Midwife to Gaia, birthing global consciousness: a reflective topical autobiography

Estelle Myers
Southern Cross University
MIDWIFE TO GAIA, BIRTHING GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS: A REFLECTIVE TOPICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Estelle Myers
MApSc (Social Ecology)

Department of Nursing and Health Care Practices
Southern Cross University
Lismore, New South Wales, 2480

A thesis submitted in total fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

June, 2008
STATEMENT OF SOURCES

I, Estelle Myers, declare that the work presented in this thesis is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, original, except as acknowledged in the text, and that the material has not been submitted, either in whole or in part, for a degree at this or any other university.

Signed ...............................................    Date .................................
DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to each and every person, who has touched my life. It is my contention that we choose the time to be born and into circumstances, that allow us to fulfil our potential. Each and every person has a role to play between birth and death, and the dance of life moves us constantly between student and teacher, with everyone at some time playing one and or both of those roles.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It would take another massive document to acknowledge all those people, who have inspired and supported my dreaming. There are simply too many to name individually.

In particular, my daughters have been my teachers. This document captures the essence of my life journey so far, and by no means, has it captured every person and incident. I acknowledge and appreciate all those people, who have shared moments in this journey.

My supervisor, Professor Bev Taylor, earns the most respect and appreciation for her encouragement and patience, to guide me through this massive experience of writing and reflecting on my journey of change and personal growth and transformation.

One person stands out as a teacher, mentor and friend, who is much loved by me, that is Stella Cornelius, AO, OBE, the octogenarian, founder and director of the Conflict Resolution Network. I have had the privilege of watching how ‘one person’ can make a difference on a global stage; her words of wisdom and encouragement have been a constant source of nourishment over almost 30 years.

There are those people in my global family, who are on the frontline of service and commitment to making a difference in the future. They have been my allies and inspiration along the journey and they include, the late Jacques Mayol, Dr Horace Dobbs, Dr Jason Cressey, Dr Paul Spong, the late Dr John Lily, Trish and Wally Franklin, Megan Jones, William and Susan Hindmarsh, Geoff Furlong, Dianne Gatward, Judith Gould, Judith Halek, Marina Alzugary, Barry Stern and Noelle Simpson to name but a few. One of the most important people in my life is Angela Angers, a mother, grandmother and pioneer of many social actions. We have had more than 30 years of supporting and encouraging each other with the most powerful expression of ‘unconditional’ love. Thank you also to Majida, without whom I would not have been able to complete the technology of the DVD production. Special thanks to my granddaughter for her creative genius for the artwork, now on the front cover of DVD, which she created when she was only 8.

I need to acknowledge and thank those mothers, who way back in 1982, had the courage to listen to their unborn baby and then respond, by birthing their baby in my bathtub, long before we had any real evidence of how safe and perfect it would be. They ‘flew in the face’ of the medical models, to listen to a spirit that moved them, to take such action, without fear. Those babies today are wonderful young adults and I thank them also.

To all those people mentioned and those not mentioned, I express my heartfelt appreciation of you and your support in helping me make my dreams a reality. The process of recording this ‘herstory’ has been another milestone in my already exciting 71 years in my space suit, known as ‘the dolphin lady’. Therefore, last but not least, I acknowledge and appreciate cetacea, the ocean terrestrials, the whales and the dolphins, who choose to interact with their cousins on earth, homo sapiens.
This Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) aimed to reflect on and recount my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. My objectives were to promote personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and to heal and be healed, by taking personal responsibility and making choices that enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness.

The research questions I posed to myself to assist in reflecting on and recounting my life stories were: What are the key stories of my life? What life lessons have I learned from my experiences? What are the patterns, trends and insights from my life? How can I offer these insights to other people? The RTA activities included writing personal stories, reflecting on my life patterns, trends and insights, and using photographs and a DVD production, to illustrate the main ideas and events.

The research process allowed me to move from being reactive to reflective and to answer the research questions. Some of my life lessons learned from my experiences are that: one person can make a difference; lack of money is not lack of personal power; and nothing is impossible. My life patterns and trends include having a high-energy lifestyle, living without fear, learning to deal with disappointments, keeping life records, taking responsibility for action, and creating a morphic field. This RTA also offers insights to other people, with whom they resonate.

It became apparent to me, in the process of documenting my personal journey in this RTA, that by suspending judgement and keeping an open mind and open heart, I am able to attune to what I call ‘Divine Intelligence’. It is a deep cellular knowing, that we are all connected.
In 32 years of my own development, I have witnessed quantum leaps in the disciplines of science, spirit, ancient wisdom and health, which are acknowledged in the academies of the world. There is a new way of seeing and thinking, which is about a future based on these holistic principles of interconnectedness. It is the contention of this RTA that thoughts and intentions are the tools for personal and global change.
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Chapter</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Background to the Project</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aim and Objectives</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Research Questions</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Significance</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Explanation of Style</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Definition of Key Terms</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thesis Chapter Overview</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter Summary and Reflection</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER TWO: INFLUENTIAL TEXTS</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Paradigms of Thought</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feminine Perspectives</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cetacea</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Birthing</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Personal Reflection and Chapter Summary</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER THREE: METHODOLOGY, METHODS AND PROCESSES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methodology</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Defining Key Research Terms</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quantitative and Qualitative Research</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Types of Qualitative Research</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA)</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Key Components of RTA</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summary</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Methods and Processes</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ethical Clearance</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The RTA Process</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exploring Religions and Spirituality</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Discovery Tour of Israel and Egypt</td>
<td>290</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dogmatic Devotees</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ram Dass and the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Raj Yogi Conference in New Delhi</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace Worldwide</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holding the Vision Against War</td>
<td>296</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaving the Web Through Whale Tales of Learning Waves</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Launch of a Book, ‘A Whale Song’</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Magic Triangle: Trish, Wally and ‘Cooper’</td>
<td>300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaving connections with cetacea and humans</td>
<td>305</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Franklins</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Oceania Project</td>
<td>311</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magical Connections</td>
<td>315</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weaving Connections with Family and Friends</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connections with Angela</td>
<td>333</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summary and Reflection</td>
<td>340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHAPTER NINE: MOTHERHOOD ROLES</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>343</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Daughters as Teachers</td>
<td>344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mothers’ Day</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Surprise in Merimbula</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Mother’s Death</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeremy, my Grandson</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeremy’s birth</td>
<td>356</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entwined memories</td>
<td>357</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron, my Grandson</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron and Oceania</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron in Ballina</td>
<td>367</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflections about my Granddaughter, Lena</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reflections about my Granddaughter, Cassie</td>
<td>375</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth Mother</td>
<td>381</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter Summary and Reflection</td>
<td>383</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CHAPTER TEN: CO-CREATION AND CONCLUSION

Introduction 384
From Domination to Cooperation 8386
   Saying “Sorry” 387
   Freeing Tibet 388
   Electing a Black President and Woman Vice President 389
   Global Changes and the World Wide Web 391
Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth 394
   Enroute to the United Kingdom 394
   Eastward Bound to America and Canada 403
   The New Zealand Pod 412
   Homeward Bound 413
‘Spider Grandmother’ 414
Fulfilling the Research Aim and Objectives 416
   The Key Stories Of My Life 416
   Life Lessons From My Experiences 419
   Patterns, Trends and Insights From My Life 420
      Having a high-energy lifestyle 420
      Living without fear 421
      Learning to deal with disappointments 421
      Keeping life records 422
      Taking responsibility for action 422
      Creating a morphic field 423
Offering Insights To Other People 424
Final Reflections and Summary 425
APPENDICES 438
BIBLIOGRAPHY 440
LIST of FIGURES

Figure 3.1  The TV director
Figure 4.1  Mum, Paul, Lyn and I, 1947
Figure 4.2  The wedding day of my mother to my new stepfather
Figure 4.3  The family study, Paul, Lynette, 1943
Figure 4.4  One of only a few photos of me and my dad, 1941
Figure 4.5  My father and I, at the time we crossed Bass Strait
Figure 4.6  My half sister Pat, our father and I, whale watch at Hervey Bay, 1991
Figure 4.7  Single mum and kids, 1946
Figure 4.8  Lena, my favourite grandparent
Figure 4.9  My 4th birthday, Lena, Paul & I am front right
Figure 4.10  The bride and grandparents, 31/8/55, Lena and Pop Henry
Figure 4.11  Lena, the beach girl, at 75 years young
Figure 4.12  Noam Chomsky
Figure 4.13  Program picture of Queen Esther at my 'confirmation', 1950
Figure 4.14  History-making girls’ bar mitzvah, 1951
Figure 4.15  Engagement photo, 18th November 1954
Figure 4.16  The big wedding day – a family affair - Temple Emanuel, 31/8/1955
Figure 4.17  Nat’s mothers’ parents, me, and family
Figure 4.18  True love?
Figure 4.19  Mr and Mrs Nathan Myers leaving to live happily ever after?
Figure 4.20  New Zealand Cartoon, 1986
Figure 4.21  My teenage daughters outside our Paddington pad, 1971
Figure 4.22  My first stage show, with Midge, 1962
Figure 4.23  TV sitcom, September 1966
Figure 4.24  Me, as Raggedy Anne, 1966
Figure 4.25  Bon voyage family on the ‘Fairsky’, January 1968
Figure 4.26  My first passport to freedom
Figure 4.27  Peter Myers and Estelle Myers, 1971
Figure 4.28  Typical picnic with friends, with current and ex-boyfriends, 1973
Figure 4.29  Lyn and I, London, 1968
Figure 4.30  Sisters in Europe, 1968
Figure 5.1  Promotion for the 1975 production
Figure 5.2  Daily Mirror, January, 1969
Figure 5.3  Mass hot air balloon take off, 1971
Figure 5.4  Front page promotion of Zoot, August 1972
Figure 5.5  National Times spread on small business downfall, 1976
Figure 5.6  Dr James Boutilier, as a guest on the Maggie Show, 1969
Figure 5.7  An advertisement from the Financial Times 1974
Figure 5.8  Michael, Ruth Carter and I, New York, 1977
Figure 5.9  Logo for my letterhead, 1976
Figure 5.10  Bella Abzug (Mayor to be), Helen Reddy and I, New York, 1976
Figure 5.11  Swept away, New York, 1977
Figure 5.12  Our wedding, 18th August 1978
Figure 5.13  Paul toasts the happy couple, Sydney Wedding, August 1978
Figure 5.14  Australian article, August 1978
Figure 5.15  Poster for Christmas, 1979
Figure 5.16  Scandal headlines, September 1979
Figure 5.17  Television program, NYC, 1978
Figure 5.18  Opening the Educare International Conference, Sydney
Figure 5.19  Estelle, ‘Good Queen Bess’ & Franklin, Stanwell Park, 1981
Figure 5.20  My solo flight from the Rainbow Mountain, 1981
LIST of FIGURES (continued)

Figure 5.21  The rainbow, the day I moved to Stanwell Park, April 1979
Figure 5.22  Election news, NSW, 1980
Figure 5.23  Promotion and Public Relations, Australian Miracles Tour, 1979
Figure 5.24  Bob Jones and I, at “The New Zealand Party” Launch, 1984
Figure 5.25  Maori Elders waiting to greet visitors
Figure 5.26  2nd Homo Delphinus conference 1986
Figure 5.27  A conference session
Figure 5.28  Jacques Mayol and myself
Figure 5.29  AAP volunteers, Sydney, 1986
Figure 5.30  Campaign photographs for the Democrats, 1990
Figure 5.31  Leaflet for SHE forum and workshop, 1990
Figure 5.32  Local political success, July 1997
Figure 6.1  Joseph and myself with the Peace Flame
Figure 6.2  The cover of the conference program
Figure 6.3  Garth Popple, and I, at our graduation in 1999
Figure 6.4  Patrick and Kerry, the key players and others, at my retreat, 1997
Figure 6.5  The advertisement, in The Sydney Morning Herald and Campus Review
Figure 6.6  The pyramid co created by the delegates of SLAM 1, in procession.
Figure 6.7  My ever present soul sister, Angela, as we set SLAM spirit free, 1998
Figure 6.8  Lighting the Peace Flame, July 99, UWS
Figure 6.9  The Mayor receiving the Peace Flame from Welsh school children
Figure 6.10  Peace Flame opens SLAM
Figure 6.11  Peace Flame arrives back in Aus. to open SLAM 2
Figure 6.12  Couran Cove Resort, the perfect setting for SLAM 5.
Figure 6.13  Brochure for Australian tour
Figure 6.14  Buddies in spirit, Burnham and I, 1988
Figure 6.15  My last fax to Brad
Figure 6.16  One of many promotional items I designed
Figure 6.17  The huge advertising poster on Sydney stations without cost
Figure 6.18  The first official brochure, July 2003
Figure 6.19  JD and Angel volunteers, Longevity International, 2003
Figure 6.20  Noah and John Weller, son and dad, partners and visionaries
Figure 7.1  Tutukaka, NZ, June 17th, 1981, celebrating the birth of the RDC
Figure 7.2  79,000 people in the tent city, New Zealand, 1981
Figure 7.3  Ram Dass, wearing a Rainbow Dolphin T-shirt, 1981
Figure 7.4  Estelle and Horace, June 1981
Figure 7.5  Estelle killed out for first sea dive, June 1981.
Figure 7.6  Horace and Wade on board Interlock at Poor Knights, NZ, 1981
Figure 7.7  Founder of Greenpeace, the late Dexter Cate, his wife and child
Figure 7.8  Logo for Planetary Pause for Peace, 1980
Figure 7.9  Warragamba Lion Park Dolphin Pool, 1981
Figure 7.10  Squeaky and I, in my first dolphin swim
Figure 7.11  Early peaceful demonstration at Lion Park, 1980
Figure 7.12  Press campaign to free the dolphins, July 9 1981
Figure 7.13  Meeting Prince Charles, Royal Easter Show, 1981
Figure 7.14  Ultimate Willie wagging (Sunday Telegraph 1/4/03).
Figure 7.15  Sydney Morning Herald, Australian, 2003, dolphins at war & AWOL
Figure 7.16  Meeting a captive friend, Brighton UK, 1985
Figure 7.17  My Beluga friend and I, New York, 1981
Figure 7.18  Typical press coverage, Japan and Iceland, 1990
Figure 7.19  Holey Fin and Me at Monkey Mia, 1991

xiii
LIST of FIGURES (continued)

Figure 7.20  Alana, *Homo Delphinus*, human dolphin, meets a dolphin, Florida USA
Figure 7.21  Igor and I in a Moscow TV station, 1985
Figure 7.22  I join in an ice swim with babies in Gorky Park, Moscow 1985
Figure 7.23  A typical audience in Japan, 1992
Figure 7.24  A Japanese presentation, 1992
Figure 7.25  Our second waterbaby in New Zealand, Cinnamon, born Easter, 1982
Figure 7.26  Jaya, born 6th July 1982, making headlines in Australia
Figure 7.27  Good Friday, 1985, Igor, baby, mother, midwife
Figure 7.28  Baby born in tiny Moscow bathtub 20 days early, and I
Figure 7.29  The first USA waterbirth, 28th October 1980
Figure 7.30  The cover of Jacques’ English translation of his book
Figure 7.31  *Sunday Telegraph* 13/4/2003, born in water, England
Figure 7.32  Special treasure repaired
Figure 7.33  Lena and Jack Levy with some of their family, approximately 1916
Figure 7.34  Dear Aunty Dot on that magical ‘dolfun’ day in Leura
Figure 7.35  The prized original painting and me, with the Christies’ catalogue
Figure 7.36  Pioneer pod 1997, Dr John Lily and I, Takako and his minders
Figure 7.37  Horace, Wally and Trish, 1997, at dolphin conference
Figure 8.1  *Northern Star*, 9th February 2003
Figure 8.2  *Daily Telegraph*, 12th February 2003
Figure 8.3  Dr Lloyd Fell’s book
Figure 8.4  Noelle and I, on Los Angeles TV, 1992
Figure 8.5  Made Wijaya in Bali
Figure 8.6  Made and I in Bali, 1994
Figure 8.7  Alyn
Figure 8.8  One day old Ra with me, Rainbow Dolphin Centre NZ, 1982
Figure 8.9  Handing over the Peace Flame for security
Figure 8.10  Alyn and I at UN, Oct on QE2 1999
Figure 8.11  Prim and proper, Beryl and Helen joining the ‘Fairsky’, January 1968
Figure 8.12  Jody, Lena and John farewell Jez, 11 March 2003
Figure 8.13  Brochure, and my pod on a luxury tour
Figure 8.14  With Kirk, of Protea Tours
Figure 8.15  Ram Dass, New Zealand, 1981
Figure 8.16  My presentation to 12,000 Raj yogis, 1981
Figure 8.17  Raj Yogi Peace Rally, New Delhi, 1981
Figure 8.18  Aussie contingent
Figure 8.19  Planetary Pause for Peace, Red Square, 31/3/85
Figure 8.20  Bob Jones, self appointed leader of the New Zealand Party, 1983
Figure 8.21  Suzanne and Zhan, first water born baby in my bathtub, 17/3/82
Figure 8.22  The Australian, Not tonight Janette …
Figure 8.23  Trish’s photo on the cover of Tim’s book for Southern Cross University
Figure 8.24  Tim, Trish, Wally and Prof. Peter Baverstock at the launch, 13/6/03
Figure 8.25  The view from Rainbow Dolphin Centre, looking to the Poor Knights
Figure 8.26  One of the first gatherings in 1981
Figure 8.27  Angela, Rich, Susan and Ruth. The self-organising ‘dolfun’ pod
Figure 8.28  The epic poem
Figure 8.29  PCYC Steam Train First Fleet to Newcastle, 1988
Figure 8.30  Close encounter with humpback Hervey Bay
Figure 8.31  Nakagawa, Shizuko and Horace
Figure 8.32  Shizuko with students in their dolphin trance
Figure 8.33  The grieving family
Figure 8.34  Shizuko and Estelle, twin souls of east and west
LIST of FIGURES (continued)

Figure 8.35  The magical view from my desk
Figure 8.36  Oannes: half man, half fish
Figure 8.37  My trance drawing of Sekhmet, Luxor, 27.05.80
Figure 8.38  Illustration from Princeton Website of changes in global consciousness
Figure 8.39  Australian Post, May 26,1990
Figure 8.40  Jez 23, Nan and Lena 20 – my pride and joy
Figure 8.41  Bondi Beach Babes – Rachel, Habib, Estelle and Greta, March 2005
Figure 9.1   November 1974, just out of hospital, before the global adventure
Figure 9.2   The last photo of mum and I, at my surprise Mothers’ Day, 1986
Figure 9.3   The family surprise party Mothers’ Day 1986
Figure 9.4   My Mum in the middle, with some of the Coogee Bowling Club women
Figure 9.5   Blissful baby and grandmother
Figure 9.6   Blissful mother and baby
Figure 9.7   Jeremy’s first bath, February 1982
Figure 9.9   First haircut, 1984
Figure 9.9   Jody and Jez, 2002
Figure 9.10  Video cover for award winning documentary, ‘Oceania’
Figure 9.11  Lena, the cover girl of the month, 1989
Figure 9.12  Jeremy, Lena and I, playing, 12/1/89
Figure 9.13  Michelle and Byron 6 months
Figure 9.14  Byron’s first steps January 1990, on his first birthday
Figure 9.15  Lena, my little ‘dolfun’ granddaughter
Figure 9.16  Rick, Rose and ocean baby
Figure 9.17  Good Friday, Moscow 1985
Figure 9.18  The famous Opo statue, Opononi, New Zealand
Figure 9.19  Holey Fin’s family meets mine
Figure 9.20  Lena and Jez, Monkey Mia
Figure 9.21  The kiss that launched my Japanese adventure, Monkey Mia, 01/01/91
Figure 9.22  My Japanese baby swim class, 1992
Figure 9.23  ‘Miss Cassie Pie’, 1994
Figure 9.24  Byron and Cassie, 2008
Figure 9.25  Byron, 14 and sister Cassie, 12, at Tangalooma, 2003
Figure 9.26  Sam and Michelle, 2003
Figure 9.27  Their wedding day, 1983
Figure 9.28  Jody and John, 2002
Figure 9.29  Their wedding day, 1978
Figure 9.30  Three wise women, Michelle, Estelle and Jody, 1992
Figure 10.1  Cartoon showing the shift of Australian collective consciousness
Figure 10.2  The Tibetan monk
Figure 10.3  Barack and family, from his website
Figure 10.4  Hiliary, from her website
Figure 10.5  Tim’s book cover (Berners-Lee, 1991).
Figure 10.6  MySpace advertisement and its owner Rupert Murdoch
Figure 10.7  Cousin Barry and Judith Gould, Bangkok, 21/09/06
Figure 10.8  Judy, Peter and I, Germany
Figure 10.9  Zee Otter, their floating home
Figure 10.10 Swimming elephant (Lufthansa in-flight magazine)
Figure 10.11 Soleira and I at the Brighton seaside
Figure 10.12 Dr Horace Dobbs
Figure 10.13 Same man, November 2006, in remission
Figure 10.14 Poster for Humanitad Forum, 07/07/07
Figure 10.15 The Earth Hour 2008 Global Event
Figure 10.16 The Big Apple with my soul sisters
LIST of FIGURES (continued)

Figure 10.17  *Bazaar* Cover story, August 2006
Figure 10.18 Album covers, as seen on Pru’s personal website
Figure 10.19 Dr James Boutilier and I, in Victoria, BC, 17/10/06
Figure 10.20 My Road trip partner Christine
Figure 10.21 Doreen the Tai Chi Master
Figure 10.22 Helen, Paul, Jason and I, 22/10/06
Figure 10.23 Two birthday kids
Figure 10.24 Laura and I
Figure 10.25 Harry and I
Figure 10.26 William and Susan Hindmarsh
Figure 10.27 Futurist Dick Ryan and wife Susan
Figure 10.28 David and Di, the teachers
Figure 10.29 My grandchildren, the next generation
Figure 10.30 The big 70th birthday cake
Figure 10.31 ‘Podners’ Trish, Wally and Angela at the ‘Ballina Bash’
Figure 10.32 Time Life Cover, December 23, 2006
Figure 10.33 The last edition of The Science Network
Figure 10.34 A sample of world news on the historic victory for change November 5th 2008
Figure 10.35 Avaaz.org One World Poster, Washington collecting messages for Obama
Figure 10.36 The Peace Intention Experiment
CHAPTER ONE: INTRODUCTION

This chapter explains the evolution of this thesis as a Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA), introducing who I am, why I have chosen this subject and approach, and how I drew from my life experiences and archival material of my major projects over 30 years. This chapter also describes the project’s aims, objectives, research questions, significance, thesis style, key terms and an overview of the thesis chapters.

The research process allowed me to reflect on and integrate the key moments in my life, and to recognise that I am a midwife to Gaia, helping to birth global consciousness, by participating in a global community to enhance interconnectedness and morphic resonance. This understanding is the central thesis of this research, leading to its title: Midwife to Gaia - Birthing Global Consciousness: A Reflective Topical Autobiography.

Background to the Project

Even as a young girl, I always found an ‘underdog’ and an injustice needing to be addressed or supported. I grew up with a ‘chip on my shoulder’, needing something to prove to myself. I had the misfortune to be a ‘know all’ and that often got me into serious trouble at school. I learned it was not OK to question the teachers. I did. I guess it was a direct result of my battle, as a child, to survive, that I was a natural rebel and I was always a rebel with a cause. I realised that the real cause was found in needing to heal my own anger and shift the enormous power of angst to the healing power of love. First and most importantly, I needed to learn to love myself. I realised that I could not change the world, but I could change me, and when I did, my world changed with truly remarkable results.

I have been creating material in print, stage, film, television and radio for public edification since 1965. I put in years of effort for children, women, the environment, animal liberation, politics and healing. The end result is personal and global transformation, after producing newspaper reports,
theatre reviews, a book, children’s theatre, women’s television, documentary films for international transmission, 16 years of radio broadcasting and a professional career in promotion and communications. My creative skills were used to design packages, brochures, television and print advertising.

In every case, I first saw a need in the community and then set out to fill the need, rarely stopping to consider the ramifications, the means needed, or the challenges involved. Maybe if I did, I would never have started. The results are evident to me as personal and global transformation, and I see attitudinal healing on a large scale, still growing.

Thus, I welcomed the attempt to look at my life process, and to reflect systematically for the first time, to understand how my creative energy and sense of righting the wrongs in the world led to my becoming a catalyst for change, through a series of ‘extenuating circuses!’ Some people would refer to ‘extenuating circumstances’, but I like the play on the words, as it was originally a Freudian slip on my behalf. I wanted to explore the potential power within each and every individual to discover oneself and to desire to attain self-realisation.

My commitment and purpose always, was and is, to demonstrate that nothing is impossible, the word ‘can’t’ usually means ‘won’t’, and that lack of money is not lack of personal power. Personal empowerment is the ‘name of the game’ and I know that each person has enormous potential and imagination, which are the greatest gifts of all. We can all make choices. I assumed that everyone understood that knowledge is gained from personal experience. I am now trying to understand why I did not seek approval or permission from anyone. If there was a job to do, then I simply did it, using whatever means were available.

I have a very strong sense of values, acquired over the years. It is basically firmly grounded in the idea of wholeness, that everything is connected and that we are all-knowing. Everyone has the potential to be a co-creator, tapped into a Universal Source.
In 1976, living in New York, I was commissioned to write a book about positive thinking. It was to compete against one of the top selling self-help books at the time ‘Erroneous Zones’ by Dr Wayne Dyer (1976). My book, ‘Cross Your Bridges When You Come To Them’ (Myers, 1976) was a small tome, based on common sense, intuitive knowledge and actual life experience. The bottom line message, which has helped many other people, and especially women, was that ‘nothing is impossible, the word ‘can’t’ does not exist’. I had discovered that ‘can’t’ often simply meant ‘won’t’. In the book, I reviewed 20 years of my own learning by trail and error processes and I reviewed the writing of authors, who inspired me, including Erich Fromm (1941, 1962, 1976), Carl Rogers (1977), Lyall Watson (1974, 1979, 1984, 1973), Janes (1976) and Jung (1960, 1962, 1976). The most powerful influence was that of Carl Rogers, with his ideas on self-empowerment and self-realisation. I recognised myself as a self-actualising person (Rogers, 1977).

Living and working in New York, I was amazed to discover that most of my friends and colleagues were ‘doing therapy’ of one kind or another, to solve their emotional problems. I could never imagine asking anyone else to solve my problems for me and I realised that my life had been one of self-learning by doing. I ascribed to personal power, the power from within, which was learned the hard way, by trail and error. However, I had a realisation writing the book, in just 10 days, that as my 40th birthday approached, I was to graduate from the ‘cosmic kindergarten’ into the real world, with a very specific purpose.

The inspiration, idea, or message, whichever word suits best, that came to me on waking in the early hours of one morning in ‘The Big Apple’, was as follows:

Heal the World
Turn the World Upside Down
Replace Cobwebs with Stardust
Conduct a Ministry of Healing
LOVE IS GOD IN ACTION       (Estelle Myers, 20th November 1976)
This was a big ask for a committed and opinionated atheist. There was more to follow: ‘Heal with your hands. The Power of Healing is Love and everyone can heal’. Cosmic madness followed. It was an experiment that took me on an exciting adventure of self-discovery, which led me to many miracles in my own life and to encourage, empower and inspire others. Very simply, I realised that it requires an open heart and open mind, to discover another ‘new world reality’. The inspiration, idea, or message was so powerful, that I never once doubted my ‘life mission’. If I had been anywhere else, other than New York, my family might have had me ‘locked up and thrown away the key’, such was my madness.

When I began my PhD studies, I intended originally to undertake a quantitative research project investigating waterbirth, because I had been involved in the original waterbirth initiatives. I sold my home in Australia to finance the research of waterbirth and the human dolphin connection and purchased a home and moved to New Zealand to establish The Rainbow Dolphin Centre (see Chapter 7). My commitment to investigate the use of water as a birthing tool began in 1980 and led me to Dr Michel Odent (1983, 1984, 1990, 1992, 1997, 1999) in France and Dr Igor Charkovsky in Russia. At that time there were less than 100 ‘water babies’ recorded. As part of my commitment, I financed an Australian midwife to be with Dr Michel Odent in Pithiviers, France, to observe procedure and protocol. In 1985, I flew to Moscow to meet with and experience Charkovsky, first hand. I was able to be present to film a baby born on Good Friday, Full Moon and Jewish Passover and then smuggle the video out. This was to be the foundation for promoting the concept of water birthing worldwide.

When I presented my original research intentions to peers at a postgraduate research seminar, they encouraged me to broaden the scope of my project to include other significant life initiatives. Having lived a life of adventure, as a catalyst in human and ecological issues on a global scale, I decided to undertake research, which would allow me to share my life wisdom I have gained along the way, so other people could learn from my experiences, should they choose to do so.
I realised that my life journey could be described through a RTA approach (Johnstone, 1999), although I had initial doubts that this approach could qualify for something as important as a PhD. These doubts were intensified by my assumption that academic degrees are earned as a result of meticulous study and critical research of other people’s lives, as well as realising that many people with whom I talked about RTA had never heard of such an approach, and they were very quick to dismiss the idea as fanciful and not ‘serious’ research.

Johnstone (1999) described the purpose and usefulness of a RTA, explaining how RTA has enjoyed a ‘rebirth’ in recent years, as researchers in human enquiry and literary disciplines have been embracing this research approach to generate qualitative research knowledge. Johnstone (1999, p.24) explained that RTA is “a shared sociological project, investigating and increasing the understanding of the commonality of existential human experience”. She also explained that RTA tells a story, but does not claim to tell the whole story, leaving the way open for revision.

I learned that the RTA methodology increases the understanding of subjectivity, and makes it more visible and intelligible. It also validates personal and emotional lived experience, so that the research and the researcher are one and the same, providing a way of experiencing and interpreting the interactive self. As an autobiography, from the Greek root autos (self) bio (life) and graphos (to write), RTA is an opportunity to reflect on one’s own life experiences, to retrieve lessons learned along the way and insights into human behavior, based on the authority of one’s own lived experience.

My decision to undertake a RTA was also inspired by many people, whose work I have read, and with whom I have interacted. Many of these people are international pioneers of change in their own right, for example, Buckminster Fuller (1978), Teilhard de Chardin (1959), Lovelock (1979), Russell (1983) and Sheldrake (1981).

One of my life interests has been global consciousness, which is the concept of a unified field of awareness that we are all one, so we are all connected.
Global conscious suggests that we share a common vision of being connected and that we are all passengers on the ‘spaceship earth’, as described by the late Buckminster Fuller (1978). The collective consciousness was coined ‘noosephere’ by Teilhard de Chardin (1959). More recently, Lovelock (1979) used the name ‘Gaia’ to describe these phenomena. Colleagues, such as Russell (1983), talked of the ‘Global Brain’ and Sheldrake (1981) introduced the concept of morphogenetic fields, which are the invisible electromagnetic forces that determine the outcome of human and ecological systems.


A particular focus of my own life’s work is ‘giving birth back to women’ and promoting natural birth. For example, I supported the pioneers using water as a birthing tool, the Russian Igor Charkovsky and French obstetrician, Dr Michel Odent, by facilitating the first two international conferences on the subject in 1982 and 1986 in New Zealand. The first waterbabies in Australasia were born in my bathtub at my centre in New Zealand in 1982. I became aware that in post World War Two, birth has become a medically managed event, which often denies the mother and the baby the critical exchange of chemistry that prepare the to cope with life (Odent, 2001). The miracle and
sacredness of creation and the empowerment of women is a major issue that I address in this RTA.

Cetacea are another interest described in this RTA. My initiatives in 1981 to research dolphins and whales in the oceans around my centre in New Zealand, and to understand the connection with humans, led to what we now see as one of the fastest growth industries in ecotourism.

All in all, in reflecting on my life adventures and philosophy, I realise that I have much to offer other people.

Aim and Objectives

This project aimed to reflect on and recount my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. My objectives were to promote personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and to heal and be healed by taking personal responsibility and making choices that enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness.

Research Questions

The research questions I posed to myself to assist in reflecting on and recounting my life stories were:

- What are the key stories of my life?
- What life lessons have I learned from my experiences?
- What are the patterns, trends and insights from my life?
- How can I offer these insights to other people?

Significance

The significance of this project is that it offers the insights from my lived experiences to other people. My life adventure and journey has been filled with many amazing events, some brilliant, others devastating and chaotic.
All these valuable opportunities have expanded my own awareness and consciousness, the insights from which are offered in this RTA.

**Explanation of Style**

The style of writing of this thesis uses first person pronouns, such as I and me, to capture the actual lived experience of personal storytelling. In chapters on methodology and literature review, I have used an ‘academic voice’, to substantiate theoretical claims.

Although it had been my intention to write in a chronological sequence from my earliest childhood experiences to the present time, it became evident in the reflecting and writing process, that the chapters of this RTA evolved thematically and the stories were often entwined. Even so, the chapters still have a time line, along the lines of particular episodes and sometimes in recurring situations. It was in the observation of the changed times and places, that I realised the learning process that has shaped my philosophy, attitudes and the ‘getting of wisdom’. For this reason, parts of some stories appear in multiple places in the thesis chapters, and/or I refer readers to other chapters, in keeping with the intertwined nature of my life experiences.

The fonts used in the thesis vary, to indicate the main text (Palatino 12), the stories (American Typewriter 11) and the reflections (Apple Chancery 12).

The referencing style aligns with American Psychological Society (APA).

**Definition of Key Terms**

A new vocabulary is emerging in the sciences to describe much of the latest discoveries and to create clarity of communication. The following terms feature in this thesis. I have coined some of the terms and other terms are derived from literature.

**Alpha** describes a state of mind, which is an altered state of consciousness, where the brainwaves slow to operate at 7-14 Hz cycles per second, which
enhances peak performance. Alpha is the key used by artists, athletes, musicians and others, who wish to experience peak performance (Capra, 1996).

**Cetacea** is the group term for air breathing ocean living marine mammals, such as the whales and dolphins.

**Dolphinicity** is a term I have coined to mean the magic beyond synchronicity, which is more than coincidence. It also involves a magical serendipity connection to cetacea.

**Epigenetics** refers to something that affects a cell, organ or individual without directly affecting its DNA. An epigenetic change may indirectly influence the expression of the genome (Lipton, 2005).

**Gaia** refers to the theory of viewing Mother Earth and all those who dwell on her as one living organism (Lovelock, 1979).

**Global consciousness** is the term used to describe the concept of a unified field of awareness that we are all one, that we are all connected (Fuller, 1978; de Chardin, 1959).

**Homologue** is a part or organ that has the same evolutionary origin as another, but differs in function, e.g. a bird’s wing in relation to the fin of a fish.

**Morphic resonance** is a claim being proven by the scientific world, that everything is connected and influences everything else (Sheldrake (1981).

**Noosephere** refers to a chain reaction of an invisible web of thought, that binds everything, and will lead eventually to an evolution of one-ness (de Chardin, 1966).

**One, Won, Now** is a term I have coined to mean that when we experience oneness, we have indeed won the battle and that is in the immediate now.
Paradigm is a basic set of values and beliefs that guide action (Fergusson, 1980).

Synchronicity is a term used to describe meaningful coincidences that defy rational linear reality.

Thesis Chapter Overview

Chapter Two addresses what I learned from the most important and influential books in my life. The categories of literature described within this chapter include the new paradigms of thought, feminine perspectives, cetacea and birthing, because these are the areas in which I have been most active in my work as a catalyst on a global scale. The personal stories within Chapters 4 to 7 inclusive, elaborate on particular life experiences relating to the categories of literature, showing how various authors have motivated me and my work and how, in some cases, I have influenced their thoughts and work.

Chapter Three describes the methodology, methods and processes used in developing a thesis from my life experience. The methodology section defines key research terms, and differentiates between quantitative and qualitative research, and interpretive and critical qualitative research approaches. Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) is described as a form of interpretive qualitative research and justification is given for using RTA to fulfill this project’s research aim and objectives. The methods and processes section of Chapter Three describes the ethical clearance process, writing the RTA, and how I ensured the trustworthiness of the project.

Chapter Four describes beginning in life as a child and young adult. The childhood section presents stories entitled: ‘Chaos and confusion on our first ever holiday’, ‘A real father and new extended family’, ‘My father’, and ‘Life in the suburbs’. The section relating to young adulthood describes ‘Ghosts from the past’, ‘Grandparents’, ‘Jewish rites of passage’, ‘My first marriage’ and ‘Becoming an independent woman and mother’. The stories reveal how my strong sense of determination evolved and how I took control of my own life at a very early age. The stories also ground my Jewish heritage and the
influence of my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather. Throughout the chapter, I reflect on my childhood and young adult life stories, to make sense of my experiences at that time and to establish a sense of the change agent I have become.

Chapter Five discusses how through various projects, partnerships and politics, I reinvented myself as a single working mother of two daughters and how my life changed forever, two days after my 40th birthday. Included in this chapter are my adventures, the ‘ups and downs’ of my life, how I began to make miracles in all their different representations, and my reflections on many lessons I learned along the way.

In Chapter Six, I reflect on some projects, in which I have been inspired to get involved in recent years. The projects were not planned; they simply happened and I was guided in the experience in total trust. These stories attest to my passion for projects and the lessons I have learned from them. I describe how I motivated many projects by enlivening their ideas and goals and becoming the ‘engine’, which drove them to fruition. The projects include the Peace Flame, The Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Ltd (SLaM), experiences with corporate cowboys and other people, the First International Congress on Cancer and experiences with colleagues preparing for the International Conference on Longevity.

Chapter Seven describes the stories of the magic and mystery of dolphinity, birth and death. My life stories in this chapter include the birth of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, freeing cetacea and humans, dolphinity, Easter Stories about water babies, something precious about art and family, ‘Just Call Me Dot: Midwife to Death’, and dolphin disappointments.

In Chapter Eight, I share the weaving of the web and the connections of spirit in many forms, by reflecting on the many incredible connections in my global family, interspersed with my observations of the global changes taking place at this moment in time. This chapter describes my experiences of human connection, through an expanding global consciousness. These web-weaving
stories include ‘Magical Moments Through Amazing Connections’, in reconnecting with friends and keeping in touch with my global family. This chapter also includes stories of weaving the web of Gaia, by mediating for world peace and weaving connections with cetacea and humans, through amazing synchronicity.

Chapter Nine reflects on the importance and influence of my role in relationship to my mother, my daughters and subsequently, my grandchildren. My experiences of changing motherhood roles were the impetus for this chapter. In my early childhood it became very clear just how important my own paternal grandmother, Lena, was in influencing my development, in addition to my maternal grandfather’s third wife, who set the pattern of my moral standards. In many ways, my role as a woman, wearing all the labels of daughter, granddaughter, wife, mother and grandmother, have forged new patterns across four generations. This is revealed in Chapter Nine in the stories of critical moments in my life in all of these roles.

In the final chapter, I describe my observations of how Gaia energy is increasing, evidenced for me in good news, including the Australian government finally saying “Sorry” to the nation’s Indigenous Peoples, the movement to free Tibet, progress towards a black President and a woman Vice President in America, the peaceful declaration of independence in Kosovo, and the resignation of Fidel Castro. I recount how many of these events were monitored, and to some extent mediated, through the World Wide Web (www). I also relate the story of my global journey at the time of my 70th birthday, to enable me to visit with many of my global family and network and reclaim an ancient title of ‘Spider Grandmother’. Finally, this chapter describes how I fulfilled the research aim and objectives, by identifying: the key stories of my life; the life lessons have I learned from my experiences; the patterns, trends and insights from my life; and the insights I can offer to other people.
Chapter Summary and Reflection

Chapter One explained the evolution of this thesis as a RTA, by introducing who I am, why I chose this subject, and the how I drew from my life experiences and archival material over 30 years. I began by describing something of who I am and how I became inspired to become a midwife to Gaia, through raising personal and global consciousness. I also explained that I intended originally to undertake a quantitative research project investigating waterbirth, because I had been involved in the original waterbirth initiatives. However, encouraged by my peers, I decided to undertake a RTA, to recount the major initiatives and themes of my life. This chapter also described the project’s aims, objectives, research questions, significance, thesis style, key terms and an overview of the thesis chapters.

Over seven decades of living and learning on Planet Earth, Gaia, I have witnessed many changes in my lifetime and I have been a catalyst and a midwife to some of those changes. Therefore, this thesis used the methodological approach of RTA and it is entitled: ‘A Midwife to Gaia: Birthing Global Consciousness’.

On 02/02/07, I reflected on Hawkin’s (2002) quote that “Traditional philosophy has studied various aspects of consciousness, and the expressions of consciousness, as mind or emotion, have been the subjects of the clinical sciences, but the nature of consciousness itself has never been clinically examined in any comprehensive sense.”

‘Midwife to Gaia, birthing global consciousness’ is the title I chose to begin this project. It’s both a project and a commitment to obtaining a Doctorate. I felt that undertaking a Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) would be an effective way to understand how, as an individual, a person can, in fact, make a difference on a global scale. A midwife is usually a woman, who has given birth and who supports other women giving birth to new life. In my use of the word, it describes my role in
the last 30 years or more, of creating safe spaces to nurture and birth new ideas and tools for personal and global transformation. The entire body of the work is being drawn from my own personal experiences over a very active lifetime. They are stories that originate from my humble beginnings. It is a journey that has been incredibly rich and rewarding; a journey that has not been without ups and downs, highs and lows, failures and successes. The only thing for certain in any life is that we are born and will die. I have learned and continue to learn many lessons in between. Every crisis is a creative opportunity to choose to change.

I am convinced that ‘conscious’ and ‘consciousness’ have as many interpretations as individuals and their own experience of it. Even now, it is difficult to find a description that can satisfy more than one person. My take on these widely used words is that, at birth, my first breath made me a conscious, living creature and that, over time, my awareness of self, others, my environment, my experiences and learnings have expanded my state of consciousness. This is for me, here and now, a deeply seated cellular knowing, which cannot be learned, and cannot be purchased or given by anyone else to me. Nor can it be taken away. I know that every living creature is conscious to one degree or another and that personal consciousness is a unique and individual state of being. Some are more conscious than others, or to put it another way, more awake than others. Global consciousness is the awakening of the collective heart and mind, to experience that we are all connected by a brilliant unseen web that binds us together.
CHAPTER TWO: INFLUENTIAL TEXTS

This chapter addresses what I learned from the most important and influential books in my life. The categories of literature described within this review of influential texts include the new paradigms of thought, feminine perspectives, cetacea and birthing, because these are the areas in which I have been most active in my work as a catalyst on a global scale. The personal stories within this thesis, elaborate on particular life experiences relating to the categories of literature, showing how various authors have motivated me and my work and how, in some cases, I have influenced their thoughts and work.

This is an unusual literature review for an academic project, in that it does not include refereed journal articles. Books feature in this review, because they have been the literature sources available to me throughout my life. Even as a child, I resorted to the world of the written word, often reading books well beyond my childhood years. Having been forced to leave school after the minimum of high school qualifications, I enrolled immediately in Adult Education Classes. My thirst for knowledge was insatiable. My love of theatre also led me to read texts from Shakespeare, Greek Mythology, Classics and contemporary drama. Over the years, I have developed a passion for so many subjects and I have had the opportunity to interact with many of the authors, who have influenced me. What has become apparent in recent years is that many of the individual subjects have merged and today it is exciting for me to watch the spaces between the lines as ideas become one, especially with the appropriate use of new technology. For example, science and spirituality are ‘pushing the envelope’ and moving into new arenas of exploration.

In the last 30 years, I have intentionally met and interacted with some of the leading edge authors, to exchange information and ideas. Often the concepts I shared about waterbabies and dolphins excited them, and in some cases, they began to include their own versions of this consciousness. For example, Carl Rogers, John Lily, Jean Houston, Rupert Sheldrake, Peter Russell, Marilyn Ferguson, Buckminster Fuller, Jacques Mayol, Julian Jaynes,
Elisabeth Sahtouris, Raine Eisler, Dr. Bruce Lipton, Dr. Horace Dobbs and Dr Michel Odent have established a very powerful co-creative process of sharing knowledge, and my vision has been part of that co-creation. We traveled the alternative global conference circuit sharing knowledge at conferences and seminars, to look with open hearts and minds at how we all were working towards the same result; the expansion of human consciousness. Each in turn began to influence colleagues in their own discipline. Now the discourses are wide open and growing every day.

**The New Paradigms of Thought**

A massive paradigm shift is required to move human thinking from the mechanistic world of Newton to the science of epigenetics (Lipton, 2005), which is a revolution of our comprehension of the link between mind and matter. Lipton is highly qualified and regarded on the international conference stage as a cell biologist and his PhD is from University of Charlottesville. His ground-breaking research in 1982 revealed that a computer chip is the equivalent of brain cells. At Stanford University, in research from 1987 to 1992, he established the theory that the molecular pathways connect the mind and body. Lipton (2005) studied cell biology, which builds the bridge between science and spirit, and demonstrated that the long held belief that the DNA and genes control biology is suspect. According to Lipton, the anticipation of the return of ‘white light’ as another Jesus or Buddha to planet earth, will only occur when individuals recognize that they are all an individual frequency of the white light. Many other researchers now validate his concepts (Emoto, 1999, 2002, 2004; Maturana and Varela, 1987; McTaggart, 2001; Pert, 1997; Russell, 1983, 1998; Sheldrake, 1981, 1988, 1990, 1994, 1999, 2003).

