

KNOWLEDGE OF ONENESS

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Cover illustration: channelled painting of male and
female energy 'Beyond the Veil' by Mary-Jane Bateman

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all those who assisted in its creation. Many thanks to my Guides Cameron and Bob, and Bruce's Guide Running Bear. To all of the Angels and Holy Archangels who assist us all every day in every way: Thoth, St. Germain, Jesus, the many Ascended Masters, and big final thanks to Mother-Father God Our Creator. Thank you for providing us all with your letters of enlightenment so we can share them with others and grow in light with each passing moment. Thanks to Mum and Dad, my beautiful children and husband Bruce who made this all possible. Much gratitude to Bruce and Marsha Batchelor at Agio Publishing for all of their patience, knowledge, and encouragement in bringing this book to life. Thank you to all of the children that are here to raise our awareness, and a big thank you to Mother Earth for providing us with a home. We are eternally grateful.

For more information, we invite you to visit
www.KnowledgeOfOneness.com
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INTRODUCTION



Our intention in writing this book is to share with others the beautiful writings and inspiration we have received over the years through correspondence with Guides, Angels, Holy Archangels and many other Beings of Divine Light. It is our intention to release this information at this time of great change in order to assist others in raising their vibration so we all can experience a smoother transition on our journey into the next level of consciousness.

As the years go by and we come to a climax of changes on our planet, we will need to channel all of our resources to cope with the vibrational changes we may experience. This book is written to enlighten and awaken the spirit within.

Now is the time for everyone to begin vibrational work and to take account of all the things in life that need some vibrational healing and self help. I have chosen this life experience along with you, to be part of this very exciting period of Earth's history. Many are here to assist us to raise our level of consciousness and to open our hearts and minds to memories long forgotten.

I have written this book in conjunction with my husband Bruce who has channeled much of this information. Raising the light and

vibration on Earth is the greatest gift we can share with each other. I write to you through my heart, and present this information to you with all the compassion and love I can express.

*Bring Light into your heart each day
as all miracles flow from this.*

— a quote from Cameron, my Guide and inspiration

ABOUT US

*Once the moments are gone, the thoughts are of no use.
It's purely in the moment that one is attempting to create....*

— Holy Archangel Raphael

The information that we have received through channelling over the years has helped our family to achieve goals and stay connected. All of the material in this book is presented exactly as it was received.

Validation of these writings comes from within. All I can suggest is that you read the information. If something stirs you deep inside or there is a flutter in your heart, these are your own signals and Higher Self providing you with the answers you need.

This book was written with the sole purpose to share information. Working as a medium or channel, information is received through the Higher Self. Initially Bruce began by writing this in-

formation. He now relays this information into a tape recorder or I will record his readings.

Through learning and practise I have developed my own skills to channel by automatic writing. I work as a Reiki Master and Iridologist and I love to incorporate crystals into my healing work. Bruce is a machinist by trade and also a Reiki Master. We are full-time parents, and like so many others, we are constantly searching for better ways to enrich our lives.

Before sending this information out into the world, we decided it would be meaningful to attach a blessing to this work. In doing this, it was our desire that anyone who reads this material will receive a blessing too. It is with much joy that I have this opportunity to share with you these writings.

— *Mary-Jane Bateman*

MESSAGE FROM MELCHIZEDEK



Much has been written from the many divine sources about the history of the Universe. There is only so much that can be expressed through language. The experience one witnesses through steps of enlightenment can only be truly shared with others who have had similar experiences. It's only through these experiences that the great inner truth can be understood.

Certain concepts of knowledge are difficult to comprehend during Earth's dense state at the moment. The veils are slowly lifting where humanity can return to higher states of existence. At the moment many vibrations are changing that will help people return to the inner core of truth.

As each year passes, more will be able to experience this divine presence from within. There are many working on earth to help with this great struggle of change. New areas of knowledge come to those when the time is right. This has always been the way when trying to pass down greater works of knowledge to those that are not ready. As one grows, this information will become attainable to one's level of understanding. So read with an open heart and mind. The great inner truth lies within. This will guide you through your ever-expanding knowledge.

