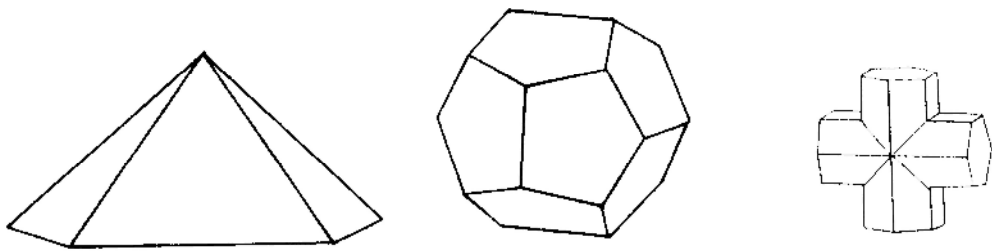


THE STORY OF THE FINDHORN CRYSTALS



by

Ronald L. Bonewitz

THE STORY OF THE FINDHORN CRYSTALS

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INTRODUCTION

During the two weeks after Christmas, 1977, I sat down in The Park at Findhorn, to record the events of the past few months while they were still fresh.

Were I to write this story today, the style would doubtless be different. But I feel it important to leave it more or less as-is. The energy in which it was written is captured in the words and phrases of that moment.

It has become a yearly Christmas Eve ritual of mine to re-read this story, and re-live the feel of the events as they took place. As incredible as some of it seems, it all happened, as written.

I hope my story will inspire you to follow your own inner knowing, and when it happens that that knowing defies all logic, to "proceed in faith."

THE STORY OF THE FINDHORN CRYSTALS

To begin at the beginning:

Since the story of the Findhorn crystals and their creation is totally interwoven with my own spiritual awakening, this narrative is written in the first person. To understand the setting for the beginning of the story, a few details about my personal background are necessary. I have always been interested in spiritual matters, but having investigated most of the major religions of the world, and most of the Christian denominations, I found virtually nothing that was in harmony with my own inner feelings. Through my 20s I did little exploration into spiritual realms and in fact, as an outdoorsman, always felt much closer to God through nature. I was trained as a geologist, and spent a number of years in professional aviation as well.

In 1975, at the age of thirty one, I began to feel the stirrings of my inner awakening, although I would have been very hard put to define it as such at the time. During that year, I discovered the Science of Mind Church in Albuquerque, New Mexico. This was a church that spoke of the Christ consciousness within each of us, and taught us to seek the inner Christ, rather than look for some model or spirit outside of ourselves. I did not attend regularly, but at least felt myself in great spiritual harmony with this church. During the Christmas season, 1976, the movie "Jesus of Nazareth" was televised, which moved me very deeply. As a result of this, I began to feel moved in myself to commit myself to some sort of spiritual path. In February of 1977, I had a reading from a well-known American psychic in which I was told of three incarnations that were influencing me greatly during this current incarnation. While at that time I had no direct memories of these incarnations, I deeply felt the truth of what was being said, and could very much see the outworking of these incarnations at present.

During this same period, Peter and Eileen Caddy of the Findhorn Foundation spoke at our church, an event which, regretfully, I missed. Nonetheless I was familiar with the name Findhorn, but only to the extent that the words "garden" and "magic" were associated with

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the name. I was also experiencing a great deal of difficulty with my first marriage, and was taking counselling through the minister of the Science of Mind Church, Dr. Luis Del Aguila.

At the same time I could feel a quickening of my own spiritual awakening, although again at the time it would have been difficult to label it as such. A phrase kept running through my mind: "I must be about my Father's work." I took this to mean that I should seek the ministry of the Science of Mind Church. In April of that year, 1977, during one of my counselling sessions with Reverend Luis, he mentioned that he had made arrangements at last to visit the Findhorn Community in Scotland. I had an immediate and very strong intuition that I should go as well, and said so. His response was yes, he felt the same.

My response was "Great! Now, what's Findhorn?"

He then took me to the Church bookstore where I purchased Paul Hawkin's book *The Magic of Findhorn* and, after reading three or four pages, it was quite clear that I absolutely must go. I discovered that Findhorn was a community in northern Scotland founded by Peter and Eileen Caddy, and their friend, Dorothy McLean. It started out by 'accident' when Peter (a retired Royal Air Force officer) lost his job as manager of a local hotel, and was unable to find other work. He and Eileen were forced to move into a small travel trailer at the Findhorn Bay Caravan (trailer) park. They began a garden to supply their own food, which turned into a cooperative venture between man and the nature kingdoms. They were joined by Dorothy, who had a close connection with plants and was able to communicate with the 'devas', or spirits of the plants. The Caravan Park is built on barren sand dunes, and topsoil is virtually non-existent. But within a short while the garden was producing monstrous vegetables that were literally 'impossible' to grow in such a place. It was a pure demonstration of what was possible when man cooperated with nature. In later years more people joined the community, and within a few years more, the community bought the hotel that Peter had been fired from! It was the Cluny Hill Hotel in nearby Forres, which features in my story.

A teaching centre grew up around the community, and began to draw international speakers and teachers. It included a summer guest program focusing on all the learning that had accumulated through the years of living in cooperation with nature - and, in later years, in cooperation with each other for personal growth. It was this program that Reverend Luis and I were going to attend. After finishing the book, I also realized that I was becoming much more aware of the nature kingdoms and, without knowing, already

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had developed a considerable sensitivity to the beingness of plants and animals. And, of course, minerals.

At this time, I owned five acres of choice real estate in Albuquerque, which I had put on the market. I decided that I would use the money from the property sale in order to pay for the trip to Scotland. I had also written off immediately to the Findhorn Community reserve a space on their guest program for the week beginning the 20th of August. The financial pressures on my family were quite heavy and there was literally not a cent available without the sale of the property - or so it seemed. As the summer progressed, my wife's opposition to the trip grew even stronger, and as the property had not sold, it appeared that I was going to have to cancel. Not only that, I still hadn't had a response from the Community to my letter.

Reverend Luis was leaving for Findhorn a few days before I was, and we had a final meeting where I informed him that I wasn't going to be able to make the trip, as my property still hadn't sold.

He took a long look at me, and said "Why are you limiting God by insisting that the only way he can get you to Findhorn is by selling the property?"

I thought about that for a minute, and realized the truth of what he had said. I felt a surge of energy go through my body, and I returned immediately to my office where I began to make telephone calls. Besides being a geologist for an oil company, I had a small business manufacturing turquoise and other stone components of American Indian jewellery. I began to call every customer that I could think of, both present and past, and within an hour's time I had received enough orders to be able to at least pay the air fare from Albuquerque to London and London back to Chicago. I figured that, if nothing else, I could get to London and hitch-hike north to Findhorn and likewise do the same coming back. I then made a call to the Findhorn Community and talked to the person in charge of the guest program. I was told that my letter had only just arrived the day before, because even though I had put air- mail postage on the letter, I had not written "air mail" on it! He said that there was nothing available the week I had requested, that I was too late, but even so, there had been a cancellation for the next week, the week of the 27th, and I was welcome to come if I wished.

