

Dear Friends and Awakening Souls,

As I write this to you, I am looking out my window. Picture-framed perfect, I see a snow-capped Mount Shasta sparkling on the limitless blue canvas of a Spring-turning-into-

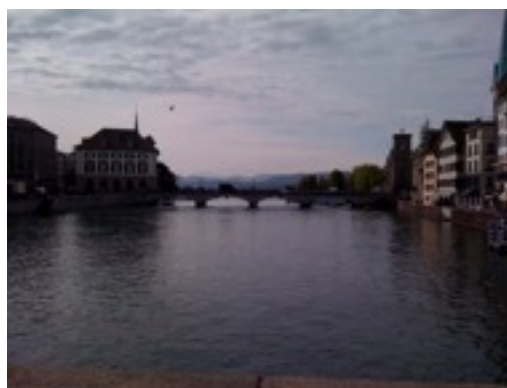


Summer morning. I've been basking in the pristine mountain air warmed and cradled by a generous sun. Then, I exhale the final clinging of the jet-lag, 9-hour time warp, and the wear and tear of three and a half weeks of travel abroad and teaching. Now, I'm ready to place a few more floor beams onto the bridges we are building around the world.

That bridge, however, isn't an outward physical bridge. It's the inner bridge of the oneness of spirit.

Perhaps, it is incorrect to say that we are building bridges when in truth that eternal bridge that connects all is already and forever in place within each of us. We are merely in the intensive process of excavating from the ancient dunes of time and memory our awareness of the bridge that joins us all.

In spirit, of course, there is no 9-hour time difference between Central Europe and the West Coast of the United States. I feel as though I now have one foot in America and one in Europe. It's a kind of yoga stretch! When I traveled to Germany and Switzerland, I felt that I brought those of you who are in the US there. Now, I bring those of you who are in the two European cultures I experienced back to America. Today, more than ever, we all need to dine together at the same table, sharing with one another the unique piece of a magnificent jigsaw puzzle that we each carry within us. Only together will we complete the miracle of the big picture.



I am writing this letter in deep gratitude to all of you on both sides of the Atlantic who gave such support to my teaching tour in Germany and Switzerland, in spirit as well as in person. I also wished to share my experience and learning with the many of you who have been waiting to hear from me about this latest adventure in spirit.

Other than a short lecture I gave in The Netherlands some 26 years ago, this was my first experience teaching groups in Europe. And, I am happy to report, the entire teaching/healing tour of Germany and Switzerland was nothing short of miraculous. It was definitely a team effort guided by Spirit. Our community without walls of awakening souls is expanding evermore. Many of you in America participated especially during your dream time as I gave my seminars in Europe as many of those I taught in Europe

are now doing during their sleep. Naturally, night and day exist only for the body, not for the spirit.

Each of us are an indispensable piece in this whole puzzle of community. For example, the puzzle-picture of me teaching in Germany began to take its early form in the commitment and steadfast teaching and healing work of our dear friend, clairvoyant and healer, Anna Maria Pierce. She now resides in Northern California, but she was born and raised in Germany. For the past ten years, she has traveled to Germany several times each year to teach and begin to form communities of spirit in many places there. Over the years, she had shared some of what she learned from me with her students and taught them about who I was and about Raphaelle as well. Last year, Anna Maria brought up to Mount Shasta twenty-eight of her students for me to teach for two days. She served as an interpreter for me and her students during the seminars. Of course, there is a difference between an interpreter who just interprets from one language to another and one who is also a teacher and a healer. Anna Maria was the latter. So, my experience was that we taught together this group of people from Germany. It was a profound experience for me as a teacher since I had the opportunity to observe people hearing the same thing four times - once from me in English and once from her in German, as well as once from me as a male teacher and once from her as a female teacher. Even for those who only understood one of the languages spoken, when what is taught is taught spirit-to-spirit, they received it twice in two ways and the effect was clearly at least fourfold. It was a beginning of a new adventure in teaching.

Amongst her students that came to the Mt. Shasta seminars were several who were teachers and healers themselves and had their own centers or programs in Germany. They were inspired to invite me to come teach in Germany. In the meantime, due to the persistence of Deanna Leah, our foreign rights publicist, *YOU ARE THE ANSWER* had been picked up by Konrad Halbig and his German spiritual publishing company, KOHA. It was published as *Wozu sind wir hier?* (Why are you here?) a couple of months after the German group's visit. When Deanna got me together in person with Konrad during the LA Book Expo America later in 2008, the plan began to emerge about a teaching/book tour in Germany for Spring of 2009. Konrad introduced me to event organizers Christian Möritz and Christoph Scheyer who then invited me to hold a 3-day seminar retreat at their facility in Kisslegg, Germany.

First to get things grounded for my German teaching tour was Salemer Haus founder, Valaka Zembrod, one of Anna Maria's long-time students and her good friend. The site she chose for the two-day seminar was "The Resurrection Church" in Überlingen, lakefront to the beautiful Bodensee (Lake of Constance) embraced by Germany, Switzerland, and Austria, and considered by some as representing "The Heart of Europe." I knew then that this trip was going to provide a kind of resurrection for many souls.

Then, Annedore Krause and Gertrud Altmann, founders of Haus No. 1 organized my two workshops at their place of healing in the thousand year-old town of Markdorf. As my Germany tour developed, my publisher there asked if I would be willing to continue

on to Zurich, Switzerland after my time in Germany to give a workshop and a two-day seminar. The enthusiastic and heartfelt invitation came from the owner/directors of Buchhandlung and Forum Im Licht, one of Switzerland's premier spiritual bookstores and learning centers, Wolfgang and Marianne Jaeger. It was their Director of Publishing, Charlotte van Stuijvenberg, who urged them to read *Wozu sind wir heir?* that led them to invite me to their store and Forum. Although I knew it would require me to stay on in Europe for an additional week with its increased expenses to accommodate this invitation - and, with no guarantees in sight - I instantly knew I had to go. The time had come for me to touch base with the land and the people holding one of the four sacred prophecies and teachings for humanity's fulfillment of its destiny. (More on this later.)

By my departure to Europe, so many kind and generous people just on this side of the Atlantic, made this trip possible or, at the least, easier. For example, Francine Marie-Sheppard, clairvoyant teacher and travel expert helped me navigate my way through the jungle of travel choices, routes, and plane fares. Odile Dell'Aquila, our bright and enthusiastic "Swiss Miss" student wrote in German a wonderful testimonial for my Zurich events that helped give a sorely needed last-minute boost there. Sue Gorter, our dedicated webmaster kept our German/Swiss events information updated and grounded on our site. And, of course, Rick Cortright, our long-time assistant - and, Sylvia Fry who just joined our team during my trip as our new assistant - kept things rolling in our office for my trip there.

In spite of being quite sick at the start of my trip, Raphaelle not only managed to deliver me safely to the Redding Airport with Shanti in tow, but, throughout the whole creative team project, she held up the sanctuary (rather than hold down the fort) in which we could all stay in communication and blossom. It truly takes each one of us doing our part for the miracle within each of us to blossom.



