring new union and wholeness, to bring healing. The articles in this issue weave through such polar opposites as darkness and light, winter and summer, arctic and antarctic, sleeping and waking, inner darkness (depression) and inner light (unconditional love), destruction and renewal, false and true guidance on the way that WE ARE.

In particular this issue shares a report on the 'Arctic Circle 80 Degrees' project. We devoted quite some time and effort on its translation (from German), as we felt the project represents a truly new approach to an issue, that in our current culture would provoke the usual forms of activism, fighting the 'enemy' with the same weapons and methods. As we have been involved in that kind of action since the early 70's, we realise that this approach is less and less effective and appropriate. There is a new level of goodwill in many people and it is this goodwill that needs to be addressed and activated. As Shin says in his 'Mother Earth Meditation' of 2001:

'The healing Spirit wanders through all peoples.
There are billions who carry this in their hearts...'

In winter news from Trentham only reaches the media when there is snow. I am sorry to say, it has not happened yet. The weather has been very close to it: piercing cold winds and snow-bearing clouds, steely and dark. What we did get at Evera was white, frosty mornings, with the leaves of the sage picked for tea covered in frozen dew. And a bit later, the children walked to their home-school over the paddock, disappearing and reappearing in and through the white veils of mist. And then two mornings with the dam, still drained from the drought, frozen over and ice everywhere, in puddles and in bird-baths, for the children to break, see through and even eat...

On another level we had two festival weekends: beginning of May and half-way June. In May we addressed the essence of what economic life really is and we learned much. Instead of continuing this promising search, we addressed in our mid-winter conversation and meditation the essence of who we are, and the essence of God and nature, as a first condition for understanding the social issues we are dealing with. It turned out a very enlightening experience, on which we might be able to report in a later issue. 'Patience becomes insight...'

Henk, Helma and Tineke Bak



Photo: Henk Bak



Photo: Henk Bak

Visiting Marysville - 4 Months after the Fires

Tineke Bak

On the last Sunday in May I felt strongly called and drawn to visit Marysville, one of the towns destroyed by the Black Saturday fires in February. I wanted to pay my respects personally and also report some kind of follow-up for the Dewdrop Newsletter. Even though I didn't visit Marysville often, it was a charming, favourite place to bring overseas visitors, or stop-off place for lunch before heading into the deeper folds of giant mountain ash forests behind it. Always colourful, busy, bustling with holiday makers, tourists, arts and crafts shops, delicious eateries, and a festive atmosphere. That's how I remember it. My other motivation, or search, was for signs of renewal - in nature mainly, I did not expect renewal yet for the human communities.

That Sunday began wreathed in thick morning mists, which even by 11am were just beginning to shift and lift. So as I drove east, the hills were still shrouded in smoky haze and white clouds. Right outside Healesville the fire scars became very visible, blackened, open forest, first eerily misty, then lit by bright noon light. Here, lower down, there was already a fierce green regrowth emerging from tree ferns, bracken and the trunks of the eucalypts. The gigantic cathedral arches of the mountain ashes over the Black Spur were untouched in large patches, recovering fast in others, their soaring crowns far above the fire scars.

Coming in closer to Marysville, though, the scars dominated the landscape over everything else. Rubble piles where once houses stood, or newly excavated cleaned up sites, bare and naked and hiding their stories with their emptiness. The mists had lifted to open to a glorious still early winter day, a virtually cloudless, radiant day. Many empty sites had visitors, families clustered around a small fire, talking, pointing, cool fingers curled around mugs of warm drinks. Cars stopped along the roadside, people got out to take photos. From the town itself came a colonnade of cars driving at funeral pace, their headlights on. Here and there stood a house, untouched, unblemished, whole and surreal when everything else showed black and burnt.

The town itself was quite busy - a lot of visitors paying their respects. A whole bunch of weekend bike riders all clustered around the one remaining bakery/café, whose tables were all full. But there was no town, only an enormous building site - empty plots, occasional chimney stacks standing forlorn amid some rubble, metal fencing and signs saying danger-keep out. Bulldozers and diggers here and there, silent on Sunday. And empty street after empty street, driveways leading to neat, empty blocks. Old, scorched business signs up in front of empty lots, and For Sale signs scattered around, too. People wandered quietly up and down the streets, some taking photos, most not talking much. To my amazed relief the big old oaks and plane trees that lined the main street and made the town so pretty in autumn were still alive and standing.



Photo: Tineke Bak

I tried to take photos but the clutter was so chaotic I couldn't find any form or meaning to bring into a photo. So I moved on up towards the Stevensons Falls and pulled up by one ragged sign saying that Bruno's sculpture gallery was open. I had heard of this, and seen some photos, but had never actually visited. Looking down the drive into the black stumped, rubbly bit of forest on the edge of the footy oval, it didn't look like much, but there was someone there at a trestle table and quite a few visitors, so I went in.

It turned out that, most of the sculptures being clay, many had survived though the house and gallery were gone. A young man, Andrew, manned the gate. I wandered in, uncertain what to expect and was amazed to move through the debris and be faced with one charming sculpture after the other. Sculptures perched amidst the sooty and muddy rubble and rubbish, here and there with lurid green new-growth at their feet, in the formless remains of the garden. Each sculpture held its own evocative mood, silent and serene amid the tumbled mess of fallen giants. Green emerged with luminescent brightness out of black, russet and grey. It was silent, with only a very occasional distant sound of a bird. No wind in the empty branches. Just stillness. Nothing moved.

I took photo after photo, captivated anew by each surprising revelation of human art and soul. Then wandered out and talked to Andrew. What he had to say struck me dumb. I wished I'd had a recorder of some kind as his words would have made the article I am writing redundant. However I can remember some of the thoughts he expressed, even though the words are paraphrased and not exact.



Photo: Tineke Bak

He said that the fires now seemed something, if not

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Photo: Tineke Bak

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inevitable, at least very much part of life and living. He felt that in the destruction of this small community he was awed to be part of the birth of a much larger community - one that spanned the globe. For him at least, the disaster and loss was much less than the gain, the growth, and the love that had emerged from it. So much good had come out of the disaster, that he felt deeply emerged in the forward movement of life, even though some had decided not to return to Marysville to rebuild. He and his family were certainly planning to rebuild the gallery and sculpture garden, even though it would take time and be hard work.

These thoughts stayed with me as I got back into the car and drove up into the hills to Lake Mountain. As I passed the last roundabout I spotted a crude handwritten signboard: *New Beginnings - community meeting - everyone welcome*. The higher I drove the less green recovery was visible and high up on Lake Mountain the silence seemed even more absolute, a desert of empty forest, burnt trunks and scorched leaves - grey, black and russet, motionless, skeletal, silent, cold, waiting.

I drove back down and stopped for a coffee at the bakery to warm myself up with some human company, then headed home with a pocket full of photos and a heart full of impressions. As I crossed over the Black Spur again, passing through the majestic cathedral of young mountain ash, and down towards the suburbs of Melbourne, I was left with an overall impression of immense power - invisible, silent, unstoppable. Not necessarily the power of the firestorm, but the power of transformation, of renewal and of life.



Photo: Tineke Bak

Bruno's Gallery can be visited online: www.brunosart.com This site contains images of how the garden was originally, and shortly after the fire. My own blog (www.tineke.bodywisesoulwise.com.au/blog) has slide shows of my photos of the trip not shown here - under the Nature Albums page in the right side bar.