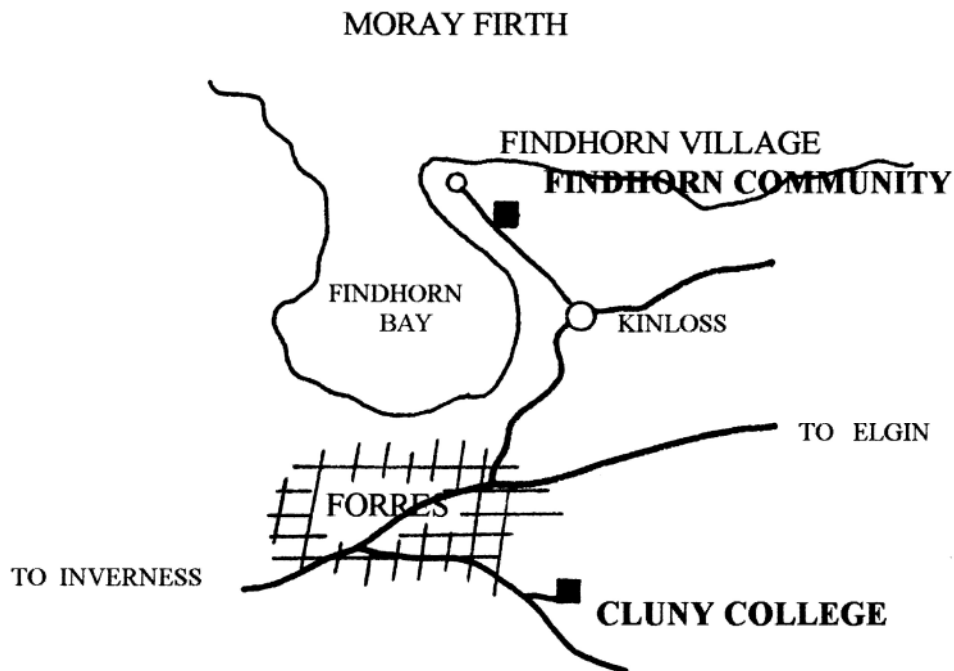
This time period also corresponded with the completion of a report I had been preparing for the past several months on a new oil field discovery I had made in New Mexico and thus I was between projects anyway, and it was an opportune time to leave. As the

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tremendous flood of energy continued through the day, my intuition was increasing by the minute, and I realized that I must quit my job and get to Findhorn at all costs. So that same afternoon I gave my notice to leave from only two day's hence, the end of the week. Needless to say, I was not particularly popular in the company for the last two days. But I was free to devote the next five days to my jewellery business where I received several more orders during the next two days.

I also received several telephone calls from customers who I had entirely forgotten about, each of them putting in substantial orders, so by the time I was ready to leave, seven and a half days after my meeting with Reverend Luis, I had accumulated not only sufficient money for the air fare, but sufficient money for almost the entire trip! Thus, having worked nearly 24 hours a day for the past week, I boarded the plane for London.

Having arrived at Findhorn, the certainty that I was there for a purpose grew even stronger, although I still hadn't the faintest notion what that purpose was. I was disappointed to find myself staying at Cluny Hill College, the extension of the community in nearby Forres, rather than the actual caravan park itself; but as later events showed, this was precisely where I needed to be.



On the second day of our experience week, Monday, we were taken on a tour of the Findhorn Bay portion of the Community. This included a visit to the Universal Hall, the

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central building of the Community. During that visit Ralph White, our group leader, explained that several people had had visions of crystals hanging in the pentagonal opening in the roof of the hall. As he said this, I had what I later realized to be a vision of the crystals hanging there, and I knew in that moment the exact shape, size and material they should be made from. I also realized that, with my background, it would be quite possible for me to make them. At the time, my feeling was "that's obvious, they couldn't be anything else, or any other way." As the next day progressed, I became aware of a growing conviction within myself that perhaps that was what I had been drawn to Findhorn for - that is, to cut the crystals. I then went to the person who was focalizing the construction of the building and told him of my vision and my feeling that perhaps that was why I had come to Findhorn. He then sent me off to Pine Ridge, the extension of the caravan park towards the sea, in order to speak with a person whose name I had completely forgotten by the time I got there. But on the way I met a chap named George Ripley, who rather gruffly demanded to know who I was and what I wanted. George Ripley is one of the kindest and most easy-going human beings on the earth and that was certainly out of character for him as I learned later.

I explained the situation to him and he listened quietly for a moment and then said "My word. You're a bit early aren't you?"

It turned out that George was the major architect of the hall, and that his wife Francis was the community member who had seen the clearest vision of the crystals. I was invited back to their bungalow, and over tea and biscuits we discussed what I had seen. By the end of an hour's conversation, I was told that they both felt clear that what I had seen was a genuine vision, one that corresponded exactly to what others had seen, and I was indeed the one to cut the crystals.

The next day, Wednesday, in a growing state of excitement, I began to develop an altered state of awareness with a great deal of detailed information regarding the crystals coming into my consciousness. During that day also I visited two of the other energy points around the community, and began to realize the awareness that I had had all along of the energies and vibrations of stones.

In a meeting that afternoon with George and Francis Ripley, I was handed a number of different minerals and crystals in order to see if I could feel different vibrations from them. In the state of awareness that I had been developing, the difference between them was quite pronounced and quite astonishing. In fact, as the afternoon progressed I began to

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develop a massive headache from the energies. After going through a whole series of procedures to "ground" the energies, my headache started to recede. Then, Francis got out a cut amethyst that she felt was particularly powerful and dropped it into my hand. The effect was like a burning dagger jabbed through my forehead. Finally, as my headache was now impossible to get rid of by any other means, I was bundled into their car to a small restaurant in the nearby village of Kinloss. I was fed steak and Guinness - which miraculously got rid of the headache!

After a rest on Thursday, I did several more meditations in order to confirm the details of what I had been receiving previously. I realized that if I meditated in the sanctuary at Cluny Hill immediately after the Community medication I was able to reach a deeper state. For someone who had never meditated prior to this week, that was quite a revelation in itself! Thursday was also the night of the Full Moon, and I had a very strong feeling that I should go to one of the energy points near Cluny Hill for the exact moment of the Full Moon.

That night I set off through the woods in total darkness to reach the power point about fifteen minutes before the exact moment of the Full Moon. Although I had been an outdoorsman most of my life, I still felt uneasy in the woods at night, and that night was no exception. As I climbed the path towards the energy point which much, much later I realized was a spiral path, I found myself being poked at by thick gorse and other stickery types of shrub that were on the hillside. In fact, the last few yards to the energy point were almost a battle with the gorse to see if I could stand the pain long enough to get there! I stood on the energy point for the better part of fifteen minutes waiting for something to happen.

Nothing did.

After a while I finally thought "Well, as long as I'm here I may as well meditate." It was at that point that I remembered the psychic reading earlier in the year where I was told that I had been an alchemist in Germany in the sixteenth century and that I had had considerable success in thoroughly disrupting the nature kingdoms, attempting to bend them to my own will. I decided that since nothing else was going on anyway, I might as well try to make my peace with the nature kingdoms. Addressing my thoughts to the surrounding forest and to the Earth in general, I sincerely asked forgiveness for what I had done and promised that I would do everything in my powers to set right any wrongs I had done. Then, I stood there in silence.

