

# Stairways to Heaven

*How to guide the camel through the eye of a needle*

My spiritual journey (extracts)

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Muhammad bin Hari and to the children in the forest he is known as: Ashi

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*All thanks to God and my dogs, horses, plants and the trees.*

*My family; Mum & Dad, my children; Aglaja, Ayon Delphin, Shenaja and Julien for helping me on my way.*

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*I dedicate this work to all Native People! We are one! We are the world!*

## *Introduction*

I was never one for politics or religion. In fact, I was thrown out of my reformed religious studies at the age of about 12 in a small town not far from Lucerne, Switzerland. Not that I can remember the exact dialogue with the preacher but I was probably very argumentative and objected to have been baptised as a baby to a religion I had no knowledge of and later, I was never given a wider range of religions to choose from. Also, no one told me what separated my Catholic friends and us, the Protestants. They tried conditioning me to take on a belief that nobody could properly explain, nor could I see any passion from the church representatives to inspire me.

My mother had moved away with my half-brother to live with her 3<sup>rd</sup> husband when I turned 15 years old and I was sent to live with my sister and her boyfriend where I became involved in a romantic relationship with the barmaid who worked in the restaurant below us. Although my girlfriend and I slept together, we kept it a nonsexual relationship as I honoured my chastity and waited for that special lady I would one day marry. One night my girlfriend revealed to me that she had been sexually abused by her Roman Catholic priest in her childhood. I had heard of other such cases and thus developed a deep mistrust for the church and anything to do with religion.

My sister had started her relationship at the age of 13, he was 24. Eventually my Dad living in England found out and the authorities considered sending my future brother-in-law to jail for the sake of his crime: being in love. However, based on our circumstances and as the guy fully committed himself to my sister, they let them live together.

Many years later and may be ironically, the title of my book contains the reference to a passage from the Bible:

*"Children, how hard is it to enter the kingdom of God! It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of the needle than for one who is rich to enter the kingdom of God." Mark 10.24-25*

I know not why these words so profoundly affect me, however, as we live in a predominantly Christian society, why is it that there is so much emphasis put on generating wealth and chasing the money when it is clearly forespoken that it is not worth the effort!

This is about my life story and how I came several steps closer in entering the kingdom of God. I had to travel around the world and take many steps on my way to understand that what we seek, is within us! A great book to emphasis this is the one of the great Paulo Coelho, *The Alchemist*. On my way I have experienced the most wonderful phenomena by tuning in to a certain frequency, I discovered later is referred to as the Schuman Frequency, the heart pulse of the Earth. Soon to be severely impaired by the G5 satellite network! (Google Starlink)

Aged 17, I left Switzerland to seek my fortunes in Australia; From Bern I travelled to London where I had to earn more money to pay for the flight to Australia. For that purpose, I started work as a dishwasher in Edgware general hospital and after a short time I met my first love and she persuaded me to stay in London until I decided to complete my Swiss national army service in 1984. In the Swiss army I trained as a hospital medic and specialised in intensive care and shortly before completion of my basic training I received a "dear John" letter from my love of my life informing me that she had replaced me with another. As soon as I could I returned to London in the hope to rekindle her love for me and I applied for a position in a

private security company. One of my responsibilities included protecting the then UK prime minister, Margaret Thatcher at the conservative party head offices in Smith square, London.

Later I became an insurance salesman and over 3 years, took all the exams necessary to hold the title as a fully licensed FPC financial planning consultant and independent mortgage broker. During that time, I learned my selling and negotiation skills, trained by Allied Dunbar, a large life insurance, pension and investment company in the UK and I established my own client base working from their Birmingham city centre location. Later, in what I had a large role in, the company was bought by Zurich financial services. I bought my first house aged 24 in the West Midlands where I established the Midlands Swiss Society. Soon I had gathered 50 members in the area, and I chaired the club from 1989-1993, organising many social events with the members, including regular cheese Fondue evenings.

At the age of 30, I started my career as the international training adviser for clients of the Swiss Reassurance Company, Swiss Re. After 12 months working from their London offices in Leadenhall street, in the days before the Swiss Re tower, I asked to transfer to Zurich from where I had closer contact to the regional directors who deployed me to work in the Middle East, India and South East Asia. Later, when the company began its downsizing, I became responsible for central and eastern Europe. Before I could organise my first business trips, I had to hang a large map of the world in my office to plan my travel schedule as geography lessons at school did not prepare me for that amount of travel.

In the Middle East I worked in, Egypt, Israel, Lebanon, Jordan and Cyprus. The South East Asia region included Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Indonesia and the Philippines. And in Eastern Europe I worked in Poland, Czech and Slovak republics, Hungary, Romania, Slovenia and Croatia. Frequently I was invited to give speeches in other cities, and I had the pleasure to visit Chicago, Sydney, Amsterdam and Paris to name but a few.

On my first business trip for Swiss Re in 1993, they sent me to Thailand where I found a great affinity to the Buddhist way of life. In the land of smiles, as it is known and after concluding my business engagements I spent some time in the jungle with elephants and in a secluded monastery I met with an Australian Buddhist monk, and after talking to that sage, I decided that when asked, I would declare my religion to be Buddhist I was later informed that Buddhism is a way of life and not a religion.

Some years later, the world economy was, according to the magazine The Economist, critical. In the turn of the new century 2000 A.D. the capitalist markets lost billions in value and after the dot com bubble burst, many businesses failed, and the beginning of a worldwide recession came upon us. The strange thing I noticed was that nobody reported how serious the situation was and I assume they did not want to admit to the colossal failure of the capitalist system thus avoiding mass panic and civil unrest. In the meanwhile, I knew I had to get out of the firm before being pushed out. One day I was called to my new boss's office to be told that I had been appointed as the account manager responsible for the Turkish market. I was surprised, as usually people with a strong mathematical background, degrees or even doctor or professor titles hold those positions. I had none of those, but I did however know I had no choice in the matter, the unspoken certainty prevailed, take it or get out. My brief was to study the market and produce a report and for that purpose I visited Turkey to study the opportunities and interview our clients.

In April 2001 I discovered an amazing place and met some very special people in Istanbul and from one I received some very good statistics and valuable local research data that made the

backbone of my market report. The report findings were clearly marked as positive in the executive summary and included my recommendation to invest in and develop the market and our clients. To my surprise, only a short time after handing in my report, I was instructed to return to Turkey and cancel all Swiss Re life and health reinsurance treaties. I did as I was ordered to do but the clients were furious and several attacked me verbally in their anger and disbelief in hearing my words, I asked them to please, don't shoot the messenger!

Back in Zurich, at the head offices of Swiss Re life and health division in Adliswil, I met one of my previous directors who had responsibility for the Middle East. He stood by the elevator and looked as if traumatised. I greeted him friendly and asked how he was. He replied that he had just returned from a business trip after being instructed by the new management to cancel all life and health reinsurance treaties. He mentioned some of the companies he had signed up some 30 years ago whom I had also been involved with training their sales managers. „Terminated,“ he said, „finished, I don't understand“, he whispered.

Swiss Re Life & Health the firm I worked for from 1993 – 2001 were a division of Swiss Re, the leading insurers of the WTC. In 2004, a New York court found that the company's liability was limited to \$877 million after the jury backed the firm's interpretation of the insurance policy that the destruction of the Twin Towers was one event, rather than two. Later I found out and did find it very concerning that the senior management of Swiss Re, referred to the senior management at the Life & Health division as the: „Dutch Mafia“. In September 2011, after 10 years, I tried reporting what I consider to be the world's largest insurance fraud to the Police in Switzerland, they laughed at me.

I retired from the business world after those events and walked 1000 miles on my spiritual quest to find answers to my existence on this planet. I walked along the St. James way to Santiago de Compostella in 2003. My inspiration for that idea came after leaving Switzerland and moving to England where a friend gave me the book Camino de Santiago, written by the actress Shirley Mac Claine.

Technically the economy is still critical today (16.10.2020), the Corona virus is shredding billions off the value of stocks globally, on 11.03.2020 Trump had announced he will close all USA borders as from Friday, rather late! I would claim that most countries are bankrupt now for sure and that the capitalist system has failed but at least society is still functioning and for the moment, we do not live in chaos. I am grateful for that but for how long can it last for?

I left Switzerland early in 2003 and travelled to England with princess Sobiesky, her great-great grandfather had kept the Turkish army from invading Europe in 1673 when the Ottomans were repulsed at the gates of Vienna, without him, we would all now be Muslims. We met because Kathrin Sobiesky was hired to translate a presentation I delivered on behalf of Swiss Re Life & Health at an Eastern European market conference in Hungary. After arriving in England, I wrote and asked the Queen for an audition but received a decline. Apparently, she had too many of these requests, her first secretary claimed. Poor Queen, bombarded with refugee princesses from the east?

That was my 3<sup>rd</sup> rejection from the Queen, the first one came when I was a young financial planning trainee, after sending a letter to her offering my services in estate and inheritance tax planning. I received a polite reply: „...thank you but we have no need for your services. Front page news of The Times one year after the death of Lady Diana: "£8 million from her estate would have to be paid for inheritance tax", I wonder how the boys financed that. And the 3<sup>rd</sup> letter I wrote to the palace was after reading the disturbing news that due to the financial

difficulties in Great Britain (the journalists are still not mentioning the word recession as I write this in 2009!) many horse owners were unable to keep payments up for the stabling costs resulting in beautiful animals being slaughtered, thousands of them! I wrote and asked the Queen if she could help as she owned so much land and many stables. In the reply letter from her secretary, I was referred to a politician in Westminster. I will not write to that woman again.

At the time of my arrival in England (2003), the UK went through privatising their ancient Victorian health care for the people with learning disabilities or what used to be referred to as the mentally and physically disabled. Newly set up private care companies bought large private homes and converted them so everyone could be cared for by dedicated staff in a homely environment. For this they needed cheap labour and the open labour rules in the EU especially eastern Europe made that a possibility. From an average income of €200 per month in their home country, people could earn that in a week working in England (at the conversion rate in 2003). Staff shortage was not an issue nor was skilled labour as many eastern Europeans hold university degrees and are highly qualified and motivated to work in the UK, one of them was princess Sobiesky.

The year 2003 was a difficult year for me, finding myself in a rather depressed state of mind. England and the US had declared war on Afghanistan for harbouring the Taliban and Mr Osama bin Laden. Despite the fact and although I had written to the FBI informing them that I had seen Mr bin Laden in Zurich, they went to war. They never replied to my emails, sent from several different names and email accounts.

From our rented house close to York we could hear, see, feel and smell the jets taking off and landing continuously from a nearby air force base. I spent much of my time in the little village church playing piano for hours whilst the princess went to work. The reason for my depression had to do with the reasons given for why we were at war. Despite my then limited knowledge of the bible then, I knew, that based on the teachings of Jesus, love and compassion is the foundation for a brotherhood of man and we were told by himself to turn the other cheek. So, what was going on in our "Christian" society? The reality of the pull toward material interest and greed is the human's biggest challenge on our earth experience. Only with reasoning can I try to understand and come to terms with the actions behind the world's leading politicians and the American Empire with its immense military industrial complex that needs feeding and funding at the cost of human blood and corrupt moral standards.

If you listen to the talks by the historian Dr. Daniele Ganser at the Swiss Institute for Peace and Energy Research. you too may wake up to the fact what the US empire is doing to this world and many 9/11 truthers consider the government responsible for the events on 9/11 to justify total dictatorship and the removal of our civil rights. Also, the WTC were built using asbestos and all that poisonous material had to be removed from the towers, who would have financed that? Surely a huge cost for the new leaseholder Larry Silverstein who bought the lease to the WTC site only 6 weeks before the demolitions, oops I best stay with the official story: Terrorist attacks. Furthermore, world trade was stagnant at that time and war meant business and employment for many. I find it revealing to find out that more was spent on investigating Bill Clintons blow job then on the 9/11 investigation - cover-up.

Who did it? For me it is highly likely that the WTC and building 7 in New York were demolished by criminal elements operating from the highest political office in the US



government and approved by the people behind them who pull the strings and print the money, they are the terrorists and they produce the terrorists in our world!

