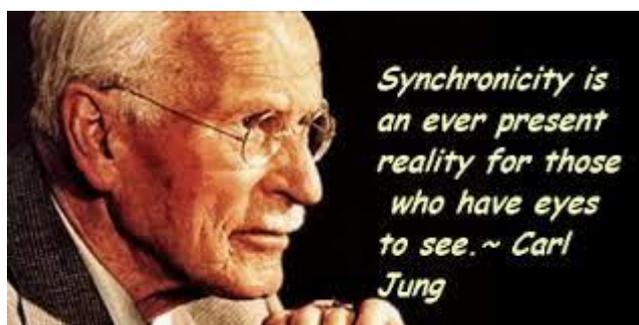


Synchronicity



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SYNCHRONICITY.

I like this word and it is also something that happens to me regularly. You will be surprised, how many times it happens to you as well, but you may not recognise it as such or give it credit.

Often, we have things happen to us and we call it 'accidental', but very often when this is happening, it is something very much more 'organised'.

We very often pray for help from our Higher Power, as we feel we cannot achieve it alone and being Faithful and a believer in that Higher Power, also called God, we must TRUST AND KNOW, that you WILL BE HEARD.

Keeping our ears, eyes and our minds open by BEING QUIET a lot, we very often get answers to our questions in different forms. These answers may be a spoken word, someone suddenly utters; a few words you read in a magazine or newspaper; a numberplate on a car; a vision when you are out walking or on TV. There are numerous ways, you may communicate with the Universe, to receive an answer. I get clearly 'spoken' messages, because I am quiet, often.



I find that during my **meditation time**, a lot of information is revealed to me.

Yes, that is I.

Synchronicity, case 1.

I needed help in deciding what to do with my life, after Osteopathy and farming. I was sharing my life and time with a partner and besides my clinical work, we ran a small farm and produced goat milk and various products made from that milk. We also had a number of vegetables we shared and exchanged with neighbours on a weekly basis. Another thing that kept us busy, was the various workshops we held on an almost weekly basis. But, I felt, I NEEDED TO GET OUT in 2009 and work on myself and improve my spirituality. I was 76 at the time.

I did not know how to let go of the farm, the work involved there, the responsibility for the workshops etc. etc., as my partner could not do these on her own. She did not want to sell the farm and go travelling with me.

I decided to meditate daily, besides my farm dam for a good while each day and ask for a suitable answer, so nobody would be hurt or anything for long, because I knew that if I left the farm, my partner would be far too busy.

On the seventh day, the answer came loud and clear:

” Go to the Kimberley desert and do a 10 day fast and meditation.”

Well, this was an amazing revelation, as the Kimberly district is in far north Western Australia, about the furthest point in the country from the Sunshine Coast of South Queensland.

I had the faith and trust, that ‘that’ was the correct answer, so I immediately started to pack up my 4WD, which had a collapsible tent on the top and left a week later, having done a really good check of all the gear I needed to do this trip all on my own. (OR WAS I?)

This was an amazing experience of TRUST AND FAITH, being on my own for almost 9 months, covering 23.500 km in total, travelling all around the outside of the country and feeling protected every minute of the day and night. I slept outside almost every night, among nature’s wonders, learning to be accepted and comfortable and relaxed, with whatever was coming my way. The peace and quiet all the time, was a meditation in itself. The howling of the dingoes and the presence of many animals, who came into my camp in many forms; the kangaroos, the broncos, the snakes, the ants and other creepy-crawlies, whom I befriended, as soon as I stopped for the night or sometimes a week or more, because I realised that I was intruding on nature’s places, wherever I went. I became as ‘one with nature’. The enormity of space in the sky, the stars so numerous and the natural events that happened all around!

The peace I mentioned, that surrounded me constantly, was obviously arranged by my God, who sent me there to learn and respect EVERYTHING. Having dealt with people all my life and being busy talking to them and serving them for many years, I really looked forward to a change. AND DID I GET IT!

After 5 months of travelling, I finally arrived in the chosen spot for the big meditation and fast, where I set up camp and stayed put in a magic place which looked like an oasis. A few large fig trees and a bit of shrubbery, on the

summer bank of the Fitzroy river, overlooking the barren desert on the other side.

After 10 days of doing my meditation and fast in the desert, I thought that a change of name would be appropriate as well and the name SHANTI, meaning peace in Hindi, would constantly remind me of the peace, I so dearly enjoy(ed) all the time. On the eleventh day, at 4.30 in the afternoon, a clear message came to me, saying: "A LADY WAS COMING TO SEE ME." That was a nice surprise, as by now I was getting a bit *"not so much lonely, but ready to share my experiences"*. Hearing that message, I immediately went to the river below, had a bath in freezing cold water (not at all me) and had a shave, as I looked pretty grotty. It was the 1 st. of August; mid-winter and by then the nights were very cold. I dressed and just as I buttoned up my last shirt button, there she was. From about 20 metres away, she waved and called out 'hello'. I had to think about this and allow this to sink in a bit more, before I went over to her and greeted her. She put her arms out to be hugged and we hugged and she introduced herself as FREEDOM. I immediately said: "My name is PEACE", not really thinking about it. As we were there, her boyfriend also appeared and he too hugged me. This was so amazing!