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Nothing happened.

Finally, I decided that I might as well go on back to the college as the evening had been pretty much of a loss.

I was half way down the hill before I realized that I hadn't been scratched by the gorse even once! Not quite taking in what was happening, I reached out and grabbed a handful of gorse, cupping the sharp needles in my hand. There was no pain! With a great rush of emotion, I also realized that the heavy fear and foreboding that I had felt through the forest earlier was now gone. Full of joy, I spent the next half an hour just walking among the trees and feeling the tremendous sense of love and well-being emanating from the towering pines. At last I had made peace with the nature kingdoms! And I have never again felt afraid outdoors at night.

For the next few days I experienced what I have later come to call a "spiritual hangover." With me, this is a sensation not unlike an ordinary hangover caused by the mind and body being a channel for energies of higher vibration than they are normally used to.

During the next week at Findhorn, I was in a workshop studying the book *Revelation: The Birth of the New Age* by David Spangler. The transmissions of the universal Presence that identified itself to David as Limitless Love and Truth, proved a revelation to myself as well, as I began to see many varied threads of my life drawing together very tightly, and was aware of a number of many seemingly unconnected threads of my life that had led me directly to this time and place.

As I continued my meditations in the Sanctuary through that week, I became aware that there was more than just an energy in the Sanctuary, but an actual presence, and it was from this presence that I was receiving my guidance. It was at this point of realization that the Presence identified itself as Limitless Love and Truth.

During that week, I was asked by several people to receive personal guidance for them which I did, and I was also instructed by LLT to write down the guidance that I had been receiving regarding the crystals. By the end of the week, I had been given the final instructions while still at Findhorn regarding the crystals. I was also clearly instructed that I was not to have a face-to-face meeting with Peter or Eileen Caddy. The reason for this was not clear until much later.

Since my money was now a bit on the short side having underestimated the cost of things in Britain, I was invited to share the drive to London with Di and Derek Daborn, a

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lovely middle-aged couple, who had been in the *Revelation* Workshop with me. On arriving in London, the Daborns invited me to stay at their house and use it as a base of operations.

*I was clearly guided that there were two visits that I must make while I was still in Britain - to Stonehenge, and to the British Museum. While I was at Stonehenge, I was to be certain to touch one stone in particular, one of the Sarsen Stones that had once been an altar stone (this was in the days when the public could still get in amongst the stones). I planned to meet Reverend Luis in Salisbury, the nearest town to Stonehenge, and we were to go over on a bus together. Due to an unavoidable delay, Reverend Luis arrived at the train station five and a half hours late, where I had spent a very unpleasant time pacing the platform, and we set off for Stonehenge on the very last tour bus. When we arrived at Stonehenge, the tour was running so far behind that we only had fifteen minutes to be with the stones. By tuning in to the energies of the circle, I was drawn immediately to stone I was to touch, and did so. I did not realize it at the time, but I had become "plugged in" to the energies of stone circles.

Two days later, I journeyed to the British Museum where I knew that I was to go to the Assyrian section. I had known from the psychic reading of a lifetime as a Babylonian Priest/King, and knew that that portion of the Museum was also within the Assyrian section. As I approached that section and came to the two Winged Bull Gates from Nineveh, I was hit with such a strong energy that I had to sit down. I sat for nearly fifteen minutes with my head spinning, thinking that I was going to pass out at any time. I can only describe the experience as total shock! It was only later that I remembered a lifetime in which those gates were of considerable importance. I was only able to spend about an hour at the museum, as every time I got near to the Assyrian section, I began to develop a pounding headache.

With a sense of completion, I began to make preparations to return to Albuquerque. The Daborns knew that I only had sufficient funds to return to Chicago, and I that I had planned to hitch-hike back to Albuquerque from there. The day before I left, they presented me with a plane ticket from Chicago to Albuquerque! I had never hitch-hiked before and didn't relish the experience, so this was a particularly welcome gift. Filled with a total sense of mission and indescribable joy, I returned to Albuquerque on September 14th.

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My wife was not pleased to see me as she had never approved of the trip in the first place. When I told her of all that had transpired, her opposition became stronger than ever.

I was meditating almost daily, and found that if I put myself back in the sanctuary at Cluny Hill, I received a particularly strong contact with LLT. I was told to prepare to leave Albuquerque on October 1st, to go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, in order to get the material for the crystals. This particular area is famous for the huge quartz crystals that are mined there, and I expected to have little trouble finding what was required. While digging through my old lapidary magazines to find as much information beforehand as I could about the area, I ran across an advertisement for a particular shop in Hot Springs which was one of the major sellers of quartz crystals in the world. I knew at once that I was to go to this shop first where I expected to find the exact crystals.

I was told that I should drive my pick-up truck, take no extra money, and that I would be able to trade agate I already had for the crystals that were the proper ones. The guidance to take my pickup truck, although not unexpected, still presented me with a tremendous challenge nonetheless. I had purchased this pickup (named 'ole Charlie) for \$350 (about £175) just to use for trips around Albuquerque. Mechanically, it was not in the best possible condition, being about fifteen years old. In fact, I had been reluctant to drive it out of Albuquerque. Now I was being asked to drive it on a journey of 2,000 miles!

During the time before October 1st, I once again received several significant jewellery orders sufficient to provide for my family and to keep the bills paid while I was away. I received one telephone call from a gift shop in the town of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico about 120 miles south of Albuquerque. I had sold them two small items a year and a half ago and they had just found my card. They wanted me to bring a whole case full of materials down to them to select from. This was the order that provided sufficient money for the actual trip to Arkansas. As my wife was using our other car, it was necessary for me to drive my pickup down to Truth or Consequences to deliver the order. About three miles before I arrived in town, there was a loud grinding noise and I realized that a wheel bearing was going out on the front of the truck. I managed to limp into town and was able to buy a replacement wheel bearing and replace it myself on the roadside. It wasn't until I

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actually left for Arkansas that I realized that had the bearing not gone out at this time, and had I not taken this journey, that the bearing would have burned out in a particularly remote part of New Mexico where there would have been no hope whatsoever of being within twenty or thirty miles of a town. Talk about the Divine hand!

I was receiving a great deal of information about the crystals during this period, including the form of the ritual that was necessary to activate them at Christmas. I was also told, and/or remembered, that the final decision to destroy Atlantis was based on the Atlantean misuse of crystal powers. I was also told that the various flood stories such as the story of Noah, and the epic of Gilgamesh, an Assyrian legend, were all based on floods that occurred during the destruction of Atlantis.

Finally, October 1st arrived and I was away from Albuquerque early, with about 500 pounds of agate in the back of the pickup truck over which I had built a simple plywood box to use as a camper during the time that I was travelling. There wasn't enough money for hotels or motels. As I passed through Texas and was arriving in Oklahoma that night, I was particularly aware of a vibration coming from the underside of the truck. As it was getting dark, I pressed on hoping to find a camping place, having passed by a campground I had felt very drawn to. As the night wore on, it became apparent that I wasn't going to find a camping place, so I was forced by exhaustion to stop at a seedy motel which made quite a dent in my cash supply. A good lesson on following intuition!