So, how did my adventure begin once I arrived in Germany? Christian, the organizer for the first event picked me up at the Munich Airport. Shortly after he started driving us to Kisslegg he turned to me and said, "Well, we have a little problem. We lost our interpreter." He even followed that up with, "Do you think you'll need one?" I laughed.

One day before I was due to start teaching a 3-day seminar, I didn't have an interpreter. Maybe I could learn to speak flawless German in that time - anything is possible, isn't it? I said, "I know you'll solve the problem. We need a good interpreter." And, he did - with the 11th hour emergency aid of Valaka asking her god-daughter to pinch-hit in the clutch. I didn't know until a few hours before I was to begin teaching that we actually had an interpreter. When I heard that Valaka found our interpreter, I knew whoever it was would be great.

Twenty minutes before I was due to start I was testing my recording equipment, when Christian said, “Oh, here is your interpreter.” I looked up to the most welcome sight of a bright and beautiful soul standing before me. “Ah! An angel!” I said.

“Hi, my name is Angelina,” she replied.



There are no coincidences; I knew everything was arranged “upstairs”. Angelina had traveled over 5 hours on her first day off in weeks to interpret for me. “I must go,” she had told Valaka. “This isn’t right. How can they not have an interpreter for such a great teacher?”

And, once again, as it had been with Anna Maria, Angelina and I taught together for the next three days bringing together English and German, masculine and feminine, old and young. My bio says that I’ve “spent a lifetime

bridging gaps.” One of the first things Angelina told me about herself was that she felt that she was here to be a bridge between cultures, between peoples.

What can initially look like a potential disaster - if we don’t get stuck on it and instead find neutrality, a little laughter and kindness, and maintain our trust in spirit - always reveals a greater purpose. If Christian hadn’t lost his interpreter, for whatever reason, I wouldn’t have had the blessing to work with Angelina and neither would she have had the validation of discovering more of herself as the soul that she is and the spiritual path that she had been on all along. Everything in life has a divine purpose and we cannot allow judgments about situations and people to cloud our vision in seeing that purpose.

Throughout that first retreat, the dedicated group of 25 participants from Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Italy shed many tears and shared great laughter. The brightness of the light that shone through them by the third day was dazzling. A miracle was unfolding.

I love the variety of cultures, languages, customs - and food(!) - that travel to new locales brings to us. But, there is something even more profound that emerges when we are discovering the bridge that connects us. Whenever I teach, whenever I have a chance to communicate deeply with people, I discover this bridge anew. The underlying always reveals itself to be the same, but sometimes it presents itself as a covered bridge, sometimes as a draw bridge, at other times as a suspension bridge or an arch bridge. Three times a



day, during our group meals, I savored the life experiences of those who spoke in German, Swiss German, French, Italian, and in English. Guten Appetit!

Then, on my first time walking out of the dining hall I saw a lovely entourage of people dressed in Hawaiian attire and the women all wearing fresh haku (head) leis. I turned back to look at them as they passed at the very same moment their teacher turned around to look at me. "From Hawai'i?" He asked, smiling.

"No, from Japan and the Mainland," I answered. "But, I feel like *kama 'aina* (child of the land) anyway."

"Aloha, brother," he said and we hugged as old friends. He turned out to be Kumu Allen Alapa'i, a respected teacher of Ho'oponopono LomiLomi from the island of Kaua'i. Little introduction is necessary when there is a soul-to-soul remembrance. I knew both Allen and his wife, also a teacher, Kumu Kahili Alapa'i. It's easy to recognize true teachers and healers by the truth, love and wisdom radiating from them. Right away I felt we were *'ohana* (family).

Allen and Kahili were teaching their group in a 10-day retreat at the same hotel. We had a chance to enjoy each other's company for a few moments during each meal time. Then, on Saturday evening, on my way out for a walk around the pond (about a 45-minute walk), I ran into Kahili sitting in the lobby waiting for her husband to come downstairs.

"Aloha, Michael!" She greeted me. "Did Allen get a hold of you? He told some of your students that you're all invited to join us for 'Karaoke Night' tonight." Naturally, singing for hours easily won out over a short walk. About a half dozen of my students along with my interpreter showed up to join with about a half dozen of theirs. We all had a wonderful time laughing and singing. The only question was whether Angelina and I would have our voices left for the next day's seminar!

My whole trip also had a definite lake theme. In Kisslegg I was next to a small lake. Then, I was lakefront to the beautiful Bodensee in Überlingen and to the Zürichsee in Zürich. On my last full day in Switzerland, I was even driven to Lake Luzern. Of course, water is my favorite place to be: In, on or near it.

On the Monday after I finished teaching in Kisslegg, Annedore and Gertrud drove out to pick me up. Part two of my teaching tour had begun. From this point on, I was not only in the loving hands of God, I was cared for by some of the most attentive people. Transportation, chocolate, water & tea, chocolate, meals, chocolate, lodging, chocolate, and wonderful conversation, company and entertainment all appeared whenever needed. On our way to where I would be staying next, Annedore and Rolf Krause's home in Oberturingen, Gertrud and Annedore took me on a guided tour of Insel Lindau, Bavaria's only island town. The tour was given with the backdrop of a pristine spring day. Raphaelle has a picture of me eating my ice cream cone there.

Yes. Annedore and Gertrud asked me the dangerous question after my delectable lakeside lunch of salad topped with pike caught fresh from the Bodensee: "Would you like anything else?" Without hesitation, I said, "Yes, some German ice cream."



Both Annedore's and Gertrud's expression seemed to pause in time and space. Had I said something wrong? After a few moments of hesitation, Annedore said, "You would like some ice cream?" Gertrud jumped in for the rescue, "We have Italian ice cream. Italian ice cream I think is much better!" Ah, the fun was just beginning!

"No, I'd like some German ice cream," I persisted. "After all I'm in Germany! I'll have Italian ice cream when I go to Italy." I could be merciless. They struggled for a moment. This is also the wonderful part of needing to speak in more than one language. It gives us time to savor the pauses while one of us is mentally translating or searching our files for the right wording. For it is often in these pauses that we discover the treasures of humor, sincerity, and kindness of people.

"I really think Italian ice cream is much better," Gertrud reiterated. Annedore concurred. I laughed and said, "Do you not have German ice cream in Germany?" The answer remains inconclusive to this day, at least in my mind. It seems that German ice cream only comes in the packaged variety and all the ice cream stands serve Italian gelato. But, it was great fun insisting on having German ice cream! Of course, I ended up having two and a half scoops of Italian gelato in a sugar cone inside of a waffle cone! Don't ask me how that happened - it must have been the translation from English to German to Italian! No matter where we went, laughter was our constant companion.



What I loved about every town and city I visited in Germany and Switzerland were their magnificent gardens. Fresh, beautiful flowers adorned every block. The other thing I loved everywhere I went were the regular ringing of church bells that resounded throughout the area. And driving on small winding roads bordered by long and wide stretches of lush green fields sparkling with brilliant yellow mustard and rape plant flowers also served as soul-soothing screen-savers for my mind.