One day, after living with the princess for 6 months and after I had finished renovating the wooden floors in the house, I was asked to leave her company. The reason she gave was that I lacked ambition, direction and motivation to make money. She wanted more money and a higher status to live in the modern western society. Fair enough but withdrawing £5000 of my money was just dam right theft! I left without argument and later I gave my motorbike and my Swiss watch away to a friends' husband. I then drove to my Hungarian friend, Fiona and she gave me the book, Camino de Santiago to read. Soon after finishing the book, I decided to make the journey to Santiago. I gave my remaining belongings to the Red Cross shop in York and on my way down to Dover, stopped over in Birmingham with my friend Trevor and his family. We had worked together as Financial Advisers back in the 80s and he was my best man at my wedding. I had been married to Susie for 10 years. Trev lived in the part of Birmingham where the Asian community has established a home away from home. The district is named Moseley and it's famous for the "boliti" (one-pot) dishes available from the huge choice of good value for money restaurants. We ate in one that evening and the following morning I took a walk. Suddenly I was drawn to follow a calling, a find of singing I had never heard before. I stopped before a large wooden door, the entrance to a mosque. At the spur of the moment I decided to knock. A young man opened and asked how he could help me. „I want to become a Muslim“ I replied. He asked me: " do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes I do" I said.

### *Chapter (step) One: Belief, faith*

My faith in Jesus Christ came from an experience I had after a prolonged session on my Bechstein 1889 upright piano with ivory keys. At that time, I was still living in the apartment in Horgen with my wife toward the end of 2002. I had been practicing all year and teaching myself the piano with the wish that one day I may be able to play any tune that came to my mind. On that day, I remember that the warm-up session was faster than usual and that my fingers were flying over the keys with ease. My attention focused on memories of music I liked, and I found that I could easily play any I wished, it was as if I had been given a key that unlocked all doors. My playing opened up a new reality for me and the only limit was my imagination or memory. Soon I was rocking away, pounding down on the keys to heavy rock, rock and roll and other tunes and melodies I had in my head. I watched myself as I played with crossed hands, using my elbows and even my feet to touch the keys and generate sound, it was a truly remarkable and wonderful experience. I felt immensely grateful at this achievement.

I have no idea of how much time passed during this experience, but I played a long while, until my body was exhausted and so I came away from playing modern tunes and chose a classical style. Not from any composer I could recall, the music I played came from a divine source, as if directly tuned in to channel heaven. As I played, I watched the flames from the open fire in the fireplace behind me dancing in the reflection from the dark polished wood panels of the piano before me. It was as if the flames were dancing to the melody. My motions and rhythm eventually slowed right down until I noticed that the music did not come from the touch of the keys, no, it was produced in the space of silence in between touching the instrument. Time stood still and I bathed in the beautiful sounds until I felt deeply emotional and everything became blurred and as my eyes filled up with tears and I could feel the point when, as if in slow motion, a tier rolled out of the corner of my eye and down my nose, hanging on the end for a moment before falling down on one of the ivory keys of the piano

where it exploded, splashing little droplets all around. Tier after tier queued up and then following the same path whilst I was continuing playing my melody, a tune I have no recollection of today.

And then I must have blacked out because when opening my eyes again I was looking at the piano from a distance and from an angle above. I noticed that I was standing on the 50cm high wall of my fireplace, my arms were stretched out from my left and right side and my feet were crossed at the ankles as if tied together. On my back I felt discomfort and realised it was from the wooden frame of a picture I had bought on one of my business trips to Israel, it was a limited print of a painting depicting the old town of Jerusalem viewed through three arched windows. I became conscious of what was being presented to me, it was as if I had been crucified. At that moment I felt such a strong presence of something so overwhelming that I fell to the floor and prostrated myself to what I felt could only be God.

In 2019, after a prolonged fasting and meditation, it was revealed to me, that in that past life and body, I was a thief and thus I was crucified for punishment.

I remember the direction I was prostrating towards, if so telling. would it prejudice one religion against another? Would it give more justification to bomb and kill more people? I will not provide the details. I spent a long time in that position and then fell into a deep sleep. When I awoke, I was trembling, and I went to bed and slept until my wife returned home from work. That experience I could not share with her, because of my infidelity, our communication had broken down, I could not talk about what I had lived through to any person and kept it locked up inside of me for a very long time.

Somewhere and sometime during the 90 days crossing the western Sahara in 2009, I was told by a Muslim why the strict form of Islam forbids music: „it can take you back to a past death experience and from there, no one can return to their „normal“ life ever again“, he told me.

Back to the mosque in Birmingham; so, yes, I could confirm that I believe in Jesus and so the young man looked pleased and said: „good, then you can become a Muslim, please follow me.“ We walked up some stairs and then in to a huge open room without furniture where we sat down on the carpeted floor under the dome. A few other men joined us and then I was given some very basic background information and a short history about their prophet and how Islam began. I was then asked to confirm my new religion by saying three times:

“La ilah illa Allah, Muhammad rasoolu Allah.”

The translation of which is:

“I testify that there is no true god (deity) but God (Allah), and that Muhammad is a Messenger (Prophet) of God.”

Before I left the mosque. I was given the name Muhammad. A few days later I drove to London to meet another friend with her son Elliott and we spent a day sightseeing together. After saying farewell, I drove to Dover where I just missed the last sailing to France. Never mind, I thought, I was in no rush, had no appointments, I had time and so I checked in to a hotel by the beach. Later I strolled along the boulevard and encountered a strange sign that warned: You are being monitored by surveillance cameras and sound is recorded! Big Brother was here, now, from George Owels', 1984 novel. Did you know his actual name was Eric



Blair? And Tony Blair was the prime minister of the labour government in the UK at that time. He led the country to war against Iraq based on the false reports and lies of weapons of mass destruction and the enormous pressure from the United States of America's president, George W. Bush who warned the world: „You are either with us or against us“. I am writing this chapter, on the 18.12.2011 and the news reports the official end of that war. The statistics: 4500 US soldiers have been killed and 30,000 wounded. No official figures from Iraqi casualties but Opinion Research Business estimated that the death toll between March 2003 and August 2007 was 1,033,000 at a cost to the US taxpayer of \$700 billion.

22.12.2011, news from Baghdad: 8 bombs have exploded in the city killing many. The civil war has started, and it appears the Muslims must go through what Christianity went through in the middle ages. Why all this killing, when it states in a hadith: “The destruction of the Ka'ba, (the Ka'ba is the holiest site in Islam) is nothing compared to one drop of a Muslims blood.”

### *Chapter Two: Walking Within Without*

Back in Switzerland I settled some outstanding business matters but the question regarding my marriage was still unresolved and I went to stay with my sister. On arrival she made many negative remarks about Muslims and I did not feel welcomed. One of her customers from the bar she worked in invited me for a weekend to visit a mountain resort town and so I went along. We stayed up late, he drunk a lot but as a Muslim I did not touch alcohol and only ordered tap water. On the way across the town square some teenagers were calling me names as I walked passed wearing my white turban and wrapped in a white blanket and later the police went to interview them, I guess members of the public called them as it is illegal in Switzerland to make racist remarks, although the courts do not in force it when it comes to trial. In a case where a Police officer called an asylum seeker a dirty asylum-seeking pig, no charges were made against the officer. In my own case in 2013, I told a Police officer that I felt racially abused by his reactions by him for stopping me and controlling my identity and he accused me of calling him a racist and refusing to show my identification. I tried to find justice in the high court in Bern, only to be told that I am the guilty party and must pay fines and legal costs of CHF 6000. but as we know, the law is an ass, I can confirm that. I will never again speak to a policeman or help them in any way, especially after one of them threw me to the ground, took my phone off me and deleted the photo of him and his colleague I took of the two of them. I wanted to show them how threatening they look from my perspective in the situation, as the one officer held his hand on his gun, the other read my passport details. What a State we live in and this is supposedly a free society?

It was 4:30 a.m. when we returned to my friends' apartment and there, I had an impulse and thought to grab my little rucksack and go directly to the station to take a train to the mountains. It would be my preparation for the long walk to Santiago. I said goodbye and watched him stagger into his bedroom as I departed to the train station. There I asked one of the waiting passengers if she could recommend a good place for me to get off to go for a walk.

I have no recall what train I took, where I got off or even the town my friend lived in but there I stood, just after dawn and started my walk up a little lonely path that disappeared in the fog and mist. I kept walking, it kept getting colder. The fog became dense and cold drizzle made the journey difficult, adding to the weather conditions was the fact that I wore the wrong clothes. Very old boots, a thin sweater, a leather biker's jacket and jeans. Hardly the gear to

be going up into the mountains with but I carried on until I was almost climbing. That kept me warm, but the problem was the vision, it went from bad to nothing, until I could hardly see my boots on the ground below me let alone any object or crevasses in front of my next step. Eventually I could go no further and decided to stand still. At first all I could hear was my heavy breathing and when that faded, I felt the blood throbbing through my veins, my heart pounding a strong beat and after a few moments that also slowed down and then a very special kind of peace and tranquillity I had never experienced anything quite like that before, it was like a defining and overwhelming silence! I stood there, like anchored to the mountain, not knowing where up or down was, not having any idea what was around me, it was as if I had fallen in to a big bowl of soup and I started to feel dizzy, the effects of losing my direction made me feel most unstable so I slowly lowered myself down to the ground by touching and feeling around me for a place I could sit. It was a most peculiar sensation to feel so lost and the strange thing was, I did not fear the situation.

In the moment I started to formulate the thought about how I could get myself out of the soup, I thought my eyes were playing tricks on me because looking forward, I could see dark curved lines in the fog. I tried to focus on them, but it was impossible. I rubbed my eyes, looked again and they were still there. But what could it be? Huge, long black lines that appeared to be getting darker, but I could still not focus or make out what or how far away they were. I could feel my heart pounding again, this time with pure adrenalin from excitement.

Slowly the fog around the lines faded away, the lines grew even darker and then..... Wow! Amazing, the fog above me evaporated into thin air and blue skies opened but the huge black lines appeared stronger and curving directly towards me. I was most confused, it just did not seem possible what my eyes were seeing and I could not reason what was going on until the fog lifted completely and like a veil hiding the beauty of a woman, she was looking at me with all her glory and beauty. From below, the left and the right of me the view opened so I could see the mountains and the valley, and only then did it dawn on me: I was looking down and up to a huge glacier! I found out later that is was the Aletch glacier. I stood there taken in that view, speechless to the wonders of nature and then I observed the fog gathering and the veil covering the beauty in mystery once more. The fog appeared and within the space of only a few seconds, my view reduced, not back to zero though but down to about five meters. Anyway, I stood there again glaring out towards the dark lines and suddenly I was overcome with emotion.

I wept very hard and the tears were literally pouring from of my eyes, the experience had touched and deeply impressed me. It had been like a revelation. The wonders of nature and creation! I thanked God for revealing such a sight to me. It was so very impressive, the beauty, the might of it and then, all gone, hidden in a shroud of mist again. I cried until I could cry no longer and then I had to face the challenge of going on. As the vision improved there was no danger and further on, I could make out a stairway of large stones, a formation of rocks that looked like a winding stairway up into heaven as they disappeared into the mist. Just where would these steps take me? As I climbed the steps, I sang the Led Zeppelin, Stairways to heaven classic and wondered if at the top of those steps, would I be meeting my maker. To my disappointment, once out of the fog, I saw a huge gondola lift terminal, I was back into civilisation. God surely works in mysterious, totally unpredictable ways!

### *Chapter Three: Taking on a friend*

I returned to my sister but the next day we had an argument, I was accused of not doing any house work and treating her place like a hotel, I now know that was because she did not understand my chosen path and so it was time to go and after a short visit to Adelboden, my native place of origin, I departed for France on the 11 September 2003. In St. Jean pied de Port, (at the base of the pass) I parked the car and stuck a note inside the windscreen, it read: on my way to Santiago. I drew a small heart, in the hope that they would not tow the car away as I had no idea how long I would be gone for.

On the 4<sup>th</sup> day I came to a large church, it stood there all by itself, no village and no houses around it. I drank from the fountain and was very thankful for the refreshment on that very hot day. I washed my chest and arm pits before entering the church and immediately became fascinated by the pictures painted with oil colours and carved out of the thick wood, raising the images and giving them a 3D effect. They depicted the story of Jesus from Nazareth. At one object I could not move on, I was mesmerised by the subject. I saw how Jesus was down on the ground with the heavy cross pressing into his frail body, towering above him stood a Roman soldier making a threatening gesture and bearing a sword. As I watched this scene, I was overcome with emotion when, as if an angel was singing in a sweet soft tone at an amazing high pitch, I felt tears swelling in my eyes and I started blushing and with tears running down my cheeks and gasping for air I hastily looked around for an exit.

