



Jasmuheen Travel Diary August-October 2011

12th August, 2011 - Bogotá, Colombia:

5 days away from home, 3 of those travelling; a brief stop in Los Angeles to see family there and enjoy my 5-year-old grandson and now we are back in Bogotá Colombia. It is a day full of radio, magazine and TV news interviews, thankfully meeting with open-hearted, open-minded journalists and presenters which seems to be the way in South America, a land of deeply spiritual people.

It is also good to reconnect with our support team and friends here and to be travelling again with my youngest daughter and see things through her eyes. Like many I have come deeper into the river of silence within, to rest in a field of deep contentment, knowing that all is in place within my our creations, and this changing world, as rhythms rise within us all to blend and mix as rhythms do.

Meditation calls, stillness comes, the 'doing' stops, thinking fades and silence drowns the noise of the traffic.



18th-22nd August, 2011 – Sierra Nevada's, outside of Valledupar – Ikarwa village:

We sit under the trees in the forest, rows of Mamos on chairs before us, maybe 140-150 others from different countries around the world, including a dozen tribal elders.

A young sweet solar priest from the Inca tradition; shaman from Peru and Guatemala, elders from the Pai tribes of Sedona's Grand Canyon, a tribal elder from the Maori tradition plus an part-Aboriginal woman from Australia, who chose to stay for just a short while, and also me.

People are adjusting to the heat, the mosquitoes and all the things that come sometimes with village life, yet all seem open, excited at this opportunity to come together and share. Here I am the silent witness, with no needs or agendas, with just a joy in my heart that I can be in this sacred land.

I also feel fortunate to have been able to spend time with the Mamos before, when I have been in Colombia in the past, to know a little of their rhythms and ways, which now allows me to immediately trust the process here and go beyond external appearances.

Over the days the Mamos and Arhuaco people display their strength and quiet humility as they patiently gather us all to share and blend and come into common ground. About 350 have come from the Sierra Nevada Tribes mainly – Arhuaco, the Wi Wa's and a few Kogi, plus about another 150 from Colombia and all around the world, taking the total here to around 500. It is a unique, first ever experience for us all, as the villagers valiantly take care of everyone with a minimum of fuss. Three showers, three toilets for us all, hot hot days, insects constantly drawing our blood and depositing our DNA in the land, sleepless nights and gruelling schedules, all help to humble and adjust us into a different rhythm that the villagers love.

The tribal people sleep so little and are happy to drop where they are, finding a log to curl around, or a patch of ground, as they sleep when required under a starry sky. They are part of the Earth and love her dearly and this is obvious for all to see. At 4am they bath in a fast flowing river that we finally visit on the third day where our people play like children, so happy to be able to cool down and refresh both body and spirit in such a beautiful environment. Before our river swim we went to the sacred well of pools, some twenty minutes walk from camp, where all are awed into silence by the beauty and power it contains. This third day in nature was exactly what we all needed to feel the magic of the land and its sacred spirit.

The gathering unfolds as all do around the globe, with strangers becoming friends and family, as people gravitate to each other to share over meals or under starlit skies. So many layers are being woven here as ceremonies are performed for blending, strengthening, reconciliation and more.

No filming or photos have been allowed, nor the use of cell phones during the day, so that the sacred ceremonies could remain undisturbed and ancient practices could be shared but stay secret in tradition – for our eyes only.

Who can say what has been achieved here over these few days? Yes all feel as though something precious and monumental has begun – a blending of indigenous ways with the West, of colour, and cultural traditions and wisdoms with Earth people, sky beings and more. Whatever has occurred has changed the vortex here as the Mamos weave and add and control the unfoldment of it all, using their highly skilled alchemical practices in ways only they will ever know.

I know, from what I have shared with them in the past; that only the tip of a huge iceberg of their wisdom has been revealed this time as the initial days are given to our own adjustments in this sacred land. The tribal people appear eternally patient, watching, assessing us all without judgement, like a parent does a child who is learning the way of life. They are punctual to each meeting and silently sit to await our arrival as our group attend to basic needs in rhythm with camp life.

Some of the visitors get sick, some get overloaded with lack of sleep or the continual attack of biting insects that inject the skin so that the desire to itch and scratch is all consuming. Others get caught in mental ideas of how sacred meetings should be held, based on Western or Eastern trainings - ideas that could conflict with how the Mamos flow. Nonetheless all unfolds as it needs to, with lessons and insights given to us all, for beyond it all we share a profound love of Mother Earth and a desire to harmoniously co-exist upon her. By day 5, enough has been done for a new alliance to be born, summarised in a document carefully drafted by the Mamos which most are happy to sign.

The tribes of the Sierra Nevada are the guardians of the heart of the world – a heart from which they say – all human life was born. And in this sacred space, a new chapter has begun.



23rd August, 2011

I feel as if I stand in the middle of a torrent of flow – calm and centred – yet touched by ebbs and tides of change as I begin to integrate and assess all that has occurred, allowing what needs to be anchored to do so and what needs to flow on to go.