Annedore put me up in a delightful guest apartment on the lower floor of their family home in Oberturingen. This was my home base for the next three nights. There was much communication and healing that transpired over my time there with Annedore, her

husband, Rolf, and eldest daughter, Jette. I enjoyed our meals together, especially Annedore's homemade fresh muesli with seeds, nuts, fresh fruits, and yoghurt, and the German-English conversations.



Even amidst the drizzling rain and sudden cold spell, the delightful foursome of healers and teachers Oele Brink, Elisabeth Auf der Maur, Sabine Muth and Elvira Wislicenus conspired to show me the amazing monastery of Birnau where we walked the grounds and meditated in the church. There I experienced the joyful and brilliant presence of St. Bernard. I saw him standing in a dazzling, joy-filled light and in celebration of life above the cloud of confusion, seriousness, effort and worries of humanity. He said to me while showing me his great joy and light:

“All this is what this church is meant for. Yet, most people continue to stay attached to their worldly concerns and worries. They try hard in their daily lives and try to pray in seriousness. They do not see that they must rise above all that to where I am. Then, they will see that none of what they believe and worry about to be important matters in the least. In this great joyous peace, nothing in the world matters. When nothing matters, you can change everything. Be joyful. Please continue to uplift many others toward God with your laughter and compassion, your healing and your teaching. Thank you for seeing that I am. Walk in God's light always.”

All this led to my first evening workshop in Markdorf, a nearby town where Annedore and Gertrud had established Haus No. 1 and their healing practice. Gertrud provides healing through art therapy, especially to children, while Annedore, who is a licensed pharmacist also, offers healing with Jin Shin Jitsu - a comprehensive healing system from Japan. Everywhere I went, I saw the dharma of the East making its way to the West, just as outlined in the ancient Tibetan and Hopi prophecies.



Both workshops at Haus No. 1 were sold out with people calling until the last minute to see if they could get in. Anna Maria who had been traveling and teaching elsewhere in Germany came to interpret and teach with me for the whole middle section of my trip. The two Markdorf workshops that served as bookends to the seminar weekend in Überlingen not only brought great learning and healing for the participants, but also for the entire region. We even had several bright teens in attendance there all the way up to a couple people in their seventies. And after the final workshop there and

in Germany, we had a marvelous feast at Haus No. 1 with the team who put the events together and many of the participants.

The morning after I gave the first Markdorf workshop, I moved my home base to Valaka and her husband, Robert's home in Salem. Their Salemer Haus was something like a four-story Hobbit house. Both of them are not only healers and teachers but also artists. So, everywhere your eyes land is some kind of expression of their art: Valaka's original statues in the corners of stairwells, bright colored paint splotches on white artist's smocks hanging on doors, sculpted metal bases for various stands, Robert's whimsical mosaic art lining the shower stall floor and bathroom walls. And, there were more doors in this house than I have ever seen anywhere!

It was like going through a mini-lifetime with each new place and the people who lived there. Valaka says she's felt like a Tibetan monk in a German female body. While Robert was something of a Sufi sundae with hot fudge Zen on top. Being also the Cancerian that he is, he served as the consummate food and entertainment committee. Two of the late evenings were given to Robert's "movie night": Curled up in the comfort of a reclining arm-chair wrapped in a soft blankie in his homemade big screen theater watching "Never Cry Wolf", "Hellboy 2", delightful short cartoons and a clip from a Mongolian musical drama all the while munching on Swiss chocolate filled with fresh orange pieces, natural gummy-somethings and dried organic mango slices - what more would you want?

On the day before the first seminar, while Valaka, Robert and a half a dozen other kind and loving souls were setting up the seminar and refreshment rooms at the Resurrection Church annex, I sat in my closet. Well, it was a large storage closet for the building and the only private space available for me to prepare the space energetically for the next day's seminar. Things were humming along and I felt the great spirit of anticipation, enthusiasm, community, and cooperation. Then, suddenly, like a gust of wind and dust, entered a male voice of outrage. I couldn't even tell if he were yelling in German - a kind of explosive sputtering. It seemed an odd and out-of-place voice. He

yelled and then there was a calm response in Valaka's voice. He yelled some more and again a calm reply from Valaka. I realized that this was the voice of the parish priest! What was he upset about - other than us changing the energy of his rectory?



After I heard the slamming of doors, I went out to confirm my suspicions. Valaka explained that the priest suddenly burst in and started yelling at everyone to get out, that we didn't belong there. He was particularly unhappy to see on the flyer the nature of my seminar and what kind of person was giving it. Even after Valaka patiently explained to him that she had the signed contract for the use of the facilities and that she had paid months ago in full for its rental, the priest didn't relent. So, I went back into my closet to have a talk with him.

I went to the priest in spirit and asked him, "Are you a friend of Jesus?"

"Why, of course, I am!" He replied.

"So am I," I said to him. Then, Jesus appeared. The priest at first was shocked. Then, he became peaceful and then joyously happy. "We are working for the same things," I told him.

The priest made it a point to come in to the building every day during our seminar. But, each person who encountered him, including Valaka, reported that he was happy, polite and helpful each time. Miracles come in many ways and affect each of us in different ways, but always profoundly.

Jesus, along with many other Masters of Wisdom, was present with me all throughout my tour. They have been increasingly involved in the work we are moving forward here on earth. Their presence and impact is more palpable and visible than ever. The radiant blossoming of the 70 or so participants there in Überlingen by the Bodensee at the Resurrection Church was nothing short of miraculous. By the end of the second day, we were blowing the roof off of the building with joyous laughter and enthusiasm. It would have been difficult for anyone to try to be in effort in that state. Many people moved from that place of *trying* to run energy and *making sure* that they were grounded to having the experience of what it really was to be grounded and running energy. It wasn't what they thought they would be feeling. Joy is of the spirit and the body often doesn't know at first how to deal with it. So much deep healing took place in those couple of days in Germany - and, *for* Germany.

Just as each individual is a piece of the whole puzzle of humanity, so too, is each country. And just as each of us has a purpose to fulfill in our life here, each nation and its people collectively have a purpose to fulfill for the whole of the world. From my perspective, Germany can be likened to the heart of Europe as Europe itself is as a heart of the world. In order to fulfill itself as a nation, it must bring about unity in itself first, then, be a unifying force for Europe. One of the basic purposes that I see that Germany has to fulfill is one of healing division through its appreciation of all that is beautiful in life and to see the beauty of Divinity everywhere and in everything. The seeds have long been planted there - I saw little signs of that everywhere, as in the beautifully tended public gardens and the many flowerpots adorning even average apartment windows. The seminar hall and reception room at Überlingen were exquisitely decorated by members of our group with beautiful flowers, plants, flower petals, colored glass, paintings and love.

Because of its underlying purpose, however, in Germany every little division glares, obvious to a perceptive eye. The healing has been going on for years, yet, there is much more that is needed. Breaking down the Berlin Wall in 1989 was a start of a deeper level of healing. Now, the healing must go even deeper into the very soul of that which is Germany. Political divisions and petty squabbles within the country will not

disappear until the divisions heal within the hearts and minds of the German people. It has often been the experience of much conflict that eventually teaches us to seek and express the true beauty and harmony within us. And, Germany has seen more than its share of conflicts and horror.