Lipton asserted that unseen signals outside the cell, including the energetic messages of our thoughts, either positive or negative, are the cause of our experience. We are co-creators and made up of trillions of ‘smart’ cells, that know exactly how to perform and co-operate, instead of competing for survival. Lipton claimed
When we cross that line and truly understand the New Biology, we will no longer fractiously debate the role of nurture and nature, because we will realize that the fully conscious mind trumps both nature and nurture. And I believe we will also experience as profound a paradigmatic change to humanity as when a round-world reality was introduced to a flat-world civilization (Lipton 2005, p.29).

The brilliant futurist R Buckminster Fuller, born in 1895, coined the concept of the Earth as a spaceship, in which we are all passengers, and described the mind as the communication tool for humans, as distinct from other species. According to Fuller (1978, p.95), the brain is an instrument to retrieve and disseminate data, much like a computer. The computer does not communicate, rather humans, using their metaphysical minds, are the “self-contained, micro-communicating system(s). Humanity is a macro-communicating system”. A computer is similar to a cell membrane, in that they are both semi-conductor with gates and channels. In agreement with Fuller, Lipton explained

I was momentarily stunned when I realized that the identical nature of their definitions was not a coincidence. The cell membrane was indeed a structural and functional equivalent (homologue) of a silicon chip! (2005, p.91)

Lipton and Fuller discussed the necessity of becoming childlike, to be free and innocent, to be in the now, to enjoy the pleasure of being alive. Lipton (2005) called for a deeper understanding of the effect of thoughts on the unborn child, and called for conscious conception, while Fuller (1978) saw us as leaving the wombs of our mothers, to participate in the “revolution in womb land”, the new dawning awareness that we are emerging as a team, on “spaceship earth”. Fuller anticipated that

Tomorrow’s expanded Cinema University, as the universe toward one implies, will weld metaphysically together the world community of man (sic) by the flux of understanding and spontaneously truthful integrity of the child (1978, p.107).
The term ‘Gaia’ (Lovelock, 1979) first came to my attention in the late 70’s, around the same time I discovered the concept of ‘noosphere’ (de Chardin, 1959). A collection of previously unpublished texts are contained in ‘Let Me Explain’ (de Chardin, 1970). The most notable one for me, was his vision of a chain reaction of an invisible web of thought, that binds everything, which he named the noosphere. He felt that the noosphere would eventually lead to an evolution of one-ness (de Chardin 1965, pp.158-159).

de Chardin, a pre 20th century man, and Lovelock, a contemporary scientist, agree on fundamental ideas. Pierre de Chardin was a Jesuit priest, born in 1881, who studied geology and mineralogy. He taught physics, chemistry and paleontology at a Jesuit college in Cairo. He was ordained in 1912 and later tried as a heretic, because of his ‘dangerous’ thoughts on evolution, that formed the concept of a ‘noosphere’. His ideas were not published until after his death. He claimed

This is one more proof that the Truth has to appear only once, in one single mind, for it be impossible for anything ever to prevent it from spreading universally and setting everything ablaze (de Chardin 1965, p.159).

In his earlier tome ‘The Phenomenon of Man’, de Chardin (1959) explores science and philosophy and how it affects the physical and material world. He attempts to chart the evolution of the human race and its place in the universe, looks at the patterns of the past to predict the future, and offers a strong argument to support the one-ness of being.

The greatest revelation open to science today is to perceive that everything precious, active, and progressive originally contained in that cosmic fragment from which our world emerged, is now concentrated in and crowned by the noosphere (de Chardin, 1959 p.183).

In contrast, James Lovelock, an independent scientist and Fellow of the Royal Society, worked at NASA in the space program. He first declared his hypothesis in 1969 at a scientific conference about the origins of life on Earth.
He coined the term Gaia, after the Greek Earth goddess, who was known as Ge, because it is the root of the sciences of geography and geology. The book ‘Gaia, A New Look at Life on Earth’ was not published until 1979. Lovelock introduces and explains cybernetics, the studies of self-regulating systems, and offers the characteristics of Gaia that could modify our interactions with the rest of the biosphere. He concurs with Fuller and de Chardin about the theme of human connectedness and co-operation. Lovelock questions the extent of our collective intelligence as part of Gaia, and the effect of our behaviour on the Gaian nervous system. He suggests that we are the only creatures that store and gather data in a complex way and it is how we choose to use this data that will determine the health of Gaia long term. It requires each person to take responsible actions that will do no harm on a micro or macro level to Gaia. He asserts the idea that if we surrender to being part of a far greater entity than ‘self’ the rewards would be invaluable. In accepting our unity with all things, we co-create a future of peace, prosperity and harmony. He looked forward hopefully to the future, when he wrote:

Perhaps one day the children we shall share with Gaia will peacefully co-operate with the great mammals of the ocean and use whale power to travel faster and faster in the mind, as horsepower once carried us over the ground (Lovelock, 1979, p.150).

Russell (1983) suggested that the new paradigm would be like a flea jumping off the back of an elephant and seeing that it was a huge, whole, living animal. He relates the new vision of Earth as first seen from space, to understand that the Earth is a living organism in its own right. Russell (1983) concurs with Lovelock’s ‘Gaia’ theory, that Earth is a self-sustaining and regulating system.

As a result of reading physics, philosophy and psychology at Cambridge University, combined with becoming a student of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, in the Himalayan Hills, Russell realised that humans could reach a different, self-reflective consciousness. He paints an amazing picture of Marshal McLuhan’s global village and the speed of rapid dissemination of information with the growing age of technology. He predicted in 1982, that
by the year 2000, there would be a network equal to the capacity of the human brain. We were still using telex machines at the time. The onset of the World Wide Web (Berners Lee, 1991) has given rise to the fastest evolution in communication than in any other period of time. The World Wide Web brings into reality Teilhard de Chardin’s dream of an invisible web.

That of humanity finally joined together at all its edges – traversed by a network of links which, latterly becoming airia and ‘ethereal’, more and more literally present in the immensity of their organism, the image of a nervous system (de Chardin, 1965, p.233).

Using this electronic medium, a visit to Russell’s ‘The Spirit of Now’ website offers the latest of his lectures and DVD’s, available at the click of a mouse. Introducing the website, Russell (2006 [www.peterussell.com]) explains

The crisis facing humanity today is, at its root, a crisis of consciousness. We are being called to put into practice the perennial wisdom of the ages; to change our thinking and assume a greater mastery of our own minds. This site is offered as a stepping-stone in that direction.

Lipton’s (2005) research in molecular biology demands that a new paradigm be found, and he suggests that it is of greater importance than when the ‘flat earthers’ discovered the world was round. Russell gives it the name of superparadigm. Russell claims that the superparadigm accounts for understanding all other paradigms in space, time matter and energy.

At Princeton University, there is an experiment designed to measure the collective consciousness on Earth at times when millions of people are tuned in, or during a major disaster or global event. Dr Roger Nelson is a specialist in experimental cognitive psychology. After his retirement in 2002, he joined a collaboration of researchers, who were interested in using the latest technology to try and measure the ‘noosephere’. There are more than 50 host sites around the world from Alaska to New Zealand. The project is called ‘The Global Consciousness Project’ and asks the question: Is there a noosphere? The researchers have been successful in the measurement of shared periods of
deep emotional responses of worldwide celebration and tragedy. Their analyses establish non-random behaviors and they claim that the result is related to unusual, coherent focus of human attention, generated by extraordinary events, for example, on September 11, 2001, with the destruction of the World Trade Centre in New York City, the funeral of Princess Dianne, in August 1997, and the joyous global celebration of New Years Eve.

This project is an ongoing co-operative effort by many people and dovetails easily into the work of Lipton (2005), who describes “emotional intelligence”, and the Chilean biologists Maturana and Varella (1987), who identified scientifically the self-organizing systemic model of emotional love. Hence, there is no shortage of literature relating to the unseen web that binds as all together as one (Capra, 1982, 1988, 1996; Harman, 1998; de Chardin, 1965; Lovelock, 2001; Sahtouris, 1989). Thus, a paradigm shift has occurred, so that what was only an idea several decades ago, is now a generally accepted theory.

The role of electrical currents in our body is a relatively newly discovered field and it is the combination in the leading edge of biology and physics. Bodanis (2005) claims that electricity is the unseen force that holds the world together, and has been a constant for more than 13 billion years, even though the idea of the electric current, as we understand it, is less than two centuries old. Before electricity, a blackout would have been little cause for concern, whereas in today’s world, a global blackout for a protracted period would have devastating effects on the Earth. A global blackout would mean that nothing would be able to operate normally and gradually, communication, water supply, transport, food production and everything else relying on electricity would simply stop. In no time at all, there would be total social chaos. Bodanis (2005) poses the frightening scenario of losing the natural order of electricity, which remains in balance, positive and negative, even thought it is unseen. He predicts that if this current stopped suddenly, day would turn into night and mayhem would follow. He makes catastrophic claims, that the Earth would open up, mountains would disappear, oceans would rise and evaporate and the DNA strands within our bodies would.
come apart. All air-breathing organisms would suffocate. In relation to electrical currents, Bodanis (2005, p.161) explains

It’s all part of the great shift in the frontiers of current science – from physics to biology; from the physical world outside, to the body and thoughts within.

Dr Rupert Sheldrake (1981) is an innovative biologist, who revolutionised the scientific world with his research and theory of morphic fields and morphic resonance, claiming that everything is connected and influences everything else. Sheldrake studied at Cambridge and Harvard, his PhD is in biochemistry, and he spent many years in India, researching Eastern philosophy and wisdom. He was Director of Studies in biochemistry and cell biology at Clare College.

Sheldrake’s body of work and numerous publications and peer reviewed scientific papers are very interesting (Sheldrake, 1981, 1988, 1990, 1994, 1999, 2003). He invites the public both general and specific to actively participate in those experiments and releases the results. He also uses the worldwide web to share those results (www.sheldrake.org).

His experiments in morphic resonance cover people, animals, plants and birds (Sheldrake, 2003). One well known experiment was the crossword puzzle research, in which a group of people in England did a puzzle, and the next day a group in the USA did the same puzzle, but in half the time. He claimed that this was due to a morphic field effect.

In experiments with cats and dogs, he set up circumstances to video the responses of pets to the time of leaving their homes, getting ready to return and finally the return of the owner to the pet (Sheldrake, 1999, p.250). The same publication has experiments with birds, horses and humans, demonstrating the links of telepathy, empathy and homing abilities. There are stories of pets returning to their owners in what would appear to be impossible odds (p.179) and some evidence of animals’ premonitions of impending earthquakes (p.205).
Sheldrake claims that in his psychic research and parapsychology, the methodology is far more rigorous than in other fields of science. He claims 85% of his experiments involved blind methodologies, compared with only 6% in medical sciences, 5% in psychology and 1% in biology (Sheldrake, 1999).

Sheldrake (2003) suggests that detractors are often those who have a fear of being controlled by others and those who have fears about invasion of their privacy. For example, a critic, Martin Gardner, could not conceive of a world in which others might have telepathic power over him. He had an even greater fear of the influence of mind of matter.

Verbal opposition to the new paradigm emanates from creationists, who still insist that God created the world in six days and rested on the seventh day and from people such as James Randy, the self appointed founder of The Skeptics. He founded the largest skeptical organization in the world, CSICOP, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, and made many attempts to refute Sheldrake’s years of practical research without success. Vocal Darwinians also opposed The Gaia Theory initially, however today it is widely accepted.

All of the paradigms shifting thinkers in this section have become colleagues in the co-operation and co-creation of the new paradigms of thought.

**Feminine Perspectives**

Feminist issues come up frequently for me in the life stories, and there are many women authors, who have influenced my life. Elisabeth Sahtouris (1989) is a futurist and evolutionary biologist, who works closely with Lovelock and she is an international authority on Gaia. She argues that the predominantly patriarchal domination and conquest by humans has threatened the very nature of our Mother Earth. However, Sahtouris is optimistic, and states clearly that Gaia will survive with or without us. She demands that humans take a look at the way we have lost our reverence for life and nature and offers suggestions as to how we might ‘grow up’ as a
species and find ways to promote co-operation, to ensure a sustainable health and well being of humanity, within the living systems of Earth and the cosmos.

Dr Riane Eisler (1988, 1995, 2002) is an eminent social activist, scientist and attorney. She studied human cultures from a female perspective, looking back over 30,000 years. Eisler identifies a time of peace and co-operation between males and females that predated wars and invasions. The book title ‘The Chalice and The Blade’ identifies the period she describes. Like Sahtouris, Eisler (1988) is confident that there is a merging of new science and spirituality, which opens the way to political and economical transformation.

The pioneers of modern feminism, or women’s liberation, as it was called in the early days, such as Dinnerstein (1971), Greer (1971, 1984), Morgan (1972, 1982, 1990, 1995, 1997) and Summers (1975, 2003), were breaking new ground for the voice of women in many disciplines. For example, Marilyn Waring was the youngest Member of Parliament to be elected in New Zealand in 1975, at only 22 years of age. She focused on the problem, that women’s duties are not factored into economic issues, within the Gross National Product. Waring (1996) makes the link between feminist issues and environmental concerns, demonstrating clearly the problem of patriarchal dominated resource management. Latter day advocates for feminism are women, such as Susan Faludi (1991), Naomi Wolf (1990, 1993, 2001) and Susan Maushart (2001). They all explored the current state of feminism and the backlash it has caused. Generally speaking, it would seem that with all their choices, modern women, especially working women and mothers are under more strain than ever before. Many younger women think the battle was won years ago.

The early 1980s saw a huge backlash, which was reported in detail in a book of the same name (Faludi, 1991). The book describes young, depressed, successful single career women yearning for more, living alone and not liking it. The media gave full coverage to their stories. Faludi (1991) reported that one study from 1980 to 1982 revealed that national magazines ran just five feature articles about single women; from 1983 to 1986 they published 53,
almost without exception they were critical women. By comparison, in the same period there were only seven articles about single men. The media treated being single and unwed like being sick and offered the remedy of marriage.

Faludi (1991) also reported how prime time television dumped popular sitcoms, which starred strong independent women, such as ‘Cagney and Lacey’, because they were perceived as being too masculine in their roles as cops. The predominately male program directors and studio heads were too uncomfortable with this role reversal. She also related stories of the ‘right to lifers’, who demanded that the unborn fetus had more rights than the mother to be. There is one horrific case of a drugged young mother, suffering terminal cancer. The court intervened without her or her family’s consent and the baby girl was born (at 26 weeks gestation) and died almost immediately. The mother died a few days later. Other stories are of women being sterilized to avoid losing their jobs (Faludi, 1991).

Naomi Wolf (1993) perceived that the ‘genderquake’ had occurred and it was now up to the women to seize the power and change the 21st century. Wolf (1993) cited as examples the first woman prime minister in Canada and she claimed that, in Australia, the new Prime Minister, Paul Keating, was assisted in winning the election by establishing an adviser on women’s policy. More than a million women over ran Washington for a pro-choice rally. Wolf (1993) claimed that the day had arrived; women were now a political force to be reckoned with in their own respective communities. The reality of the day was and I suspect still is today, that the majority of women in the corporate, government and media worlds are still male dominated and that the percentage is minimal of women with power when one considers they are half of the population. One of the main problems is that the old ‘burn the bra’ and ‘man hating’ female liberation concept still exists. Women of my generation were considered of less value for simply getting married and becoming mothers instead of seeking careers.
Maushart (2001) establishes clearly the case against what she termed ‘Wifework’, in her book with that title. Her statistics paint a woeful picture of the modern woman. The strong independent career woman, who delayed marriage and motherhood, is now racing against her biological clock. She has achieved career status, financial independence, and sexual freedom and definitely does not want to wash the socks or pick up the dirty underwear for a partner. Maushart’s ‘tongue in cheek’ comments on equality of housework are both humorous and sad. Of 91% of wives who described the division of housework as ‘fair’, few had spouses or partners who would clean the toilet, and do the washing and ironing. In 2001 these activities, even for working women, were still strictly off limits for most men. Statistics reveal that in Australia the fastest growing demographic is single households (Maushart, 2001).

My reading of feminist issues today is that, in general, men and women have lost connection to that which is sacred, especially personal relationships and conscious relationships, that lead to conscious birth and parenting. I observe in the media and my interpersonal associations, a huge separation between the privileges of intimacy and the over emphasis on sex for fun, regardless of the consequences. Finally, in my view, the other alarming situation is the rise in single women bearing children often through IVF programs, which eliminate the need for a male partner. Nevertheless, feminist ideas and writing have influenced my life positively, as I have advocated on behalf of women for their choices in having natural births.

Cetacea

The human and dolphin embryo share the distinction of being air-breathing mammals. The singular difference is that land based mammals breathe unconsciously and automatically from their first intake of air. Cetacea, the whales and the dolphins, rise out of water to take their first breath and breathe consciously by choice afterwards. In fact, cetacea only rest half of their brain at a time, in order to stay afloat during sleep, otherwise they would drown. They have huge brains and built in space technology, which is
one of the reasons why the American and Russian military have made them subjects of in depth research (Lilly, 1975, 1978).

In the context of this research, I visited Lilly in 1985 and swam with his dolphins, Joe and Rosie. They were captive and being researched for interspecies communication in his Janus program. Having been inspired by his research to attempt communication with the dolphins off the coast of Queensland in October 1980, which began my own magical human dolphin connection, I shared with him the concept of water born humans, which he immediately embraced and began to promote. I was able to convince him to take action to set Joe and Rosie free at a later date, with the help of another of my colleagues in action, Rick O’ Barry, who had once trained the famous dolphin, Flipper. Rick had committed his life to releasing captive dolphins, as a result of having so many die in his care.

At the time of this incredible encounter, there were few scientists in the world studying the human dolphin connection. Lilly conceived and produced the first flotation tank, which humans could use to induce altered states of consciousness. Unfortunately, his credibility suffered as a result of using K, a mind altering veterinary drug, which resulted in his emotional instability on several occasions. His background in electronics, neurophysiology, computer theory and neuroanatomy gave him a vision of other dimensions of reality. Lilly became the ultimate combination of scientist and mystic. He coined the concept of a “cosmic control centre” to explain the events of synergy and the magic experienced by so called coincidence (Lilly, 1975). When he died in 2001, he left a brilliant legacy, as he had initiated an ‘United Nations Charter for Cetacea’. He believed that there are no limitations, except those we create ourselves and that in the global network’s mind, there are no limits.

Another brilliant individual and colleague since 1980 is Dr Horace Dobbs, once an atomic scientist, who earned a PhD in understanding what pharmaceuticals do to the mind (Dobbs, 1968). His life changed in 1972, when he had an encounter in the ocean off the coast of Britain, with a wild dolphin called Donald (Dobbs, 1977). He has since become a world authority

The Medical Research Council and Department of Psychology, Swansea University/Dolphin Healing, have verified the healing power of dolphins and his research on the subject. Unlike Lilly, Dobb’s reputation is untarnished and his international organization (www.idw.org) has reached millions of people. Horace Dobbs and I have enjoyed a powerful cosmic partnership, which began with him as the scientist, and me the ‘cosmic fairy’. These days, we have totally reversed roles, as I experience academia as a PhD candidate (Chapter 3). Horace has always been very generous to share his stage with me at international events and he was also an early supporter of using water as a birthing tool.

In terms of the bigger cetacea, the whales, I acknowledge the influence and work of Trish and Wally Franklin (www.oceania.org), involved currently with their PhD research at Southern Cross University, on 17 years of expeditions on the water in Queensland with humpback whales. I was fortunate to join in their early expeditions (Chapter 8). Since then, we have witnessed the growth of research in marine sciences, especially among young people, who find the same fascination as we all did after our life-changing experiences with cetacea in their own environment, the sea.

Cetacea and humans are the only air-breathing mammals, who give birth in water. Newborn cetacea are taught how to breathe consciously by their mother, or sometimes a ‘midwife’ dolphin. There were very few people involved in research in 1980, when I ‘birthed’ the notion of a research centre to study the relationship between humans and dolphins and to initiate using water as a birthing tool for human beings. Cetacea research is extremely popular in the Marine Science faculties all over the world (Lilly, 1975, 1977).

Southern Cross University has a Whale Research Centre with researchers doing PhD projects. It was always my notion that we had much to learn from cetacea in learning how to live with individual freedom, group consciousness and in harmony in their own environment. Until recently, there were no
records of humans ever being harmed by cetacea. The recent incidents have been with captive creatures (www.angelfire.com). All my colleagues agree that it is totally inappropriate to keep cetacea in captivity where they “die to entertain us”. Dobbs, O’Barry, Spong and others campaigned vigorously with me in the early 80’s to close down and free all captive cetacea in Australia and we were successful in most cases.

Likewise, there were very few researchers and books available in those early days, today, libraries have huge catalogues of cetacea subjects. Dobbs (1977, 1981, 1984, 1992, 2000) was a prolific writer and his journey of transformation recorded his shift from traditional scientist to a more open-minded pioneer of “dolphin healing”.

One of the most powerful descriptions of the power of cetacea came from the late John Lily, when he opened a lecture presentation, describing a utopian community. Lilly (1975) said that cetacea, as sentient beings with huge brains, lived in harmony, peace and without leaders, or needing anything of the material world. They cruised the oceans of the planet without boundaries, recorded nothing, built nothing and harmed nothing. He was speaking of “the people who live in the sea” the dolphins. I have written a five part documentary series titled ‘Ocean Terrestrials’ (Myers, 1997) based on the work of all these people. My own award winning documentary (Myers, 1990) was the catalyst for much of the global explosion and still circles the world inspiring others.

Birthing

The human dolphin connection is an integral part of my experience and research. The late Jacques Mayol, spent 25 years writing ‘Homo Delphinus’, based on his own efforts to break ‘free diving’ international records, in which he succeeded in 1981. In the book originally published in Italian, he explains the mammalian dive reflex, which is an automatic response in a newborn, which prevents them from drowning when submerged under water (Mayol, 1979). Twenty years later, the book was published in English (Mayol, 2001).
A New Zealand diver, Wade Doak, was the catalyst for me to meet Dobbs and Mayol in my search for information about waterbirth. He also informed me about a Russian, who had been using water for birth, starting with his own daughter in 1969 (Chapter 7). I was delighted to discover that all these men had meaningful ‘dolphin magical connections’. Each person became a thread in the tapestry that unfolded, which brings this review to acknowledge the work of Dr Michel Odent (1983, 1984, 1990, 1992, 1997, 1999), who was also birthing babies in water at a hospital in France.

In 1981, when I purchased the property to set up The Rainbow Dolphin Research Centre in New Zealand, there were less than one hundred known waterbabies in the world. Odent has relentlessly campaigned to give birth back to women. He offered the first research on waterbirth after attending to 100 births at his hospital in Pithiviers, France (O’Dent, 1983). Odent’s research (1983, 1984, 1997) found that using water as a tool was no more or less dangerous than any other birthing method and that the time of labour was reduced and that the need for an episiotomy was eliminated. In his most recent research he has shown that modern, medically managed birth often has serious ramifications (1999). He claims that the first intervention interferes with the natural process and that it prevents the exchange of potent and powerful chemicals in the body that prepare both the mother and the baby for the birth and postnatal period (Odent, 1999).

A Personal Reflection and Chapter Summary

Revisiting so many of these influential texts, feels like visiting with old friends and realizing how important and inspiring their words have been. I have a sense that what I term “being in the right place at the right time”, is all-important, in order to access divine intelligence. The greatest lesson that I have learned in my life, and through these texts, is to give up the need to control and to surrender to the immediate moment in total trust. It is only nine years since I chose to enter the academic environment, and even in that time, massive changes have occurred in the
marriage and merging of science and spirituality. The appropriate use of high technology has enabled the ‘unseen’ to be seen. The extraordinary web of energy that binds us can be experienced, seen and often measured. The process of my growth and transformation, from a social activist to a more contemplative person, has been rewarding. My natural instinct has always been to see the connections, even when I sensed that others could not. Ancient wisdom, new age wisdom, quantum physics, molecular biology, epigenetics and evolutionary concepts are becoming ‘one, won, now’.

This chapter addressed what I learned from the most important and influential books in my life. The categories of books within this literature review included the new paradigms of thought, feminine perspectives, cetacea and birthing, because these are the areas in which I have been most active in my work as a catalyst on a global scale. I have interacted with many of the authors of these books and I have supported their work, with the main intention of assisting in birthing global consciousness.
CHAPTER THREE: METHODOLOGY, METHODS AND PROCESSES

This chapter describes the methodology, methods and processes used in developing a thesis from my life experience. The methodology section defines key research terms, and differentiates between quantitative and qualitative research, and interpretive and critical qualitative research approaches. Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) is described as a form of interpretive qualitative research and justification is given for using RTA to fulfill this project’s research aim and objectives. The methods and processes section of this chapter describes the ethical clearance process, writing the RTA, and how I ensured the trustworthiness of the project.

Methodology

The nature of a research methodology differs according to whether it is quantitative or qualitative. In quantitative research, methodology refers to the research design, including the data collection and analysis procedures. In qualitative research, methodology means the theoretical assumptions underlying the choice of research methods and processes (Taylor, Kermode and Roberts, 2006).

As this project used the interpretive qualitative approach of RTA, this section describes the theoretical assumptions underlying RTA, by defining key research terms, and by identifying the differences between quantitative and qualitative research, and interpretive and critical qualitative research approaches. Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) is described as a form of interpretive qualitative research and justification is given for using RTA to fulfill this project’s research aim and objectives.

Defining Key Research Terms

Research simply means to search again and to assess and reassess a body of knowledge in the light of discovery of information gained in the process (Taylor et al, 2006). For example, in RTA research, in searching and re-searching, the self-study researcher re-reads, re-visions and re-tells life stories,
in the light of the new insights and understandings. The research process is transforming. As this RTA unfolded, so too did my ability to locate and understand patterns and meanings of the ‘lived experience’ and how they affected me. In the case of this RTA, I was both the research and the researcher, and at times, this became both very cathartic and healing.

Paradigm

A paradigm is a term used for a model, a viewpoint or perspective. For example, Johnstone (1999) locates RTA within the post-positivist, interpretive research paradigm and in the genre of testimonial research. The post-positivist paradigm refers to the research worldviews that moved beyond the objective assumptions of quantitative approaches (positivist, empirical-analytical), to explore human phenomena differently.

Epistemology

Epistemology is the term for the study of knowledge and the validity of that knowledge, or how it is judged to be ‘the truth’ (Taylor et al, 2006). The search for truth is very important in the exploration of and development of new paradigms. In qualitative research, truth is judged from an individual perspective, as it depends on a particular viewpoint. For example, in this RTA research, my truth is often very different in the shaping of an incident or story from the other characters in the same story. In this RTA, the relativity of truth was particularly evident to me in the case of my siblings, in how they perceived differently, the events we shared while growing up together.

Ontology

Ontology is the study of existence itself and the meaning of that existence (Taylor et al, 2006). For example, in RTA research, ontology is located in the life stories and reflections, which express the meaning of existence for the self-study researcher.
Ontology and epistemology are related, and the philosopher, Martin Heidegger (1962), argued that they are one and the same, because we know the phenomena we live.

Whenever researchers raise questions about what they know and how they know it is trustworthy knowledge, they are asking epistemological questions. Whenever researchers are asking about the nature of the existence of something or someone, they are asking ontological questions (Taylor et al, 2006, p.320).

The following section elaborates further on the nature of qualitative research and RTA.

**Quantitative and Qualitative Research**

Quantitative and qualitative research differ in their epistemological assumptions. Qualitative knowledge is relative, unique, context dependent and inductive, whereas quantitative knowledge is absolute, it is about finding cause and effect links, and it is deductive. Differences also lie in how research questions are framed, that is, they are left open in qualitative research, or they are hypothesized in quantitative research. Data are analysed using language and interpreted as themes, patterns and trends in qualitative research, or they are analysed using numbers and interpreted as mathematical relations in quantitative research.

In qualitative research, problem areas are regarded as part of the whole context, findings provide insights and possibilities, and qualitative outcomes offer description, meaning and change. In quantitative research, problem areas are reduced to the smallest parts, the findings can be predictive, and the outcomes include description, prediction and change (Denzin and Lincoln, 2000; Schneider and Elliott, 2003; Taylor et al, 2006).

The RTA approach fits the category of qualitative research, because the knowledge it generates is relative, unique, context dependent and inductive, the research questions are left open, data are analysed using language and
interpreted as themes/insights/trends and patterns, and the life story is part of the whole context, providing insights and possibilities, through description, meaning and change.

Types of Qualitative Research

Qualitative research can be categorised as interpretive or critical. Interpretive qualitative research finds meaning through description and it can bring about change through raised awareness. Critical qualitative research intends to bring about change by questioning the status quo (Taylor et al, 2006). My proactive life activities have been based on critical qualitative assumptions about knowledge, as I have questioned the status quo continually, in order to bring about change. However, this RTA is mainly interpretive qualitative research, because it is based on rich descriptions of my life stories, and it has the potential of causing change through raised awareness.

Initially, this PhD project was to focus on waterbirth, but, as I describe later in this chapter, I turned my focus from a quantitative research project to the qualitative option of writing a RTA. Clearly, a RTA was to be about my life journey, and at first, I was unsure how such an approach could this qualify for something as important as a PhD. From my knowledge of research at that time, postgraduate degrees result from meticulous study methods influenced by quantitative measures. Many people in my life, who had never heard of qualitative research in general and RTA specifically, shared this impression of research. The next section describes RTA as an interpretive qualitative research approach.

Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA)

My search for a suitable qualitative research methodology led me to Johnstone’s (1999) article on reflective topical autobiography, in which she explained that the word autobiography comes from the Greek root autos (self), bio (life) and graphos (to write). Therefore, a RTA is an opportunity to reflect on one’s own life experiences, to retrieve lessons learned along the way and generate insights, based on the authority of the lived experience. Essentially,
RTA is an autobiographical method, which can be used by self-researchers to retrace the events of their lives and the sense they have made of them through reflection.

Johnstone (1999) described how the RTA was enjoying a ‘rebirth’ in recent years, amongst researchers in areas of human enquiry and the literary disciplines, who were embracing the approach as a research method in its own right. The article encouraged the use of RTA in nursing research, as "a shared sociological project, investigating and increasing the understanding of the commonality of existential human experience" (Johnstone, 1999, p.24). Although I am not a nurse, I am a humanitarian interested in human experience, I had a life journey to relate, and RTA methodology fitted my research aim and objectives well.

Johnstone (1999) explains that a RTA tells a story, but it does not claim to tell the whole story, leaving the way open for revision. She explains that “revisioning” of an original topical self-life story demonstrates the enormous creativity of the reflective topical autobiographical method” and “leaves open to the self-researcher the opportunity to return at will to his or her life story again to re-read, re-vision and re-tell the story in the light of the new insights, understandings and interpretations of meaning acquired through ongoing lived experience” (p.25). The RTA method increases subjective understanding, making it more visible and intelligible, as it validates the personal and emotional lived experience, in which the research and the researcher are one and the same. Therefore, I realised that RTA was valuable, not only as a valid research approach to document my life journey, but also for the insights it would give me in making sense of my life, as I experienced and interpreted my interactive self.

I have sensed for some time, that no one else knows a person better than him or herself, so we cannot evaluate fully the emotional responses of another person, or assume to know how anyone else thinks or feels. This means that personal knowledge is qualitative in nature, in that it is relative, subjective and context dependent (Taylor et al, 2006). In relation to this, Johnstone (1999, p.25) cautions researchers, that when a RTA is
utilised as a research method, the aim is not to render a “true” account of the self (as some researchers subscribing to the tenets of positivistic research expect … ) but to render an account of the lived experience of self that advances shareable understanding of common human experiences.

The Key Components of RTA

In order to understand RTA as a valid research approach, I read about reflection, reflection as research, autobiography, autobiography as research, and autobiography in the popular press.

Reflection

In a physical phenomenon sense, reflection means to throw back from a surface. Taylor (2006, p.2) explains that the most general meaning of reflection is throwing back rays such as heat, sound or light (The Concise English Dictionary, 1984), but when used in a human sense, “reflection means the throwing back of thoughts and memories, in cognitive acts such as thinking, contemplation, meditation and any other form of attentive consideration, in order to make sense of them, and to make contextually appropriate changes if they are required”.

In RTA, reflection is paramount in recalling life events, to make sense of them, and to have the potential to bring about insightful changes in the self-study researcher and the readers of the research.

Reflection as research

Some qualitative research approaches, such as storytelling, narrative and oral history, use reflection as the main or complementary process within their inquiry processes (Freshwater, Taylor and Sherwood, 2008). For example, storytelling and narrative involve a process of reflecting, to recount and make sense of experiences. The terms ‘story’, ‘storying’, ‘storytelling’ and ‘narrative’ have been used interchangeably (Atkinson, 2002; Graham, 2002;
Martin-McDonald, 2003), although a practical distinction is that a story is a single account of life events in a true or imagined form, and a narrative is a collection of stories “that organises events and human actions into a whole” (Polkinghorne, 1988, p.18).

Data collection for a storytelling and/or narrative approach is through research methods, such as conversational interviews and reflective writing, so that accounts can be gathered easily and effectively, as people relate accounts of their experiences of their lived experience. An underlying assumption of using reflection in research is that personal knowledge is significant in people’s private and professional lives and that all aspects of “research, life and learning are intimately related” (Chan & Schwind, 2006, p.304).

Oral history is a form of personal storytelling, because it describes the past in a person’s own words, to stand alone as a single account, or be validated with other sources, such as historical documents and photographs. Authors (Candida Smith, 2002; Crane, 1997) promote oral history as a means of “writing the individual back into collective memory” (Crane 1997, p.1372). The person giving the account of her or his life draws actively and systematically on reflective processes, to enable full descriptions of selected life aspects (eg, Fairman & McMahon, 2001).

Oral history is aligned closely with reflective topical autobiography, because both approaches incorporate reflection, to retrace life events of people’s lives and make sense of them (Taylor et al, 2006). However, RTA is freer in its methods and style, because it is not constrained by the strict criteria of oral history, which derived from the empirical methods of historical research.

Autobiography

Autobiography, or self-story, is implicit in many forms of qualitative research inquiry, such as oral history, autoethnography, narrative, reflexivity and storytelling (Anderson, 2001). In recent years, these forms of self-story have gained credibility as research approaches (Ellis and Bochner, 2000), because
researchers argue that it is important that the author’s personal feelings and thoughts are considered relevant and important as subjective knowing. The first person voice gives authority to the narrative and other forms of self-story. Ellis and Bochner (2000) claim the use of the first person in storytelling gives validity to an active process, which is not possible using the quantitative paradigm of the third person, and a passive process. They also claim that many authors in the social sciences are reluctant to use first person pronouns, having been schooled in the old pattern of objectivity and abstraction.

Examples of autobiography as research

A search of the electronic databases, CINAHL, Proquest 5000 and ERIC offered many refereed articles in journals relating to education, social science and psychology. I chose key words to search the databases, which included, life history, narratives, meaning, reflection and identity. None were autobiographies as such, although they were written about participants in research, using narratives and storytelling to collect data. Narratives are a rich source of data, revealing the meaning of human processes and their multilayered experiences accumulated during a lifetime.

The articles in professional journals in therapy and education tended to be autobiographical material collected by the writers of the articles, as research data from their participants. The lack of autobiographical research in refereed journal articles, in the true sense of a self-story written by the researcher, is possibly due to the longer word count of a narrative style suited better to books, and the reluctance of researchers to embrace autobiographical approaches as valid research. Therefore, in the absence of peer reviewed autobiographical research, this section describes some research using storytelling and narrative, to encourage participants to reflect on their life stories.

Wiseman and Whiteford (2007) explored the question: ‘What is Life History?’ In particular, they explored experiences of ageing men in a rural environment. They described the methodology as an approach to define and make sense of the growth of a person in a particular culture. They argued
that a person’s recollection of their life history reveals important meanings and allows them to reflect on the effect on the individual. They also explained that individuals represent themselves by reconstructing or adding present interpretations to the past in the retelling their stories. For example, one of the participants, who reflected on his own story, suggested that narrative truth is more relevant than historical truth.

I think we all should stop and analyse our life somewhere along the line. I’ve forgotten half the things I’ve done. Some of those autobiographies are beauties. Some of the best reading. They’re not always completely authentic, but they’re not bad stories (Wiseman and Whiteford, 2007, p.112)

The researchers claim that the importance of life history for occupational sciences, is to enable researchers to use pluralistic methodologies to establish the significance of the challenges facing policy makers and others, to assess future needs. The researchers concluded that life history, within the qualitative paradigm, can be used to understand the complexity of human phenomena.

Simmonds (2005) interviewed 25 participants in her research about spirituality and religion. Simmonds describes herself as a psychoanalytic psychotherapist and researcher, who invited other professionals to discuss issues that she termed as ‘under-researched’ investigations. The participants were aged between 30 and 90 years of age, and they lived in London, Sydney and Melbourne.

Simmonds invited the participants to reflect on the influence of ‘significant others’ in their lives, in relation to spirituality and religion, and they responded in autobiographical narratives and stories. The outcome was that their spiritual experimentation and retelling of their stories resulted in them finding different spiritual directions. Although some participants rejected spirituality for many years, reflecting on their spiritual journey was a rewarding experience. Simmonds claimed that therapists’ spiritual journeys
resulted in their choice of profession, to serve others and work within social justice areas.

McDonald (2008) was awarded a PhD in existential philosophy and psychology. His primary research interests are psychology, consumption, alienation, poststructuralism and existentialism. I was drawn to the title of his research ‘The Nature of Epiphanic Experience’, because of my many epiphanies in my life journey. The word epiphany was first used in Christian texts in celebration of Christ’s miracles, such as transforming water to wine. The purpose of McDonald’s research was to identify positive transformation, as a result of an epiphany. Using narrative inquiry as a methodology to collect and analyse the data, McDonald was able to confirm that epiphanic experiences are valid, profound and illuminating experiences, which have significant personal meaning and lasting effects. Epiphanies were life changing and transforming events for his five participants, sometimes requiring them to ‘work through’ their experiences.

‘Damned Whores and God’s Police’ (Summers 1975) was controversial and acclaimed when it was first published, and Summers was awarded a PhD, for her ground breaking historical perspective of women and their oppression in Australia from 1788. Her autobiography, ‘Ducks on the Pond’ (Summers, 1999) was a review of her own life and the challenges she faced in a predominately male hierarchical world. The late Dorothy Hewitt, who published her own autobiography in 1990, reviewed Summers’ autobiography and commented: “I found ‘Ducks on the Pond’ intriguing, exciting, touching. How brave you were”. Summers’ story is typical of many young women in the exciting days and struggle for women’s liberation in the 1960’s and 1970’s.

In summary, my database search for peer reviewed literature did not locate autobiographical research in the purest sense, of self-study research written by the researcher, although reflection and storytelling about personal experiences have been used to encourage research participants to recount their life experiences. However, there are many examples of autobiographies in the popular press, and some of these are described in the next section.
Examples of autobiography in the popular press

I am an avid reader of women's autobiographies and writing this RTA has caused me to reflect on why these women inspire me. I can now see that they are unique, strong, independent, even eccentric women, and they all had to ‘go out on a limb’ to retain these qualities. They all had to ‘be themselves’, and to do it ‘their way’, regardless of the consequences. The other common thread is that they, like myself, belong to the ‘pre-pill generation’, which colored our values, influenced our fears, and limited our choices. The women who inspire me also had the courage to step beyond the limitations others tried to impose on them and they all knew they were gifted and talented. This section describes some of these women, as I have come to know them, through their autobiographies.

As a stage struck teenager, I was fortunate enough to see Katharine Hepburn in Sydney, with Robert Helpmann playing Portia, in Shakespeare’s: ‘The Merchant of Venice’. I can still see her sweeping onto the stage of the Tivoli theatre, in a beautiful deep, rich cerise silk gown.

The late Katharine Hepburn (1991) wrote ‘Me: Stories of My Life’, which was published 12 years prior to her death, at the age of 96. Hepburn was the last of six children born to her parents, and she describes her life and family as extremely happy. Both parents set an early example of being political activists. Indeed, her mother and father were both involved with the early American women’s movement. Her mother, Katharine, became the head of the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association. Katharine enjoyed close relationships with her family until their respective deaths in their middle years.

Her autobiography portrays a woman with total integrity, who does not suffer fools easily, yet she was a woman with deep compassion, sincerity and love for herself and others in her life adventure. Katharine managed to keep her own counsel and conducted a very private, but also public affair, with a married man, her co-star Spencer Tracey. In her autobiography, Katharine
shares with astonishing honesty and simplicity, the ‘ups and downs’ of her life and her total disregard for convention and courage to be herself.

The most revealing chapters in the book cover the love that Katharine shared with Spencer Tracey, her partner in nine films. It was a love that began in her 30s, and continued until he died in 1967. He was still married to his wife, even though Katharine and he had shared a home for 27 years. Tracey’s wife, on being advised of this on his death, claimed to have considered their affair as nothing more than a rumour.

Hepburn (1991, p.311) reflected on love: “I love you. What does this mean? Think. We use this expression very carelessly. Love has nothing to do with what you are expecting to get – only with what you are expecting to give – which is everything.” This revealing reflection was written 24 years after Spencer Tracey’s funeral, as a personal letter to the deceased Spencer Tracey, recalling their last days and nights together. Katharine had given up her own interests to simply live with Tracey and serve his every need. In a world of instant celebrities, the paparazzi and the public hunger for intimate details of their lives, it was an amazing feat, that they were able to hold the love they shared for more than 30 years with minimal intrusions. Clearly, from her autobiographical account, there was a conscious and concerted effort to keep it that way.

The telling of this part of her life is poignant and offers her deeply felt philosophy about family, respect, and giving. Making no demands on the man she loved for so long, she did not pack up the house they lived in and shared for many years after his death. She wrote

And now, this house. All the many years spent here. And when you died, I kept it, because it was all that was left of you. For a long time, it was exactly as you had it. Then it slowly changed. I began to throw away your medicines and this and that. I kept - I mean, I had kept for years the pyjamas and the red flannel pyjama coat, which you died in. It hung on the old oak chair in the bedroom when I was in residence. You
left the house in it, when they took you to the undertakers (Hepburn, 1991, p.326).

I have no idea how Spence felt about me. I can only say I think that if he hadn’t like me, he wouldn't have hung around. As simple as that. He wouldn’t talk about it and I didn’t talk about it. We just passed twenty-seven years together, in what was to me absolute bliss. It is called love” (Hepburn, 1991, p.316).

Hepburn’s (1991) autobiography is a reflection of an independent woman aged in her eighties. She was a woman, who in her own inimitable way, was a feminist long before the concept became public. Her life inspires me and it is a powerful reason for using a RTA approach in my own research.

Shirley MacLaine, the actress turned author, has been the scribe of many books (1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1995, 2000, 2003), all of which I have read and become emotionally involved in her life journey. She chose ‘to go boldly where others dared not to go’, literally sharing her journey of personal growth and spiritual awakening with frankness, integrity and passion. Many of the people in her journeys are famous, especially her Hollywood ‘gang’ of actors, directors and producers, with whom she has worked in a lifetime of entertainment. In her private life, her lovers were less exposed, as they were described, for example, as a ‘foreign politician’, thus protected from identification.

Her latest book (MacLaine, 2003) ‘Out On a Leash’, explores the nature of reality and love. In the introduction, she wrote:

This book is about hearing a deeper song of being, that has made me more optimistic about what the future of life on this planet could be. It is based on the truth as I see it, and as it has been shown to me through the eyes of a dog. More to the point, I’m having a new experience with love. I have deeply enjoyed the love of children, friends, lovers, a husband, work creativity, fame, travel, success, money, politics, controversy, and even struggle. But the love that has come to me
through Terry is an exultant confirmation that love exists in my realities and forms, all of them longing to be acknowledge through wisdom, humour, simplicity, silence and the wordless language of the heart. Here is an account of what Terry teaches me, now that I am taking time to listen.

This autobiographical book is written in alternative voices of Shirley and the imagined voice of her dog, Terry. Through this reflection, MacLaine has been able to shed the materialistic and shallow world of Hollywood, to discover a deep and meaningful existence, far away on her ranch in New Mexico, where she can exist in harmony with nature, her animals and without needing to dress up or to apply makeup, to keep up appearances. Clearly, MacLaine has come to terms with a gentle approach to ageing, and acceptance of herself, as she is now. With her furry friend and companion, Terry, she has glimpsed another world, even past lives, and she is able to see a very different perspective.

The alternative chapters ‘written’ by Terry make acute observations of his mistress companion, and her lessons. This is a delightful story, offering profound wisdom, peace and joyfulness. It offers a witty, wise and mature view of personal and global harmony, from an Oscar winning actress and author of so many titles, which have sold more than twenty million copies. Shirley has been a leading edge change agent and catalyst in her own unique way, and definitely one of my major inspirations.

As I have read many autobiographies, I reflected on some of their main ideas and commonalities.

It is interesting for me to realise that some of the others, who have written autobiographies, are women, such as Streisand (Spada, 1995), Baez (1988), Reddy (2005) and Farrow (1997), who are in the entertainment industry, and others, like Fraser (2001) are elite athletes. They became celebrities in their own right with specific talents that they recognized at an early age. At the other end of the scale,
there is the woman who could even be the first women president in the United States of America, Hilary Rodham Clinton. A powerful professional lawyer and advocate in her own right, she appeared to make concessions to be the partner to her husband Bill, supporting him to the peak of a political career, that made him the most powerful man in the world. Her memoirs (Clinton, 2003) are a revealing autobiography, which exposes a very different woman to what the public or I might have perceived. Frankly, I had totally lost respect for her as a woman ‘standing by her man’, which was regained by reading her insights as to how and why she chose to do just that.