Through the blur I saw a bright light and headed towards it, I noticed other visitors in the church and wanted to get out fast to hide my emotions and then I passed the singing voice. I could make out the shape a habit and noticed it was nun singing, her voice was divine. I have never heard such beauty before, she was singing hallelujah, but I could not stop to listen and enjoy, it was too much for me and I wanted to make an orderly departure from the church. From there I continued my way and I walked, and I walked, crying and asking for forgiveness for my sins and those of the soldiers. I had such empathy with Jesus, my heart felt close to bursting and I walked several hours with tears in my eyes until I could cry no more and then I arrived in the town of Estella (star).

The following morning, I was out of the pilgrims' hostel at about 7 a.m. and on my way again. Just outside the town I noticed eyes watching me from the bushes as I passed. In Shirley Mac Clean's book I had read about many attacks on pilgrims by dogs and I felt a little concerned for my safety although I had my Burmese bamboo walking stick in hand as a walking cane that would serve me as a defensive weapon. Poomchai Lamsam, the president of Muang Thai life insurance Company in Bangkok, a client and business partner of Swiss Re, gave me the walking stick as a present for training his managers in Chiang Mai, northern Thailand. At that time, I could not imagine why he gave me such a present. On our first meeting in London, he gave me a beautifully carved, wooden elephant. Back to the walk; suddenly a shadow appeared on the path behind me but it was still too dark to make out exactly what kind of dog it was. I made sure I kept enough distance between us and walked on. Every now and again I would turn to look and noticed it was following me at about 10 – 20 paces distance. I thought nothing of it and was sure it would go away soon. I had forgotten that, as a child, I expressed the wish to own a German Shepard dog and when the day light appeared, I could fully appreciate the beauty of the animal.

I named him Tog. In English dog spelt backwards is god. Because he was a German Shepard dog, I took the word "Gott" the word for God in German, spelt backwards: Tog, dropping one

T. That was in 2003. I write this in 2011 and sadness overcomes me as it pains me not to be with him. After walking the way to Santiago and on to Finisterre and back to St John pier d Port, we spent 4 years together. After my first 3 horses were stolen, I wished for a family and three days later, Mel come with her dog, a huge “Bordeou Dogge” and Tog departed a week later. Mel was pregnant 3 months later. My wish for a child shooed away my best friend. When I started writing this extract of my book, I lived in a region of Switzerland known as Toggenburg, that's like Tog's castle. I have many fond memories of my dearest friend and companion; Tog my dog. Wherever you are boy, I love you and thank you for all your help and companionship on our long journey together. Tog was so amazing, he learnt German in less than 5 days; on command he could sit, lay down, wait and heal. Most of my commands were later sent telepathically and we made a wonderful team. A Canadian pilgrim told me in Santiago that watching us together was the highlight of his walk.

### *Chapter Four: Baptism 2<sup>nd</sup> time*

So we returned to Switzerland after walking over 1000 miles and before visiting the apartment block in Horgen to see if my wife was home, I stopped at my accountant's office to sign some papers and then hopped back in the car thinking I could wait to go for a pee until I get to the apartment. The evening traffic delayed me at a junction and after a while I could not hold on any longer. To my good fortune I was still wearing my Gore-Tex walking trousers, I sat there surrounded by traffic peeing in my trousers. It was a very strange feeling but what a great relief it was to let go! Cars and pedestrians passing by as I sat there peeing my pants, a very strange and new sensation. You may be concerned about my prostate gland, but I am and was actually very healthy. As I was used to walking in nature and peeing very soon after the first sensation, I had lost the ability to hold on very long, it's like a muscle, if you don't use it, you lose it. So that's why my fellow brothers, you are advised to stop peeing in the middle of doing your business, it keeps your prostate active and healthy. For the middle-aged men around 40, you should also include pumpkin seeds in your regular diet; I personally enjoy them with salad or muesli.

I arrived some ten minutes later by the apartment and parked the car, then I slowly bent over and opened my boot laces, carefully removed boots and socks, lifted my legs out of the car and let the clear urine flow down on to the ground. I had walked in nature and drunken lots of water, my urine looked clear like water. If yours is dark and misty, it's advisable for you to drink 3 litres of good water a day, we all should. I filter my tap water and let it rest and charge in a crystal carafe with healing rose quartz, elite shungite and mountain crystals. I shook the last drops off and put socks and shoes back on and walked towards the house. Some distance away from the main entrance I could hear carol singing and was most surprised, wondering who would listen to such music. As I climbed the stairs, I saw a group of 5 people standing in front of the apartment singing a carol and I felt deeply touched. I had just driven 24 hours from France and arrived home on that day, 6<sup>th</sup> December as I planned to do when I added my name to the pilgrims list in one of the most wonderful hostels in Spain. In a ceremony monks take a note of your name and date you intend to arrive in Santiago, of course on the way back, I predicted my return for this day and about that time too, the monks would be reading out my name and blessing me that very same moment. And there I stood, close to tears as my neighbour, Mr Siegenthaler greeted me with a warm smile and friendly handshake and handed me a basket of fruits and nuts. He had no idea that I had gone away. He was the neighbour from across the busy „Seestrasse“ and in the winter months we would not have met much because I didn't park my motorbike by his garden.

After they finished singing, I was introduced to the choir of 4 missionaries and then Mr Siegenthaler invited me to church the following Sunday. „If I can take Tog I would come“, I agreed. So, I did, and my experience was mostly positive, although to my disappointment, they refused to allow Tog inside the church. I befriended several English-speaking families and children, I also agreed to be visited by the missionaries to study the bible and other scriptures. Some months later we prepared for my baptism that took place in the lake Zurich on 4<sup>th</sup> July 2004. My Dad and Fiona came from England to watch it. It was a special event also for the 50 other guests and I thank all involved for making it possible, especially Richard Siegenthaler who baptised me, I shall never forget it. I officially became a Christian, with papers, a certificate for my baptism and later the confirmation and priesthood to the restored church of Jesus Christ and his latter-day Saints.

### *Chapter Five: One Woman*

Not long after my baptism I took off again. I had nowhere to live in Switzerland as I had to give up my offices and the room in the loft above the office where I slept with Tog. I paid the 4 months back rent for the time I was away and left the country with Fiona. I had persuaded her to walk the St. James way. We drove to Hungary in the camper to meet her parents where I had to calm their concerns and fears they had about their young daughter walking such a long way by herself. After meeting them we spent a couple of months travelling around Hungary and then headed out towards Spain. I dropped Fiona off in St. John and we planned to meet up occasionally but nothing organised, it was her journey.

After about 2 weeks serving the pilgrims from the camper, I met a French pilgrim named Thomas in a small village. He told me in a strong French accent, think inspector Clouseau: "Ju most gew zu de vilage ver der is no loh" translation: (You must go to the village where there is no law") no what?... loh...what? Oh, you mean law, he was not asking me if I knew of a village in the mountains where there was no law. At first it did remind me of a Pink Panther sketch, due to his French accent but his message had a mystery to it that left no room for humour. He was very firm and adamant that I should go to that village. I was intrigued. I had left the financial system, my career, home, wife and most possessions behind me and faced an opportunity to visit a hidden community in the mountains of Spain. I was ready to go the next day and followed the instructions Thomas had sketched on a flimsy piece of paper.

I arrived in the parking above the village that evening. Someone knocked on the door just as I sat down for a cup of tea. I opened and looked at a young muscular man with long blond hair; he greeted me in a friendly Swiss dialect as he had probably spotted the Zurich number plates on the camper. I invited him in and the first thing he noticed was the pan bread (chapatti) I had made that morning and he asked if he could try some. I offered him and he ate, tasting and inspecting it as if a connoisseur. I later discovered that he often baked for the village in huge traditional clay ovens. He approved of my pan bread and in return handed me a bag of fresh sweet chestnuts. I liked that very much, a good trade and I introduced myself to him and he told me his name was Jessie, then he spotted my WW1 Swiss army rucksack with the bayonet attack knife attached. He was about to pull the blade out of the cover when our eyes met. I shook my head slightly and said: „That is only ever drawn to kill.“ He gently put it back in its place and left the camper wishing me a nice time. Little was I to know then that 4 years later he would try and strangle me to death.

Me and Tog walked down to the village and after a short wonder about I felt no desire to stay any longer, so we walked the 30 minutes back up and tried to drive away. The front wheels



span on the damp mountain rock and the steep hill made driving off impossible with my load. We were not going anywhere until things dry up, I told Tog, and so I reversed back down and parked the camper in the parking. Soon I met an English man named Nick who came to tell me that I wasn't in a good place and that I should park up on the island; I did what I was told. Nick would become my highest ever challenge, we would one day have a fight and he feared to have killed me as residents of the village with no law carried me on a stretcher up to the parking to be driven to the hospital 20 miles away.

After about 3 months living in the parking, the man who scouted and found the deserted village 17 years ago Uli, the first pioneer, came to the camper one morning asking me to take a mobile phone down to his daughter and her mother, Alicia. I didn't know the woman, but we had met briefly. once when one night, I overtook two women walking down to the village, but we never spoke or even caught eye contact. I didn't even know where she lived. „Just walk down and then east, about 10 minutes you will see a house in the wolfs valley “ , he pressed the phone in my hand and was gone. So, Tog and I went on our mission. We found the path leading east and into a beautiful valley I had not seen before. Walking over the ridge I spotted a very interesting looking house, built in the familiar tipi shape, where the smoke vents would be in the tipi a window kept the heat of the fire inside the wooden construct. Many of the village houses were built in the same style but this one had a very large extension out to the back and solar panels on the roof.

We came to the porch and I knocked on the door. „Passar“, enter, a strong female voice replied. I pulled the door open and stepped in, I told Tog to wait outside. A strange sight met me: In a huge bed lay a young girl with a bandaged head, a plastic tube inserted in her nose and attached to a machine blinking and peeping softly in the background. The bed was raised high above the ground with plenty of storage space underneath. The round room was made with friendly wooden panels and many dried herbs hung from the ceiling and filled glass pots. A large stove with a glass door fireplace kindling gentle flames made for a warm reception and the kitchen to the left with a wooden table, bench and stools to sit on. Alicia stood by the gas stove making coffee and invited me to have one. I asked for tea and explained that I had come to return her mobile phone. „That is Eowyn“, her mother introduced me in good English with a strong Spanish accent, catching my glimpse over to the bed where her daughter lay. I was invited to sit down by the table. I introduced myself and we shook hands, then Tog scratched the door and I asked for him to be let in and he took the place by my feet. It was dry weather, so Alicia said she did not mind a well-behaved dog inside.

Alicia explained that Eowyn had recently undergone open brain surgery to remove a tumour and that she was back from hospital for only a few days. That was remarkable and I was amazed how well she looked at this early stage of recovery. Her mother was a remarkable woman too, wearing her long black hair tied back in a thick plat, and she wore tight jeans and a nice colourful blouse with a waste coat over the top. She looked like Native American with a distinct Spanish parentage. We spoke all day; we spoke throughout the night and the next day and the following night. And the day and night after that and another day and another night, we spent 5 full days and 4 full nights talking, without sleep. I know, hard to believe but that is what we did. I left the house to fetch water as the pipes to the house froze up and to walk and feed Tog, but we did spend all the other time together talking. There were moments, early morning when instead of sitting and talking to Alicia I was facing my mother or my sister and having detailed conversations with them about things only they could know about. I was being told things by Alicia as if she represented all women, every mother, every sister and I every man. It was the most remarkable thing that I have ever encountered.



On the 5<sup>th</sup> day, Eowyn had an appointment for a check-up in hospital. At that stage, Alicia and I had arrived at a peak in our remarkable encounter. She wanted to enter a woman-man relationship with me, and I did not, as I wanted to keep my priest hood vows and stay celibate. Under that stand-off, we separated, I met a pilgrim in the village, and we walked together on the way to Santiago. The village with no law, Matavenero, is 7,5 km from the route, close to Foncebadon and Manjarin.