One of the things I experienced with the people I was blessed to meet in Germany was that there were many loving souls who are reincarnated there now to help bring this needed healing forward. Many more teachers and healers are preparing to reincarnate there as well. I met several souls, too, I recognized from between lifetimes prior to incarnating during the last world war. Many chose to incarnate into the lives they knew were going to end in the Nazi concentration camps for the purpose of bringing healing to horrific conditions. Many of us were together prior to that time as souls whether we chose to incarnate into conditions of great suffering in Germany, Japan, or anywhere else during that world turning point. We had the same goal of bringing healing to a suffering humanity and of reminding people of their true path.

I also recognized old friends there amongst the groups from lives shared in India, Tibet and Japan. But, above all, there were many who were with me in the lifetime with the Master Yeshua as well as those who knew me while I taught in Syria and India later in that incarnation. It was heartening to experience the sincerity and devotion to learning, healing and growing among so many of the people who came to my seminars. In Germany, I experienced very strongly the dharma moving from the East to the West. It confirms the instructions, too, from on high that I must take the teachings and new energies to Hawai'i, the major western presence in the middle of the Pacific, more regularly now. So, we will do so again in just over a month from now.



After the seminar on the first day, Angelina, who was my interpreter for the Kisslegg Retreat and the all-around volunteer help for this event, offered to show me around the immediate area of the lake. When we were returning to the Church grounds, walking along the lake, we stopped to chat with some of the others from our group. I had just been talking to her about how Spain was a blank whenever I looked at Europe in my mind.

Suddenly, I felt a different kind of attention coming to me from my right and as I turned, I saw a tiny girl wrenching free from her mother's hand and bee-lining toward me from about 30 - 40 feet away. I crouched down to meet her at her height, but when she reached me, she flung herself on me, wrapping her arms around my neck and pressing her face into my left cheek, kissing me repeatedly. The recognition, excitement and love were almost overwhelming. Here in the body of this tiny maybe two year-old girl was an old, dear friend. After hugging me for a few minutes, she jumped off and ran a few

steps only to turn around and repeat the whole dance again. Then, she started to go, but once again, she giggled and ran back to me. She did this a few times until finally her mother, not quite understanding what her daughter's behavior towards me was all about, coaxed her into her stroller and strapped her inside. This girl had stopped time for all of us in creating this magic moment. Angelina then pointed out to me that she and her mother were definitely Spanish. Perhaps, Spain will no longer be a blank in my awareness. I know I will see her again when she is much older. It seemed that at every step of my trip awaited a kind of reunion.

On the morning of the second day of seminars in Überlingen, Valaka looked out the window at the rain clouds rolling in and expressed her concerns about the weather - especially in regards to our encore outdoor group luncheon she had arranged at the fabulous Cafe Rosenstübchen with its vegetarian chef, Sigrid. Lord Maitreya appeared beside me and said, "It'll be perfectly sunny for your lunch, don't worry." So, I told Valaka, that it'll be sunny for lunch. It sprinkled throughout the morning session of the seminar, but by the time we were ready to walk to our open cafe of the rose garden, the skies cleared up to a perfectly sunny afternoon. As she did the previous day, Sigrid served up a fine luncheon of fresh garden herb salad, delectable spinach cream soup, fresh baked German breads, and vegetarian strudel topped off with homemade panna cotta with fresh strawberry puree and verbena tea. Köstlich! Lecker. Sehr gutte. Yum!

Back in the seminar hall after lunch, as I started to teach, the rain started to pour. Miracles bloom for open hearts and minds, for those who are able to laugh and continue forgiving. These are our first steps if we are to weather the shifting poles of both our earth and human consciousness and successfully usher in the new Golden Age. By the end of this day, it appeared that this group of kind and loving souls had taken many steps in the right direction. Nothing compared to the joy, love, and resounding laughter that echoed throughout the seminar hall as we completed the seminar. I saw no individuals for a few minutes, only one brilliant light.

The next morning I had a chance to communicate some more with a couple of my newfound-old friends before Valaka chauffeured me back to Haus No. 1 in Markdorf for the second of my two workshops and après-workshop dinner fête there. There, too, the light shone ever more brightly as the laughter grew. I taught everyone how to have and manifest the miracle from imagination to realization. Right after the workshop, amidst the many book signings, I was given the opportunity to write a complete letter to a brilliant and beautiful 14-year old girl having such a difficult time at school because no one wants to be her friend. She was much too aware, sensitive and compassionate. Her next door neighbor and a wonderful healer herself, Elisabeth Auf der Maur, told me that this girl cried and cried when she could not come to my workshop because she had to finish her schoolwork. A few days later, Elisabeth reported back to me that the letter truly uplifted the girl's spirit and transformed her. Miracles are everywhere all of the time, we just have to discover them. And, it doesn't take a lot. In fact, miracles don't take, they only give. That is the secret, the giving.

For the next four days, I received the gifts of kindness, love and generosity from so many people: Robert with the second wonderful custom-made “movie night” and Sufi, African and Cuban music treats. Valaka took care of business as well as oversaw the coordination of several groups attending to my next few days of rest and custom-made tours of places of interest and my R & R accommodations at the Bad Hotel - which was actually excellent (*bad* means *bath* in German). Ingeborg Dengler, took time off from her bank controller duties and drove me out to the memorial of the “Broken Pearl Necklace” honoring the 71 people, most of them teens and children, who died in the 2002 mid-air collision of a Russian passenger plane and a Boeing Cargo plane over the outskirts of Überlingen. The representation of the broken pearl necklace, giant steel spheres beginning as a necklace at the memorial sight and a few scattered pearls on the open fields where many bodies and parts of the aircrafts fell has its counterparts in Russia and a few other countries. It is said that the artist felt that the children were as beautiful pearls falling from a broken necklace in the sky. I had a chance to offer some healing to the land and the souls who were still lingering in grief. Most of the souls of the children, however, appeared to me were already well taken care of. I could see that out of the ashes of this tragedy came a great outpouring of love and healing for several countries.

After our visit to the memorial, Ingeborg guided me on a private walking tour of the historical town. Once again a little magic turned on as we were about to leave a magnificent church after I had a chance to pray. I looked up at the spectacular array of pipes to the church organ, wondering what that would sound like, when the first stunning notes of Bach’s Toccata and Fugue in Dm sent shivers up my spine. By far it was my favorite piece written for the pipe organ - and there is no experience that compares to hearing it live in a grand church. I could hear the masters laughing when the piece finished and we walked out of the church.



On the second day of my R & R, I took a refreshing ride on a ferry across the Bodensee to Wallhausen where Brigitte Ruck met me to take me on a tour of Insel Mainau and a stroll around the town of Constanz from where we walked to the town of Kreuzlingen in Switzerland and back! Why bother being a jet-setter when you can walk from one country to another? Mainau is a garden island - or an island of fabulous gardens. Many of the photos you’ll see of dazzling flower beds and flower sculptures in our newsletters will be from there. My guided tour ended with a final ferry ride back across the lake, a bus ride back to Überlingen and something like German ice cream in a cup by the lake.