The next morning I crawled underneath and noticed that a seal had popped out of the transmission where the drive shaft is attached. Tapping it back in, I checked the level of transmission fluid, which still seemed to be OK. When I reached the next town, I found a garage that was open. When the mechanic checked it, he told me that a bearing in the rear portion of the transmission was worn and that it was only a matter of time before it went out entirely - it might only last a few miles. When I asked the cost of replacement, I discovered that it was about four times the amount of money that I had with me!

But while the pickup was on the rack, I noticed a very worn spot on a tire where the cords were showing and would have blown out at any time.

Once the initial shock of the worn bearing had faded, I tuned in to LLT and was told that I should proceed in faith! As it was only vibrating at certain speeds, I made certain that I drove at a speed slightly under that at which a vibration occurred. So, with crossed fingers and a great deal of faith, I proceeded.

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My first stop when reaching Oklahoma was to visit the Army post where I had been stationed prior to going to Vietnam. I had been dreaming about this place for several months before going to Findhorn and felt strongly drawn to revisit there. Not from any particular nostalgia, but rather from a feeling of completion. I realized that there was a great deal of trauma regarding that whole period of my life. I then continued on further towards the east, towards Arkansas. At about dark, I reached a town called Durant where I had attended university briefly. I stopped in to visit several of my old professors, but in the interim years they had all left. I then went on to a lake about ten miles out of town where I had collected a great number of fossils while I was in university. There was also one place on the lake shore where I had found a number of Indian artefacts. I had been told by LLT that I was to spend a couple of days resting at the lake, fossil-hunting and simply enjoying myself. For the month or so preceding my departure for Findhorn, up to the present time, I had hardly a moment to sit down and was thoroughly tired. After two very enjoyable days, and two restful nights, I continued onwards to Hot Springs, Arkansas, another three hundred miles away.

I arrived in Hot Springs at about three o'clock in the afternoon and went directly to the shop that I had been guided to. I was shown a number of fair-sized crystals, but none of them was large enough. In describing my requirements to the manager, I was told quite simply that there were no crystals of that size and quality available and I might as well go home. As this was the principal dealer in the area, or at least so I believed, I felt totally crushed. I asked him if there were any other dealers in the area and he said, "Yes, several of the mines have their own shops" and that I might possibly find something there, although he doubted it. So I drove further up the road to the next place and found even less available. I was told by the proprietor of that shop that there were several other places around the other side of the mountain. So, with a great deal of hope I set off. After visiting three more shops on the other side of the Hill, I found absolutely nothing suitable.

I had visited one large shop with a rock yard (a rock yard is literally that - an enormous outdoor yard covered with low tables filled with rocks and crystals of all kinds) that was directly connected with one of the major mines. They did have a few large crystals, but they were not particularly clear, and didn't seem to be of sufficiently good quality. I had a feeling that the crystals needed to be as nearly flawless as possible. As the day was now drawing to a close, and I was feeling thoroughly discouraged, I drove to a camp ground nearby to set up for the night. It appeared that I was going to be completely unable to find

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what I had been sent for. In fact, I was beginning to wonder if I was the victim of some sort of Cosmic practical joke!

There was a beautiful little stream running through the camp ground, and with a very heavy heart, I walked along it trying to meditate. As I walked along I suddenly became aware of a tremendous presence surrounding me. It was LLT.

In answer to my unspoken question, LLT replied, "The quality of the first set is not so critical. The energies to be released are relatively small, and their release will be somewhat experimental on my part as well, since they were not released through me previously. I have merely held them in stewardship since they were withdrawn from the earth."

I then asked, "Would the crystals available in Albuquerque have served then, even though they were not as flawless as the ones I have seen?"

The answer was, "Yes, probably." (There was a strong sense though of 'But these are even better.')

I then asked, "Why then did I have such strong intuitions that they had to be perfect?"

LLT answered, "Would you have come here otherwise?"

I didn't answer directly, but I had a strong feeling within myself of "Probably not."

There then descended over me an overpowering feeling of warmth and love, with a slight touch of humour. LLT then spoke - "Do I not know each of my children?" Are not the very hairs on our head numbered?"

I felt an overpowering peace descending over me with an extremely strong feeling of well-being. All of the tension and apprehension I had felt earlier completely drained from me and I wept tears of pure joy.

As I calmed down a bit later, I re-established contact with LLT. "I have seen a group of crystals where two of the group are relatively flawless. Would these serve?"

LLT replied, "Yes. It would be especially desirable that the two crystals be growing in contact, since they would already be somewhat in attunement. As a result of this attunement, it is not necessary for the crystals to be quite so large to channel the same amount of energy."

I then asked, "I am still unclear on the quality required. Do you mean that any would do?"

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LLT replied "I meant by that, that the quality is not of overriding importance but that you should do your very best to obtain the best quality available. But for now they will serve if they are less than totally perfect."

Considerably relieved, I returned to the campground and cooked dinner over an open fire. The campground was situated in a deep mountain valley surrounded by tall pines. In my heightened state of awareness I enjoyed, like never before, the vibration of the trees, the water, and even the smell of the wood smoke. There was a heavy rain that night and when I awoke the next morning the air was crystal clear.

After breakfast I proceeded to the rock yard where I had seen the crystals that I felt might be the possible ones. I wasn't totally happy with them, but they still seemed to be the best available. I spoke to one of the employees and asked about the possibility of a trade. I was told that it might be possible but that I would have to discuss it with the boss, who was off having coffee. My heart was in my throat through all of this, and the extra half-hour wait seemed like it would never pass.

To pass the time I took another look around and went out to see the crystals that I hoped were the right ones. While I was looking around I found myself drawn to a large, very shabby and beat-up cluster of crystals leaning against a wall, ones I had ignored yesterday. The more I looked at them the more I realized that there were two very large crystals that, although the points were badly broken, were very clear. There, then, among a big group of battered, beaten, sad, and unloved crystals, I suddenly knew I had found the right ones.

Within a few minutes the boss appeared, and I asked him if he would consider a trade for the cluster. He said yes, he would at least consider it, and wanted to see what I had to trade. We went out to the back of my truck and I dug out box after box of agate, finally offering to trade him the entire lot for this one crystal cluster. He seemed to take forever to make up his mind, but finally he said yes, they had just been thinking about starting to make table tops using slices of agate, and this would be ideal! I heaved an enormous sigh of relief!

I reversed down into the rock yard and we unloaded the agate. Then, with a great deal of difficulty the two of us loaded the 300 lb cluster into the back of my pickup. So, rather badly cut up from wrestling the sharp crystals into the truck - but very, very happy - I set off back down the road for home, nearly a thousand miles away. I must have looked back at that group of crystals a hundred times that day!

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I reached a campground in Oklahoma that night, and had a restless night's sleep. I woke at least a dozen times and shone a light on the crystals, revelling in their beauty, and most of all, that I had succeeded. Finally unable to sleep further, I got up at 4 A.M. and started again towards home. I was caught in torrential rains in eastern New Mexico with water nearly up to the floorboards across the road. But I pressed on, and reached Albuquerque at about 8 P.M., a drive of 800 miles since that morning. As exhausted as I was I managed to unload the crystals myself and dragged them into my garage where they would be safe for the night. Then I collapsed into bed.