After the gathering was complete we went back to our respective hotels in Valledupar to enjoy the luxury of long hot showers and comfortable beds and readjust back into our Western ways.

The next day 20 or so of us made the 3.5 hour drive up to the sacred village of Nabusimake high in the Andes, outside Valledupar, up long dirt roads that only four wheel drives can access. Bypassing dangerous cracks in the dirt roads that collapse under the weight of the cars, we slowly wind our way upwards only to enter one of the most magical places I have ever been. The energy here is seductive, calling me into deep meditation as we walk through the village with its sacred heart of ceremonial practice. It is like a hobbit village in *'Lord of the Rings'* movie land, yet more mystical somehow and it is soon obvious to all why it needs preservation.

Helicopters have been bringing in government officials, military and multinationals, who have been offering the Mamos the “opportunity” to mine the land for the gold and diamonds that are said to be held deep within the mountain range, and so the challenges are continually ongoing. Yet the Arhuaco have so little reason to trust those who come these days, always seeking to take and rarely seeing the value of what the Mamos do.

Plans are also underway to flood the reservation and village where our gathering was held, to turn the land into a dam. All of it is overwhelming to the tribes who seek nothing more than to live in peace, loving all that Mother Earth offers and contains.

The problems seem overwhelming and all I can do is pray for a triple win solution to it all. A win for the tribes, their place in the world and also for the planet herself, so that the conflicts can be resolved in the most harmonious ways.

The Mamos know where true riches lay, that true gold is deep within each one and not only buried in the land, yet this is something that many still need to learn. And so the dance goes on.



26th August, 2011 – Mexico

A day's travel north to Mexico sees us leave Colombia physically behind yet carried in our hearts, thankful for the opportunities that were given.

I sit on my hotel bed listening to Ave Maria as I prepare energetically, and rest for tonight's gathering, and yet when I close my eyes I am back in the jungle of the Sierra Nevada's, at the camp with the Mamos. All has blended into a flow of peace and love, outside is inside and inside is out and nothing separates which feels fine. Love is love, peace is peace and we carry it deep within, always ready to rise in some; risen and fluid in others.

The weekend seminar flows beautifully as all who attend are open hearted and well trained ready to tune to the Pathways of Peace which are our focus this year. Many are pre-programmed prior to embodiment for pranic living, which is another reason they have answered the call to come and so this too is covered as required. Comfortable surroundings plus on easy gathering is a nice respite after the challenges of the tribal gathering in Colombia and yet the weave there, like here, went deep, with seeds sown and seeds blossoming as is always the way.

Travelling with my daughter adds another layer as we do more socialising and tourist things than I usually do, and thankfully she is flexible and happy to experience everything as it comes, which makes life easier as well, since travelling can be challenging for many, especially the places I am called.

So rest day today, a little sightseeing and gift gathering then London and Europe await!

I just finished reading a book a friend gave me called *Him* by Daniel Stacy Barron, about a man who met the current incarnation of Jesus in Mexico, while he was on vacation. I often wondered about what happened to the soul who came in as Jesus, and was overshadowed by the Christ, and whether that soul then continued in the cycle of rebirth on Earth. Whether the book is true or not it is an interesting insight of possibility that I'm sure would upset the deeply religious, it is a book that is also woven with the writers own flavour regarding spirituality, psychology and more, as all our books are.



Early September, 2011 – London

I am so happy to be here, to just spend a few days with a friend and attend theatre and upbeat musicals and just forget the troubles people have in the world for a while! London is one of the best places to do this as it offers a continual variety of so much to do and see for entertainment. The weather is perfect, our accommodation central and tickets inexpensive. It's also interesting to learn more about people via musicals that allow us to enjoy their music and that also provide greater insight to their life.

There is so much we do not know about people's lives, their dreams, their struggles as they fulfil them and the things they learn along the way. It is so easy to also look back at life in retrospect at the choices made and pathways taken and wonder where we'd be if only we'd chosen differently. Yet for each of us life is as it is and yesterdays are long gone, leaving us with fresh new moments to choose all over again; choices of attitudes and choices of responses to each moment, as life continues to draw to us all that we need to view or to grow.

I have been on the road for a month now with another month to go – the longest tour I have done for while and also the most challenging.

I wonder what was achieved with our gathering in Colombia and know that with 500 people in attendance, the movies of reality we carry away are all so different. For some the most remembered thing will be the incessant biting of insects. For others the joy of watching strangers connect or to become family, the joy of being able to finally take photos on the last day of those we bonded with. For me it was the information shared by Grandmother Pauline, the Maori Elder who told of her 30 year struggle to put together documents accepted by the UN that would unify 92 Indigenous Tribes under one voice and result in the "Earth Charter", the Kari-Oca document plus the Declaration of Rights for the Indigenous Peoples. With the Tribes of Colombia just coming out to the West to seek support, connecting via this work immediately strengthens their cases and allows them to connect into an existing network of support; which is always beneficial in some way.