Of course, after the chill of the cold day topped with ice cream, I ran to the Bodensee Thermé, the mammoth Disneyland of Mineral Baths and Saunas to heat up. Ahh! There’s nothing like immersing yourself in healing warmth of mineral pools, schussing down 300 foot water slides, listening to healing music underwater, and cooking yourself

in a whole variety of steam baths and saunas. And the coupe de grâce: the incomparable thrill of dousing the flames under a torrential snow-melt-cold shower.

For my final full day in Germany, Sigrid Golterman, chef of the Cafe Rosenstübchen invited me to a personalized oh-so-tasty private luncheon at her restaurant and we had the wonderful opportunity to share life stories, hers from Germany and Corsica. While sipping on verbena tea, Petra Bongartz-Demelt and Hedy Lechleitner arrived to whisk me off to my next adventure - which evolved due to my lunch with Sigrid. On our way to yet another beautiful little lake, this one the Illmensee, Sigrid's friend, spiritual artist and teacher, Petra Bunke, who sent me a print of an inspired painting she did of "Tara" when she heard about me, invited us to stop by for a visit to "Lovely Valley" her home and sanctuary. So, of course, we did.

And, what a delightful surprise it was! Petra and her husband showed us around their beautiful and sacred property blessed by White Eagle and Shri Mui Raji, a joyous master associated with Babaji - all of whose presence could be felt there. Petra had also studied with a great spiritual healer and teacher who was known as Daskalos from the Island of Cyprus. I know him in spirit only but have learned many things from him. Once again, it seemed a reunion of sorts was occurring in this sanctuary of spirit.

Petra served us cakes and tea and showed us many remarkable photos of spirit manifestations. Particularly extraordinary was a photo taken by one of her daughters, Mareike, when she was 10 years old. It showed the dazzling and huge sun-like radiance in the afternoon with rose-colored lights emanating from the four major points of the "star". She captured this image with her camera just after making her sincere desire known to see a true manifestation of the holy. Petra then led us all in her "Dance of the Cross" for healing and peace. No coincidence, both of my guides for the day, Hedy and Petra, were involved in teaching and healing work with children as was Petra our afternoon host. Somehow this encounter had to be. We shall see over time what is to come from all of this.

After departing from Lovely Valley, the three of us headed to Illmensee. Hedy and I walked around the lake while Petra went home to pick up her lovely daughter, Hannah. On our drive back to my hotel, Hannah and I drew for one another a flurry of pictures. We are easily entertained. Great communication happens in many ways.

A final visit that evening to the Thermé followed by a most *lecher* dinner of fresh-picked white asparagus and risotto and I was prepared for my final phase of this European adventure: I would be chauffeured to Zürich the next day with a special side-trip to the Rheinfall.

Elisabeth Auf der Maur's delightful daughter, Claudia volunteered to drive me to the Rheinfall where we were to rendezvous with Elisabeth and her friend, Gudrun. Claudia is an up-and-coming opera singer with the legendary Zürich Opera House. Of course, when she asked me if I knew Oprah, I paused to consider how to answer that question. When she went on to talk about singing a solo in Tosca, however, I realized she had

asked me if I knew *opera*! We shared many laughs both in the seminars and out of them. As her mom said, "She was born laughing and never stopped." Her laughter was as a cool breeze in the hot desert.

From music and laughter, we moved on to the energy of the Rheinfall - the majestic and largest plain waterfall in Europe located on the Rhein near the town of Schaffhausen, Switzerland. Gudrun is the author of a yet-to-be published book on the Rheinfall, including its spiritual qualities. She says that the falls are in her blood and in her soul. After a marvelous walk around part of the falls, she took us all to a fine restaurant overlooking the falls and the river. She reserved the last table available - a private corner table for four that just happened to be one of the best tables in the house. Around every corner peeks a little miracle.

After the wonderful and scenic lunch, Gudrun took the wheel and drove us all to Zürich, me to my new accommodations there and Claudia to her rehearsals at the Opera House, while Elisabeth commented on the craziness of driving in the big city. It made me realize that I had been sheltered in beautiful, quaint old towns for the whole time I was in Germany. Now, I was entering more of a European metropolis and the financial and cultural capital of Switzerland. In recent surveys, Zürich was named the city with the highest quality of life in the world and the wealthiest city in Europe. What I saw was the underlying light streaming up like a beacon into the heavens while a steel band of control encircled it at its base. I felt that I was driving into the lion's den in search of a great buried treasure.



I walked around the corner from my hotel to find the Buchhandlung Im Licht on OberstraÙs. As I approached the well-known bookstore I saw the light emanating from it before I saw its marquee. As I walked in, Marianne Jaeger, owner of the store and Wolfgang's wife and business partner, instantly welcomed me. It felt as though she was welcoming me home more so than to her bookstore. She was such a loving and creative soul. I knew the miracle had already begun. In fact, less than a month before there were hardly anyone

signed up for the seminars. Now, my Friday evening workshop was sold-out at 60 with a growing waiting list for any tickets that may become available. The weekend seminar had 49 ready to attend.

Wolfgang then came out to greet me. Immediately, I saw kindness in his eyes and smile. What a warm and gentle couple these two were. I was immediately glad to be there in their store and in their company. After a brief tour of the spacious and healing environment of the store and lecture room, I met Charlotte, their publishing director who was the first to recommend my book to Wolfgang and Marianne. Then, they took me out to my first dinner in Zürich. The city pulsed with a unique blend of energy.



On Friday evening, I arrived a couple of hours before my workshop

to set up and greet people. As I roamed through the bookstore, I noticed people clutching little white squares in their hands looking hopeful. I introduced myself to several of them and discovered that each square of paper had a number on it. These people were waiting to see if anyone who had pre-registered for the event would fail to show and forfeit his seat. I went to Wolfgang to see if there was anyway to put more chairs in the lecture room. He was able to squeeze in 11 more seats.

As I talked with various people waiting for a possible spot, I noticed a mild-mannered Swiss man holding number 30. He wasn't going to get in to this lecture. At least I could spend a few minutes with him before I start, I thought. As I approached him, he brightened, smiled and said, "Herr Tamura!" I laughed and shook his hand and welcomed him.

Then, he began to speak to me in fluent Japanese! And, it wasn't your I-learned-Japanese-when-I-went-there-on-a-vacation variety. He spoke it far more elegantly than I ever could! He spent several years in Japan in business there so he spoke a very diplomatic and professional kind of Japanese. We had our whole conversation in Japanese even though he said he only spoke it a little. What he was fluent in were Swiss German, German, French, English and Italian!

This was one of the things I've always loved about the Swiss people - every Swiss person I've ever met spoke at least three languages. I noticed during one of our lunches that our young waitress took orders at our table in French, Swiss German, German and English. It's challenging enough to remember full lunch orders from 8 people in one language! I was impressed.