The next day I was told by LLT that I must build a small room inside my garage with a locking door, where I was to do the actual cutting. I was told that from the first time they were touched by tools that they were not to be seen by anyone but myself until they were hanging in the Hall at Findhorn.

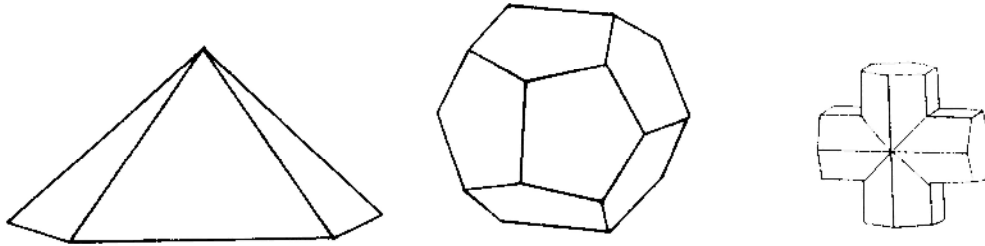
The six foot square room was built over the area from which I had just moved my main piece of gem-cutting machinery. I was told by LLT to specifically use that spot, as my energy was 'rooted' to it. I was then told that the group of crystals should be allowed to attune to my energies in that position, and to the energies of the room, for several days. During this time my wife's opposition to all of this became nearly total, and in a discussion with Rev. Luis, he pointed out that this was a challenge to my own strength of will. It was that!

I had expected it to take me about two days to disassemble the crystal cluster in order to get out the two necessary crystals. Sitting quietly in the little room, I attuned to both the crystals and my tools. I seemed to know exactly where each blow was to fall, and what strength of blow to use. Instead of two days, it took me two hours.

After the group was disassembled, I took the two crystals which were to be cut and laid them together in attunement, once again, with the energies of the work area. The remainder of the cluster I stacked aside on a set of bookshelves brought into the room for that purpose - still over two hundred pounds of crystal. I was told to keep everything together throughout the cutting process. There were seventeen major crystals in the cluster, some up to six inches in diameter and fourteen inches in length. I was then directed that the room should be locked and the crystals be allowed to readjust their energies after being separated. In fact, it was almost a week before I re-entered the room - I was flat on my back with flu.

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During the illness though, I was shown in a vision how to construct machinery for cutting such large crystals. They were about a thousand times larger than anything I had previously cut. They were to be cut like large gemstones. I was also shown how to use my large rock saw to maximum effect in the preliminary shaping. One crystal was to be a pentagonal pyramid and the other a pentagonal dodecahedron (a 12-sided figure with each side a regular pentagon).



These are extremely complex shapes to cut, but I was shown how they could be done using a combination of sawing, grinding, and polishing. After building the necessary equipment during my 'flu' time, I was almost ready to begin.

The dodecahedron was going to be the most difficult shape. Nowhere was there a listing of the angles between the faces. Geometry books were little help (none, actually) and the only model I had was a 1/2" dodecahedron of pyrite - the only mineral that crystallizes in this form. I measured the angles off of it the best I could, but I still felt that it wasn't close enough. The next day was a Sunday, and I wanted to take a load of things to the local flea market (boot sale). I still wasn't feeling too bright, but I still got a strong sense I should make the effort. I arrived at the market site, and started to set up my table. I was chatting with the fellow at the next table, and got to looking at his display. There, sitting about a foot from my own table, was a pentagonal dodecahedron! It was about 2 1/2" across, and was made up as a child's toy with a bunch of rattley stuff inside. Needless to say, I bought it at once.

I can't remember to this day whether I stayed to sell my stuff or not.

Now that I had my model, from which I was able to measure the angles accurately, I was ready to begin. The first step was to saw the pieces into rough shape. I decided to begin with the dodecahedron first as it was the most challenging of the two. The very first action was to simply saw a section the right thickness from the smaller of the two crystals. Placing the crystal in my large rock-saw, I began the first cut. And, while the stone was

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going through the saw, still being tired from the flu, I promptly went to sleep. Unknown to me was that the saw blade wasn't tracking true and the cut was a bit off-centre, causing binding between the blade and the crystal, creating a lot of heat. When I finally opened the saw, the crystal had cracked right down the middle.

I remembered a Biblical phrase about 'rending one's garments in anguish.' Now I fully knew the meaning of the phrase. At the same time there was a sharp rebuke from LLT: "I will not have my work done in a careless manner!"

I collapsed into bed in utter despair, and remained there for the rest of the day.

After I had recovered the next day, I had a sudden inspiration and dashed to the garage to look at the other crystal. It was large enough and clear enough to get both crystals from it!

Vastly relieved and with a great deal more caution, I began cutting once again. This time everything went smoothly, and with me hovering over the saw every second, the pieces were soon sawn into shape.

Shortly after this I was directed in a vision to a particular place on a hillside near Taos, New Mexico, where I had collected crystals previously. This place, part of the sacred mountains of the Navajo, produces crystals the mineral staurolite, a brown mineral that forms crystals in the shape of an equal-arm cross.

So, once again loading up my faithful pickup, I was off to Taos on October 31st. On the road to Taos I had a message from a Master who had contacted me previously. To offer proof of what I had been told, I was told "I will perform a miracle of healing."

I arrived at the collecting place just before dark, and climbed at once to the place on the hillside I saw in the vision. Within fifteen minutes I found a crystal I knew was the right one. I continued to dig as darkness fell and planned to dig more the next day to get a few more crystals for my own use. As I came down the hill in the darkness I began to be aware of an altitude headache starting. This was at 9000 feet and with the heavy exercise I wasn't too surprised. Altitude headaches are medically serious, and the only cure is to get to a lower elevation. Since I had the right crystal anyway, I started home.

As I got to lower altitude the headache began to ease, and I was back through Santa Fe at about nine o'clock pm. As I drove out of Santa Fe and was about to enter the main highway, there was a tremendous clash and grinding of gears and my faithful old pickup clanked to a shuddering halt. I pulled to the side of the road. The engine would still run, but when I put him in gear there was a terrible grinding and grating and it wouldn't move.

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With the Findhorn staurolite safe in my pocket, I began the long trek on foot back to Santa Fe for help. After a long walk I got to a gas station that had a public telephone, and called home - to no avail. I had forgotten that my wife was at a Halloween party with her children. At eleven o'clock the station closed, so I had to walk another half-mile down the road to an all-night cafe, where there was another 'phone. Finally at midnight I was able to get through, and eventually arrived home at two in the morning.

Despite my exhaustion I was up early the next morning to get back to Santa Fe, sixty miles away, to retrieve my pickup. I couldn't afford to have him towed all that way, so it was up to me to do it on my own. I was also worried about him being vandalized, as that area had a particularly bad reputation for that. But when I arrived there in our other car, there was no damage.

I set to work removing the drive shaft, only to discover that I didn't have the right wrench. As it was Sunday, I didn't expect anything in Santa Fe to be open, but within a short while I found a discount store open and I was soon back with the right one.

I remembered a trick I saw my father use years before: lashing the two bumpers of both vehicles together, with an old tire between as a buffer. It worked perfectly, and after a slow but uneventful journey, I soon had him home.