I also enjoyed reading Helen Reddy’s (2005) autobiography, because her life approximates my own. I relate to Reddy more than any of the other women, because, she like myself, became a single mum in the sixties, left the country and found herself in America. There are so many similarities to our personal growth patterns that her book could have been written by myself. Our paths actually crossed in 1976, where she was being a political activist for Bella Abzug, a candidate for Mayor of New York City. It was not long after my arrival in the Big Apple, where in a short time I established a career and newspaper by line for myself.

I attended a fund raising function and met with Reddy and Harry Belafonte. Our spiritual paths appear to me to be very alike at this time. Reddy is now living back in Australia and practicing as an alternative health practitioner, a psychotherapist. That is a very different pathway to an international pop singer, who wrote and performed the song that became the definitive anthem for the
women’s liberation movement: “I Am Woman’. I was so moved by her reflective autobiography that I contacted her again recently, to see if we might meet and share on a deep and meaningful basis. This is mutually proposed to occur, when we can get together in the same time and the same place in the not too distant future.

Another woman who tells an honest story is Sarah Ferguson (1990), who cleverly recreates herself, after her marriage and divorce from her prince charming and the British royal family. These women differ for me from others, like Sara Henderson, (1992, 1994), Mia Farrow (1997) and Kirsty Sword Gusmao (2003), who allowed themselves to constantly make compromises for the men in their lives, and continued to live their lives seeking male approval, not quite making it as their own person. I was irritated by their stories rather than inspired by them.

Maybe this says something about myself. Maybe I might just be a little too hard on them. This process of my RTA storytelling has revealed a pattern to me of apparent failures, or outcomes that are not always positive, when I ‘surrender’ to a male person in business, or personally, in my own life. It feels like I have to behave less than my total self, in order not to make waves, and I have constantly chosen not to do this with some very interesting challenges and results.

Another interesting autobiography, ‘Velocity’, is a memoir by an Australian author, Mandy Sayer (2005), in which she shares her childhood to teen years. The autobiography describes her unstable childhood with divorced parents. She expresses her experience of moving from one school to another, at the age of five and six, always being the “new kid” in the class. The comparison of social economic groups in each suburb was interesting, in that her
observation was of different social structures, connected to economics in very poor to comfortable middle class suburbs.

For me, the most powerful story written in the first person, was of a tense, difficult and embarrassing moment, when she wet her pants in the classroom and watched the urine flow down between her legs to the front of the room. In the book, her first person stories are printed in italics, and her childhood voice speaks in the present tense. In this very moving instant, she is sitting in a new classroom for the second time in three months, scared and needing to urinate, not knowing where the toilet is and too nervous to ask. Her vivid description of the moments leading up to the ‘accident’ set the stage to such a degree, that I was felt like I was ‘in her shoes’. She explains:

If I let out just a little bit of wee, just for a few seconds, I would feel better, and then maybe I could do the test. I glance about - no one is looking. I bow my head and let my muscles loosen. It begins as a spurt, but in no time grows into a steady stream and now that it’s started and is running down my chair, and I can’t stop it. I grip my pencil and watch with horror, as it rolls out from under my desk and down the middle of the aisle, towards the teacher standing at the front of the room. I comfort myself with another idea: she probably won’t notice it – or maybe if she does, she won’t be able to figure out who did it. I see the thin yellow stream trickling up towards the points of her high-heeled shoes. She looks down. I cower in my seat, still unable to stem the flow. She spots the little dam at her feet and I watch with growing fear as she begins to follow it, like a line of breadcrumbs, down the aisle and around the desks, until she is standing above me, frowning down at my untouched test, my wet and stinking uniform, my shoes and untied laces resting in a pool of wee on the floor. Mandy, she says kindly, if you need to go the toilet, all you have to do is raise your hand (Sayer, 2005, p.26).

Sayer’s father was a well-known musician and is named, as are her mother, siblings and all the other players in the story. There is a long list of friends, boyfriends, lovers, teachers, with whom she interacted during those child and
teen years. The autobiography names people in her family. Anyone who knows her will be able to identify themselves and each other. No attempt is made to conceal their identities, because the autobiography is in book form for sale, unlike a PhD document, requiring ethical safeguards.

Autobiographical approaches in research and the popular press recount people’s personal experiences, in order to make sense of them and to learn from the insights they offer. My PhD took a RTA approach, because I needed a methodology, which would allow me to reflect on my life stories, thereby fulfilling my research aim and objectives. This project aimed to reflect on and recount my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. My objectives were to promote personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and to heal and be healed by taking personal responsibility and making choices that enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness.

The RTA approach fits the category of qualitative research, and my research aim and objectives, because the knowledge it generates is relative, unique, context dependent and inductive, the research questions are left open, data are analysed using language and interpreted as themes/insights/trends and patterns, and the life story is part of the whole context, providing insights and possibilities, through description, meaning and change.

**Summary**

This methodology section defined the key research terms of paradigm, epistemology, ontology and research, to show the interrelationships between using particular worldviews (paradigms), to search again (research), to find answers to how knowledge is created and verified (epistemology), in relation to human existence (ontology).

Research paradigms can be identified broadly as quantitative and qualitative, according to the assumptions these approaches make about the nature, uses and verifiability of knowledge. Quantitative research claims to be objective
and controlled rigorously, so that it can make predictions and cause and effect relationships between research variables. Contrastingly, qualitative research values subjectivity and a variety of creative methods and processes, to highlight the changing nature of knowledge and the uncertainty of ‘truth’.

There are many qualitative research methodologies, that can be categorised broadly into interpretive and critical qualitative research approaches. Interpretive qualitative research approaches aim to generate meaning through description of human phenomena, and critical qualitative research approaches aim to bring about changes in the status quo. Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) is as a form of interpretive qualitative research, because it generates meaning from life stories, which can be offered as insights to other people. This PhD project was well suited to RTA, because the approach had the potential to fulfill this project’s research aim and objectives.

The following section describes how I used the RTA approach to “re-read, re-vision and re-tell the story (of my life) in the light of the new insights, understandings and interpretations of meaning acquired through ongoing lived experience” (Johnstone, 1999, p.25).

Methods and Processes

This methods and processes section of this chapter describes the ethical clearance process, the method used for writing the RTA, and how I ensured the trustworthiness of the project.

Ethical Clearance

When the project began, my research supervisor decided that because I was both the research and the researcher, and the archival materials were my own personal records, the thesis would not require ethical clearance in the traditional sense. The RTA methodology required me to reflect on my own life stories and as there was to be no direct data collection with participants in the form of interviews or other qualitative methods, my supervisor took the
decision at that point that no ethical clearance would be necessary. At this stage, no material had been made public and the de-identified stories had only been presented in University research seminars.

After four years of writing personal stories, and the commencement of another candidate’s PhD project using RTA, my supervisor contacted the Chair of the University Human Ethics Committee (HREC) to discuss her growing concern about the potential need for ethical clearance of autobiographical theses. The Chair of HREC confirmed that the need for ethical clearance was becoming an issue in the University, due to increases in qualitative theses using autobiographical and biographical approaches. The decision was taken thereafter, to require ethical clearance for autobiographical theses and hence, this thesis complies with that requirement. Ethical approval was given (ECN-06-86). The Consent Form and Plain language Statement are attached (please see Appendices).

The main ethical issues related to the anonymity, privacy and confidentiality of people within the personal stories. Even though there was no direct recruitment of participants for interviews, my personal stories had the potential to identify people I had encountered and engaged with throughout my life, including family, friends, business associates and social contacts. These people are characters in my personal stories and almost all stories concerning them are considered low risk. Even so, I contacted as many of them as possible, depending on the level of risk and their availability, as many of the people are now deceased. If a person mentioned in any story refused permission, the story in which they were involved was not included in the thesis.

In 2006, I embarked on a world tour, which I dubbed “Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth” (Chapter 10). The tour celebrated my seventieth birthday and enabled me to visit with many of my global family and network. I also used this occasion to attain signed consent forms from those people mentioned in this thesis, who had not yet had the opportunity to give their consent to be involved in this project.
In as many cases as possible, a write-up of the story in which any person was involved was made available to her or him, to give them the opportunity to make changes related to its accuracy and to elaborate on information that may have been omitted or needed clarification. Participating in this research as a character within a story was voluntary, and every person’s confidentiality was assured. Neither a person’s name, nor identifying information was disclosed or published, without their permission. Characters in the stories were free to withdraw their consent to further involvement at any time, without prejudice. Another ethical safeguard agreed to, was to have the option of showing the final draft of the thesis to the University lawyer, but this option was not taken, as the supervisor was assured that there was no defamatory content in the document, and that all ethical safeguards had been upheld rigorously.

The RTA Process

I evolved a method through which to “re-read, re-vision and re-tell the story (of my life) in the light of the new insights, understandings and interpretations of meaning acquired through ongoing lived experience” (Johnstone, 1999, p.25). The method consisted of five phases:

1. Conceptualising the approach
2. Gathering the topical material
3. Writing the stories and reflections
4. Structuring the RTA
5. Identifying the RTA outcomes

Phase One: Conceptualising the approach

When I decided to undertake qualitative research to describe my life journey, I located Johnstone’s (1999) article on RTA. Even though the article was directed to nurse researchers, I could see that RTA had direct connections to the objectives of my project.
At the same time, I ‘googled’ RTA and was directed back to my own project at the University. This made me wonder whether about the extent to which the approach was used in research. My search to understand more about RTA led me to its component parts of reflection and autobiography, as described in the methodology section at the start of this chapter. After some reading, I conceptualised RTA as a simple structure reflecting the direct connections between stories, reflections and insights.

Further reading (Taylor et al, 2006) allowed me to make connections between concepts in RTA and interpretive qualitative research, validating RTA as a valid research method for generating subjective, relative, context-dependent knowledge.

Phase Two: Gathering the topical material

I have always felt the need to be the keeper of records, letters, newspapers, film, video material and photographs. Every time I moved house, even from one continent to another, my files, boxes of archives, films and books were all brought along with me to the next place of residence. The end result is a house with boxes, shelves and cupboards filled with what might be perceived by other people as ‘junk’. Consequently, for me, it meant that I had a huge resource of personal archival material to use for this thesis. I sorted systematically through my stored newspaper clippings, files, magazines, and audiovisual materials, to locate topical material to act as catalysts for reflection and to act as validating sources for the stories included in the RTA.

The Mitchell Library, Australia, had some of my material for their ‘Rainbow Archives’. At their request, I had sent them many boxes of material, so the need to write this project necessitated me going to Sydney to search the Mitchell Library archives, to retrieve most of my records. The process was slow and tedious in searching for, finding and then learning how to scan materials, to include them in this thesis. I learned by trial and error, how to use the latest technology. Even so, the accessed materials were very valuable and they have enhanced the research outcomes.
Over the years, I have often kept diaries and journals, so these also became valuable data sources for stories and reflection. It became evident to me in re-reading the entries, that often the same date on different years was a milestone connected with, and worth noting for, the records. For example, the 28th day of October was the occasion of the first ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’, using the symbols of the rainbow and dolphins to link hearts and minds of those in the circle one evening on a Queensland beach (Chapter 7). In subsequent years, on that date, whales and dolphins often made world news headlines (Chapter 7).

In gathering the topical material, I realised that one of the richest resources for my thesis was contained in many hours of visual material, which I have kept for over 30 years. Having been a television producer in 1969, I learned ‘on the job’, how to produce film stories, and edit and present material for an award winning daytime show (Chapter 5). As the years progressed, I became a ‘one person band’, using video as it emerged, often carrying my bulky camera with me around the world, to record the unfolding events. I had cupboards filled with archival raw material, in every audiovisual format, which had evolved over the 30-year period.

Technology has made it possible to convert all my visual archives from film, tape and VHS to DVD. This required me to learn a new skill, so I enrolled for a year in an undergraduate class at the local University campus, to study the appropriate techniques. It was an interesting experience working in a team of five people, to co-produce a short film. In addition to attending twice weekly classes, it was a great experience to be part of the whole class, to become a team, to produce live television in a studio every week, featuring the talents of young gifted performing arts students. The production day was like being in a real, live television studio, and we took turns in all aspects of the production, for example, being behind a camera, sitting as the director in the studio ‘calling the shots’, and enhancing the live production using electronic equipment to enhance the visual presentation seen on screen.
It was a very rewarding experience working with the young people in producing and presenting a DVD, with one exception, that of trying to learn the complicated task of editing within a team. Each team consisted of five people, who were required to produce an original production of about five minutes. We chose the subject matter, did the pre-production planning, filming, and finally the editing. My previous experience as a television producer was very useful and our team was able to be very efficient for most of the production process. However, it was almost impossible to be practical with five sets of hands wanting to manage the controls of a computer in the editing suite. Learning those skills was my main objective in giving up three days a week of my personal life and PhD writing to the course. In the end, I had to defer to a young colleague, otherwise we would have missed our deadline for completion and I did not learn the skill I most wanted to know. However, this experience did not deter me from making a DVD as part of my thesis presentation (please see attached). In my experience, no amount of words in print can be as powerful as actually watching real images in real time and in chronological order, to understand the magnitude or the ramifications of my life’s dreaming made into reality.

Figure 3.1 The TV director
Phase Three: Writing the stories and reflections

I was enabled in writing the stories and reflections by my previous experiences. Having successfully completed a Master of Applied Science, Social Ecology at UWS in 1997, I was drawn to take a ‘Creative Writing’ workshop of several weeks, with Patti Miller as the facilitator. It was another of those serendipitous moments, another decision to learn something new, made a long time before considering writing a thesis in the style of a RTA for a PhD.

My professional career required me to write everything from theatre reviews, news, promotion and advertising material, television and theatre scripts and radio announcements. It was mid 2000 and the workshop was sponsored by the Varuna Writers’ Centre in Katoomba, New South Wales. The workshop was designed to encourage people to record the story of their life. According to Miller (1994), personal journeys of life are social history and always unique and worth telling for four main reasons:

1. For family records;
2. To make sense of a major, dramatic life experience;
3. To enable future generations to know what life was like in previously, as social history; and
4. Reflection to share life lessons with others.

Writing about ‘the self’ may be considered by some people to be egotistical. However, Miller asserts that Ego, or sense of self, is a condition of our lives and “writing your life story will strengthen your sense of self” (Miller, 1994, p.10).

The first session was a surprise, as we were invited to throw away all the rules we learned in English grammar and composition. The idea was to encourage a stream of memory. Patti encouraged us, by saying:

In Greek mythology, Memory, known as Mnemosyne, is the mother of the Muses, the creative spirits of humankind. In other words, memory is the mother of creativity (Miller, 1994, p.62).
The two important elements of memory are storage and retrieval. The exercises were designed to prompt and retrieve memory, using cues, such as incidents, smells, landscapes. In the first lesson, we had to visualise the first house we lived in and draw the layout. The homework then required that we write a story of events remembered in that place.

Another powerful exercise required writing just 10 words to apply to myself, then picking one of the words, and to write for 20 minutes, why that word relates to who I am. Finally, Patti Miller asked us to, in less than an hour, write about our respective life journeys, which we needed to imagine would become the only written record of our existence in the world! Now, that was a huge challenge, and little did I know then, that the exercise prepared me well for writing the stories in my RTA.

Originally, my intention was to write the RTA chronologically, documenting stories from my childhood through to the present time. However, as I became more reflective than proactive, my writing sessions became thematic, as they often began as an inspiration of the date, or something that was currently in the news, which in turn would find me at the computer writing a particular story, to which it related. For example, my grandson’s 21st birthday catapulted me back immediately to the day he was born, when I had the privilege of being present for his birth (Chapter 9). Therefore, although it seemed obvious to document the stories in a coherent fashion, a chronological format did not eventuate as expected, such as in starting at the beginning and revealing the various stages of my growth, journey, adventures and misadventures over time. The first story of my childhood was the only exception. Rather, a thematic style developed, as I remained ‘in the moment’, so the stories emerged in response to events in my life and the national and world news. Therefore, many of the reflections in this thesis relate to my reactions to national and world events, and how I was able to make sense of them through reflection, and link them back into my own life.

Having made the commitment to tell my story and reflect on what I have learned in my busy lifetime, the challenge was to decide on what was to be included. In weekly consultation with my supervisor, it was agreed to
encourage creative writing without restrictions, with the idea that we would choose the appropriate topical material at a later date. The creative, uninhibited writing would be the personal stories, and over time, I would develop a more academic voice for the literature review and methodology chapters of the thesis. These meetings were invaluable, as many stories came quickly, and my supervisor reviewed them with me and helped me make the necessary corrections to the grammar. These meetings were special also, because they allowed me to reflect on the stories, to locate my life patterns, trends and insights. My supervisor acted as a critical friend, making notes of the reflections and asking pertinent questions, which helped me to identify the key issues that emerged frequently.

My writing sessions felt like I was in an altered state, flowing from my mind faster than my fingers could type. The stories seemed to ‘take off on their own’ in a stream of consciousness. They were often very emotional and sometimes very painful to recount. The problem with this writing style was that I tend to write like I talk, that is, fast, furious and often using incomplete sentences. This does not seem to matter in the oral storytelling, as other elements are in play, such as nuances of voice, facial expressions and body language. However, it did create a problem in writing my personal stories for a thesis, because it required me to become more conscious of grammar and flow, so that the stories could make sense to the readers of this thesis document.

During my lifetime I have often kept a notebook beside my bed to record my dreamtime. My dreams are often complicated and lucid, so that dreaming for me is often like going to the movies. Often, at a later date, I would actualise that dream, or discover on reading old notes that something I had just done, had in fact been in one of my dreams. For example, the children’s Christmas pantomime story (Chapter 4), which I produced in 1966, was firstly a dream. During the project I kept a notebook and reviewed previous notebooks, to assist me in writing this RTA.
I also kept journals during the RTA project, in which to record the ongoing adventures in my life and to document my responses to news items and meetings with my supervisor. Themes often recurred in my journals, from great passion and enthusiasm, to the other end of the scale, with deep disappointment and sadness. I was amazed to see how often the same patterns appeared.

As I continued in the research, with a firm intention to write the stories of my life, the intensity of reflection became almost unbearable, as I became even more sensitive to others and my effect on them, or they on me. At the same time, there were immense changes in world and national events, that were unfolding during this period, for example, during the invasion of Iraq and in the despicable behaviour of men in power, which catapulted me into deep reflection (Chapter 4).

The ‘bottom line’ is that the reflective process has, at times, been totally overwhelming and it has changed me and my motivation. I am able to see what my reactive life has achieved and I am now quite prepared, even happy, to ‘take a back seat’, without feeling the need to get up and ‘lead’ the way. My proactive days are over, I have become reflective, and it is time to make way for others to take up the causes.

Phase Four: Structuring the RTA

The plan for the format of the thesis was that it would consist of personal stories, reflections on those stories, and the lessons learned along the way, which would describe my ‘getting of wisdom’. In other words, the stories were for me to discover any useful insights I had gained that could be offered to help others, who may want to benefit from my personal experiences in life.

Structurally, the thesis document consists mainly of stories and reflections, and there is also another, more formal component. The most difficult writing for me was of the chapters on the literature review and methodology. I love books, and I have spent many years as a movie, book and theatre reviewer, so it is not too hard for me to grasp the essence of the information presented by
authors, actors, and producers. I have had a personal policy as a professional critic of not being over judgmental or critical, having witnessed the opening and closing of Broadway shows, because of very critical reviews by people too full of their own importance, who in my opinion, generally speaking, had too much power. As a critic in those contexts, if I was unable to be positive, then usually I chose not to write anything. It is the same for me reviewing the books for the thesis Chapters Two and Three, because I have a profound respect for others and their personal perspectives, even if I do not agree with them. However, I realise the critique of ideas is fundamental in scholarly thinking and I have attempted to develop a critical approach to describing some of the literature within this thesis.

It is difficult for me to critique literature, because it is part of my philosophy to ‘live and let live’ and to try and suspend judgment. I think judgment of others is unnecessary and leads to dissention and the need to be right and or wrong. I honestly believe that, for the most part, people are entitled to their own opinion and the other end of that statement is that I, too, am entitled to my opinion.

Learning how to develop scholarly critiques is a very different situation from learning discretion, in particular, how I make the choices to engage in or be involved with others and their projects. It has taken me a long time and many disappointments to discover when it is more appropriate for me to simply ‘dance away’ than get involved. Some of the stories within this RTA show my patterns of learning discretion in my personal involvement with other people.

Even so, I have had trouble finding my academic voice, because it does not sit well with my own personal patterns of behaviour. I have always trusted my inner guidance and have never needed the precise details of the ‘nuts and bolts or whys and wherefores’. Academic analysis and argument go against my natural instincts. My success, I am sure, is largely do to having an open heart and open mind. Traditional academia, in my opinion, is hierarchical and controlling, because it has rules and requirements for writing in an academic style.
Another personal objective is to give up the need to control anything or anyone else. Conflict always seems to me to arise out of denying other people their opinions and perspectives. I attempt to give to others what I want for myself, respecting their rights even if they are not in alignment with my own ideas. Therefore, my supervisor’s insistence that I write in an acceptable academic tone in the literature review and methodology chapters of this thesis, in particular, has caused me considerable consternation. My supervisor and I negotiated this situation with clear talking and some degree of compromise, so that the thesis document could accommodate the standard, expected requirements of a PhD document.

In an attempt to find a midpoint between the requirements of academia and my need to be true to myself, one of the compromises was to write a nontraditional literature review, because books have been the influential texts in my life, not research-based, peer-reviewed journal articles. Therefore, the literature review chapter in this thesis is largely descriptive and because people I respect have written them, I have provided little or no criticism of their ideas. In some cases, however, where other authors have critiqued these ideas, I have provided their opposing views.

Books that influenced my life date back to around the early 1960s. In recent times, databases are accessed electronically, for example, the World Wide Web makes it is possible to get updated information in an instant about almost any subject and person. In the 21st Century, websites are very important sources, but they need discrimination in the use of the information offered, as some of it is of questionable value.

When decisions had been taken about how to write the literature review and methodology chapters, I decided on the structure of the thesis document, mainly along thematic lines. The themes of my key stories in this RTA are: taking control of my own life at a very early age; reinventing myself as a single working mother of two daughters; motivating projects and learning lessons from them; experiencing the magic and mystery of dolphonicity, birth and death; weaving the web and the connections of spirit; experiencing
changing motherhood roles; and observing Gaia energy increasing. Many stories reflect my life themes (Chapters 4 to 10).

Phase Five: Identifying the RTA outcomes

In the final phase, I identified the RTA outcomes, relating to life lessons from my experiences, patterns, trends and insights from my life, and offering insights to other people.

My life has offered me many life lessons, from which to learn. My experiences and lessons relate directly to the themes of my key life stories, for example, one person can make a difference and lack of money is not lack of personal power. Other life lessons I learned are described in Chapter 10.

Writing this RTA has allowed me to reflect on my life’s patterns and trends, and to have self insights, which may be helpful for other people, with whom they resonate. My life patterns and trends include having a high-energy lifestyle, living without fear, learning to deal with disappointments, keeping life records, taking responsibility for action, and creating a morphic field. These patterns, trends and insights are described in Chapter 10. None of these patterns and trends is an extraordinary thing; each and every one is available to anyone who chooses to adopt it in their life.

The significance of this RTA project is that it offers the insights from my lived experiences to other people, gleaned from my life adventure and journey. All these valuable opportunities have expanded my own awareness and consciousness, and these insights are available to readers, with whom they resonate. For example, give up the need to control others, to ‘thine own self be true’, and respect others as you wish to be respected. Other insights are offered in Chapter 10.

This RTA project recounted my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. I promoted personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and I learned how to heal and be healed, by
taking personal responsibility and making choices, which enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness. Hence, this RTA reflected on my role as a midwife to Gaia, helping to bring into existence an economically sustainable, environmentally friendly and peaceful future for the next generations.

**Trustworthiness of the Project**

There is a special need for rigour, known as trustworthiness, in qualitative research processes. Trustworthiness is “the strictness in judgement and conduct, which must be used to ensure that the successive steps in a project have been set out clearly and undertaken with scrupulous attention to detail, so that the results/findings/insights can be trusted by people with whom they resonate” (Taylor et al, 2006, p.400). It asks the fundamental question: “How is this project trustworthy?” Taylor et al (2006) offer an account of how to achieve trustworthiness in nursing and health care practice research involving the researcher and participants. Although there are many ways of judging rigour in qualitative research (for example, Denzin, 1989; Emden and Sandelowski, 1999), Taylor et al (2006) suggest the categories of credibility, fittingness, auditability, and confirmability.

Credibility is “the extent to which participants and readers of the research recognise the lived experiences described in the research as similar to their own” (Taylor et al, 2006, p.402). Credibility is achieved if participants recognise a phenomenon from reading about it in the transcripts or research reports. Credibility is difficult to achieve in a RTA, because the personal stories and the sense I have made of them, are based on my perception and memory of the events, which may or may not be perceived in the same way by other people in the stories. For example, I know that my family, especially my sister and brother, would describe many of our shared experiences very differently, as they are individuals in their own right and behave accordingly. We do not always agree, although there is mutual respect and love. I perceive my siblings as shy and introverted, whilst I am always ‘out there’ as an extrovert, plus I am the eldest and in our early days I had to play ‘mother’ to them. This means that credibility in this RTA was theoretically possible, but
it was not always achieved, because as the research and the researcher, credibility did not always apply to this research process, which required my personal perspective of life events. Even so, people reading my life stories may resonate with some of the situations and the lessons they provided.

Fittingness is “the extent to which a project’s findings fit into other contexts outside the study setting” and “the extent to which the readers of the research find it has meaning and relevance for their own experiences” (Taylor et al, 2006, p.402). The comments relating to credibility apply also to fittingness. Although this RTA is of my life, the fittingness will be judged ultimately by the readers of this thesis, according to the extent to which my insights and lessons offer some meaning for them in their own lives.

According to Taylor et al (2006, p.402) auditability is the production of a decision trail, which can be scrutinised by other researchers to determine the extent to which the project has achieved consistency in its methods and processes. A high degree of auditability would allow another researcher to use a similar approach and possibly arrive at similar or comparable conclusions.

Auditability has been achieved in this RTA research, through the production of this thesis document, and other means, by which to track and scrutinize the data. The audit trail of data of my lifetime experiences can be tracked in hundreds of local, global and international media articles, in English and other languages. There are my television presentations world wide, and some are included in this thesis (please see the DVD attached). Also, all my archival material will be in the files of the Mitchell Library on completion of this project and will be available to the public. All of theses sources provide opportunities for readers to scrutinise the data, and if they so desire, they could use the methods and processes described in this thesis as a guide to write their own RTA.

“Confirmability of a project is achieved when credibility, auditability and fittingness can be demonstrated” (Taylor et al 2006, p.402). Allowing for the differences in this RTA approach and other qualitative approaches enlisting
participants as sources of information, confirmability has been achieved. Readers of this research will judge the extent to which my life stories and insights resonate with their own experiences. However, in terms of outcomes, I assert that all my life projects have had positive results, the most successful work being that which involved introducing water as a birthing tool, and inspiring and encouraging the growth of the tourist industry around cetacea, the whales and dolphins. There were less than a handful of people involved in 1980 worldwide when I chose to respond to ‘interspecies communication’ and set up the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand (Chapter 7). Today, thousands of babies have been born safely underwater in most countries of the world, and millions of people spend millions of dollars on whale watch and dolphin swims worldwide. These examples are sources of confirmability, that the outcomes of my actions in stories within this thesis have already resonated with people, with whom I have come into contact.

Chapter Summary and Reflection

The methodology section of this chapter defined key research terms, and differentiated between quantitative and qualitative research, and interpretive and critical qualitative research approaches. Reflective Topical Autobiography (RTA) was described as a form of interpretive qualitative research and justification was given for using RTA to fulfill this project’s research aim and objectives. I described how this RTA is as a form of interpretive qualitative research, because it generates meaning from life stories, which can be offered as insights to other people.

This chapter also described the methods and processes used in developing a thesis from my life experience, including the ethical clearance process, the five-phase RTA writing process and how I ensured the trustworthiness of the project. Ethical requirements have been adhered to strictly, to ensure the privacy and anonymity of people mentioned in this RTA, by gaining their consent for inclusion and ensuring they read, and approved of, any of my life stories, in which they were included.
In order to “re-read, re-vision and re-tell the story (of my life) in the light of the new insights, understandings and interpretations of meaning acquired through ongoing lived experience” (Johnstone, 1999, p.25), I evolved a five phase method of conceptualising the approach, gathering the topical material, writing the stories and reflections, structuring the RTA and identifying the RTA outcomes. These phases included sequential steps to ensure that the RTA would lead to new insights, understandings and interpretations, which I refer to in this thesis, as outcomes.

In the final part of the methods and processes section of this chapter, I described the need for rigour, known as trustworthiness, in qualitative research processes. Using examples from my life journey and during the writing of this RTA, I demonstrated that the criteria within the categories of credibility, fittingness, auditability, and confirmability have been fulfilled, to varying extents.

Although it has been challenging for me to find my ‘academic voice’ in writing the theoretical sections this research project, my life stories more than compensate. The methods and process of assembling my life on paper and in film over more than 60 years has been a powerful experience. I cannot imagine a more valuable learning tool. In the process, I have witnessed not only the changes in social and cultural mores, but also a profound change in the way I handle my own life and the things that I value most. I literally ceased to feel responsible for effecting change, and have become a more passive person, not less passionate, but definitely relieved of the need to ‘do something’ about it, whatever the ‘it’ might be. I am acutely aware that every tiny action, word or attitude of mine, affects everything else and everybody else in and around me. The process has convinced me, more than ever, that global peace and harmony begins with personal peace and harmony.
MIDWIFE TO GAIA, BIRTHING GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS: A REFLECTIVE TOPICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Part 2

Estelle Myers
MApPSc (Social Ecology)

Department of Nursing and Health Care Practices
Southern Cross University
Lismore, New South Wales, 2480

A thesis submitted in total fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

June, 2008
CHAPTER FOUR: IN THE BEGINNING

This chapter describes beginning in life as a child and young adult. The childhood section describes: ‘Chaos and confusion on our first ever holiday’ and ‘A real father and new extended family’, My father’, and ‘Life in the Suburbs’. The section relating to young adulthood describes ‘Ghosts from the past’, ‘Grandparents’, ‘Jewish rites of passage’, ‘My first marriage’ and ‘Becoming an independent woman and mother’. The stories reveal how my strong sense of determination evolved and how I took control of my own life at a very early age. The stories also ground my Jewish heritage and the influence of my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather. Throughout the chapter, I reflect on my childhood and young adult life stories, to make sense of my experiences at that time and to establish a sense of the change agent I have become.

Childhood

This section describes very important impacts on my psyche, of: ‘Chaos and confusion on our first ever holiday’ and ‘A real father and new extended family’, My father’, and ‘Life in the Suburbs’. I was the eldest of three children, and my mother had been divorced for about two years. My earlier childhood memories were of a very dysfunctional family life with parents, who were always fighting. In addition, there was ‘the other woman’ in my father’s life. Mum became a single divorced working mother, which was something to be ashamed of at that time.

Chaos and Confusion on our First Ever Holiday

We are being dropped off at the Travellers’ Rest Room at Central Railway. ‘We’ are my little sister Lynn, not long turned five, which makes me nearly 12. It is autumn 1948, a few months after my mother’s wedding, which increased our family of four to eight, with three step brothers and a stepfather moving into our tiny two bedroom flat, with a covered verandah sleep out at Coogee.
The station is big, dirty and very noisy. There are steam trains lined up at every platform. I wonder which is the one that we are going to go on. I feel excited and a little bit scared, leaving home for the first time with a large group of strangers, mostly little girls and a couple of grown up minders. We are being escorted to Bowral, for a special holiday for underprivileged children. Kids of ex-servicemen (our stepfather was an ex-service man) are being treated by Legacy to this adventure.

I remember we used to buy a little red and yellow flame pin on Legacy Day at school. How did we happen to go on this holiday? The simple answer is that my new stepfather, qualified as our new extended family, made me the eldest of six kids. We were all being shipped off to a special school holiday to give our mother a break. The four boys went to Manly.

I can’t remember much about the journey, but I remember arriving at the biggest house I had ever seen. It looked like a haunted castle. It was grim, dark, old and set in a huge area of trees. There was something creepy about it. The Matron, a large busty woman in uniform, met us in the foyer. She immediately told us the rules. Firstly, we had to get out of our own clothes, bathe and get into the clothes given to us by the staff. The clothes were drab, colourless dresses that were too big, with equally horrible singlets and pants. This was to make us all look alike, with no differences. Although ours was a big family, without much money, we always had something nice to wear, food to eat and we were bathed daily on our own. The next shock was being told to take turns in the same bath water in big iron tub. I protested, after watching several other kids get in and out of the bath. My protest was ignored and I was literally picked up and put in the bath.

Being one of the older girls, they gave me lots to do, especially to take care of the little girls. Holiday? It was not any different to taking care of all my brothers and sister at home. With heaps to do, it was much worse than home, scrubbing and polishing the floors of this enormous place. Then, there was the horror of cold, yukky food! My mother was a plain, but good cook and we had
plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables. Clearly, we were not as under privileged as some of these other kids.

Two major embarrassments stick out in my mind. I guess I was always a rebel, because being heartily sick of having to eat cold yukky food, I plucked up the courage to complain to the Matron that the cold porridge made me feel sick. The next meal, lunchtime, we were all seated at the long wooden tables, on benches, in our ‘orphan Annie’ clothing, waiting to say grace before eating. The scene looked like something out of ‘Oliver Twist’.

Everyone’s food was on the table except mine. Suddenly, the door swung open from the kitchen and the Matron emerged with a plate filled with steaming hot tomatoes on toast. She walked over to me and in front of the hundred or so kids, placed the plate down in front of me and commanded that I eat it immediately. The steam was rising from the plate; I picked up my knife and fork, cut a mouthful and raised it to my lips to blow it cool. “No”, said the woman, “put it straight in your mouth now”. I could not believe my ears. Everyone was watching. She towered over me, took my hand and thrust it, hot tomatoes and all, into my mouth. My eyes watered, my tongue burned, but I was not going to show my pain. The first mouthful was the worst, and as the Matron stood over me, I emptied the plate. I was determined not to break down and cry.

The other embarrassment was being taken to the local pictures, dressed in our drab gear, a long line of shabby little girls escorted by a couple of grown-ups. People stared at us and whispered, and I heard one lady say how sad it was to see us. The week took forever to end, and I was glad when we were put on the train and taken home to be with our own family, especially our mother.
A Real Father and New Extended Family

This next story follows on through the winter months. I have never been quite sure of the time frame, or for how long, but it was definitely winter, so it could only have been that first winter as an extended family.

I can see the lounge room with an electric radiator, a radio, two green fabric armchairs and a standing lamp. I am sitting on the lounge, with the same green embroidered silk fabric, with polished wooden ends. My little sister, Lynn, is with me. We are both snuggled under an arm tartan rug, which is covering us, one each side of a man, our new father, Lou. He is the father of David, Barry and Ronald, our new 'step brothers', who have all moved in to share our flat, in which we, mum, brother Paul and sister Lynn had been living for almost three years.

It was a very tough three years, because my parents had been divorced, which caused a real scandal. It even made headlines in the grubby Sunday paper, ‘The Truth’. It was the first Jewish divorce recorded in the State of NSW. In
that day and age, broken homes did not happen, especially Jewish homes. We were the only family at Coogee Public School, who had divorced parents. During that time, neither a mother nor a father came to special school days. For three years I took care of my younger brother and sister, while mum took the bus every day to the city to work at a department store to support us. There were three years of me getting us up and off to school, about a half-hour walk each way daily, of getting us home, supervising afternoon tea, baths and getting dinner ready.

Suddenly, that all changed, and I am now the eldest of six, and there is this man, my stepfather, a barber, with his own shop at Bondi Junction. He says he is going to take care of us and he is thrilled to have little girls; my little sister, who is four and half and myself 11½ years old. Mum does not have to go to the city to work every day, but she helps out in his shop when it is busy. It feels really good, especially as we sit together at night after dinner being cuddled on either side of him, as mum sits in the armchair opposite, knitting. She knitted jumpers for all the kids. She seemed to be very happy. When it came to bedtime, she encouraged Lou to take us into our bedroom and tuck us in. That’s the beginning of the nightmare; it was the beginning of the end.

I have not until now, ever written this story. I am not sure how long it took to unfold; a few days, a few weeks, or even months. Lynn and I had a double bunk; Lynn slept on the bottom. Lou would tuck us in, and then spend some time lying alongside us cuddling, feeling, kissing and whispering secrets. It felt lovely as my own father had not been around us since Lynn was born, having left home for ‘the other’ woman. To add to my confusion, Lou would also linger with Lynn. In addition, mum asked him to write to Johnson and Johnson to get a package for me, about ‘growing up’ and it was he who read the little booklet to me and explained about menstruation! I wondered if this is what other dads did, but of course, we did not ask those very private questions.

The real crunch happened when Lou asked me to hold his penis (a word never uttered) - to feel it and make it grow by rubbing it, all the time whispering in my ear about “our little secret”. Having accomplished that and not feeling very
sure of myself at all, he then asked me to suck it! Oh, the horror of it! At that moment, I ran out and told my mother. All hell broke loose! She had acquired a habit of screaming and shouting louder than anyone. It was impossible to win an argument with her. There was an unholy row, she was hysterical and I was absolutely in shock and horror.

The long and the short of this sorry tale is that, according to my mother, she could take no action, as it would create more bad public attention. My name, along with Lynn’s, would be dragged through the press. So, the action she chose, which was very hard for me to forgive, almost until she died, was to send the three little boys away from our home to live with their grandmother. No way was she going to have “the little animals”, as she called them, in her home when her husband was abusing her daughters. The boy’s mother had died in childbirth and they were raised without discipline by their ageing grandmother, who cared for three babies in less than three years. They were now only four, five and six years old. That was the end of that, or at least, so it seemed, but no, it was not. We discovered that he had also interfered with my young cousin. Mum chose to turn a blind eye, fearing public ridicule. Our family resumed to normal size, my brother, little sister and me. They continued the marriage, and shared a bed until she died 40 years later. Theirs was a destructive kind of love/hate partnership.

Our home was one of repeated episodes of violence; he had a leather strap he used for sharpening razors, which was on the back of a door. With my mother’s approval, he would use it on us often for punishment. As I grew older, my determination and stubbornness grew with me. No one was going to make me cry.
My Father

In May 2002, the papers declared the 60th anniversary of enemy submarines invading our shores in Sydney Harbour. I was a precocious five and a half year old with a little brother just 18 months younger. I actually remember the raid vividly, and if I close my eyes, I am transported back immediately to that moment in time 60 years ago.

Sirens screamed through the night air, my family and I were living in a tiny apartment in Waverly, and my dad drove a taxi. This same taxi, red, black and white featured in other adventures of my childhood, which will unfold in due course. As the sirens wailed, my mother, at best a nervous though domineering woman, ran screaming through the little flat in total panic. Her father, my favourite granddad, helped her take all the mattresses off the beds and put them up to the windows to obtain a complete blackout.
Dad was nowhere to be seen or heard in the panic, which was ‘par for the course’, as apparently driving a taxi in Sydney during wartime was big business, with so many American servicemen in town. His working hours obviously needed to fit into the peak times of travel for these men of war. Sometimes, he would turn up with an American sailor, having invited him home to tea with the family. They always brought with them very special gifts, such as chewing gum for the kids and silk stockings for the lady of the house. It was fun. The only problem was the noisy arguments, which mum and dad had regularly about his long hours away from home.

I realise now, that this was the time he became involved with another woman, who later became his second wife. She lived in Woolloomooloo, where the naval vessels docked for Yankee shore leave. It was big time business for taxi drivers and prostitutes alike. I learned that the black market from the US Canteens was a lucrative way of earning extra money. My dad was an addicted gambler; he played cards for money and bet on the racehorses and he later lost everything. That is another tale. For the moment, I am in that time and place of a little girl, still enjoying time out with daddy. He would take us, my little brother, Paul and myself on outings, that mum did not want to share. Paul and I did have some fun times, at the beach, on picnics and one particular visit I recall well was a boating picnic at National Park. Dad hired a rowing boat and we played on the water and really enjoyed ourselves with his friends, Auntie Vicki and Auntie Peggy. What amazes me is that we did not tell our mother about these other ladies. Auntie Peggy, with the peroxide blonde hair and turned up nose was to figure in our lives.
About a year later, the third child arrived in our family, my little sister Lynette, a tiny bundle of black haired curls, darkest eyes and absolutely adorable. She was less than six weeks old, when my mother became very ill. A nervous breakdown was the diagnosis, and she was taken to spend a few weeks with an auntie out of town, along with the wee baby to assist her recovery. Meantime, as ‘the little mother’, I was in charge of taking care of Paul, with friends keeping an eye on us when dad was at work. We had by now moved to a larger old house not far from our last home. Both Paul and I walked daily like all the kids did in those days, to the local Clovelly Public School.

When my mother returned with our baby sister, all hell broke loose. We would be awoken in the wee hours of the morning, with shouting and screaming, by my mother about ‘the bitch’, the other woman. My mother would be hysterical and call her father and my dad's mother, my very special grandmother, Lena,
to come and hear the terrible tales of his unfaithful, gambling ways. She told my grandmother that her son was ruining the family, making her ill. Her story, which later turned out to be untrue in part, was that while she was having Lynette at Crown Street Women’s Hospital, the ‘bitch’, with the turned up nose, was having another daughter to my father. Peggy’s husband was a soldier at war, so the baby she had at the same time could not be his.

We lived in hell. Every time my father made an attempt to come home to us, Peggy would arrive, bash down the door, and drag him away with my mother screaming blue murder. On other occasions when he did not come home, my mother would drag all of us and my little grandmother Lena, to Peggy’s sordid inner city abode. We would climb the crumbly old staircase, bash down the door, to find dad in bed with the other woman! There was more screaming and carrying on, and mum once found his underpants, and held them up to be seen, with lipstick all over them. I wondered later in life what on earth this weedy little man had that was so fascinating. I actually asked him after our reconciliation some 44 years later, if he had “a diamond in his dick”. He seemed to have little worth fighting for.

About this time, I decided that life was all too hard. Having cooked my first baked dinner at seven, I was sick and tired of being known as the ’little mother’. It was not unusual to find me wheeling a wooden framed stroller with the toddler Lynette strapped in to it, Paul holding on the side of it, and me walking them a least a kilometer or so to do the shopping, even crossing tram lines. I remember one day, actually tripping on the lines and tipping up the stroller, terrified that we would all be run over by the tram if we did not retreat rapidly.

I hatched a plot to run away. Paul and I, hand in hand, went down to our father’s taxi, and took all the coins from the ashtray on the dash, and went down the hill to hide in the park. The park was just down the street from home with lots of trees to hide in. It seemed like a good idea at the time and we were both sick of the continuing bedlam in our home. Our mum, when angry, could lash out at us and sometimes knock us over. The ‘long and short’ of this adventure of running away from home, is that as it got dark and cold. It must
have been winter. Paul started to cry and wanted to go home. Not knowing what else to do, I took him home to an anxious mother. We had been missing a whole three hours.

It was more than 40 years before I met the other daughter, Patricia, who in fact was not born for another two years after Lynn. My father had divorced my mother and married her mother, who had also been divorced. Peggy and Ron, my dad, lived together for more than 40 years. It was at Peggy’s funeral that I met my half sister Pat. We bonded immediately. She was the eldest of that family, another sister and brother followed. We know for sure that her other sister was not my father’s child. For me, the surprise was hearing Pat talk about her loving caring compassionate father, and how he put up with so much ‘garbage’. She spoke of how kind and loving he was to her and the siblings of that marriage. Listening to her I thought she was talking about another person.

In retrospect, once my mother divorced him, we really never saw my father again. I learned later, that mother banished him, never to ‘darken out doorstep again’. Mum always portrayed him as the ‘baddie’, never paying child maintenance and so on. Paul, Lynnette and I would sometimes be taken to the Coogee Sports Club to find him playing cards and to beg him for some money for us. In spite of all this, my mother cried with regularity, about how much she loved him, and I guess that was the case until the day she died in 1986. She married my stepfather in 1947, and in my mind, this was another marital disaster of almost 40 years. Between these adults and their behaviour no less than nine children suffered the consequences.

I renewed my relationship with my father on returning from America, 44 years old, and preaching love and forgiveness. I was promoting an amazing personal growth program known as ‘A Course in Miracles’. The main practice is to demonstrate love not fear, and to recognise that we choose our circumstances. The concept suggests that we choose the opportunity to demonstrate unconditional love. The only other choice is fear. These are the two main emotional states of human beings; all other emotions are a corollary of love and
fear. I had been intimately and actively involved with the American publishers of the material and working with the concepts for more than a year, a year of miracles 1976/77 living in New York City.

It was on my return visit to Sydney, that I walked into my brother’s home to find my ‘little old father’ sitting in a chair. It was a huge moment for me to demonstrate my new reality. I walked up to him, knelt and in front of Paul and several other people, said: “Hello, I recognise you as my father, and forgive you for all that has happened. Can we begin again?” We both cried. It was the beginning of several very emotional experiences with him and my half sister Patricia. Ron and I decided to throw a Christmas Party for the family, and I was beside myself at 44 years old, running around telling people that: “Dad and I are throwing a party”! I actually found it very difficult to call him dad; he had to be satisfied with Ron.