### *Chapter Six: Prepare for the light*

In the village of La Faba I turned back to Matavenero where I returned after 10 days. On the way I had decided to discover and learn about the ways the people lived there in that community. It meant I would enter a relationship with Eowyn's mother as man and wife with a clear understanding of our roles and responsibilities. To generate income, we worked together at medieval markets. Alicia read tarot cards and spun wool and I sold amulets and stones. We were the witch and wizard of the market, officially. We hardly had to dress up, I always wore the same kind of clothes, but she wore a long skirt, instead of tight jeans especially when she spun wool. At the costal resorts we earned €2,500 over a long weekend, enough to live on up in the mountains, rent free, pay for the diesel and insurance on the van to be legal. That was important as I drove the older children living in the community to college. One of them was, Eowyn's 14-year-old brother, Kevin. Aged 13 he killed his first wild boar with a knife. He and the other teenagers from the village went to a college in Ponferrada all week and had to be dropped off on Monday mornings and picked up again Friday afternoons. With Alicia, I had bought a VW truck that was licensed and insured for 7 passengers and that was just about right to carry all the children from Matavenero to school and back. Funny, the kids of the hippies insisted they go to school, as not to be disadvantaged against their friends from town. But a couple of years later, some of them saw the system for what it was and stopped going, their parents lost financial benefit payments from the state. It is as if the parents get paid for sending children to school.

One night, I was awoken suddenly, and I didn't know why. Alicia was fast asleep and as I looked for signs from Tog, he was flat out too. I lay there still and listened carefully, but nothing seemed out of the norm. However, I felt something was different and could not think about trying to sleep again, I was wide awake, so I carefully climbed out of bed and stood at the window looking east. To my surprise, Tog didn't raise an eye, ear or his head, as if he was knocked out. Standing by the large patio window I looked out, over the valley below. Suddenly I noticed a bright light above me but when I directed my focus to it, I could not notice any special or brighter stars in that part of the sky and so I looked straight ahead again. But then it appeared above me again, I was seeing a bright light out of the corner of my left eye but it disappeared as soon as I tried to look at it and that process repeated a few times before I decided not to directly look at the point of the light, instead to slowly lift my head and allow my eyes to only glance vaguely in that general direction and that worked.

The light grew stronger, a very bright amber colour providing me with an immense sensation of joy, warmth, and feeling of belonging and love. These sensations grew so strong that I felt I could take no more and the memory returned of what happened to me after playing my piano and how long it took for me to recover. I felt a sensation of panic and wished for the light to go away. As soon as I had that thought, the light reduced and soon my heart rate dropped to a less hammering pace. I breathed in and out deeply and wondered if I might be sleep-walking. No way, I was wide awake, I even pinched myself. Tog still lay on his blanket as if comatose and Alicia was fast asleep in bed, no movement from anywhere. My glance turned back to the clear dark skies again and without words I asked if I could be shown the same beautiful light

again and without hesitation it came back and soaked me with a most incredible feeling of joy, love, happiness and wellbeing. This time I bathed longer in the light and could take it up to a higher level than before but that point did eventually arrive and when my heart was thumping too hard again I asked the light to please give me another break.

The light faded away and I took time to recover again, breathing in and out slowly and deeply. As soon as I felt relaxed enough, I wanted more and repeated the same process again. It was a truly wonderful experience and I expressed my deepest gratitude to God for shining on me like that. Suddenly I was overcome by a strong feeling of tiredness, so I returned to bed and before falling asleep a question started to float around in my mind: What was that all about? What should I do with what had just happened to me? I do not know where the answer came from, but a voice told me: „share what you have experienced with others“. I do this now. Thank you for reading. In the meantime, I know that this light will be the light some of us will see on what some refer to “the second coming of Jesus Christ”.

### *Chapter Seven: Near death experience*

After six months living with Alicia we went to pick up 3 horses I bought from a near by village and on the same day we returned to Matavenero, Alicia and I split up. I actually kept the gelding (castrated male horse) with me in the parking and Alicia took the mother Rosie and her 3 month old foal „Schätzi“ (treasure) down to her house. Later that evening, Jürgen, the owner of Pasha, a wonderful horse, came up the path with the mother and foal. After he tied the mother up, he knocked on my door and told me that Alicia wants nothing to do with them. He left and soon after heavy dark clouds rolled over above the parking and the skies turned black. Heavy winds blew up the dust and dirt and an electric storm unleashed flash lightning that lit up the night skies followed by shocking thunder that shook the camper through most of the night. I never experienced anything like it before. In the morning the two horses Rosie and Schätzi were no longer there where Jürgen had tied Rosie, but I found them close to where I tied Hola, the male horse. Considering they were my first horses I owned I was learning hard and fast. Separating them the day before was not easy as Alicia walked away with the two leaving me holding back a fully grown male horse of 17 hands and that was only possible with my full mental powers of persuasion as I promised that he would see his family again the following day and there they now all stood grazing together after the storm. I knew then that I would learn a great deal from this family.

One day Nick came to the camper and tried to persuade me to visit Alicia. His girlfriend and new-born baby boy were with her and he suggested that we could all have dinner together. After nagging me for a couple of hours I finally agreed but somehow didn't feel good, I had a strange stomach, but I tied Rosie up and rode down on Hola. I tied him up in the stone oak forest close to the house and due to the pain, strolled slowly over to the house. It was strange to be back there again, Alicia came out but was most unfriendly and cold towards me, she was still suffering the loss of her daughter, Eowyn.

I felt terrible pain in my abdomen, and I could not eat or drink anything. Alicia, a skilled naturalist knowing all healing plants showed no sympathy. She made snide remarks and my pains worsened. I know pain from that region, as a 6-year-old I was taken to hospital after laying three days with appendix pains. It ruptured and I lost consciousness from the pain. I passed out after the ambulance man rushed me into the ambulance over his shoulder; there was no time for a stretcher. A few days before, the house doctor claimed I was making up the pains, trying to avoid going to school.

I believe I died that night but have not had any recall about where I went to (I'm still working on it) but I know I was full of poison and the doctors in the hospital pulled me back to this world. I woke up, the pain had gone, although I felt discomfort from underneath the bandage on my right side. Ruptured appendix: it is written in one version of the bible (there are 900 different versions), that the second coming of Christ (for the Christians and Moslems) it is referred to as the rapture. I looked this word up in a dictionary and found the most interesting parallel:

*Rapture, the condition of joyous ecstasy, resulting from feelings of high emotions, the art to transport a person from one sphere of existence to another. (Sphere: Walk of life).*

In my case I believe I caused my appendix to rupture to seek attention from both of my parents, my intention being to unite them, to bring them back together again having a strong desire to be part of a normal family. In my case, sadness and depression were the triggers of my rupture/rapture. In my situation the high emotions were based on negative feelings of sorrow and sadness and I was close to being transported to another existence, another walk of life, or you may call it... death. However, the doctors put me back together again.

### *Chapter Eight: Real death experience*

Back to the Spanish mountains where I had bad stomach pains: It was night-time, and we sat out by the fire but the pain I was experiencing was extraordinary. I had to get up. It was a huge effort, but my motivation was strong: I had to check on my horse. The forest was a dangerous place to tie a horse, especially on a path with a slope. It is how Jürgen lost his horse Pasha. In those moments, I was ready to die; I did not care any more and was willing to die if my time had come. However, I stayed by my convictions that my actions had been the right ones, all the ways I had so far taken in my life. The pain was incredibly strong, but I stood and slowly walked the path back to my horse, now bent over slightly to ease the pain, barefoot I limped towards the forest, into the darkness.

As I arrived at the point where I thought the horse should be, I heard a loud thud and was suddenly lifted up into the air and then started to fly backwards through space and also, time. During the flight, I heard a voice, very clearly but I can't say if it was male or female, it spoke: „You have three options: You can come home“, and with that I had images of the most amazing planets and stars and galaxies, it reminded me of the film Contact with Jodie Foster on what she saw travelling in free fall. Or the 2<sup>nd</sup> option: „you will land and be crippled, receiving much pity and attention from people“ I saw images of me in a wheelchair and people around caring for me, or the third: „you can get up and carry on in this life, with your body intact.“ Without hesitation I took option no.3!

And with that I landed hard and looked up through the oak tree leaves into the starry skies. Not dead yet I thought and tried to get up. To my surprise, the pain in the stomach region was less than before but I still felt uncomfortable and I could not move because I was bare foot, in a short skirt (Indian style) and entangled in black berry shrubs. I called for help. Once, twice, and then on the third call Nick heard me and came equipped with a torch. „What the fuck are you doing down there? “ he shouted with his typical grace from the path above. „I was kicked by my horse“ I replied, „just help me up, shine the light over here so I can get away from these bloody thorns, pull me away from them!“

He did and I stood up on me feet, I was shaking. He looked me over and said, „If it were my horse , I would punch his lights out “. I said, „Well, I am glad he is not your horse then “. I walked over and stroked Hola's nose and knew that he had done what he had to do, it was his mission. I told Nick that I probably surprised him, and he reacted in self-defence. I knew this not to be true. I felt that Hola had a role in me making the decision to stay here in this world. He was used to test my resolve and commitment to stay on my mission. The pain went away slowly but I did not stay at Alicia's. Nobody there seemed to believe that I had been kicked in the stomach by my horse. I couldn't blame them; there were absolutely no signs, not a mark on my body! (2 days later I was black and blue and very saw) I went to get Hola and we both walked slowly back up to the camper, I thought that riding him would be more uncomfortable and getting up on him too difficult..

### *Chapter Nine: Like a woman scorned*

I had a great surprise when I got home. On the grass, or I could say in my garden by the camper, I met with 5 very beautiful ladies. They had made a camp with blankets and sheep skins and when they saw me, asked if it was alright to spend the night there. Of course, I welcomed their company and I was invited to join the two mothers with their 3 young daughters, ranging from 6 months to 6 years old. They had been to the city shopping and didn't want to trek down the mountain in the dark at that hour. We had a splendid time, laying on our backs, looking up into the skies above, sharing stories and watching out for shooting stars.

One by one, each one of us glided away into their very own mysterious realm of the dream time. Close before falling asleep, the one lady I was closest to started breathing in a rhythm that, if I was not mistaken, could only be as if she were experiencing an orgasm. I could hear and feel her breath, it was one of the most beautiful experiences I ever had without ever touching a woman. Compared to that, the next morning was a rather shocking contrast as we were woken by the shrill voice of Alicia who came up to the camper and on seeing the picture of us all laying there huddled together so cosy she started screaming unpleasant words at us before she entered the camper. She reappeared a short time later holding my classical wooden ship's helm shouting hysterically something about being the captain of her own ship. We all watched in stunned silence as she disappeared through the foliage and after a short moment of silence, we all started laughing to release our tension.

### *Chapter Ten: Safe Sex*

I know that what I had experienced is possible as other women told me about it personally. It happened when I left the house in York to drive to Nottingham where Fiona, my Hungarian friend lived. She had invited the princess and me to her house-warming party but on arrival I told her the news that I had been kicked out and separated from the princess and asked if I could sleep on her sofa. They didn't have one and I was invited to share the same bed with her. I asked her to respect my celibacy and in the morning, I woke up looking at her satisfied smile and I thought to myself: oh no! I didn't, did I? She told me that she had the most amazing orgasm, without any physical contact with me by just laying by my side. It is for sure the best form of sexual experience, no physical contact, no disease, no unwanted babies, pure love, and full passion.

## *Chapter Eleven: The Test*

Horses too want to get physical and when my baby horse Schätzi turned about 6 months old I had several occasions where she really tested and provoked me. Eventually, I stopped tying one of the adult horses up (when one is tied, they all stay close by) and let them free, trusting that they knew where the best food is and space was plenty in the mountains around us. That decision however caused considerable debate in the village but I left them free so they could enjoy their life. I thought it rather ironic that the free-living hippies wanted to tie up horses. Most days I would scout them down and find them somewhere in the not too distant surroundings from where the camper was parked.

The son and daughter of Panda, Eowyns' cat would sometimes come with me and Tog. The boy I named Bamboo and the female, Booboo. Have you ever been for a run in the mountains with house cats? They turn into real cats there! They find high ground like rocks or fallen branches poking up through the long grass to climb on to from where they have a better view of their surroundings. We would run together and stop every now and again to look out for the horses, the cats would find their vantage positions and stand on the top of whatever peak and look around panting, their mouths wide open and tongues hanging out, dribbling with saliva like dogs do but when cats do it... wow, seeing their teeth like that, a real treat it's like being with the big ones, amazing experience.

One day I found the three horses grazing in long grass and went to sit by them. After a while I sensed something was about to happen as Schätzi was acting strangely and it appeared that she and her mum were involved in a silent conversation, I could tell from how they kept looking at me and at each other but I could not understand what was going on and at the moment I looked over to Hola to seek his advice, Schätzi took a jump towards me and hit me full on with her chest. I fell back and rolled over a few times but was otherwise not injured only slightly dazzled. I sat up and met six pairs of eyes fixed on me and then it became clear to me, they were now waiting for my reaction. I was being tested, big time. Just how would I respond? Would I flip out and strike back, sulk or run home crying? Well, none of the above! I smiled and rubbed my neck and did some stretching exercises.