Similarly with pranic living and the support systems that are now growing all around the world. Even in the jungles of Colombia I meet Brazilians whose communities are now dedicated to the pranic living experience, once again reminding me that there will always be someone to continue on good work, whenever it is required. A part of me is longing to return to India and live a quiet ashram life and this part always rises when life on the road is challenging. But then things settle again into an easy flow with lessons learnt and grace regained, as we bring our attention back to that which is real and deep inside, that place of peace where true rest can be given.



6th September, 2011 – Basel Switzerland

I take a rest day to be an anonymous visitor to this city, to walk the streets, enjoy the sun and meditate in silence on my balcony before our event tonight.

So many memories in this city; memories of a naïve young woman learning to deal with fame plus scepticism and criticism, awe and love, as we introduced the idea of prana as nutrition so long ago in German speaking lands. Here I remember again our constant touring through so many countries, dealing as well as we could with all that arose, often praying so intensely for help and guidance just to cope with it all, while simultaneously being carried by a wave of Grace that felt so divine and supportive.

Bridging the worlds is often like this especially when what is coming through is beneficial for human evolution. On one hand there is grace and Divine support, on the other resistance to change or scepticism until the right rhythm can be found and shared, for education is always the key, along with detachment and a healthy dose of loving patience plus the knowledge of allowance – that all will come to pass when the time is right.

For some these insights are easy to gain, for others it is wisdom hard won and so their scars of ‘battle’ run deep. So it is for our Colombian tribal friends who have been so badly abused that their trust can be hard to win, although thankfully the Mamos can go beyond it all and read the rhythms of love in pure hearts. So much is lost in translation as words continue to separate and divide especially when synthesised through minds rather than felt through open hearts. This is another skill I admire that the Mamos possess – the ability to read the rhythm of the human heart beyond our words and smiles plus their ability to read rhythms of this world and know when it’s action time.



9th September, 2011 – Zurich

I have felt an intense sadness deep within my heart since leaving Colombia, it comes as an energy of restlessness that has brought me deeper into prayer and contemplation. I spend the time looking at the flows and rhythms in my own life to assess issues that may need refinement and how to do this, then let it all go again, knowing it will be done. I realise that we all have rhythms that rise within us and around us as we come into greater levels of harmony on community and global levels, but this feeling goes deeper still, it has been a long time since I felt such sadness that I seem to have carried out of the jungle.

The Mamos have so much to teach us that is true, of ways of being in harmony with the living being called Gaia and also regarding communal matters, yet the West too is also expanding in its rhythms of consciousness and care. Uniting the two worlds is a challenge as all need to seek harmonious integration. Having lived among these people for those few days and seen suspicion or concern blossom into love and acceptance, having witnessed so much of their way of living that would be so good to transpose into the Western world, I realise that my own sadness goes way beyond the need to refine any personal rhythms, as my sadness is for the people of the Sierra Nevada’s and the challenges that they face.

It is obvious that right now I am lacking in detachment which is a natural consequence of years of meditation. Detachment allows us to be the silent witness of so much, so we can step back and assess without emotional involvement clouding our awareness, so I was unprepared for this deep emotional wave of feeling so sad for what is happening in the Sierra Nevada’s and to the tribal people that I have come to love, people who face challenges that I can see no easy answer to.

And so as I contemplate it all, as I sit on the banks of the lake in Zurich, feeling the warmth of this fine autumn day, I bring myself back to the moment and just breathe deep of the Alpine air. Fully

present again in the moment as all *is* well here, right now. People around me are enjoying each other and also this beautiful city, some like me have been silent in deep reflection open to feel the natural rhythms of their human heart, sadness, concern or preoccupation with loved ones, life or friends, or joy at feeling loved and cared for and more. The range of emotions with the human heart is so deep and complex, masking the fullness of what is there when we stop the mental busy-ness and allow both heart and mind to rest.

I breathe in love.

I breathe out love.

I allow this love from deep within, to fill me once again, to rebalance and detach me from this illusory world. And yet for so many their suffering – like mine at times – can feel so real and be so all-consuming.

In my mind I step back to assess it all and simply ask myself, “right here, right now, is there anything to feel sad about?” the answer of course is no. Right here, right now all is perfect in my immediate world. It is an old technique but a good one given to me by my essence so long ago, in days when I was much younger, struggling to find balance in life. Children to raise, bills to pay and rhythms of love, health and career to refine – at times it all felt so overwhelming, but it was always because I was living in the past or the future. Then, when I came back into the moment, I saw a different reality altogether, as I do once more again here now.

There are so many people in need in our world as our global rhythms keep changing.

In Libya people are celebrating in the street, filled with hope for a new future. Within the last year the whole political scene in the Middle East has shifted faster than any of us could ever have imagined.

All we can do sometimes is hold the highest dreaming and use the power of prayer with pure intention, that what we manifest now as a mass collective is beneficial for us all. Yet with this comes again that state of silent allowance, of knowing that each seed of consciousness within each of us must grow and blossom in its own way and its own time until our learning is complete in this plane.

And beyond this? We will see.