Some time later and as a result of synchronicity, I found myself in Hervey Bay, Queensland, involved with my colleagues on the introduction of Whale Watching there. It just so happened that is where my half sister Pat lives, so we could share valuable time together. We went out on a whale watch, Ron, Pat and I. The whales came and engaged themselves with our boat for along time, and I turned to Ron and said: “I bet you never thought you would be whale watching with your two daughters”. At this stage of his life, about 80 years old, he had shrunk and was even smaller than us. Pat and I are both pint sized. However, with a twinkle in his eye, he looked at me and replied: “Don’t you remember, but when you were only a little toddler, we crossed from Tasmania to the Mainland, and I held you up high to watch over the rails as several whales followed us”. I am now a voice for cetacea, the whales and dolphins of the oceans of the world. I wonder if it’s it possible that my connection with this magical species began way back then, 44 years ago.
The other incident in 1991, not long before he died, was at the retirement village where he was staying. Pat and I went to spend the morning with him. He wanted to show us off to some of the other residents, so he walked us down to the main lounge area to introduce us. Within minutes, he was making ridiculous remarks about which one of the old ladies would sleep with him. I was not amused. Pat thought it funny that such an old man still had eye on the old girls, even in a joking way. I was even less amused when as we were walking back to the car, he noticed his fly was open. He promptly pulled it up with a quip that it was just as well that it had not been noticed, because someone may have thought we were getting it off together. No wonder I was not able to call him dad. When Pat talks about her dad one could imagine we were talking about two different people. Pat absolutely adored him. My take on him was that he was a womanizer, who could not get his mind above his penis and the subsequent dire results caused by his weakness.
Sixty years on and I wonder how different my life would have been without all this drama. Sixty years on, and the sacredness of partnership and parenting seem to me to be worse than ever. I see one in three marriages fail, leaving innocent kids to work through their emotional upheaval. I wonder about all those single parents, mums and dads, especially those who choose to be single parents. I wonder what the future holds for children born to selfish individuals, who appear to me to lack commitment. I see that babies today can be a high fashion statement to many professional women.
With their biological clock ticking, many are becoming mums to satisfy their own needs, it seems.

Life in the Suburbs

I had been my mother’s confidante as a small child and into my puberty, as she dealt with the crisis of her broken marriage and being a single mum in days where there was no support financially or otherwise for her. She worked as a salesperson for a department store in town.

We had moved out of the family home in 1945, before my ninth birthday. I had already become the ‘little mother’ after her illness a couple of years earlier. My brother was 18 months younger and my little sister almost seven years younger. In our new flat in Coogee, I would be responsible for walking my brother Paul to Coogee Public school each day and later Lyn, when she started Kindy. Each afternoon we walked home and I gave them afternoon tea, bathed them and helped prepare the evening meal ready for when mum got off the bus from town. Our neighbours ‘kind of’ kept an eye on us, as we were the youngest family.

Figure 4.7 Single mum and kids 1946
We had great neighbours in the two buildings side by side, with seven families in all. There was Mr. and Mrs. Rose, a mature Jewish couple without a family; Mr. and Mrs. Welsh above us with an adult son, who worked for Qantas and next door, Mr. and Mrs. Wright with their son Warwick, a year older than me. The other building housed the Mitchell’s, who were Catholic and sent their children to the Catholic school, the Jinx’s and the Bernhard’s. They all had slightly older children. Coogee by the sea was a very middle class suburb of Sydney in those days. The flats were two bedrooms with a sleep out. The laundry, complete with gas copper and hand wringer, was outside and there certainly was no garage. It was a far cry from the trendy and expensive place it is today. I lived there until my marriage at 18 years of age. Our little corner of the world was a model of what growing up in the eastern suburbs of Sydney was all about, very different then to the ‘westies’ those ‘working class’ people on the other side of the city boundaries. My immediate relatives, aunts, uncles and of course, my special grandmother Lena, all lived within walking distance. In those days that could mean up to five kilometers, as most of them did not have a car, and parents did not spend their lives playing taxi services.

Life in the suburbs was pretty uniform, for most people after the war. Dad went to work; mum cooked, cleaned, washed and ironed all week. Dad cut the lawns, washed the car and then went to the footy or the cricket. Most of the neighbours never missed a Saturday afternoon match at the local oval. If we were lucky, we would be given sixpence and allowed to go to the Saturday afternoon film. That’s where some differences in my family and others became apparent to me. My friends usually had more to spend on things like ice cream, chips and soft drinks.

My cousin Karen, an only child, was spoiled rotten in my opinion. She was dressed like ‘Shirley Temple’, had rag curled hair and even as a tiny little girl, learned to play the violin. She was the same age as my brother, and we all hung out together. There was a time when I was green with envy at her lifestyle compared to mine. She always had money to buy Coca-Cola and Cadburys Hoadley Crumble Bars. She always went out with her parents, when they went out to play cards with friends and relatives. Whereas, I was always
left at home to mind the younger kids when my mother and later my mother and stepfather went out. Karen actually turned out to be so talented that by the time she was a teenager, she had qualified and was attending the Sydney conservatorium music school for gifted children. In addition to winning eisteddfods beyond her age group, she was also slated to join the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, then under the baton of Sir Eugene Goosens. Her story is that of a rebel without a cause.

Karen turned her back on her privileged childhood and became a wild bikie and hung out with less desirable youths in the milk bars down by the beach. I soon lost my green-eyed monster. She finally married and had three daughters of her own. We were very close and her girls spent a lot of time with my daughters and me. Karen found it very difficult to be a mother. All three of the girls had a very difficult time growing up. Fortunately, they did ‘find themselves’ ultimately; two are married with families of their own. Karen’s eldest daughter is now sharing her home with her mother.

What did our world look like? Our homes were very neat and clean; our mothers, especially mine, would be very concerned about the neighbours’ and relatives’ opinions. In fact, we were the only divorced family at our public school. Our home was the only one with a single parent, who was a working mother. The week had a common theme routine for all, divorced or not. Monday was washing day, Tuesday the ironing was the first priority of the day, scrubbing floors, cleaning carpets, and polishing furniture were duties spread across the week. Then, of course, there was shopping, cooking and cleaning windows and other duties. God forbid that a friend or relative found dust, dirty floors or unmade beds! Washing itself was almost a full time job, involving sorting, soaking, boiling and wringing every item of clothing worn by the family. Our school and play clothes were often soiled, so it was very hard work. Of course, in those days, all the mums wore aprons. There was much gossip at the washing lines, as everybody knew everybody’s business. Perhaps the one luxury each mum gave herself, indeed my mother did, even when we were very poor, was to go to the hairdresser for a weekly shampoo, cut and dry, with the occasional perm and colour, when appropriate. There the gossip thrived.
Food was also as routine. Monday, we had leftovers from the Sunday roast, made into a shepherd’s pie. Tuesday, if there was any meat still left over, mum would add a few teaspoons of curry powder and cook some rice with it. Wednesday, we might have corn beef with mashed potatoes and greens. Thursday, we ate maybe grilled lamb chops and veggies, and on Friday, almost everyone had fish and chips. Saturday, ‘the go’ would be spaghetti with a tomato meat sauce. Our house was a bit different, because we had some Jewish cooking to ‘up the ante’ and change the routine menu. We had home pickled onions, cucumbers, salt herrings, and olives, voosht (a kind of cold cut spicy sausage) and of course, the famous Jewish mum’s chicken soup with matzo balls. They were dumplings made from the Passover unleavened bread of the same name. These were called ‘nosh’ and usually on a Saturday after going to the Synagogue with my lovely Nana Lena, we would come home to this kind of nosh for lunch, which would be on crusty choler bread and washed down by the adults with a beer.

We all visited each other regularly, at least once a week, and Mothers Day would always be with Nana Lena and her huge family. Well, this is how it was in our household. The Christian families did not seem to have as much regular contact with their relatives; one reason was that they often did not live close enough. School holidays and Christmas defined visits.

What a very different world we live in now. Could I ever imagine that here in the ‘lucky country’ we would be living on a red alert for terror? No way. Where did it all go so horribly wrong, so out of balance? These are the questions for me to consider. It would be awful to go backwards, to the days where, I as a woman seemed to have no choices, especially pre-pill, but then I have always made my own choices. Maybe I have not always made the right choice, but I have consistently chosen my own path, my way, rarely needing anyone else’s permission. I have been constantly
charting new pathways for my daughters, and myself and sewing seeds for others to follow, almost always without the support of any person.

I returned to my Jewish roots again, literally, attending a Hanukah celebration. This is the celebration that always occurs around Christmas time. It is a celebration of light, of joy and optimism. Originally, it was a celebration by the Maccabees, the warriors who defeated invading forces beyond their numbers. It was the essential element of hope kept alive by the light of one candle, even though they had little else. I enjoyed being reminded that I am, you are, and we can all be, the inspiration for others by shining brightly when all else seems lost. Optimism is catching. I seem to have wandered through 66 years, wearing mostly rose-coloured glasses, always finding the positive spin out of the most serious crisis.

In my own life, there have been real pearls, gifts from the universe even after what appears to be major dramas. I am reminded that pearls grow from the tiny invasion of grit into their shell. The creature carefully grows a covering over it and that becomes the beautiful jewel.

It is clear to me that in spite of the ugly experiences that I have shared, for the most part, my mother and grandparents in particular were responsible for creating a very solid and stable backdrop to growing up in Sydney during the war and post war years. We were not unlike the Greek or Italian communities, who also had very strict rules and regulations and who also did not encourage relationships and
marriage outside of their own cultures. We always had good wholesome food on the
table, clean clothes and a clean home environment. I cannot remember, except on
Anzac Days, seeing any evidence of alcohol abuse. Drugs were unheard of. We were
taught very early in the game of life to behave with respect for elders and to be kind
to each other and others. Discipline was normal, both at home and in school. We
were different from the ‘westies’, the people who lived on the other side of the city, who
often came from homes that did not have traditional values to live up to. In some
ways I think this still exists, although the west has become more ‘up market’, the
‘westies’ still seem to have more than their share of problem families, alcohol and
drug abuse, delinquent kids, crime and single mums. There is a lot to be said for
setting boundaries and obligations in early childhood.

I wonder how much damage or character building occurs when we are so very young
and have to deal with major changes. I was only eleven years old, and I already had
earned the reputation of being a ‘little mother’ since I was seven years old.
Confident and maybe too big for my boots already, I was not willing to be
intimidated by others, even if they were adults. During my early teen years I
actually kicked in a glass door with anger. Somehow, it seems to me, that I have
been able to re-direct my anger into positive actions without fear and with a very
strong stubborn streak, which makes me very opinionated and dogmatic. This could
be seen as a negative behaviour, however, in my opinion, it is at the centre of my
measurement of success, that I do not bow to or seek approval from anyone else.
Looking at two of these childhood events in this chapter, I suddenly realised that they happened in the same year, 1947. It was 55 years ago - 55 years that has seen more changes than in any other time in world history. In my own lifetime technology has changed the very fabric of life. We have seen people land on the moon. We have watched the development of space stations, satellites, telecommunication, computers and household appliances like television, microwaves, mobile phones, and the list goes on and on.

My question then is: Has this improved the quality of life for the human race and what of social changes? We have the Civil Rights Movement, the Women's Movement. There is the Environmental Movement, Gay and Lesbian Rights, The Peace movement and Animal Liberation. What has really changed for the better? What about the increase of domestic violence and child abuse? Let's not forget the post pill era and the massive changes associated for women, who ceased to be afraid of getting pregnant, giving them the same freedom as men to experiment with their own sexuality. My question is: Has anything really changed? Do I/we have a voice? Does the world look any rosier for my children and grandchildren, especially my granddaughters? My immediate answer is: “No, it is not any better. If anything, the world out there is darker than ever”. My normally hot pink rose-coloured glasses of an optimist have become very foggy in the last six months, long before THAT day - September 11th 2002!
In Australia, I watched with alarm the collapse of big time corporations, losing billions of dollars and creating chaos and havoc for the average Aussie battlers. Had we learned nothing from the Bond and Skase corporate cowboys and their victims of the greedy 80's? Scratch the surface of some average Aussies and you will find that racism alive and well. Politicians are stirring the pot. Ministers are spending millions trying to keep the perils of unwanted people from our shores. We see refugees, who are fleeing the world's war torn zones, where hunger and famine kill daily, for all to witness nightly on our television, right in our own homes.

Drug and alcohol abuse is rising daily, personal and national debts are spinning out of control. Schools and hospitals are unable to cope. Domestic violence is on the rise. Shock jocks on the national radio are earning 'big bucks' influencing very weak politicians, who are making policy on the run. Is there a common thread to all this chaos? Yes, there is, I argue that we have gone backwards to the dark ages, to patriarchal military industrial domination, which is still the outright power base. The world has not yet found a place for the voice of women, children and ancient cultures.

September 11th filled many people with horror. We were collectively 'glued' to the media events that unfolded, and fear became the primary emotion on the planet. Mother Earth and her children were devastated. The 'Boys' Club' rallied, Bush, Blair and our little Johnny Howard all joined forces to create an alliance to seek and destroy the enemy. Their perspective of the enemy belongs to the old paradigm
of blame - pointing the finger at someone else, never stopping to look at what had caused the tragic events to unfold.

Like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, they called: "Chop off their heads" - yes, send more bombs, kill, kill, and kill. Use all the weapons of destruction we have created, and sold to each other! Seek out those developing weapons of mass destruction. Hello, wait a minute, isn't that the USA? Is it any wonder my rose-coloured glasses are foggy? I have spent more than half my life trying to make a difference. I have been working with like-minded souls and spirits to restore value to life, trying to establish a sense of connectedness, of oneness of healing. I have sought especially to empower myself and others to realise that we are connected and that everything we do affects everything else. The world is a mirror reflection. What is out there is also inside. Peace begins with personal peace.
Young Adulthood

The stories and reflections in this section relate to important people, who had a strong influence on my life. I describe my connection to my beloved grandparents, Jewish rites of passage, my first marriage and becoming an independent woman and mother.

Ghosts from the Past

On 11 April 2007, I awoke in the early hours of the morning, crying. This sometimes happens to me, in fact, my dreams seem to play a very important role in my life. I used to keep a book beside my bed to write them down as soon as I awakened. It was a habit that drove my husband of 15 years mad, as did my habit of needing to read before going to sleep every night. He rarely missed an opportunity to ask every night: “How long are you going to read for”? It was just one of the many signs of how little we had in common. Another major difference was how we felt about our relatives, in particular, grandparents. He had little or no interactions with his family. His mother would literally cross the road to avoid meeting her elderly parents, whereas, in my family the grandparents were my favourite people and greatly respected and very much part of our lives. I sometimes wonder if our departed relatives and friends visit our dreamtime. Some of the most powerful dreams for me include people from the past. Are they ghosts? Recently, I was visited in my dreams by an elderly Jewish step grandmother and her husband my long my dead grandfather, Henry.
Henry was married to Eva at the time of my wedding, August 1955. In fact, he was the centre of a major crisis, when Eva, his third wife, called from Melbourne to announce that he had taken a bad turn and would not be able to come to my wedding. This was about a week or two at the most from the wedding date, 31st August 1955. I remember holding a family council, my mother, daughter of Henry, my stepfather Lou, my fiancée and me. Pop Henry, along with my paternal grandmother Lena, were the two most important and most loved people in my life. I could not imagine either of them missing my forthcoming nuptials. A decision was made for me to drive to Melbourne with my stepfather, and my young brother Paul.

In those days before freeways, there was a long and winding road over the mountains and a very busy Hume highway, filled with huge road trucks making overnight runs. We did the journey in just on 11 hours, non-stop, except for refueling. My stepfather and I took turns at driving, while Paul in the back seat was supposed to keep us from falling asleep at the wheel. What immediately comes to mind is that we were in a rather small car, it was
freezing cold, and the traffic both ways was heavy. Just as dawn was breaking, I was driving with the window open to keep the cold air on my face and stop my increasing need to nod off, when suddenly a bizarre vision on the road ahead caught my eye. It looked like a whole house was moving down the road in front of us. Needless to say, I became immediately alert! In fact, it was a whole house up on a trailer, travelling north from Melbourne. It was sight like no other that I had seen in the whole of my worldly eighteen and half years. Paul, just sixteen years old, had slept all the way.

We arrived at the home of Henry and Eva to find him somewhat recovered from his illness. We were only going to make sure that he was well enough, then sleep, eat and turn around and drive straight back to Sydney, which we did. So, these two characters from my past were vividly in my dreaming. I was in some kind of public presentation, when they both appeared and I was so amazed to see them, shocked and at the same time, feeling glad and sad. I rushed up to Eva and held her tight. She seemed to be carrying some books for me, and then I greeted my rather more rotund Pop Henry with the same powerful emotions, emotions that had me crying like a baby.

Figure 4.10  The bride and grandparents, 31/8/55, Lena and Pop Henry on my right.
The reason for a powerful dreaming may have been because I had recently watched two documentaries that both moved me to tears. They were on SBS on consecutive nights, and they both dealt with Jewish themes. The first was filmed in Melbourne at a Jewish age care centre. It started with an army of elderly people marching down the passageways on their walking frames - a sight to behold. Many of these elderly people were victims of the holocaust, or had family members who had died in German horror camps, such as Auschwitch. They were mostly of European descent and some even had the tattoo numbers on their arms. The film was compelling in many ways, especially for me at this moment in time. Both my daughters are dealing with in laws who are elderly and have reached the stage of not being able to live independently. Personal perception is always a major reason in how I respond to daily events. One of my commitments to myself is to never be dependent on my children and never allow them to put me in an age care facility. I have gone to great lengths to let this be known, and even further, to ensure that if and when I am not capable of living without help that there will be sufficient funding from my home and investment property to ensure that I stay at home with hired help. With a little luck and good health and the genetic make up of my ancestors, all being well, this should not occur in the immediate future. Most of my paternal aunts and uncles lived independently into their 80’s, as did Pop Henry, who even married for the fourth time at 87 years young. My father died at 84. I keep revising my will and reminding my daughters of my wishes in case of a change of lifestyle.
It is interesting for me to reflect on the reality that many of my friends are dealing with aged parents. In many cases, the families and those concerned have been absolutely unwilling to look ahead and make provisions for quality at end of their lives. I have worked as a volunteer in age care facilities and, in my opinion, even the best are terrible. The film I watched set in Melbourne highlighted the dreary sad existence of so many elderlies left to live out their days in boredom by their children. I have been further alerted to the catch 22 situations, which exist here currently for aged care. My eldest daughter has been investigating respite care for her mother-in-law, Berry, who suffered a heart attack recently. She has been in hospital ever since and has grown weaker every day, leaving her unable to return to independent living in her own home. Imagine this woman’s horror to be taken to what was described as “a five star age respite centre in up market Sydney” and being treated like she is some kind of infantile creature. Berry has not been a well woman for some years, and like many others I am watching, she went ‘down hill’ on losing her driving license, and consequently, her mobility and independence. However, her brain is as brilliant and sharp as ever. The horror and nightmare of her experience has made me more committed than ever to stay in my own home for as long as possible. If necessary, I will hire a housekeeper/driver, or if loss of quality of life is going to be bleak, I will take an overdose of sleeping tablets and choose to die with dignity.

All my grandparents, nine in all, within my convoluted family, were exceptional people. Pop Henry married four times, one time to the great aunt of my husband, which was a funny little glitch in our own relationship. It was Miriam, his auntie
that Henry married and divorced. He outlived the other wives. I had known Miriam as a child, and in those days everyone talked about everyone else. Family gossip was a vicious game. I can remember thinking how disgusting it was, how everyone interfered in everyone’s business. Maybe this is why I have gone to such extremes to make sure that my daughters and I really respect each other’s space.

Grandparents

Nana Eva was Polish born and raised seven sons, all in the ‘schmutter trade’ (rag trade) in Melbourne. I learned many things from her including good Yiddish cooking hints. The one thing I remember most about Eva was her explaining to me how sacred marriage was. The advice was offered in Melbourne, just prior to my wedding. It has stuck with me and influenced me enormously. She decided to talk about sex to me and her main message was that a man can sew his seeds, but a woman’s body was her temple, and should be kept sacred for the seeds of her husband only. She very graphically explained that sexual intimacy would despoil a woman without such a sense of personal ethics.

My father’s mother, my dear and wonderful little Lena, was Russian born, married at sixteen and a half and birthed 10 children. She taught me so much, how to sew, how to cook, how to love and how to be tolerant of everyone. Her motto was to “live and let live”. I used to accompany her to the synagogue every Saturday morning, almost running to keep up with her, as she made haste to get there on time. We would take a bus or tram from Coogee to the city. Lena was a diminutive woman, who dressed immaculately, in her best navy suit, a white hat and gloves with matching navy shoes. I loved her so much. It was her sudden death of heart attack in 1958, which gave me my first experience of losing a loved one. I was seven months pregnant with Michelle,
my youngest daughter, at the time. My grief was uncontrollable and I even managed to be ‘accidentally’ late for her funeral.

It is funny, because as a result of the search for appropriate age care for Berry, and the viewing of the aged care documentary, I can now celebrate the fact that Lena died without ever losing her spirit or independence. She still played golf and tennis every week and swam every day. Lena was known as ‘Pete Pan’ and at age 75, she sailed away to meet the old relatives in England. She rode camels in Egypt, wore hula skirts on board ship and literally bowled everyone over with her youthful spirit. In those days, elders were often spending much of their time in rocking chairs Fifty was considered the decline into old age. How times have changed. Lena was an exception rather than a rule.

Figure 4.11 Lena, the beach girl, at 75 years young
These days, I play tennis with retired people in their late 70s and even early 80s. That part of the story is terrific, but what happens when they are no long able to fend for themselves? I find that most people do not want to confront the subject while they are still in a position to take an active part in the decision making process. It is the same with making a will and preventing family fights often before the dead relative is cold in their grave. My daughters think I am too pre-occupied with such matters, revising my will each time my circumstances change. I have seen too much pain in families that did not address these subjects before it was too late.

Berry’s experience is typical of what one might expect. Even in a five star luxury situation, Berry was forced to wear incontinent padded pants, in case the staff could not reach her in time to take her to the toilet in her own room. My daughter investigated and found that up to 45 minutes passed between the time she had called and the time someone attended to her needs. The food was worse than what she gave to her animals and the final insult was to hook up the side of her bed like a baby’s cot, ‘imprisoning’ her until staff could come to her aid. Apparently, cot sides are necessary, because of the fear of litigation, should she attempt to get out of bed and fall and hurt herself. The cost of such ‘luxury’ care is very high. The sale of Berry’s home will net some funds, but almost all of it will be paid over to maintain her in this ‘top of the range’ age care facility until her money runs out.
My daughter, Michelle, has ageing parents in law, who live on 10 acres in the drought-ridden country of Queensland. Their demise has been hastened since her mother in law Ruth lost her driving license. This leaves both of them isolated, out of town and a long way from help. Once more the families have not been willing to discuss their wishes until too late. Why is it so difficult to face the fact that we all get old? We all may become invalids needing help. In present times, families do not seem to be in a position to take care of elderly or invalid relatives. I wept on Saturday watching all the old people at the aged care home in Melbourne. In my view, it was still a prison of souls wasting away, literally waiting to die.

The other program that moved me to tears was a documentary about the children, who were removed from their families immediately prior to Hitler’s march on Europe. In “Kinder Transport”, 10,000 little children were sent to England and Australia to foster families, to protect them from ending up with their families in death camps. The narrators of the story were all people around my age, born in Austria in the years before World War 11. Having been born in 1936 myself, I related strongly to each person’s story of their childhood experience of being wrenched from their families, often never to see them again. One and half million children perished. Those who did manage to find their respective families after the war, with the help of the Red Cross, had major adjustments to make, because of the years of harrowing experiences in between the enforced separation and subsequent reunion. Many of the children lost whole families of relatives, gassed in one of the
many death camps in Europe during the Holocaust. The film caused me to consider all those thousands of victims of the current war in Iraq, along with all the wars that have continued to be fought in the name of so-called “defense of freedom”. I am convinced that I am alive to use my gifts to make sure there will be no more wars in the future. The recurring theme in my life stories is about the struggle for personal and global peace.

I also watched a Canadian documentary on the life work of Noam Chomsky, considered to be one of the world’s greatest intellectuals. He has been a lone voice for more than 50 years, writing and lecturing about American foreign policy, tracing the role of the media, controlled by a handful of global corporations, who in turn control the governments in the Western world. In the long and detailed video production, using interviews and presentations from all over the world, he outlines the atrocities of the United States and their weapons of mass destruction. He illustrates the American interference in world affairs and their dominance of ideology across the planet.

The production took four years and covered 23 cities in seven countries. “Manufacturing Consent, Noam Chomsky and the Media” (1992) is a brilliant archival journey to demonstrate that one person can make a difference. Chomsky (1992) has reached millions and demands that they “extricate themselves from the web of deceit” by undertaking a “course of intellectual self-defense”. Noam Chomsky,
was born 7th December 1928, in Pennsylvania, coincidentally on the same date that the Japanese would 14 years later invade and bomb Pearl Harbour. He has been a tireless activist, using his communication and intellectual skills to make a difference. He exposes the forces at work behind the dissemination of news to the masses. Having spent most of my adult life on a similar path, using the media to get alternative information out to the public, I relate to this man, who like myself is also seen as an outsider. He has demonstrated that one person can make a difference.

The documentaries, on which I have reflected in this section, leave the viewer in no doubt as to the manipulation and the ‘dumbing down of the masses’ with propaganda. We have seen the results of the spin doctors, as the media played out the war in Iraq like a ‘reality TV’ show every day and night. For example, President Bush announced the end of the fighting, but at what cost? No wonder my mind has been pre occupied with death, dying, ageing and war.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 4.12 Noam Chomsky, author, linguist and radical philosopher, who demonstrates that one person, can make a difference
A thought to contemplate as I leave this section is that there is a strong Jewish theme emerging, and although I claimed to be an atheist for almost all my adult life, my Jewish heritage seems to have given me a powerful foundation to be a spiritual warrior. The history of the Jewish people is more than a religion, “once a Jew always Jewish”, it seems. I did not find out until I was an adult that Jesus and all the disciples were Jews! I can see that I rejected “man made laws” the same laws that have kept the human race at war since time began. My Jewish roots, however, have served me well to develop principals, values, compassion, integrity and ‘chutzpah’! There is no real translation to describe this word, this modality of operation, that is my specialty. It basically means daring to go where no one else goes.

Jewish Rites of Passage

"Today I am a fountain pen". That is what Jewish boys say on their bar mitzvah. On turning 13 years of age, they are initiated as men, by learning the Torah and having a huge celebration, after conducting the Sabbath service at the synagogue for all to witness. The running joke was that they received far too many fountain pens in the presents received from all the relatives and proud parents. This was not the case for the young ladies, that is, until a very liberal thinking Rabbi arrived in Sydney from South Africa. Rabbi Brash took over the congregation at the Temple Emanuel, 1950. I cannot believe how much the world has changed in my lifetime.

The first big change for me was as a Jewish teenager, in becoming one of the first ever Jewish girls to be confirmed. In a group bar mitzvah, Rabbi Brash invited us to participate in this pioneer event on 21st May 1950. It was six months short of my 15th birthday. The program was entitled: ‘The Influence of Jewish Women on Jewish Destiny’. The event was a record of the 'confirmed' and prayer, sermons and a vow for each girl revealed, through her
presentation, the study of a particular woman from history. I chose Queen Esther. The following section is a transcript of my presentation.

I wish the story of Queen Esther to become a lasting influence on my life.

Undaunted courage, independence and dignity were hers. Unafraid she faced the possibility of death for Jewry's sake. At the risk of her life she confronted Xerxes of Persia to fight for her people's survival. "I will go in unto the king and if I perish, I perish.: How can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people?. Esther's selfless devotion, her compassionate love, and the realization of her duty towards her people made her a heroine whose example has before and is an ever present symbol in the destiny of the Jewish people."

Thus reads the text I studied and wrote for my rite of passage that day. It was a day of many new beginnings, a history-making day in the local community. I had been one of 12 young ladies to be honored and to set an example for others to follow. In retrospect, it was one the first of many history-making events in which I participated. Rabbi Brash proved to be a very amazing individual. He also encouraged me to explore all the other religions and to interact with people of all races and religions. This was revolutionary considering the fact that my parents were, like many in their day, very strict about not having 'non Jewish friends'. In fact, only two years later, I was to be locked in my room and have my clothes locked up, when I attempted to go out to a dance with a Christian boy.

What a contrast my Jewish passage of rites are to the current situation. As I write, it is 'schoolies' week and young people around Australia, and indeed overseas, celebrate the end of their school years with one huge, hedonistic party. My own granddaughter, Lena, just turned 18, is on location at one of her two celebrations. She to this time has not 'been home alone', yet at 18 and six months I walked down
the aisle, having chosen a partner and settled down in marriage, the only choice for me in 1955. What kind of crazy world was that? Lena has had two supportive loving parents. Her dad is driving her to her part town and leaving her the car, returning to Sydney by train, rather than letting her drive the 600 kms. He will return by train to drive her home at the end of the week.

I am not sure that other parents are so concerned. The whole ‘baby boomer’ generation has created a very strange situation. We now have heaps of young men and women staying at home, much longer. They have so many choices now. I am not sure they are all good. I certainly would not like to go back to the crazy situation of my generation, as a young woman, not being able to leave home, flat with friends or even travel or holiday without family. However, I could choose a life partner, create a home and start a family. No worries.

Figure 4.13 Program picture at my ‘confirmation’ of Queen Esther, my inspiration in 1950
Figure 4.14 History-making girls’ bar mitzvah, 1951

Figure 4.15 Engagement photo, 18th November 1954
My first wedding was a grand affair. There were 200 or so guests, including the neighbours. The best thing for me about my wedding was getting a father in law. Les Myers was, without a doubt, the gentlest loving man. Compared to my father and stepfather, he was ‘the next best thing to white bread’. I had not experienced anything like him. He was so kind and caring, and really loved and cared for his family. Nathan, or Nat as he was called, was a hairdresser when we met, and a very good one at that. He was good looking, sporty, honest and really ‘in love’ with me. I was impressed with the family, as they had won the lottery and moved into a lovely house at Dover Heights, and his dad drove a new Jaguar. It was very impressive. There was a very strange connection to my family. Nat had actually grown up in the flat over my stepfather’s barbershop. Les, his dad, was also a barber. It did not stop there, because Lease’s sister Miriam, had been the ‘wicked’ second wife to my grandfather on my mother’s side, so I had known her as a child. The family story about that marriage was not a pretty one. Grandpa Foot went on to marry no less than five times in his 87 years!
My haste to get married was born out of a need for freedom. I had already blown an opportunity of getting engaged to English man, whose parents did not approve of me. They were strict orthodox Jews and were not pleased when they found out that a 'dowry' was not forthcoming. They did everything to prevent the marriage of their son to me. At 17 years, I was a serious 'tomboy', having been the eldest of six, with four brothers counting the stepbrothers. I was also very extreme in my need to be seen as a good sport, rather than a 'twitty' helpless girl. So my fiancée, Vic and I became a threesome, with his best mate. Vic taught me to drive, as he owned his own driving school, which was very prestigious in that time. My patience decreased with always being a threesome, and in full drama of a teenage girl, impressed by such movies starring Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds, I threw a tantrum one evening and threw his engagement ring back at him, demanding that he choose between his boy friend and me. The rest is history, because his very pleased parents refused to let him call me. They also refused to allow me to see or speak to him. So it was race to see who could win another heart.

I remember being at a typical Jewish function sitting on a mantelpiece showing off, when Vic arrived and I carried on like a lunatic to be seen to be having a great time without him. Into this scenario came a very shy lad, Nat, certainly outshone in his home by his little sister, Lesley, the idol of both their father and mother. When he proposed marriage I accepted, though even before the
wedding we had major, angry moments. There were many moments of rage when awful things were said. The one that stands out in my mind, as he nearly throttled me in the car, was: "You don't need a husband, you only need a stud"! He was right; I wanted more than anything else in the world to have my own home and my own two little girls. In 1955 the only way to do that was to get married. In my own Jewish community, you were considered a spinster and on the shelf if you were not married by 19 or 20 years of age. What a contrast today, with so many women choosing not to marry at all, and still becoming mothers, often choosing not even to have the man involved.

My father-in-law to be was very special. He did everything for us, as we prepared our first apartment, painting, repairs, hanging pictures, moving furniture and generally being the one with all the practical skills to make a home. Nat was useless with practical work, to say the least. Unfortunately, my father-in-law was to die only four months after Jody, my eldest child, was born. The circumstances were to have a deep emotional and physical effect on my life. Les was only 42 years old, when he was diagnosed with cancer of the bowel. Everyone was devastated, and he was immediately sent to hospital for major surgery. I was nursing my daughter Jody, and did not get to the hospital
on the day of the operation. When Nat, his sister and mother arrived at my place late in the day, they were, to say the least, totally depressed. As was usual, I took the initiative to call the doctor for a report on his condition. I was assured that he was safe, comfortable and out of trouble. On hearing the report I sent the family home and Nat and I retired to bed. We talked a great deal about the family and difficult time that might lie ahead. By now, Nat's dad owned the big barbershop on Central Railway, and Nat had his own small ladies hairdressing shop. We both talked about the adoring way that Les would arrive to visit Jody, and sit for hours just watching the little red haired baby girl in her bassinet, seemingly fascinated by her. Eventually Nat and I made passionate love, probably to comfort one another. We drifted into deep sleep.

Now comes the awful part of this story, which had such long term effects, and maybe contributed to the breakdown of my own marriage.

When the telephone rang in the wee small hours of the morning, I jumped up and answered it, and a voice at the other end said: "Mrs. Myers, your father-in-law is dead. Tell your husband to come to the hospital immediately." I remember that I could not believe my ears, after having been told very clearly that he was not in danger, so I opted not to tell Nat the message and simply told him to go to the hospital. I immediately felt guilty about not telling him, and also realised that we had been making passionate love while this gentle father-in-law of mine was dying. The ramification of his death and that particular night were far reaching. My husband had to give up his profession and take over the barbershop, which he hated. There were terrible fights over money and property, because Les had died without a will. We got the 'short end of the stick', missing out on many of the benefits.

I found it impossible to make love to Nat after that night without thinking about his father dying. I felt that the world was so unfair. My useless father and stepfather were both alive and well, and yet this wonderful man was dead. It was about that time I chose to become an agnostic at the very least, if not atheist. How could there be a God? We struggled through 15 years of marriage, as I did not want to put my daughters through a broken home scenario.
Michelle, my second daughter, was born 25 months after Jody and several other major life changing experiences.

The first was on my 21st birthday eve, when I was rushed to hospital with a suspected ovarian cyst that burst and hemorrhaged. I awoke in a large city hospital, in a bed on the verandah, as the emergency required me to be operated on immediately on arrival at the hospital. My mother had hurried over to the house to collect Jody, just two weeks short of her first birthday. The operation saved my life, but gave me a horrific experience of the hospital system of the day. It was the ‘number one’ women’s hospital, pre pill, and was often full, thus I ended up on the verandah in a very public ward.

I remember waking on the morning of my 21st birthday, 18th November 1957 feeling very sick and sorry for myself. It was only around first light, 6am, less than 12 hours since my major operation. A nurse arrived and demanded that I get out of bed. She totally ignored my pleas that I would split open, so soon after surgery, with a huge eight inch wound in my belly clamped together with steel clips. I thought I would break in half. To make matters worse, the old lady in the next bed started to tell me horror stories, about not being able to have any more children with only one ovary, or perhaps only giving birth to blobs rather than babies.

It was a nightmare. They were the days when children were not allowed in to visit the patient for fear of contamination. I had until then never left Jody for one night and would not let anyone else do anything for her. I relished my role as her mother so much. The endgame of this particular episode in my life was that Jody, like any other child of 12 months, bonded so tightly with my mum that she did not want to know me when I was finally released from hospital and rehab about two weeks later. I was devastated.

Unfortunately, my poor husband Nat never came to terms with my distress about sexual intimacy after his father had died. I became more determined than ever to have my second daughter, and leave the marriage. I was jubilant to get pregnant again. Michelle was born 25 months later. The birth was
another milestone and life changing experience. I had, unlike with Jody,
hardly had a pain, just diarrhoea, or so I thought. I awoke in the early hours of
the morning with 'the runs'. It was a couple of weeks pre due date, so I rang the
hospital, only to be told by a ‘dragon woman’ at the other end of the phone: “Get
in here immediately Mrs. Myers. Many a second baby has been born in the
toilet bowl”. So, I jumped in the car, and drove myself to hospital. Mum
arrived to mind Jody, and as was the custom, Nat would smoke in the waiting
room outside the delivery room. This time, unlike the first time, the nurse
arrived, checked me out and explained with surprise that the baby was
presenting. She quickly donned her gloves, pushed the baby back in my body,
and told me to keep my legs crossed until the doctor arrived. The midwives
were not allowed to deliver babies, especially if the patient had a private
obstetrician.

My first birth had been a fearful experience. I had arrived at the hospital, nut
brown and healthy, filled with excitement of the impending birth. Those were
the days, when the doctor patted you on the head and told you not to worry.
There were no prenatal classes. I was pleased to see another lady, who had
been at my doctor's Macquarie Street appointment every time I was there. It
was some comfort in an otherwise hostile environment of a labour ward at the
hospital. I was taken on arrival to the delivery room, a nurse shaved my pubic
hairs, and another gave me an enema, and I was given one of those short shirts
with the back open.

My confidence quickly gave way to fear, with women screaming either side of
me. The nurses explained they were Greek or Italian and could not control
their pain. I was expected to do better and be quiet. As one hour followed the
other I became more frightened and in the end, I was ‘knocked out’ and Jody
was a forceps delivery. Being tiny about five and half pounds, with a bruised
forehead, she was whisked away to the premature baby ward before I could
even see her. In those days, it was on a different floor, and I was not allowed to
leave my bed for a few days. In the meantime, the other woman, who had red
hair, had also given birth to a little girl. The first time I saw Jody, I was sure
that they had mixed up the babies. Having expected a little black haired
bundle of joy, there in the cot was a tiny little red head! I had been listening to a radio serial about baby mix ups in an English hospital, and my mind went into overtime. The funny end to this story some 40 years later, was meeting that woman and her mother at a community event in the Blue Mountains.

On reflection, is it any wonder that I have become such a warrior around the birthing issues? In particular, I have raged against the disempowerment of women and medical management that has now resulted in many modern women preferring to opt for anything instead of natural birth.

The experience of both my births, plus a miscarriage, an abortion and another life saving operation when I was 37 years old, a total hysterectomy, certainly shaped my attitudes about women's health issues, and then laid the foundations of my relationship with both my daughters. Knowing what I have learned this past 25 years or so, and being a proactive warrior in giving birth back to women, on an international scale, my own experience confirms for me the critical importance of both the process of birth and the immediate bonding that follows. There is now a great deal of evidence to support the fact that interference at birth is a major cause of the dysfunctional society and problems that is now in epidemic proportion in the western world (Odent, 2001).

I have gained an international reputation speaking out about these matters. I developed a pattern of arriving at hospitals all over the world, New Zealand, Australia, England, America, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Japan armed
with all my tools. The tools included my direct experiences of being involved with the birth of the first waterbabies in New Zealand in 1982, and pictures, newspaper articles and research gathered from Dr Odent and Igor Charkovsky in Russia. My empowerment was gained because I did not belong to any organisation, and I was not a midwife, nurse, doctor or any other official. My strength was in my passion and not having to be accountable or afraid of anyone.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 4.20 New Zealand Cartoon, 1986

It was my pattern to be introduced either by a friendly local doctor or midwife to the registrar at the hospital and offer to make a presentation to them free of charge. In almost every case, the registrar would assure me that nobody would be interested. That did not stop me forging ahead to share by personal experiences of the first half a dozen babies born in my bathtub at the now famous Rainbow Dolphin Centre. I insisted that it did not matter how many people would turn up, and simply requested a space during a lunch period. I am constantly amazed at my 'chutzpah'
a Yiddish word for bravado or cheek. When I look at some of those early television
interviews, I appear to speak with such power and authority, it is amazing (please see the DVD attached).

It was during these presentations that I learned to handle conflict and attacking
medical professionals with peaceful ease that always astounded the rest of the
audience. The audience was sometimes 200 and never less than 60 plus. I had
generated so much publicity leading up to those early births that a natural curiosity
was aroused in the hospitals. Those hospitals included Royal Women’s, Sydney,
Queen Victoria, Melbourne, King George V in Sydney and all the leading hospitals
in each city I visited on my global tours at my own expense. They included
England, France, Holland, Switzerland, America, Canada and New Zealand.

Back to the conflict lessons, almost without exception, at the end of my presentation
a young good looking intern, with his stethoscope hanging around his neck would
stand and shout in anger: "How dare you make these presentations. You are a
danger, you have no qualifications, you are not a doctor, you are not even a
midwife"! This outburst would of course create a ripple through the lecture theatre
and all eyes would turn to the attacker. I learned to take a deep breath, and to
smile, and to his surprise agree with him. That took the wind out of his sails. Now
I had everyone's attention once more, having chosen not to get into a slanging match
with him. I paused and took a deep breath and reminded him that as a woman I
had menstruated, miscarried, given birth, aborted and had three major gynecological
operations in my short lifetime. This, I claimed, was my authority to speak on such matters. Often a giggle would ripple through the audience. Afterwards, some midwives were in tears, hugging me and congratulating me on the power of my sharing. They expressed the fears of retribution that held them back from speaking out. I learned that being a 'nobody' gave me enormous personal power.

The upshot of these events leads to the setting up of the waterbirth centre in 1985 by Dr Paul Sutherland at King George V, Sydney. He was the only doctor to attend my international conferences in New Zealand. Another Dr Bruce Sutherland (no relation) was instrumental in my Queen Victoria, Melbourne presentation, and he and his obstetric nurse wife June, went on to establish the first private waterbirth centre in Australia in Hawthorn, Victoria. These days I am constantly reminded by some now very powerful women in obstetrics and nurse training of how I inspired them at one of those presentation so long ago. It became clear to me that my role was also one of a midwife. I spent over 20 years creating safe spaces to allow the birth of these babies in safe and supportive environments all over the world. My main task was gathering and disseminating information and experiences. My networking gifts have been phenomenal. I instinctively seem to know who should know who and why.
In 1969, my daughters were 16 and 14 year old teenagers. We lived in a lovely old Paddington terrace, which I had purchased earlier. That in itself was another of my firsts. I convinced my bank manager to lend me the money to pay a mortgage instead of paying rent. That was unheard of in 1969, a time when a woman still needed her spouse's signature on loans for household items. In fact, it was a time when she could not get a passport without his permission, and a time when the Family Court could restore conjugal rights. How did I climb out of that challenge?

Long before I became aware of my 'spiritual' path, I was living a lie. I had a nice home, two lovely daughters, and Nat, a good husband, and to the world outside it looked perfect. "What else could you want", I was often asked. I had been married 13 years and although I initiated many new games to cope with my sad state of affairs, I was crying myself to sleep at night, not wanting to share the same bed as my husband. Yet, I did not know what else I could do. My financial dependence was primary. It was also one of the problems that caused my discomfort. Having been a bride at 18 years of age, I went into marriage with only a 'glory box', with the essential items to make up a home. They were
either purchased by layby, or gained from our engagement and wedding presents. I truly learned very early to resent having to ask for money. My housekeeping was ‘doled’ out weekly. My budget was strict, especially in the days of the mentality of not having anything, until you could pay for it. Nat and I had very different priorities; a lesson only learned in the living of it.

I adored theatre, the arts, concerts and all forms of entertainment. He, on the other hand, was not interested in anything outside of boxing or planning for his next car. In a kind of reverse snobbery, his policy was “if you could not have the best, then have nothing”. This meant that even though I was prepared to sit in the cheapest seats at the theatre, he was not willing to go. Over time, this ‘wore thin’ and I actually managed over many years to get involved by performing in amateur theatre. This was another first. Married ladies did not have extra curricular activities.

Once my girls reached school age, I carefully laid plans to find myself a life outside the home. It was an innocent life, but one that allowed me to pursue my own interests, including pottery, theatre, art and adult education classes. I was forced to leave school at 15 years of age, with a basis certificate of education. As the eldest in a Jewish family of four boys, it was deemed unnecessary for me to have higher education. I wept bitterly over that decision. I enrolled in Workers’ Education Association (WEA) courses, and I worked ten times harder than my neighbours to be the perfect wife in order to ‘steal’ the time, when the kids were in bed, to attend these night classes. More than anything else, I needed the intellectual stimulation.
I joined small theatre groups and found rehearsals and performances exhilarating. I made lots of new friends, male and female. The men were almost without exception, homosexual, which made them very good company for me, as they did not have the objective of 'bedding' me as a priority. In those days, the average ‘red hot-blooded male’ interpreted any kind of warm affections as a 'come on'. I found myself being labelled a 'cocks teaser' or lesbian, by men when rejecting their advances. They all seemed to think that they were ‘God's gift to women’. I think most of them still do.

There were one or two very special friends, and Nat would be infuriated with my invitations for them to visit our home. He would retreat to his car, or sit on a lounge chair smoking, shaking his leg almost uncontrollably with tension. Maybe today, we would call him 'homophobic'. As a ladies' hairdresser, he had to work with other male hairdressers who were gay, and he did not want to be associated with them in any way. He was never able to comprehend how it was possible to sit and talk for hours about a film or a play, or anything, for that
matter. Our world grew apart increasingly. We were living a lie. I was going mad. My 'little theatre' amateur status eventually led to a breakthrough, and I made some professional TV appearances and live theatre, including pantomime.