## *Chapter Twelve: A Horse Scorned*

The testing resulted as part of a selection process I assume because soon after that incident, Schätzi came to me one day, intrusively nudging up to me and seeking bodily contact. Suddenly she quickly turned around and walked backwards towards me, her tail twisted to one side and her private part winked at me repeatedly. That little rascal! She was offering herself to me, without any doubt! I slapped her hard on her back side and shoved her away. She come back for more and then.... even tried to mount me!

Now this was getting serious! I had to take her away from the adult animals and we went for a little chat. It is not easy to explain morality to a horse, but I tried, and she listened, carefully, to every word. „I love you my darling but not to do that with you, OK? Let's be best friends and have a good time when we are together.“ Sadly, the same pattern happens every time when I say these words to any female, just the time period varies:

Three days later I had the sensation of a large vacuum, a great emptiness and a depression started to fill my space. I run up the mountain with Tog, into the valley and looked in all the places the horses liked to be, but I felt they were going further and further away from me at a



fast pace. I came to one of the dirt road junctions where I discovered tyre prints in the dust, left by a heavy trailer and according to the tracks, a 4x4 pulling it. I could clearly see hoof prints ending abruptly where they were loaded into the trailer. I could replay the whole scene by reading the signs, I was furious; I knew that my three horses had been stolen and driven away! *Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned, nor hell a fury like a horse scorned.*"

### *Chapter Thirteen: Resisting Temptation*

Let's talk some more about sex. Or if you are prudish or just not in the mood, go to chapter 14 now. The hippies did actually have a law in the village: she was the self-elected president. In the early years of the village she was also known as the „Queen of the common bed“. Oh yes, the wild hippies experimented with „free love“. This lady really knew how to use her “recourses” and held on to her power even after establishing a steady relationship with a man on the run from the Polish police.

Based on North American Indian tradition, the political system of Matavenero was established on the consensus method amongst all the residents. One vote was enough to hold up a proposal concerning the community. If that person obtained a second vote to support them, the proposal would be thrown out. Guess what happened.... that couple dominated the village for years. In the process they accumulated personal fortunes from hunting rights and drug deals. Having an uncle in the higher ranks of the nearby city police department helped the president to smooth over any opposition.

At a village meeting one day a lady expressed her opinion that enough trees were cut down and it was time to stop. The Polish rogue had bought himself a motorised chain saw and was using it against the wishes of the residents due to its noise and petrol consumption. He told the lady: „You live in a wooden house with your young son, is that so? Then be careful; that could burn down.“ That lady gave birth to her son close where my daughter was born. That gave her no rights. I was kicked out of their community too, like so many who did not bow to the ruling elite but there were also some other reasons I will explain later. The village political system was eventually changed to a 75% majority vote rule. Ironically, that system was introduced by me as I had become so disillusioned that the consensus system was not working. After an incident I was involved in, the man I had inspired to leave Germany to come and join the community in Matavenero was asked to collect signatures from the residents. The majority ruled that I should be sent away. That vote was in fact illegal, as their new political system had never been accepted by all the residence. Matavenero, the village with no law, where the strongest dominate based on basic animal law, the tougher survive.

Anyway, back to the sex. Young horses 6 months old and even young girls at 6 years? The prophet of the Moslems, Mohammad, allegedly married a 6-year-old girl and had at least 9 wives. 10.01.2012, News at 13.00 on Swiss radio DRS: In Switzerland a 13 year old will give birth to her child in April, her boyfriend is at the same „Realschule“ high school somewhere in canton Bern! Real school? Mahatma Gandhi married a 13-year-old. But then we have different laws, as our children must go to school and study and then find work, is that right?

One day, the 6-year-old girl who slept with her mother on my lawn the one night before came to visit me with her mother and asked if she could spend the day at my camp. I was delighted; she was an adorable little angel. We had a great time together on a beautiful summer's day. We cooked lunch over the open fire and in the afternoon, we watered the plants, flowers, and trees I had planted around the camp. Naturally, like with all kids playing with a hose pipe, we



engaged in a water fight and she was soaked. I suggested she hang her clothes up to dry in the hot sun and we relaxed inside the camper, in the cool shade.

We sat at the table opposite each other and I was reading a book, she was drawing. After a while I noticed, from the corner of my eye, that she had sat back and was playing with what appeared to be her private parts out of my sight of vision. I continued to read, hoping she would stop soon but she was getting more worked up, so I decided to act. I cleared my throat and placed my book down on the table and looked at her until she established eye contact with me, then I said: „, please do not do that in front of me, one day you will find a boy your age.“ I picked up my book again and read on. She went back to her drawing. About an hour later it was time for her to go home, her clothes were dry, she dressed, we said goodbye and she ran down towards the village. The angel of temptation?

A few days later I shared my story with Nick , I added that I was glad I was not put in that situation 10 years ago, as I was not sure if I could have controlled my sexual impulses then. Although I have never felt any such desires, I was sexually very active as a younger man but many of my girlfriends were actually older than me. The next day I went to buy bread in the village and in the shop, I was verbally and nearly physically attacked by the village president who accused me of molesting a young child! Thanks to Nick's version of my story, I was accused of being a paedophile! Translated from Greek: a friend of children. And that I am but in these dark times, our society takes the meaning of this word to indicate a perverted sexual interest in young children. That I do not have, and I pray for the suffering to end. However, that was not the reason I was told to leave the village, no, on that occasion the mothers came together and trusted me until another incident I shall describe later.

One day a village resident came up to the parking and sat with me under the cool shelter of the oak stone trees close to the camper. He was a father of five children and started telling me about events he experienced early that morning when he woke up being shaken as if someone was bouncing around on the bed. When he looked up he found that his son was having sex with his younger daughter aged about 4 and 5. I was speechless, failing to find any words to say but I wanted to know what he did next. „I did nothing“ he said. I was shocked and feeling well out of my comfort zone but thinking about it, it was the best he could do. If he had shouted at them, they would have been traumatised for the rest of their lives. However, I think that I may have said something to them, like... ehm... what though? It is forbidden!? You are too young?... stop it, only husband and wife do it? I do however have the innate feeling though that brothers and sisters should not be doing it.

Anyway, that event encouraged me to pick up a book by Osho I had stopped reading a year ago when I came to the part where he writes about; children should be free to investigate and experiment with their bodies. A very controversial issue and I believe that children should keep their innocence and chastity and not fall for animal kind of lusts and addictions. In the village a friend told me she had been sexually abused by an adult from the age of three! That is clearly a crime and when men step across that line of moral decency, they for sure enter hell, where I cannot imagine there will be any return from. The case of Epstein is the tip of the iceberg and it is my opinion that any sexual offenders admitting such crimes or convicted with DNA evidence, should be sterilised as there can be little chance of healing such perversion of the mind. My attitude may appear prehistoric but unless I can be convinced otherwise, I stay with this belief.

## *Chapter Fourteen: Past Life Experience*

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of December, Winter solstice, 2005 I experienced another interesting situation. I was still with Alicia and we walked up to the village central fireplace to celebrate the shortest day and the longest night of the year and on the way, I had an encounter with a young lady. When we met and faced each other, time stood still, it was as if walking through a portal, back in time into another reality. My surroundings totally changed to another dimension to standing in a large audience who were enjoying a feast and celebrating a wedding. I appeared to be a respected and influential character and the host and groom marrying this beautiful young lady standing before me, we were all shining and very happy.

Then I noticed a tugging at my arm and Alicia pulled me back in to the here and now reality. I was left in a confused state of mind that evening trying to process the images I had experienced. I found it difficult to take my eyes off the girl and later we introduced our selves to her parents as she played with her brother. We became friends with this new family who had moved from England in the hope of establishing a new life in Spain, full of illusions of course but ever so friendly and easy to get along with. I would never deliberately try to see the young girl, but we met many times in the village or when walking Tog, by coincidence as one likes to say but I actually know there are no coincidences. She of course fell in love with Tog and we always enjoyed our moments together but soon I became concerned after Alicia raised the subject one day, asking me what the connection was with the young girl. Therefore, I made the decision to confront the issue directly as I felt obliged to take some action as Alicia had expressed her doubts, driven by her own insecurities and tainted by her past experiences of unfaithful men. And this is what I did; I telepathically called for the young girl to come visit me at Alicia's house. The following morning Alicia suddenly announced she had to go out, packed a few things and left the house in a sudden haste. Five minutes later there was a knock on the door, I opened to the young girl and invited her to join me in the garden where we enjoyed the warm morning sunshine. I said „my dear, you are 10 years old and I fear our relationship is going to cause people around us a great deal of trouble and we will have to stop meeting each other. When we met, I saw back into another life, a past life. That is no longer, we have a new life today and we cannot go back to that past. I wish you can look upon me as a grandfather figure or as a friendly uncle, but I cannot be more than that." When I had finished I noticed how her attention drifted away and her face turned blank and expressionless, I couldn't determine any emotion in her, she said nothing, just sat there staring at me with her big beautiful chestnut coloured eyes until I told her that it was time for her to now leave and to go back home to her parents.

The next time I visited the house to meet her parents; I noticed a very different behaviour from her. I could clearly tell she was 10 years old and I felt that I was responsible for this new, childish behaviour of trying to get my attention and she appeared obsessed with being the centre of attention when any other children were about. I was still living with Alicia for Eowyn's 13<sup>th</sup> birthday party and coping with the young girl's attention seeking became exceedingly difficult amidst a room of 15 other children. It was a very special occasion and Eowyn was looking great, she was up, walking about and enjoying the day. It would have been impossible to think that she would be dead only a few months later!

## Chapter Fifteen: Reincarnation

I was living back in my camper when Eowyn departed her human body. Only a few weeks before, Tog and I had been walking up the steep path from the village to the parking, when I became aware of a very bright light behind one of the bends and as I approached I met Eowyn on her way down to the village. She was radiating pure brilliant light and on reaching her, I threw myself down to her feet and kneeling, held her frail hands in mine. We exchanged no words and for what seemed eternity, I stayed in that position in front of her until she moved away, continuing her way, slowly and timidly down to the village. I watched and I cried as she disappeared from my vision. On the day she died, I felt her spirit visit me and I sent the signal to Uli, her physical father using the prearranged code: three beeps on the walkie-talkie.

After they voted me to move away from the village I moved up higher into the mountains, close to where a French friend of mine lived, he was building himself a house close to a pilgrims hostel run by modern day Templar Knights and he also owned a horse, actually he was looking after it for his daughter. To keep that horse company, I bought a young stallion named Lucifer by the owners but within just a few months I was also told to leave from that place under threats of violence by some lawless bandits living close by. Under intimidation and threats I abandon my camper and moved close to the ranch where I bought Lucifer from. I lived in a small Piago van. On the day I arrived, as I walked the way up to the ranch, I noticed a horse some distance away in a field and by its movements I determined she was about to give birth. Carefully and from a respectful distance I watched the process and witnessed the birth of a most wonderful creature, I was the first human on earth she met. Later I was told it was Sachari who gave birth to the beautiful fowl. Three days later the owners, a family with two children named the new baby: Eowyn. I was sure that I was present at the reincarnation of Eowyn Estrella, daughter of Alicia, as she preferred to introduce herself to people.

*In the news: Yesterday, 9<sup>th</sup> Jan. 2012, Philipp Hildebrand Head of the Swiss National Bank resigned under allegations of insider trading, he nearly got away with it by first claiming (blaming) his wife gave the information, then a smart person in the bank broke the law and leaked a copy of his email. The Swiss Prime Minister gave him her fullest support up to the last minute. And the likes of you and me have to bow to their human made laws, but the older I get I feel a strong rebellion, a force of moral conscience that does not allow me to and I rather go to prison, like Ghandi, my hero who went to jail many times to get the British to leave his country. Problem being these mafia bangsters and politicians claim also to be citizens of my country. I hope that they too will see the light soon, in the meantime, I follow Gods /universal laws and I submit to him/them only. I ask that no man/woman is so stupid to stand in my way.*

A few months later, I was asked to form a rainbow horse caravan. The rainbow movement was established after the Woodstock festival in the 1970s. Many elders and prominent people recognised the fact that the Hippy movement had no future if the young continued the heavy drug and alcohol consumption. It was decided at council in a circle to establish contact and meet with spiritual and shamanic leaders of the native inhabitants of the Americas to seek advice. I was told that the rainbow movement is based on Native culture and prophesy: When the children of the white men grow their hair long, wear beads and stop doing what their fathers do and seek to live pure lives in harmony with nature and heal others, these children will be known as the rainbow warriors.