God bless.

— love, Melchizedek

[One of the many working towards creating
peace and harmony in the Great Kingdom]

CHAPTER 1



A GLIMPSE INTO THE UNKNOWN

*There is always an easy road to follow.
This may not lead you to your true destiny.
— your friend and Guide, Cameron*

In the early 1970s a life-threatening illness prompted my parents to move from Toronto to the far north of New Zealand. This event came about due to a desire to create a less stressful lifestyle. They decided that it was time to leave this busy part of their lives behind and seek out a different existence. Both had extremely busy careers.

Against all odds they took on this new challenge. We sold our home, left friends and family and journeyed to the other side of the world. Within six months we found ourselves in a beautiful little town in the Bay of Islands. My parents purchased a small two-bedroom house overlooking the ocean.

This area is considered sub-tropical and much of the plant life

grows in volcanic red clay. Punga trees, native plants and birds add to the tropical feel in the air. The snowdrifts of Toronto were a million miles away.

Moving from one country to another was not entirely new for my parents. Newlyweds at the age of 17 and 21, they flipped a coin and embarked on a voyage from Southampton, England to New York. They had saved \$50.00 for this great journey and a new start to their lives. Heads would have taken them to South Africa and tails Canada. Tails it was. Their tiny budget allowed them passage by train from New York to Toronto. They still wake up each day with that same adventurous spirit in their hearts and the courage to face the unknown.

In my heart I protested the move to New Zealand. I did not appreciate what a great opportunity it would be to live in such a beautiful place. I was nine at the time. The first few years that we lived down there were very challenging. We had very little in the way of funds.

Dad still needed frequent hospital care. I remember we needed a vehicle to take him to and from the hospital. Our finances were so tight that we traded my mother's expensive mink coat for an old Army Jeep. At this time fur coats were such a luxury item. Thank goodness things have changed! I am so happy that the fur coat left our household.

The Jeep was in very poor shape and it broke down frequently, most of the time when we were climbing a steep drive or hill. It always needed a running start and we would all have to get out and push.

Even though those first few years brought many tough challenges, my parents stayed strong and looked on everything as an adventure.

People are drawn to New Zealand because it is a magical oasis and a land of truth where people seek to experience who they truly are. Being able to face who we are is an important step on our chosen journey.

Alternative lifestyle choices are abundant in New Zealand and my mother embraced this. She is, and always has been, very open to alternative health and living. We both discovered that herbal and homeopathic medicine gave us better results when we were sick. I would regularly see an Iridologist which eventually became my professional interest and I have always been interested in spiritual subjects. It was whispered among friends that my grandmother was known to connect with the *other side*.

Dad did not share the same interests. He loved boats and became very involved with the yachting community. However he did express an interest at one time in Buddhism. We were all very surprised at this because it did not seem in character for him to voice his views on any religious or spiritual topic. When I look back I realize that his interest in Buddhism came directly after his heart surgery.

Much of the information I share with others is from knowledge that was passed on from having had the opportunity at an early age to experience an alternative lifestyle. My parents' constant desire to travel and experience life has been a wonderful gift to me. The South Pacific and its islands are a haven to many travellers seeking refuge from the pressures and demands of living in big cities and their hectic lifestyles. Our home became a haven to overseas visitors. My parents opened their door and their hearts to so many who were on remarkable journeys.

Eventually we did settle into the town of Opuia. In 1972, the population was no more than three hundred people. There was a

small post office and local shop for supplies. Opuā services overseas yachts and ships that call in to this first port of call to New Zealand. Much of my spare time was spent walking the bush tracks and beaches around the area.

The primary school had 70 children in attendance. Having the privilege to attend this school was one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. The principal and his wife created special memories for us all. We as students had a role in the cleaning and maintenance of the grounds and classrooms. The school was split into four teams, each named after a different native tree. Points and rewards were given to teams throughout the year. It was a great system. The school was spotless and the children all pitched in with great pride.