Figure 4.23 TV sitcom, September 1966

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions
This led to me staging my own Christmas pantomime in 1966 called ‘Through the Enchanted Forest’, which again, was another first. I was involved in every aspect of the production, writing the script, hiring a theatre, borrowing money, getting sponsors and producing and performing an extremely successful children’s entertainment program, in spite of commercial management choosing not to address the needs of our children, for economic reasons. ‘Through the Enchanted Forest’ provided work for young talented performers, front of house staff and, of course, the backstage team. The pantomime was so successful that it played to full houses and reached thousands of children over three years. A student of Macquarie University used the show for her research study of what makes children laugh.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 4.24  Me, as Raggedy Anne, 1966
My Christmas pantomimes were so successful, that it led me to another professional breakthrough. Recognising that my own kids were not being creatively stimulated at school, I hired a hall in 1967 and set up my own children’s drama activity group. I spent time teaching kids how to relate to expressions of feelings, mime and creative movement. It was the forerunner of many such programs today. The charge for a session was 20 cents. The sessions were planned for preschool, primary and high school kids. Critics of the project expressed alarm at my not being a trained teacher. Once again, I drew on my own experience. There are many happy people around today, who remind me of how important that experience was for them growing up, as do the ex-patrons and performers of ‘Through the Enchanted Forest’. These activities led to my coup de tete!

My little sister, Lyn, almost seven years younger, had led a life of freedom and adventure, because my brother Paul and I ‘went to bat’ for her with our parents. At 19 years of age, she left home to travel abroad with a girlfriend. This was the thing to do in 1963. Young ladies and gentlemen took to the sea in great ocean-going liners to ‘see the world’. They were called ‘working holidays’. Lyn had a magical life, travelling in a combi van all over Britain and Europe with her friends, keeping us posted of her adventures. Her life after school had also been an adventure, working as a young photographer in training, finally ending up as the photographer at the ski fields. It was a very glamorous job. I actually had a chance to share some visits with her in the Snowy Mountains, which were wonderful, and that is where I learned to ski.

My stage career, while not offering enough money to keep the girls and me financially, did build a reputation for me that took me on my next great pioneering adventure. Somehow in the back of my mind, I felt that my unhappiness as a wife might be solved if I were to get the ‘travel bug’ out of my system. Unlike Lyn, it was not even a consideration in my teenage years. So I made yet another choice, not even imagining for one minute that it could come true. I convinced my mother, a major influence in my life, to consider taking care of Nat and the kids, if I could somehow get to London to see Lyn. Mum loved having the girls and they loved being with her. Then the next plan was to
convince Nat to sign a passport application, in case the opportunity arose for me to go overseas. This was all accomplished with no real notion of how the game would unfold and no real effort, as they all thought it would be impossible for me to accomplish.

Another miracle presented itself, as proof to me, that when I set out my goals clearly, if they are in integrity and purpose, the universe steps in to support me. Just two weeks before Christmas, in 1967, an advertisement appeared in the employment section of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. I always read this newspaper in case a suitable job manifested for me. The position required a trained nurse or teacher to be in charge of children travelling on an ocean liner to England in the New Year. Needless to say, it took me two minutes to make the choice, to apply for the position. In what was the most unusual of circumstances, the ship's nurse/teacher had been taken ill en route to Sydney, and was to leave the ship for medical reasons in Sydney. Normally, any replacement for such a position always occurred in England or Europe. The vessel was the ‘*Fairsky*’, an Italian ship of the Sitmar line. The emergency left them needing to fill the position immediately.

Armed with wonderful references from their grateful parents, of my children's theatre and drama group, I went in for an interview. I knew that I had put everything in place to go, if the opportunity presented. The magical moment arrived just two days short of Christmas and ten days away from departure time, when the offer of a ‘free’ trip to England arrived by telegram. I was offered free passage in return for four weeks work, caring for school age passengers. It involved giving my charges swimming lessons and activities to keep them amused until 7pm at night, when I would then be able to join the passengers. Also, I could leave the ship at ports of call en route via the Panama Canal. Can you imagine my excitement along with some trepidation? Also, there was so much to do to be ready to sail away. My way was clear, neither mum nor Nat ever thought they would have to keep their agreement to let me go. Jody and Midge were 11 and nine years old. One advantage of living close to my mother was that she took great pleasure in being involved with the girls. I knew they would be well cared for and that I would not have to worry about
them. They both the adored Nana, and even now recall many warm and happy memories of the time spent with her after school.

The trip was scheduled to be three months, leaving in January and returning back home by March. I had pre-booked the return passage on the 'Orcades', which unfortunately broke a propeller in the Panama Canal and had to go into dry dock. My next available vessel was the 'Northern Star' via South Africa, leaving three weeks later, bringing me home by April. There was no question of flying, as the cost would have been beyond my means. Now it was time for a change. YES!

Figure 4.25 Bon voyage family on the 'Fairsky', January 1968

I was convinced that this would be the remedy for my dissatisfaction with life. I would be content to return to be a happy domesticated little wife again. That was the intention.
I had full intentions of returning home with my travel bug satisfied. I wore my engagement and wedding rings at all times. It was not long before I became the centre of attention each evening, having so much more confidence than my younger travelling companions. Most of them had not long completed their education and had little or no life experience. I made many new friends very quickly. My little charges were for the most part English children returning with their parents, whose great expectations had not been met. In my mind, they were the $10 passage, ‘whingeing poms’. There were a few exceptions, and in all, I had more than 100 children for 12 hours a day.

The highlight of my ‘tour of duty’ was that I produced a wonderful production of ‘The Pied Piper of Hamlyn’, totally improvised, and we engaged their families in making clothes and props. The Captain, crew and passengers were thrilled with the performance. I proved to be a brilliant sailor and even when the seas were huge and giant waves washed over the bow, sending almost everyone to the sick bay, I revelled in the experience of sailing on the high seas.

My first best friend on the voyage was a young Melbourne University graduate and his friend Selima. It was one of many of my life’s funny coincidences. His name was Peter Myers and we met at the first port of call, Auckland, at the mail centre, collecting and sending our mail. We laughed at having the same
surnames, and soon the group with which we socially engaged, was calling us Mr and Mrs Myers. We are still friends today. That is a very special story. Peter was a very handsome, attractive, intelligent young man. We shared many adventures on the way to London, and in London. He taught me how to play chess. We won the Best Fancy Dress Prizes on the journey. He dressed as the 'bearded lady' wearing a dress, earrings, stocking and high heels, and I was dressed in my "Raggedy Anne" outfit from the pantomime. We were always with a group of adventure seekers in each port, who included a lovely married lady, her young daughter and son, and a young architect from Brisbane. We met again later (Chapter 8).

Peter and I nearly missed the boat in Portugal, as we had strayed from the others to listen to flamenco music and discovered that we were lost. I remember it was pouring rain and we jumped on a funny little tramcar, asking directions for how to get back to the ship. Our conductor immediately jumped off the tram and invited us to follow him and he personally escorted us through the maze of the port district to arrive at 'The Fairsky' just as they were taking up the gangplank. It was a very near miss, and I was rebuked soundly.

Figure 4.27 Peter Myers and Estelle Myers, 1971
Peter is among several wonderful younger men, who enjoyed my company, and I, theirs. However, I was always aware, even after my divorce in 1970, that it would not be possible for me to marry them. It was not an option to even consider ‘living in sin’ at that time.

In Peter’s case, it was especially so, as his parents had two separate families, 15 years apart. So, he had sisters the same age as my daughters, and I knew that his mother would not be pleased if he became involved with a divorced ‘older woman’. It seems funny now, but in those days, that’s the way it was. In my mind, the only thing a woman had to offer her mate was to be the mother of his children. I had already had mine and had also had a partial hysterectomy. What a mind set! Now, many of the late blooming mothers have no intention of even being a wife, much less a fulltime mother, even for the first few years. I was very careful not to involve Peter, Terry or Keith in my life for that reason. All three were very important relationships in my unfolding life experience over many years. I encouraged each of them to find mates and have their own families. I am not sure that I would do the same thing today. They were, and still are, very special people in my life; at different moments in time we shared deep and meaningful relationships. They all know each other and at times we often went out together with their new partners, except Peter. His mother rang me on the day of his wedding 30 odd years ago, to tell me that Peter wanted to invite me to the wedding, but his bride to be was adamant that she did not want me there. Mrs. Myers said on the telephone: “I couldn’t go to church without letting you know”.
Terry married my sister and Keith married a young woman from England and they had a daughter, who was given my name as her second name. I am still in touch with and love all three of them and their families. That was definitely another new pattern in loving relationships.

![Figure 4.28 Typical picnic with friends, including current and ex-boyfriends, 1973](image)

Back to the first overseas adventure, Lyn was actually living with Terry in London when we arrived. It was kind of nice to have Peter as company, instead of being a threesome. Terry and Lyn were so excited at sharing London with me, especially the theatre scene. Lyn and I took a month long tour of Europe. In those days, you could visit five countries, camping and travelling in a group for the equivalent of about $60.00! We looked like twins. We had ‘a ball’ in Europe.
Our adventure covered Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France and Switzerland. We travelled with about 25 young international singles in two mini vans, equipped with two-man tents and camping gear. The joy of the journey was experiencing each country 'on the cheap' stopping and buying food in market places and then preparing them at the campsite of very cheap 'pensione' before backpacker days. My joy knew no boundaries. There was such excitement, visiting so many places that I had read about in my desire to travel.

Sometimes, my enthusiasm got me into 'hot water', such as when I jumped out of the van on the Champs Elysee, not wanting to go back to the camping ground so early, with so much to discover in Paris. Somehow, I managed to find my way, without speaking the language, to Mon Martre, the home of Toulouse Lautrec. I behaved like a naughty little girl, wanting to savour every moment. I had no thoughts of the concern that I caused to the tour leader and my sister, nor did I realise that, in fact, I was at risk, as there had been several unsolved murders on the Boise de Bologna in previous weeks. Having exhausted myself trying to find my way around, (in those days the Parisians, in particular, chose not to speak English) I discovered to my horror that the local rail system, The Metro had already closed down. This was a disaster, as I had no money and no
idea of how to get back to the group, all neatly bedded down at the camping ground. A young Frenchman and his wife rescued me. They bundled me into their car and drove me home to their tiny apartment for the night. He scared the life out of me the way he drove the little Fiat in and out of the huge traffic of downtown Paris. They delivered me back to the group, safely the next morning to everyone’s relief. I promised not to break camp again.

My next crazy adventure was in Italy. We had all been to see the home of Picasso, and decided to ignore the strict closing time of the camping ground. Most of them closed around 6pm and locked their doors and or gates. My tour leader, Kirk, and a group of us arrived back and had to climb the high gate to get back in the grounds. As we did, we were greeted by a huge Great Dane dog, almost as tall as I was! There was also an armed guard, and it was quite scary. However, he seemed to understand our crazy antics and I made friends with the dog. Lyn had chosen not to come on our excursion, but to go to bed early. As I ran down past the row of tents, looking for ours, the big dog galloped behind me. Poor Lyn nearly died, when I put my head in to say “Hi”, and the big dog followed me, literally lifting up the two person tent, revealing Lyn sitting up in her sleeping bag, not knowing what to expect next. This became a story to laugh about and dine out on for a long time.

Our fearless leader, Kirk, and his partner had set up this unique travel experience operating out of London’s famous "Kangaroo Court", Earls Square, where Lyn and Terry had their little flat. Kirk and I became great friends and I did some wonderful publicity for him, which eventually led to a very special reward for me 12 years later, when I was invited to join a prestigious tour to Israel and Egypt in 1980 (Chapter 8).

On returning to London, Lyn had decided to marry Terry and desperately wanted me to stay on another month to be at their wedding. This put me in place somewhere ‘between a rock and hard place’, having already had to extend my visit by a month, because of the cancelled journey on the damaged ‘Orcades’. To make matters more difficult, my mother was writing, on behalf of my husband Nat, begging me to get back to my family. I was appalled to be
getting letters from Nat, written in my mother’s handwriting. It was ‘the nail in his coffin’. There was no way I could return to spend the rest of my life with this man, unable to write his own letters to me. My mother’s father, my favourite grandfather, Henry, five times married, died suddenly aged 87, while I was in London. His death cleared the way for me to return to Australia and seek a divorce, because I did not want to disappoint him. That was the decision I made even before beginning the return journey.

One of the problems was my loyalty being tested, between staying in London and supporting Lyn, or getting home to my children. Emotional blackmail was high on everyone’s list. I was ‘the ham in the middle of the sandwich’. Lyn and Terry were adamant about not returning to Australia for the wedding, depriving our family, especially my neurotic mother, the pleasure of her youngest daughter’s wedding, and she was equally as determined to have me stay. They were accusing me of not wanting to participate in their nuptials. I joined the ‘Northern Star’, to sail home via South Africa, feeling like a nervous wreck. As the vessel sailed away from the dock, I waved to a very sad little sister and her future husband, and retired to a quiet space to cry my eyes out. That is where Keith found me. He was the ship’s engineer, a charming young man with a very compassionate heart. His concern for a passenger sobbing hysterically was the start of our long and caring relationship.

I attended the wedding of Ms Samantha Estelle Ralfs in Sydney. I still have the letters we exchanged during that crisis period of my life, as he journeyed between England and Australia as a maritime sailor, stopping overnight occasionally in Sydney for a visit with me. We still share an unconditional, loving friendship. My written outpouring to Keith probably saved my sanity over the next few years. There was no one in Sydney with whom I could share on such a deep level, as I tried to unravel the lie I was living as Mrs. Myers, with a ‘nice husband’, two daughters, a lovely home, two cars and a satisfied travel bug. The catalyst for my making the final leap to freedom is another story and another person, who taught me yet another lesson (Chapter 5).
Reflection and chapter summary

This chapter described beginning life as a child and a young adult. Important stories from my childhood revealed how I established my strong sense of determination and learned to speak up against injustice and mistrust. The section relating to young adulthood described the positive influences on my life of my grandparents, from the lessons they taught me about what matters in life and the centrality of my Jewish heritage. This chapter also retraced my emergence as an independent woman and mother, when I realised that I was ‘living a lie’ in my marriage and I initiated many strategies to secure my sense of independence.

All of the stories revealed how my strong sense of determination evolved and how I established a strong foundation for my life as a change agent. These stories have an energy of their own, as my spontaneous writing often starts with a news event of the day and then takes off into other dimensions. I have become aware that it might be called ‘channeled’ by some or guided automatic writing by others. It is a stream of consciousness that takes off and finds its own pathway on to the page. The stories also reveal me as a strongly opinioned person.

This chapter clearly indicates to me that even though I was not conscious of how to ‘manifest’ my own reality, the road to freedom was just that. I had an intention, with integrity, and took the necessary steps to initiate the ‘game plan’. It is a lot like making a road plan for a holiday, or making preparations for an overseas destination. The first step is the vision, the commitment to that vision, doing the fact finding and then taking the appropriate action. It is like choosing the right
destination or game plan and then buying the ticket. Once done, there is a need for trust, that having taken all the right steps, and getting on the plane or the train, the rest is up to the pilot or train driver, and it is time to simply relax and let go. Quite clearly, I had the dream to travel, and took all the practical steps to put a plan into action, not knowing when and how the opportunity would present itself. My first overseas adventure began the day I had the dream. The process is clear in the stories, and the miracles began almost immediately. The impossible became possible.

The same formula applies to my pantomime, the children's activity group and the creation of the award winning television program for women. It is only in relating these stories, that I can now see the very clear picture of offering the knowledge of 'how to make dreams into reality'. I have been doing it for years, without understanding the process.

The other major reflection is how I have managed very special relationships and nurtured them, to allow them to endure even today. I often wonder what would have happened if I had been selfish and only had my own interests at heart with each of those wonderful men, who played such pivotal roles in my life during my journey to personal freedom. One of the messages that I always gave to my two daughters as they evolved into young adults was that relationships required giving, not taking. Finally, there is my cheeky attitude that never doubts my ability to do whatever it takes to achieve the end result. The one condition is to act with total integrity.
CHAPTER FIVE: PROJECTS, PARTNERSHIPS AND POLITICS

In this chapter, I discuss how through various projects, partnerships and politics, I reinvented myself as a single working mother of two daughters and how my life changed forever, two days after my 40th birthday. Included in this chapter are my adventures, the ‘ups and downs’ of my life, how I began to make miracles in all their different representations, and my reflections on many lessons I learned along the way.

Projects and Partnerships

This section describes some of the important projects and partnerships, both business and personal, which were paramount in my life in the 1970s and 1980s. The stories and reflections relate to breaking free from my marriage, the Raggedy Anne production, a project with a friend, Peter, and my experiences as a woman in business. Stories about New York people and projects include becoming God’s messenger, becoming involved with ‘The Foundation Faith of God’ and ‘The Black Prince’. Later projects and partnerships include meeting ‘Good Queen Bess’ and my renewed life in ‘The Garden of Peace’.

Breaking Free from my Marriage

My need to break free from my marriage of 15 years led me to sign over any financial commitment from my husband. He had pleaded with me for five of those 15 years not to divorce him. He suffered epileptic type seizures whenever we discussed my need for my freedom. We simply had grown apart. I belonged to the pre-pill generation, where you did not leave home, live with friends, much less a boyfriend, or holiday without family, but you could choose a life partner, get married, have children and run your own home. I chose to do that at a mere 18 years young. Having been a little mother since I was six years old, it seemed the best way to leave home.

My husband and I met when I was 17. A nice man about six years older than me, the same religion, employed as a top hairdresser, he was pleasant looking and loved good clothes and we shared some activities. The funny thing is that
I did not take seriously, his claim to have only read one book in his life: *Somebody Up There Likes Me*, the story of a boxer. The other misread I made, was that he had ‘two left feet’. He hated dancing and I loved it. In hindsight, I can now see that these were good indicators we would not last long term in a relationship. My ex-husband and I are friends today, and he has been married to a lovely woman for 32 years. They did not have a family, and he has still not read another book. I have written more about my first marriage in Chapter 4.

**The Raggedy Anne Production**

I decided to take time out when my daughters were young adults, in my opinion. Jody, the eldest, was at university away from home and already in a strong, committed relationship. She was a year older than I was when I married her father. Michelle, the youngest, was to complete her final exams in high school and join me later. My arrangements were for her to share our home with a childhood idol and best friend, Dianne, who hosted the ABC Playschool program. Dianne had also starred in my children’s Christmas pantomime: 'Journey through the Enchanted Forest', a story of a raggedy Anne doll, lost in the woods, who is taken on an adventure to find the toy maker to restore her. In retrospect, maybe this was the story of my own healing.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 5.1 Promotion for the 1975 production

133
I first conceived and produced the pantomime in 1966, when the commercial theatre companies chose not to stage children's Christmas theatre in Sydney, claiming that it would not be successful commercially. In my unique style and fashion, I chose to create the program and purchased old props and costumes from the Tivoli theatre, which was closing down. I also organised sponsors and major media coverage. The success of the program was largely due to the recipe that I followed, based on the children's Christmas shows that I had enjoyed as a child, including 'goodies', 'baddies', witches, fairies, interaction with audience, and the best known kids songs also. I hired the St James Theatre in the city, and the show opened to rave reviews, with me producing and performing. I played Raggedy Anne, the little doll so in need of repair. The press was wonderful, and my opening day takings were given to charity.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 5.2 Daily Mirror, January, 1969

The performances were terrific and a very successful season followed, twice a day, for the holidays. The stars of ABC 'Playschool' were the key to the publicity campaign. Several actors and actresses in the production went on to become well known.
My interest in theatre came as a result of playing amateur theatre for many years, to enrich my life. The highlight of that career came with my first professional appearance in ‘Cinderella’ at the Theatre Royal, with John Melli on and Gwenn Plumb in the roles of the ugly sisters. Another cast member was Jackie Weaver. For me, the thrill of winning a professional contract was exhilarating. The year was 1965. My daughters came to the theatre with me most days and were exposed to the excitement of live theatre. One of my fondest memories was that the whole cast would stay back after the last matinee to watch the opening performance in the evening of a young Barry Humphries as Dame Edna Averidge. The reason for not continuing my love of performance in theatre was that in 1970, I became a single mother in the days in which there was no financial support whatsoever. My wages as an actress were insufficient to pay the bills.

A Project with Peter

My dear friend and colleague, Peter, and myself had represented Australia in the first ever hot air balloon championships, held in Albuquerque New Mexico. Peter was the gem, who emerged out of one of my not so successful business adventures, a few years earlier. He was engaged to be the road manager for an Ampol ‘Jolly Swagman Hot Road Show’ to tour New South Wales after opening in Sydney, and then open in Brisbane some weeks later. We had imported sparkling shiny hot rods from overseas, combined them with a Levi jean fashion show and went on the road. The ‘we’ referred to at the time was a lover, who convinced me that the project would have huge financial benefits. He owned a car museum on the Gold Coast, or at least, his family did. We met when I filmed a segment with him for the Maggie TV program, some time earlier. He came to Sydney and wooed and won me. He introduced me to Peter, on a hot air balloon adventure.

The other partner in the project was a long time business associate I also met while filming the Maggie show. He came from a very respected Double Bay family and we worked together when I became promotions manager for a big home unit development company, where he was the marketing manager. These two men were able to convince me to mortgage my home to raise the money to ‘get the show on the road.’ I also arranged with my connections
major sponsors, including Ampol and Levi Jeans. Peter and I were to travel with the road show, made up of several huge road carriers with all the cars and equipment, crew and models, while the other two men 'had better things to do'.

The project was a disaster. We struggled with the worst weather, even snow on the highlands, when we reached Armidale. By the time we arrived in Brisbane, the project was hugely over budget and people simply did not rush to see the show. It was a bitter and costly learning experience. Money, pride, and my professional reputation suffered and I almost lost my home. The bank was owed $10,000, which was a large amount of money in 1970. I managed the debt by taking out a second mortgage on my home. This was the first of several poorly made decisions on my behalf involving male partners.

Peter was my sole support and became a very special friend, and is to this day. He was a visionary, who was determined to make his passion a successful business, leaving a very safe profession as a metallurgist to become Australia's first international hot air balloon champion. Ballooning is a magical experience, and I was able to help Peter, by getting him a sponsor to participate in the United States and enjoy the adventure as his Australian crewmember. We took part in a massive 200 balloon spectacular, all taking off to create a memorable visual display, at the first International Hot Air Balloon Championship in Alberquerque in New Mexico, 1971.

Figure 5.3 Mass hot air balloon take off, 1971
A Woman in Business

In 1980, I returned to Australia, after living in New York for five years. They were five of the most amazing years in my life, that turned my life around and upside down, from a very opinionated atheist, to a person with a mission. The mission, as given to me just two days after my 40th birthday in November 1976, was very clear. I spent the first year alone in New York City, ‘The Big Apple’, without having to be responsible for anyone except myself. My small promotions and marketing business had folded as a result of government fiscal policies, and I had no heart to start again in Australia.

I had been interviewed and short-listed for a couple of big management positions, one with a government company, and the other with a large media corporation. Both companies were advertising for promotion managers, and armed with several years of running ‘Estelle Productions’ as a small boutique promotions and marketing company for very satisfied clients, I had every reason to expect to win one of those positions. Silly me! Australia was still very male dominated in management, and in fact, on both occasions at the final interview my rival was a man. In 1975, the role of promotions or marketing manager attracted around $9000 per annum. It was clear to me that in many organisations with which I dealt for my clients, the personal secretary ran the company, for less than $100 a week, while the 'boys' scored the kudos and high salaries. My successful negotiations were always conducted with the female personal secretaries. Their boss usually did not know much, without these competent personal assistants.

My first interview at a media company was for the role of promotions manager for an Australian newspaper. My qualifications matched in every way the man vying for the job. The crunch came when I was asked what money I expected to be paid. My answer was $6000, the amount I could manage on as a single mum, with an agreement to be reviewed on performance. Imagine my surprise when the man interviewing me on behalf of his boss, the CEO, replied: “We would never pay a woman that much. Even his personal secretary only gets $100 a week”. With that, I arose, told him where to put his job, and walked out. Sweet revenge was to come, when less than a year later in New York City, I convinced the same CEO to hire me as a promotions consultant, for
his recently acquired American publication, with the help of his personal assistant arranging my interview with him, for a $US23,000.00 per annum contract. I will return to that story later in this thesis.

The other position was with another company in communications. The interview went well until the money issue came up once more, and to add insult to injury, I was asked if a woman might not be too emotional to hold a top management position. Needless to say, that position went the way of the first.

In 1975, I staged ‘The Enchanted Forest’ with an actress playing my role, as I had by now become a successful businesswoman with my own company. My clients included a ship builder, (we launched a tug every month), a huge logistic transport company, and a trading company with 10 divisions of products for retail sale. They traded everything from china, household electrics and mini bikes. I moved almost alone, a woman in a ‘man's world’, often to be the only woman present at briefings with my client on their needs. I developed the skills intuitively to conceive, plan and produce results on small budgets. My company, which only had a junior secretary on staff, was nominated for major marketing prizes. To keep my running costs low, I used contracts with outside providers of artwork, printing, photo shoots and other related work. I became excellent at negotiating best prices, quality control and best of all, cross promotions using bigger company's budgets. An example was giving away my clients' products in return for major exposure in the media. I even trained a group of kids, including my own, to do demonstration riding on mini bikes in shopping centres.
My clients rode on the budgets of carefully negotiated promotions, which only cost them product. Clients included big corporations, such as soft drink and ice cream companies and newspapers. Needless to say, my network of contacts grew and grew. My reputation also grew, and my clients were always gained by word of mouth. The reason for the downfall of my company in 1975 was that my strategy to keep my costs and overheads down was to keep a very small stable of clients and not to grow too big. Each one looked to the year ahead, 1976, and as one does in a down turn, they had to cut their marketing budgets. I suddenly had no clients! I bought a return ticket to New York with stops in Canada and across the United States, heading off into the wide blue yonder for an adventure.
New York People and Projects

My adventures in New York City, The Big Apple, began when I had the occasion to visit on business for Estelle Productions. The first time in 1971 was so exciting. I could feel the energy of the city. It felt like a wonderland filled with good things to enjoy, and I did, especially the theatre, live on Broadway. My experiences in New York on business were so memorable, that I decided to leave Sydney with no fixed agenda, visiting with friends along the way, to explore the possibility of starting again in America. There is a side story here; I had been wearing my heart on my sleeve for several years for a French Canadian Doctor of Philosophy, who was now living in Victoria, British Columbia. In the back of my head, it was my hope that we might get together. It was not to be, because he had already set up house with another young woman. So, for the first time in my life, at 39 years of age, I found myself adrift without a rudder, without a plan of action.
Dr James Boutilier was a guest on the Maggie Tabberer Show and ‘he stole my heart away’. I wore my heart on my sleeve for him for seven years, hoping that one day we might get together. This was not to be. However, this relationship made me realise that I was ‘living a lie’ and needed to make a break from my marriage.

On arrival in New York, I found a vacancy through my network with the South African Consulate. This saved me from having to get a green card, for permission to work in America. Needless to say, my strong opinions soon got me into big trouble. My role as a publicist was to encourage the American press to write positive stories about South Africa and apartheid. I had actually experienced South Africa personally, and been horrified by the experience of apartheid. Before long, I was asking questions that were not welcome. When my probation period came up, three months later, I was dismissed ‘for not being suitable South African consulate material’. This was one of my favourite dismissals. I was informed that I would never be able to visit South Africa. This was great stuff for my memoirs.

Suddenly, I had signed a lease for six months on an apartment in New York, had a new life, new friends and big connections. I knew for sure that I did not want to return to Australia. I set about becoming a ‘resident alien’, hiring a lawyer to process my application for residence. This allowed me to set up my
company and employ myself, a way around the strict 'green card' regulations. With brilliant references, I soon built up a great client base for 'Estelle Productions New York Inc.' My all-round expertise was a novelty in New York, where people in the industry were 'specialists' in very specific areas. I even created a weekly entertainment review column in the local eastside newspaper, 'Our Town'. This meant that I had free tickets to every New York Theatre and film opening and they were never ending. I used to make a trade with friends to be taken to dinner in return for sharing my tickets, and of course, the parties that followed the opening nights. This was very 'heady stuff' for a 'little lady from down under'.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 5.7 An advertisement from the *Financial Times* 1974

My portfolio from Australia was my entry card to new clients in New York, including an Australian, who had just bought the New York Post. I chose not to take a staff position, and became an independent consultant instead. My role was to increase circulation with promotions and competitions. I had been in New York for almost a year and knew my way around. Before long, I had no less than 22 major promotions lined up, including Liza Minelli opening the film: 'New York New York', for the paper's readers. Alas, I fell victim to the 'boys from down under', those henchmen, who held their board meetings at a downtown pub, excluding me, of course. I was not able to get decisions made, in any shape at all, bearing in mind they still treated women as the 'tea ladies'
in the office. According to them, their main enjoyment was "to watch the sheilas running in Central Park, and watch their tits bouncing".

My arrival did not go down well with the ‘boys from down under’. I took the liberty of sending a memo to the boss in London, spelling out the difficulty I had in getting cooperation from his team. Nothing that I had organised could be completed without agreement from these men. I was not aware that his modus operandus was to place his top people on the job and let them sort out their own pecking order, which did not of course include a brash, opinionated woman, no matter how talented.

**God’s Messenger**

In the meantime, on October 6th, 1976 I signed a contract to write my own book about positive thinking entitled: ‘Cross Your Bridges When You Come To Them’. The writing of that book in less than three weeks was to be the catalyst for my altered state of awareness and for me becoming ‘God’s messenger’, which was quite a task for a well-worn atheist. However, the message received in the early hours of the morning in my New York pad, on my tape recorder, was so powerful that it could not be ignored. I had an emotional breakthrough unlike anything I had ever experienced. It was simply a message “to conduct a ministry of healing, using communications and the performing arts, and to recognise that was what the first 40 years of my life had been preparing me for”.

I had awoken into a half state of dreaming, and picked up my tape recorder, normally used for interviews, and started talking. At first, it did not sound like me, because the voice was lower than mine and very slow. The experience was so powerful, that from that day to this, I never doubted my role to ‘turn the world upside down and replace cobwebs with stardust’ and to realise that God simply was LOVE. It is my belief, that the combination of personal freedom, the exploration of self in acting classes, plus the experience for the first time ever, of the four seasons in all their glory and brilliance, changed my outlook forever. In addition to this, I was able to do 'hands on healing' immediately.
My colleagues at the newspaper did not appreciate me stopping during a TV shoot for a commercial to 'lay hands' on one of the camera people, to heal him from an injury. It worked. There were many healing stories to follow, leading me to meet many of the 'leading edge' alternative healers in the city. As one can imagine, I do not do anything half hearted, and immediately began my new role. This led me to working with President Jimmy Carter's sister, Ruth Carter Stapelton among others, and many extraordinary adventures on my newly discovered spiritual path. My memo to the boss in London about the lack of cooperation of my male colleagues, led to my sacking, but with a payoff figure of $US10,000.00 after only three months on the job. That amount was more than enough for me to live on for a year or more. I then sent out 200 or so letters to my New York colleagues, announcing that instead being PR to the powerful Rupert Murdoch, I would be a PR consultant to God.

![Image](image.jpg)

Figure 5.8 Michael, Ruth Carter and I, New York, 1977

I was to remain in New York for five years, with an annual visit 'down under'. My youngest daughter joined me, as planned, after her final high school examination. She became, as always, my greatest teacher. We shared a difficult year for many reasons. I can see how disturbing it must have been for her to find her mother totally flipped out on God. I was equally difficult for me to not slip back into the role of being a mum, instead of being myself. I was working long hours in my company, and then spent hours at healing services into the late evening. It must have been a nightmare for her to experience a mother so changed. We ended up fighting every Saturday morning, my only
free time. After screaming at one another, we would end up sitting on the toilet seat cuddling, and telling each other how much we loved each other. Fortunately for me, one of my colleagues was a psychologist, and explained to me the vicious cycle of victim-rescuer, and that the only healthy action was to break the cycle, by not allowing myself to be blackmailed emotionally. This action resulted in putting my daughter into another apartment in the same building, and claiming my own space.

We shared lots of fun times during that year. I was tested many times to stay in trust and not to 'buy into fear', instead of love. The end result, I feel, is that my young daughter became her own person and took responsibility for her own actions. Michelle is today a powerful intelligent woman with integrity; she is a wonderful mother, wife and clever, successful business woman. I am sure we have some unresolved 'stuff' to heal that can only happen when it suits her. She is still my greatest teacher, and until recently, when she said 'Jump', I would say, 'How high'? According to her, there is nothing to heal. The result of this experience is that I have learned non-attachment and let go of guilt.

I created a shiny logo created for my new company, 'Miracle Productions International', set up to do God's work (see Figure 5.9). In 1976, people responded with comments, like: "You can't call your company Miracle Productions!" My answer was: "Why not?" I planned to be a 'miracle worker'. There is a long history of miracles, from mini, to minor, to medium, to major, king size miracles, in the results of my projects over the last 26 years. The records speak for themselves (Chapters 5 and 6). My family expected me to turn into a Nun, so passionate were my stories that resulted with my transformation.
On my arrival in New York, at the end of my trek across America after another disappointment in love with the good Canadian PhD, Joy and Jim provided a safe haven for me. Within days I had connected with an Australian friend, who was working in the South African consulate, whose introduction led me to be employed by them. That was April 1976, having left Australia with a sense of being free for the very first time in my 39 years. By June 25th, just two months later, I held a Christmas in June party, to introduce all my new found New York buddies to what it was like to celebrate Christmas in summer. There were 35 people in attendance, in my tiny pied de tier, complete with decorations and Christmas tree.

What I was to discover later, was my own need to be needed. They were all needy in some way, representing broken marriages, alcoholics, stressed business folk, a lovely Aussie male with a beautiful black model girlfriend, and actors, who were almost always working as waiters in NYC waiting for the big break. It was truly amazing, how in this so-called unfriendly city I had already recreated a soiree of my own. It was a kind of microcosm of the macro kind. The youngest were in their teens, and the eldest grandparents were in their sixties. They were my new neighbours. In no time at all, I resumed my role as the little Jewish mother, there to be leaned on and needed, helping one and all. It was out of this experience as a support person that I attended AA with one of my newfound friends, and its sister organisation, ALANON, for dependent people. It was for people who lurched from one dependant
relationship to another. The penny dropped; I was not addicted to drugs, alcohol, abuse or violence, but hopelessly addicted to needing to be needed! What a revelation that was.

In the meantime, I had been attending acting classes in the best school, and became friends with David, from Atlanta, who introduced me to the world of metaphysics and he became a close confidante. Life was really exciting; I had created a personal column in an uptown newspaper, which gave me access to all the opening nights and many other events happening in the crazy city. There was theatre, ballet, art exhibitions, music and interviewing celebrities of all kinds for my column. The work of writing and supplying the pictures was not paid, but was worth about $100 a week in entertainment, plus it gave me open door access to everything as a member of the press.

![Figure 5.10 Bella Abzug (Mayor to be), Helen Reddy and I, New York, 1976](image)

In the early weeks, I met Helen Reddy, Harry Belafonte and Bella Abzug, the candidate for Mayor of New York. The Australian Ballet was in town performing ‘The Merry Widow’, and I interviewed most of them. They comprised five married couples and they were taking the city by storm. I was even given permission to take classes with them. So many of my dreams were made real. Imagine the excitement of being backstage and meeting Rudolph Nureyev and Dame Margot Fonteyn, plus Elizabeth Taylor, who was visiting Dame Margot. Such rich experiences were happening on a daily basis. I even
shared a limousine one night on the way back up town with Jacqueline Kennedy and her diamond merchant friend. I slipped easily into this way of life. My letters home to the family were breathless in their excitement. My mum, who died in 1986, had kept every one of them. Some of them from this period in my life are more than a little embarrassing, especially 'when I got God'. It is my opinion that if I had been anywhere else but New York, somebody would have locked me up and thrown away the key. The Big Apple allows you to be as crazy as you like. No one takes much notice.

The way of life was extremely different, and for me, the main difference was the use and abuse of credit. All my New York friends had dozens of credit cards, which they used for everything from food to travel. Their wallets folded out with a long line of plastic cards. We had not yet experienced this phenomenon in Australia. I was amazed with their attitudes to their purchasing power; if they put it on a credit card, they indicated that they didn't have to pay for it. This was a long way from my reality, which was to use lay by, or pay cash before receiving goods, which often meant waiting, instead of experiencing instant gratification. Most of my New York friends were in huge debt, far outweighing their incomes. In my case, having US dollars to spend, and with my careful approach to debt, I lived very well indeed. Fortunately, I have never fallen into the trap of the 'put it on your credit card' mentality.

The Foundation Faith of God

One of the first groups I joined was The Foundation Faith of God. This extraordinary modern form of healing mission was made up of brilliant young English, Scottish, Canadian and American people. They had come together in the early sixties to ponder on the importance of life. They were all educated and from well-heeled families, and they comprised lawyers, architects, accountants, musicians and teachers. They were all extremely good looking and dressed in the most immaculate fashion, in tailored blue uniforms. Their headquarters was literally around the corner from my place and they held 'healing sessions' every night, with singing and laying on of hands. They mixed messages from the Christian, Jewish and Buddhist religions. I was attracted instantly to them, having alienated all my other newfound friends, except David, with my passion to heal the world with love.
The story of their covenant was wonderful and exciting; they had pooled all their money and set out to answer the 64 dollar question: ‘What is life all about?’ They were camping in Mexico for several months as a tribe, complete with a dog. They meditated daily, fasted, and generally were in a seeking mode. Just as things got down to the bottom line, with very little money left, they were about to give up when their miracle occurred. They were in a tiny village called Xtul. It was decided to have one last group meditation to ask for guidance and instructions, which led them to set up the foundation. It appears that they were given very specific instructions of the journey to take to the next place to set up camp, which they did. Within 24 hours, a diplomatic messenger headed their way, to warn them of impending danger. A typhoon was heading their way and their camp was directly in its path. They convened in meditation again and decided it was a test. The group would stay put. The miracle that ensued was that the cyclone did come directly at them, and at the very last moment deflected and headed in another direction. This then became their sign to dedicate their lives to God and healing. They set up headquarters in New York City.

Needless to say, they enchanted me with their story. I had found like-minded souls, with whom to be. They had a brilliant program on death and dying, including presenting the wonderful Kubler Ross, at a time when she was considered weird. The press described her seminars as ‘Rent a Spook’. This was 1976 and the concept of healing centre, or laying on of hands was right ‘out on a limb’. I immediately set about promoting them, which is how I came to present them to a conference with Ruth Carter Stapeleton as the keynote speaker. Needless to say, I also pledged my considerable funds to their cause.

I invited all the women of the American fashion press to a conference on healing, to which they came, and had powerful experiences. I had yet another experience of manifesting an instant wish into reality. We were at a fashionable venue for a fashion parade and an elegant, tall, black man took to the stage to entertain us. He wanted a partner to dance with and I wanted it to be me. In a flash, he was at my side and sweeping me off my feet, much to everyone’s amusement.
The Head of Nursing, Delores Kreiger, was investigating Touch Therapy at the New York Teaching hospital, and she had evidence that love was the healing factor in touch therapy. Ruth was travelling the country conducting massive public healing events that lasted all day and into the night. They were from 10am to 10pm, with a host of volunteers standing by with boxes of tissues, as she led them through the maze of their pain and invited them to ask Jesus, or any similar male father figure into their prayers, to hold them and ease the pain. She started from birth and took them step-by-step through the stages of growth. Forgiveness, love and compassion were the key elements of the healing. It was truly astonishing for me, as I was on the centre stage with Ruth and a Priest for the whole session. It was during this experience, following hot on the heels of my first altered state, that I healed my own pain of my father, Ron, for abandoning me as a little girl. I sat on the stage with tears streaming down my face. At the end of the session it was my duty to take care of things in the auditorium as Ruth left, surrounded by CIA agents for protection to go back to her hotel. This was the start of my biggest lesson in love and learning ever. I ended up with ‘egg on my face’ all over the world.
The Black Prince

A young, bald, black man wearing a green velvet suit, a pure white ruffled shirt and gold jewellery, walked up to me on the stage, offered his hand and said in the softest of all voices: "Dr Ronald Arthur Becks, and I am doing it for God". Lightning struck! Was this my soul mate, for whom I have asked to share my work? Was this the man, who would be able to support my journey ‘to turn the world upside down and replace cobwebs with stardust’? Yes, we did turn the world upside down, and my world spun out.

Ron was carrying a briefcase with his dreaming, which was to bring all the worlds leading religions together at Madison Square Garden for a Peace Concert. My dreaming was to hold a television special on the New Years Eve 1977, in Times Square, which would then be beamed around the world on the stroke of midnight, with messages from political leaders, entertainers, opera stars, astronauts, religious leaders and politicians. I had already begun the process, contacting Jimmy Carter, Anwa Sadat in Egypt, The Vatican, Buckingham Palace, John Denver, Helen Reddy and Ed Mitchell, the first man on the moon. I discussed with Ruth how we might get video taped messages and put them together to be broadcast live on New Years eve, 1977 going into 1978, with a Prayer for Peace.

Having healed and forgiven the pain of my father’s action, here I was faced with another Ron, this time he was a singing, dancing minister in his mother’s church in the Bronx. It was called ‘The Temple of Faith and Hope’. Along with his grandmother they conducted healing services using metaphysics and a mixture of world religions every weekend. I had the experience of being the only white person in the black congregation.
Ron was 13 years younger than I was, and he was single. I had been celibate and without a partner for almost 11 years. He quickly entered into courting me with flowers and champagne, whispering ‘sweet, soft nothings’ in my ears. He took me to the movies to see, of all things, John Denver and George Burns in ‘Oh God!’ I thought it had been made for me. Here was John playing a young supermarket employer, on a mission to expose manmade religion, to get the message of love over to us in an extremely funny film. George was God, disguised a house painter, who would appear and disappear at the drop of a hat. These to me were signs from heaven. The miracles kept happening.

Ruth had set up a healing centre in Dallas, Texas, called ‘Holavita’. It was her dreaming to bring the entire world leaders together and take them through a healing session at her ranch. To have the New Years Eve event, we needed the permission of the man who owned number one Times Square, the building where the big silver ball drops to signal the start of the New Year. Things were moving very quickly. I had commitment from all the people I had contacted to make video messages and the list was growing fast. So, I went to see the owner of number one Times Square, a lovely little Jewish man, who agreed to fly to
Texas with me to talk to Ruth about the ceremony. I was spinning out with excitement and Ron was beside me with total support and encouragement.

I flew out to Dallas with my new-found friend from number one; we stayed with Ruth and I could see my vision coming into reality very fast. This was not to be. Ruth and the owner of number one, a Christian and a Jew, fell out about the opening ceremony and its contents. I was shattered. I wanted to heal the world and this one man and one woman were not able to agree on a simple format that satisfied both of them. Both were fearful of offending their own brethren. Even though Ron and I were working on a Program of Peace with the United Nations, to bring together an ecumenical world healing day, we were not able to persuade these two to surrender to spirit. Fear became their operative.

In my usual fashion, I picked myself up, dusted myself off and started again, this time with a playmate, Ron, who appeared to adore me. Friends in New York advised otherwise. They said "Have him as a live-in lover. This is the seventies, but don't marry him. He is using you." “No way”, says I, unwilling to listen to anyone. So, at a time when Australia was only four years out of a White Australia Policy, I married Ron in a New York civil ceremony conducted by his mother and grandmother with my new found chums on the deck of my wonderfully newly acquired apartment overlooking Manhattan, and then returned to Australia to marry him for real at the Wayside Chapel.

![Figure 5.13 My brother Paul toasts the happy couple at Sydney Wedding, August 1978](image)

153
The short version of this adventure is that we divorced within a year. I had to return to New York, where the money to support us was generated, and he refused to leave Australia, so I paid six months rent for him and left Sydney in trust, to return to the Big Apple. We had very different agendas. Estelle Productions NY Inc had grown successful rapidly through word of mouth of satisfied clients. I even launched a new range of men's cosmetic products in a very highly competitive market place, using a hot air balloon record attempt. My creative team included a couple of Australians, who like me, were paving the way for other Aussies to follow. In those days, Americans still confused Australia with Austria!

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 5.14 *Australian article, August 1978*

The 'Black Prince', Ron, was just another young black man in New York City, and his family was lovely. I knew he had a reputation of moving in on older white women, who like me, were soon convinced that it was part of their spiritual path to grow and let go of their need to 'control', especially around money.

I learned so much from this relationship, which in the end became very painful. These days my life is filled with miracles, using the practical tools of metaphysics that I learned from Ron and his family. He certainly weaned me off of my dedication to the Foundation Group, which I realised were something of a cult group. They were controlled by a couple of very manipulative and powerful members, who lived up state New York. My investigation into their operation led to their demise. Of course, I never recovered my money given
with such love as loans to support their healing ministry. My learning with Ron, however, cost thousands of dollars more.

In those heady New York days, I managed to secure a commission, or so it seemed on the surface, from a group of businessmen to be the Australian connection to stage an international television fund raising concert for the United Nations Year of the Child, 1979. This turned out to be another disaster. I staged a Christmas event in Sydney, starring Ron as 'The Rainbow Man'. 'Kangaroo, Koalas and Kids', was a mixture of magical performances headed up by the venerable Smoky Dawson at his northern Sydney ranch.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

In addition to Ron as the star, there was a group of talented dancing kids. The show was artistically a success, but it failed financially. Then, to make matters worse, the businessmen in New York had backed down on the seed money. Their cheques bounced and I found myself in serious financial trouble, yet again. I made front-page news exposing their fraud.
In a very short time, with Ron as my partner, 'doing God's work', I had gone through all my accumulated funds and owed huge sums of money. Another of my projects at the time was to recreate the successful 'Maggie' TV format, with me as the anchor and Ron as the singing, dancing minister. The program went to air in New York City, called "I Love New York"; it was designed by me to show the positive side of the wonderful melting pot known as 'The Big Apple'. I had wonderful guests, who were leading edge proponents of change, health, education and theatre. This program was ahead of its time and the production costs were never recovered.