Speaking of languages, I finally met my interpreter, Barbara Golan, a minute before curtain time as we took our places in front of the audience. She was dressed in a shimmering turquoise East Indian-style dress and wore a big smile to match. Once again, I instantly knew we were going to work well together. I could see that she was a teacher and a healer, too.

Well-prepared to launch into her translating service, Barbara turned toward me as Wolfgang began his introduction of the store, me, Barbara, and the evening's event. Then, she stopped herself from whispering her translations to me when she saw that I was actually following much of what Wolfgang was saying in German. After all, I had over two weeks of practice in reading menus and listening to people talking in German! I'm a firm believer that all languages are best learned through eating the native foods and reading the menus. Of course, just when I was starting to get into the swing of High German, the main language switched to Swiss German - quite a different tongue. Well, who needs words when you have Swiss Schokolade - isn't that the true universal language?

I introduced to the gathering that Barbara and I were teaching together. It wasn't going to be an I-teach-she-interprets kind of thing. It was magical. We went from one to the other seamlessly just as we were teaching one continuous workshop. The energy kept

rising higher and higher in the group and I witnessed amazing healing taking place in everyone.

I noticed, however, one fairly young woman who seemed anxious and unsettled throughout the workshop sitting next to an older man. Then, as I started leading the group in a meditation, she suddenly got up and the older man got up. I thought it was a bit strange but kept on with the meditation while I watched what they were up to. She was now smiling for the first time and helping the man take his sweater off. Then, as the healing energy in the room increased, I saw a being shoot out from the man and he collapsed into the woman. She struggled to hold on to his upper body to break his fall and looked helplessly at me.

Since Barbara and I were connected to the same pair of microphone wires, we first had to unclipped our mics. Then, in front of us the audience parted like the Red Sea to let us through to the man. In the meantime, in the front row were seated three women two who were medical doctors and another a retired nurse! They came around from the other side of the room to assist the man. I put my hand to his chest and immediately started to heal him while the doctor instructed others to lay him across the chairs with his legs up. I knew he had suffered either a mild heart attack or a severe angina on the physical end. I knew the real cause was a spontaneous exorcism. When the man insisted on getting up, I told him to get someone to help him and get some fresh air. He needed to rest and get out of the intense healing energy in the room for a while. His wife took him out of the room to care for him. We resumed the lecture and meditation. Then, it started to pour outside.

I had been told by my guide earlier in the day that there would be a “dramatic episode” during my workshop that evening and to use it as a demonstration and teaching aid. It was a wonderful healing and teaching experience for everyone. The man’s wife returned after a few minutes while I was explaining what had happened to the man and why. She listened intently nodding in agreement as I spoke of his inner struggles with a foreign restrictive presence for much of his life. Now, that being was out of his body and he was more in it.

When I finished the workshop and headed downstairs to sign books, the man and his wife were the first to greet me. The man was radiant and smiling and they both thanked me profusely for everything. He said that he was feeling so much better. He looked as if he were reborn.

And, the downpour stopped just before people were ready to leave the store! After the workshop, many more decided to participate further in the weekend seminar.

The magic and the miracles continued through the weekend. People came from Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy and France to the seminar. They flew, they walked, they came on trains and buses. One man came in a wheelchair. And as we progressed through the first day, I became increasingly aware of the presence of the sacred

prophecies and the ancient wisdom safeguarded in this country known for its political neutrality and numbered bank accounts.

Switzerland has its own destiny to fulfill in our cosmic jigsaw puzzle. It is no accident that it has maintained its neutrality since 1516 (with one exception in 1798 when French troops marched into Switzerland) and that its parliament is mandated to ensure the country's neutrality, which means that it will not take part in armed conflict. True neutrality, however, that lifts the veil of illusion and opens us to Spirit is much more than non-involvement in wars. Part of the purpose of Switzerland is to anchor true neutrality in the world and provide a doorway to cosmic consciousness, global cooperation and universal goodwill. The key that the Swiss people hold to our ushering in the Golden Age is that of the correct humanitarian and egalitarian use of technological advances. And it is in neutrality and through compassion that technology becomes the servant of wisdom instead of selfish-interests, fear, greed and commercialization.

The exquisite natural beauty of the Swiss landscape paled in comparison to the radiant column of clear light I witnessed running through its core. Yet, the forces of darkness bent on dominating through its financial empire still act as giant manacles upon the fulfillment of this great country. It is time for Switzerland to introduce to the world spirit-inspired use of technology to help heal the world.

As I continued to teach, the light grew brighter in the group and it expanded in ever widening circles outward. There were many tears and much laughter throughout the day.

After all the others were gone, Wolfgang and I finished and set out to the train station to head home for the evening. As soon as we were both in the underground walkways of the station, lightning struck nearby with a violent crack, like some giant electrified whip. Instantly the winds howled and a torrent of rain pummeled above ground. The force of the wind and rain blowing down into the underground passages shoving the less sturdy against the walls.

Amidst the thundering downpour, we ran into a gaggle of giggling witches in the tunnel! Seven fully attired youthful witches, complete with pointed black hats, brooms and a portable iron cauldron were making their way toward us. One witch sported a videocam recording their antics. I thought it might be something akin to a group of high school girls doing a Halloween thing, only it was May. I laughed with them and the media witch pointed her videocam in my direction. So, I hammed it up with one of her witch-sters with the cauldron, who then opened the cauldron and asked if I'd like something to drink. I immediately got the picture that she was trying to sell me a beer to make some extra cash for some purpose. Since I don't drink but wanted to contribute to their cause, I asked if she had anything else in the pot. "Of course," she said. "How about this? It's my pet!" And she pulled out a multi-colored 12-inch long snake made of some kind of gummy candy.

"How much?" I asked. "Does it have a name?"

“Five francs,” she said. “His name is Snaky.”

Wolfgang, the great sport that he is, pulled out a 5-franc coin and handed it to her. She explained to us that she was getting married at the end of the coming week so she and her friends were celebrating and making some spending money for her wedding. We bid her the best and went on to our train with the cackling of witches fading behind us.

We sat in the dry, warm comfort of a Swiss commuter train commenting about the strange and sudden weather change. I knew it had something to do with all the energy being released and the healing taking place. Wolfgang said that it was not normal weather for the time of the year.

Then, I noticed Wolfgang looking at his watch and looking out onto the train platform outside. Before I left the US several of my Swiss-born students and those who have travelled to Switzerland made repeated references to the punctuality of Swiss trains. “You could set your watch by the Swiss trains,” they told me. “They’re never late.”

Well, our train wasn’t going anywhere it seemed. Minutes passed. Wolfgang looked at me and shrugged. Then, most everyone else in our cab walked off to catch another train. More minutes passed and our cab filled up with a whole new crop of commuters. I was laughing in glee. Of course, the first Swiss train known for its absolute punctuality that I happened to get on was delayed! Imagine that. We decided that spirit was keeping us dry and warm inside the train. After the second group of commuters started to disembark from our train, the announcement came over the PA. A sheet of plastic got tangled up in the electrical system and our train (the only one, of course!) was out of commission. We laughed and went to find a tram to catch on the streets. Naturally, the torrential thunderstorm had passed over in the meantime. It’s all been arranged perfectly.