The Maze of Love, Part 1

Catherine Warner

When I was in my late teens and early twenties I often visited Aunty Greta, a friend of our parents whom we children called Aunty. On one of these visits I asked her, "How do you know when you're in love?" "You just know," was her (to me) enigmatic response. I did not remember her husband who had died when I was a tiny tot, yet I knew she missed him dreadfully. "How do you know," I prodded. "You just know," she repeated.

I didn't immediately recognise my love for Jack because of the great disparity in our ages. I told him I loved him on 1 October 1980. When we married I was 32 and he was 65. I believe that marriage between couples with a big age difference is a very strong test of "true love". I know I grieved at seeing Jack's powers diminish, just as he was greatly jealous of seeing me still vibrantly young and desirable to other men (I only once made overtures to another man, in 1993 when I was by myself in Japan for three months, and these were purely verbal).

Then there were the - to me - inexplicable incidents when Jack seemed to fall down "a black hole" which I felt myself being sucked into and felt wretched. Only with the hindsight of many years of experience have I understood that he suffered from depression from his childhood onwards but no one knew about it but me as he kept it so well hidden. I also learnt that the reason I got "sucked in" was not only because I didn't know about strategies in dealing with someone who is depressed, but also that I did not know that I myself was suffering from depression (also from childhood). If only I'd had Laura Rosen and Xavier Amador's book *When Someone You Love is Depressed* back at the beginning of my marriage instead of in the early 2000s ... And yet I would probably have thought it irrelevant to me then and it proved invaluable to me when I did read it.

On top of all that was the fact that Jack's mother had had glaucoma and that Jack was told by his optician in Boulder Colorado that he would end up with glaucoma and to watch out for the first signs of that so it could be held in check. By the time his glaucoma started developing in the early to mid 1990s, however, Jack had entered a much more sombre phase of his life - when he was contemplating suicide - and somehow lacked what it took to change opticians in Melbourne and my pressing him to do so only made matters worse. I could not understand how such an intelligent man - brilliant, even - could not make such a fundamental decision for his own well-being. Now I understand that he was in denial that such a thing could be happening to him. Some time in 2007 I apologised to him for berating him back then about not changing his optician earlier and that I now understood that he was unable to do anything about it at the time. In Jack's subsequent silence

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I felt his acceptance of my apology and also of the significance of my statement. It seemed to me that he was letting go of the feel of guilt he had had about not having done anything.

Blindness and visual impairment can be crippling for some people, while others learn to cope with it much better. Coupled with depression it is exceedingly crippling. The two intertwine and enmesh themselves, each intensifying the other. Strong tests indeed to surmount. You can imagine that that combination in Jack and the fact that I was also depressed made for an untenable situation. It was really fortunate that I started my inner journey when I did and saw that the only way for either of us to survive was to live apart. Not that it was easy to make the decision or act upon it. Yet I did leave Jack in July 1999. I stayed in Melbourne and he, after a couple of months, went to live in Sydney. I was still in touch with him by phone, but did not initially give him my number so I could have some peace. Later I started working hard on my integrity issues and finding some love for myself and communicating to Jack about both.

My first poem in this issue, The Parting, is about my first visit to him since I had seen him in August 1999. That successful first visit in September 2002 opened the door to three visits in 2003 and to Jack requesting I come up to Sydney in March 2004 when he gave me power of attorney and to his return to Melbourne in August 2004 after having been assessed fit for low level hostel care.

The transition was hard for both of us; made much more so by the fact that Jack required urgent eye surgery both before leaving Sydney and on arrival in Melbourne. Knowing Jack's scorn for cheap hotel accommodation and the need to be close to the Eye and Ear Hospital in East Melbourne, I booked a room for us at the Park Hyatt Hotel (something I wouldn't do under normal circumstances but these were extraordinary circumstances). Vigil of a Blind Man is the poem I wrote of our night there.

After he'd been three weeks in temporary accommodation, the most perfect hostel for Jack - bright, airy and modern, with large open public areas and exceptionally caring staff - turned up in Springvale, an outer south-eastern suburb of Melbourne not known for high class restaurants. The Camel was written after several restaurant meals with Jack in his new surroundings. Though I had not read The Parting or Vigil of a Blind Man to Jack, I did read The Camel to him and he saw the funny side of it and stopped complaining.

I had a hard job leading Jack around on our outings to his various appointments and when we went to restaurants - the one favourite activity we shared from the beginning of our relationship that he could still greatly enjoy. Initially he leant so heavily on my arm that I was exhausted. Later, when his depression had receded somewhat and his mind allowed him to use the little vision he had left, he

wished to walk unaided (under my watchful eye, me ready to grab him should an obstacle turn up). Being so adept at concealing his disability, he became a bit of a liability to people unaware of his blindness. He was adamant he would not use his white cane. And so I wrote the poem The White Cane. This poem so moved him that on the next outing he had his white cane with him. Sadly, as a friend was with me that day, Jack did not use the cane then and only once after that when I requested him to on the day we went to a busy school. His acquiring a walking frame on wheels after his hip operation in early 2008 had people give him a wide berth and increased his mobility.

Jack was such a fine teacher of unconditional love. I knew when my words fell like a drop rippling in his pond and when what I said fell short of the mark. In July last year I said quietly to him, "You know, your blindness has had one positive aspect: it has caused you to suspend judgement on people because of their appearance. There are people in this hostel you'd not talk to if you could see what they looked like". There was a golden stillness between us as Jack took in my words. Learning to speak to him about things to do with his sight (and other matters) from my still centre has been a challenge and yet seeing him gain in confidence, become more respectful of me, able to express what was going on for him, relaxing into the rhythm of life in his hostel and enjoying little pleasures was wonderful. I am so blessed that he found peace before his fall on 1 October 2008 and his death three days later.

The Parting

So long - long ago it seems
I left you, yet held on.
Building bridges of cards, words, pictures
Not seeing you for one, two
Yes, even three years.
Your botched attempts
To end it all
Wrenched tears and tears
From me.
Yet midst my fears
Of standing free
I could not see
How ill I hold us both.
I am truly loath
To let you go.
When, finally, compassion-filled
I willed myself to see you,
I did as best I could - not always good.

The last day
That short walk in the bush
Your surrender to my guiding arm
The peace we had in that place
The most tender love
I felt in our only and parting embrace.

© Catrine Warner, September 2002

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Vigil of a Blind Man

Leaving smoothness of linen and feather pillow,
 Swimming through the murky pool of unseeing
 In the blackness of night,
 Pain in the heart
 Matching pain in the orbits.
 Old fish in this dreaded pond,
 Slowly circling, seeking,
 At times rejecting ministrations,
 His scales glinting with arrogant pride.

©Cat Warner, 13th August 2004

The Camel

Bored, the blind man -

led from the oasis of his
 five star hostel
 to inferior watering holes in the district -
 scoffs and
 spits his wife in the eye
 for her poor attempts
 at appeasing his
 supercilious tastes.

©Cat Warner, 30th August 2004

The White Cane

No good cane this!
 I'm unsteady on my feet,
 And besides it would show my frailty
 to the world.
 I, who have vowed always to be strong,
 how could I admit to being frail, no, weak?
 Not so much as a squeak
 do I wish to utter
 for fear of concealed contempt,
 superior stares.

