

***"Whales can live without us humans, but can we live well without them?"***

***A Compassionate whale account 2003-4***

Sitting with good friends, Verena Gohl and Marianne Schauwecker in Marianne's kitchen, April 03, in Zoerikon, just outskirts of Zurich, enjoying a tea and parting conversation, was the place and the company of this beginning teaching. Within hours my life was changing.....I was playing with a sprig of lavender, sitting in fold-up chairs, with my legs folded at the ankle in one of them, and then i dropped the lavender and bent over to my left to pick it up and the chair moved or i moved and i fell!! The buoyancy of my body from so very much sounding for many, many days, that i bounced. I have no idea what i looked like, but i felt like a bouncing ball as i landed on my sacrum bounced up and landed headward onto the wall! It was electric and the stars were flying, i knew i was in trouble....but, i went into 'I need to get home, not remembering that home was not what i was remembering, we had moved.....just 6 weeks ago! within hours my life was changing, of course.....'this is how i sounded a few months later.....

I was desperate and, of course was really scared. I had fallen and had bounced and hit my head and sacrum a few weeks earlier. This accident occurred in Zurich the night before I was to fly back to the USA. (I had moved across country from Colorado to the Northwest Olympic Peninsula, just prior to my teaching-time in Switzerland.) By the time I reached my new home, my immune system was already compromised. This was the beginning of my

being sick for the next year, lungs, throat, weakness in general, my arches had fallen, no support at my pelvis floor...the bottom had fallen out of me, was my experience, on all levels. Magnetic energy depleted. Depression was drowning me, I couldn't move. I felt my time had come to die, but instead of a swift exit I was going to slowly be drained of my life force. The suffering and self-pity was horrendous.

And....I could find no help. I was not connected to the local therapists, healers, or body workers, I had been in the healing arts field for over 35 years and this was the first time in all these many years to really be out of my arena of knowing who to go to and be in the network of much assistance. And given my condition I was unable to go 'out there' and find someone or to be found. No juice was available. And somehow, given my experience of always having help in these ways, I knew that whatever was going on with me was beyond human aid, or human aid was not available and this was made clear in numerous ways. I had spent the previous 35 years on a spiritual path, journey, thank goodness! As it was clear that there wasn't any place to go except deeper into Surrender, into Source, to keep trusting, deeper and deeper. Very difficult to do, some days, near impossible when there was so much fear and pain and depression. And some days just not wanting to surrender, being too afraid, too angry too ashamed, (I should be able to fix this or get myself fixed, etc.), feeling victimized...I was emotionally and spiritually paralyzed.

I spent a lot of time on my hands and knees crawling around my gardens. Digging and planting and weeding with my hands. I couldn't go for walks but I could crawl and dig in and on the earth. Mainly I had to STOP, not DO. And many of us know how difficult it is to 'not do'. I can 'not do' 30-60 minutes a day in prayer and meditation and that is progress in a 'doing' life. I cancelled all of my workshops and teachings and travels for that year. Fortunately this was the first time in many years that I actually could not work for a year!

I complained a lot, whined and cried, ranted and raved in my journal, begged for release and relief. I remember thinking how tired I was of always thinking about myself. Then one day in a small gathering I heard this fellow tell a story about being grateful for all of his situations, concerns. This was not 'new' news for me, but completely forgotten ways these days...his words were a moment of clarity. I write a journal nightly, my Dear God letters, which was still in place. So I took my friends words literally and started writing: Thank you for my pain, thank you for my depression, thank you for my misery, on and on, night after night. I did not 'mean' this when I first started writing. But, I kept writing and I grew into being sincerely grateful. Almost immediately my thinking started changing, the neurological wiring was going along a different pathway. My Nervous system was greatly and obviously affected. I was becoming more relaxed, more accepting of just exactly how my life was, not how it had been, not how I wanted it to be, but how it was right now. I know now that I was beginning to receive the gift that comes from surrendering: and that I was truly starting to 'cease fighting' so that which is Greater could help me. I was fighting my pain,

fighting my depression, fighting my many physical and psychological difficulties. I didn't know I was fighting, it looked as if I was attempting to help myself, 'fix' what was wrong, or find someone who could. But, in retrospect I was shown that so many of my ways of healing and helping were fighting and being intolerant. During these days, my situation didn't change. I still hurt, still could not take a walk, my feet hurt so badly. Didn't feel any real physical support. My head was fuzzy and depression was my daily partner.

I had always felt a kinship and respect for Dolphins and Whales. During my life I had experienced meditations with them, mainly Dolphins. I had not gone whale watching or had never swam with the dolphins. Just deep respect at a respectful distance.

One night I came out of a deep sleep, but not really awake either, nor still asleep and I heard this roaring hum, very loud, thousands of watts of voltage, or hundreds of voices doing Tibetan form of humming throat harmonics.. Then I noticed that I was deep in the water and whales, above me, below me, beside me, holding me, supporting me, surrounding me. Letting me rest deeply and deeper. I went back to sleep. This occurred several times over a period of two months. I have never forgotten the sound or the feel of support. Sometimes I think Source of all kinds works on a 'need to know' basis. As the time went on the visitations changed. It became more of a teaching. I don't remember much specifics and that is fine with me. I know that the memory is encoded and when I 'need to know' the action or lesson will be revealed. They did tell me at one of

the visits that they were teaching me how to live under water. At this time I still haven't any idea of the relevance. What is important is that with their resonance and frequency and direction I immediately started to regain vitality and to be restored energetically. My feet and legs and spine and pelvis and head were upgraded and uplifted. I was healing rapidly. My spirit was totally uplifted. Depression dissolved and I have sustained a steady increase of strength. I haven't any idea of why I was given this experience I am just deeply and heart fully grateful that for whatever reason they assisted me so greatly. And that I had the honor of being in their compassionate ways. I will always be grateful to the Whales for sharing their compassionate love with me. I haven't any doubt in my molecular system that the whales are my lineage. I also have a knowing that the whales can live without us humans, but I am not sure we can live well without them.

A few months later I decided to do a sacred sound concert in honor of the whales. I knew I needed to sound that which I had been given. Also, I wanted to sound for the whales and to address the way that are being sonically abused by frequencies that are confusing them, separating them, beaching them brainless.

And yesterday when I was contemplating how to tell this story of my experiences they told me to tell you this:

Tell them how we need you to sing our songs---tell them how we need your sounds NOW---Strong sounds, moan sounds, twirl sounds, broken sounds, gifted sounds, wounded sounds, love-making sounds, birthing sounds, joyful colorful sounds, piercing sounds, true calling sounds, backbreaking sounds, tender hearted sounds-----Sound them all, sing them all and let them become a Call---a call to Awaken the stuck arteries to the Heart. Let the sounds send air and oxygen and wind and eagles into the waves, let the waves hold them and balance and bounce them to her navel, let them make her wet, let them take her to the depths of the dark, deep waters where we abide---so that we can join in this chorus of union.

Tell them how much we need your sounds ----Please sing your soulful songs-- --take them into your harmonies, treat them as your own skin, let them move your blood, touch your surface, float around like bubbles of notes of composition.

*She came to us with her yearning, with her prayers, with her love, with her caring, with her pain, with her thankfulness for her life----and we were drawn as a magnet to respond.*