Yet true unity, heart felt awareness and compassionate action, is now the new rhythm emerging in our dual natured world, that is the essence now of this great time of change as everywhere I go all now speak of it. people I meet in airports and on trains, cab drivers and shop girls, somehow all eventually tell me that they feel it’s time to set our differences aside and respect each others cultures, that it is time to go beyond our self imposed or political borders and open to truly enjoy our planet and all who dwell upon her.

Long ago I made the commitment to record these changing time as I continue to travel our world and while I gather with like minded people in seminar halls around this world, it is the people I meet in the street now that have so much to say. Maybe they don’t usually talk like this and some would say it happens because of my presence, and what it draws from them, and yet even as I sit in cafes, cloaked in an air of invisibility, blended quietly into the scene, the conversations I hear all around me are as usual varied and vast, still so many wander away from personal affairs to global, or delve into big life issues and concerns that have the power to open the human heart and unify us all. It is a wondrous time upon this Earth, a time that is not always easy, even for those who know how to make it so using tools and techniques we have gathered over time to change awareness and perception.

There are many precious things on Earth that are worthy of our attention – people and places so sacred in their nature – ways of being that are worthy of preservation. What the tribes of the Sierra Nevada have on cultural and consciousness levels ranks high in the worthiness game and so I recommit to do my bit for them. To tell their story and gather support for their cause, just as so many others around rally to support so many other worthy causes in our world as we unify and respectfully honour the gifts we all carry, gifts that are here to be shared to support the birthing of a new world. So it is and so it always has been.

The other day I spent some time talking to a young man who was completing his last year of high school. After feeding himself purely from prana for some time, he eventually found his levels of sensitivity were too high as he could sense everything about everyone, often able to read their minds

and hear their thoughts and feel their motivations. To him it all became overwhelming and so he decided to get out of that frequency band and shut himself down to a more comfortable level again; he'd been at a private school where his teachers were open to such discussions and had come to living on prana through the work of Dr Michael Werner who wrote his book *Life from Light*. Labelled as a student with 'Attention Deficit Disorder' the young man dismissed all labels, including the label of a person with the ability to live purely from pranic light. We talked about the Indigo children and their role in shaking up the education system of the world, because it needs to be refined and how many are labelled with ADD. His journey was so interesting as he came into peace within himself with being different and the choices he had so far made in life and his story of initial struggle was inspiring. Now in a public school system he struggles again – listening to uniformed teachers who live in boxes of reality too constricting for the consciousness of this young man with wisdom so obvious to those with ears to hear.

So many bright light beings come in so many different packages like the man from Nigeria whose taxi took me yesterday to my Zurich hotel and who spoke the whole journey of the joy of a respectful borderless world.

"You know," he said with a huge grin, "we are literally just one people living together in one world ..."

"Yes," we agreed, "and it seems to many now that the challenge is to do it harmoniously in ways that honour all" and to this all we could do was smile.

Returning to my hotel today after a walk through old town Zurich, I met a man in the street who zeroed in on my energy flow. An Indian yogi Sikh, he wanted to share with me many things about good and evil, good karma and bad karma, people who love me and people who don't, about black magic and control and the need for people to meditate, drink water and do yoga and about India and his work there and his need for money.

So many stories in our world, so many systems of operation, so much to dwell on or discuss. We are so lucky to be able to rest and go beyond it all, to dive deep into the rhythm of love that swerves as a truth that we hold within us, a rhythm that can rise by our focus upon it to sooth and embrace as we move out of the future or the past. Is the evil in the world that the yogi spoke of due to just a lack of awareness and experience of this rhythm of love within? Some would say yes. Is fear just lack of awareness and experience of the essence that gives us life? Yes.

As my body enjoys some yoga and my mind the calmness of meditation, I feel free to just enjoy the newness of the moment where all is possible and nothing needs attention but to open to feel the rhythm of love in my heart.



12th September, 2011 – Zurich

Across the world people have been focused on the 10 year anniversary of 9-11 and the collapse of the Trade Centre Towers in New York as footage was replayed and heart felt interviews given about the impact of that event a decade on. People's grief is still raw as they speak of missing loved ones while others fill with pride at the resolve many had to try to end the global war of terror by inducing even more with retribution and revenge bringing solace to some and sadness to others.

Here in Zurich we complete a 3 day intensive with our usual focus on the transformative power of love and also forgiveness for human frailty, for all forget at times the power and perfection of the Divine essence within.

While some seek a world free of war, others seek a world full of love – they seem the same and yet these intentions are opposites in what they unleash in the quantum field. To seek to end war with violence and war perpetuates the game allowing the cycle to continue as so many now know, for that is how universal law operates in the dual natured plane where like attracts like.

All have suffered and many continue yet there is that silent place deep within where all can rest and go beyond it all – to melt into a power so profound that all our hurts are healed and all our suffering can be seen for the gifts and virtues delivered and so embraced and not seen as suffering at all.

So many interviewed, regarding their experiences of being personally involved in 9-11, talk of their joy at being alive, how no day can be taken for granted, how everything has come into a new perspective with the loss of so many that they loved that day when lives were forever changed.