And to him spake the Angel:
 Let the cane be thy strength
 That it may lead thee
 Whithersoever thou wouldst go
 Without a stumble
 That thy days be filled with Light;
 For did not He say
 Blessed are the Meek for they shall inherit the
 Earth?
 So let thy declining years
 Be not filled with clenched fists
 And wringing of hands
 But gentleness and gladness
 For the gifts that are given
 And care without pause.

17 November 2004, ©Catherine Warner

Seminar Notes and Introduction to the Solstice Article

Briony Baird

I am sharing a short transcription of my notes taken from Shin's talks in Nov. and Dec. 2001 in Germany - which was the 'seed thought' and inspiration for my article. There is such concentrated power and mystery in these words of Shin which have lived and matured in my soul over the past 8 years...my response is a kind of conversation and dance around the multi-dimensional depths of his thoughts... which I can only approach tentatively and with wonder...

SHIN: November 2001, Germany

The slower moving beings give the vessel for the faster moving/living beings.

The Mineral (kingdom) provides the vessel for the Plant: life energy/ether creates more and more inner life; transforms the mineral elements. Ancient Sun streams worked closely with minerals: dolmens, hill construction, natural wisdom of early mankind with knowledge of plants and minerals (eco-cultures).

Plants build the axis between the centre of the Earth and the centre of the Cosmos.

Animal transforms world of Plants; inscribes its magic upon the plants.

Animals are the creation/work of serving angels and gods - human being can have a calming or peaceful effect upon the animals; Man as shepherd and carer for the Animal and other kingdoms: Man's evolution is *with* Nature, not against Nature.

If Mankind does not re-learn how to read the holy inscription of Nature, Man will be shot back into a primal nature. This is close.

Mankind the beginning of the 4th Hierarchy; human being in the key place of the Cosmos. All creation waits for the Human Being to fulfil his task.

SHIN: Dec. 2001 Congress/Seminar, Stuttgart

The highest development of Mankind is to experience the unity with the ALL, every realm. When Earth can express itself together with Mankind, then the greatest bliss will come about. In so working, Humanity becomes the highest flowering of evolution; highest flower of Shiva/Shakti.

Animals are our ancient brothers and sisters. They enjoy a seamless presence - a lyrical unity with the earth. Animals live outside in the wind, in the waters, in the mountains and in the clay. The knowing of the earth is in them. The Zen-like silence and thereness of the landscape is mirrored in the silence and solitude of animals.

John O'Donohue, Anam Cara - Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World, Bantam Press, UK 1997, pg 79.

Solstice: Reflections from a Northern Archipelago

Briony Blair Bard, Shetland

Half a year has turned since we of the north in Shetland approached the pivotal pause of the mid-winter solstice through the passage of darkness and the cold wild storms of wind and sea upon these rocky shores. We have moved 'half a crown' through the sun's ecliptic, changing places, as it were, with the southern hemisphere in the majestic breathing rhythm of the Earth's etheric: contracting at the winter pole towards our planet's sacred centre, expanding and breathing-out into the starry cosmos at the summer pole. The solstices provide a holy stillness - that pause of the planetary breath at polar extreme, between the balanced etheric expression of the autumn and spring equinoxes.

The great long darkness of winter in the northlands is a strong rhythmical passage towards the light in Nature - reflected also in the struggle of the deeper recesses of the soul. People on this small island are renown for the consumption of alcohol during the Mid-winter period; perhaps there is a need to 'soften' the darkness, to fortify the passage of endurance through the long night. For me the challenge has been the absence of trees in this landscape of fierce winds. So I imagine my own etheric roots anchoring deep within the Earth's sacred centre, my branches embracing the starry spaces.

What is the soul orientation for a people who dwell in a treeless landscape - who have always lived off the bounty of the sea and the small croft system of sheep and short-season vegetables to bide them through the winter? Traditionally it was the men who went to sea after the spring ploughing, who once went a-viking, who later followed the migrating herring shoals, who often travel the world with the merchant navy - and (especially from this isle) fish the deep oceans for weeks at a time in the great pelagic fishing vessels. The women have always held the power of the land, the running of the crofts. And the women of this small island run deep and strong... So perhaps it was ever the womenfolk who provided the roots, the anchorage for that progressive, outward-looking element which the men brought home from their travels. As an incomer, what I sense here is a deep and innate respect for gender-difference, for the complement which is wholesome and balanced in relationships.

In April, Easter weekend was glorious with sun, a gift. On Easter Sunday Glenn and I walked to the cliffs at the N.E. point of the island and watched the sun rise over one of

the small islands of the Outer Skerries across the sea. On our way back a lark was ascending above our heads, spiralling heavenward in song. Oyster-catchers and Snipe were in courting pairs everywhere, piping and warbling. After two hours, cold from the ever-bracing wind, we couldn't wait to get home for coffee and muffins!

The evening before, we saw a seal not far off shore in a bay down the island as we were wandering over the rocks at ebb tide. How I had been longing all winter for a sighting! I sang to her/him and there was a long lingering response... Sunday evening with the sun low across the sea at twilight, we saw a seal pop up as we were gazing out the window at home. I threw open the window wide and crooned lullaby tones to it... it stayed until my song subsided.

Essentially we belong beautifully to nature. The body knows this belonging and desires it. It does not exile us either spiritually or emotionally. The human body is at home on the earth. It is probably some splinter in the mind which is the sore root of so much of our exile. This tension between clay and mind is the source of all creativity. It is the tension in us between the ancient and the new, the known and the unknown.

John O'Donohue, *Anam Cara - Spiritual Wisdom from the Celtic World*, Bantam Press, UK 1997, pg 126.

Many Selkie tales come from Shetland - particularly the northernmost isle of Unst. It was healing to make this connection with the seals as a local man from this small isle of Whalsay had just been sentenced to 10 weeks of prison for clubbing to death 21 seal pups on a remote neighbouring island last November. It had been in the national news and the sentence was a serious bone of contention among the local folk of Shetland. As the sentence had been handed down just before Easter break, the 12-year-old children in Glenn's English class were hotly debating the judgement, a split 50-50 between indignation at the senseless brutality of the act and incredulous fury at the absurdity of imprisonment: probably a reflection of parental sentiments at home. In the letters page of the SHETLAND TIMES the argument against a custo-

dial sentence rested on the reality that two/three generations ago the culling of seals for their skins in what was a precarious subsistence culture could bring a family above the poverty line for the following winter. That was certainly true; however, for the past 3 ½ decades there has been a sharp discontinuity of the local economic structure once Shetland became the terminal point for all the North Sea oil reserves, along with the technological advances which placed Shetland in the premier league of the North Atlantic fishing industry.

In a small island like Whalsay whose land mass is 7 x 3 miles, local family names are few and half the folk are closely related. So when the children of Glenn's class clamoured for his opinion on the sentence he calmly dissented, saying they would have a reasonable debate after

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the holiday once tempers had cooled. The first day back, Glenn presented the class with the story, *The Seal Woman of Unst*, a selkie tale from their own culture. These ancient selkie tales from Norway, the Scottish Hebrides, Ireland, Orkney and Shetland very likely arose in clan groups with seal totems who claimed ancestral descent from seal people / selkie progenitors. Clearly in imaginative form, the argument in island cultures against harming seals is an ancient argument which 'runs in the blood'. Only two out of the 17 children in the class had heard the tale.

