

Shamanic Journey 1/18/08 In Tilden Park

Two weeks ago I acquired a unique cathedral crystal that fits perfectly in the palm of my hand. It has a very interesting color that varies from yellow to brown to black as if it is a cross between Citrine and Smoky Quartz. When I placed it in the palm of my hand it immediately told me it wanted to take me for a hike up a hill in the woods.

Last Saturday we were driving back from the Marin Bay Model Concert and decided to detour along the back roads through Tilden Park on the way back to Orinda. At one point as we were driving, I saw the very hillside in my vision where the crystal wanted to take me.

This morning I meditated and practiced Yoga for a long while. I worked up a great internal heat and freed my mind to allow my higher self to guide my body through various poses to release tension and activate weakened muscles while laying in Samadhi.

This was nothing new, as I've discovered the higher wisdom of my body's ability to communicate to me how to move and position it to release through the nervous system and have been using this technique to bring myself back into alignment since last May. What caught my attention was that immediately after showering and sitting down at my computer both my feet and hands became extremely cold and numb. My body was clearly telling me it wanted me outside in the beautiful sunshine.

I decided it was time to take my new crystal friend for a walk. I asked my friend Barry to accompany me, who was more than eager to get out of the house to get some exercise. We arrived at the hillside of my vision and began to hike. It was not a proper trail, but I knew we had to climb it. About half way up the hill we encountered a deer path and followed it to a clearing where the gracious sun warmed our bodies. I held the crystal up to the sunlight and looked inside it for the first time. It was virtually clear and glowed a warm amber color in the light.

Next to us was a sad pine tree. Its twin trunk had been cut down and it's branches all reached out into the empty space where its friends used to be. The stumps were all freshly cut. The trees must have been damaged in the strong winds and stormy weather for which I was absent earlier this year.

I stood upon the twin trunk with the crystal in my left hand and my right hand touching the sad tree. I brought cosmic force of love and light through the crystal and through my body into the tree. I sent the tree great love and asked it to cheer up.

The tree responded wonderfully and said it wanted to give me a gift. I humbly said I wasn't helping it for anything in return. Yet, as I stepped down from the stump I noticed an immaculately shaped branch ornamented with pine cones that had begun to be bleached dry by the sun.

I picked it up and shook off the loose pine needles and twigs. In my hand I felt this branch transform into a powerful staff, fit for a shaman. My hand fit perfectly around a part of the shaft that felt as if it was made exactly for someone my height. I graciously accepted this most beautiful gift I have yet received from a nature being. We then continued on our journey up the hillside.

By now the sound of the wind through the Eucalyptus Trees added dramatic and dynamic accents to the quest. At times it would mimic the sound of a powerful waterfall, bewitching me to believe one ran its course through the hillside.

As I looked up to witness the tallest bows quiver, I spotted a black hawk hovering in the sky. I smiled in acknowledgement of its company and followed its lead toward the summit of the hill.

During this pause, I noticed a Lady Bug perched on my staff. My heart was filled with joy as I realized it has been many a season since I was greeted by one of these totems of love. Indeed, Lady Bug is a powerful totem who has appeared to me at very significant times throughout my life. I graciously honored the company of Lady Bug as I continued my journey.

I came across a broken deer skull on the side of the trail. It was very old and bleached white by the sun. Suddenly the energy of my surroundings became much more intense, as I beheld the power of life and death at that particular crossroads of time.

The trail led me to a clearing along which a paved road ran. I recognized this as the road leading to the Berkeley Hills Water Shed. I looked down at the marvelous crystal in my hand in wonderment, and my heart soared as I recognized it was no coincidence I was led there.

The only other time I have been in Tilden Park was back in the early part of June. I came one day on a whim, wanting to explore what nature the park with my surname had to offer. My experiences that day were profound. Curiously, I can find no record of having written them in my journals. Perhaps that is because the story was not yet complete...

To quickly summarize my experience that day, I was first led to an area of the park where a whole section of trees had been chopped down. As I walked along the barren path paved with wood chippings I came to a vista that looked out to another hilltop. I was instinctively drawn to that distant peak and chose it for my true destination that day.

Before leaving the deforested vista, I meditated by a curious ring of toadstools that was poking up through the wood chips. I unwrapped my Twin Smoky Quartz Cathedrals that I had brought along (I also had Luscio in his pouch strung from my shoulder). I saw with a bit of dismay that a little crystal that had been growing out of the side of one of the twins had broken off.

