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Cootamundra, further Devic Impressions



As we drove from Harden to Cootamundra I sensed the Coota gateway Deva picking us up at Wallendbeen, 20 or so Km away. At the usual greeting point, about 3 Km from town, I sensed the existence and excitement of the smaller devas in town.

The little Devas, are like shops on a concourse, or shops in a mall. All under the same joint management, but individual styles, aspects and personalities.

We arrived at Lyn's met up with Karen and had a soup lunch. We looked into the backyard and Lyn commented, "Plants have been growing really well since we anchored the central park Deva. It also seems more light filled." Karen, Kathrine and myself agreed.

After lunch we went to the east side of the water tank hill near Karen's house. It felt distinctly unfriendly, Go away, Piss off! We all agreed and drove around to the saddle on the west side of the water tank hill. On the way Karen told us of her adventure with the hill, "I noticed that there was 'death' hovering near the hill between two houses with old people in them. I was concerned, that was about a week before the accident. Then two days before the accident I went for a walk up the path towards the hill and – on the road we were just on to the water tank – and was told to go back because two people not one were required to die. And then there was the accident, the couple coming home in their ultra-light at dusk crashed into the windmill and died when the pilot was confused when the runway lights failed. They flew down over the hill."

On the west side of water tank hill we stopped where the road entered private property and chatted. Karen spoke into the recorder, then Kathrine and then Lyn.

From my point of view I see the hill as a communications centre with lines going out to the other hills nearby. I think the hill doesn't like the interruptions to the lines that the new buildings are making as development moves up the hill. And I think the hill is beginning to accept us being here today. It wasn't good near my house. I wonder what the other side, the south side, of the hill is like.



Kathrine. At first I felt the hill was very negative towards us and I got a still, sore neck. It got better when I got out of the car and it's pretty OK now. Yes it's happier now; it knows we are not threatening it. It is working to understand us.

Lyn. For me, it's the scattering of energies down in the town that gets to me. It's like a pit, a cauldron of things happening. Maybe that's what the hill feels of the situation?

Steven. I'll need to mediate soon. I'm half asleep, not properly in my body or my mind, I'm being dragged into a Deva ... one time, in Canberra, I had this every day for a two week period, it clicked in just before midday ... I had to nap, to drift in meditation, to let my consciousness leave my body and co join in some way with a large over-lighting Deva – I think it was doing some Deva work in Canberra's central core.

When I look at Karen's water tank hill I sense (is that the word) arms - like excavator arms - attached to the sides of the hill reaching out and waiting to grab people. At the end of the arms are grab claws. Protective and not very friendly. Something on top feels aboriginal, maybe the arms are the modern expression of a program designed to protect a sacred site?

The town, there seems a large ball of light over the town - no, it's not a hovering space craft! It's a ball, a redating ball of light. Intense white in the middle and moving through yellow to orange around the edges. It seems to have linking lines running to other Devas around the edges of the town. None seem to run to the myriad little devas that seem to populate the valley below.



There is a strong energy emanating from what Lyn told me was the old people home and retirement complex; its huge, the red and grey roofs make it look like a ware house and factory space from up here. I can't really sense or see any other devas, there is something over the airport and attached to the big railway silos, but it's not clear ... it's not what I'm being shown.

I'll go and sit on the grass and meditate

As usual – when I'm pulled into doing this sort of work – the drop into meditation is quick and beautiful. It's a delight (no that's too weak a word) a pleasure and a privilege to drift into the consciousness of a Deva. Only rarely, very rarely does the experience prove to be uncomfortable or even terrifying.

Soon I felt myself as part of the large Deva with yellow and orange edges that floated space ship like over the town. I became aware of the slope down the Muttama creek corridor. Soon I changed awareness to feel an outreaching to Devas that encircled the town. At the same time I had an awareness of lending my human vibration to clearing the situation inside both the red and grey roofed old people's complexes adjacent to the hospital.

I came back, so to say, and awoke after about 20 minutes. I felt refreshed, the sleepiness was gone. I reflected that it makes sense that what I see in clairvoyant insight should match the "Dreaming" that takes place when I am called upon to meditate.