In the selkie tales, there is a magical night each summer when the seal people come to a remote shore, throw off their rich seal-ropes and dance naked by the light of the moon in their beautiful human forms; in some renditions it is a pre-mating ritual of the seal people. A young man, crofter/fisherman cannot sleep with the potent energies of the full moon and wanders on the shore, spying this ritual dance from behind a large rock. Beside the rock is a great heap of seal cloaks, each beautiful, warm and shining in the moonlight. He is tempted and steals one away, his departure startling the seal folk who grab their cloaks and race back to the sea. All but one - a young beautiful woman with long hair and large luminous brown eyes whose plaintive desperation brings her to the young man's cottage, pleading, "Oh, help me, mortal man. I am a hapless daughter of the Sea. I have lost my silken seal skin and may never return to my brothers and sisters until I find it again!"

The young man, bewitched by her loveliness, tells her that probably a man has stolen it away - but himself will gladly marry her and care for her always. He wraps his plaid around her and sits her down by the fire, whose dancing golden flames delight and comfort her grieving heart from the elemental pull of the Sea. The young man places some sweet warm bannock bread he has pulled from the hearth fire in her mouth and she accepts him as her husband. She becomes a model wife and mother of several children, revered in the community as the quiet and lovely seal-wife. But always she feels the pang and yearning for the emerald sea depths in her heart, the rhythm of the waves in her blood and the lost songs of her seal-kin.

Then one stormy day while her man is away fishing, her children find the old seal robe hidden behind the hay bales while they are playing in the byre. The seal-wife calls her children in for their supper as she's just pulled the hot bannock from the deep red glowing embers. The children prattle about the discovery in the byre, asking their mother what is the great fur robe behind the bales?

This ending comes from the Isle of Berneray in the Outer Hebrides, called *MacCordrum of the Seals*, retold by Barbara Ker Wilson: "Never a word she spoke aloud against the man who had kept her there against her will for all the long, long years that had passed. But she put off her mortal's clothes, and clasped the seal skin to her. Then she took one farewell of her children and went down to

the sea. And there, while the wild sea-horses frolicked off-shore, she clad herself in her skin of golden brown and swam out across the water. Soon she turned to gaze her last upon the little cottage where she had perhaps known a little happiness in spite of her unwillingness to dwell there. And along the frothing line of surf that rolled in from the great Atlantic she saw her children standing forlorn upon the shore. But the call of the sea was stronger for her than the cry of her earth-born children; far, far away she swam, singing for joy and happiness as she went...

Great was Roderic MacCordrum's grief as his weeping children told him how their mother had taken but one farewell and left them alone upon the shore...He never forgot his fair seal-wife, but grieved for her all the days of his life. And remembering that their mother had been a seal woman, for ever after that time the sons of Roderic MacCordrum, and their sons after them, were careful never to disturb or harm any seal that they might see. And they were called the Clan MacCordrum of the Seals, which became known throughout North Uist and the Outer Hebrides as a sept of the Clan Donald."

There is a silver lining to this story. It has come to me that the local gentleman in question has returned home, released early on good behaviour, and is a changed man. This large brusque man is chastened and quiet, humble and more gentle. The angst and embarrassment has passed over the island like the many squalls and storms which rage and wash over the patient rocks and boggy uplands. People come home, back into the warp and woof of the community; their troubles have raised the mirror of consciousness near and far.

Those rare days when it is warm enough to sit patiently on the rocks of Skaw Voe at ebb tide, there are moments of blessing and magic when seals draw close, head and shoulders above the steel-blue waves, lingering, listening to my crooning. Their dark luminous eyes receive blessing before they dive into the churning blue-emerald depths, taking my heart with them a little way into their netherworld... then only the rhythm and slap of the waves with my own heart-beating awe.

At this writing in mid-May, on a cloudless night the evening sky is still filled with deep twilight at midnight. At half-past two, after the cat woke me to be let out, I was surprised to see the same twilight sky with a deep rosy streak of dawn across the northeast horizon. When the Johnsmas Foy celebration of Mid-summer arrives, the sun will dip below the sea's north horizon and rise again not far away in 40 minutes. No one sleeps when the weather is fair; some folk play golf through the wee hours, or picnic in the dreamscape of the North. It will not be summer warm as you know it in the Australian antipodes, but it resounds in its brightness; it dances on every wave the northern secrets of darkness and light. And I will remember you, your passage at the Winter pole.

The Origin of Seals

Karl König (1902 - 1966)

Medical Doctor and Zoologist. Founder of the Camphill Movement.

Origin of Seals: excerpt from *Penguins, Seals, Dolphins, Salmon and Eels*; Floris Books

Migration of Animals

But why must birds migrate? Because all living creatures, including human beings, are imbued with certain rhythms of life. It is not justified to compare even approximately the migratory drive of animals with the human being's desire for travel and search for knowledge. Animals and birds migrate and return in the same way that human beings sleep and wake.

Birds preparing for their flight south experience a change of consciousness to which they must yield. It is an experience of falling asleep, of evening, which comes over them. Then they begin to dream of the South, and each species has its communal dream; its members come together in the experience of this dream and find their way, like sleepwalkers, to the land of their dreams... A light sleep has come over them, and during their stay in the South they will not wake from this sleep until the early morning of their return journey dawns. Then they begin to strive back towards their homeland, back to daytime work - nest-building, hatching, bringing up the young. When this work is done, the evening of departure, the dream of the South begins to come over them once more.

Here is revealed the powerful background which underlies all animal migration. As we human beings sleep and wake in the rhythm of the daily revolution of the earth, so are birds and animals subject to a similar, but yearly, rhythm. Not the earth, but the interplay of earth, sun and moon sets the rhythm of their sleeping and waking. Migrating and returning is an experience of falling asleep and awakening for the group souls of the individual species. The overwhelming power of this phenomenon is simply not to be explained on the basis of instincts, drives and modes of behaviour alone. A mighty soul-breath passes through the individual races: breathing out, it lifts them from their daytime work into a dreamland; breathing in, it leads them back to everyday life.

If all the beasts were gone, men would die from a great loneliness of spirit, for whatever happens to the beasts also happens to the man.

All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the Earth
befalls the sons of the Earth.

-Chief Seattle of the Suquamish Tribe,
letter to President Franklin Pierce

The life of the seals can be thoroughly understood only when we see these great breaths which flow across the earth. This large animal group, about which so many mysteries are woven, is governed by this rhythm in a special way, as we shall now show.

The Annual Cycle

The life of most seals is determined largely by an alternation between migration and rest. The swinging of this life-pendulum is emphasized by the fact that one period of it takes place mostly in the element of water, and the other entirely on dry land. The length of the periods varies with the species and their environments. Some spend half the time on land, others only a few weeks.

In all species of seals the young are born only on land, never in the water. Pairing as well takes place on land, soon after the birth of offspring; and the pups, helpless and utterly dependent on maternal care, come to know the sea only after some time, under their mothers' guidance and leadership. In small pools on the shore they receive proper swimming instruction, until they have mastered the element of water. Then it is the wide spaces of the ocean for them, and when they return to dry land, they are grown up.