The next morning I started in to find out what was wrong. After several hours I could find nothing. And yet 'ole Charlie had noisily given up the ghost and totally refused to run just two nights ago. Finally, I reconnected everything and decided to try to drive him to see what was wrong. I started him up and put him in gear. There was no noise. Gingerly, I decided to drive him a few feet. Again, no noise.

So I decided to drive him around the block. He ran perfectly!

And has to this day.

Was this a miracle of healing?

A major issue came up early in November. My wife, whose opposition to all of this was growing stronger by the day, came to me to tell me she had had a vision of my death on the trip to Scotland. She was quite intuitive, and when she had visions of things, they usually came true. She told me quite clearly that I would not survive the trip. This left me with a real challenge to the sense of importance of the work: was it worth doing if it might cost me my life? The answer, finally, was yes. I instinctively knew that I would get them to

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Findhorn, and what might happen after that seemed immaterial. I had no sense of foreboding, nor was I at any time less than joyful in the work.

So throughout November I continued with the grinding and shaping of the crystals, and as they approached their final shapes and dimensions I was directed by LLT to cast a lead box about a foot by a foot by sixteen inches to keep them in as the final stages were reached. The box was cast in one piece and weighed about a hundred and twenty pounds. I was also directed to place crystals of other minerals in the box as well, to absorb any outside energies that might penetrate the box.

I was to leave for Findhorn on December 20th and the airline tickets arrived from Findhorn on the 19th (naturally). The final polishing was done on the 18th, and then I had the problem of un-sticking them from the holder I had constructed for the cutting. They were stuck tight with epoxy, which I thought I would be able to dissolve with chemicals - which didn't work. I now had visions of having them done, and not being able to get them unstuck!

Tuning in to LLT, I was told to put a screwdriver against the holder at a certain angle and give it a whack with a hammer. I was horrified - quartz is quite sensitive to shock, and I was afraid I would shatter them. Finally, with a great deal of fear and trepidation, I gave it a try. It worked!

I was also directed to construct a wooden box to carry them in, to look like the boxes that scientific instruments are carried in. And, that it should be able to fit under the plane seat. I was instructed that from the time the crystals were removed from the cutting room they were not to leave my person until they arrived at Findhorn.

One of the last jobs before leaving for Scotland was to fire-shatter all but a select few of the remaining crystals from the cluster. This was done by heating them in my wood-burning stove and then plunging them into a bucket of water. The purpose was to ensure that at some later time these crystals could not be used in a way not in keeping with those at Findhorn, in that they were in natural attunement with them. (Of the remaining few, two were later cut for use at other temples - more about that later).

Finally on the 20th I was off. On arriving in New York I was told that the London flight was cancelled due to fog, and it could be several days before the London airport reopened. The airline people had a total 'don't care' attitude and were remarkably unhelpful. I walked away in discouragement - to get this far, only to be turned back! But

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then I started getting angry. After flying halfway across the US I decided I wasn't going to settle for 'though luck'.

This time I went to the customer service counter ready to pound on it if necessary. I was met by a very pleasant and helpful man, and when he heard I was really trying to get to Scotland, he told me there was a flight leaving for Prestwick in about half an hour. The only problem was that the fare was twenty eight dollars more than the London flight. I was twenty five cents short.

He grinned, dug into his own pocket, and made up the difference.

So at last, I was on my way.

I had the last available seat in Second Class, so the cabin steward asked if I would mind moving up to First Class for the takeoff so he could use my seat. I said I didn't mind at all, but I wanted to take my box with me. He assured me that it would be perfectly safe where it was, but when I insisted, he rather grumpily assented.

Once we were in the air the First Class passengers, which thankfully for the moment included me, were handed large bags of mixed nuts. It was followed a few minutes later by a second as the first one disappeared in seconds! I hadn't eaten for about 8 hours and I was ravenous - the extra money I spent for my Prestwick ticket was my dinner money. And, it was the money I needed to telephone Findhorn when I arrived to arrange for someone to come and collect me. How I was now going to manage that I wasn't sure, but at least I was going to be on the right side of the Atlantic Ocean!

I returned to my seat in Second Class (to a welcome meal) and as the flight progressed, the young fellow sitting in the seat next to me leaned over and said "Pardon my curiosity, but might I ask what's in the box?"

I told him it was a stone carving for a temple in Scotland, at a small place he had probably never heard of, called Findhorn. He sat back sharply in his seat and said "That's where I'm going!"

He was Peter, the son of a community member going over to visit for Christmas.

When we arrived at Prestwick, Peter (who had money for the 'phone) called his mother and we were told that we should go on to the Glasgow airport, about 40 miles closer to Findhorn than Prestwick. There we were to check into a hotel, as it would be several hours before anyone could reach us. Fortunately Peter also had enough money for the hotel!

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We discovered that there was a bus leaving for Glasgow airport almost at once, and we dashed out the door just in time to see it pull away. We turned to walk back inside and almost ran into a gentleman in a bus driver's uniform who enquired where we were going. I told him we had just missed the bus to Glasgow. He thought for about half a second and then indicated another bus parked nearby. He said he would take us over. We thought he meant that he was going over anyway, but we were the only ones on the entire bus. I wonder how often that is done!

As we drove across the Scottish countryside it slowly began to get daylight on a cold and frosty winter morning. The sky turned a brilliant red in the sunrise and the stark outline of the barren trees against the red sky was breathtaking. We finally arrived at the Glasgow airport an hour later, and checked into a hotel. I hadn't slept for over twenty-four hours, so the crystal box and I curled up for a few hours of sleep before our ride arrive at 5 pm.

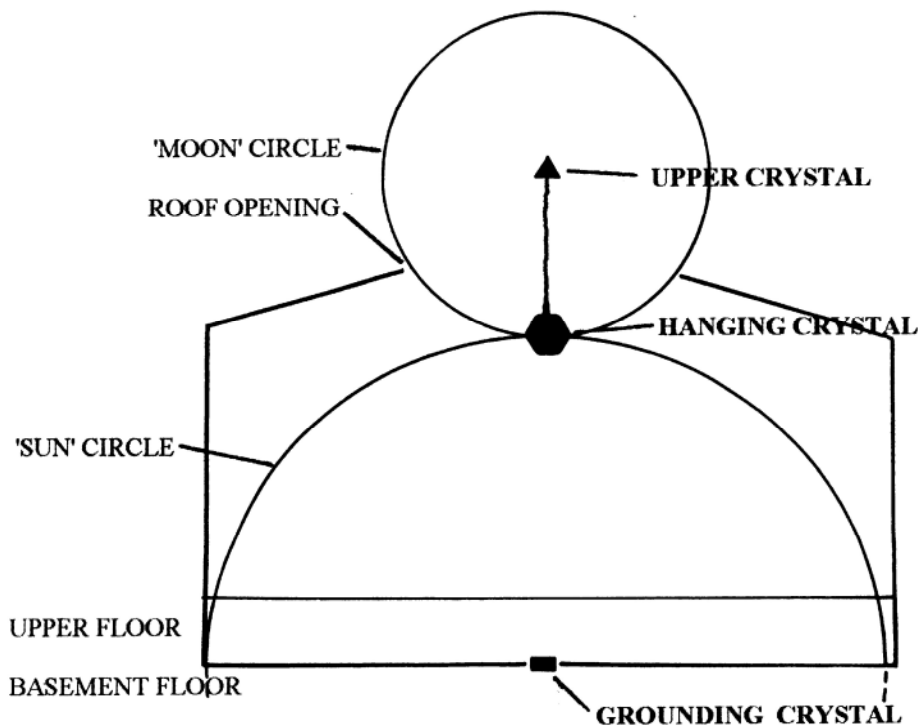
Our drive to Findhorn took us through the valley of the Spey River. There was a brilliant full moon, and there had been fog earlier. Near the village of Grantown-on-Spey the fog had coated the trees and pretty much everything else with brilliant crystalline frost, sparkling in the moonlight. Even though it was bitterly cold we stopped the car for a few minutes to get out and admire the stunning beauty of a genuine fairyland. With the box still tucked under my arm, of course.