Another message to you from the Cree; When you have killed the last buffalo, cut the last tree, poisoned the last river and killed the last fish, try to eat your money.“

Or so I was told, in fact, after my xfather-in-law did some research, I was told that in 2015, a group of Native American scientists and writers issued a statement against members of the Rainbow Family who "appropriate and practice false Native American ceremonies and beliefs. Although Rainbows may not recognize this, they dehumanized us as a Native American nation because they are our own implied culture and humanity as our country is to everyone. "The signatories explicitly called this embezzlement "cultural exploitation"

Usually the "prophecy" is called Hopi or Cree. This "prophecy", however, is not Native American at all, but comes from a 1962 Evangelical Christian religious area! Titled Warriors of the Rainbow by William Willoya and Vinson Brown of Naturegraph Publishers. Brown is the founder and owner of Naturegraph Publishers.

It was an attack on Aboriginal culture. It was an attempt to evangelise within the Native American community!

We always recognise what is right and wrong, it sometimes takes time to overcome the ego. No further structures are necessary to be able to act in the right way.

A true statement I have found, was this from the First Nation people:

*"We have to protect the forests for our children, for our grandchildren and for the children who are just being born. We must protect the forests for those who cannot do it themselves, such as birds, animals, fish and trees."*

Qwatsinas - Nuxalk Nation

*Dear reader, I do consider myself a rainbow child, I am reborn and for this incarnation I chose to be born to an English father and Swiss mother, and live in the midst of a civilisation that has destroyed so much of the earth's resources and species in only a few decades. I do not come to revenge my ancestors, I come with a request for common sense: Turn around, return to nature! You know the way: away from money, greed and material possessions. Love and respect towards your environment, fellow human beings, animals, plants and trees. Today, NOW!*

*Eric Alan Westacott Hari*

The rainbow horse caravan planned to make the journey from the north of Spain to the south of Portugal. Sachari and her fowl Eowyn were part of the seven-horse team. The others were: Lucifer, his brother Brego and our babies without their mothers: Sombra, Cheyenne and Aragorn. I was present at each of their births and they were all born within a few weeks after Eowyn, Aragorn the last. However, the stable owner insisted they be separated from their mothers at three months old. I was most disturbed about this but could not talk sense with the man.

And like in many situations, after time passes it later made sense as it was then Eowyns' time to be the strongest amongst the children. As a human she had suffered in her frail body and had to watch her friends run around and play with able and healthy bodies. As a horse baby she had her mother's milk and soon became the strongest of them all and the other three fowls

became thinner and thinner day after day. To my frustration it was impossible for me to arrange a trip to Astorga, the nearest large town about 10 miles away to buy good food for them. All my friends were busy or their cars out of order and I became very concerned about their health and wellbeing although I observed Eowyn in her element and moments of glory as she enjoyed strolling about, head held high and out running the others. Could it be that she had wished for these events to happen? As I watched her, the answer was for sure, Yes!

### *Chapter Sixteen: True friends*

Just when the situation with the fowls health appeared to be reaching critical, the „A-Team“ my endearing English friends appeared one morning. I had met them after the father of the young girl invited me for a trip to the village of Rabanal del Camino, on the route to Santiago, the St. James way. His wife and the two children had left the village to return to England. From one of the restaurant dining rooms I heard merry English voices so I approached the group and asked if we, as fellow Britt's, could join them. We were invited to sit at their table and soon we discovered that they lived in a small village not far away. The leader of the group of about 10 appeared to be John and he stood out as a strong character and natural leader. He wore cool cowboy style clothes and hat. We were told that they were musicians making their money basking in towns and cities across Spain and they also played at weddings and on other special occasions. The team were also planning a project to establish a donkey riding school for disabled children and a hotel for their accommodation in a nearby village.

Before they settled together in Spain they were sea fearing sailors living on boats. What an amazing meeting and I was well impressed by them all. I told them about some problems I had experienced recently up in the parking of Matavenero and that I had a fight over water and since then, my water supply had been cut off. With three horses (at that time I still owned my first three) that was a problem. John told me that he too had some bad experiences with Matavenero and we exchanged some more stories before it was time to depart and we said our good byes.

The following morning, I was looking out of my camper dining room window and watched how a convoy of Land Rovers arrived in clouds of dust in the parking above Matavenero. That was not unusual as many day- trippers make the tour so I grabbed my book and started reading until after a short time a knock on the door interrupted my concentration. I was most pleasantly surprised to see John standing there with his men in the background holding water canisters. He greeted me with his big smile and friendly face saying: „hi Eric, as you told us about your water troubles, I thought we better come up and bring you some“! They brought about 100 litres in all sorts of containers and vessels they could find. I was speechless but managed to express my thanks; I was deeply touched by their good deed.

And when my baby horses were close to starvation, the convoy arrived again, helping me out just in time. Once again, they arrived in their Land Rovers, this time loaded with bundles of hay and young horse feed in 15kg bags with added minerals and vitamins. They even brought us brushes, hoof knives and buckets, everything that was so desperately needed to care for the horses. I was so thankful and happy for their efforts and support; they came when I most needed help. Thank you, true friends.



## *Chapter Seventeen: Surprising revelation*

We were staying in that region for some time preparing our departure and had much to do with sewing saddle bags, making clothes and training the horses. One day John invited me and the crew over to his village for the typical annual village fiesta. Residents in every town in Spain celebrate their special day, the official registration day of the village. Music, song and dance were on the menu, also plenty of food, wine and beer. Often, they slaughter a sheep, pig or goat and grill it over the spit. I was invited to sit with John on arrival and the 4 members of the horse caravan crew took a table close by. John wanted to see me privately and I wondered what was wrong, concerned that there was some bad news or more stupid gossip spread about me. Sitting facing each other and after moments of deep silence he started off by saying, „Eric, I have to tell you that I am a freak.“ Now, to me that sounded just silly and so I laughed out loudly, saying „of course you're not, you are a great guy.“ This man had shared many stories of his life and amazing adventures with me on many occasions before and I could not wish for a better man as my friend. A true leader and considerate human being I was honoured by in his presence and he had basically rescued most of his crew out of a miserable personal situation, some out of deep depression and helped them to establish new and fulfilled lives again. He has ridden his horse from east to the west of North America, lived with Indians and travelled through the Sahara Desert by camel.

To me, he was nothing short of a hero and a great role model. I wanted to continue protesting he should not be putting himself down when he firmly told me to shut up and listen.

He said he wanted to be straight with me and tell me something I should know, he continued with: „Eric, I am a woman!“ Like yours now, my jaw dropped too and I gasped for air as my ears could not believe what they had heard. I stared at him (her) with my mouth open, I could not say anything, my mind was desperately trying to reason with his (her) words just spoken.

Jane continued to tell me that as a child she escaped from her locked room one day at the age of about 12. Her parents were ashamed of her and locked her away from friends and society because she looked like a boy. After her escape she met a man, became pregnant and gave birth alone in the forest and then only then did she know that she was actually, a woman.

I do not know if she was born in America or later emigrated there but she continued telling me her story about travelling through North America living in a tipi and establishing strong ties and sympathies towards the native North American Indians. She was intimidated and eventually arrested for her preference to that lifestyle and sent to jail. When they discovered „he“ was a woman, she was sexually abused. She was moved from jail to jail, without trial and abused repeatedly. At this time, the Vietnam war raged and America was losing it and someone in their perverted and morally sick intelligence services came up with the idea that what was needed for the war effort was to recruit female soldiers who passionately wanted to kill men. So, the government officers scanned the prisons for inmates that matched their desired killer profile and so they established a special corps of 104 women who were offered pardons and release from jail after serving on special missions in Vietnam. It is how Jane managed her release from prison, only to be drafted to boot camp.

The stories she told me about their basic training were dramatic funny and scary. Basically the women took very few orders as they knew that they were likely to be killed in action anyway and when the Commanding Officer started pressing them, he was tied to his chair and



threatened with execution if he did not back off. Many of the women had supernatural abilities and were very talented and all had one thing in common; they hated men.

This special team was used as a killing machine by the US government and deployed in Vietnam. God save America indeed.

On their first mission half of them were killed because the male pilot refused to reduce the aircraft's speed, due to the incoming enemy fire, to allow the team to jump out of the aircraft safely. They were ordered to bail out anyway and at that speed, half of the unit were killed as they couldn't clear the tail of the plane or their shoots got tangled and they died on impact with the ground. Later, some of the survivors found the pilot; his body was flown home in a black bag.

The last story I share of hers is when she was stationed in a hospital caring for injured US soldiers when a US napalm attack on a nearby village overshot its target and hit the hospital. There is no way to extinguish napalm, once released to air and on the skin, people burn to death or lose parts of their bodies. They are trying to court-martial her for shooting patients that were burning alive, but Jane felt she had to shoot them to save them the pain and suffering. When America gave up on Vietnam, they flew the general out on a plane specially modified and fitted with heavy armour to protect him from enemy ground fire. Unfortunately, they neglected to tell the pilot about the additional weight. On take-off they never cleared the trees and crashed, all but one perished in the crash, the survivor was not the General.

### *Chapter Eighteen: Ask and it will be given to you*

Some have said that the rainbow horse caravan project failed and when asked I would explain that it was mainly due to the human problems between the guy and the girl who came to me and suggested I help them in making a dream come true. I had met the lady with her child in Switzerland a few years before. She came looking for me after meeting her new French lover who had arrived from Peru. She introduced me to him as the man of her dreams. About six months into the project she met another man from yet another dream, dumped my French brother, took her kid and kit and went off with the son of my French pilot friend! I even gave her my van and paid for the insurance and MOT. Just how stupid am I? Thinking about it and in my opinion, the project did not fail. I brought the horses to Matavenero where I gave five away, sold Lucifer and returned Brego back to the stables where I bought him from.

Furthermore, I gained a vast amount of knowledge working and living with the horses and with the crew. I spent a year with my horses and used the methods I learnt reading the books of Monty Roberts and GaWaNi Pony Boy. I trained and managed two stallions and learnt how to pack and saddle the horses and to move about and live in a tipi, that is no failure that was pure living, free style! But one day I was sitting in my tipi, with deep snow outside, thinking; this has to end, where would I like to be now? It came to my mind that I had once dreamed about going to Morocco. So, I arranged for the horses to find new owners and from the A-Team I was given a Mercedes 307 van to drive to Africa with. I asked Tom, the last one of the horse team crew, if he would like to come. He did and we went.

At a rainbow gathering by paradise valley in Southern Morocco we met up with other people who wished to travel further into Africa, so we launched the rainbow Mali caravan. 10 people all their bags and belongings, three dogs and a bicycle all in the Mercedes Benz 307 van! It was amazing and after a short time, we managed pretty well. Shortly after our departure from

paradise valley, we were stopped by a police road side check point. I was asked to open up the back and I promptly refused. The police officer looked at me surprised and asked me why I would not open up so I told him: „because I have my family in the back.“

I did not want to tell him that it took us ten minutes to shut the slide door. He looked at me suspiciously and asked: „why should I believe you“ and I asked him, if he believed in Allah/God. „Yes of course“ he replied and I said that then he could also believe in me, God willing. enshallah, as they so often like to say.

He laughed out loud with joy, looked at his colleague and said, „ we have a dangerous one here“, then he told us to drive away. It did very much feel like family with the young men challenging most things I said or did. They ate away all my food supplies and they broke some of my few remaining treasured possessions I had left but overall it was fun to travel with them.

We had to get out of Morocco as Tom's and my visas expired after 3 months of travelling in the country. Tom had been in a Moroccan prison for 6 months a few years before because he had overstayed his welcome. However, we all appreciated and benefited from his excellent Arabic he learnt in prison. We even went to visit where he was locked up. It was not being used as a prison anymore. I was deserted and open for us to look in to and he showed us his cell, it was hard to imagine that 20 men could live in such a small space. At night they all slept huddled up close together like sardines in a can and when the boss of the cell moved to change his position, all had to move and those who did not, were beaten. One bucket to pooh and pee in for all, now that's what I call a deterrent but why then were the prisons so full? And why was it now empty and abandoned? Could it be possible Morocco changed from secular Government to Sharia, the Islamist law based the Qur'aan?