And so it is for all. Suffering comes and suffering goes even quicker when we learn the gift it will bring us and so I too surrender and accept the things I see before me. My work is changing, a new assignment has begun, one I could never have imagined, yet one that simultaneously fills my heart with joy and so I say yes and stop resisting what I know will come.



15th September, 2011 – Vienna

I wake to a brand new day, and feel called to St Stephen's Cathedral, a place I often meditate in whenever I am in Vienna. I arrive in time for the midday service which has never happened before, and yet, as the priest begins to praise the Madonna and voices lift in song, I find my heart coming into a deeper place again of true surrender. And so I enter into divine communion with the Mother, where the poem *In You I rest* comes alive.

In You I rest

Divine Mother, in you my heart rests,
in your heart I find my peace.
The journey is long in life with many twists and turns.
At times we stumble, at others we rise,
but in your heart I find my home;
in your embrace I find the light
my soul is hungry for,
and in your arms, I rest,
yes, here, I close my eyes and rest.

You, who are always near,
who comes when my heart calls,
you, whose voice sings, rings crystal clear,
to you I come to rest.
When my heart is open or heavy with need,
when gratitude fill me so,
to you I come to lay my head
to sing your praises or now, this time, to rest.

This journey is long in life, with many twists and turns,
yet You are the constant, always there
and with you I am always fed.
And so, in you I rest.

How far have I wandered through this world?
So much these eyes have seen!
How can I forget your glow?
And yet it's always there,
masked by my thoughts and the feelings that grow
as I witness this changing world ...
and yet ...you are always there and so I rest ...
in your embrace I always rest.

Divine or human, we are both,
loved and needing love,
aware, sometimes asleep,

we are that as well and more
as we surrender to your keep.

Oh my Mother in you I am pure
untainted by this world,
a child at home, a happy heart
in you, I feel secure.

I feel too much those far from you,
whose suffering is true,
who struggle still each day in life
to find what's good and pure.
And yet you stay you're always there
to make us feel anew.
You let us rest, be free of pain, reborn again
for life will often test.

I find you still so deep inside
an open heart of care,
with gentle words you coax me back
to rest, to play, to share.

And so the journey here on Earth
is lighter once again,
as feeling peace I lift my voice
to sing your sweet refrain.

Our humanness, a cross to bare that also brings a smile
as through this heart your love is known
your wisdom carried wide.
And through this body that I have
your essence flows to bless this human tide.

Response (from Divine Mother)

Your way is bright,
your future light,
so surrender all your cares,
just let them go, relax then flow
listen with inner ears.
So much will come so all can know,
the beauty that abounds,
for all on Earth are ready now
to hear angelic sounds.

Yes just let go,
open hearts then flow
to feel what's truly there
go deep within, be still, begin,
surrendered, free of care.

Never far, always near, just a breath away
so be still, rest awhile for love is here to stay.

Yes ...

all is fine, all is bright lit from that love inside.
All is now, relax be still and flow on love's pure tide.

YouTube link – In You I Rest poem - http://www.youtube.com/jasmuheen#p/a/u/6/Oh_g4mrvkFRY
A poetic insight prayer - Jasmuheen and the Divine Mother. 15th September 2011 St Stephens
Cathedral - Vienna, Austria. For more poetry with Jasmuheen go to
<http://www.jasmuheen.com/music/#POETRY>



23rd September, 2011 – Casablanca, Morocco

Our seminar complete in Vienna, we fly through to Madrid to relax for a day or so before arriving yesterday in Africa. A traditionally Muslim country, Morocco is just beginning to look more at Western metaphysics and many do not yet meditate. Martial arts, yoga, tai chi and qigong are here and a big esoteric workshop is around 20-40 at least in this network. People are more familiar with prayer and many are said to be non-practicing Muslims or Muslim seeking a new type of spirituality to their religion.

The people in the street and even the taxi drivers seem to be sweet, supportive and open hearted with easy smiles and laughter and a big appreciation at any attempt at Arabic words which I find so musical. Inshallah – means God willing. ‘Hello’ in Arabic is phonetically pronounced as ‘salammalikum’, ‘It’s not a problem’ is phonetically something like ‘mashi muskeil’, ‘thank you’ sounds like ‘shookhran’ and ‘ok’ sounds like ‘wahar’, yet unfortunately I tend to pass through too many countries too quickly to remember all the different languages.

So far I love the energy here, the city feels safe, the people open and so I ask my inner plane friends to bring the right ones to our gathering tonight and that all that is channelled through is perfect for those people and this land. Yesterday I found a beautiful hotel on the beach so I can enjoy again the ocean energy and take a few long walks upon this African shore before moving on to India and then home. It was so beautiful to sit in the sun and feel the ocean breeze after all the travelling this tour yet it made me long for home. My body is weary yet my spirit is fresh for I love meeting so many new faces on the road plus seeing the transformations that occur as hearts open wider and eyes fill with the light of understanding once again and so I let my longing go to hold my grandchildren in my arms and smother them with kisses and more, and focus again in the present as the city of Casablanca comes to life and a new day begins to dawn!