We began each day with physical fitness. For the first hour we all were involved in some sporting activity. Because of this, there was no hyperactivity in class and we all had clear heads for the academic part of our curriculum. I was encouraged to join the Maori Culture group. Being Canadian did not stand in the way of me being accepted. This kind of teaching and acceptance of others brought such unity to the community. On our last visit to New Zealand I had the great opportunity to attend a retirement concert for the principal and his wife. Their teaching had such a positive influence on all the children who had attended.

The culture and lifestyle was so vastly different from living in Toronto. One funny experience we had was our first invitation to a wedding which was held on *treaty land* – meaning the land reserved by early treaties for the aboriginal people. On a beautiful day we gathered outside for the event. The bride-to-be looked lovely in her very traditional wedding gown. Her satin veil and dress trailed behind her, glistening in the sunshine. The bride's proud father held

her hand tightly as he started his march towards a makeshift altar. His grip was not tight enough and suddenly they both slipped into a cow patch, right onto their bottoms. We looked on with anguish at the thought of this poor bride having to deal with all the embarrassment.

With the grace of a queen, the bride picked herself up and without flinching walked over to the water hose and calmly hosed herself completely down. She then grabbed her father's hand and they continued onto the altar smiles and all. We somehow could not see that happening back in Toronto. In a short time we slowly began to change our habits and we became very laid back about life in general.

In late summer 1979 events in the little town of Opua changed my outlook on life. Over the course of a week our tranquil little town experienced several phenomena beyond comprehension. I was 16 at the time. The evenings were warm and it was light until about 8 p.m.

As daylight disappeared, we noticed a brilliant blue shaft of light over our neighbour's house. It was cylindrical in shape. It came straight down from the sky and directly into our neighbour's roof. It radiated a piercing shade of blue. The house was approximately one mile from ours, directly across the water. At one time back in the 1800s it had been a whalers' pub and was a recreation spot for many of the ships that would call into Opua for supplies and trading.

Let me explain that weird experiences in this house were not unknown. My parents were very friendly with the family and I developed a great friendship with one of their daughters. There were many parties and sleepovers spent at this historic homestead. The pub was still in its original condition. Because the house was right

on the edge of the water, it was deemed a historic site so the owners were not permitted to do too many renovations. There was always a sense that we were never alone in the house. Whenever I walked into a room I was terrified I would see something that would scare me. The loo was outside. This meant we would have to run out in the dark each time Nature called. My heart would be pounding so hard in my chest every time we had to make the dreadful trip to this outhouse. I probably broke the land speed record in an effort to avoid seeing any *ghosts* on the way.

There were rumours that indeed there was a spirit or several spirits that appeared around the house and outside on the grounds. The children had some unusual experiences over the years but it seemed everyone managed to *get along*. Even in daylight hours a tingling sensation would rush through me each time I walked into a room on my own.

One evening I happened to glance through the sitting room window, and a man dressed in a Spanish type uniform appeared to me on the deck. He looked straight at me. His eyes were sad and lifeless. His face held no expression. Only a few seconds passed and he then dissolved right before my eyes. It was such a shock that I felt I could not breathe. For some reason I did not share this information with my friend. I figured it was probably best to say nothing. Years later I discovered that the Spanish had fought in this area and bodies had washed up on the beach after battle.

Another event occurred one night on a sleepover. I was around 14 at the time. No one was home except my friend and her younger sister. We were all settling down for the night. Suddenly the younger sister came running into our room, absolutely terrified. Gasping for breath she tearfully explained there was “something downstairs.” We closed the bedroom door and grabbed anything we could to

block an intruder from getting into the room. Huddled together we listened to see if anyone was coming up the stairs.

Below us we heard the cupboard doors opening and closing. The doors would slam and then drawers would slide open very slowly. The staircase would creak as if someone was starting to come up the stairs and then it would stop. My friend was so distressed both she and her sister were crying their eyes out. For some odd reason I found myself comforting them and assuring them it would be fine. It was then that I realized I did not feel threatened. A great feeling of strength came over me.

