

## **An ELU Journey**

**Comment posted by Sue on 16 January 2008, describing her meditation experiences after an ELU "For Kenya".**

I traveled so well that I became an African woman again - an oft repeated experience in meditation.

As I floated down from my vantage point in the sky, over the canopy of trees, above the scrub and the savannah onto the red earth path, my heart leapt to be there amongst rich colors and vegetation. The goats bleated and I saw the tops of the village houses standing above the tall grasses.

At first all looked deserted, then I felt a huge pang of fear and the flight of those people from their homes felt like a spear in my heart. I saw what had happened, as after images, like a newsreel, but felt as though I was present at that time too. There was a woman standing outside her hut holding a frightened whimpering child. There had been violence in this village so everyone who was still alive or able to move had gone. The rest lay where they fell.

I shed tears and gathered the woman and child and all the people in my arms. I summoned the love energy from all of the trees, the grasses and the earth and it flowed through my body and out to the village. I realised that there were others with me. Many others.

We formed a circle around the village and our breath dissolved the fear. I saw that the village would live again. We travelled on to the next village and found people arguing with each other. Our numbers had grown and I was aware of beautiful loving energies around and above us.

We formed a circle around this village too and it was as though a voice was speaking through us to the people there, exhorting them and encouraging them to feel the connection between them. Suddenly we were all dancing together around a fire, the flames leaping almost as high as the dancers.

Afterwards we ate together and there was gentle talk, not argument. I was very aware of being at home in some sense. Everyone from this village went on to the next village with us. We were a huge number by now and needed to make sure we looked friendly rather than threatening, so we all drew the energy of love from the red earth under our bare feet and projected it towards the village.

When we got there it was a large village, almost a town. We found there were trucks full of men with fire arms. They had just arrived and the villagers looked terrified. Some of them were running around gathering up their children in alarm. One of the men got out of a truck and confronted us, backed up by the rest. He looked belligerent, holding his rifle. But he was also curious as we stood before him, not begging for mercy, but facing him calmly.

Again a voice seemed to come through and spoke to everyone in the same way as at the last village. It took longer to have an effect. Again I was aware of other loving energies above us. I gave all the love in my heart and more from the earth and felt that we were all doing that. My arms were around some children who had no parents to care for them. They were shaking with fear. I felt the presence of ancestors, summoned by the villagers.

Eventually the man and those with him laid down their arms and stood amongst the villagers who had ceased their panic. Again we danced together and there were by now so many of us that we didn't need to go on to another village, because the energy was travelling outwards from our community of love and hope to the whole of Kenya.

It was time to say goodbye. I left the way I had come, along a red path through the savannah. As I rose into the sky I could smell the sweetness of the earth mingled with the smells of cooking fires and the sounds of women pounding grains. Smoke rose in curls above many villages. I heard children laughing and women chatting. Men looked forward to their evening meal and there was talk of hope for the future of their children and grandchildren.

I listened awhile perched on the top of a tall tree and was reminded of Sassa Bonsa, a West African spirit whose feet can reach the ground no matter how high he sits in a tree! I saw the smiling faces of some of my values family before finally returning to my room. I shivered because I realised that I had been warm in Africa and now felt cold!

Love knows no boundaries of time or space and I feel privileged to be able to offer mine as a part of the whole.

**Sue Arnold, 2008**