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Meeting a Deva in the Canberra Botanical Gardens

The Thursday Theosophical meditation group meet at the car park. We needed to decide where to go to meditate. Some of us wanted to use the location to access the Black mountain energies. This to me meant sitting on a Troll portal, a thing I didn't feel strong enough to do.

Oh yes, Black Mountain - as indicated by the name - is full of gateways to the underworld. There is much happening underground in Canberra, the strongest underground site being Parliament House, the building's contour fits neatly inside the hill which used to be there.

The Black Mountain portals allow the dark bat like Trolls to roam nearby areas. They are hollow spaces that live in and feed off our human desire and need to control situations. This implies that they respect money, and they do. The radiations from Telecom Tower enlivens them, gives them protection and makes them and overactive.

So, feeling insecure I let the group wonder off to the large lawn, a pleasant meeting area where mothers bring their children to play on hot summer days. As we approached the lawn I felt a garden Deva reach out to us, curious who we were and why we were coming. I gave a thought of greeting and suggested we were coming to sit and meditate. The Deva seemed unsure what I meant by the idea of meditation.



We sat in a rough circle between trees on the sunny lawn. My meditation quickly went to greeting the Deva, a young landscape angel who was disappointed that we had no children with us. She wondered where I came from. So, in thought, I went to my home on Stromlo ridge five kilometres away. She followed me and went into union with the air Deva that lives on top of the ridge. I don't know how long the two spent with each other but I do know that when I returned my consciousness to the lawn I was followed by her.

Curious I wondered why the two Devas had never met before. In response the garden Deva gave me an insight into the fact that unassisted she could only reach out to sister Devas if they were within line of sight, and that this was a characteristic of all Devas.

Now, a day later, I recall Philip Simpfendorfer - a Australian friend who for many years has been deeply involved in earth energy work - telling me that it always surprised him how the huge and powerful Kashmir Goddess of the hills would interrogate him about similar beings in Australia. Philip felt it strange these old and wise beings needed human interaction. Surely, he felt these ancient Goddess should have been able to reach anywhere across the world.

My insight helped explain some things...

One, why high mountain regions of the world have such a Devic strength - it is because mountains greatly increase the number of possible line of sight contacts between places.

Two, how the European ley line system developed and how these - with the human interaction they implied - helped the landscape stay in touch with itself and contributed to the health of the land.

Three, why Australian Aboriginal people carry their dreaming songs with them in their walkabouts - because in this way they link and enrich the Devic life that give vitality to the landscape.

To return to the meditation. Not having children to play with the garden Deva occupied itself with healing. I went from meditation into a heavy sleep bathed the sun and the creative energy of the place. I awoke an hour later to my name being called. It was a rude awaking, and for the rest of the afternoon felt disassociated between my thoughts and my speech. I even began to wonder if I had a stroke.

Later I asked Joy how her meditation went. And she told me it was strange. She picked up different things according to the way she sat. In one direction she picked up the garden Deva, and in the other the energy related to the top of Black Mountain.

I guess some time in the future we should return to Black Mountain and meditate near of Troll portal.