It was during these heady days that I realised that Ron was manipulating me. I had returned to live in Sydney, in the mistaken belief, that it was time to be 100% supportive of my partner, by now legally my husband. I was wrong; he had other ideas, which included multiple affairs with other women, living in his own apartment and accusing me of being 'old fashioned'. I put myself through hell for some months, and even manifested a lump in my breast, which proved to be benign. Ron would appear in brand new suits, wearing expensive jewellery, which had been given to him by his current 'mistress'. My pain was palpable. I had set up auditions for him with my professional contacts, and he failed to live up to his potential, mainly because of his lack of professional preparation. I realised also, that he did not like playing 'second fiddle' to my
high profile persona in Sydney. We were on a much more level playing field in The Big Apple.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

One night, I awoke in my rented apartment at the 'Cross', with far reaching, unsurpassed views south and west over the city. One of the lessons learned from this silver-tongued young 'minister' was in his own words: "Shit or get off the pot". He had explained to me that it was impossible to work out problems while remaining at their source. With that in mind I had come to the conclusion, that my choices and freedom were more important to me than remaining in this embarrassing and painful situation. This meant that in less than a year after our legal marriage at the Wayside Chapel, it was time to let go, and get a divorce. Having made that decision I cried myself to sleep, as was the custom on most nights at that time.

I was awakened by a kind of electric shock in the early hours, as I lay in my bed looking at the mirrored door of my wardrobe. Much to my surprise, I saw a half a dozen bright lights in the west moving at high speed. I sat bolt upright and turned to look out the window, and there they were, brightly orange and greenish in colour, sort of oval or cigar shaped. They moved in a manner unlike any aircraft. Were they UFO's? With much excitement I called the airport, the airforce, and even a friend at a newspaper in town. It was in the early hours of the morning, and I had trouble convincing them that I was neither drunk nor drugged. They were unable to see what I was witnessing,
even as I spoke with them. The time period was perhaps ten minutes or so. On completing the phone calls, I just sat mesmerised by the lights, and suddenly, as quickly as they arrived, they made a huge loop low in the western sky and departed to the south, out of sight. What was I to make of such an experience? I recognised it to be another 'peak' spiritual awakening experience. I was quite sure, that I had been in some altered state of consciousness, and that I was able to see another dimension of reality. They had come to reassure me. That was my feeling, and it still is today. There is more than a little anecdotal evidence of UFO's. Indeed, many people think that authorities deliberately cover much of it up.

My recent reading on the chemical reactions of the brain to certain stimulation (Pert, 2000) has convinced me that the brain does not know the difference between ecstasy and anxiety. My 'peak' altered states of consciousness were to continue and take me into uncharted territory. In the meantime, I decided to get on with my life.

My work continued to blossom, and I found myself as the consultant to staging a major international education conference at Sydney's Australia Tower. I was busy with the media on opening day, waiting for the NSW Premier, Neville Wran to arrive, when 'The Black Prince' waltzed in, larger than life, expecting to be included. It was like waving a red flag at a bull. My bodied felt paralyzed with anger, and I whispered in low tones to a colleague: “Get him out of here now.” I would have been possible in that moment to have killed him; thrown him out of the 42nd floor of the building. The experience of the anger was a turning point in my growth.
Eventually, in a short year later, I was able to sit with Ron in front of a court appointed marriage counsellor, and offer love and forgiveness for my journey with him. The counsellor, who undoubtedly was used to couples in fighting mode, could not believe her ears and her eyes, as I knelt and said thank you to him, thanking him for giving me the creative opportunity to be free once more.

An end note to this episode in my life was on August 6th, 1986, six years later, and well into my Egypt, rainbow dolphin magic, I was able to watch Ron perform in Sydney and invite him to share a glass of champagne to celebrate, in peace, on Hiroshima day. For me, the concept of global peace beginning with personal peace was already firmly entrenched. My relationship with Ron was literally the beginning of owning my own experiences, of not being a victim, and of not blaming anyone else. What a huge learning curve it was.
‘Good Queen Bess’ and ‘The Garden of Peace’

I realised that it was one of those extraordinary experiences had led me to return to Australia to live. In 1979, I had returned to 'live' with my new husband, which had not worked out. During the visit I met a most wonderful and extraordinary woman, who I nicknamed ‘Good Queen Bess’. Bess was a retired army captain, and she lived on an escarpment south of Sydney known to others as the Garden of Peace. Bess had spent her entire army retirement fund setting up Sydney’s first ever spiritual and alternative bookshop in Chatswood. Frank Scarf and Stella Cornelius, from the ‘United Nations Association of Australia’ had arranged for me to visit her. I took her one of the very first copies of ‘A Course In Miracles’ that I brought to Australia. Bess and I recognised each other immediately as spirit sisters. Miracles became the foundation for our powerful and meaningful relationship.

It was on my return to Sydney from a visit with her that I found myself driving along the high hill overlooking Stanwell Park, just a few minutes from her house. The hill was famous for hang-gliding adventures. There was a tiny white timber house sitting on the edge; indeed, it was the only house. Suddenly, a thought came to me. It was another of those peak experiences that I had been learning not to ignore, saying: "Buy that house". Following my now familiar path, I stepped out of my car, and knocked on the front door of the little house, which was opened by a young man. I enquired if he wanted to sell the house. He looked shocked and invited me inside. Inside was amazing, with a huge window which looked like a painting, with the entire south coast vista filling the space. I was inspired by the view. In the meantime, the young man asked me to repeat my question to his wife, which I did. They were both astounded. It appeared that at that very moment, they had been discussing selling up and moving further north to Lithgow to take up a new job. Needless to say, I did not need any more encouragement. I gave him a deposit to purchase the home and set off to return to New York to sell my apartment there and my house in Paddington to pay for it. Bess and I knew we were to work together.
The house was modest, but the views were fantastic, and it was 66 kilometres from Sydney, which suited me fine. The day I returned and moved in completely, a rainbow appeared and covered the beach below. This was for me a signal of how appropriate my actions were. I had recently been given a song, written especially for me in America. It was about bringing the rainbows down to earth, and suddenly I was standing on the edge of a cliff looking down on the rainbow below, just as the song predicted. I promptly renamed the hill, Rainbow Mountain. Aged 44 years of age, I took up hang-gliding!
Figure 5.20  My solo flight from the Rainbow Mountain, 1981
Figure 5.21  The rainbow, the day I moved to Stanwell Park, April 1979
Politics

In this section, I describe my foray into blending miracles with politics, including State and local initiatives.

Politics makes the world go around and around and it seems that nothing changes! In my opinion, nothing seems to corrupt more than becoming a politician. I am convinced that politics is not the way to facilitate change. My observation of the current status of political arenas around the world and here in Australia, confirms my commitment to find another way. At different moments in my life I have attempted to join the political fray.

I ran as an independent in the NSW State elections in 1980. I paid for my own advertising in the local and Sydney papers. I managed to get several thousand votes, which for the period was quite extraordinary for an independent. The general public view was that to vote independent was a waste of time. To be useful, one had to belong to one of the major parties. I had already decided years ago, that party politics was a waste of time.

Looking back at the newspaper articles, I realise that even in this area of my life, I was on the leading edge of change. Peace, the environment, education, health and sustainable economy were the main thrust of my platform. I thought maybe there were enough people out there who would relate to my espoused values. ‘The new age movement’ was growing, and there were many alternative ideas being espoused by different people. In Queensland, Lionel Fifield, a businessman, had opened Australia’s first ‘Centre Within’, offering courses for personal growth and spiritual development. He was also standing as an independent. I approached him to see if we could cooperate in some way, as our values were identical and my candidature would not be in competition to his in Queensland. It felt to me like a good idea to reinforce each other, especially in the alternative press and networks. Much to my surprise, he refused, in fact, he rejected the idea of any support with the comment that he loved my vision and enthusiasm, but did not want to be seen walking my path.
In 1980, one of the problems was that many of the alternative groups were, in fact, still playing competition, not cooperation. I made several attempts to weave them together when promoting, as I was then, the material from 'A Course In Miracles'. I had spent my last $6000 to sponsor a tour by two Americans, to share workshops in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane and Cairns. I had a vision of reaching the heart of a growing alternative spiritual community around the country. Once more, my attempts to organise cohesion failed, once more I was rejected, and on a financial scale the project failed and I never recovered the cost of mounting the tour. However, that tour and those people set in place the foundation of what is now a huge 'A Course In Miracles' network in Australia and New Zealand. I had been very fortunate to be among those people in New York in 1977, who were responsible for setting up the Peace Foundation, and publishing the material. Judy Skutch and her husband, Robert, lived not far from me, and had come into my magical circle of discovery of spirit during those heady New York City days.
I remember one funny incident sitting with Judy and those pioneers moving the ‘Miracles’ material out into the world, when we were all having a round table discussion with members of the Christian clergy in the beautiful St Patrick’s Cathedral in New York, where we were discussing the broad reach of this ‘Christ-oriented’ message. In simple terms, the message offers the concept of choosing love instead of fear as a modus operandus.

Looking at the group, I realised that those who were attempting to facilitate and motivate, like myself, were all born of the Jewish faith. We were ‘lapsed Jews’, but nonetheless, born Jews. I remarked to the Monsignor sitting next to me, that it seemed incongruous that this group of spiritual pioneers was promoting the message of Jesus, and yet they themselves were born Jewish. He looked at me and without blinking an eyelid said: "You got it wrong the first time, this is a second chance." We all laughed. ‘Miracles’ became a worldwide phenomenon and has been published in so many languages that I have lost count. The ‘Miracles’ network was my launch pad later on, as I travelled.
across the world to promote the concept of the ‘Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace’, and the human dolphin-water baby connection.

My next foray into politics was in New Zealand, where I had been running my ‘Rainbow Dolphin Research Centre’ for three years. New Zealand, like Australia, was essentially a two party political system. After attending a spiritual retreat weekend at Tauhara, which was the epicenter of New Zealand spiritual growth, I met a man named William Hindmarsh. He was a brilliant businessman, who was determined to start a third political party in New Zealand. He sowed the seeds of ‘The New Zealand Party’, and with his encouragement I became a candidate for my district. Bob Jones, who became the self appointed leader, a businessman who I believe had his heart in the right place, bulldozed his way through, literally pushing William aside and creating his own circle of buddies. We all went to the first national gathering of the party, in Wellington. My high profile image as ‘The Dolphin Lady’ and the pioneer of water birth, frightened Bob Jones, and he wanted to distance himself from me as far as possible. Imagine his and everyone else’s dismay, when the television reports carried news of the history making conference and I was featured telling my story of the hundredth monkey and my vision of how New Zealand could lead the way.

![Figure 5.24 Bob Jones and I, at ‘The New Zealand Party’ Launch, 1984](image)

The next political highlight of my life was 1986. I had returned to Australia, bitterly disappointed at the failure to attract support and practical help at ‘The Rainbow Dolphin Centre’, in spite of staging the second International
Waterbirth and Dolphin Conference, which had attracted around 200 people from around the world. We made history by holding the event in conjunction with the local Maori people, who hosted us on their Marae.

We all were invited to stay on the Marae, living together in the meeting house, in the traditional Maori way of holding important community meetings. This was an honour bestowed on us, because the elders of the Ti Ti Tribe up in the Bay of Islands had initiated me as an extended member of their family, to honour my spiritual manna.

As had become my pattern, the project failed miserably financially and I was left with a $10,000 debt. When my friend William Hindmarsh and the late Rex Dallimore invited those present, including waterbaby parents, healers and others who had accepted my invitation to come, to raise the funds to help with the short fall, the group 'turned feral'.

In spite of the first opening sharing circle, where almost all clearly indicated that each one had met me somewhere along my journey and been inspired to join the magical dance of 'The Rainbow Dolphin' vision, when push came to shove, the loving circle became a 'get Estelle' game. A viscous verbal attack followed and I felt as if I had been 'run over by a truck'. This was the catalyst for me to finally pack up and leave New Zealand and the vision behind. On returning home, to Australia, 1986 I vowed never to get involved again. Therein lies more stories, but this section stays with my political career; not my brilliant career, but an attempted political career.
In my view, the Australian political scene was worse than ever, with no reason to believe that any change could happen, without forming a new party. To my amazement, a full page advertisement appeared in the national newspaper, with the heading: ‘Wanted - A New Prime Minister’. I read with excitement the advertisement and made immediate attempts to reach the core group or
persons. As spirit moved with me, I soon found myself not only in the middle of, but also at the top of, the spiral.

I took it upon myself to be the national coordinator of this new, bold attempt to set up a third political power. The ‘Advance Australia Party’ was born and very quickly had 10,000 members, such was the urgency of the time to find alternative answers.

People in the core group welcomed my promotional, marketing, organising skills. Also, people who were responsible for the advertisement agreed and welcomed me on board. We set up an office at Dee Why and I encouraged a team of the most fantastic volunteers to join in. They were my ‘rainbow dolphin pod’. They were a huge army of people, who were willing to put the time and effort in to making the vision a reality. The money poured in, so I organised meetings in every state for Don, the spokesman, and the media coverage was vast. It became my role to coordinate the first National Meeting of the Executive, to formulate and formalise the contents of the Party platform. This was heady stuff as my team was the foundation of the team that was developing the Party platform. It seemed that at last, my political quest had found a place to be successful. Alas, it was not to be so.

Having promoted the illustrious Don as ‘the best thing since sliced bread’, he came to believe the publicity. Power plays corrupted the vision. ‘The boys’ took over once more. I knew on 5th October 1986, on completing my agreement to stage the national conference, that my days with ‘the big boys’ were now finished. Huge amounts of money had been wasted and unaccounted for. I had worked as a volunteer, for four months, taking only out-of-pocket expenses. The advertising agents who had come on board gobbled up the funds. The old power struggles emerged. Clearly, there was no room at the top for the likes of my spiritual family and me. The vision was now very blurred. I walked away, jumped in my car and headed north, where a baby was waiting to be born in water, and I had promised to film it. That’s another story. Even so, I remained convinced that my professional communication skills would find a place to serve.
The last, but not least, attempt to become a politician, was 1990. By this time many of my colleagues were convinced that the Democrats held the key to a successful change in the Australian political scene. Their founder, Don Chipp, disenchanted with traditional two party powers, resigned and started a new party, in 1987, to 'keep the bastards honest'.

The Democrats were a grass roots movement, and everything, including policy and elections of officers, went right back to the membership. It was clumsy, but truly democratic. As Australia ‘slipped down the proverbial plughole’, to the 'banana republic we just had to have', according to Paul Keating, I was invited to be a candidate for the Democrats. I was invited to stand as a Democrat in opposition to the then leader of the opposition, John Hewson, in the blue ribbon seat of Wentworth. There was not much chance of winning, but of raising issues that were close to my heart, which were the same issues that I had raised way back in 1980.
It was seen by some people, in my circles, that my high media profile and success in so many areas would be helpful. A lovely team of people left over from the failed ‘Advance Australia Party’ came to my assistance. One very special lady friend, Ailsah Periot, became my campaign manager. My one commitment to myself was to not follow my old pattern of financing the project myself and getting further into debt. I did at least keep this agreement with myself. We ran a very respectful campaign. I am sure I had some influence on other members of the Democrats, and we involved ourselves in cooperative efforts with the Greens, other independents and conservation parties. The rallies were terrific, and no one was fearful of their association with me as ‘The Dolphin Lady’, my latest nickname. The outcome was that I scored 12,000 votes against the John Hewson, who was unable to explain to the public how to cut up the GST pie of a birthday cake!

In addition to these attempts to be a politician, I was also engaged in several other projects. It has always been my practice to see a need in the community and attempt to fill it. Over the years I have worked in cooperation with The Greens, Conflict Resolution, United Nations Association, Planetary Initiatives and Earth Repair Foundation, by doing their promotion and publicity, or organising events, festivals and seminars.

Earth Repair staged a very special festival in 1988, bringing together some of the world’s best known Indigenous activists. I was on a discussion panel with several of the keynote speakers. We were all introduced one by one, and an American Indian Elder, Chief Orem Lyons remarked that we had met several years ago. I was quite impressed that he remembered me, as he was the head of all American Indians Councils with the United Nations. He attended hundreds of gatherings and met thousands of people around the world.

At the first opportunity to speak to him alone, I asked him what I did or said to impress him so much, that he was able to remember our meetings so many years ago. I was actually wondering about words of wisdom, or what we had exchanged, having remembered that our meeting was at a gathering of no less than 70,000 people in New Zealand, for a healing music festival in January 1981. Imagine my surprise, when he told the story to me. “Do you remember how everyone was rained out, and people were literally bathing in the muddy
waters, having a great deal of fun together.” Of course I remembered, rivers of mud flowed through the tent city. The keynote speakers were housed in caravans and I remembered visiting this impressive chief, wanting to encourage his participation, in my newly discovered project, ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’ on the full moon each month, using the rainbow and dolphins as symbols to connect hearts and minds of individuals, regardless of their religion. Chief Orem Lyons continued: “Well you knocked on my door, bailed me up and laid your rainbow dolphin adventures on me wearing nothing more than a rainbow cap.” What a trip, there was me thinking about what wisdom I may have dispensed that left such a strong impression!

![Campaign photographs for the Democrats, 1990](image)
SHE Dreaming

Another attempt to organise the community occurred mid 1990. I was so dismayed by the national political scene that I took it upon myself to stage an event to raise awareness and discussion in the community. It was:

Australia - Our Vision
The SHE Alternative
*SANE, HUMANE, ECOLOGICAL*

I invited some of the most powerful and concerned women to join me at the Tom Mann Theatre in Sydney, and promoted and advertised the project. It was all at my own expense, as usual, and it was another fiscal failure. Our forum outnumbered the audience. The cast of players were Stella Cornelius, Irina Dunn, Marie Bignold, Helen Caldicott, Maureen Giddings, Elizabeth Kirkby, Clover Moore, Judy Messer, Sue Salmon, Kate Short, Marie Bignold and Jo Faith. These were women making their way in the field of local and state government, and NGO organisations and each one a catalyst and leader in her own way. All these terrific women gave up their weekend time to come and discuss the problems facing our community and to see if we could find any solutions at all. Audience or not, we sat in council, we videoed the discussions and most of that group of women have continued to grow personally and to serve the community.

Figure 5.31 Leaflet for SHE forum and workshop, 1990
The most successful political campaign came at local council level. I was the coordinator of SLOP (Save Lawson’s Olympic Pool). The Blue Mountains Council had voted to close all five of the mountain swimming pool facilities, claiming that they cost too much to run. That was the overwhelming decision voted by my local councillors in June 1995. I attended a public meeting not long after moving to the Blue Mountains to live. About 500 people turned up and clearly were very unhappy with the decision. The Blue Mountains community is very together, indeed they had been successful in mounting a campaign to keep Macdonald’s and other fast food outlets out of Katoomba.

This was a unique situation, because it is what is called a ‘ribbon’ development. Each of the little village type communities falls either side of the main highway going west from Sydney over the mountain range. The area stretches for about 60kms and has 65,000 people.

Much of this community is made up of artists, musicians, environmentalists and activists, who in the sixties made conscious decisions about the quality of their lives. So, the public meeting at Lawson produced a core group of about 50, who became the founders of SLOP. Our proactive campaign was so successful that in less than a year, the Blue Mountains Council was to reverse the original decision, and not only keep all the pools open, but to allocate money to refurbish and heat existing pools, in addition to budgeting to build a new pool. It was one of the quickest wins ever seen in the district. The core group fell to about half a dozen dedicated souls and we met at my home to plan and implement strategies. They were strong caring individuals, with a mixed bag of talents to share. I used the project to write one of my papers to gain a Master of Applied Science, Social Ecology at UWS. The title was ‘Leaderless Leadership’. We had worked in such harmony and cooperation, without any conflict at all, to gain the end results.
Reflection and Chapter Summary

This leads me to reflect on the current, sad and sorry state of affairs with the Democrats (a political party in Australia). The party initiated 25 years ago, with such vision. It was clumsy, admittedly, but with integrity, and the only political party in Australia, that encourages women to hold office. Indeed, there have been no less than four women as leaders. The demise of the party, which has lead to the current leader, Natasha Stott Despoja stepping down, is a dismal and disastrous development. Natasha was for me a breath of fresh air. She was a young woman, a product of the feminist revolution, who had strong clear ideas of who she is and what she had to offer.
I can relate strongly to her unwillingness to compromise her position by giving into a group of obnoxious men, who clearly resented her style of leadership and management. It is going to take at least two months now, to elect another leader, with the tedious process of going back to the membership one and all. The vision of a truly democratic party has been shattered, and the number of my own male colleagues of different ages, who expressed negative comments about Natasha, has astounded me.

This recent event takes me back to the many times I have been rejected as ‘too strong willed’ or too focused. For me, once more I am witnessing that when a woman displays real leadership qualities it causes those of the opposite sex to be seriously uncomfortable. We really have a long, long way to go. A powerful woman still has a struggle ahead of her, to be seen in a positive light instead of an ego-centered, selfish ‘ball breaker’.

2007 is another election year and what if anything has changed? Here in Australia, we are still living in a patriarchal political system with a parliament that has seized more power and taken away more personal freedoms than at any other time in our history. The environment is finally on the agenda; fear is the motivating force in the community perpetuated by the political leaders and the mainstream media. We are further away from a peaceful world than ever before.
The headlines of today are not very different from 1986 or 1990. Social justice seems to be a thing of the past, the gap between the ‘haves’ and ‘have nots’ is wider than ever. There are still children living in poverty and as for the Aboriginal people, things have definitely moved backwards. Our Australian health systems, both federal and state, are in appalling states and education is far from healthy. As for the concept of ‘innocent until proven guilty’, with the campaign of fear of terrorist activity, this appears to be a non-existent idea. Ministers seem to have inordinate power to make major decisions without consultation with the community.

On the positive side, there does appear to be a concerted effort using the technology of the World Wide Web to inform and encourage unified action on global issues. With next year’s (2008) American election shaping up, we are all fascinated at how the politicians both here and abroad are trying to come to terms with the use of the web; nothing remains a secret any more for very long.

My reflection on my attempted political careers has convinced me that I have often made a difference on the leading edge of change and that it is even more important than ever to maintain peace, harmony, justice, compassion and honesty in my own immediate space. This is the best possible way to contribute to the bigger picture.

In this chapter, I discussed various projects, partnerships and politics, through which I reinvented myself as a single working mother of two daughters and how my life changed forever, two days after my 40th birthday. This chapter described some of the important projects and partnerships, both business and personal, which were paramount in my life in the 1970s and 1980s. The stories and reflections related to breaking free from my marriage, the Raggedy Anne production, a project with a friend, Peter, and my
experiences as a woman in business. Stories relating to New York people and projects, included becoming God’s messenger, becoming involved with The Foundation Faith of God and the Black Prince. Other important projects and partnerships in this chapter related to ‘Good Queen Bess’ and ‘The Garden of Peace’. The chapter concluded with descriptions of my foray into blending miracles and spirituality with politics, including State and local initiatives.
CHAPTER SIX: MOTIVATING PROJECTS AND LESSONS LEARNED

In this chapter I reflect on some projects, in which I have been inspired to get involved in recent years. The projects were not planned; they simply happened and I was guided in the experience in total trust. Magic happens and sometimes my passion and enthusiasm get me into difficult circumstances with the principals with whom I engage, almost always the opposite sex. These stories attest to my passion for projects and the lessons I have learned from them.

In this chapter I describe how I motivated many projects by enlivening their ideas and goals and becoming the ‘engine’, which drove them to fruition. The projects include the Peace Flame, The Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Ltd (SLaM), experiences with corporate cowboys and other people, the First International Congress on Cancer and experiences with colleagues preparing for the International Conference on Longevity.

The Peace Flame

It was 15th July, as I stood beside my friend Megan, watching the Captain waving from the top of the RAAF Boeing, holding our Peace Lantern aloft. It was impossible to describe the elation, the joy and wonder of the moment. Joseph from the Sydney Organising Committee Olympic Games (SOCOG) made up our little trio. We were conspirators and cooperators, caught up in the spirit and magic of making an impossible mission, vision, and dream into reality. We hugged each other and tears were in my eyes as the camera rolled to catch the big military jet taking off with our Millennium Peace Flame. The flame was held in a tiny golden miner’s lantern. It circled the Earth for six days, landing in England for an air show, and went on to Wales, to a Peace Conference, where it joined flames from six other nations, to create a ‘Flame of Hope’. The vision was to light lamps from the cauldron and send them out into the world for major events, to represent the commitment to peace.
It was only five days since the phone call came from England requesting my help. Lights were flashing on the panels in front of me, as I had just played the opening music for my radio program. This was the only place in my busy life, where I could sit, ‘glued’ to a chair for two hours every week. I was sitting with headphones on and the microphone open, about to introduce the show, when the light on the wall flashed, indicating an incoming telephone call. I answered the phone and the voice at the other end said: “Hello, this is Julie calling from Wales. Horace Dobbs told me that you could help us!” “Wales, as in the United Kingdom?” I asked. “Yes,” was the reply. “Hang on, let me put some music on, so that we can talk. I am broadcasting at the moment.” The name of Horace Dobbs got my attention immediately; he has been my colleague and ally in England for more than 20 years. “OK, Julie, what help do you need?”

It was July 10th and Julie was organising the 11th Peace Conference, for Life Foundation Worldwide, who were celebrating their 21st anniversary as an organisation committed to trauma counselling in worldwide war zones. They also facilitate events for world and inner peace by focused prayer. Julie explained the need for a miracle or two, in double quick time. As part of the ‘Coming of Age’ celebration, they planned to bring five Millennium Flames from five continents to the annual conference in July. The African flame was being lit by Nelson Mandela, the American by an American Indian Elder, in Europe by Princess Irene of Netherlands, and two more were to come from India and Australia. The seven flames were destined to unite as one, to become a single ‘Light of Hope’.

Julie went on to explain that military services had flown in peace flames in lanterns from six other nations, and the only one missing was Australia. “What a lovely project, I’d love to be involved. No worries, I’d be delighted to help. When do you need it?” “By the 23rd July”, came the reply. “Are you kidding, it’s already 11th July! What has been done so far?” “Nothing in Australia. You are the first and last hope. The other flames were lit by Indigenous Elders, if you can manage that.”
My first call was to the Royal Australian Air force. I explained the mission to the Squadron Leader, and to my surprise, he told me that the Squadron had a 707 leaving on Sunday 15th to circle the world and take part in an air show in England. I had potential transport, so what a good sign in less than 24 hours. The red tape had yet to be handled, to clear the safety angle.

My next call was to Auntie Pearl Wymarrra, an Australian Aboriginal Elder. I explained the project to her, and the schedule with the air force. She became very excited. “Estelle, let me talk with local Darug people, and see what we can do. Would Saturday morning work for you?” “You bet, and thank you.”

This really was phenomenal, to see how could things fell into place so quickly, as though a spirit was moving this peace flame. What a wonderful story for the media. My mind was racing at a million miles a minute, with the story of a peace flame in an air force plane, on its way to an international peace conference. The local Mayor was invited and the media alerted. Phones, faxes and emails were literally flying around the clock. Suddenly, there was a major hiccup. The lantern to carry the flame had not left Wales! A wedding without the bride! No lamp! What to do? Where can I get a lantern? I called a local manufacturer, who turned out to be the supply company for the Sydney Olympic lanterns. He would sell me a lantern, but it needed an official order from SOCOG. What a bureaucratic nightmare. It was Friday afternoon!

As unbelievable as it sounds, my next call found me talking with Joseph Buhagier, who had designed the lantern to carry the Olympic Flame from Athens to Australia. My heart was pounding with excitement as I talked of miracles to this man, who somehow caught the spirit. Joseph offered to pick up the flame and deliver it to us at the ceremony the next morning, and then to ensure that the Captain of the Boeing was instructed on how to keep it alight on the six day journey around the world. I could not wait to meet this man, who somehow made a quantum leap over all the red tape, in a flash, to ensure that our flame would travel to Wales as planned.
Saturday morning arrived, we all went to the University as planned, only to find it shrouded in early morning fog, which was not good for filming. The grounds were filled with tents, which belonged to young students, attending an environmental seminar. I immediately invited them all to attend our peace flame ceremony. They were a scraggy bunch, some with pierced ears, noses, eyebrows, coloured hair and baggy clothes, but they were all caught up in the spirit of my excitement. A young Aboriginal man emerged from the group and introduced himself. “I am the Dream Maker, apprentice of the late Burnum Burnum. I am charged with finding the bones of our people and returning them home.” My hairs stood on end; tingles ran up and down my spine. Burnum Burnum had been my close companion and ally for almost 20 years and I felt his spirit present. I then asked those young people to hold the vision of the fog lifting in time to record this magical event. At precisely 11 am, Joseph gave the lantern to Auntie Pearl and all was in place to light the Australian Flame. Magically, the fog lifted, the sun shone brightly on the proceedings, and all was captured on video.

The same lantern carried the flame back to Richmond in September to open a conference at the University. Another flame opened a conference I attended in England. Finally, I carried one more lantern with the flame from Wales across
the ocean to the United Nations in October to a Nuclear Disarmament Conference. Miracles still happen. No amount of money or organisation or executive power could surpass this example of spirit at work.

The Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Ltd (SLaM)

I knew as soon as I saw the brochure for the 5th Annual SLaM Conference, that all the original visions had been embraced and that once more my role as 'midwife' (Earth Mother) was well rewarded. The 5th Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Limited conference, having had to become a legal entity to continue to grow, was alive, well and in good hands. The visuals said it all. The contents of the promised program of events on the island resort of Runnaway Bay in Queensland were very enticing, as was the theme: ‘Creating and Honouring our Connection’. Connection is a very magical word in my own world and this thesis. The conference cost was beyond my budget, and I had immediately 'let go' of the need to be there.
This is the story of my conception of SLaM, a very successful project with more than $60,000 in the kitty. In 1997 I enrolled at the University of Western Sydney (UWS), to complete a Master of Applied Science, Social Ecology degree. That was an event to celebrate, as I had not had any notion of entering the world of academia, judging it to be too narrow for the wide-ranging subjects of my own experience and interpretations. However, I found open minded souls, and after an interview and investigation into my appropriateness as a student, my enrolment was complete and I attended my first residential in February of 1997. It was such a surprising experience, that I wondered if, in fact, I had stumbled into some ‘new age’ conference event. The lecture hall was filled with about 150 mature age students, most of whom were involved in some form of alternative career path. Their interests included healing, the environment, education, art and various therapies. The hall had candles, flowers, incense and lovely images decorating it, creating a very friendly environment. The presentations by the professors, tutors and supervisors at the faculty of Social Ecology were hilarious and they were staged with panache, humour and social comment. I could hardly believe my eyes or ears. The Head of the School, Professor Stuart Hill, claimed that the staff was always ready to learn as much from the mature students as they were to learn from the other staff. This seemed to be a co-creative learning environment. It turned out to be exactly that. I managed to do eight units in 15 months and graduated in 1999.

Figure 6.3 Garth Popple, of ‘We Help Ourselves’, (drug rehabilitation) and I, at our graduation in 1999
It was during one of my regular visits to the University, that I spied a bright yellow leaflet on the notice board. It was an invitation to join a group of academics interested in convening a conference to address the needs of spirituality in the workplace. This was a subject close to my own heart. In my normal fashion, without hesitation, I called the contact, Patrick Bradbery, an academic from Charles Stuart University at the Mitchell Orange Agricultural College. It did not take long to establish rapport with him, and learn that he headed a group of enthusiastic people, who had been planning to stage a conference later in the year, with Professor Chakraborty, from India, as the keynote speaker. Without hesitation, I enquired how I could be of help. After some discussion, it was decided to hold a retreat weekend at my recently opened Blue Mountains centre. The group was to arrive on Friday evening and spend the weekend discussing the project, to assess the progress of the idea and ascertain what needed to happen for it to be a total success.

The process was to follow the work of Scott Peck (1996) and his book ‘A Road Less Travelled’. Two people who would observe and control the process would assist a facilitator named Noel. There was a strict process of speaking only when moved to do so. This of course led to much silence, with many silent pauses. I had been invited to participate in that process, and as hostess, was responsible for the breaks and meals. This required me several times to leave the process, to do the practical things to nurture and care for the group. The project did not get off the ground. My reading on why, was that the vision was great, but the implementation had “too many chiefs and not enough Indians”.

Figure 6.4 Patrick and Kerry, the key players and others, at my retreat, 1997
It is important to record as part of the history of SLaM, that the intention was to encourage 'spirit at work'. The concept was for people to come together to share their wisdom, searching for better ways to live and work together. I learned from this seed group that Australia was once known as Terra de la Espiritu Santo, the land of the Dreamtime. This was one of the reasons for my excitement at the venue chosen for the 5th SLaM event, at the Queensland Couran Cove Island Resort, developed in consultation with the local Aboriginal community on South Stradbroke Island. I was delighted at the opening ceremony when relatives of the late Kath Walker, Oodgeroo Noonuccal, the gifted poet, celebrated and performed their Dreamtime story, at the Gwondabah Cultural Centre on the island.

Even more fascinating to me was the connection of the spirit of the dolphin (Chapter 7). “Gwonda”, the dolphin spirit, represents the melding of humans and nature. It is a beautiful story of a man, who turned into a dolphin. It is also an explanation of the intimate association of the local coastal tribes with their environment, and of people working and living with nature.

Kerry Cochrane, another academic, reconvened the first SLaM conference from Charles Stuart University, along with his colleagues Jock and Patrick. Kerry had initiated contact with David Russell at UWS, University of Social Ecology, Richmond. The concept was resurrected and I was invited to participate in the planning and staging of the event in September 1998. David was able to offer the facilities of the campus to stage and house the event at minimal costs, and both universities were able to assist with postage, photocopying and other costs, which essentially enable us to proceed. There was no money, but at least now, arrangements had been agreed to and were underway.

I was able to draw on my professional expertise in staging international conferences and seminars, and also encourage the committee of men to bring on board several powerful and wonderfully gifted women. They were all voluntary, of course. It was not long before the group transformed from a committee into a team. I ‘held the space’ for that by my positive intentions,
and also was the only member who had the expertise to negotiate, plan and implement the practical side of such an undertaking. We also had on board a wonderful younger student, who had recently discovered her own Aboriginal heritage as a member of the Darag People, the local custodians of our campus. There was on the campus a faculty to study Indigenous culture, headed by Auntie Pearl. The other women who volunteered brought with them spiritual rituals, deep personal commitment to spirit and other required skills.

The short version of this magical journey was that within a few months we staged the first SLaM conference, literally ‘on the smell of an oily rag’. One of the main issues had been not to pay huge fees to any keynote speaker, much less an overseas speaker. I ‘held the space’ for that decision, claiming that there were many talented Australians, who would be ready and able to donate their time and expertise for such an historical project. This was the first of its kind on a University campus. This led to a really interesting and funny situation with Patrick, who had already more or less committed SLaM to paying Professor Chakraborty $4,000. Each time Patrick arrived for a meeting, he had to return to negotiating with the Professor without funds. Finally, as spirit would have it, the good man decided to come to Australia and make the opening keynote speech, and we only had to accommodate and feed him. This constituted a big win for spirit. The promotion, publicity, call for papers and advertising were done with great awareness of no budget. We did not produce high glossy color brochures, but distributed low cost mauve A4 leaflets. The conference fee was kept as low as we could manage, to encourage many people to participate. We were surprised and overwhelmed when more than 200 people attended. Every little detail, even to having individual mugs and cotton book bags for the conference program, were taken care of with the integrity of maintaining the environment.
We did not have an advertising budget as such, so apart from these humble advertisements, word of mouth and networking was our key marketing ploy. The Australian keynote speakers were fantastic. At one point, when I addressed the gathering in the lecture theatre, I asked for a show of hands to assess how many people knew each other from elsewhere and to my amazement almost half raised their hands. I was convinced we had co-created a like-minded group of individuals committed to our vision. It was an example of a morphogenetic field. For me personally, there were so many renewals with folk who I had met along the way of my own journey over more than 20 years. It was wonderful. The Darug People conducted the opening ceremony and the closing ceremony was a ceremony of taking a paper pyramid that everyone had helped build and decorate over the days of the conference and setting it alight, to literally set free the spirit that we had co-created. Some people attested to being transformed by the experience. One lovely woman, Megan Jones, was to become a key player in getting SLaM 2 off the ground.
In addition to being a huge spiritual success, the first SLaM conference had also become a financial success, with around $20,000 in the kitty from a no kitty start! It was suggested, and I arranged to have a retreat weekend, for the team to debrief and to consider our next move. At the closing session at the conference it was unanimously decided to stage SLaM 2 in 1999. There was much to be discussed. We arrived at the Blue Mountains cottage, complete with all comforts, to bunk down and work through a debrief. It soon became clear that something profound had changed in the working team. Money was involved and suddenly agendas were not so aligned. Our team became a committee, which was 'a horse of another nature'. In my inimitable fashion, as a 'motor mouth' always speaking my mind, I responded with: "So be it" to what felt for me like an emotional blackmail attempt by one of our number, who threatened to walk away if his way was not followed. Everyone was devastated.

Megan, who had been so affected by her personal transformation at the conference, that she joined the team to plan and implement SLaM 2, burst into tears. Such was the stage of high emotions. The weekend ended without a satisfactory solution to the 'money' problem, but the group decided that we now needed to become a legal entity for all kinds of reasons, including taxation. I felt that the nature of the game had changed enough for me to consider withdrawing my energy completely. Megan convinced me to help her handle the preparation for staging a second event, which was all new territory for her. I had a willing pupil and an instant bond with this woman, who had decided to give a year of her time, to give something back to the process. We became 'big
witch and little witch', working many hours together to get the show on the road. In my opinion, if Megan had not taken over the reigns of the project and some of the unfinished business, SLaM would simply have faded away. So, for the most part, I stayed in the background for SLaM 2, but had a strong influence on organising the keynote speakers.

The other part of this process was that in response to my global networking, several people from overseas contacted me to see how they might get involved. The British contact sought permission to hold a SLaM conference in Bristol in 1999. Our group had no problems with that, being thrilled to see the ripples flowing outward. My reward was that I was invited to open the British event to be held around the same time as SLaM 2. My agreement to myself was to stop paying expenses for any further projects out of my own pocket. I had been up to $20,000 in debt at times over 20 years to pay for my passion. This required me to sell up my home more than 14 times in that period, always on a rising market, always making just enough money to cover the debts incurred. With this in mind, I told the British group, that I would need to be accommodated and have a contribution to my airfare to England. Another magical process unfolded, as the facilitator in England agreed that the first five registrations would go towards my airfare. This was a major breakthrough for me, personally.

With SLaM Australia in the very capable hands of Megan and the team, I left for the UK, but not before becoming involved with another miracle, of facilitating a Peace Flame to Wales, as described in the first part of this section. I arranged for the Peace Flame to be returned to SLaM 2, as part of the program. The Welsh contingent arrived with The Flame and conducted a ceremony at the Sydney conference, and another group from Wales joined me with The Flame, to open the British inaugural SLaM event. Networking is the name of my game, and miracles happen. Megan, who comes from an information technology and human resources background in the corporate world, was very much a player and observer of how the magic unfolded. We were able to validate with each other, that spirit has more power than any executive organization. I work with circles of five, inviting five immediate
spirit co-workers to hold the vision of the deed to be accomplished, and for them to pass it on to their circle of five. It involves no arguments and no analysis, just simply trusting and holding the vision. It works. It is efficient, simple and rewarding, and it is magic.

Figure 6.8 Lighting the Peace Flame, July 99, UWS  Figure 6.9 The Mayor receiving the Peace Flame from Welsh School children

It might seem that SLaM and the Peace Flame are unrelated, however, they are an integral part in my own story, totally entwined, as parts of my mission in supporting my commitment to world peace. In less than four months, our Peace Flame had become one with seven other lamps flown in from around the world. Flames were lit in new lamps and taken to other global events. They became part of the ceremony at SLaM UK, and SLaM 2 in Australia, and one was carried across the seas on the QE2 by me, and then literally walked into the United Nations Nuclear Disarmament Conference from July 15th to October 23rd 1999. Not even a powerful media magnate could have achieved a mission like this with no funds, CEOs, or organisations, just spirit to move it. It demonstrated heart energy at its best. The first keynote speaker Professor Chakraborty, at our inaugural SLaM, 1998, had claimed: "Spirituality is the open heart and mind of an innocent child". Spirituality is love in action.
In 2000, when SLaM 3 passed into the hands of a Victorian academic team, at Ballarat, neither Megan nor I had much input. By now, SLaM had become a legal entity, ‘The Spirituality, Leadership & Management Network Ltd.’, and Megan was an on the Board of Directors and the Treasurer. It fell to her to work out all the financial puzzles that were now part of the process, as the funds had continued to grow. SLaM 4 in 2001 was convened in Canberra by the local chapter that emerged there. Although I chose not to be a delegate, I was responsible once more with my global networking, for bringing out a keynote speaker. Dr Debashis Chatterjee contacted me to find out about SLaM and within minutes I knew I would be involved in bringing him to Australia. He was the Head of the John Kennedy School of Government and Leadership at Harvard University, and the author of a wonderful book on leadership and spirit (Debashish 1999) Our project is another story.

This story described my involvement as a ‘midwife’ to SLaM. I had no intention of attending the event in Queensland. I was extremely confident at the Canberra event, that SLaM was a healthy bouncing ‘teenager’, with its own vibrant energy and that the team from the Gold Coast, who had claimed the right to stage the 2002 conference, were very capable and committed spiritual leaders in their own right. My attendance at the opening on the island was
another story of magic at work. Megan came to spend a few days with me in Ballina, before heading north to the conference. During her stay with me, I was moved in the early hours of the morning to offer to drive her to the event, with an idea that maybe I could stay overnight and reconnect with everyone. This was another example of making the commitment, leaving the space for spirit to work. The convenor for this year, Trish Purnell, invited me to stay over, and to stay for the opening ceremony.

Megan and I had an easy two-hour drive to Runnaway Bay, to catch the resort’s catamaran to the island. Our room was not ready for several hours, so I was able to enjoy all that the resort offered, sailing, swimming and generally appreciating what had gone into the development of an award winning, environmentally friendly tourist operation. It was a totally unique and inspiring Australian experience. There are no air conditioners and no cars, and the eco-cabins were hidden in the natural bush land, complete with mosquitoes at sunset. However, at the ready everywhere were bottles of natural repellents for our use. There were boardwalks that covered the 22 miles of sand dunes, and there were no imported fauna or flora to be seen. The opening keynote address given by the CEO of the resort told the story of how it had been developed in consultation with the local Indigenous People, and how every plant and tree had been protected. He went on further to share the ‘culture’ of the staff of service. It was a perfect opening in a perfect setting and ‘the cherry on the top’, was the presentation by the grandchildren of Oodgeroo Noonuccal, of their Dreamtime story. It portrayed the balance of the male and female becoming one. What an affirmation it was for me.

Young people featured in the rituals and entertainment and the facilitator, convener and artistic director were all women. The SLaM energy also now has a very strong feminine presence. Megan, the young artist, was only 20. Just as we had burned our paper pyramid at SLaM 1 to set spirit free, Megan had made a paper boat that sailed away in the fire ceremony, which opened the conference. The boat carried in it notes written by the delegates, naming what they needed to release for their own peace of mind. It was very symbolic.
Some people attending were not so comfortable with the environment and symbolism, but in my mind, it was perfect. More than half the 200 plus delegates were there for the first time and some of the original players were there for their 5th conference. It was a perfect opportunity for personal growth and transformation, as some found themselves outside their own comfort zones, because it was not as expected. It was an opportunity to cope with change and to ‘stay cool’. SLaM 6 was in Perth in 2003, and SLaM UK 5 was in 2002. “From small seeds great oak trees grow”. The ripples of this adventure are now circling the Earth, manifesting in many groups exploring ‘Spirit in Action’. I know many of them and their conveners in America, Spain, Europe, Japan, New Zealand and England. I have watched them grow from little ‘ginger groups’ to become mainstream and many of the people involved are now in great demand to the business world, who are wanting to know what we have learned about Spirituality, Leadership and Management.

SLaM has come of age; the baby emerged into a healthy child, nurtured and encouraged to be a brave young adult. SLaM is ready to face the world and lead the way and I acknowledge my role as the ‘midwife’ supporting its birth. SLaM Australia became the networking tool to promote the important film ‘What the Bleep’ and sponsored a website, which offered all the information and even a workbook to anyone who was interested, free of charge.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 6.12 Couran Cove Resort, the perfect setting for SLaM 5.
Experiences with Corporate Cowboys and Other People

I seemed to have an interesting relationship with quite a number of people in my business life; all except one were men. All of them were very challenging and all of them offered me a golden opportunity to move on emotionally and spiritually.