Our final seminar day proved to be an even more profound day of healing and learning. Everyone became so much more present in their bodies. The light emanating from each person at the day’s end was quite remarkable. We were all ready to dance.

Monday, May 11: My last full day in Switzerland. I wake up early and finish packing for my return flight scheduled for the next day. I realize that I have a whole day in Switzerland and that it would be great to go see the Alps, maybe Lake Luzern. I heard that they were only an hour by train. Maybe, this time the trains would work! I’ve gotten around on city trams, but I have yet to travel on the legendary most punctual Swiss trains.

Since my appointment to see Wolfgang and Marianne for a final time before I was to leave Zurich wasn’t until 2 PM, I thought I should go pick up something to eat. Since the cost of eating at restaurants can get quite expensive, I decided to head for the local Coop City for a less expensive meal. On the way, I realized that I should have set up our appointment earlier and that I wished I could have taken them out to lunch. Then, I

thought, I would have the rest of the day and evening to go on an adventure of seeing more of Switzerland countryside. With that thought came a little disappointment that I didn't have someone who could show me around a bit.

"Herr Tamura?" A woman's voice came from right behind me as I entered into the Coop City's massive revolving door. Of course, it's not recommended that one stop in the middle of a revolving door to turn around - but, that's exactly what I did. (I'm sure these are the kinds of behavior Raphaelle observes that gives rise to the question, "How does he ever manage to stay on this planet on his own?") Fortunately, the kind woman guided me through the doorway to safety first before attempting to have a conversation.

I recognized the woman right away, but I didn't know her name or couldn't quite place from where I knew her. She introduced herself as Tina Tobalina and that she and her boyfriend, Wolfgang (another one!), had managed to get into my Friday evening sold-out workshop. I remembered that she had asked me to sign a book for him - but, that she already had ordered her copy online and it hadn't arrived yet. But, more than that I recognized her from my astral classes and previous lifetimes of crossing paths.

Tina told me that she had just been wishing that she could see me once more since she had not been able to attend the seminar weekend. Then, I appeared walking almost right besides her! At first she felt hesitant about approaching me, but then she considered the extraordinary set of circumstances that came together for her to bump into me at that spot. She said that she rarely was in this part of town, but she and Wolfgang had won a pair of tickets for a spiritual film premier and she was on her way to get the tickets just past the Coop City building when she saw me walking next to her on the street. She said that she actually felt a strong presence that made her turn to look and then she saw me.

The first thing she asked was how much longer I was in Zurich and whether I was going to have a chance to see any other part of Switzerland before I left. I told her that after I have some time to get together with the owners of the bookstore I wanted to go closer to the Alps and see some of the sights along the way. She then asked if anyone was going to show me around. I told her that I was just realizing that that would have been more fun, but, no, I didn't arrange for anything since I really didn't know anyone there before. Without hesitation, she asked, "Would you like me to show you around? I could call my boyfriend and we could plan a nice tour."

"That would be wonderful," I said. I knew everything was fully orchestrated by spirit. I couldn't have planned for this any better if I had tried. Then, Tina's cell phone rang. It was her boyfriend! She excitedly spoke to him in Swiss German. I definitely understood, "Herr Tamura." The rest were all in mental pictures. I was already getting a tour of the Swiss countryside.

We agreed to call one another in a few hours to confirm plans. Tina had to get to her tickets and I considered calling Wolfgang and Marianne to see if I could take them out to lunch and an earlier meeting. Before finishing my line of thought, Wolfgang called. Yes,

he and Marianne were at their store and yes they could leave in ten minutes for lunch. So, much for my last quick discount meal at Coop City (pronounced more like “Gope” in Swiss German instead of “Co-op”, I learned after returning to the US, explaining why no one had ever heard of it in Zurich when I talked to them about it!)

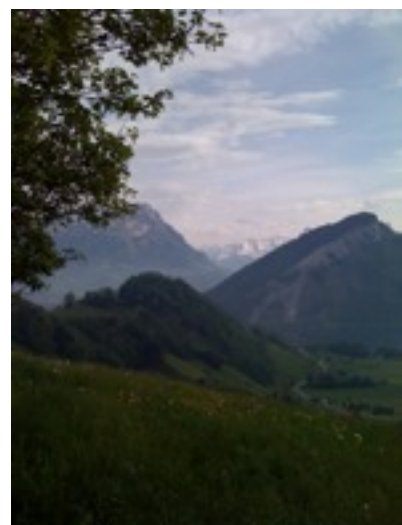
Being the givers and wonderful hosts that they are, Wolfgang and Marianne wouldn't hear of me taking them to lunch in their city. Instead, they made reservations at their favorite restaurant for special occasions to treat me to a final send-off. We hopped on the tram - which I loved traveling by - to the fine Lakeside Seafood Restaurant, right on the scenic Zürichsee. Seated at a panoramic window table, I got to savor our time together.

Marianne searching through the menu said, “Look there's a California Salat!” We all laughed. I joked that it would be really funny if I ordered it; that when my friends in California asked what I ate in Zürich, I would tell them that I had the California Salat. Of course, after perusing the extensive menu, both Marianne and I ended up choosing the California Salat! Fresh greens with tropical fruits, Swiss cheese, and, for my version, grilled scallops and prawns. *En guete!*

As we were finishing up our magical farewell lunch get-together, I got a hold of Tina on the phone. She and Wolfgang were able to get the afternoon off from work. When she asked where I was and was trying to decide what would be a good meeting place since she knew I wasn't familiar with the city, I asked her if I took the number four tram to the main train station, could we meet there within 45 minutes or so. She was quite surprised that I already had a fix on the city's public transportation. She said she would meet me there and that Wolfgang would pick us up in his car for the countryside tour to Lake Luzern.

I immediately recognized Wolfgang as well when we met. He was so excited about the Friday evening workshop and how much he gained from it that he felt he wanted to give something back for all that I had given them and many others. “At least we could show you a bit of Switzerland,” he said. Wolfgang is the managing director of the very successful and innovative corporate healing space design company, Art Aqua. I knew it was quite a feat for him to take the afternoon off from his demanding job to be a chauffeur and tour guide, especially on such short notice. The miracle continued to peek through everything.

What Tina and Wolfgang planned for me was to introduce me to a sacred place along the drive to Lake Luzern, then, show me around the peaceful and beautiful city of Luzern. As soon as we drove out of Zürich, the pace slowed down. It was nice to soak in the pastoral countryside, the lush greenery of Spring, the magnificent glimpses of the snow-capped Alps. We even encountered a road construction



zone where there was a traffic light controlling the one available lane. As we sat enjoying our conversation in the luxurious comfort of Wolfgang's Audi Quattro, we realized that our lane was not changing to green for a very long time. It was good to slow down our pace. When Wolfgang mentioned it, it appeared that the foreman of the construction crew also noticed that our side was stuck on red. He poked around the traffic signal, prodding it and tapping on parts. We laughed. Something happened around me and Swiss punctuality and efficiency! Suddenly, the light turned green. We were once again on our way.