After about an hour of banging and slamming, we heard the whine of a boat engine heading towards the house. This brought us all a sense of hope and a great feeling of relief. The noises below us continued right up until the owners walked into the house. We stayed in the bedroom until we knew it was safe to leave. The girls quickly relayed our experience to their parents. They both grinned and assured us everything was fine downstairs.

This quick assurance made me realize perhaps this was not the first time they had heard this story or perhaps even had the same experience. There had been so much activity below us we expected to find a complete mess downstairs. We thought we might be blamed for the disaster that would greet them when they got home. However, there was nothing at all out of place. There was as a nervous laugh from everyone that it must have been *the ghosts*. Everything returned to normal very quickly. There was a great sense of relief that whoever or whatever had visited us was gone.

So, after having so many unusual things happen in this house, it was not completely odd for us to be witnessing something else very strange. The shaft of light over the house remained in its position from dusk right until the early hours of the morning. My mother

and I got quite excited about this light. We phoned the owners of the house but there was no reply. We phoned other neighbours to go outside to see the beam of light. There were many suggestions as to what this phenomenon was. Explanations eluded us the longer the light stayed in perfect position. Eventually I got very tired. At around 2 a.m. I lost the battle to stay awake. The next morning the light was gone and I was very disappointed. By lunchtime the topic of the blue light was forgotten.

All of the excitement was over until I was awoken at 3:00 a.m. the following Sunday morning. My mother came into my room, woke me up and said, "Come and have a look." She was whispering but with a very urgent tone in her voice. What was very unusual was that my bedroom was filled with a bright white light. The light was so bright that the whole inside of our house appeared to have the lights on. My bedroom was bathed in light, like the stands of a baseball stadium at a night game.

There were three enormous white lights adjacent to the house on the property over a mile away. There was no road to this house; the only access was by boat. It was a very steep section and was home to about two dozen cows. Again, my mother was compelled to call the owner of the house and alert them to whatever could be on the property. There was no answer. This did not surprise us too much. The phones were still on the unreliable crank system in those days because modern phones had still not reached many of the rural areas of New Zealand.

The lights were so huge that they lit up the inside of our home over a mile away. Mother and I decided to call the police. Dad buried himself deeper beneath the covers and refused to look. The town was so small there was only one policeman on duty that night and he was not allowed to leave the station. For years this became

a local joke. Whenever there was a break in or emergency, the same rule was always in effect.

We were very excited because we could sense this was an extremely unusual event. The lights were oval in shape and glowing. I remember whispering to my mother for what seemed like hours. We begged Dad to come and have a look. He appeared to be asleep. At one point he mumbled to us that we were crazy and to “leave the neighbours alone.” This is a slightly milder version of what he actually said to us.

Dad was always very blunt in his description of things. We all used to call him Archie Bunker. If anyone does remember the TV sitcom *All in the Family*, they will recall that Archie also had the biggest heart. This is the same for my father. His expression and love for everyone is so great that when I am in this space with him it is overwhelming.

The next thing I remember was waking up in bed next to my parents. It was unusually late in the morning. I grabbed the binoculars and ran to the window to see if there was anything in sight. There was nothing there. I was so upset about falling asleep again.

When I was at school the next day my mother went over with the owner of the property to the area she had seen the lights. No tire or track marks appeared anywhere on the land. However, there was a large area of grass that appeared to be disturbed. This was many years before we had even heard about Crop Circles. Again, everyone deemed this a mystery and went on with their lives.

This occurrence puzzled me because I felt things could never be the same again. I sensed this phenomenon was of great importance. I wanted to find out more. What else was going on around us? Thankfully we did not have to wait very long before I was given

another glimpse into the unknown. Only a few days later we were all in the living room with the lights out around 10 p.m.

Suddenly I had an overwhelming urge to look up. Something flashed by the window travelling at a tremendous speed. This time even Dad's face looked astonished. We all ran outside and across the deck in time to see three round objects about the size of tennis balls shoot straight up into the sky. They stopped abruptly and a much larger object appeared to our right. This was considerably bigger than the other objects with many coloured lights radiating from it. It travelled at a much slower speed. All of the objects stopped together momentarily. We were mesmerized by what we were seeing. In the blink of an eye, and with tremendous speed they all disappeared without a trace. I recall my father rubbing his forehead with disbelief. This was getting too much for him to explain away. He muttered something and headed back down the hill and into the house.