The young seals grow and develop in swift steps. The milk teeth, in those species which have them, are lost before, or soon after birth. The weight increase in seal pups is about one and a half kilograms (3 lb) a day. Thus the young grow amazingly fast, and are weaned just a month after birth.

Only one pup is born at a time, and if the mother, forgetting herself, swims out for a day or two and does not look after her child, or perhaps does not return, it will starve. The young begin to whine pitifully, and real tears run out of their great dark eyes.

After the suckling period, the pups stay for one more month, unwatched, on shore. The mothers have lost interest in them and live in the harems of their husbands. The young continue to grow, although taking hardly any nourishment; their coat changes colour, and when the storms of the oncoming winter begin and cold days set in, all the seals, young and old, move out into the ocean. Where they go is not known, but they undertake long journeys. Seals ringed in Norway have been found the following year in southern Sweden, Scotland, and Iceland. The majority go back to their old breeding grounds, and their return proceeds according to strict rules.

The ursine seals living in the northern Pacific, from Alaska to Kamchatka, begin to appear at their breeding grounds towards the end of May. First come the older, powerful males, soon followed by the younger seals. Throughout the month of June there is a continual struggle for suitable nesting sites. Each of the older bulls encircles his domain with a few stones and clods of earth, but above all with his anger and jealousy. Thousands of these precincts lie

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next to each other; and the young males, who cannot yet claim a nesting place, stay more or less respectfully in the surrounding area.

Then, around Mid-summer, and on into the first days of July, thousands of females climb out of the sea and allow the bulls to lead them into their domains. The stronger the male the greater the number of his wives. Not many days after this the children are born, are suckled and raised, and at the same time new matings take place.

In the Antarctic, where the southern seals live, the same process occurs, only it begins in November and lasts until March of the next year.

During all this time the seals take in no food. Their life is leisure and idleness now, not hunting and preying. It is also strife among the males; it is love-play and comfort. The little pups grow and get up to their childish mischief.

What goes on at all these places where seals settle down on land is a picture of their involvement in the course of the sun. When the sun is climbing towards its yearly culmination, the seals climb out of the sea onto land. They leave the sea not because the climate is getting warmer and living conditions are better on land. The sun carries them out of the depths of the water into the heights of the air. It is a summer lulling-to-sleep that takes place. The seals are permeated by dream-pictures, and must give themselves to them.

This is the reverse of what happens with migratory birds. For them, breeding and hatching are day-work. The seals have moved it into their realm of summer sleep and dreams. Such differences are of great importance for the study of biology and the history of the earth. When autumn comes and the sun loses its strength and sinks downwards, the seals wake up again. Autumn is their morning. Then they go back into the water and become predators and hunters; now they begin their day work.

Origin of Seals

But where do we place the origin of the seals? Were they really once land-dwelling mammals that later went into the water? If this were so, we ought to find at least some indications of earlier stages of these sea-dwellers, but in fact the seals appear fully formed in the last two periods of the Tertiary: the Miocene and the Pliocene. According to Wachsmuth's investigations (1950), these geological epochs correspond to the beginnings of the Atlantis era; this means that when the primal forms of the mammals were first beginning to develop, the seals appear already fully formed. Is there not here a contradiction which calls for an explanation?

Might the seals be the ancestors of all the mammals which arose at that time? Not ancestors in the sense of a theory of evolution in which one animal is said to arise from an-

other by apparent forces of heredity and adaptation, but forerunners in the sense that they have kept their primitive physical form, their rudimentary limbs, and their round bodies, without specializing them? Probably the seals were never really land animals, since it was not until the middle of the Atlantean era that the earth became solid enough for animals and humans to stand and take firm foothold on it.

Our task must be to free ourselves... by widening our circle of compassion to embrace all living creatures and the whole of nature and its beauty.

Albert Einstein

If we follow up these considerations, we can approach the seal's body as a new object-lesson. Is it not reminiscent of an embryonic form? A human embryo at the end of the second month, though not much longer than 25 mm (one inch), has a form and structure very like that of a seal. In the embryo the limbs are still no more than insignificant stumps; the eyes are round, their lids held wide apart. The mouth has no lips - it is like a slit. And the embryo floats in the water of the amniotic-sac enveloping it.

Are we meeting here the early history of the earth? The seals did not become fish, because they stayed within the human family even into the beginning of Atlantean times. They had undifferentiated, embryo-like bodies that moved half floating, half swimming in the still uncondensed water-earth. At the beginning of Atlantis, when memory and language were forming (Steiner 1908) and man's ancestors - among them the seals - were taking the first steps towards 'I'-development, the decline of the seals began. They entered too quickly into densification and hardened their embryonic human form. This is why even today they lose their milk teeth at the time of birth and are suckled for only a few weeks. At this time they grow so fast that they very soon become independent. Their hurried childhood is a clear indication of the precipitous process by which they became animals.

The seals bear witness that mankind's origins lay in those Hyperborean regions which surround the North Pole in a broad belt in the early days of the earth. Here were the ancestors of man, and also the ancestors of the seals; the two were identical. At the beginning of Atlantis, when the development of personality-consciousness began to emerge, part of the gradually developing human race while still in an embryonic form, fell prematurely into solidification. They became the order of the seals. They are the proto-mammals, which became capable of reproduction as embryonic forms. (typical representatives of the biological phenomenon called *neoteny*)

However, they have kept not only their embryonic form but also the inner connection to the sun which once permeated the Hyperborean regions. In the rhythm of polar night and polar day, they still follow the sun's course. They were never actually land animals - quite the contrary. Out of the waters of early Atlantis, into which they plunged all too soon, they attempted to take foot on the earth, which was gradually becoming dense. They did not quite

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succeed. Every year they make this attempt afresh, and in a touching gesture entrust their young to the dry land; but it is only a dream, and passes away as quickly as it came. When the storms of autumn come on, they have to go back into the sea, for the setting polar sun is calling them.

That is the earthly destiny of all the seals: as human embryos they have densified too soon, and had to submerge themselves in the waters of the great oceans. They reached the Antarctic, where they found conditions like those of their former home. Again and again they try to attain the land, and always the water overcomes them. They represent a world-wide monument to an early stage of human evolution. When we look into their eyes, we see ourselves as we once were, and we sense dimly how we have evolved and what they, the seals, still are.

Virtue

Henk Bak

My favourite book on the origin of words says that 'virtue' is derived from the Sanskrit 'vira' which means 'hero' and hence something strong and reliable. Shin often connects the German word for virtue to what is robust, reliable and useful which links 'Tugend' and 'taugen' to the English 'tough'.

Since Tineke began her articles on the 12 virtues in the Dewdrop I came across two other approaches to the virtues. In India we learned about the Sanskrit names and meanings of the 31 virtues or names of Pashu Pati - Bhairava. And recently Carol Fraser has published a set of cards with photos of her paintings of the 12 virtues, with clarifying meditation on the back.

This attention toward virtues is not confined to our circle around Shin. In contemporary thinking virtues have been for a long time dismissed as one felt confident that one could find a foundation of goodness in reason. If you can formulate reasons for being good, like 'it makes you happy' or 'it makes the other treat you well', then you could manage goodness through codes of ethics, ethical investment, professional ethics etc. And, yes, much can be done for the better that way.