She told me that she was sent a message that we would meet and I also confirmed to her that I got the same message.

Early that morning I had gone to a town called Fitzroy Crossing and bought some fruits and soup vegetables, to make a pot of soup, to come out of the fast slowly, with easily digestible foods.

I asked them to stay and make themselves comfortable and share a meal of soup, which they did. I mentioned to her, that I wanted to change my call-name and be known as Shanti, reminding me constantly of peace. I asked him to "baptise me" the next day and we did a real dunking in the river. Freedom put on a white shift (dress), for purity she said and they held my hands walking down to the spot in the river, where there was a small waterfall. It felt so right!

They stayed for another day and we sang songs around the campfire, as Freedom played her guitar. Magic!

Freedom and I have been very close friends ever since, very much in touch with each other's feelings. If she is going through a rough patch, I always know it and will call her on the phone and we talk freely and openly and solve the

problem. I will always give her a hug 'via the ether' and it really works well for her.

PS. I still don't know how she found me in the place where I was hidden, BUT..... That was 'synchronicity'.

For us to meet, in the desert, away from all human life, which was quite a long way away, was synchronicity alright. Only God knew where I was and He sent her to find me.

Synchronicity Case 2.

I became an airline steward, working for Qantas in 1962. However, I wanted to be in the healing business, as I had done a course in Physiotherapy, before leaving Holland and I was also dabbling in a few other forms of natural healing. I did these courses by correspondence and at weekend workshops. There was nothing forthcoming in the healing field, although I was doing some massage work in a Gymnasium in Sydney at that time, before Qantas.

My wife saw an add in the newspaper for this position as a steward and she suggested I should apply, as she knew I liked to travel, but could not afford to do so, starting a young family. This job would cover all travelling expenses, being paid for by the work. The position was advertised for applicants between 21 and 28. I applied, but I was actually 29. During the interview, the fellow mentioned that fact and I replied to him, that some others would also be 29 in a year's time. I was accepted and I did this job for 10 years and something special happened towards the very end of my career as a steward.

On one of my last flights, I was positioned as a passenger to fly from New York to San Francisco, to take a flight to Honolulu the next morning, as a Chief Steward became ill and I had to take his position as a crew member.

Here it comes the interesting part.

The passenger, who sat beside me on that flight, was an elderly man (and his wife) from Ballina in N.S.W., Australia. As we were talking, the conversation quickly came around to natural healing, as he was a self-taught Osteopath by the name of Mr. Aubrey Pescud, with an amazing repertoire of healings of all kinds of illnesses. He was a thinking man and always found a way of tackling a problem somehow. A practical man. I found that so amazing, as I too am such a person, who will always find an answer. We both agreed that there is no such

thing as “can’t”. We covered a lot of ground during the flight and believe me or not, he was also booked in at the same hotel as I was. Synchronicity again!

We talked till late that evening about the subject, as he liked me and my thinking, so he invited me to come and see him at his home, as soon as I arrived back in Australia. He wanted me to take over, his now run-down business due to his age and re-open again as soon as possible. There were many patients waiting to be treated.

I did go and see him ‘AND I STAYED’! I did not go back home again. Yes, after investigating his stories, which proved to be right, I decided to get going there and then (a typical Aries trait, mind you).

I rang my wife from Ballina and told her that this meeting of the two of us on the plane, was not just an accidental meeting, but a **synchronised event**. This was the opportunity I had been looking for. During my flying years, I continued to study a number of natural healing modalities, since I did not drink and party too much like the other crew members. These studies came in handy now, since I was getting into the business of healing. I asked my wife, if she could sell the house in Sydney and get ready for a new life on the North coast of NSW.



I learned his method of Osteopathy, as he was now 83 and ready to retire properly. I did a full day’s work, whilst he supervised for the next 1 + year and I started my own clinic in 1972, just down the road from where he lived. It did not take long for the patients to come back, once they knew the clinic

was open again. Some of them travelled for many miles to be treated, as originally Mr. Pescud had a clinic in Tamworth N.S.W. and when they heard about the clinic re-opening with me in charge this time and having had the training from Mr.Pescud, they started to turn up as well.

The rest is history.

I retired from the physical work in 2009, but continue today to be a ‘Natural Health Advisor’ and help people, through the writing of books on various subjects of health.

There are more synchronicity events of this kind, but I think you get the message. I am quite sure that you can think of some instances like the ones

above, now you know what to look for. Very often these times are life-changing events, affecting you for the rest of your life.