He never mentioned this event again until our most recent visit to New Zealand. He was on the balcony one afternoon reading when he suddenly appeared at the doorway quite shaken. He quite bluntly stated, "I have just seen a UFO." This was completely out of character for my father. I knew what he had seen did not fit with his own perceptions of reality. This time he spent weeks scanning newspapers to find just something that might explain what he had seen. He never did find anything.

After each of these experiences I felt tremendous joy. In my heart I suddenly felt a great feeling of relief because these events seemed very familiar. There was a feeling or sense of connection with something I could not explain. Little did I know we all have this connection; many years would pass before I could understand

this. These events did unleash a deep desire to look more closely in the areas of the unknown.

The strange light sightings brought a great feeling of renewal in my life and a sense of purpose. Since then I have received continued direction and advice from many beings from different realms. What is exciting is that we all have the ability to do *channelling* if we so desire – it is a gift we all have. Through meditation or prayer you can begin your own connection to the higher realms. Ask for your connection to always come to you *in Love and Divine Truth*.

I began channelling with a pendulum. Bruce started his connection by automatic writing. About ten years ago Bruce gave up automatic writing as he found it was a slow and lengthy process. He now relays information verbally and I record this for him. After we started doing this we suddenly began receiving messages from beings from many different realms. In other words I am his private secretary to other dimensions of existence – quite an honour and very exciting.

An example channelling is a recent and important message brought forth by Thoth that can assist us in recognizing our *Oneness* with all. I believe we must awaken ourselves to our true purpose here. This message is especially important for those who kill and die in God's name for you are truly living an illusion that has existed on the planet for thousands of years.

With the changes happening around the globe, society needs to awaken quickly to the truth of Earth's past. People need to awaken to the truth of one's journey and humanity. More people are able to accept and understand the

Interconnectedness of all life and that one Creator is part of all that life.

As the years go by on Earth, many are still fighting and living in old patterns that you call the Us and Them Syndrome. Too many are still fighting battles that are created by the illusions that occur with the lack of knowledge of one's true purpose. Even with the volumes of books of truth that exist it's going to take powerful energies to awaken and understand this. Vibrational frequency will increase but many will resist change until great changes appear on the earth.

Some will not take seriously these changes occurring around them. It's been mostly static for many thousands of years. Right now Earth is experiencing something different and new – a much-awaited return back to the higher levels of consciousness. All this fear that exists reminds those of this great event humanity will be experiencing. Even though the full concept of this is beyond most people's imagination, you must help those people remember the sacred times they are living through at the present. This will spark a great inner light that will assist them through these changes. It's only the lack of knowledge and truth that keeps the many stuck in the old patterns of illusion. Assist with knowledge that will open hearts and minds and guide those on their journey.

God bless.

— Love, your friend, Thoth

Indeed I really understand Thoth's message that many live in the illusion that *Their God is the right God*. Some believe that their self-

sacrifice brings them closer to God. However only acts of *Love and Compassion for All Life* bring you closer to your true purpose.

After the summer of strange lights, life continued in our little town but my search had just begun. I started to read all that I could about UFOs and unexplained phenomena. What I discovered was that there were large numbers of people having similar experiences. I started to ask questions to many of the people who lived around us. What was interesting was that each person I talked to had an unexplained experience to share. Strange lights in the sky were a common experience. Yachting friends described seeing bright lights and dome-shaped objects travelling under the water on their ocean travels. One friend shared with me that on several occasions he had seen dome-shaped objects zooming by his yacht under the waters surface at incredible speed. It is my belief that a large majority of people have kept their experiences to themselves out of fear.