But at every turn of the road 'reason' would only make sense if it was 'good'. This made some philosophers realise, that goodness is not founded in reason, but in itself: in being good, in the act of doing good and in the experience of what is good. For the French philosopher Simone Weil goodness was like a horizon - beyond our logic of necessities - and because every human being has an orientation toward this goodness, every human being is entitled to respect, respect being a single most universal human obligation. This not based on reason, but on a universal consensus of human beings, documented since ancient times and world wide: the Golden Rule. 'Treat others as you would others treat yourself'. All religions and humanistic streams adhere to this rule. As she was writing (1943) her vision of how society needed to be transformed after

Care for beings, feed them without seeking to enslave them. Work without demanding in return. Be a guide and not a master. This is mysterious Virtue.

Lao-tzu

the war, she proposes what could be called societal virtues: virtues we as society should practise in order for the Golden Rule to be effective. Which is rather urgent, as our society now tends to prevent people to 'treat others as they would wanted to be treated themselves.' Something I would like to present in the next issue of Dewdrop.

For other philosophers this foundation of goodness lies in the human heart (Margaret Somerville) or in the very 'gesture of taking responsibility... One respects another person's dignity if one treats him or her as a responsible being' (Agnes Heller)

At the background of the work of Shin and Gideon there is also Rudolf Steiner, who in 'The Spiritual Foundation of Morality' not only places this foundation in the soul, but also traces a development in the way virtues were understood in relation to each other: from wisdom to courage to moderation, and then justice as a harmony between the three by Plato, to the emergence of *veracity*, *love* and *conscience* as part of new stages of consciousness.

I find this notion of 'harmony' or pattern between the virtues interesting. It seems to take away the sense of overwhelm when one realises, that one has to practise so many of them. By realising that they form an organic whole, one knows that by practising one of them, one is practising virtually all. In Carol Fraser's beautiful set of meditative paintings, one takes the 12 virtues month by month. In Tineke's approach, one can work on them in triplets: a threesome for every season. And I found that the 31 virtues of Pashupati-Bhairava, roughly for every day of the month one virtue, quite naturally arrange themselves in threesomes, with the last single one a great finale: highest freedom. Considered this way they seem to reinforce each other and so to move from theme to theme. For instance, when I am writing this on the 11th of June, I am in the middle of the three: contentment - moderation - nobility. The next three virtues dealing with compassion, loyalty and serenity. The English translation being only a condensation of what in Sanskrit made Vijay tell little stories to show the richness of meaning of each word...These triplets are perhaps quite arbitrary, but as long as one knows that, I feel it is a helpful way to make steps through the practice.

The monumental lanterns on the stately Princes Bridge over the river Yarra, Melbourne, bear in their base a coat-of-arms with the inscription: 'Vires acquirit eundo', latin for 'she gathers strength by going ahead.' The pictures on the coat-of-arms, sheep, cattle, whale and three-masted clipper suggest prosperity. What worked for the young state of Victoria, also works for the practice of virtues even if a different kind of prosperity is at stake..

Polar Circle 80 Degrees North

A Communal Work of Art for the Protection of the Arctic Region and the North Pole.

Johannes Zoller, Germany

(translated and edited by Henk Bak)

When one looks at art one is generally not aware of the kinds of intelligence, intuition and ideas that are being realised, for instance, in a sculpture. The user of a gadget or a machine is mostly also not conscious of the scientific insights that make the use of it possible in the first place. One may use it for a self-chosen purpose, applying it perhaps for a rather utopian looking function, possibly by pushing a button.

On another plane, levels of awareness can be opened up and made to resonate - on the one hand invisible yet undoubtedly open to experience - on the other hand unambiguously verifiable by approaching it from different points of departure.

This should not contradict the earlier statements. On the contrary: not only can what is said later complement what is said before, but it can decidedly help to gather, integrate and bring together into focus those areas that seem at first glance far apart.

However philosophical and theoretical this introduction may sound, it nevertheless relates to something very concrete. One can elaborate on what is proposed and implied in the first four statements. Yet, one may ask, what is this all about anyway? About a work of art? About a gadget or computer? Or even about musical instruments or drums which where-ever possible release sound-vibrations? In the end it is about all this together and about numerous further aspects, components and elements that join together into a communal work of art. Out of its originating idea this work has been set up and orientated in such a way, that it achieves its radiance by working with conditions that are given, as well as with what has the capacity to transform conditions where necessary.

What now follows are clarifications and descriptions of this work of art and its form as it - in connection with the above elements, components and interrelationships - has already taken shape or is still continuously evolving and renewing itself. They may not only point to a distinctly deeper level of awareness, but also address, touch and enhance such awareness. The consciousness on which the work is based and the work of art itself with its effect and radiance may in turn only be concerned with the noblest human qualities in connection with creation as well as the divine.

*After this introduction Johannes went on to describe first the processes leading to the work itself. In summary, there was the choice of space: the water-tower of Gütersloh, built in 1888 in response to an cholera epidemic. As the project is referring to **Polar-Circle 80 Degrees North** there is symbolism in the tower's response to a crisis, in its height and in its 8m in-*



Photo: Johannes Zoller

ternal diameter. The space had been designated for a yearly art-happening on the 16th of May: The Long Night Of Art. It is not the 'usual exhibition space, but a free space to involve visitors in what happens ritually, spiritually with an international, intercultural and inter-religious orientation'.

Then there was the timing: in February this year Johannes's wife Johanna had attended a seminar with Shin in Bolsterlang, in which Shin called for the protection of the Arctic Region and the North Pole. In March Johannes was invited by writer and wood-cut artist Berndt Pfeifer to join him in organising the 16 May Art-Event. So Shin's message of the seminar became the theme of the Art-Event: the creation of a world-wide activating movement for the urgently needed protection of the North Pole and the Arctic Region. In Johannes's words:

It may be known, that for quite some time a power-struggle is taking place around the North Pole and the Arctic Areas: a struggle not without danger for humanity. One of the reasons leading to such a power-struggle is explained by the mineral wealth present and presumed under the ice. Now already - even before the ice should have melted as a consequence of climate-warming - neighbouring and nation-states, as well as large corporations, are speculating in great style on the exploitation of these resources.

Instead of using new technologies to somehow offset the change of climate, and instead of starting a process for the healing of the Earth out of a new level of consciousness, these large corporations and nation-states again actually speculate on a possibly accelerated melting of the ice and make their hasty claims on territories. Their haste shows an impatient obsession without parallel. They want to cut up the treasures and wealth on the basis of a rather outdated, economically one-sided, focus on profit at the cost of the Earth. Such

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Photo: Paul Kerkhoffs

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exploiter attitudes, driven by pure greed and ice-cold profit-thinking, are not only in conflict with sound reason, but they also shut out the public forum and declare right what is actually illegal.

Apart from this there is another reason why the North Pole and the Arctics need to be protected by humanity. Many indigenous peoples speak, for instance, of cosmic forces and their points of impact, which are experienced as sacred. And this especially in the regions of the North Pole. Along the axis of the Earth these rays stream onto the South Pole and stream in partially spiralling continuous loops back again to the North Pole. Such and other rivers of energy in turn nourish the whole Earth organism. Through the wisdom of the indigenous peoples one can become aware that these cosmic rivers of energy actually form a central condition for human consciousness.