Life is life, there are so many rhythms that need to come together simultaneously so that all may be well with all and in a gathering of strangers it is no different. We witness this time and time again and here it is the same as people come to an evening event with all their different models of reality which can be challenged and shaken by the fields of possibility that we present. I remember how difficult it was when we first went into Germany and people’s divided reactions about living purely on prana, until they could see the bigger picture about opening to receive all the gifts our Essence has for us, of which living on prana physically is just one.

The Islamic traditions are deeply anchored here and so I continue with my own system of refinement so that we can match rhythms here to in ways that benefit all. To be able to present the Pathways of Peace here is a wonderful challenge as again they are Paths to transcend religion yet sometimes our religious ideologies can block our ability to receive. If I am to work in Muslim majority countries then I feel I will need to study the Koran on the inner plane so that I may gain a deeper understanding of the hearts, minds and conditioning of these people. Here, unlike in Europe, there are so few who have ventured into yogic training and so our stories and sights have so little meaning. Long meditations are not effective with many of this group as their focus wanders easily with untrained minds that are just not used to yogic ways although they are brilliant at prayer. Having just come from Austria and Switzerland where the groups that come to me are so well trained and disciplined in yogic lifestyle and meditations, I find that I need to make many adjustments here in language expression as well in order to be with this group in a way that works for them.

I have long known that my service work would take me into the Middle East and yet at the moment I find myself feeling somewhat untrained to even begin to work within the Muslim world. It’s as if everything I have done up to date in other parts of the world will need a major refinement in some way, in order to bring through that what is needed here in a way that unifies and does not

alienate these people. And yet it has begun with a small group in Morocco who are open to other ways, no doubt this is where it always will begin, with those who are open to exploring different ways.

There is a great peace among so many here who do their daily practice of 5 times of prayer. In August Ramadan took place where so many fast from sunrise to sunset and spend their time in prayer. Those observing the pure essence of the teachings of the Koran are sweet and loving peaceful people, who seem content with life. Yet unfortunately the 'Muslim' name, like the Christian, has been tainted by those less aware for there have always been those who use religion as an excuse for war. Yet living among the people of any land regardless of what is said in the global press, reveals a completely different story, for in truth people are people all around the world and we have so much in common.

In Colombia the tribes of the Sierra Nevada now struggle to maintain the purity of a life they love and highly treasure while others in our world struggle to just physically survive. Still others whose bodies are clothed in riches and whose homes scream wealth and more, struggle to find a greater meaning and purpose to a life that may feel empty and bare.

In Third World countries I witness a wealth of heart that many in the West would willingly pay so much for and yet this heart wealth is only possible to gain in ways many in the West would not want to partake of. Being stripped bare, becoming humble, sometimes going through the greatest trials, sometimes experiencing things that feel to be beyond endurance, all of this takes a person deep into another place where care and compassion can rise to soothe the heart and heal the spirit and fill that person with a richness beyond compare.

Heart wealth can also come just from the simple act of total life appreciation, from being able to stop living in the past or the future and being able to be fully present in each moment, open and aware of the deeper levels of true peace that each moment can contain. Heart health and heart wealth can come from loving unconditionally all who come to call, from the cessation of judgement about each other and ourselves and by replacing any judgement with an openness to learn and share of all the gifts each one of us has brought into this realm. Some bring the gift of being the silent one who can listen and fully attend with care, others just bring colour and fun, flamboyance or joy. Others come gifted in the healing arts while others always have kind words to share.

And so is all around the Earth as people deal with their daily existence in an ever changing world. People laugh, people cry, people suffer and also feel joy, people grow, they learn, they share, they care, they protect what they love, they fight to retain what they believe in and in this we are all the same.



26th September, 2011 – Casablanca

Today is my day of solitude and silence, a chance to walk the beach of darkened sand and go to the mosque to pray and feel even deeper layers within this land that I've come already to adore ... there is such a richness here in the energy pool of life and I feel such a love for its people that I sense it is a land that I have lived in once before, as a Bedouin woman connected to Abraham's song.

The gift of travel is the opportunity to mingle among the multitudes and feel their rhythm of life and a lot can be gleaned about a country from the people in its streets. In seminar rooms I get a small insight, an exposure to people who are open to the rhythms we have yet in the streets, in the churches, temples and mosques, there are additional rhythms to be enjoyed that add such a richness to a traveller's life.

For the last two decades (and for time to come), I am a gypsy, a traveller in this life, constantly moving through the ever changing landscapes of an ever evolving world, a fact that I have only recently come to fully absorb as I tend to just stay anchored in the moments of my life, choosing to enjoy each one as fully as I can; a string of perfect moments that stretch into years with moment also in between that have been lost or ignored as my mind took me then into past or future times. I find I only ever feel out of balance when I live in past or future time lines yet to live fully in each moment is an art to learn and one of the greatest gifts of being a gypsy traveller in life, for on the road the only place to really live is fully in each moment. How much preciousness in life is lost when we ignore the present moment?