There was a time long ago during Atlantis when balance and harmony shone throughout the land. Great knowledge and wisdom grew rapidly. Apart from others who came forth and brought changes, progress to enlightened states took many centuries to accomplish. There were many teachers who taught different parts of higher knowledge. Teachers found out that reaching different levels of enlightened states varied from person to person. Over a period of years they learned to use a number of different approaches to help the student grow, realizing that not all could grasp certain types of knowledge in the same manner. This is one of the reasons why today there are so many teachers and methods to help one reach enlightened states.

Long ago we realized there needed to be different approaches to assist large numbers to reach these enlightened states. Once a student raises his vibration, he realizes the end result will be the same: it is truly understanding Oneness where all life forms are created equal in the eyes of the Creator. This is the first step, and from there one's vibration grows rapidly to higher states. So learn all that you can from knowledge and how to use it.

— Love, your friend, *Thoth*

High School and teen life were not going so well for me at this time. In those days it was frowned upon to take Art or Drama class in school. Only children in the academic subjects were looked upon by teachers and parents as having a future. The result was that many children ended up taking subjects in which they had no interest. When a job vacancy became available in a local travel office, much to my parents dismay, I left school in my last year.

Working in the travel industry opened doors that filled my need to travel and be independent. Weekends to Fiji and trips down to the South Island were some of the benefits. The wages were not great but the trips were fantastic.

Like most teenagers, I spent most of my earnings on clothing and parties. Having my own money to spend was wreaking havoc for my parents. At night I would climb out of my window and take off to the nearest town with friends.

One morning my mother caught me climbing back in my window after being out all night long. After a showdown with my parents, I moved out when I was 17 years old. Out on my own, I learned everything the hard way. A year later, with no money and a broken romance with one of the local lads, I moved back home.

However, the desire to travel still remained. I decided it was time to broaden my horizons and leave the country.

Secrets were hidden from humanity many years ago. This occurred after the fall when man moved down to the lower vibrations. The knowledge needed to be hidden until a time was right for humanity to return back to enlightened states. As you realize when reading the Emerald Tablets of Thoth, the search for higher knowledge and truth exists on all levels. Even those advanced spirits in charge of many strive to reach higher enlightened states. There will always be a ladder to climb and new things to learn. Each being progresses at a rate that is in accordance with their level of growth. You may feel your growth seems somewhat slow from time to time but just being aware and using whatever tools of knowledge you can lifts one to new vibrations.

Enlightened beings have used the knowledge of sound to manipulate events and to create. Sounds and words set up certain vibrational fields that bring one in contact with particular energies that will create changes, depending on what has been originally encoded on those words. The more one uses these words of vibration, the more in tune you will feel and the easier it will become to relax. Take advantage of this knowledge when necessary.

God bless.

— Love, Holy Archangel Metraton

A year later my plans to leave New Zealand were almost complete. My girlfriend and I worked at the travel office all day. At night we

were employed at the local hotel, clearing tables and serving drinks until 1:00 a.m. This made our days 14 to 15 hours long.

In the end my dear friend took a different path and did not come with me on my journey. She stayed in New Zealand and worked for the airlines for many years. Her heart always brought her back to the Bay and her love of dolphins. Now she has the awesome pleasure of swimming with them everyday. She does some wonderful work with a lot of the marine life in this area. She has given names to many dolphins that have stayed with them over the years. How lucky they are to have her as their friend and protector. Her life journey had placed her right where she was supposed to be.

Just at this time a new man entered my life and he could not have arrived at a worse time. He was ten years older and going through a divorce. I was swept away that this older man had even noticed me.

Although my trip to Canada was only a few months away, I very quickly found all my weekends were spent with him. Like many New Zealand men, he made rugby a big part of his life. Every weekend I would watch him play. After a rugby match the women would prepare a luncheon for the players. The men would file in and sit on one side of the room. With beers in hand they would start talking about how wonderful the game had been.

The ladies stayed on their own side of the room because it was not really considered acceptable for the female section to venture over to the men's area to chat. Some of the pubs in New Zealand still have a family section and a separate men's section for drinking and socializing.