Too many citizens of our corrupt demo(n)cratic systems submit themselves to unjust laws, bureaucratic red tape and regulations and do not offer any resistance out of fear of a prison sentence. However, compared to the jails in Morocco, most prisons in our system would achieve at least a 2-star hotel rating. For a just cause, we should not be intimidated to spend time in prison.

We crossed the border exactly 3 months to that day, 29th March 2009 after arriving in Morocco. We set up camp in no-man's land between Morocco and Mauritanian, in the Sahara Desert. I strolled off to walk the dogs when a military patrol called over to me with the warning about land mines and that I should stay on the „road“. It was not what anyone would recognise really a road, only a track through the sand. The sides of the track were littered with shot up car wrecks; some looked like they had driven over a mine.

I had taken the inner winter lining from my tipi, cut it in half and connected the middle together. It made a great sun shelter and used the same way as a Bedouin tent. We rolled out my Persian rug (bought in Ikea for Sfr2300 in my well-off days) and made a very nice camp for all of us close to the 307 van. We camped there to wait for one of our crew to come back with her passport and we stayed for 3 nights and met many of the locals. The previous General Secretary of the United Nations, Kofi Annan, came up with the brilliant idea that the Philistine (Palestinians) people could live and freely travel between willing countries. So today there are thousands of people living and travelling in the no-man zones and there they will sell you anything you want or need as they have everything you desire. I was given a box of Wheetabix the one morning just to prove my point, a wish I had after discovering that my "family" had eaten away all my breakfast cereals.

On the third day the morning sun of the Western Sahara Desert rose and was especially fierce and I suddenly felt a thirst and craving for a beer. A few moments later I noticed a dust cloud rising up from the south, a car was approaching at a fast pace.

We were camped about 100 meters away from the „road“ and enjoyed a good view of what was coming. The border shut at night and was only open in day light hours, so we had our peaceful rest during the night. That car must have been the first one to cross the border on the way to Morocco. As it drove past us, I put my hand up to greet the driver. The car, a new white BMW 4x4 super looking thing slowed down, came to a stop and reversed back. A smartly dressed, good looking man with long silver hair got out and waved me to come over. I did. He shook my hand and asked if I like beer. Gods truth! I looked at him with a strange, possibly a stupid expression of absolute disbelief, he strolled to the back of the car, opened the hatch and there from a small travel bag, he grabbed 4 red cans of my favourite Estella beer from Spain, you remember, the Town Estella is where I had found Tog the dog. The man pressed them firmly into my arms, took and shook my hand, got back in to his car and drove off leaving a cloud of dust as he continued towards the border of Morocco. Slowly I walked back to our camp where I shared the beer with the others.

*"So I say to you: Ask and it will be given to you; seek and you will find; knock and the door will be opened to you." Luke 11:9*

### *Chapter Nineteen: Imagine*

Independent from France since 1960, Mauritania annexed the southern third of the former Spanish Sahara (now Western Sahara) in 1976 but relinquished it after three years of raids by the Polisario guerrilla front seeking independence for the territory. The heroic actions of Polisario and how he fought against the Spanish to obtain independence for a third of the Western Sahara, Morocco is still illegally occupying the rest, the Sahara's forgotten war is worth reading more about.

After we crossed the border into Mauritanian, we spent one night with a friend of the secret police officer who was accompanying and surveying us. In the morning we were asked to pay €5 each. to the host. At the border the day before we were asked to by €20 each and we refused, I made a big fuss about not paying because for me it felt like a home coming. The flag of the Islamic Republic of Mauritanian depicts the symbol of Islam, the crescent moon and a star over it, just as I had positioned the luminous moon and star in my bedroom window of the camper. I quoted sections from the Qu'raan to the guards that stated visitors were allowed into an Islamic country to study the culture and religion and that for brothers, there are no borders. For hours we were left waiting. The girls started cooking and when I went to taste, I had my wrist slapped, „it's for the border guards“, they told me. Never had they made such good-looking food for us and they did not believe me when I told them that the guards would not accept any food from them. I was furious and grabbed a guitar and headed to the check point where I jumped over the barrier and walked towards the other side playing and singing a very poor version of John Lennon's, Imagine.

♪ *Imagine there's no heaven it's easy if you try, no hell below us, above us only sky.. imagine all the people living for today...*

*Imagine there's no country,... it isn't hard to do, nothing to kill or die for and no religion too, imagine all the people living life in peace...*

*You may say I'm a dreamer but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us and the world will be as one.*

*Imagine no possessions, I wonder if you can. No need for greed or hunger, a brotherhood of man. Imagine all the people sharing all the world... You may say I'm a dreamer but I'm not the only one. I hope someday you'll join us and the world will live as one. ♪ John Lennon*

As I came up to the second barrier, armed guards insisted I stop. I did stop walking but continued to play the guitar up to the moment when a loud and angry voice from a real mean looking soldier shouted at me to stop playing music. He was armed with a pistol on his waist belt and strapped a machine gun over his shoulder. I did, he then yelled at me to turn around and walk back. I did. On the other side again, the captain called us all into his office, stamped our passports and told us that he, from his personal money, had paid for our visas and we were free to continue our journey.

And after all that, I was stunned that some of the crew actually paid money to stay in a house. I tried reasoning with them by saying that it is custom to invite guests to stay and considering we entertained them with our music and singing half of the night through, they also enjoyed a good time with us. My arguments were ignored, they paid, and I felt extremely disappointed. After we had packed our stuff together, we drove to the market to buy some food. It took ages for us all to get back in the van and when we were ready to drive off, a discussion started about going back to the house we slept in the night before because the money a girl had paid was not converted at a good enough exchange rate. I explained that once you make a deal with an Arab, the deal is done, and it was not a good idea to return to argue about a few cents. They insisted and for me the Mali caravan ended there so I said goodbye and climbed out of the van. They took me by my word and drove off with all I owned. I stood there with my shorts, shirt, barefoot, passport, Punkie the dog and walking stock. My dear „family“ and remaining worldly possessions, all gone.

## *Chapter Twenty: Meeting the Taliban*

"For if a woman does not cover her head, she might as well have her hair cut off; but if it is a disgrace for a woman to have her hair cut off or her head shaved, then she should cover her head."

Quote from the Qur'aan? No, the Bible 1 Corinthians 11:6

Late at night, after being released by the local police who had taken me in for questioning, I had made a bed for myself on a butcher's table in the market. Late at night I was woken by two men dressed in white robes and turbans, they invited me to follow them. They were the local Taliban (Taliban: students of Islam, Islam: surrender/submit to God Allah) and told me that I could stay with them if I studied the Qur'aan and learnt how to pray. I had no other appointments that year so why not? It was a great opportunity to study the religion I once converted to, I told them about that but never mentioned my baptism back to Christ as I wanted to learn from their culture. Soon I learnt Arabic or at least the main prayer, el Fatiha.

I befriended a local family who adopted me and in return for regular meals, I gave English lessons to their 14-year-old son. He could recite all the Qur'aan and I was there with him, his father, and his teacher when the boy was tested. He passed the test, although I was convinced, he cheated, having hidden a copy of the Qur'aan in his caftan. Anyway, he was rewarded with his heart's desire: a touch screen mobile telephone. Yes, everyone has one out there, even two or three to have access to all the networks. I gave mine away in the desert to a Philistine in no-man's land.

One day the young boy came to visit me with a mischievous expression on his face and said secretively: „Muhammad, look what I have on my phone“, I looked and he played a hard core porn clip. I felt outraged, angry and disgust and I told him to delete it immediately as it would not do the image of his father good, him being the one who calls the people to prayer, the mu'ahin at one of the mosques in town.

## *Chapter Twenty-one: Bamboo in the desert*

One day I was wondering what to do and came up with the idea of making flutes for the children. I wished for bamboo. We were in the desert town of Noadibou, but I had faith. The next day I went with some boys to recycle some bottles and look out for Tetra-Pac boxes to grow seed in, it was part of the RAP, Revolution Against Pollution project I had introduced to the local government and schools. We went out into the streets and collected a load of stuff and took it back at my camp. I was given a small „boutique“ to live in at the deserted part of the market, just a room big enough for a mattress and a gas bottle I sometimes cooked with. I gave the boys a few coins I had left in my pocket; they had been given to me begging outside the mosque. I was the only westerner ever to beg there. Suddenly I noticed a boy I had never seen before and decided not to give him a coin and then I sent them all home. Before settling down to rest I noticed a large bamboo stick leaning against my wall and knew that the boy I had not seen before had left it for me.

Typical I thought, I had expressed my wish but did not specify clearly the size of bamboo I needed to make the flutes with. Furthermore, I also had to wish for the iron rods to burn the patterns and holes in the bamboo.



The following morning Punkie woke me growling at something outside and I opened the door to see a boy waiting outside the „boutique“. He raised his arm up and held a perfect size metal rod in his hand for me to take. I stood there a while thinking that this is just too much and then he held a second rod up because of course, it's best to use two, as one is being used to work on the wood, the other is in the fire getting hot. ( I am working on this on 22.11.2015 and I can hardly believe these events myself so if you are having doubts, I cannot blame you).

My young English student and friend came running up to me the one-day shouting: „Muhammad, I found a new name for Punkie, from now you shall call him Katmir, from a story in the Qur'aan! The Cave the 18th surah. It is a very interesting story and whenever I had trouble with my dog, I quoted that part in the Qur'aan and had my peace. I have found the African Muslims to be rather superstitious and most do not like dogs and treat them very badly. There are also stories in the Qur'aan or in the *hadith* ( the collections of the reports claiming to quote what the prophet said) that mention that when a dog is present, angels cannot come to visit.

### *Chapter Twenty-two: Angels and dogs*

Personally, I have another experience as you may recall from what happened in Alicia's home and it is hard to fathom that an angel is less able than any dog. When I was living in my tipi in Spain, Punkie suddenly looked up, got up and left the tipi. He had never done that before. He was always by my side, in fact never leaving me out of his eyesight! On that day, he just got up and walked out, ignoring my questions and commands. A few moments later a lady stood in the entrance and introduced herself as Maria.

Then followed some of the most precious moments I have ever enjoyed talking and sitting with a lady. We got along very well and shared interesting news and stories. Time seemed to stand still. I offered her tea and put the cups on a small block of wood acting as a table. In the reflection in my crystal ball I could see her figure and the white linen of the tipi looked like huge angel wings behind her back. I was suddenly very confused as to my role: was I to behave like Jesus or Joseph? Without much thought I put the question honestly and directly to her and with those words still hanging in the air she got up and softly whispered goodbye and left the tipi. Moments later, Punkie returned. After Tog left me, I bought Punkie from a Spanish Sheppard friend so I could work in the Swiss mountains as a cow herd. His first name was Reggie, but he was given 3 other names during my time: Rasta, Punkie and Katmir.

### *Chapter Twenty-three: Saving a soul*

After 3 months living with and studying with the students of Islam in Noadibou, (in my translation from Arabic I come to the word: Worship), a town in the Sahara desert, I felt my life was at risk after a car crashed in to the shop where I went for my Arabic studies each morning and only thanks to my disregard of punctuality on that day, was I not sitting behind the wall where the car had crashed, so I decided to urgently leave the Islamic Republic of Mauritanian.

However, we now had a new travelling companion, his name was Adama. He was a 21-year-old/young black Gambian man whom I persuaded not to embark on a boat with 20 of his mates to illegally enter Europe. I met his mates too and pleaded with them not to sail, explaining to them that the economy was bad in Europe and they had little chance in finding good employment. Winter was also coming, and it would get cold and they would probably be

abused for cheap labour or forced into crime. „Look at me“, I continued the lecture: „I am a refugee from that system myself!“

At least Adama changed his mind. We had many challenges and travelling with a dog did not make things easier as many Africans fear them and have negative feelings towards them. At the many military check points controls I had several problems as I was only given a 3-day visa entering the country. I had to use all me persuasion skills to be allowed to continue the journey south. On one occasion I had to prove I had studied the Qur'aan and after showing my Arabic handwriting practice book and reading out the El Fatiha prayer, delighted the officer shook my hand and told me he was honoured to have met with me. We were free again to continue.