No sooner did I remorse than the crystal said it wanted to leave its little shard on that hillside. I looked around and my gaze stopped at the only prominent tree cluster left on the hillside. It was a ring of old oaks that was very sad and appeared to be slowly vanishing with time.

I stepped into the center of the ring and was guided to re-activate a portal there which had long been dormant. After performing a small ritual in which I activated the portal, I buried the crystal shard in the center of the ring of trees and began my journey to the distant hilltop that was very strongly calling to me.

The pathway I chose to access the hilltop was a paved road that led up to a watchtower and ranger station by the Berkeley Hills Water Shed. This is the same pathway I came upon after scaling the hillside with my crystal guide on this day, several months later, unknowingly accessing it from the opposite direction.

During my first journey to the sacred hilltop I was battling, facing, and releasing many forms of fear. After courageously persevering along the pathways I arrived at my final destination for that day, the highest summit along the path.

There I found a seat formed of ancient stones jutting up from the ground at the highest point. I sat in meditation with Luscio at my side, (Luscio is the first Lemurian Seed Crystal that I befriended. He has been my companion for a year now, ever since the day he literally cried out for me to take him home from a Crystal Fair at the San Francisco Fort Mason Center) amplifying the rays of sunlight with his mystical energy and sending them in my direction.

That day was the first day I consciously connected to the energies of Lemuria. Lemuria is said to have been the first landmass on Earth that was home to the newly created Human Race, born of a union between Cosmic Star Beings and the indigenous primitive Neanderthals. It was located in the Pacific Ocean and there is strong reason to believe the Hawaiian Islands are the remaining mountaintops of the ancient continent.

For some currently unknown reason Lemuria sank, having been split in two. Both the coast of California and Australia have very strong Lemurian Energies, and I know instinctively that those ancient stones I was sitting on were once part of that ancient land mass sundered long ago.

While I was in meditation I also sent my first sincere prayer to the unseen higher forces of the universe to heal my physical body. My prayer was answered as I felt a powerful force stream down through my crown chakra. It literally shook my whole body as I sat in lotus position. I remember thinking my neck would snap if the shaking grew any more intense. Backward and forward my spine was propelled, over and over again, as I felt a huge pressure rise up from my mid torso to my neck, where it dispersed itself after more and a few vertebrae snapped into alignment.

It was an awesome experience. I sat in silence and stillness for a long while as the force slowly waned and finally stopped flowing into me. Then I asked for a message. Something that would help me along my true journey. "Look up" was all I heard. I thought that was a pretty silly thing to hear after such a profound experience. But several months later, I have now understood the wisdom in those two simple words and only begun to explore the possibilities that simple command generates.

After emerging from that meditative experience, the winds began to change their energy ushering me to return home, as the sun began its descent to the horizon. The path, I noticed, continued to an as of yet, unseen destination. I knew that I would return one day to follow it to its true end.

Now, today, I stood again at the beginning of the path to that very sacred spot. I placed the staff at the side of the path, as one places ones belongings at the threshold of the final steps of one's pilgrimage, and I set foot to discover the rest of the Lemurian mysteries of Tilden Park.

As I reached the first clearing, I was greeted by Black Hawk again, assuring me that I was following my higher soul guidance. I removed my shirts and tied them around my waist so as to offer my skin to the sun's warm and magnificent energy. I had a past life flash recall of wearing a grass and palm frond waist cloth embarking upon a similar ritualistic journey during some long ago tribal era.

I reached the summit and felt something on my back. Lo! It was the Lady Bug, having accompanied me all that way! Blessings were bestowed as Lady Bug said farewell, fluttering into the lighted wind.

I sat in the ancient seat and beheld the magnificent view of San Francisco Bay. The haze and lighting made the seascape appear awashed with glowing silver and white. The slender silhouettes of the city buildings and bridge towers appeared as abstract shapes in the magical light. The distant hills of South San Francisco rising up in a subtle purple mist like landscapes in a dream. It is truly a breathtaking sight.

I stood with my crystal guide raised to the sun in the direction of Hawai'i, and together, we began to perform a ritual of light and sound awakening the ancient powers of Lemuria, willing them to rise again. I began chanting long, drawn out syllables. When I was on the penultimate syllable I realized I had superconsciously sang "Le-Mu-Ri-A" backwards. I followed that invocation with a chant in my Shamanic Soul Language.

During this chant I heard the hawk contribute its voice too, as well a some other birds who were nested very close to where I was performing the ritual. I also felt a strong, yet soft energy of a being standing very close to my right side. A soul-sister visiting from another dimension to participate as well.