Right here, right now the sun is shining as I enjoy a morning cappuccino on a terrace in a nice hotel beside the beach in Casablanca. Right here, right now people are enjoying their breakfast or swimming in the pool below us, or are playing soccer in groups on the beach. Right here, right now my favourite music plays in my ears from my iPod as I write and receive the poem *Past Times* ...

Past Times

Past times will intertwine, with all we are today.
Past times twist life's vine, or bring still brighter ways.
Past times run so deep, within our strands of life.
Past times mould future's view, cut cleaner than a knife.

Past times can be cleared to leave us free again
and ... past times can just be loved, to bring us greater gain.
Yet ... past times are not the now, where all is born anew.
Still ... past times can light the way, to something much more true.

So ... to reweave old patterns, in this web of life
takes courage, awareness an open insight.

Yet past times create the now just as the now creates our future.



The Hassan II Mosque is built over the water on energy ley-lines and is a marvel in modern architecture, so much so that it takes my breath away as I approach it and literally brings tears to my eyes. It is also one of the most amazing cosmic transmission stations of energy that I have ever felt - filled with the energies of peaceful prayer and devotional focus. With people coming 5 times a day to add energy to this vortex, its minaret stands of an imposing 200 metres high making it the tallest religious minaret in the world. Inspired by His Majesty, the late Hassan II, it is partially erected on the water in reference to the Koran verse "The Throne of God was on the water."

I walk through the mosque as part of a guided tour, so happy to hear of its history while soaking up the peaceful vibrations that permeate the structure, enticing me to sit on the marble floor and go deep into meditation. Unable to do so I walk silently, reverently, in absolute awe at the beauty of this construction; marble, teak titanium, crystals, gold and more, inlaid and overlaid in intricate designs with nothing ostentatious. Yet it is the energy that is here that is so pure and perfect, an energy built from prayer and devotion that can speak to all who are open. Although I took lots of photos, none can do this beautiful building justice either visually or energetically.

After the mosque I went to the beach where I found myself walking the same pace and rhythm as a younger mother and her 10-year-old daughter. As I bent to collect a few feathers it soon became a shared event with Zara – the girl – collecting them as well then shyly, happily bringing them to me. A child with a heart full of love and joy in her step, she was another ray of sunshine in this country, as was her mother and all the women I met and shared with on that long stretch of beach. It was a perfect end to a perfect day showing me again that people really are the same in essence all over the world, and on beaches do much the same things. Yet here their energy fields seem naturally filled with warmth towards each other - couples walk holding hands while being affectionate and caring; young men play soccer and laugh together in amiable camaraderie, all are open to interact with me and big smiles light up their faces when our eyes meet. I like this about being in this land, a place that I know will call me back again to be my gypsy traveller self, and to explore more of what Morocco offers.



29th September, 2011 – Bengaluru, India

I sit at the top of the Kings Chamber above a spiral staircase, the closest point to meditate under the axis. The heat has risen and below me is a myriad of activity as the staff get the event ready for the

Congress. Despite the heat and the noise, it is easy to go within and meditate in a relaxed rhythm of peace for my spirit is happy to be here and it seems a fitting place to end this two month tour as if I am back once again with family. India feels so familiar now and nothing disturbs me about her as She is like a mother welcoming me home in my heart.

There is something precious about watching someone fulfil a dream. It was the dream of King Hassan II to see the mosque in Morocco completed in his lifetime and so 30,000 people worked in shifts 24/7 to complete it in 6 years with funding to do it all in time so he could enjoy it before he died which he did.

Here in Pyramid Valley the dream of Patriji, and the foundation, is taking a little longer to fulfil yet each year I come more has been accomplished. New gardens, new buildings and subtle and not so subtle fine-tunements – all of it lovingly attended to.

The GCSS is filled each year with people open to the science and methodology of co-creating an enlightened, harmonious world that functions well for all which also supports the principles we hold at the Embassy of Peace. To be able to come together each year like old friends reuniting is also a blessing for us all as new faces also come to present the science of their world and what their guidance and research journey has been. I love to listen to it all, sensing, seeing, evaluating and absorbing what feels right for it is a time to share the gifts we all carry and benefit by each others journeys.

And so I sit in deep meditation in the pyramid as the song ‘*Spirit Moves You*’ flows in with the most enchanting melody.



Spirit Moves You

The spirit moves you when the heart is willing.
The spirit moves you when the time is right.
Let the spirit move you when your heart is willing.
Let the spirit move you when your time is ripe.
Yes the spirit moves us when the time is right.
So let the spirit move us back to the light.



The song passes through me until in an altered state of meditative consciousness I am tuned to my Bedouin timeline as a newly married young woman with a gentleness and love of life, who happily lives the teachings of Abraham, that came down the Mohamed line. Pure and innocent, unaware of my beauty, moments of this life now steadily flow before me ... walking in the desert sun, a breeze upon my skin and then much more – a suffering not needing to be spoken of here. And yet all I feel is peace in the Muslim lands, with a great love to walk them again ... still memories come for release if they still have impact in any way. Big vibrational remnants or small, none can linger in our fields these days, as the quantum field is quick to respond and reflect our thoughts and feelings back to us, so the root of any disharmony must be cleared.