Four or five hours later, fists would always start flying. Fights would break out over girlfriends and the players' performances on

the field. The ladies then would have the job of driving their beloved men home to bed to sleep it off.

This in itself was my driving force to get away. My boyfriend did eventually follow me to Canada but after a few weeks he left, proclaiming his undying love and promise to return in a month. After a short time it became apparent he had changed his mind. His excuse was because rugby was not an official sport in Ontario he could not see a future for us. Doesn't that make a girl feel good?

So began the next part of my journey.

CHAPTER 2



OUR GREATEST ENEMY IS OUR FEAR

*All obstacles in one's life are only temporary
until one creates new paths of opportunity.*

— *Your friend and Guide, Cameron*

Many of the thought-provoking quotations in this book are love-filled messages from my Guide Cameron. It is my belief that we entered into a contract with each other before my incarnation into this lifetime. Our Guides assist us in all aspects of our lives. It is such a comfort to me in knowing that they are always there listening and assisting. Book titles are provided throughout this book for those of you who are interested in learning more about your Guides, Angels, Holy Archangels and other Divine Beings.

It is also my belief that our journey here is something that we have chosen for ourselves. We choose our family and all of our experiences we have together. By doing this we learn and we grow in light. By this term I refer to the ideal that it is the goal of each soul

to measure our growth by the light that radiates from us after our physical bodies are no longer required. When times get difficult, examine exactly what you are experiencing and what message there is for you in the event. For example, in this lifetime one of the lessons I have chosen for myself is about the feeling of independence. Until you experience and feel an event and its emotional attachment, you cannot grow. Our soul's purpose is to progress and grow from each of these experiences.

Our greatest enemy is our fear. When fear creeps into our minds it silences our hearts and curbs our personal growth. Fear clouds our path and keeps us in repetitive cycles of disillusionment. On a global level our judgments, our fears and unwillingness to accept others because of religious belief systems, skin colour and sexual preference keep us all existing in a lower vibration. This cycle must end. We must embrace the fact that we are all connected to each other regardless of our differences. When we do this we grow in light and vibration and open our hearts to new and exciting levels of thinking.

Remember much can be done with the thoughts of the few.
— Peter, the Akashic Record Keeper

I left the little town of Opuia, New Zealand for the excitement of the big city of Toronto. I had an overwhelming desire to go traveling. My aunt, uncle and Grandmother Lily very bravely let me stay with them for a while. Just recently my aunt said something that moved me deeply because it expressed such connectedness. She explained she had taken up the policy to tell everyone she cared for that she loved them each time they were together or talking on the phone. She explained she did not want to wake up one day and

realize it was too late to tell that person how she felt about them. Expressing her love so openly is so uplifting for everyone. I know I always feel so good after I talk to her. I began to incorporate this behaviour into my own life on a daily basis. By expressing my love more openly, I immediately noticed a change in the vibration around me and the other person. You are left with a joyful and peaceful sensation.

Travelling provided exciting adventures for me. I remember my cousin Steve, just a few years older than I, kindly taking me under his wing and showing me the town. Then, for the next couple of years I found myself in the party crowd. Having a good time was my only priority.

I found employment in an Australian/New Zealand travel office. Within a few weeks I met a friend who was close in age who had just arrived from New Zealand too. I call these friends Angels because they appear in your life when you need them the most.

We found an apartment together and shared living expenses. Our salaries barely covered the rent each month because any money we did have was spent on Bacardi and a great many late nights. For example one day we opened our fridge and found one half of a piece of rotten apple inside. This sent us both into hysterics. Our priorities were so different when we had very little responsibility.

Recently I received a beautiful letter from my friend. We still reflect on the good times we had and how wonderful it was that we did connect at that time in our lives.

I recall one New Year's Eve we spent in downtown Toronto. We decided to ring in the New Year in style, taking hours to get ourselves ready as this often proved to be the most enjoyable part of the evening. Though we were in the habit of going out every

evening except Mondays, bringing in the New Year provided an extra special reason to party.

We did have a great night out and everything was fine until it was time to go home. There we were in high heels, laughing and giggling as we started walking along Yonge Street with about a million other people, trying to find a bus or taxi. Then, it started to snow. We were in no way dressed for it. It was just so inconvenient.