Adama, Katmir and I hitch-hiked, walked or took buses and taxis when we had money. Most of the money was given to us from generous donations given in the mosques. Once I placed Katmir in a cotton bag and pretended he was a goat so we could get on a bus! And on another occasion we just could not get away from the spot without money to pay for a bus fare and to make the situation worse, it was scorching hot with no shade in the desert from the strong sun. Adama expressed his frustration and I asked him to have faith. I walked away behind some dunes for a quiet meditation and to empty my bowls. I believed the Lord to be very generous because I noticed that he provided me with paper but before wiping my back side with it I noticed that it was indeed a bank note of considerable value, enough money to buy us the bus tickets to Dakar and food to eat for two days, halleluiaah, the lord works his wonders!

The further we travelled away from Mauritanian the harder it was to travel looking the way I did. At one point I asked Adama; „should I cut my beard and drop my caftan and turban?“ I wore a white turban and a blue booboo (the traditional Mauritanian caftan) „Yes, oh yes“, he sighed as if his prayers had been answered, „that would be much better“ he said. I used my nail scissors to cut my large beard back to make it look like a few days old tourist beard, took my booboo and turban off and within only a few minutes, I looked like a travelling western tourist.

### *Chapter Twenty-four: Borders between brothers*

It took 5 attempts to enter Senegal and eventually we did, legally too. But we were sent back to the capitol of Mauritanian, Nouakchott after being warned that if we try to enter again without a visa, we will go to jail. One time me and Katmir were already in Senegal but I surrendered myself to the police so Adama would not be in any trouble. On the 4th attempt the captain of the guard interviewed us in his office with one of his policemen. I pleaded with the captain to let us in, telling him that we are brothers, it says in the Qur'aan: “let there not be borders between brothers”, so let me in, I am a Muslim! The policeman became enraged on hearing these words and shouted at me: „You are not Muslim!“ Before I knew it, I was standing over him with my fist pulled back ready to strike and I said: „never insult me again, by your laws I have the right to strike you for insulting me“. And where could I find the conviction to say that? Well, "Muslim" is an Arabic word meaning "one who submits to God", and oh yes, I do that and advise all to do the same. But some of my Christian friends have fallen for the wrong GODs, Gold, Oil and Drugs!

The captain intervened by calmly inviting me to sit down again. He explained to me that he was forced to follow orders and that he had to send me back. He and his policemen escorted us back to the border from where we tried to find transportation back to Nouakchott for me to

obtain a visa to enter Senegal. (it was an amazing journey described in detail in the full version of the book) We reappeared two weeks later and went to visit the chief and he was very happy to see us again. To our big surprise, he gave me 3000 Senegal Francs, the price I had paid for my visa, what a charming man.

That night we slept under our new mosquito net we purchased with the money given by the chief and made our camp outside the border patrol office next to the heart shaped mosaic pattern on the floor by the entrance.

### *Chapter Twenty-five: Wanting to live*

At the border with Gambia I split up from Adama, after a big confusion over money and I found myself alone again with Katmir. At least I knew that Adama was safely back in his home country. We were in Gambia a night long at the border patrol office when, after talking all night through, a confusion happened about money and entrance fees for the visa and I was kicked out of Gambia. I walked back to a sign I had noticed on way to the border the previous day advertising a safari park, large giraffes and rhino's figures were cut out of wood and posted on the side of the high way advertising the park. At the entrance I knocked on their office door. After explaining my interest to live and work in the park the director allowed me to work as a warden looking out for illegal hunters. Deep inside the park, away from people, under huge trees we lived in a shipping container they had cut a door and windows out of and fitted a thatched roof on the top to keep off the sun rays, it looked rather homely. I spent most of the day alone with Katmir patrolling the park and the perimeter fence. On arrival, I introduced Katmir by his original name his first owner had given him: Reggie. I was not paid but received meals and clothing.

The head of security was a Christian man, Jean-Paul, the only one I had met for some time and I was still going under my given Muslim name of Muhammad. I developed malaria after 2 months living there and tried very hard to heal myself with fasting and declined taking any medicine. I was very ill at the time of Ramadan. Ramadan is the ninth month of the Islamic calendar and is observed by Muslims worldwide as a month of fasting to commemorate the first revelation of the Qur'aan to Muhammad according to Islamic belief. This annual observance is regarded as one of the Five Pillars of Islam. There is no eating in daytime hours after the sun rises and before it sets. Something inspired me to start the "living on light" programme again, it nearly killed me, and it turned the Muslims hostile towards me. After 10 days of fasting I decided to eat again but was given bad fruit and burnt rice. Later I thought it was their way of punishing me for not following the strict Muslim guidelines.

Jean-Paul found me one morning lying on the sand in front of my container, I had passed out. He lifted me up into his arms as if I were a little child. I was nearly on the other side, my vision was most strange, not of this world. I would experience that vision again in my Ayahuasca ceremony in Peru, a few years later. Lying on the ground in Africa, I knew I did not want to die there. Jean-Paul asked me if I would now take some pills and with a weak nod, I agreed, I was not able to talk. He laid me on my camp bed and pressed some pills in my mouth, then he gently held a cup of water to drink and that helped me to swallow them down. Within minutes, I was feeling alive again. He then called the office and arranged for a jeep to pick us up and I was driven to a hospital, put on an IV drip and given more medicine.

From England my Dad arranged for a money transfer and I boarded a plane to London two days later. With deepest regret I had to leave Reggie my best friend behind, he is taken care of

by the director of the safari park and I am sure he will have a good life. It was not easy but there was no other way. It was very difficult to walk away from my loyal friend... another one gone.

### *Chapter Twenty-six: Living on light*

I first heard about living on light soon after returning from the St. James way from Santiago, Spain and I was living in Horgen, Switzerland. One day I met a man who was dressed like a cave man, all his clothes were self-made from natural material: fur, leather and cotton. He walked with a large walking stick and to my surprise, lived not far away from me. He too had converted to Islam and we spent 24 hours talking together without any sleep. He mentioned the possibility of living without food and drink and on my visit to his home a few days later he gave me a book written by Jasmuheen, „Lichtnahrung“, Light food.

It's a 21-day programme, the first 6 days and nights no water, no food. Then on the 7<sup>th</sup> day, a litre of fluid, water diluted with fruit juice can be slowly sipped and that's about it. Please read the book before you do this as it needs some preparation. Anyway, I was parked up in a place called Gottes Halde above Horgen where I rented a strip of land from a farmer and where I took care of my vegetable garden. I had permission from another gardener to park my camper on his land. From there I enjoyed a marvellous view over the lake of Zurich. And there I started my „lichtnahrung“ living on light programme. My gardener neighbour called me „Bruder Klaus“ brother Klaus like the Swiss national hero, Niklaus von Flüe (1417 - 21. März 1487) the guy who left his wife and 10 children and went to live in the forest as a hermit. He did what he had to do. It is said that he did not eat or drink and I have actually slept by his tomb one night as I travelled through Switzerland in the winter of 2011 after returning from Peru and with my female companion, Weda. We spent 4 months walking on the Swiss St. James' route without money but that is another story in the full book.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> day of the living on light programme, I was feeling so good after drinking the juice, I walked with Tog to the village in Horgen and I must have been gliding along rather than walking as some children pointed over to me and called out loud: Jesus! Jesus! That felt rather strange but what felt really good was the sensation I noticed when smelling food from the Thai restaurant. From a fair distance away, it completely filled me up. I felt no need to eat anything, the same experience was observed walking past the baker's shop, I smelt the bread and it was as good as eating several slices, I was full up. And then, down by the lake, I met a lady friend, she offered me the most beautiful cake and I knew if I had rejected it, she would have felt ever so hurt. She was a lovely 78-year-old lady. So, for the sake of good relations with woman, as in the days of Adam, I bit into the apple cake and was expelled from paradise, 2<sup>nd</sup> time?

Actually, I made a conscious decision that I enjoy eating, cooking, preparing food and even buying it can sometimes be enjoyable (but not with a mask!). How different and may be even dull life would be without these activities. And woman represent the earthly so I joined them in the „normal“ way of life again but I did very much enjoy the moments of feeling in the Jesus energy. I believe that we can all achieve that status by following Gods/universal laws and living on light. (please use caution as it is not suitable for children, pregnant ladies or the sick)

## *Public Confession*

No son of man, no human is perfect, and I am far from it. And coming to the end of these few extracts from my book, I must tell you the worst thing I have ever done in my life is to threaten the mother of my daughter. I share this as part of my healing process so I can let go and pick up the pieces and continue my journey. The reason why I was voted out of the hippie village in Spain was because I lost control of myself, I threatened the mother of my child with a knife.

In earlier editions of this manuscript I blamed my actions on smoking weed but now I understand that that too was a test. Later that week I heard on the Spanish radio that in the same year, some 50 women had been murdered by their husbands and I guess a large proportion of their murderers were under the influence of alcohol at the time. If I had been on alcohol that day or night before instead of smoking Marihuana, then may be the mother of my child would now be dead. Who knows, only God!

However, I do have a message to the children and I advise this: Never touch alcohol, cigarettes or drugs including soft ones such as: coffee, Coca Cola and other sugar based soft- and energy drinks, they lead to dependency and disaster. That is because under their influence, you no longer control your actions! But I know and understand that you too will have to make your own experiences and you may want to expand your awareness and see into other realities using substances.

This is a part of my story, the full events with the details leading up to the confrontation are described in the full version of my book: One evening after 6 weeks living with the new born baby daughter Aglaja, her mother announced that she wanted to spend Christmas in Germany and „naturally“ would take the baby. I expressed my wish to spend Christmas and New Year Eve in the mountains of Spain with my new family and go sometime later in the New Year, if there would that possibility. My theory at that time was, because of the manipulation of the Gregorian calendar, I thought that that year could in fact be the year 2012 when the Maya discontinue their calendar on the 21<sup>st</sup> December because there will be no need for anything then, as I believed, we shall return to paradise, to the 13:20 moon day-time calendar and be in tune again with nature. I thought it may just be the second coming of Jesus Christ as prophesied in the Bible and the Qur'aan.

Another man I met also shared my theory and supported it. I did not wish to go back into society at that time. The following morning after cleaning and changing the baby her mother appeared and said: „Give me my child, we are going to Germany“.

I lost control of my actions then and regret deeply to have frightened Mel. However, she was not hurt. I dedicate this book to my daughter Aglaja so that she knows something about her physical father and a little more about her real father, the great spirit and the many miracles that life can present itself to us when we believe and live in faith and according to some basic universal laws and rules.

I was wrongly accused of doing many bad and terrible things to her and my baby child. It was for that the hippie community in Matavenero voted me out of the village using the newly adopted democratic voting system, I had suggested for them to adopt.



I have not seen my daughter since her mother drove away from Matavenero in the winter at the end of 2007. (I write this on 24<sup>th</sup> Jan. 2012). Aglaja, born in my camper on Sunday, 14 October 2007 at 07.25, at the rising of Venus. My darling child, you remember me, we cried and laughed together as I welcomed you to this world. I cut your umbilical cord and I hope one day you will know the truth. I love you, always have and always will.

In an email message in 2010, I sent to your mother from Africa, I told her I did not want to see her again as I could not cope with the separation from you when she would take you away from me again. She has since not replied to any emails and I wish that you will ask for me and find me soon.

Postscript, 30<sup>th</sup> April 2012. Yesterday I received a call, it was Aglaja. She asked: „Wo bist Du Papa? Where are you Daddy?“ A new dawn begins!

Postscript 28<sup>th</sup> October 2020; I returned from Frankfurt after visiting Mel and Aglaja. She celebrated her 13<sup>th</sup> Birthday. It was a genuinely nice and relaxed get together, a true friendship now between us all. However, my relationship after 7 years with my present partner, is now over and I have separated from her and the 6 children! By court order they separated me from my son Julien! I consider it an act of terrorism!

The End / or, a new beginning!

## **Stairways to heaven**

**how to guide the camel through the needle**

Extracts from the autobiography of Eric Alan Westacott/ Muhammad bin Hari/ Ashi / Rashid

Thanking you for reading my stories, do good, may God bless you and your family, in the names of Jesus Christ, Muhammad, Krishna and Buddha.

## Services

You can book me for consultation and or for public appearance to talk about the following subjects:

- Alternative living concepts
- Homeschooling, unschooling
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- Survival, living outdoor
- Children adventure weekends/holidays
- Group building activities
- Burnout rescue & recovery
- Faith
- English conversation classes via Zoom

\* I no longer hold a financial planning licence and therefore cannot give financial advice in the UK. I have no doctors licence but provide information on faith and natural healing

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