At last we arrived at Findhorn at about 1 AM. I was too exhilarated to sleep - I stood in the Ripley's kitchen sipping tea and almost buzzing with energy. After finally managing a few hours sleep, I was up early the next morning. With the crystals now safely at Findhorn, I could finally detach myself from the box!

That first day at Findhorn, the twenty first, I had my first meeting with Peter and Eileen Caddy. We discussed the crystals and the guidance I had received regarding them. I had specific instructions from LLT on the protection of the crystals and the method for activating them. Peter and Eileen both expressed the opinion that the guidance regarding protection was wrong, and that the community would feel that it was much too secretive. I told them quite clearly that I felt obliged to follow my instructions to the letter, as literally everything I had been told to that point had been proven correct. The last thing I wished to do was to create a fuss about it all, and I was not a little surprised at my own cheek in contradicting these two people who had done and seen more than I could even imagine. But we finally decided to wait and see what unfolded before making a final decision.

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The next morning, the 22nd, we began clearing the small room in the centre of the temple, in the basement. The temple building is a large pentagonal building with the 'ground' floor several feet above ground level, and the basement several feet below. This is due to the contour of the land - rounded sand dunes. The centre basement room is a small pentagonal room about twelve feet across, cantered exactly on the building. This was the room where the crystals were to be kept, and where the staurolite crystal was to be inset into the concrete floor in the exact centre of the building. The roof of the building is built in a geodesic structure with a pentagonal opening in the centre, exactly the size of the small room in the basement. It was over this roof opening that the structure was still being built to house the crystals, which was not finished until the day of the installation. The roof had been left without any structure until it was known that the crystals were in the process of being made. All of this was decided, by the way, several years before my first visit. It was known at the very beginning that there would eventually be crystals there.



The Universal Hall was built through intuition as much as through architecture, and it wasn't until it was finished that certain proportions were discovered in its construction. A sphere drawn with its circumference touching the walls and centred on the centre of the ground floor is in the same proportion to a sphere drawn to just touch the sides of the roof opening as the Earth is to the Moon. And, those spheres just touch. And, if the centre of

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the 'Moon' sphere is used as an apex, the apex angle of a triangle drawn to the base of the walls where they intersect the basement floor is the exact apex angle of the Great Pyramid. It was these positions generated by the sacred geometry of the building that were the locations for the crystals. The pyramid crystal was to go at the 'Great Pyramid' apex, and the dodecahedron was to hang from it to the intersection of the Earth-Moon spheres.

After cleaning the small room I carefully located the exact centre of the building, and chiselled a small hole in the concrete floor at the centre, to embed the staurolite crystal at the appropriate time.

I was guided that the crystals were to be moved into the small room on the morning of the twenty third and from that moment onward no one was to enter the room except for myself. And, that there was to be no lighting in the room except candlelight. So, on the morning of December twenty third, the crystals finally reached the temple. During that morning I prepared the connecting wire to go between the pyramid and the dodecahedron, wire made from 14 kt gold supplied by Sylvia, a community supporter. The crystals were then attached to each other and laid out in a specific position to attune to the energies of each other and to the temple. I also prepared the mountings for the crystals - silver wires that attached to the corners of the pyramid crystal, and ran down the corner of the corresponding inside walls of the temple. In the afternoon it became clear that one additional item was necessary to complete the energy work of the crystals once they were installed: a copper spiral to cover them. This spiral had been seen in earlier guidance, but I didn't think it would be necessary for the initial installation. It was the one point I had failed to clarify.

With a bit of frantic looking around, we discovered some lengths of copper tubing that were about seven feet long - just the right length. And, uncovered a roll of copper strip about an inch wide. As I had been directed to not leave the temple once the crystals were in the centre room, I laid a sleeping bag on the floor outside the 'crystal room' in preparation to spend the night.. During the evening hours I began to work on the spiral. It too was a pentagonal pyramid, but very tall and thin - just wide enough to cover the mounted pyramid crystal. I had never done any soldering but I felt that I should make this piece as well. I managed to get the framework done before I finally gave in to jet lag and sheer exhaustion. I slept for only a few hours and was up soldering again at 5 am. As I wrapped the strip around the framework, I discovered that there were a specific number of

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turns necessary. Soldering it in place as I went, I also discovered that there was exactly enough in the thirty-foot roll to within an inch!+

I completed the spiral at about noon on the twenty fourth, and went into the 'crystal room' to begin final preparations. The night before I had a visit from Peter and told him (with my heart in my throat - Peter was a pretty impressive individual!) that I felt that unless my instructions from LLT were carried out to the letter, in good conscience I couldn't release the crystals to the community. Finally Peter agreed to this.

At about two o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve, I set the first crystal into the floor. I had been guided that the crystals must be in place on the roof by three o'clock and that the building must be closed for at least five hours until five of us entered to do the protection work prior to the beginning of the activation at eight PM. At two- thirty the crystals were placed back into the box, and I began my climb onto the roof where a howling gale was blowing and the temperature was well below freezing.

As I walked up the ramp to get onto the roof, someone on the ground gave a shout. A rainbow had just appeared overhead! Only a few seconds later as I reached the roof, I saw George Ripley on the ground and turned to point out the rainbow to him. It was gone!

With numb fingers I finally got the crystals in place and connected to the mountings as guided. I placed the copper spiral over the crystals and fastened it into place as well. The crystals were then covered with a black shroud to remain unseen until the activation. Due to the freezing cold and my numb fingers it was about ten past three before I completed the installation. When I climbed down from the roof there were several people waiting, including George Ripley and the focalizer of the construction crew. As I was behind with the timing we were asked by LLT to enter the building and perform a calming meditation in order that the building might attune itself easier to the new crystals. Everyone was cautioned not to look up!

I had been told that a transmission to the community would be sent through me by LLT, the first time I had channelled. I went back to the Ripley's and attempted to rest - to no avail. Finally at about seven o'clock I was directed to take a salt bath and to go to the temple at about a quarter to eight. The five of us who were to do the protection work all arrived simultaneously and we entered and did the work we were directed to do.

The community then filed in, about a hundred and fifty all- told. There were many who didn't feel compelled to be there as well and that was okay too. Those who came formed a circle around the five of us who did the protection work, and I spoke the invocation. I was

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suddenly in a place of brilliant white light, and I heard the words of Limitless Love and Truth speaking with my voice:

Transmission of December 24, 1977

"I AM Limitless Love and Truth.