Eventually our high heels began to slip and slide as we glided down Yonge Street. The snow got heavier. One of my toes felt frozen, and it was then that I noticed I had lost one of my shoes. I glanced back into a wall of people and realized there was no point in looking for it. It also became apparent there was no way we were ever going to find a taxi, bus, or even a bicycle to get us home.

We decided the only thing left to do before we froze to death was huddle inside the Hudson's Bay store. There, we both cried together about how much we missed New Zealand. Mascara and wet snow streaked down our faces. What were we doing? After several hours of waiting and crying we had both convinced the other that it was time to head back Down Under.

We huddled there all night and planned to head for the airport next morning. Something was definitely tugging away at my heart.

By around 6 a.m. traffic was moving and we found our way to the subway. I know we looked quite a mess. Why I was here in Canada I did not know. However, for some reason I knew that I could not leave.

This adventure reminds me of a recent dream I shared with my dear friend. In it we were boarding a plane together bound for

England and on to Tibet. It felt so real. Through her own intuition she relayed her thoughts on the dream.

To her Tibet meant Buddhism and England was a symbol of our past. The journey to Tibet was searching for truth and the forever searching for Enlightenment. I am thankful for sharing these experiences with my friend.

Take the opportunity now to find inner peace. Don't let the illusions that surround you shatter your dreams, for these are nothing but moments that can constantly change from one to another. Working with one's creative side will bring much inner peace.

Find purpose and direction. The ability to create brings much inspiration into one's life. Do all you can until these dreams come true. The universe always awaits and supports those on their journey.

God bless.

— Love, Running Bear

Guides and Angels are always available to us. From the first time you make your appearance into this world they are there to assist. I did not become fully aware of their existence until my mid 30s. I had been aware from some of my previous experiences there was more to this existence than just my physical body. These experiences came in the form of dreams, visions, and just at those times in my life where I thought I would never get through something, and amazingly I would. I'm sure there are many people out there with very similar stories to tell.

When I decided I wanted to go to England this proved to be another interesting experience. My dear friend from New Zealand

was there working as a nanny. I had saved enough money in Toronto for a one-way airfare to London. I had obtained a work permit and within two weeks of my decision I found myself at the Toronto International airport. My cousin Steve joined me in the airport bar to say our goodbyes. He has always and is still looking out for me. Steve handed me an envelope from my Grandmother which contained 300 dollars. Suddenly, it dawned on me I did not really know where I was going to go when I got to England. For the next couple of hours Steve and I sat there drinking pint after pint of Guinness, contemplating my situation.

The original plan was that my parents, who happened to be travelling around England in a motor home with friends, would meet me. This all fell through when they phoned from Scotland and said they could not be in London for at least another two weeks.

My girlfriend from New Zealand who was working as a nanny in Brighton at the time lived on the premises so I could not stay with her. As it turned out having my girlfriend there was a tremendous gift to me. She got me out of several rather sticky situations I found myself in over there. I am so grateful she was there to watch over me. Around the third Guinness my cousin started to persuade me to stay. I could see the fear in his eyes but after four beers I had no inhibitions at all about leaving.

When you are twenty-two years old you feel invincible. In fact, I could have flown to China at this point. I persuaded Steve to join me in another beer and then suddenly I realized I was late for check in. Steve and I said our farewell. I recall him walking away shaking his head in disbelief. I ran to the check-in with a load of luggage. Travelling light had not entered my mind. These were all my be-

ABOUT THE AUTHORS



Mary-Jane Bateman is a Reiki Master and Iridologist who loves to incorporate crystals into her healing work. Bruce Fogel is a machinist by trade and also a Reiki Master and Medium. Like many others, they are constantly striving to remember and re-awaken to the secret knowledge of the past.

They love to travel and have lived in northland New Zealand, and several parts of Ontario, Canada. They now live in Duncan, BC, Canada with their daughter and son, blessed with numerous loving pets and a small orchard.

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