As soon as we arrived at the Abbey Church of Einsiedeln, I could feel that this was a special place of pilgrimage. It was started as a "monastery of hermits" and was erected on the site where Meinrad, a 9th Century Benedictine monk lived and practiced as a hermit in the "Dark Forest". There today stands a magnificent church and monastery complex. Walking into the main church, the extraordinarily intricate, yet massive and extensive sculptures and frescoes throughout the vast interior were awe-inspiring. One would have to spend days there just to begin to appreciate the artistry and craftsmanship, not to mention the blood, sweat, tears - and time and prayer that went into pouring the visions into this form. Standing there makes you want to pray in joyous celebration of spirit.

The healing energy was also powerful there. We first went to the Holy Chapel that enshrined the statue of the "Black Madonna". In front of the chapel were several lines of chairs in which a group of pilgrims were seated, many in prayer. Then, suddenly, they stood up in unison and began to sing a beautiful hymn, their voices filling the grand church like celestial music. After one song, the whole group left quietly, as if they were transported away. We never saw them again. Tina whispered to me that in all the times that she's visited there, she's never heard anyone singing.

After a time praying in the upper minster, we needed to go if we were to see Lake Luzern before dark. As we started to exit the church, the church bells sang their wondrous chorus. I so loved hearing the haunting melodies of church bells throughout the towns of Germany and Switzerland. But, as we continued to walk away from the church, Tina observed that it was about twenty-two past the hour. She then asked if Wolfgang if he knew the purpose for the church bells ringing at that time of the day. She commented that she had never heard church bells anywhere going off other than on the hour or sometimes on the half-hour and in rarer occasions on the quarter-hour. Neither of them knew for what reason the church bells would be ringing at twenty-two past the hour and continue to sound its call for many minutes afterwards. She said, "They must be doing it for you." After all, the bells did start as we were making our exit from the church. I then recalled how Bach's organ music suddenly began as I was about to exit the church in Überlingen. It was like that on this whole adventure.

Even the gifts at the outdoor gift kiosk were of the quality I've rarely seen at shops for tourists. Everything seemed to be imbued with the sweet compassion and powerful blessings from Mother Mary. Until then, I hadn't found anything that I felt Raphaelle would enjoy having as a souvenir gift. Now, even that wish was attended to.

Absorbed in communication, even some profound messages from Tina's grandmother who had recently passed over, the three of us continued on our scenic drive to Luzern. Also, interspersed in our conversations were calls to and from Tina's, precious daughter, Larissa Angelina. Yes, another angel appearing on my path. I knew I was going to end up meeting her later as well.

Once in the peaceful town of Luzern, we walked to the city's symbol, its covered "Chapel Bridge", once destroyed by fire, now restored and the over 700 year-old water tower. Passing along Luzern's impressive main train station with the mix of the old, elegant archway from the portal to the former station and the modern terminal, we went to see the mothership-like Parisian architect Jean Nouvel's design of the city's Cultural and Convention Center housing the Museum of Art and one of the world's finest concert halls. Ah, so much to see, so little time!

The fabulous afternoon transformed into evening as we drove aboard a ferry that transported us to the other side of Zürichsee - I rarely pass up a ferry ride to have an opportunity to commune with nature while being swept into the dance of lake or sea breeze. What a wonderful way to end the day I thought - but, wait, there was more!

We stopped by Tina's apartment to check up on Larissa Angelina and then we were to go out to dinner. But, once there, it appeared that it was already past Angelina's school night bedtime so Momma wouldn't be able to go out to dinner. So, plan B: If Mohammed can't come to the dinner, the dinner must come to Mohammed. Wolfgang and I brought Chinese "Take Away" back to Tina's home for all of us to have a farewell meal together.



Naturally, a farewell Chinese take-away dinner isn't complete without a deep conversation about reincarnation. I spoke about IISIS and about our friend

Dr. Walter Semkiw's work on comparing facial architecture and other traits in researching past life matches. One story led to another until Tina brought out a hardback German edition of the biography of Alice Masaryk, president of the Czech Red Cross in the early 1900's, a powerful pioneering social reformer, and daughter of Tomas Masaryk, the first president of Czechoslovakia. On its cover was the photo portrait of Alice. At first, the face reminded me of a grown-up version of Larissa. But, then, when Tina put the picture next to her face, there was no mistaking the uncanny resemblance. The eyes were the same eyes.

As Tina told me a little about Alice, the descriptions sounded almost identical to how I described Tina as a soul earlier in the day to her. I had told her that she would be teaching, healing and guiding people into a new way of life somehow. That she was just on the verge of starting to discover how powerful she really was and that she was here to make changes in the world. I told both Wolfgang and Tina that they were going to be

working together in some fashion to fulfill a greater purpose. She said that reading the book about Alice Masaryk was in many ways like reading about herself - almost the exact words that came out of Walter's mouth when he read his first biography about John Adams.

I have known for years that this time was coming where so many souls around the world were going to start a new level of awakening to themselves through vivid remembrances of their previous incarnations. Through their past-life recollections, many are reuniting in awareness as soul "families". There is much work yet to be done, and this is one of the sign posts that we must take the next steps now.

Within the next few years, more and more people will seek out their true history as souls for deep healing and learning as part of their awakening process. To do this, they would seek out mediums, psychics, and past-life regression therapists. Once such souls have enough confirmation of what they have suspected within themselves already, they would then be ready to embark upon their own research for the truth of who they truly are. For this, they would seek out teachers who can guide them safely to develop and learn to manage their various psychic and intuitive abilities. The Indian spiritual master Sri Aurobindo said that we are all psychic beings. This is a major and necessary component for humanity to take its next step in fulfilling its destiny.

The four prophecy holders - the Hopi, Tibetan, Kikuyu (Kenya), and Swiss people are today scattered all over the world. Many are not even incarnated in the genetic body of their people. There are souls around the globe who have knowledge or some knowledge of these ancient prophecies and the wisdom and instructions they carry for these times. Some are incarnated as Mayans, some as Peruvians, others as Maoris, Kogis, or Hawaiians. Even some are incarnated as Southern Californians (or Northern). Perhaps, even a Missourian or two! The truth of the matter is, we must all come together for the pieces of the grand puzzle to come together. There is much being done out of the scope of the news media and public scrutiny. Elders are getting together all over the world to share their pieces of the puzzle, their understanding and visions and long-held prophecies. Seers are getting together all over the world sharing their visions and guidance. The Masters of Wisdom are stepping up their work around the globe and our brothers and sisters from distant star systems are getting prepared for their part.

Last year, we have entered a 7-year window of great opportunities for growth, healing and the restoration of balance in this world. Don't hold your breath for 2012. The time is now - that was the message of the stopped train in Switzerland! We are in the window of opportunity now and for the next six years. And, as the world appears to spin ever faster and out of control, always remember to slow down! The faster the world begins to go, the more we must slow down. Now, go make the most of it.

If you read this letter to here, I thank you for your patience and persistence!



May the light of Divinity illuminate your next steps to guide you through this labyrinth we call life. Peace be with you always. With deep appreciation, gratitude and love for each of you,

Michael Tamura