As already indicated, the protection of the North Pole and the Arctics can only be made possible, and consequently achieved, when taken up by humanity as a whole, or as many possible initiatives that represent humanity and generate from these a world-wide movement. All this seemed to point to a waking-up process that concerns the whole Earth and humanity as a whole - and in this connection demands a response from the areas of ecology and politics. The urgency of the current danger, however, motivated also the creation of a work of art as a transformative, danger-defusing, process.

Johannes then describes how he gets involved through Berndt Pfeifer, how he himself anticipates working with the four directions of the compass, with above and below and inner and outer, how he gets a trunk of a maple tree delivered by the City and how he works on his sculpture from a soul-mood rather than a pre-conceived form - a soul-mood expressed as Freedom and Love - Love and Freedom.

Berndt started off his set of four images with an outspoken picture as political message: through a robotic arm a Russian nuclear powered submarine plants a flag on the North Pole seabed whilst - separated, not just physically, by a layer of ice - Greenland Inuit are fishing from their boats on the sea above. The whole picture covered with one angry word in bold letters: MONEY. Johannes comments:

As stated already, to finally stop such disgrace 'for the

benefit of the world and all beings' (Shin), a world-wide movement is called for. Such a movement can and shall no longer arise from a spirit of uprising, revolt and protest. This may also explain how, as an artist, Berndt shifted in his creative work from socio-critically and politically inspired art into, for him, thus-far unknown creative territory. All at once, and against the current complex of politically and socio-critically orientated concepts, he felt solely and singly inspired by that sacred fire only, which - through the Kalaallit Shaman, Angaangaq - is to be kindled in July of this year (2009) on Greenland. What he next carved in wood was pregnant with symbolism: Motives of the sacred fire kindled with trees grown on Kalaallit Numat (Greenland) - according to a prophecy of the Kalaallit that the sacred fire only be lit with wood grown on Kalaallit Numat. And the image of a Kalaallit woman praying in front of the fire, carved in wood and painted.

Right from the beginning the art-event was to be extended through a communicative forum on the internet - to declare the arctic region within the 80 degree latitude North as 'free land of Earth, as land of all people and symbolically as land of God.' This involved Johannes and Johanna writing more than hundred emails to friends, known and unknown. Contact with the websites of the Global Healing Circle and of Fire & Ice, through which contact was established with the Kalaallit Shaman Angaangaq, then in the US, and with Dr Amnon Gildor, of the centre 'Die Quelle' (Wellspring) in Bielefeld, only 17 km from Gütersloh. Dr Gildor was instrumental in getting shaman women and men from the area to come to the tower and drum and in getting Angaangaq involved from the US via skype.

The result was a range of diverse activities, spiritual, religious, ritual, artistic, all in the tower itself - and at the same time greetings, messages and simultaneous activities in Germany, North Ireland, Australia, India, Switzerland, New Zealand, Canada, Austria and Denmark. Print-outs of emails were put on display and were read with interest. Ashes of fires from an Agnihotra Ceremony (Lakes Entrance, Victoria) and another ceremony in Australia (Evera) will be sent to the Fire ceremony in Asivik, Greenland, 17-19 July 2009.

Through a Skype connection Angaangaq was present from an internet café in country New York, conveniently nearly empty because of a heavy thunderstorm. After greetings and information about the participation world-wide, Angaangaq asked the people gathered in the tower to connect themselves with the ancestors. In Johannes's words:

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I had the experience that he was tangibly present, inwardly close to us and connected in spirit, as he said: 'Sense your ancestors, speak to them and if you can not speak with your ancestors, give them a smile,' and announced that he would connect himself also, together with us, 'with the ancestors of all humanity'. I followed as far as my consciousness allowed it and sensed deep peace, heart's warmth and a harmonious feeling of certainty.

As I noticed that it was time I invited Angaangaq to sing. As if he had been waiting for just such invitation he began his shamanic singing. All present at that moment closed their eyes and let themselves glide into a deep stillness. With his mighty, cosmic singing, Angaangaq created a conscious experience of immeasurable widths and unfathomable depths and in the end made all energies flow together. Those present seemed to be brought into themselves.

That evening such meditative experiences were repeated several times, for we played the pertinent section of the film five times, each time for new guests. Each time there was an introduction about the whole project by Amnon Gildor and a shamanic drumming session. Next to the visual art and the interactive participation with the communicative link - visually connecting the local with the international - Shamanic drumming presented a ritual-creative third way of generating awareness.

The drummers, five women and two men, gathered in a circle around the sculpture placed in the centre of the tower - it didn't have a title - and each time drummed for about 10 to 20 minutes. The meaning and purpose of these shamanic drumming techniques, is to tune in with the heart-rhythm, and is done with hand made Qilaut drums - to generate a resonance and a consciousness that opens the ritual space for the Divine Being. A purification and preparation of the space takes place. **The ice around the heart of the human being is made to melt.** The people are brought to their innermost selves and become fully present to themselves.

Both the guests - who had been welcome to participate in the work - and the organisers, who went about their work, seemed to perceive the tower immersed in a great light.

At this point a heartfelt thank you to all participants, physically near and far, and above all connected in soul and spirit. Even though metaphorically the whole project can still be described as a tender little plant, as far as I can see an energy-field has begun to emerge that draws conscious attention toward humanity and Earth.

Johannes then reflects on how the many parts form integral elements of the project: the tower and its symbolism, the context and the preparation as well as what happened on the evening itself. The same needs to be true of the follow-up. Possibly other similar events in other towers world-wide. The local media described the project as 'a truly multimedia communal work of art', a 'Climate' - a 'Global' - work of art'. And: 'by shamanic drummers, skype-connections and emails from around

the world people should be lead back to the origins, with the help of modern technology or in spite of it.'

One further element deserves a mention: activities of the evening had been alternated with intended pauses. These were sometimes used by members of the audience to say a prayer, to read a text or sing together, all documented by a professional filmmaker from Holland.

To characterise 'selflessness' as the quality required to initiate, carry and see through a project of this world-wide scope, Johannes quotes Shin's word at a recent seminar 'At the Gate of a New Era - 2012 and beyond':

***Working for the well-being of the world
and all beings.***

After the event Johanna and Johannes spoke with Shin who was happy with the project and they met the next day with Angaangaq in Bielefeld, who also expressed his joy with this initiative. At the suggestion of Angaangaq's assistant Oona Leibundgut, Johannes forwarded the email messages to Angaangaq's homepage.

www.fireandice2009.com

Let us look at a humble virtue, that of gratitude. With this virtue alone, the world could be at peace. We need to recognize that everybody in the world is the benefactor of everybody else. Not only people: even cats and dogs are benefactors of mankind, even birds. If we remain aware of the debt of gratitude that we owe to these things, we will be unable to act in any way that hurts or oppresses them. With the power of the virtue of gratitude, we can help the world.

Buddhadasa Bhikkhu



Photo: Tineke Bak

A pair of Gang Gang Cockatoos, probably driven into town by the fires, feast on the abundant berries at the entry of my property in Ringwood East. Tineke Bak.