Now in India I take the time to do this which releases a lighter layer in my being and eliminates the attractor pattern of sadness at injustice. When all is done more rises up of a time in the temple in Atlantis when eyes were gauged out by those wishing to take away the visions, who in their lack of awareness did not know that a visionary uses their inner eye instead. Once more insights are given and energies are rebalanced exactly as required so that more freedom can come in this life.

We are so complex, filled with so much from our journeys here, living now in a time where simplicity is sought instead, where we can be free, having learnt what was needed from the past. And yet the insights go on for we are perpetual students in life especially in the enlightening process of honouring the Master within.

To be enlightened is to be filled with the light of understanding ...

To be enlightened is to be made free, aware of that which limits ... and then choose to go beyond it all.

To be enlightened is to take this awareness and be wiser with insights gained.

To be enlightened is to tread the path of love with wisdoms inner ways.

And so I complete another meditation feeling lighter and brighter again.



11th October, 2011 – Australia.

A week has passed since leaving India, which was my last stop this tour, a nourishing place for me to recharge my batteries so to speak although our time there also is intense. With 1,000 or so delegates at the Congress plus all the wonderful presenters and support team, the event rolls along each year weaving its webs in the pyramid provided. Patriji's flute activating areas within and around the body and brain, his simple yet profound messages to the people who come and his mischievous fun persona, all of this is then built on each day with additional meditations and energy work plus in-depth presentations and research.

Dolores Cannon and her daughter present years of her research on using hypnotherapy with 1,000's of people to eventually connect with interdimensional beings who have explained to her the workings of the worlds, which she recorded for her books *The Convoluting Universe*. I had just finished reading her book on *Jesus and the Essenes* when I arrived so it was great to hear her in person.

After Dolores, Dr Newton Kondaveti took people through a future life progression where I saw the time and way of my exit in this life via visions that were quite unexpected. In a calm and tranquil forest setting I saw myself dressed in white, sitting on a large rock ready to leave my old but very healthy body, strong, fit and happy yet alone for my family members had already passed on.

Closing my eyes it was as if a veil dropped and all I see is light – white, blue and pink and gentle beings in their bodies of light awaiting me. I cross over easily then ask myself what to do with my physical structure. A few seconds thought, then I tell my beloved body to take itself back into its original elemental form and it dissolves itself instantaneously on command leaving no trace of itself in the physical world. Even my clothes have gone. I am free. I check the year and am a little shocked at how far into the future it is until I realise this literally is my last time on Earth and how wonderful it has been to be able to be upon her in this awakened state for so long. Somehow knowing that I will be here for so many more decades changes something within me and yet I double check this date of exit to make sure it is definitely the time I pre-booked; everyone knows the exact moment of the exit at the time of their entry to a world and can also choose how they wish to exit. It is interesting to receive this type of data yet it can be confronting for the unprepared.

Dolores had previously done a past life regression with the group where I'd gone back in time to where I was just pulsating cosmic plasma, moved by thought and intention. In this free and fluid state I explored the elements of fire in volcanoes, earth and tree consciousness, what it felt like to be air prana and also clouds, rain, the rivers and oceans and also how to mix in the cosmic elements before withdrawing from earth again. This too was an interesting experience that I realised would make a wonderful guided meditation yet what happened was more than this as it opened a door for me to understand myself as a cosmic plasma being more fully and to know just what cosmic plasma beingness entails and how we all create from this state of flow.

Soluntra King and Dr Sussan Schumsky also provided wonderful insights on many levels with Soluntra's toning and rapid fire powerful insights into unity consciousness literally blasting the cobwebs from many brains before the shamans Blue Thunder and White Feather added their input to the fields. By the end the Pyramid was buzzing with a new beat, radiating out through India all that has been added over the years from us all.

And so I enter into a time of silence and solitude, so happy to be home again, to rest now after catching up with family and friends. Within days I am writing the YouTube movies *Books of Being* and *The Tribe of I AM*, which follow on more or less as a synthesis from all we have recorded here.

For you also:-

Books of Being – YouTube video link - <http://www.youtube.com/jasmuheen#p/a/u/0/-UnIkShmFsQ>
Peace Ambassador Jasmuheen discussing unity consciousness, the I AM tribe, global change, personal refinement, self knowledge, self mastery and more as part of her heart talk series. Please also listen to her I AM Tribe discussion that continues this theme in more detail. Post tour reflections November 2011.

The Tribe I AM – YouTube video link:- <http://www.youtube.com/jasmuheen#p/a/u/0/vMTf2uAF6z4>
Peace Ambassador Jasmuheen continues on in greater detail with discussion on the I AM tribe, offering specific programming codes for positive global change, and personal refinement. Please also listen to her Books of Being video - both are part of her heart talk series. Post tour reflections November 2011.