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Cootamundra, the nearly Deadly Dive Home

Have you read [Cootamundra , further Devic Impressions?](#) The article precedes this one.

About half way through the article is the paragraph below ...

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."

The extract sets the background for what is to follow



Dr Geo holding a sketch of a hilltop Deva in front of the hill from which it emanates. Hilltop Devas are tied to their location and have a lifespan that runs to tens of thousands of years.

After a quick picnic lunch at Cootamundra Cricketer's park I dropped Karen off and headed back towards home. Things went fine until I left town and then the driving got difficult. Not because Of traffic on the road - there wasn't any to talk about. No, my mind was drifting; I yawned and yawned again, I struggled to focus my eyes and to keep my mind on the road. I tried deepening my breathing, a trick I use to help keep me awake. But it didn't help. By the time I got past Wallenbeen I was having double vision, one eye seemingly focused above the other.

Yet, none of this worried me. I was happy and relaxed. It wasn't as if I was sleepy; yet I couldn't help myself, I yawned and yawned, I felt like I was dropping off. I opened windows, perhaps there was exhaust pipe leak into the car – but no, that didn't help. My unfocused eyes saw the passing trees, birds and green fields - I felt that I was surrounded in beauty. My mood was buoyant.



Small hilltop Devas on the Cootamundra to Galong road

Then, as I was passing the Harden Cemetery it happened. My mind's eye saw nothing but rolling shades of blue, yellow, orange and red. It was my hands that saved me, they knew that the front of the car had slipped off the road. A burst of adrenalin made me instinctively turn the wheel to bring the car back onto the road. My eyes opened I was in my lane and traffic was passing me by on the

opposite side. I was lucky that the car had followed the road camber and had driven off the edge not into the oncoming traffic.

The remaining fifteen minutes of my drive home was a struggle. Home, I wended my way through the house and plumped down to nap in the sunroom.

What had happened? Was someone or something trying to kill me?

The answer presented itself when I awoke.

I was being blissed out by the Cootamundra central deva. Just as had happened on the drive to Cootamundra, but more intensely. The Deva wanted to give me a present; she was excited to have a human with whom she could communicate. In Aboriginal times communication must have been a common occurrence - and that was at the most 150 years away. If I had been walking the bliss would have been a pleasure. A chance to sit and dream. But in a car moving at 100kph it was a deadly thing to do ... and how was the Deva to know about cars? For most of its 20,000 previous years there had been people but no 100kph killing machines.

I'm afraid the Deva, and her friends, have not yet assimilated the danger we humans face from cars. Driving in remote areas I still get the yawns, my eyes lose focus and I want to bliss out. Now I know enough to stop and take a nap or eat a snack.

I told some friends about my experience and one, Dr Geo sent me a terse and dense email explanation. I've expanded it slightly below.

The sequence of events that I describe below can happen when you drive into an area surrounded by huge hilltop devas. When these large Landscape Devas become aware of you they ...

Can group together and can simultaneously send you their blessings. They pass you from one to another as you drive along. They dump loads of energy on you.

So you end up with an enormous load of unassimilated energies in the aura and the body.

These energies sit, a heavy load which makes you feel that you desperately need to sleep.

So you yawn and yawn, and want to sleep. Sleeping is what your body does to balance and assimilate energies.

When the impulse to sleep is really strong I've been drawn upward from my physical body - I've had to fight it because it's really dangerous. The soul ends up floating above the vacated body and one can unconcernedly watch from above as the car careers off the road and smashes.

In the Dreamtime a mere hundred years ago, the devas were dealing with aboriginal sensitives who would gladly have received the energies, laid down and assimilated the new powers the Devas were giving them.

Living in these energies and properly assimilating them awakens one to Deva awareness and helps you understand the nature of Deva consciousness. So when this happens one learns to see, experience and understand more about Devas.

However, today most people are not tuned in the right way to link to Devas. So the energies Devas bestowed on them are wasted.

The Devas know this and so don't bother to work with people until they sense that the right person is within their ken.

Which may be just as well or there would be many more car accidents

Dr Geo.

Comment: David Beale

Some spirits are stuck in resentment about what they didn't get that they wanted, so can be angry and even spiteful, and other devas have better acceptance of harmony than we do so, when we get with that type, we get happier. Devas and other beings, in other dimensions and ours, are more like us than animals who behave towards each other far better than humans do. The crows, magpies...they all live in harmony and don't have pre-emptive strikes; and they do minimal harm when defending. Devas enjoy interacting with us like we enjoy being with...well, do I have to say "dolphins"? I enjoy feeding the magpies; they eat out of my fingers, only come when whistled to in the way they've got to know over the years --- otherwise they ignore us except to not get walked on. If I was a deva, I'd care for people like I do for the magpies and crows and lizards and all the other wildlife around our house.

Footnote

The Bridge of San Luis Rey is American author Thornton Wilder's second novel, first published in 1927 to worldwide acclaim. It tells the story of several interrelated people who die in the collapse of an Inca rope-fiber suspension bridge in Peru, and the events that lead up to their being on the bridge.^[1] A friar who has witnessed the tragic accident then goes about inquiring into the lives of the victims, seeking some sort of cosmic answer to the question of why each had to die. (from Wikipedia)