It is more than seven years since I encountered the young fast moving and fast talking whiz kid. He was right in the middle of organising motivational seminars, based on ‘heart’ energy. I was given a ticket to one and attended with a friend for my 60th birthday. ‘The Winning Edge’, proudly sponsored by Optus, promised a ‘5 hour extravaganza’ of excellence in motivational training. Brad was the engine behind the vision; he would be one of the three high flyers making the presentations. The other two were Bob Pritchard, who had gold star recommendation from major sporting events as their promotion and marketing guru, and the other was the young and extremely successful Siimon Reynolds. His reputation exploded into the ‘big time’ in the early 80’s with the ‘Grim Reaper’ campaign to prevent AIDS. I could not miss the opportunity to share my 60th birthday with such a grand team. The ticket was a gift worth $245.00. The program has already been presented in six other locations in New South Wales, starting on November 11th, coming to Penrith on the 18th November 1996.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 6.13 Brochure for Australian tour
I sat in the front row. The venue was filled with several hundred people, and I had already experienced some magic, connecting with people from the past. The seminar was electrifying, but from my evaluation, Brad was a stand out winner. He was moving like a dancer around the stage, spilling his ‘heart’ energy, sharing his most intimate stories of his childhood, his first job, borrowing money from his mother and claiming that the reason for his success was heart energy. We constantly made eye contact as he moved around the stage and I was totally enthralled to hear his story. It was a story of a self-made young man, not yet 40 years old. I experienced him to be a genuine and compassionate man of integrity. I decided on the spot that this was the man with the vision already up and running of ‘waking up Australia’, with whom I wanted to work. My corporate training, that gave valuable practical tools for ‘attitudinal’ healing, would fit in perfectly. I made myself known to Brad at the end of the day and promised to contact him with a proposal, too good to refuse and with an iron clad guarantee of ‘money back,’ if not satisfied. At that moment, 18th November 1996, I felt I had found a powerful business partner and that we would do great things together.

Our relationship began on that day and into the next year, with the last communication on 26th August 1997. I sent him a fax the very next day offering him an ‘interactive’ component to give his seminar a leading edge. I had been inspired by the previous day to commence a new career as a ‘personal trainer’ to corporate giants. I note from the communication sent to him that he had given me a gift of his training tapes, according to him, “just for being lovely”. Prior to the seminar, I had already delivered an invitation to him and Siimon to meet me and my colleague, who at that time was setting up his vision of ‘World Harmony’, a program devoted to world peace, through business. The timing seemed to be perfect.

Our first one on one meeting was at his very grand Balmoral residence, on a February 1997 weekend. The brilliant architect designed home had been the front page story in a national magazine that week. I had been constantly in communication with him since November. I had sent him a proposal offering him my service as a corporate personal trainer for $1000 a week. This was for
me a major break through in negotiations, as in the past I was so enthusiastic to offer my services that I did not put a value on them, which meant that there were many times when I did major work and never got paid.

The correspondence was bold, exciting and mirrored the energy of the brash bold young executive. He seemed to be intrigued by my vision, energy, boldness, and me. He agreed to give me some one-off freelance assignments at a negotiated fee, based on senior public relations awards. I was very thrilled. The first of those assignments was to read the latest management books and write a synopsis of them for him. This was intended to save him time. He was more than pleased with my work. The next assignment was for me to evaluate the marketing promotional tapes for his Home Security business, that he had in partnership with another high flyer. The result of that report did not please him. I promptly pointed out that the entire project was not in integrity. It was a long way from his perception of ‘serving the community’. The training program video shows how the sales representatives of Home Security, would be neatly dressed in uniforms, they were instructed to remove their shoes before going into a home, and lastly, especially with little old ladies, they were to offer additional support. My report was not what he wanted to hear. This is not the first time that I have been involved with people who I totally trusted, only to be disappointed. In recent times though, the alarm bells ring very quickly and I am able to ‘see the trees in the forest’, instead of ‘getting lost in the scrub’.

It was an interesting nine months. I felt that he trusted me. I was convinced that it was my role to help him move and understand the cosmic rules of the universe. He sponsored my trip to Brisbane, Queensland University to make a presentation at the 1997 World Futures Conference. My last communication to him was sent a week after the funeral of my spiritual brother, Burnam Burnam. I sent with it a story I had written about the power of an empire built on love, not on making millions.

I was making great personal headway, having made several very important New Year’s resolutions, especially to get out of debt. I had been extremely vulnerable, using my home as collateral over the years, to borrow the money to
keep my projects born of passion up and running. None of them had commercial value. Perhaps the only one that could have paid its way was my documentary ‘Oceania, The Promise of Tomorrow’. It had a value on the international market of more than $100,000. The reason it did not get sold into the international market place was my decision not to take off the highly political messages that were included on the end of the film. I had at times been up to $200,000 in overdraft without any real income. At least, Brad least paid my bill and sponsored my trip to Brisbane.

In 1997, I made a commitment to myself, based on ‘we, one, won, now’.

1. To get out of debt
2. To create abundant cash flow
3. To train captains of industry
4. To receive due respect and rewards
5. To find appropriate playmate for life
6. To be fit well and happy all the time
7. To have help with house and garden
8. To have help with computer skills
9. To keep my agreement with myself
10. To be love and light always

Burnham’s death was a turning point for me. He had been in and out of my life since the beginning of my ‘Rainbow Dolphin Healing Journey’. He was also a mirror reflection to me. He was a man of great integrity, very misunderstood by most people, from both the black and white communities. He had single handedly and with great aplomb and humour made world headlines in 1988 by planting the red, black and yellow flag of the Australian Aboriginal community on the shores of Dover, in England to claim it for his people. We were born in the same year, he in January 1936 and me in November. We used to laugh about our kindred spirits so committed to world peace and so connected to the dolphins. He suffered a heart attack in July 97 and decided to simply “bypass the bypass”, in his own words. He chose instead to spend the last weeks of his life putting his own world in order and healing what needed to be healed with his families.
His funeral was a huge affair, with more than 1000 spilling onto the footpath outside the tiny church in Jannali. People came to sing his praises loud and clear. I was so moved and wondered why they had not done it loud and clear before he died. I related to his lack of acknowledgement, and his larger than life individualism. It was at his funeral that I make a commitment to myself to get out of debt and take care of my own immediate needs. This meant selling up my home yet again to get out of debt.

The story of my real estate negotiations is the stuff of miracles, and is always based on trust. My letter to Brad showed that I was turning a corner for a more comfortable future, which would see me get out of debt and cease to be vulnerable. I wanted to share the tools with Brad, to demonstrate that lack of money was not lack of personal power.

Figure 6.14 Buddies in spirit, Burnham and I, 1988
My next big adventure into the corporate world followed swiftly. I thought I was going to play a major role in developing a program to raise money and awareness for youth suicide. It was not to be. It was another lesson for me in rushing full on into a project with passion, enthusiasm and trust. A local real estate agent had caught my attention with the release of his book ‘What they don’t teach you in school’. I invited him to be a guest on my regular weekly radio program. We had a great time and we arranged a meeting to see if we could work together in trust for a mutual agenda, to help the young people in trouble. The media remind us that youth suicide is one of the major disasters in modern Australia. I negotiated a fair fee, less than half of the professional fee due to me by senior awards in my profession. It was my way of making a
commitment to give something to the project, and yet keep my agreement to myself about not giving away my considerable skills. I put a proposal together of how we might work together to find a solution to the problem in conjunction with a youth organisation that was already established and doing a great job. It was 4\textsuperscript{th} May 2000.

I felt like I had won the lottery, to be paid to do a job that would help kids. To cut a long story short, it was another disappointment. The man in question had another agenda. In my opinion, he was really looking for self-promotion, especially as he was in the process of changing from real estate to motivational training business. Once more, I ‘put my big foot in it’, when on reviewing his book, I suggested some alterations that would make it more palatable for high schools, which was his intended audience for the book. In the opinion of several publishers and myself, it missed the mark. I struggled with the project for three months, and finally chose to opt out. My alarm bells were ringing. It was clear to me that if he had really wanted to help with youth suicide, he would be better off donating the sums of money he was paying me, directly to Reachout. His arrangement with them was that they would get 10\% of his book sales. This was another big learning curve. Although frustrating, it was great to realise that each new day offers something new learn if I remain open and willing to learn.

My best teachers are my two daughters. What is interesting for me to observe, is that my daughters, Jody and Michelle, are extremely successful professionals in the same career path of communications. They both run their own businesses and have powerful corporate clients. They seemed to have learned from my mistakes and have become alert to the pitfalls of trusting too much. In each of my recent forays into big business, including these two most recent episodes, they have often warned me ahead of time to be careful of the persons with whom I am dealing.
The First International Congress on Cancer

In 1994, I became the engine behind the first International Congress on Cancer. Forty eminent professors, doctors, oncologist and others from around the world came to Sydney for the event. I was contacted by a friend in Los Angeles to put me in touch with the woman, who had the vision for such a bold plan. Apparently, she had spent more than $5000 on hiring a consultant to get corporate sponsorship, which had failed miserably. The woman, ‘Jill’ was ‘stuck between a rock and a hard place’, having made the commitment to hold the conference by inviting the keynotes and did not have the money to complete the project. She felt that she had wasted her money and desperately needed help. Once more, I managed to get caught up in what I thought were wonderful synchronicities, right down to the fact that her account was an old friend of mine from the past.

I decided that this time, in 1994, I would keep my agreement to myself and put the deal to help on paper, and ‘cross the T's and dot the I’s’. It seemed like an extraordinary opportunity to combine visions and skills. Jill could see the universe in a cell through her microscope, and I saw the eagle eye view of the universe and the bigger picture and understood how important the conference could be. Our gifts were complimentary, and I negotiated with her to undertake the rescue on a minimum ‘out of pocket’ weekly fee, with an appropriate professional fee at the end of the project, based on performance. I immediately ‘sailed forth’ and spirit supported the intention to hold the conference. Within a couple of weeks I managed to secure major sponsors. Almost every person I called on knew someone dying of cancer, and they were key people in the airline, hotel and complimentary healthcare companies. I was able to get them to commit more than $50,000 of sponsorship, which enabled the vision of this challenging event to go ahead.

My all round expertise meant I was able to create and produce all the advertising and promotion material and also organised a trade fair to be held in conjunction with the conference. In addition, through my contacts, I was able to organise two prominent people to open the conference at a public meeting to
be held at Darling Harbour for about 1000 people. Suddenly, I needed office space and staff, with such a huge program to get done in a very short time. My wonderful global network rose to the occasion. They are as idealistic as I am, and wanted the conference to be a success. In terms of the media generated, nothing I had done before or since was so abundant. Even so, not all of the media attention was positive. The Cancer Council of NSW used public money to publish a book warning against unproven treatments for cancer. The AMA launched a huge attack in their journal using terminology like ‘newts and frogs’, implying that we were hosting charlatans. The facts were that many of the guest presenters were Professors from 14 international universities. The theme was ‘Cancer is a puzzle. There are answers’.

Figure 6.16 One of many promotional items I designed

I located people for testimonials, who had either recovered, or gone into remission, using some of the treatments. The radio and television broadcast, along with the national magazine articles, ensured that for the weeks leading up to the event, it was well publicised. Another major coup was that I scored ‘free’ railway poster boards on major metropolitan stations throughout Sydney. We only had to supply the cost of production of the huge posters. In terms of dollars, the promotion and advertising was done on a shoestring with thousands of dollars worth of exposure. In attempt to get the then Minister for Health on board, I contacted the NSW government. I had been interacting with key health beaucrats for years, as Director of ‘We Help Ourselves’, one of Australia’s top drug rehabilitation programs. I had established confidence in my ability to get things done.
Because of my past reputation and know how, I was able to convince the premier’s people, to rent me an office in the State office block on Macquarie Street, for a ‘peppercorn’ rent. This address in the NSW State office building gave the entire progress a veil of credibility, because people assumed that the government was supporting us. The only other government department in the building was the newly set up team to plan the 2000 Olympics. The building, like many other government buildings, had been empty while its fate was being decided. It was perfect for me and by now my growing army of volunteers doing all the things necessary to get the job done. We had only a few months to make Jill’s dream a reality.

At the time of our first meeting, Jill did not even have a venue to stage the conference. Spirit was moving fast. I was working 28 hours a day, eight days a week. Both my daughters were in awe of the scope of things to be done. They both paid me an unusual compliment, acknowledging that no one else in Australia could have done the job. They did warn me, however, that it looked to them like I was setting myself up for yet another disappointment. They were not wrong. I gave my time, expertise, and know how, and inspired a huge army of volunteers to participate, without whom the logistics of the conference, trade fair and seminars would not have been possible. At the end of the day, Jill broke her agreement to pay me a lump sum. Apparently, according to her, she never actually signed the agreement that I thought was in place. On retrieving the document, she was right. I had only her word against mine.
I was devastated. I had once again ‘jumped in boots and all’ to be in service, fulfilling a common vision, to bring important information to the community. I had also promoted the woman as the ‘best thing since sliced bread’ and unfortunately, as in previous situations, she believed her own publicity. I was owed about $12,000, which was less than half the professional fee due to me for such a task. I consoled myself with the fact that, without my experience, the conference would not have happened. The end results were the establishment of an alternative doctor’s organisation to the official AMA, and the huge and overwhelming response of the public. At least I had not borrowed money to help out.

Experiences with the International Conference on Longevity

I have had the opportunity to put into practice so many of the lessons I have learned along the way. I acted as the ‘midwife’ to the inaugural International Conference on Longevity. The project was the vision of a ‘baby boomer’, John Weller and his young son Noah. John is a visionary, who is a practising criminal lawyer with an altruistic outlook. He financed the first natural healing centre in Melbourne in 1976. These two incredible people had been working for more than two years to initiate this leading edge and timely event. They located international scientific and medical researchers, to invite them to Australia in 2004. In addition, they contracted to bring Dr Patch Adams and Dr David Suzuki to Australia, to head up the multidisciplinary conference, to address the quality of life of people and the planet, as we moved into the new millennium with an ageing population.

According to the World Health Organisation (2000) there will be 1.2 billion people over the age of 60 by the year 2025. The mission of the conference was to bring together the leading edge researchers in the fields of medicine, allied health care, science and policy from significantly different fields of operation. They were to address the vital questions associated with developing strategies for healthy lifestyles and examining the issues of integrating prevention, early detection, treatment of age related disease and dysfunction, in addition to
taking a holistic viewpoint of socioeconomic and environmental issues, to ensure the health of the planet.

My involvement was the result of my bold and very cheeky encounter with John Weller on 28th May. I was returning from a visit to Sydney and literally bumped into him as we boarded a bus at the airport to board our plane to Ballina. I knew before the end of that plane ride that we were destined to meet and to work together on his visionary project.

I have been reflecting on the ‘dolphinicity’ of that first encounter, especially the magic of the timing of it, in light of what is unfolding, which is giving me the opportunity to ‘walk my talk’ and to demonstrate the theory of my PhD thesis, ‘Midwife to Gaia’, which is about birthing a global consciousness, starting with individual consciousness. I cannot change the world; I have learned that I can change me and that when I change, my world, the world around me changes. I can see the results mirrored to me by those in my immediate circle. Moreover, this project is giving me the opportunity to avoid the kind of errors made in the past, as a result of my over enthusiasm and lack of discernment. It is a perfect test case for my personal theories, based on years of experiences, which were my biggest learning curves.

I have been able to identify my patterns, behaviour and some simple rules of engagement, which have literally ‘turned me upside down’. The reflections of the last year or so writing my RTA have not only revealed my successful transition from a person always in charge, to one who is now in charge and control only of my own immediate space. The joy of finding personal peace, even in times of extreme
busyness, is a direct result of changed patterns in my own behaviour and observations. I have been able to ‘let go’ of needing to be responsible for anything except my own actions, and doing the best I can. On a daily basis, I am constantly amazed at the perfect process that is unfolding, and how the ‘divine intelligence’ supports my every move. It is so powerful and wonderful, that it works miracles in very practical ways constantly. It is clear to me, that personal and individual power has nothing to do with hierarchy, money, organisations or authority. I am witnessing a continual result of holding a space, to allow the energy to flow without interruption. It is energy, based solely on trust and love.

My reward is living in a state of bliss, so that even though it is an exciting challenge, I feel really peaceful and there is no stress. This has been validated on having a medical check up, which revealed my blood pressure to be 120/75, the blood pressure of a healthy young woman. This reading compared well to six years ago, when I was undertook a 24-hour monitoring of my readings, because I was resisting my physician, who wanted me to take medications. At that time, the reading, even at rest, was 165/110. My physician explained that at my age and with my family history it was dangerously high and could be likened to ‘plumbing under stress’, which could give way without warning with serious repercussions. Having been involved for more than 20 years with complimentary health practitioners and promoting a holistic approach to personal health, it did not feel comfortable for me to start taking drugs. The personal philosophy that I have developed over these years has been to take personal responsibility and to work on what causes disease. My
conclusion well researched and backed up by leaders in the field of natural therapies, is that the body has extraordinary healing powers when not contaminated or polluted by substances. Moreover, often disease is a signal for a person to take a look at their life to find out where there is a lack of balance. We are mental, physical, emotional and spiritual beings, and if one of these areas becomes stressed the normal bodily functions break down and dis-ease results (Chopra, 1990, 1993).

My role with the International Longevity Conference gave me the opportunity to put in place both my professional and spiritual skills. In fact, my role was almost one of a ‘guardian angel’, to protect the project as it unfolded, changing old patterns and replacing them with new ones. The ‘hats I wore’ as an executive director in the business world, my cosmic fairy hat and my academic hat, combined to transform me into a ‘wise old owl’, using wisdom to protect and cut a path through the emotional minefields that still exist.
My personal networking put me in ‘three’ degrees of separation, to reach major players on the world stage. We were together pushing the envelope of staging a traditional international event, that would make a major contribution to the future. This project gave me the opportunity to use all the wonderful tools that I have developed over 30 years of professional expertise, along with the same number of years in my own personal growth and appreciation of my achievements. It felt like I have lived 100 lives, in order to be able to fulfill this very important role as ‘midwife’, completing a full circle from birth to death and beyond.

John, Noah and I had a conference with the key players from a local University, who had enthusiastically embraced the project. Our groundbreaking international conference and the World Health Organisation behind it, dovetailed perfectly with a major collaboration between the University and a local municipal Council, creating an exciting exploration between private, government and academic worlds on the future of ‘healthy’ ageing.

I had a meeting with a senior executive, who questioned me for more than an hour about the conference timing, budget, promotion, costs, and the members of steering committee who chose the international keynote speakers. I got the feeling this person was focusing on what could not be done, rather than what was happening and being achieved, with the main concern being that there would not be enough time to get the delegates to come. I left the meeting feeling confident that I had allayed his fears and promised to back up and support our claims that we were on target and progressing well. I tried to explain to him the difference of working with the ‘new tools’ and the synchronicity and magic that unfolds. I guess it was a difficult concept for a person who has climbed the corporate ladder working for others in safety and rarely taking risks.

I was devastated. John, Noah and I left the meeting and agreed that fear had replaced trust. What a debilitating and paralyzing energy fear is. It limits individuals from achieving their full potential. It was in that setting that I
realised that my role was one of guardian angel, to protect, nurture and encourage the need to trust.

One week after the tense meeting at the University, the original enthusiasm and commitment to participate returned. It was fascinating to watch the ebb and tide of the flows of energy, which were exchanged, as the project became more visible and concrete. John and Noah have invited some of the world’s leading edge medical scientists to participate in March, however, much work was needed to stage such an important event. The team of experts that were drawn together for the Longevity conference could not have been more appropriate, if they had been interviewed and chosen by an executive in human resource management. Each individual had wonderful gifts to offer and all were connected to my past and now resided in Northern NSW. We were cross-generational, covering 50 years in age differences and that was not a problem. There was such respect and harmony in the group, holding and working for the same vision. We were also building a bridge between the cosmic and the academic worlds, with comparative ease. We had backgrounds in business, healing and academia. The vision had stalled, almost to a full stop, before that fateful plane journey on May 28th, when John and I had our first miraculous encounter.
Organising the Longevity conference was extremely rewarding time, to demonstrate and witness the power of the unseen energy of spirit based on love. It was a wonderful example of cooperation instead of competition, which made all the unexpected events and hiccoughs along the way seem worthwhile.

On 29/09/03, John’s ex-wife, Bethany, died. I have had the privilege of being present at the birth of new spirits. This was the first time I witnessed a newly deceased person, leaving their family. I have in the last 30 odd years had many initiations into the realms of spirit. I have been involved actively with healing in many ways. I did witness, not too willingly, an open coffin funeral of a dear friend and I did not even view the body of my mother before her cremation in 1986. I missed my very special grandmother Lena’s funeral in 1958, because I arrived late, not deliberately, but maybe unconsciously, not wanting to acknowledge her untimely death and wanting to only remember the ‘little Peter Pan’, magical woman, full of love and life. How I came to be with John and Noah is another example of divine intelligence, working perfectly, and being in tune with it.

Figure 6.20  Noah and John Weller, son and dad, partners and visionaries
I had been visiting a very important international conference on ‘Spirit and Learning’ nearby, when I had the inspiration to call John and Noah to tell them I wanted to come by and give them a cuddle. It was only four hours after their phone call about Bethany’s death and it did not occur to me that Bethany’s body would still be with them. John did not tell me on the phone, he just said it would be fine to go and visit them. That is how I found myself suddenly in the position of being able to be part of a sacred circle, singing sacred songs while they bade Bethany farewell. This also clarified for me an idea of how I need to be to stay in tune with spirit and to expect miracles. I had been playing with the notion of Inspiration, Intention, Integrity, Action and Commitment as a recipe for success, along the lines of: I + I + I + A + C = divine reality. However, this episode seemed to spell out: I + I + I + C + A = divine result.

Another learning episode happened in October 2003, when in a moment involving inattention, rain and wet thongs, my foot slipped, and bang! I was spinning around at local intersection, having collided with an older lady in her car, barely grazing her bumper bar, but wrecking my car door and rear panel. I had ventured out to do a favour for someone else in my busy timetable.

What was there to learn in this first car bingle in 26 years? Firstly and interestingly, was a coincidence of the highest order. John Weller, my colleague and convener of the Longevity Conference, also had a car bingle, almost to the minute, in a town about 30 kms away! How interesting, especially in the light of sharing such an intimate experience, of being one of the immediate and inner circle at the death of
his ex-wife and his son, Noah's mother. I was also dealing with the almost fatal tick paralysis, which happened to my darling dog, Sunshine, almost at the same time that Bethany, the ex-wife and mother was dying just up the road. I keep having extreme moments of synchronicity with John, we almost always pick up the phone at the same time to communicate, or I will be talking about him and he calls in.

My inner checking is clear on the nuisance of the car bingle, the cost and the off the road inconvenience. I am not holding any old stuff to deal with, which is good.

On 22nd October, 2003, I noted that my reflections were catching up with me. The last two weeks had seen my blood pressure go up, and although there have been lots of daily miracles with the conference project, there had been moments, which caused me to feel uncomfortable.

I am looking at a repeating pattern of mine, which occurs when I leap off a cliff without a parachute and without taking into account my own needs. What does my current situation remind me of? What is that recurring pattern? Clearly, it is the first flush of excitement being replaced by an uncomfortable, 'glump' in my stomach. What is causing this? What do I need to do to handle it? The game of organising the Longevity conference is proving to be stressful, instead of fun. That is always the first sign of trouble.
I have a history of getting myself into these situations. In 1985, I rushed into difficulties with a woman and her waterbaby. In 1986, I rushed into a business deal with a South African, which cost me dearly and made millions for him. In 1994, it was the Cancer Conference. In 1996, a Dutch woman and her two kids came to stay at my home and turned my life upside down. In 2001, a French Canadian GP/obstetrician arrived with her five year old and made my life a misery.

In every case, I went into overdrive to support, assist and help these people, with the attitude that there would be mutual benefit. Each of these episodes was very costly to me on a personal level, emotionally and financially. My passion and enthusiasm blinds me to reality. I get carried away with the magic, the synchronicity and the ‘dolphinicity’. Admittedly, the alarm bells ring earlier and earlier and I have been able to extricate myself and pay the price. I can feel the alarm bells going off again.

I have in the last two weeks tried to talk to John about my needs and feelings that I am not appreciated, supported or being heard. I am going to write a memo to John and spell out my concerns. The fact that we both crashed our cars on the same day is interesting, and for me, it is a wake up call. It is a wake up call to pay attention to me and my needs. The biggest single problem for me is John’s attitude towards money and the power of money to resolve issues. I feel that I have been very patient and I have been competing for John’s time and attention, with many major difficulties in his own life. All this leaves me feeling that my time is not valued as it
should be and as I need it to be. It is time for a ‘man to (wo)man’ meeting of the minds and heart.

My token consultant fee for the Longevity conference management, of $1000 a month, covered at best about eight hours a week! I have been working ‘full on and full at it’ 24/7. In addition, I brought to the project two very professional colleagues, who would cost at least $500 a day, but they both chose to work without pay on a commission basis, at the end of the day. I know John realised that without these angels the whole project and vision would have stalled. The company John retained to stage the event in Sydney was outside their comfort zone and had no idea where to go next.

Major challenges were met by my special skills, not the least of which was getting the approval and welcome letter from the President of the AMA. The number of extraordinary connections are too numerous to describe, but the bottom line is that the project powered on and we all did a great job. It was a demonstration of ‘leaderless leadership’, cooperation instead of competition, and a shared vision. I realised, however, that every little detail had to have crystal clear clarity, integrity and appreciation. The harmony within was reflected in the harmony and results achieved.

On 27th October 2003 I wrote: It has been a great week. I have had a heart to heart with John and found common ground to continue with respect and appreciation. We really are a mirror reflection for each other in many ways. We have revisited my fee and upped the ante, plus fun has been restored. All is well in the game plan once more. How much easier is it to deal with ‘stuff’ immediately and clear the air? It is a constant reminder of the fact that time is NOW and NOW is all that matters. It is ever so much easier than carrying great burdens of angst or disappointment around.
The feedback on the project, which is now in the public arena through advertising by sending thousands of flyers out to trade publications in the health industry, is very exciting. Things are moving right along as they must and will, if we keep our intention, integrity, commitment and cooperation on target with our actions. We are collectively facing a time for the rebirth of the planet – just 10 days before my next birthday.

Tomorrow is the 23rd anniversary of my first encounter and interspecies communication with the dolphins. I meet little waterborn babies regularly. The whales and the dolphins choose to interact with the human race on a grand scale all over the world. This is not a bad result in such a short time in terms of human history. My birthday will be a celebration of my commitment to healing, following the message received 27 years ago in New York. The mission given and accepted was literally “to turn the world upside down and replace cobwebs with stardust”. I have not diverted from this path for 27 years. My thesis: ‘Midwife to Gaia’, is about birthing attitudinal healing. I have learned so much along the way and currently have the opportunity to practice what I have learned.

It is interesting for me to reflect on the material I wrote in my little tome, ‘Cross Your Bridges When You Come To Them’, which could have been subtitled: ‘There are no accidents!’. I am still singing the same song today that led me to an altered state of consciousness. The message was simple then and it is still simple today.
Nothing is impossible and my personal freedom is a matter of choice. It is a matter of choice of how I respond to life either from love and trust or fear and doubt.

Working in partnership with John and the team to produce the inaugural conference on healthy ageing, is the most rewarding project I have ever had the opportunity to work on. I am extremely conscious of how important it is to be crystal clear and transparent in every thought and action, in order to maintain harmony and peace within, which then reflect without. How good does it get?

29th October 2003: What a fantastic result of my ‘man to (wo)man’, which turned out to be a ‘hearts to heart’ talk with John, to clear the air and to state my needs. We had a very meaningful one on one sharing in a lovely beachside restaurant yesterday. We found more common ground for the vision of a long term partnership on healthy ageing and all that implies. He suggested that it is a 10 year plan of action. I felt very special, because John honoured my request to be taken to lunch or dinner as a sign of appreciation. We both turned off our mobile phones and stayed in deep discussion, while eating a delicious lunch with a bottle of very lovely wine. All my needs were met and I am so grateful. Time is the most precious commodity for both of us and I am sure that we are mirror reflections of each other in many ways. I know it is not an accident that we have the opportunity to work on relationship issues, with both of us being very strong and demanding individuals. How amazing it is to have the chance to be honest and non critical, while at the
same time stating clearly my own needs. The exciting result is that I have been heard. This is a major breakthrough for me, which is we, which is one, won, NOW.

The bottom line is the lessons I have learned in the last three weeks. My car is ‘spic and span’, and repaired at the cost of $1500, it was a bargain. I have negotiated an appropriate fee for my professional skills for a project that allows me to combine my business, academic and spiritual knowledge, thus creating a new model of leaderless leadership on a major international event. The inaugural International Conference on Healthy Ageing has huge implications and ramifications for change on a personal, local and planetary scale. I am ready for the challenge and the game ahead. I am holding the space for personal peace and harmony, which flows on into global peace and harmony. What a difference a day or 21 days make!

Chapter Summary and Reflection

In this chapter I reflected on projects, which were not planned; they simply happened and I was guided in total trust. The stories attested to my passion for projects and the lessons I have learned from them. The projects included the Peace Flame, The Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Ltd (SLaM), experiences with corporate cowboys and other people, the First International Congress on Cancer and experiences with colleagues preparing for the International Conference on Longevity.

My reflections on these experiences were that I have tended to approach projects with passion and a ‘can do’ attitude. Sometimes I have become disillusioned with people, mostly men, who have not had the integrity I imagined they possessed. Even so, I have been able to fulfill my promises I
made to myself in 1997, to enrich my life in all its aspects, by continuing to be proactive and reflective.

I am learning about being a ‘Midwife to Gaia’, which is about birthing a global consciousness, starting with individual consciousness. I know I cannot change the world; I have learned that I can only change me and that when I change, my world, the world around me changes. I can see the results mirrored to me by those in my immediate circle. Moreover, this project is giving me the opportunity to avoid the kind of errors made in the past, as a result of my over enthusiasm and lack of discernment. It is a perfect test case for my personal theories, based on years of experiences, which were my biggest learning curves.

I am looking at my repeating pattern, which occurs when I leap off a cliff without a parachute and without taking into account my own needs. I ask myself: What does my current situation remind me of? What is that recurring pattern? Clearly, it is the first flush of excitement being replaced by an uncomfortable, ‘glump’ in my stomach. When I asked myself: What is causing this? What do I need to do to handle it?, I realised something important. The game of organising the Longevity conference was proving to be stressful, instead of fun, so now I can see in situations like this, that feeling stressed is always the first sign of trouble.
MIDWIFE TO GAIA, BIRTHING GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS: A REFLECTIVE TOPICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Part 3

Estelle Myers
MAppSc (Social Ecology)

Department of Nursing and Health Care Practices
Southern Cross University
Lismore, New South Wales, 2480

A thesis submitted in total fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

June, 2008
CHAPTER SEVEN: DOLPHINICITY, BIRTH AND DEATH

This chapter describes the stories of the magic and mystery of the conscious decision and commitment to set up the world’s first research centre dedicated to understanding the connection between *Homo Sapiens* and the ocean going family *Homo Delphinus*.

On October 28th, 1980, I had my first encounter in the ocean with dolphins. My life changed that day and this chapter revisits the stories of how it changed and what has been achieved. Human babies are being born from the water of the womb into the water of the world. I see them as the ‘peacemakers’ of the future, as they will have a gentle non-violent beginning. These stories of fact are even more amazing than fiction.

My life stories in this chapter relating to dolphinicity, birth and death, include the birth of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, freeing cetacea and humans, dolphinicity, Easter Stories about water babies, something precious about art and family, ‘Just Call Me Dot: Midwife to Death’, and dolphin disappointments.

**Birth of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand**

On 17th June 1981 I left a 50-cent deposit on an $80,000 property in Tutukaka, three hours north of Auckland. My colleague and dear friend of these years, Dr Horace Dobbs, was with me and we sat together in the house with the owners, a doctor and his wife, who had recently built the home to live in. Circumstances changed suddenly and the doctor was being transferred to work in a hospital in Wellington, dashing their plans to settle in beautiful Tutukaka.

Horace and I were on a tour to make presentations at an Oceans Conference and to visit with the pioneer dolphin people, Jan and Wade Doaks, who lived in the area. I had been corresponding with Wade for some months, writing cosmic communications about the magic of the human dolphin connection. Wade had been the key person to introduce me to the very small group of men already involved in cetacea (whale/dolphin) research. Horace, an ex-atomic scientist, was at the top of the cetacea interest list, next to the French person, Jacques.
Mayol, who held the record for free diving (diving without air tanks). The others on the list were Dr John Lily and Jim Nollman in America. They all shared a common thread; their lives had been changed, as indeed mine had, by their encounters with dolphins.

The birth of the concept of creating a research centre to study the magic of the human dolphin connection was already nine months old. It was conceived at Cape Tribulation in Queensland Australia, 29th October 1980. Here I was, now committed to buying this property overlooking the glorious Bay of Tutukaka, to set up a foundation and research centre. Believe it or not, the address was Dolphin Place.

Figure 7.1  Tutukaka, NZ, June 17th, 1981, celebrating the birth of the RDC
I was caught up in the fire of my imagination during these nine months. I had come to New Zealand for the very first time earlier in the year, to attend the Nambassa rock/healing festival. My mission at the time was to promote ‘A Course In Miracles’ and to share the story of my amazing encounter with the dolphins at Cape Tribulation three months earlier. To my amazement, there were 79,000 people collected in a tent city not far from Hamilton. Considering the population of New Zealand, around or just under four million, this indeed seemed extraordinary.

Many of the world’s leading gurus were present, including Ram Dass, Ina May and Steven Gaskin from The Farm, Eileen Caddy from Findhorn, Chief Orem Lyons, the representative for all American Indians at the United Nations and members of many different alternative religions, sects and communities. In my opinion, New Zealand at the time was way out in front of anything I had experienced in America or at home in Australia, in relation to openness to dolphin research. I was delighted and excited, when everywhere I looked, the tents, sound stages and decorations were a combination of rainbows and dolphins. They were the two symbols given to me just three months earlier to use for encouraging unity for world peace meditations. I had made up t-shirts to give away and sell to raise money for my project, ‘World Energy’; they had a rainbow circle on them with three dolphins swimming around the circle and a
message. The message from the dolphins was "We are One"; we are the energy that can heal the world with our unified force field.

The festival was a 'full on hippie' affair. New Zealand had already embraced very healthy lifestyles, alternative and complementary medicine, and the need to take care of the environment. Many young people had already turned their backs on traditional lifestyle and were living in converted buses or shared rural retreats and practised 'simple living', often without electricity or other
modern amenities. This was a movement only just beginning elsewhere and in much smaller numbers. It was the ultimate 'brown rice and sandals' brigade.

My ‘Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace’ concept was received with open hearts and minds. Many people immediately asked me if I knew Wade Doak, the acknowledged guru of human dolphin research in NZ. He published a dive magazine known as ‘Project Interlock’, collecting real life stories of people’s dolphin initiated human interactions (DINTs). This was Wade’s terminology. It was not long before I realised that if I did not know him, that I must make every effort to find him before leaving NZ. Thus began another adventure.

My intention was to follow my intuition, and read the signs, as they appeared, and had this approach brought me this far with ease and grace. When I was offered a lift north to the area, Ngunguru, near Whangarei where Wade lived, it was natural to accept. I was keeping my agreement not to push and shove to get things done, but to trust in spirit and allow the game to unfold. My ride left me off at Whangarei, and no one had Wade’s address, only a post office box number in the town. I went immediately to the post office and, as luck would have it, the man behind the counter was Wade’s postman. He informed me that Wade and Jan lived with their two kids on a property about 40 kilometers away. They had no telephone or electricity and there was no way of contacting them, except to arrive and hope for the best. He offered to take me.

Along the way, the ‘postie’ explained that the family Doak lived in total simplicity, growing their own food, generating their own power, and most of their time was spent in dolphin research. Wade had been a schoolteacher and his wife Jan, was a nurse. The family had recently returned from cruising the Pacific and a book of that adventure ‘Islands of Survival’ (1976) had recently been published. The epilogue of that book hinted at the possibility of interspecies communication and what Wade called ‘Ocean mind’. Needless to say, this all served to confirm the need for me to meet him and his family. On arrival at their property, it was apparent that they were not home, and the locals predicated that Jan and Wade were out in the ocean somewhere, anywhere between Tutukaka, The Bay of Islands, and anywhere in the vast vicinity between. Their tiny catamaran was a speck on the mighty ocean and looking for them would be like looking for a needle in a haystack.
A local fisherman was taking a group out to the Poor Knights, about 22 kilometers offshore from Tutukaka, and offered me yet another ride, this time on his deep sea fishing boat. He explained carefully that his route was fixed for his paying passengers and it would be a matter of luck if we ran into the Doaks. Needless to say, it sounded to me like a great game to play and off we went.

There was a crystal clear blue sky, smooth blue green ocean and in the distance our destination, The Poor Knights legendary islands offshore, which had been discovered and named by Captain James Cook. We motored out and I shared my Rainbow Dolphin Mission to those on board and they were fascinated. Suddenly, in the misty distance, a wee sailing vessel appeared, and my skipper immediately identified it as the Doaks! With much excitement, we motored to catch up, without having to detour from the original game plan. I use the word ‘dolphinicity’ to describe the magic beyond synchronicity, which is more than coincidence. I knew this meeting had been set up at some other cosmic level.

![Figure 7.5](image1.jpg) Estelle kitted out for first sea dive, June 1981.
![Figure 7.6](image2.jpg) Horace and Wade on board Interlock at Poor Knights, NZ, 1981
![Figure 7.7](image3.jpg) Founder of Greenpeace, the late Dexter Cate, his wife and child
The excited exchange between the two boats and their passengers ended with me being transferred to Wade's boat, to continue my journey back to shore with Jan and Wade. It was 22 kilometers offshore from the very spot where we stood a few months later with Horace Dobbs, to birth the Rainbow Dolphin Centre. They were on one of their research cruises gathering information about their own human dolphin encounters. Wade had almost finished his book, 'Dolphin Dolphin' (1981), sharing the progress of their own many years of research. Wade had made a dolphin suit for Jan and captured wonderful pictures of her interacting underwater with the local dolphins offshore, in the crystal clear waters around the Bay of Islands, and in particular, Tutukaka. I discovered later, that the local Maori people of the area used both the rainbow and dolphin as their totems. It was all fuel for my fire.

We returned to their home, a tin Nissan hut on some acres at Ngunguru and began deep emotional and intellectual exchanges that ran into the early hours of the morning. In order to live simply, Jan chopped wood, boiled water and kept house in very primitive conditions. This was Wade's kingdom and he 'ruled the waves', for sure. We validated each other's awareness of the potential and maybe already occurring interspecies communication at such a high level, that we very quickly established an intimate and cosmic connection.

Wade and I had been sharing intimate details of our communications with dolphins at a cosmic level for six months by mail. Wade put me in touch with the small exclusive group of other cetacea researchers. We were validating each other enormously. They were all male in this exclusive club, a handful of people exploring human interaction with dolphins and whales. They included Dr John Lily, Dr Horace Dobbs, Jacques Mayol, Jim Nollman, Jacques Costeau and on the outer edge Carl Sagan. He suggested that while people searched the heavens for extra-terrestrials, that perhaps the oceans held the secret of another sentient intelligence, 'Ocean Terrestrials'. The extraordinary futurist Buckminster Fuller (1980) suggested that the great ocean going mammals might hold the key to the mysteries of the past. I found myself in great company.
The Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace

By now the pattern of ‘big magic’ had established itself, whenever I made a giant step forward, somehow the universe backed it up in a very practical way.

I returned home to Australia, convinced that I had a major project, to be the voice for captive dolphins and the yet to be born babies and their mothers. One of the connections that Wade gave me was that of Dr Igor Charkovsky in the Soviet Union, who apparently had been birthing babies in water, underwater, for some years. Jacque Mayol, ‘the human dolphin man’, had already made contact with Charkovsky, and the French obstetrician, Dr Michel Odent. Odent had also had babies born underwater in his clinic in Pithiviers. I was totally fired up, as a figment of my imagination had turned into reality.

In less than three months since my first contact and ‘communication’ with the dolphins at Cape Tribulation, I had shared my vision with several hundred delegates at healing festivals in New South Wales and Victoria in Australia, and with thousands in New Zealand. Each time I conducted the ‘Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace’, distributing T-shirts with the adopted universal symbol on them. The Rainbow represented our differences, with so many colors, no one being more important than the other, and to remind us that the source of light for the rainbow was the same source. One. The three dolphins dancing in the circle depicted freedom, fun and friendship. I was convinced that these two powerful symbols would unite people of all races, colour and religions.

My first PPP (Planetary Pause for Peace) was with 10 people in Queensland on a beach under a full moon in October 1980, and subsequently ‘grew like topsy’ to be 400 people on the November full moon in Melbourne, and again on the December full moon in Morpeth, which also was at the untimely death of John Lennon, swelling to several thousand on the January full moon in New Zealand. Each of these events was blessed by actual dolphin encounters. Each added a new dimension to my research and commitment with new contacts and stories to be followed up. Nothing could convince me that I was not communicating at another level; interspecies communication was very real to me.
The phenomenon gathered momentum very fast. In Melbourne, where dolphins literally danced under a rainbow in the bay outside of our hotel, I met Angela and Claire. They had accepted the invitation to participate in a ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’ and to meet to discuss the possibility of birthing babies in water. They claimed to be communicating with a spirit named 'Anna'. Anna had told them they would be working with dolphin energy. Who was I to challenge their 'other world' communications? We bonded very quickly, and as a result of our sharing in Melbourne, Claire insisted on paying my fare to an international conference in India to save threatened animal species.

Figure 7.8 Logo for Planetary Pause for Peace, 1980

**Freeing Cetacea and Humans**

Angela and Claire also became involved actively in helping me establish a network to close the marine parks in Australia, especially one west of Sydney. We were successful in raising public awareness to the stress of captive dolphins over several months, culminating with an order from the Premier of New South Wales, calling for their release. I could write a whole book on this project alone. What became apparent to me was that the magic of the human dolphin connection brought out the best and the worst behaviour in humans.
In my usual ‘jump of the cliff without parachute’ fashion, I threw myself into my mission. I purchased a copy of Dr Horace Dobbs amazing film, ‘Follow A Wild Dolphin’, along with a 16mm projector, and began to road show the film around the country to raise money and funds. I had even negotiated with the owner of the Lion Park, Stafford Bullen, to be willing to release the dolphins to a suitable ocean site, where they would be retrained to live free again in the ocean. Horace Dobbs, and a famous ex-trainer of ‘Flipper’, the star of the TV series, became my allies. We were able to prove that dolphins in captivity were "dying to entertain us". I had my first physical encounter with the dolphins at this time.

I had called a press conference at the Lion Park, just west of Sydney and attended with several of the ‘free the dolphin’ volunteers. A scientist, who claimed to be the expert on cetacea, climbed into the pool to take underwater photos of the poor bored creatures. They ignored him and as I sat on the edge of the pool dangling my feet over the side into the water, one very large dolphin came up to me and literally locked his huge mouth over my left leg, almost up to my knee! Imagine my surprise and concern; I knew that with the wrong move or intention his teeth could do much damage to my leg. However, I made eye contact with him and talked to him, asking him if I could please come in the water and play with him. He had been holding my leg firmly and at that moment he released it and flipped backwards as if to say, “Okay, jump in".
I did not need any further encouragement and immediately jumped in the pool. The dolphin named ‘Squeaky,’ immediately began to circle me and play with me. He was diving under me and literally surfacing from underneath me, as I was floating on my back. Suddenly, the scientist called out to me “Trying to make it with the dolphin, eh? Check out his penis!” I found myself looking at a very large, shiny, pink and erect extension of the dolphin coming from his underbelly side. I panicked and immediately swam for the edge of the pool with the dolphin in hot pursuit. In retrospect, I was thrilled have had such an intimate encounter with this young male dolphin, but on my telling the story to my daughters they were horrified and decided it was in their words “disgusting!”

Figure 7.10 Squeaky and I, in my first dolphin swim

Much later in my dolphin adventures, I was to learn from Horace, that dolphins have conscious erections, and use their penis in trust, to have a tactile experience with each other and humans with whom they bond. Indeed, Horace and I were called to give evidence in a major court case in Great Britain, when an owner of one of the captive facilities tried to accuse another colleague of gross behaviour having captured on film, this person being towed around by a wild dolphin using his penis as the tow bar. In fact, in his first film ‘Follow a Wild Dolphin’, Horace had filmed the behaviour of ‘Donald’, the star of the movie, extending his appendage to the female dive partner in the story.

Angela, Claire and others in my human dolphin pod had cleverly orchestrated public demonstrations outside of the marine park, not in anger, but in peace, with the intention of giving people a choice to participate, after giving them informed research. We ran a huge campaign in conjunction with a daily paper.
Horace and I, with members of his International Dolphin Watch, did the same thing in England and closed down all the captive programs, using peaceful demonstrations.