At one point I was guided to hold the crystal at my Solar Plexus. Immediately I began to feel throbbing all throughout my torso. In this position I sent waves of energy out along

the grids of the Earth to infuse more love, light, truth, and manifestation throughout the dimensions of this celestial sphere. I also received downloads of information that I do not have conscious access to yet.

I firmly stated my name, “Alombria, King of Jewels,” and felt the stirring of deep and ancient knowledge and wisdom within me in response to the embrace of multi-dimensional identity.

Later on I remembered having had a vision of a crystal emerging from my solar plexus during a meditation. When I returned home I found this entry in my journal with a drawing of the crystal:

7/13/07 Friday the 13th

In my morning meditation I felt a giant citrine crystal form on my Heart Chakra and begin to slowly turn. It had six faces all leading to a point. It sent out strands of yellow/gold light out into the world like a fisherman casting several lines at once. I felt them connect far off in the distance...

I checked my calendar, and that meditation occurred exactly six months to the weekday ago! The entry mentioned my heart chakra, but the drawing shows the crystal over my Solar Plexus, just like I was holding it today. I take this as proof that I can see into the future, even if I am unable to understand what I am seeing at the time!

After I completed the Awakening Ritual for Lemuria, I was given a message that during a past life as a knight, I had died from a portcullis falling and piercing through me during a siege on a feudal castle in Medieval England. Upon acknowledgement of that death I felt a release of tension in my lower back.

Now, it was time to continue my journey along the path I had not explored during my previous visit to this site. I turned to the South East and was greeted by a stunning view of Mount Diablo, the slumbering fiery giant that constantly calls my name, but that I have yet to visit.

As I followed the path down the other side of the hill I could see a third hill, hidden from my view at the summit. My feet escorted me effortlessly along the winding, rocky, brush-laden path as if being guided by an unseen force.

I arrived at the third, lesser, yet final summit, and circumambulated a cluster of densely growing trees to behold the view. I said some silent prayers to Mount Diablo, and turned my attention to the glen of trees that beckoned me to enter.

As I crossed the threshold into the protective umbrella of low hanging branches it was as if I stepped into another world. I felt as though I had at long last found my “spot.” I had a sacred spot in Massachusetts on a mountainside by a waterfall in Leverett that I often

went to when I needed the solitude and rejuvenation of nature. Up until today, I have missed having a similar spot here on the West Coast to do the same.

The throng of trees in the center of this hilltop glade called me closer to them. As I neared, my whole head and neck began to tingle very strongly. I knew then, that this spot is also a Six Point System, a White Time Portal that connects this planet with all other celestial bodies, and with the Cosmic Force of Creation.

In the very center of the ring of trees was a perfect spot to sit in meditation. I positioned myself there and right in front my eyes I beheld my second gift from nature today, a wand made of an amazingly zig-zagged branch that was placed in a multi-tiered nook formed by other branches that looked to be created specifically to house this wand. I cannot begin to describe what an incredible fit it is!

I took the wand in my hand and placed my crystal guide on the soft grassy ground next to me and meditated. I got the message to leave the crystal there in a safe place to let it charge, do some work that it needs to do, and gather the energy of that sacred power spot.

I knew exactly where to leave it, a place that had already been prepared for this purpose. I placed the crystal in its place and created a protective field of energy by chanting some more Soul Language and demarcating the sacred space with the wand.

In doing so, my feet led me to emerge from the opposite side of the grove, greeted once again by the magnificent sun. I turned around, and sealed the energy field. My work today was done.

As if in agreement, the wind instantly picked up, with the clear message it was time to depart. I returned along the path, finding it difficult to locate. Several times I wandered into dead ends. This was a message to stay focused and not stray from my true path. No sooner did I acknowledge this message, that I found the clear path and didn't stray from it again.

As I again passed along the first clearing, Black Hawk once more greeted me with his presence. This time he was heading back in the direction of home. My journey was almost complete.

As I crossed back over the threshold, I returned the staff to my left hand, carrying the wand in my right. It was a long, but peaceful walk back to the car. I was able to recount my adventures to my traveling companion who had accompanied me all the way to the threshold, and who had rejoined me upon my return.

The sun, hanging low in the sky, was a constant warm and loving presence as this magical day-trip drew to a close. I must marvel once again at the beautiful and cosmically ironic "coincidence" that I should find myself living outside, and find such deep affinity within a park that shares my same name. It is great to know that the great creator carries such a fine sense of humor!