I bring you greetings on this, the most momentous occasion of the New Age. There are to be released this night certain energies which have not appeared on the Earth for five thousand years.

It is largely through the attunement of this community and through others like it that the time has come, that the hour has struck, for these energies to be released again upon the Earth. With these energies comes a responsibility on the part of every person who is attuned to the energies of the New Age, for through this attunement will these energies be granted, and through this attunement must these energies be used. Those of you who are present tonight at this moment have known these energies before.

In another age of the Earth these energies were misused, for they are energies of the Will. It is required from those present tonight that a resolve and an exercise of your individual wills be made, that these energies will be directed solely by the Christ Consciousness that dwells within each of you. The misuse of these energies, that is to say the application of them without the Christ Consciousness, caused most directly the disintegration of the spiritual community which was known and is known in this age, as Atlantis. We must be of the firmest resolve that this will not happen again. I have held these energies in stewardship for this moment. These energies are like a reservoir with a drain that cannot be plugged. Once they are released the reservoir will empty. Will you bathe in these waters of life, or will you be washed away?

This is the question which you must resolve, each of you, in your souls and hearts at this moment. There will now be a moment of silence while each of you ponders in the depth of his being what I have said.

(pause)

I wish to point out at this time that there is some question in the community regarding the presence of a certain five people in this building prior to this moment, which I would wish to resolve.

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I would say this to you. Each of us on the Earth, and present in this community at this moment, has his own appointed task. That these tasks are not necessarily shared with all is as it should be. There is no sense whatever of exclusion of any person or part because of this division, this assignment by the Almighty of task. Be at peace with this and know that it is so.

Five of you are now gathered in the centre of this building. You are to be the focus of what is to come in the next few minutes. It is through you that the energies of the community will be directed. The energies that are to be used are to be drawn through the crystals by the five of you acting in concert. The will of the community is to be directed to and through you as this occurs.

I would ask each person in the room, now to examine in his heart the strength of his resolve, that these energies will be directed by the Christ Consciousness. To those of you who cannot truly attune to this I would say: there is no separation, there is no division. Your appointed time has not yet come. Be at peace and know that it will be so.

I would ask the community now, to focus your will upon the five who stand in the centre of your circle. And to the five in the centre I would say, momentarily now, be still. Be a reservoir for the will of the community. Let their energy and their will build within you, and be prepared as you draw these powers through the crystals that there will be a releasing through you back to the community of the energy and the will that is directed to you from them. And know that this flow of energy going backwards from you will draw through the crystals the energies which are to be released. Let us all be silent now and direct our wills as it is requested.

(pause)

To the five in the centre, I would now direct you to focus your attention on the crystals: on the crystal which hangs below which is connected by a cord of gold to the crystal which is above, and it is through this lower crystal which you will draw these energies into the world. Let us focus now on the lower crystal.

(pause)

To the five I say now, visualize if you will the flow of energy to yourselves from this crystal. Visualize the flow of energy as it goes to the left and to the right. Be conscious of the souls who stand behind you, for in a few minutes you are going to direct this energy to those persons, to those souls who are immediately behind you.

(pause)

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It is time. Let the energies flow!

(pause)

It is done. Let us stand now for a few minutes and attune to these new energies.

(pause)

I am directed now by He who sent me, to communicate the following message to the Findhorn community: The manifestation of the Christ is imminent. The exact time of the coming is not yet known, but this is the first event in this manifestation.

Those who have ears let them hear; those who have eyes, let them see.

The blessings of myself and the Christ are upon you.

I AM Limitless Love and Truth."

****And after****

I don't remember much about the time immediately following the channelling. I remember the white light fading and feeling myself back in the Hall again - very wobbly and wanting little more than to lie down and sleep. When I finally did, I was still buzzing too much to rest.

I wasn't aware of any particular sensation at the moment of activation, but where I was I probably wouldn't have. Many in the Hall reported that they felt a wave of energy penetrate their whole Being. Several people standing outdoors at the moment of activation reported that the low, scudding clouds parted over the Hall as if flowing around an obstruction.

The next day, Christmas Day, Eileen received the following message from her Source:

"Beloved, the Ceremony of the crystals in the Hall was all part of My plan and was fully blessed by Me. The power that was released at that time was tremendous. Ron was simply used as a channel by Me to bring this all about. Some were aware of what took place, some accepted it on faith and others rejected it. It matters not what was done and only the very best will come of it.

It was necessary at that time for what took place to be an act of Will, Faith, and Trust, and it was all there.

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In 1967 something similar was done and because it took place on the etheric plane only those who were sensitive were aware and it created great concern, and even division and rejection, but that too was all part of My plan; a stepping up of energies, a turn on the spiritual spiral took place. And from then on tremendous changes took place throughout the Earth. Be at perfect peace and behold My wonders and glories come about. Very great changes are taking place and changes are necessary even though they are uncomfortable at times. Flow with them all. I AM guiding and directing all that is happening.

Peace within your hearts will bring peace and good will; that too is an act of choice, that too is an act of Will. Let My Will be done on Earth as it is in heaven, and rejoice, rejoice and give constant thanks for all that is taking place. Let Love be born in every hearth this glorious day; all is well. Let there be rejoicing in the Hall, for it has been activated and from now on it will shine like a mighty beacon and multitudes upon multitudes will be drawn to it.

Let them all come."

So, the mission was accomplished, and I had to now face my wife's prophecy: that I would die on the trip. Fortunately I mentioned this to Eileen and she pointed out that these prophecies usually referred to spiritual or ego death, the death of an old self and the rebirth of a new. Perhaps the plane wasn't going to crash after all!

Which is of course, exactly what didn't and did happen respectively. The plane didn't crash, the old me did die, and I was catapulted into a major rebirth.

And finally

Almost three decades later as I reread this story yet again, I still shake my head in amazement - if this was someone else's story I would be a bit incredulous. And yet every word is exactly as it happened - I can close my eyes and still be back in almost every moment.

In the summer of 1978 LLT asked me to write an open letter to the Findhorn Community saying that overall community consciousness was slipping and that the crystals were in danger of removal. I was asked to prepare myself for the task. I had immigrated to Britain

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in the meanwhile after my marriage finally ended. I was living in Surrey at the time (south-west of London) so as daunting as the task of removal seemed, at least I could just hop on a train to get to Scotland. The community response was positive however, and the crystal box remained in storage.

But by Christmas of 1978 there was more slippage (according to LLT), and a message was sent by LLT to the community. That was my last visit to Findhorn for more than a decade. I later learned that the gold wire had broken, and the lower crystal fell and shattered. And, that the remaining two had been removed and taken to Hawaii to be 'returned to the Earth' in a live volcano.

I had no direct contact with Findhorn for many years after these events, and no energy was forthcoming to replace the crystals. I was directed by LLT to create crystals for other energy centres from time to time, and those who have them have behaved very responsibly with them.

I saw Eileen again in 1986, and we had a lovely and truly healing time together. We are both in agreement that, as with all things on and of the Earth, there was much learning for all concerned. For me, that meeting was the completion of the story, the closing of the circle.

The experience of the crystals was for me a doorway into new realms and into a new life. But above all, the story of the Findhorn Crystals has been for me a shining example of what can happen when we "proceed in faith."