Shin's First Lecture at the Secret of Renewal Seminar 2006

*Transcribed and edited from the recordings taken on
Thursday morning, 26th of January 2006
Evera - Trentham*

Part 5

For most dear friends it is important to go more and more deeply into clearing up what the real I AM presence is; what is the real free individuality and what is personality, or (what some call) ego, or the false identifications and so on. A lot of problems exist especially in this region. We have an powerful movement in this world - not a good movement, but important in the sense of strong, influential people - which uses the ignorance of people: *'they don't know what the I AM presence is anyway, so let them act such that they throw out their I AM presence, and then, finally, they will be our slaves.'*

And they try - in a very clever, in a dry, icy, clever way - to mix up old knowledge, mixing up different words with their ways. Like giving some good worms to fish and the fish snap, and you have them. In this way they give people beautiful words from the Koran or Buddha's teaching or Puranas, Shiva Puranas, the Bible (Old Testament, New Testament), and they try to use these words which are loved by the human being and which are still in a noble positive and elevated position. You understand what I mean.

Most of human beings on Earth have - somewhere, somehow - some ideals, some noble words, some guiding concepts and very often got it from a philosophy or religion, etc.. If, however, and I know this is happening, if some clever people, even with the help of computers, try to find out the trend - (you understand, I don't normally use this word, but they use it) - the trend of beliefs, the trend of happy or liberated feelings or noble stimulants within human beings. If they then try to stimulate these through some word-chain: they look like philosophy, they look like a beautiful essence of holy scriptures from here or there, because people cannot discern very well. People do not have as refined a discernment as they should have, and some mix things up through esoteric marketing, so that they can easily be guided somewhere else, where they don't want to go. But they will end up there, because it is intended that they are well guided.

So, one work Shiva has to do according to the old traditions is to break all things down and give human beings a new understanding of reality. With this we also have to break down the systems imprisoning the human being, but not the sense of how to come to a concept, not the laws.

So integral learning offers the way behind the ways. That means, it is not a way which has been pre-fabricated by someone, but it is just an understanding of your own way within yourself, in full trust that you have in yourself a ray of Christ, that you have in yourself a seed of the Highest, that you have in yourself this real I AM presence.

At first it is a slower way. Later it is the highest, high-speed, way because the I AM, the real entity/identity of

the human being does not need time, is beyond time. It can work in time, work in space, work in consciousness, whatever you want, but it is not dependent on time, not dependent on space, not dependent on anybody except God.

To hear this is one thing, but to come to understand it step by step, to feel it in yourself, is something else. It is possible. Can you experience higher states of consciousness only with techniques given from outside? Or is it possible [to experience them from within] if you have understood how you function, how you work, what the wisdom of your own organism is, of all your bodies. Some say you have 7 bodies, some say 4, others say 5, still others say 12 bodies. It depends on your point of view, for example in Tibetan Buddhism, in Lamaism, there is no interest in spiritual body, in soul body, in life body and so, but [the interest lies in] what the interference is between the spiritual entity and the soul, or how the energies are on the borderline between soul and life, or how the communication is between the - we would say - etheric body, for example, and the physical body. So for them the link between soul and the life energy is **badgang**. It is a word for the collaboration between soul and life. And the collaboration between life-body and physical body is **bumpo**. This means, as in the Celtic tradition: 'what happens in the pot'. They are looking at what happens in the pot, the vessel, the vase, the receptacle. They are just looking from another place. It is not wrong.

And I heartily invite you to try sometimes on these few days we have together, to just allow yourselves to make your systems more transparent. Not to lose them. You can lose them later, when you don't need them anymore. Because there is life in them, there is reality. But make it a little more transparent. Or have always a little back door open: 'this *could* be how it is'. And then begin to think, begin to do your own research.

The way behind the way, **Sarvajinanvijanayoga** means— all the ways which have been presented as yogic ways, tantric ways, initiatic ways, philosophic ways, various different ways, have all been formed by choosing elements, and there was a master or an adept or a group with a very elevated consciousness who made the choice - of this or that element for that time, for this people. Even transcendental meditation is a chosen way, a way in which a master chose some elements of the old Vedic tradition and some aspects of the old Shivaic tradition - to [create a] way to quickly have some interesting experiences. But then you have not really learned to cleanse yourself, to prepare yourself, to clear up your selves. Because with transcendental meditation- and it can also be very helpful for some people - you have some prepared, pre-formed and previously chosen elements to follow.

With **upaje** you don't have this. You learn exercises, you learn precise exercises, but they are not for forming your

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way. They are only to give more and more entrance to your own way. **Upaje** even means the highest, and - absolutely and concretely in the way Yeshua said it - *I am the Way*. The I Am presence, the principle of divine entity/identity, *is* the way and *is* the aim already and *is* fulfilled and full of light and consciousness and full of love and full of all the highest qualities. Your I AM presence, your divine seed, does not have to learn but needs to wait until soul and life and body have learned. *With* the help of the servants. We don't want to throw out the so called self or the identification points or roles. But they should not play masters. They should not be so important. They should be - in their daily comportment and behaviour - transparent servants for the lord. As the Celtic have said or as the Temple Knight servants of the Christ said, as you well know: '*Do not give honour to us. We give honour to You. Your will through us.*' That does not mean especially the Temple Knights themselves, but rather: *through us, the selfish points of identification*. Have the servants, but know they are servants. Otherwise they shall be dragons. And there is a [main] dragon somewhere in the world which wants to create and give this kind of food to the selfish element of human beings, ego-elements and users-world, then they grow and grow and grow and become dragons.

And I have just come to show you where the baby is waiting. Yours, not mine; your way, not mine; your identity, not mine. But I am not separate from this identity. I am this. And I am not separated from your way. I am this. Wherever it is in the universe, it is this one. And I am this. Not by convention, out of a book, but because it is my primal spontaneous consciousness to be this.

Sahadja. Sahadja is a very beautiful old word in Sanskrit and means: spontaneous, creative, active, primal situation or consciousness of your real entity/identity.

The child - I will close with this for the moment - lives in the complexity of its capacities and in this **Sahadja** state: *Become like little children. Bring me the children. Become like little children*. This does not mean, naturally, that you should come to the state of children as children are in the beginning, but that you come back to this state full of your capacities, full of whatever you have learned in all the aspects of your being.

The way to find the way behind all ways: **Sarvajinanvi-janayoga**, the way beyond the way or the spring-point of all ways. The place, where all the masters found their knowledge, all the wise and adept women and men in the past found their wholistic ways to bring to their people, their land. This place. And this place is not far away. This place is in yourself.

And that would be the end for now, the last knots of the carpet I wanted to show you, the carpet on which our learning, these hours, these days, can happen.

I close with this and say: please, honour the child in yourself very much, and honour your spontaneously arising

wishes and desires very much, and the ideas and ideals and impulses of all your ages. And:

I bow before the gods and the ancestors and

I bow before each individuality present here.

Note:

Contributions for the Spring Issue should be already typed and preferably sent by email to

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or

tjmbak@optusnet.com.au
by 10th September 2009

If you send illustrations, photographs or scanned images please make sure the image format is jpg, gif, or png, and the resolution is suitable for printing (240dpi).

Donations towards costs are welcome and can be made out to:

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Photo: Henk Bak

Early morning light on the frosty grass on the dam wall at Evera, Trentham.

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