Figure 7.11  Early peaceful demonstration at Lion Park, 1980

I had been extremely successful in getting media attention. I still had a reasonable public profile, even if people thought I had ‘flipped out’. Talking to dolphins, interspecies communication, waterbabies, and world peace were all good copy, back then. Susan Arnold, a reporter with the Sydney Sun newspaper, that ran petition to get signatures to free the dolphins, eventually left the media and became an animal rights activist, and is still today.
I had even been able to make contact with Prince Charles, on his visit to Sydney, at the Royal Easter Show. He paused in his walkabout to ask about our Rainbow Dolphin Banner. This was not an accident; we had visualized this happening and set out with our Rainbow Dolphin banner with the intention of attracting him to us. We had learned from Horace Dobbs that Charles was a keen diver and that Horace had actually made a presentation of his film at Buckingham Palace for the royals. Horace tells a funny story about Charles asking Horace to arrange a personal dive and encounter with ‘Donald’ the dolphin, the subject of the book and film that was now creating a tidal wave of its own. Horace apparently replied, that dolphins did not necessarily obey orders, not even royal commands.
On 1st April 2003, I reflected in my journal about ‘War games and boys with toys’. I wrote: The US led attack on Iraq is now 12 days old, and we are bombarded with images from Disneyland type media control centre, where 7000 journalists are holed up taking daily briefs from the Pentagon. Apologies have been made for ‘friendly fire that has killed more allies than the enemy, as have accidents, which have caused helicopters to crash into each other and we have seen very young people from the US force paraded as prisoners of war. We have also seen dead and maimed civilians, not knowing whether the allies or the Iraqi military caused their demise. Not that it matters; they are dead and injured. According to ‘the boys with toys’, some collateral damage will occur in any theatre of war. I am struggling once more to remember that I can choose how I respond to such appalling current affairs. I have stopped monitoring the television, except for SBS news. Perhaps the most extraordinary evidence of stupidity and arrogance was viewing a four star General, General William Wallace, standing at the specially built set on the warfront for the distribution of propaganda, admitting that “the enemy we are fighting is different from the one we war gamed against”! (TV. News 29/3/03 and Sunday Telegraph 30/3/03).

Game? What kind of game is it? My imaginative mind flies to somewhere in the bowels of the Pentagon, pre war, just 12 days ago, when the politicians and the military advises were ‘playing’ out their own war games. There were high tech computer images of expensive high tech extremely accurate weapons of mass destruction, as they literally played out and decided upon the strategies that would see a quick and easy victory. They predicted days, not weeks or months, to take
Baghdad with a minimum loss of life and limb, for both the allies and civilians. The arrogance of this group of men is beyond the pale. They are so bloated with their own egos; they did not take into account, the kind of war game that Saddam might throw at them. The "shock and awe" tactics have turned around to bite them on their own backsides.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 7.14 Ultimate Willie wagging – (Sunday Telegraph 1/4/03).

Bush, Blair and Howard have denied the setbacks posed, because the Iraqi resistance is much more than anticipated, and the Iraqi people have not rushed to help. "Brilliant" is the declaration from these three men, who have together put the world at the brink of disaster never seen before in human history. Clearly, the people power, the voice of dissent is growing, however, it is now dividing into Arab and non-Arab worlds. The lies and deception are being exposed every moment on the web. This is yet another factor not ‘war gamed’ by the US advisors. In my despair, I am grimly hanging on to the vision that truth will find a way, and that the critical mass will demand a solution to stop the massacre of so many innocents. Just imagine the healing and humanitarian aid that could have been delivered to those suffering world wide, with just the cost of one-multi million dollar missiles now
bombarding Iraq? I cannot see the light at the end of the tunnel, yet I know there will be one, there has to be one.

Figure 7.15 Sydney Morning Herald, Australian, 26/30 March 2003, dolphins at war and AWOL

Then, of course, there was the most amazing picture of a dolphin leaping into the air alongside his marine handler. The world learned what I have known for years, that both the United States and Soviet Union had been spending millions of dollars training these highly intelligent marine mammals for active duty in a war zone. My old colleague Rick O’Barry, who trained the famous dolphin known as ‘Flipper’ for television, has been in the forefront of making this information knowledge. He has travelled the world to gain support to free all captive dolphins and whales, and even gone to goal for getting in the way of the military training of the dolphins in America. He was one of my closest allies in closing down all but two of the Australian marine mammal parks. Rick was also instrumental in rehabilitating ‘Joe’ and ‘Rose’; the two dolphins in Dr John Lily’s research program. Rick was
motivated to make the release of captive cetacea his life's mission, because of his experience with the *Flipper* television series. No less than six different dolphins died in his arms during the making of the series. Every time one died, it was replaced with another, and the public never knew the difference. The same thing has been happening in all the sea worlds; the management simply replaces one orca with another. The corruption, lies and deceit are disgusting.

One of the first breakthroughs on a global scale, after some success in Australia, was when Rick and I attended the world’s first conference on captivity of cetacea, hosted by the Agha Khan in Geneva, Switzerland in 1990. Thanks to the persistence of people like Rick O’Barry, Horace Dobbs, Paul Spong and myself, organisations such as ‘World Wildlife’, ‘Greenpeace’ and others, finally began to sit up and take notice. It was exactly 10 years after my own campaign to free captive cetacea was started here in Australia. I had travelled the world many times, visiting marine parks, talking to trainers and raising public awareness through the use of media.

My first visit overseas trip for this project was in 1981 to India, where I attended a Conference for International Endangered Species (CITES) conference in Delhi. It was then that I discovered the politics of international conferences. CITES is held at different times and in different locations. I learned the hard way, that not being a registered delegate, nor representing an authorized association, that I had no way of being heard. My attempts to enlist the aid of those who did, which included Australians from ‘Greenpeace’ and ‘Project Jonah’, fell on deaf ears. Today, I notice that such organisations are now protesting about the Navy dolphins. It has taken 22 years to achieve.

Dolphins are renown for going AWOL - absent without leave. Apparently, after being released for war duty, one of the dolphins took off for 48 hours. Rick had already collected heaps of stories of the navy dolphins going AWOL in training and also playing tricks of their own. A movie called *The Day of the Dolphin* was based on the work of another colleague, the late Dr John Lily, who I persuaded to release ‘Joe’ and ‘Rosie’ in 1987 (*Oceania*, 1989).
One of my problems over the years for others to deal with has been my refusal to separate my quest for dolphin freedom and my quest for 'giving birth back to women', by promoting the use of water as a birth tool worldwide. It was not possible for me to separate the two missions, as they had come to me at the same time during my first ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’, back on 28th October 1980, on the beach in Queensland. I have lost count of the number of times that I travelled the world sharing my story and experiences, and later, my film. The film is about people whose lives were changed by an encounter with dolphins. They tell their story in their own way, which makes it so powerful. It took eight years of research to gather the material to tell the story about the magic of the human-dolphin connection. It was for me a direct result of what I named ‘interspecies communication’. I called it ‘an encounter with OTs’, Ocean Terrestrials, and our cousins in the oceans of the worlds that were, for me, clearly reaching out to make contact.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 7.16  Meeting a captive friend, Brighton UK, 1985
By 1990, I had notched up a global reputation as the 'dolphin lady' and in addition to my campaign to free the captives, thousands of babies had been born without incidence in many countries across the world. In my inimitable way, without waiting for anyone to give me permission, I always tackled the next job with gusto, enthusiasm and total trust that the universe would support me. This translates into making magic happen as soon as I make a commitment.

One of my contacts in Geneva, Magnus, from Iceland, invited me to join him in Rejavic, to help him stop his government from capturing and exporting orca for marine parks around the world. Naturally, I accepted his offer. Within days, I was winging my way from London to Iceland, where without any official backup or organisation, I contacted the Minister for the Environment and convinced him to set up a meeting with the appropriate ministers of the government of the day. My film had won a United Nations Peace Prize and it became my 'calling card', so to speak.

Iceland was one of the main sources of supplying orca to marine parks. It was my intention to convince the government that 'whale watching' was a much more appropriate and profitable way of utilizing their natural resource. The marine mammals that live in the oceans surround them. This action went hand in hand with visiting the local maternity hospitals and showing them the
research and films about water births. As always, I did the media rounds, radio, television and newsprint. My conservative guess is that from 1981 to 1992 I must have reached many millions of people with my consistent message for world peace. The dolphins and the waterbabies had become my tool to communicate about individual freedom with a group consciousness, about gentle birth for mothers and babies that reduced the need for medical intervention and birth trauma. Major networks in Europe, UK, Canada, Japan, New Zealand and Australia carried stories of my conferences and the early waterbabies. I was told that in Japan the program that went to air in prime time to at least 30 million viewers, and in LA a similar program broadcast in 1985 reached at least 25 million. Here is a sample of the headline articles in Iceland, Japan and Holland, which reached millions.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 7.18 Typical press coverage, Japan and Iceland, 1990
Dolphinicity

I define dolphinicity as the magic beyond synchronicity, which is more than coincidence. It also involves a magical serendipity connection to cetacea.

A little magic happened today to lift my spirits. Dolphinicity is my name for it. My email this morning had a request about my award winning video from a DVD producer in Chicago. She was about to put a compilation disk together to market with the ‘Day of the Dolphin’ as the main feature and through the web had found my information. Her request was for a copy of ‘Oceania’, with a view to including it as an extra on the main feature. I immediately replied to the email, suggesting she contact my colleague in Los Angles, Harry Deliter, who distributes it in his catalogue. Having done that, I called Harry, and to my surprise, Laurie, the producer from Chicago, had already called him and ordered an express airmail copy to view. I had no sooner hung up from Harry, than Laurie called me. This was all in less than five minutes - from Chicago, LA, Ballina and around the world in minutes. Laurie proved to be very open to the concept of viewing Oceania as a future feature on DVD in its own right, that is, if it moved her enough. Today is an 11-day, which is one that is often powerful for me. This little interaction, using the high tech available to us to communicate with the speed of light, is the kind of magic that fuels my sagging spirit. Magic happens, and this time just as I was in the middle of raising my vibrations to tell the story of the dolphins. I have met the captives around the world. Each experience was very emotionally moving and I felt that there was a real communication. Way back then, most people thought I was more than a little mad, a cosmic fairy. Today, the press is full of stories about the intelligence of the dolphins and the multi million-dollar training of them since 1969.
for military purposes. The timing so perfect - again for me, evidence of magic happens.

Every time I arrived at a new destination in my travels, I would, ‘cold turkey’, go to the maternity hospital and the marine park and make myself known. My local contact would advise the press, and the major miracle that occurred was that in every case, I attracted an open minded and sympathetic journalist, who relayed my story without making it sound loopy. One of my methods for dealing with the media was to walk in total trust that exactly this would happen. It was a matter of like energy drawing like energy. Often, they were younger less cynical media professionals, who were fascinated and inspired by my stories. In those early days, the whales and dolphins were definitely using the airwaves in concert with myself.

On one returning trip from America, our Northwest plane headed out of LA and in about 30 minutes the captain announced that he had engine trouble and we would have to return. It was a scary situation, as we circled the busy LA airspace for more than an hour to use up excess fuel. Those big planes take off laden to make the journey to Australia without stopping, putting them at very high risk if they have to land with such a load. By the time we landed and deplaned, it was early hours of the morning. There had been very little communication from the pilot or the ground crew back at the airport. Three hundred passengers needed to be bedded down for the night, and rebooked to continue the flight the next day. Some people were very frightened, others angry, and the whole experience was decidedly uncomfortable for everyone. I was in my ‘be still’ inside mode, knowing that all would be ok. Once more, I was choosing trust instead of fear. On arrival at my hotel, I was too hyped up to climb into bed, so I flipped on the television and raided the mini bar at about 3am in the morning. There was my buddy Holey Fin and her family at Monkey Mia, in a documentary that just happened to be showing at that moment. It was wonderful. I knew everything was OK.
The next day, I contacted the executives of the airline, and reported the mishandling of the circumstances, which really upset so many people. As a professional in public relations and marketing, I felt the airline needed to know that there was room for improvement in handling an emergency. My reward was swift. They thanked me and added an extra 5000 miles to my frequent flyer plan. I have notched up a few million miles over the years and have often had a free trip on the airline.

Another amazing example of dolphinicity was in New Zealand, on the way to a ‘One-Earth’ Conference at the famous Tauhara Centre, in Taupo. Another colleague of mine, Bob Loader, who had been to visit with me at the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, 1982, to get information about the waterbabies, had just released his film about the human dolphin connection, ‘The Dolphin Touch’. He included a segment on the babies being born into water and juxtaposed images of babies in water with dolphins smiling. They were Homo Delphinus, the human dolphins. I was so excited about the film and tried to get a copy to take to the conference with me. It did not arrive. However, as dolphinicity would have it, as the day unfolded for the conference, someone came in to announce that a documentary on dolphins was going to air right there and then. Yes, it was indeed the same film, and it just fitted into an empty time slot before the official opening. We all watched in wonder together. It was even more perfect, because I had nothing to do with it being scheduled on NZ television on that day, in that moment.
Another example of dolphinity shows that the pattern of cetacea and the media exposure is clear, along with the magic. After conducting my 'Planetary Pause for Peace' in Red Square, 1985, I returned with Igor Charkovsky, to meet and greet, and film waterbaby mums, dads and their babies. As we entered the apartment where they were gathered, the local Moscow television was showing a documentary of Igor and the babies in Gorky Park, swimming in the ice-covered pond. The timing was so perfect.
These and other amazing interactions and communication in the early days fueled my passion and kept me going. It was as though the dolphins and whales were helping me. Maybe, at some level of unseen communication, it was proof, for me anyway, that we are all connected and that we are all one. The timing of that enquiry today could not have come at a better moment, and with such speed. It feels to me like evidence of raising our vibrations to link with one another at a higher than normal level.

In addition to these media events, I conducted video evenings attracting sizeable audiences. They usually led on to seminars where I inspired people with ‘Dolfun Games’, to experience another reality of choice and freedom. I trusted my host to organise the events and charge a moderate fee to cover costs. This usually covered my travelling expenses. My extended global family billeted me in many odd places. I moved in total trust that I would have a bed to sleep in. My commitment was to leave home and accept invitations to address a conference. As one of my messages is that lack of money is not lack of personal power, money was not an issue. I always borrowed the money to cover the cost of my airfares with a little over. My motto was: ‘Have film will travel’, along with a few books, videos and t-shirts to sell to those who participated, my costs were almost always covered.

Figure 7.23 A typical audience in Japan, 1992
Easter Stories About Water Babies

On 14th April 2003, I wrote in my journal:

This is ‘the week that was’, a 25-day war, that has landed ‘The Coalition of the Willing’ in big trouble. “Not yet victory, but vindication”, is the official line. Secretary of State, Donald Rumsfeld, gave vent to his anger yesterday, claiming that the media has ‘done him wrong’. It seems that he was mortified that the media had the audacity to expose the looting, shooting, killing and the anarchy that has replaced the vanishing enemy and his faithful troops. Questions continued to be asked about the ‘smoking gun' and the weapons of mass destruction that the wicked dictator had piled up, ready to use in the ‘mother of all battles' for the city of Baghdad. I did stop monitoring the daily propaganda, the posturing and the dumb press briefings. The information reaching me from cyberspace was much more reliable, with actual accounts of suffering from those amazing individuals, who chose to be ‘human shields' in Baghdad. I watched Donna, the writer of the email received that day the war started. She was back home in Australia and yesterday she was one of the speakers at the many Palm Sunday Easter Peace rallies around our
country and the war. Her message was: “Make Bush, Blair and Howard, with their captains of war, visit the hospitals filled with the victims, especially the little children”. This is chilling stuff. The extraordinary networking that has happened with the appropriate use of technology is incredible, and people power has emerged, questions are being asked, and answer must be given.

Here is an account of the (unedited) actual reality from one of the global family.

Received from Iraq 27th March 2003, Seven days since the invasion began.

Friends,
This could be my last e-mail. We're expecting the bombs tonight. We've spent the afternoon frantically boarding up the windows in the place that I'm staying. We're using blankets, wardrobes, anything that we can find to put in front of the windows to reduce the effect of the shattering and shrapnel. Preparing for war is busy.
We drove into Baghdad this evening to make last minute calls and E-mails. The streets were deserted except for soldiers and police. A far cry from the bustling, vibrant city I have enjoyed this past month. Businesses have closed down. Livelihoods are under threat. Families are under great stress. Preparing for war is sobering.
We see the tanks; the machine guns the machinery of war all around us now. It's hard to imagine what it's going to be like when this machinery is used and bombs and gunfire will be around us. Preparing for war is frightening.
When I came to Baghdad I told a journalist that I wanted to be here in solidarity with the Iraqi people. That I wanted to know how it felt to be under siege with no escape. This is my situation now. It makes me feel sick. I think of my friends here. the neighbours, the children. The mothers who are lining up in the pharmacies buying bandages in the case of their families are ripped apart by shrapnel. I think of this and my heart is so heavy. Preparing for war is heart-breaking.
The monks have gone. I felt lost and alone when I heard the news. But as many foreigners are leaving, I have decided to stay.
I stay for the man in the photo store. He said I was his last customer. He has closed down today. His business, his livelihood gone. He doesn't know when he will open up again. The future is uncertain for these people here. When will their lives be normal again? As I was leaving he said thank you for being here and took his prayer beads out of his pocket and gave them to me. I carry them with me now.
I stay for the young woman in the office. She saw me upset today after I spoke to my Mum. She gave me a fresh red rose with a strong, beautiful fragrance. "I want to see you smile, my friend" she said. I've hung the rose in my room.
I stay for the taxi driver who offered that I come and stay with his family if I find myself in trouble. I stay for the kids at the orphanage, the neighbours, the ordinary people here.
I stay so that I can tell them: "You are not alone". There are millions of people around the world who do not believe this war should happen.

I'm sending a message from those people to the Iraqi's.

We show them that by our presence that they are our friends.

Some call me naive. To comfort another in a time of trouble, is that naive? To be in a place of chaos to witness and record what happens and then communicate that. Is that naive?

I think these things are important.

If I'm naive, then so was Ghandi, Martin Luther King and all the others who believe in non-violent resistance to aggression.

Friends, I'm living off pure faith now. It's all that's left.

Faith and the hope of your prayers, which I know you are offering.

love to all your pilgrim Donna

PS: Thanks so much for you e-mails from today. Sorry if I didn't get a chance to reply....if we don't have attack tonight, I may be able to touch base again tomorrow???

PPS: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God". Matthew 5v9

HUMAN SHIELDS IRAQ

E-MAIL: andalus206@warkaa.net

As a 'midwife to Gaia' I have spent the last 27 years attempting to show and encourage others that one person can make a difference and that we are not alone. My spirits are lifted a little to see how Donna and others had the courage to stand up and be counted and in doing so reach and inspire millions of others.

My reflections today recall many projects where I have gone 'out on a limb' and made a difference, however, I am not sure I would have had the courage to be a human shield at the battlefront. I 'tip my hat' to those who demonstrated such awesome bravery. They deserve medals and recognition for their deeds.

Easter has always been rather special for me in recent years. In Easter 1982, our second waterbirth happened in New Zealand. She was named Cinnamon, because we baked Easter buns, sprinkled with the spice. At Easter 1983, one of the first-born waterbabies and her parents were killed in a road accident. They were returning to their home in Melbourne after making a presentation to a national home birth conference in Sydney. Their daughter, Jaya, was born in Melbourne on 6th July 1982.
parents, Michael and Lorraine Quinn, were the only parents of the first born waterbabies to make a commitment to using the media to tell their story and the good news about using water as a birthing tool. They reached millions on the National TV talk shows. Theirs was an amazing story; they were an older couple by the standards of the day.

Michael was a journalist and I do not remember what professional skills Lorraine had. Inspired by all the media I received about the first NZ waterbaby they contacted me by phone in New Zealand, on learning that they were pregnant. We joked about our long distance exchange of support and information. Their death was devastating for me, as it made headline news, just as their birth had nine months before. This time, however, in an attempt to discredit the waterbabies, the newspapers carried huge headlines declaring that the baby born to peace had died a violent death. The implication was that it had to do with her waterbirth. One had to read to the end of the front page story to discover that they had all been killed in a car crash. On learning of their death I felt overwhelmed with sadness especially as Jaya's birth had been on the Dali Lama's birthday, and there were so many special connections with him. As I sat in my Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, so far away, I had a sense of their presence. They communicated to me that their mission had been completed and that it was appropriate for them to 'leave together'. They had accomplished everything they set out to do. They had changed so many patterns and that they had prepared to leave. This information was confirmed to me later by one of their closest colleagues.
The Quinn’s told everyone about the communication between their unborn baby from the womb, that she was to be born in water, and that they were to record the events and promote the use of water as peaceful way for the baby to enter the world, which, of course, they did. Indeed, the very first and most powerful images of an underwater birth seen by anyone were of
their birth film. It is still today one of the most peaceful and beautiful birth films available. I had only had still photos from our first New Zealand babies.

It is worth noting that the Melbourne doctor, who supported them, was later deregistered. In fact, a very damaging campaign was delivered by the medical professionals to make examples of anyone assisting the birth of these babies in water. Of course, none of the offended medical professionals had witnessed first hand the use of water as a birthing tool.

In America, 1985, they were arresting midwives for practicing medicine without a license. One of the most powerful midwives in Canada was in 2003 facing criminal charges. Our independent midwives are an endangered species. One of the independent American midwives, who attended my conference was arrested and thrown in jail and removed from her own baby who she was still breastfeeding. An officer of the law, posing as an expectant mother, using a concealed microphone to record their meeting, used the evidence against her. The process is called 'entrapment'. I was to discover at Easter 1985 that more freedom existed in the Soviet Union than in the so called land of the free, the United States of America.

The Russian baby born in a Moscow bathtub, on Good Friday, the full moon and the Jewish Passover, arrived a whole 21 days earlier than planned. Her mother told me that she had seen me before, and that she and her baby knew I would be there to support the birth (see DVD).

Another little piece of magic was that in 1981 I had an extraordinary meeting with a woman, who wrote a book called 'Alana and the Dolphins'. It had been brought to my attention, just as I was leaving to share my vision of setting up a waterbirth research centre to a major human unity conference in Vancouver, Canada. As usual, spirit worked with efficient speed and I was able to track down and meet the author en route to Canada at Los Angeles airport. The story was loosely based on the work of Dr John Lily and his attempt to communicate with dolphins. It tells of a space person Alana, who arrives on a rainbow to a gathering of people from every corner of the world. They gather at a beach and a dolphin
arrives to address them all telepathically in their own language about their mission of a peaceful solution for the human race. Needless to say, I purchased a box of her books to take with me to the Human Unity Conference.

The connection to Moscow and Lena, the mother of the infant born on that day in 1985, is that one of the people from the Emissaries, the hosts of the Human Unity conference had purchased the book and sent it to Moscow. It was translated and read aloud to the parents and children and parents to be of Igor's Healthy Happy Birth and Development Club. I made a video of this amazing birth and the subsequent training of the baby underwater within hours of his birth, which I smuggled out of Russia to share. In the film, the mother holds the book of Alana and the dolphins explaining that was what inspired her to have her baby in the bathtub. This mother, Lena, told me several times during the week that I would be present for her birth. I explained through the interpreter that I would be leaving long before her due date. The actual birth and how I became involved is in another story. The only person not surprised by my presence was the mother; she and her baby had already organised it.

I was collecting many stories of mothers to be, and midwives, who told me about the communication of the unborn souls. I, of course, was already well into living by my own experiences of one-ness, especially between the unborn babies, the dolphins and myself. I was convinced that nonverbal communication existed on a universal level and that we are all connected. At that same Human Unity Conference in July 1981, I
learned about the baby, who was born in San Diego California, at exactly the same moment in time. Allowing for the international time zone across the Pacific Ocean, that was when I first had the idea in meditation that the babies would be born from water into water. They would be the peacemakers of the future.

Nothing was more real to me than the fact that the baby born on 28th October 1980 on the other side of the Pacific Ocean communicated his message. I believe that it was picked up by the dolphins and carried by them to my open mind and open heart on the beach that same night in Queensland, Australia. I often wonder if their communication is holographic. Maybe they are transmitting a picture. Who knows?

I was equally convinced, having witnessed by then several water born babies arriving in my bathtub in New Zealand, that they did not suffer from birth trauma. Each one was such a blissful experience for both the mother and the child. It became clear to me that not experiencing the weight of gravity during the process of labour helped the mother to an altered state. As for the babies,
each one in those early days, and I am sure since, taught us so much. They did not taking huge mouthfuls of air; they appeared to begin to breathe very gently from the lower diaphragm, gradually building up to breathing fully. This, of course, was difficult for the midwives present to come to terms with. In Jaya's beautiful birth film, produced as instructed, we see the midwife gently breathing on her peaceful face.

The Quinn’s and their midwife, Dove, were special guests at my first international waterbirth conference in New Zealand in September 1982. They met with the parents and babies born in water, all leading the way for a gentle non-violent beginning. Every mother had a story of spiritual communication to share at the conference. Each mother had been guided totally in faith to trust the process of using water. One was a Pentecostal Christian, another was a Si Baba devotee, and the rest were people living alternative lifestyles and embracing spiritual aspects of their own choosing. Each mother was totally committed to using water with or without my help. Miracles happened with each of those early arrivals. A midwife was always present.

I had not at that stage made contact with Igor in Russia, so we had very little information to go on. I sent the Australian midwife to France to meet and study with Dr Michel Odent, when he was unable to visit us. Having convened an international waterbirth conference, I thought it prudent to have professional guidance. I had been promoting Michel Odent widely after learning about him and Igor from my dolphin man, the late Jacques Mayol. He became the keynote speaker for the conference; he was the human dolphin man, who held the world record for a free dive. The dive was without oxygen to almost 200 feet and nearly four minutes on one lung full of air. His dive team took an hour and a half to monitor his dive and return to the surface safely. It was his vision that the babies born from water into water and safely trained had the potential to hold their breath for 16 minutes and would be able to swim with the dolphins in the oceans of the world. He learned his free diving techniques from a captive dolphin named Clown. He did not take up free diving until he was 27 years old. His beautiful book, ‘Homo Delphinus’ (the human dolphin) (Mayol, 1979) took 25 years of research. He gave me my Italian copy in 1982. The English version was released in 2001, just prior to his untimely death in the same year.
Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 7.30 The cover of Jacques’ English translation of his book

A journal entry:

Yesterday, 13th April 2003, for the first time in a long time, ‘The Sunday Telegraph’ ran a wonderful story about waterbirth and a waterbaby swimming in England. Last night, on ‘60 Minutes’, they carried a story about Australian records for free diving and interviewed a young woman, who now holds the record for more than six minutes! Needless to say, I was ‘tickled pink’ to see such magic in the media, together with the peace marches and especially the interview with Donna, because, for me, the dolphins and the waterbabies have always been a peace mission. I experienced so many little miracles along the way. At that time there were less than 100 waterbabies worldwide. Every time I called Michel Odent at his birthing clinic in France to talk to him, it would just coincide with him being in the middle of a mother birthing in his little plastic pool. We seemed to be supporting each other’s reality. The timing was always perfect. The reason he was unable to accept my invitation to visit New Zealand, was the fact that had sent all his material and my
stuff to Buckingham Palace, to give Princess Di and Prince Charles the latest information on using water for birth. I was hoping that they would set an example. After all, it was Queen Victoria who started the fashion to use anesthetic as a birthing tool, as did King Louis IV of France, by using stirrups to watch his offspring being born without impediment. The material prepared for the Royal couple was sent and received, and they in turn sent medical professionals to France to investigate Michel Odent’s clinic. They were suitably impressed and imported a birthing stool back to the private clinic in London. Michel was convinced that my work with the babies and dolphins was extremely important and gave me written encouragement.

So, here it is, coming up to Easter 2003 and war and peace are making headlines, as well as dolphins, waterbabies and free diving! Interesting. The timing once more is intriguing. Is this spirit at work to keep me focused maybe? I never know which way my story will unfold. I simply trust the process.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions
Something Precious About Art and Family

Luckily, I can’t see the damage; the dish is now mended. I know the damage is there - but anyone else will still see how exquisite this lovely naked lady is. She is so delicate, with pale porcelain skin, bowed over her ever so graceful body, hands resting on her knees. She has small firm breasts of a very young woman. Her face is hidden, and there is a knot of hair at the nape of her neck, highlighting the gentle slop of her rounded back. She appears to be sitting by a lake, in deep contemplation.

Thank goodness I have been able to repair her, after a stupid accident, which caused her to break into several pieces. My treasure is the only physical trace of my dear darling, Auntie Dot, who died such a disrespectful death, in a Sydney hospital.

I have known this lovely piece of china and admired her for almost 52 years. She first came to my attention when I was only 11 years old, sitting on the polished glass table in the home of my favourite auntie. Dot, was the eldest of Lena's daughters. Lena, my little Peter Pan grandmother, was born in Russia before the turn of the century. Lena gave girth to five sons, before the arrival of little “Dorrie”. Rae, Nancy, Ruth and Vera followed in quick succession. Ten children at that time were not uncommon, especially if the family was comfortable enough financially, to have help at home.
Home was Hobart, where they were all born. My grandfather, Jack Levy, was the proud owner of the boot store in the middle of the city. Levy’s Boot Store was written in black on shiny white tiles, right at the front door. I saw it myself in 1955 when I returned to Hobart, my own birthplace, as a blushing bride, just 18 years old, visiting with my new husband to celebrate our honeymoon. How sad that all but one of that wonderful family are now dead. Most became octogenarians, which bodes well for my own mortality.

Auntie Dot only lived in two houses in my lifetime, both in Coogee. The first time I saw the delicate lady, was in a tiny modest dark brick cottage, that I visited daily to practice the piano. We could not afford one and Uncle Alec, Dot’s husband, was Stern by name and stern in manner, yet he gave me permission to visit each morning. Everyone was scared of him, except me. My relationship with him continued until he died in the mid eighties. I went to
seem him in hospital, knowing it would be the last time, as I was leaving to go to Russia on a special mission.

He had been almost crippled for many years, and Dot took care of his every need. He confessed to me that day, that he was tired and ready to die. Alec was much older than Dot; they had shared very hard times, as the story is told of how he 'ruled with an iron fist', preventing any of her large family to visit. Money was scarce, leaving her with two young sons suffering rickets and scurvy, the result of lack of good food and vegetables.

Alec became the king of disposal stores in Sydney (stores trading in ex-army/navy products) reaching the pinnacle of success and wealth. Dot finally moved to her beautiful cliff side architect designed villa at Coogee, where she carried on the tradition of family unity, until she died in 1998 aged 83. Her life, the epitome of service, was to seemingly, always put others first. She seemed to show sacrifice and more sacrifice. My perspective was and is very different. Dot only did what Dot wanted to do.

The world revered Dot as an angel, a lady who was always there for everyone else. “If you can catch me, you can have me”, was her catch phrase. Anyone who knew her applauded her kind and caring ways. Dot could be found cleaning her cleaning lady’s home, when the cleaning lady was ill or taking plates of fried fish to sick friends. She was always doing something for someone else. She was my mother’s best friend. As a child, I was constantly reminded to live up to their standards of performance and behavior. My mother was always asking me: “What would Auntie Dot think about this?”

Devastating circumstances visited this woman and her family. Her eldest son, failed at a suicide attempt, leaving him an adult in a brain damaged body. Her eldest grandson was literally cut in half during a stay on a Kibbutz in Israel, when a wire broke from a tractor he was driving, wrapping around his torso, severing his legs. He was only 19 years old. Her eldest granddaughter suffered serious postnatal depression. Rumours suggested her father, who later had failed suicide and suffered brain damage, had sexually abused her. When her invalid husband died, Dot immediately replaced him by bringing her disabled son home to live with her. He was a mature man, who was unable to be without
a minder. Was I more sacrifice, or a need to be needed? This woman never complained or spoke an unkind world. She did have, however, a will of iron. If you crossed her, that was it, you were written out of her existence.

This background is important, because her youngest son, Barry, was and is one of the most important influences in my life. In fact, a visit from him with his mother and brother in 1996 was the catalyst for one of my major miracles, turning less than $500 into $15,000 in less than a month.

Barry and I were very close first cousins. In the most formative years of my life, he exposed me to classical music, theatre, fine food, wine and art in an otherwise barren landscape that was Australia in the fifties. Barry purchased his first painting with his pocket money when he was only 17 years old. I consider myself blessed, that he lived close by, and that much of my teenage years was influenced by our relationship.

With his parents enjoying prosperity, they took an overseas trip, leaving Barry at home alone; his elder brother was already married. Barry at the time was already in the thick of budding Australian artists. They would gather at Kings Cross, in one of the few cafes that served real coffee. While his parents were away, he would hold sumptuous dinner parties. As a young female cousin living down the road, I was invited to be his hostess.

The world did not generally know ‘gay’ in those days, and homosexuality was illegal. In my innocence, I only knew that he did not like girls and could not relate to them. It was my lucky break to learn about gourmet food, wine, theatre and stimulating company. I helped make cafe curtains for Barry’s first art gallery in 1954 at Paddington. He went on to gain a worldwide reputation as an authority on Australian art. We continued to enjoy catching up with each other all over the world. Without Barry, my world would have been very bleak indeed.

This is of any relevance, because Barry, Dot and Wally came to visit me in the Blue Mountains. We stopped for lunch at Leura, and Barry went to inspect the local antique shops. On our return journey, he mentioned seeing an interesting piece of artwork in one of the shops, suggesting it just might be an original
work of an important early woman artist. My ears pricked up and I asked him why he did not buy it. His answer was that to buy an unsigned painting was like having an illegitimate child, not knowing or being able to prove who the father. It was a funny analogy, but he meant that it was worthless without evidence or proof of the artist. It could take years to find out the painter’s identity and he was not interested, nor did he have the time. His life was on a different path, living in luxury in Morocco. I hastened back to the shop, totally trusting Barry’s initial judgment.

There on the wall, was a small painting in a gilt frame; the little old lady behind the counter told me it was $468. It was an unusual amount. I asked her if there was any other item with that funny amount in the shop. The shop was filled with old nick knacks and memorabilia, and it was not an up market antique shop at all. She directed me to the shop window, and a bronze statue of three dolphins! They were the same funny amount of $468! Was it a sign? Another sign followed this, when I turned around to discover another dolphin ornament by the front door. I knew I had to purchase the painting, regardless of the fact of not being able to afford to spend that amount of money on a gamble about its authenticity.

I called Barry, as he was leaving to return to Morocco, to tell him my news. He was really worried that I might have wasted my money, so his first impression now clouded by his doubt. What would such a painting be doing in such grotty second hand store? He directed me to the Art Gallery of NSW, informing me that they do free appraisals once a week. That was the 29th day of October.

In less than five weeks, the 2nd December, I had $15,000 of crisp green one hundred-dollar bills in my hot little hand. With little or no effort and much dolphin magic, the events unfolded with a little help from my friends. One friend sold antique jewellery in Sydney and he mentioned the painting to a client and collector. He expressed interest in buying it. The NSW Gallery identified the painting as a study for a painting by an eminent woman artist, Ethel Carrick Fox, circa 1913. The painting had sold for $50,000 at a recent Sydney auction. The details of this story are all magical, including the negotiation with the buyer, who was a wealthy Sydney businessman living in a luxury mansion on the harbour.
He first offered me $8000. The estimated value from the auction house was about $25,000. The figure in my head for sale was $22,000. I drove home not wanting to let this man take advantage of me, having shared my circumstances with him, that the painting was a gift from the universe to allow me to undertake the study I planned to do at University of Western Sydney, to gain a Master of Applied Science in Social Ecology.

Dreams are ‘part and parcel’ of my guidance. I had gone to bed feeling excited, and had a vivid dream with blood red sevens flashing at me like neon signs. On waking, I contemplated my dream, wondering about its message. My mind immediately saw a connection to his offer and my figure. $15,000 would be the sale price, $7000 more than his offer and $7000 less than my target figure. Would he buy? I called him and retold the dream and my interpretation, and he instructed me to jump in the car and bring him the painting immediately. I did not need any further encouragement. Barry in Morocco was amazed. The Gallery never gives such a solid written certification as they had given me. Normally, they err on the conservative side with a protective description like ‘it could be the study’. I sent Barry a lovely present, and then filled a brandy glass with 500 golden one dollar coins for my friend, who refused to take commission. Everyone was happy; it was a win/win game in less than five weeks. This was yet another example of dolphinicity - the magic beyond synchronicity, which is more than coincidence.

Figure 7.34 Dear Aunty Dot on that magical ‘dolfun’ day in Leura
Just Call Me Dot: Midwife to Death

I returned from Sydney after spending most of the last five days involved in what can only be described as being a midwife to death. Death is never convenient. The matriarch of my family, Dot Stern, almost 86 years young, had suffered a massive heart attack. I had been busy completing an assignment, based on my life as an artist/activist. This was a major task at 60 years young, considering that I have been involved as a voice for those not able to speak for themselves for most of my life. I had been reflecting on ethics, my values, and what influenced me to be 'out there', on the leading edge of change, healing and social transformation. My choice and priority took me to be with Dot.
Sitting in the hospital, holding my Auntie’s hand, watching the drama of death unfold with all its component parts, made me realise that indeed this extraordinary, ordinary person called Dot, like her mother Lena, before her, my grandmother, had set examples of ethics and values that were deeply ingrained in me. They were virtues of honesty, compassion, caring, integrity, and a reality of life based on the simple premise of “What you put out, you get back”. This is the boomerang of life, like the famous three monkeys, speak no evil, see no evil and hear no evil. I learned that it is a matter of choice. Lena, herself Peter Pan, had died suddenly at 76 of a heart attack.

Why do I refer to Dot, as an extraordinary, ordinary person? Why has her passing been such a moving learning experience about my own values? What is really important in life? Blessings be, that this incredible active woman, who until a week before her death was driving her own car, entertaining, helping friends in need and taking her disabled 67 year old eldest son to the opera, died in a matter of days, without becoming dependent or an invalid.

She was a woman who could be seen by many as lacking in education, and she was very simple in terms of likes and dislikes. She had married at 17 years of age and was married for 52 years to an older man, Stern by name and stern in manner. He was a dominating patriarchal man, who ruled with a rod of steel until his death in 1985 after a long disabling illness. He was nursed by Dot without complaint. Dot was obstinate, stubborn and fixed in her ways, with ‘a memory like an elephant’ for small deeds that offended her in the past. Silly little things forgotten by the offender, like myself. She reminded me of embarrassing her many years ago for not standing up for ‘God Save the Queen’. It had to be at least 40 years ago, or longer, since I cannot even remember the occasion that we must have shared that day I chose to remain seated.

Her eldest son, who attempted suicide and sustained brain damage, replaced the invalid husband. Dot sacrificed the last 15 years taking care of him like a baby. This meant her giving up her own joys of life, especially golf and bowls. Drama in the family deprived her of the company of her son’s family, children, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Dot never passed a negative comment. She carried on, doing all manner of good deeds for family, friends and neighbours. Her catch cry was, “If you can catch me, you can have me”. Now I
could see, that she also satisfied her need to be needed, and that she belonged to that generation of women, who valued their own sense of self through service to others, especially family. She did not see herself as a martyr.

I had often tried to talk to her about death, especially as one by one, her peers, both related and otherwise, died. I wondered what would happen to her son, my cousin, living in his own private world like a child in an adult’s body. Dot always preferred to side step the questions and refused to consider her own inevitable death. She was in perfect health.

Her younger son, Barry, lives in Morocco and he usually came home once a year to visit with his mother. For some reason that he is unable to understand, he arrived months early to spend a month at home and have quality time with Dot. We had a wonderful lunch together, and as usual Dot had cooked her famous fried fish for me, and was a gracious hostess, with beautiful flower arrangements and table setting, at her home overlooking the ocean at Coogee. I sensed real stress, as there is no love lost between the sons. The sibling rivalry exists, even though they are both in their sixties! Does it never end? I saw her actually lose her temper with them both, for the first time in my memory. She told me that she was tired and had a pain in her arm. My reaction was to ask if she had seen a doctor. A typical Dot reaction was to brush it off as unimportant. I was not surprised then, when Barry called the next day to tell me he had admitted his mother to hospital after a massive heart attack. He was very distressed and confused, not knowing what he should do next.

Wally, the eldest son, had to be placed in a private hospital for his instant safety and care. The hospital emergency procedure ‘saved’ Dot’s life and specialists were called in. The bottom line was that the stubborn woman had not had a check up for more than 12 years. My guess, is that her concern for her son, knowing that no one other person cared, made her too afraid to follow doctors orders and see a heart specialist.

This more than likely saved her from medical intervention, of heart by-passes, as a senior citizen. She had another twelve years of quality life. Which brings me to serious reflection about quality of life and ethics. As Dot’s youngest
sister, Ruth had not long ago died, after months of the distressing indignity of
dying. She had been the real Peter Pan, still tap dancing in her golf club revue
at 66 in leotards and looking like a china doll. At 74 she had been diagnosed
with heart disease and submitted to not one, but two triple by-pass operations.
It was such an invasion of her body, but her strong will saw her recover, only to
literally be hit by a bus crossing a road. She was hospitalised, and spent the
next weeks on life support systems, watched by her family, fade from being a
shining little star, to a frail old lady fighting to stay alive.

I have been involved in grief counselling, and death and dying since the 70's.
We do not ‘do death’ very well in our society. It is so frightening for everyone,
and it is so hard for loving families to let go their loved ones. Ruth died, bloated
and blown up from size 8 to size 14, bruised and blackened by modern
medicine’s heroic attempts to prolong her life, without consideration of the
quality of her life.

I pause to consider birth and death, having been midwife to both experiences. They
are such rich emotional and moving experiences. It is a privilege to be able to
support those involved. Both situations, in my opinion, having witnessed them
many times, belong at home and not in the sterile overworked and understaffed
environments of modern hospitals.

Who is looking at the ethics? Who protects their rights, the needs of those women
giving birth to new life, or to those people dying and their relatives watching helpless,
governed by the rules and regulations of these institutions, with good intentions or
not?

I sat with Dot for long periods and found myself being irritated by the stream of
staff, doctors, interns, nurses, social workers, all coming to her bedside to
interrupt her, and calling her Doris. Doris, I asked of them, why Doris? This
woman has been Dot, Dottie or Dorothy for almost 86 years. The running joke
in the family is to give or get cards to or from Dot, with just a huge dot drawn
instead of her name. Why would she respond to Doris? I was told that that was
the official name on her medical records. It was the name that was given to her
at birth. I requested, and wondered why no one else in the family had already
done so, that she be addressed as Dot. The hours ticked by, I watched a very
understaffed nursing team try and manage to attend to the needs of more than
a dozen geriatric patients in the wards of the hospital. Sometimes, there was
only one nurse for all of them. They were waiting for bedpans, or to be turned
to relieve pain, or to be returned to bed after sitting on a chair. Patiently
waiting. Dot, was coming in and out of consciousness, her vital organs
beginning to break down, needed to be cooled with a wet cloth, or have water on
her lips. Every time a staff person came by to disturb her for something, they
called her Doris.

What’s in a name? What is so important about such a small detail at such at
time? Well, when I could not stand it any longer, I asked for and was given a
sheet of white paper and a squeaker pen, and I wrote:

PLEASE CALL ME DOT THAT IS MY NAME, and THANK YOU.

I drew a huge, fat DOT beside the name. I taped it over her head on the bed. It
was my ethical concern, that even in the hours of dying, my aunt needed to be
respected and called by the name she had chosen to use for so long. Everyone
smiled and cooperated. I felt that I had done something useful, at a time when
it seemed that nobody could do anything except prepare for her death.

I felt such strong compassion for all those elderly people dying in hospital,
alone, with no one beside them as they waited for their last curtain call. I
witnessed such indignity, Dot lying uncovered with drips, catheter hanging out
between her legs, pulling out her oxygen, with no one to cover her up. There
were little old ladies, who were waiting for someone to either bring them or
take from them, a bedpan. Stressed out nursing staff not having anyone to
help them when two were needed to move a patient in or out of bed. When are
we going to learn/teach about the etiquette of preparing to die? Virtue is moral
goodness, integrity, good quality and influence.
The funeral that followed less than 24 hours after Dot died, was attended by more than 100 people, in spite of the short notice, and that it was too late for the usual Notice of Death to be published. It was a somber gathering of family and friends, including her two younger sisters, Nancy 83 and Rae 79. How devastating it was for them, being the last two of a family of 10 children.

I wondered why we always only meet each other on such sad occasions? Why is it not possible in our busy lives to make time to celebrate life with each other? It was such a large gathering, so many generations, why do we not learn to celebrate birth and to equally celebrate the passing of a beautiful being, with love?

The Rabbi read the prayers and then the passage written by my cousin, her daughter-in-law, to describe the woman who lay in the coffin, draped with a simple black cloth in front of everyone. Her virtues were simplicity, loving and compassionate. These were the values that related to Dot. She was a wonderful woman filling the roles of daughter, sister, wife, mother, grandmother, great grandmother, friend, neighbour and good citizen.

There were no extraordinary achievements, she was a woman who loved and was loved by everyone. Just as I never heard her utter an unkind word about anyone else, my guess is that no one will ever utter an unkind world about Dot. The drama that death creates in family is powerful.

I celebrate and give thanks to my aunt, Dot, who was a wonderful teacher of quality of life, virtue integrity and ethics. Dot and my grandmother, Lena, set the examples that I follow.

**Dolphin Disappointments**

I have witnessed a very interesting pattern, which usually leads to my disappointment in people. It is the humans in the equation. It seems to me, that dolphins and whales bring out the best and worst in human behaviour. Many look for and find ways and means to exploit our friends and teachers of the ocean. Often
there is a combination of 'what's in it for me' and possessiveness; e.g. 'my dolphins', which is the very opposite of my concept of the dolphin message, which is one of individual freedom with group consciousness. It has been my practice not to seek financial rewards from this global project, not even from those women who were supported in having their babies in my bathtub!

At a time of an unacceptable high blood pressure reading, when I was $200,000 in debt, with a mortgage and no income, I attempted to set up a retreat centre in the Blue Mountains. In one of my usual and impulsive moments, I chose to buy a property with the intention of moving the emphasis of my 'attitudinal' healing concepts away from the dolphin energy. I had suffered, yet again, another bitter disappointment at a 'dolphin conference' in Queensland, 1997, when about 400 delegates gathered along with elders from all over the world, including South Africa, American Indian, New Zealand Maori and Australian Aboriginals. My half sister, Pat, lived in Hervey Bay where the conference was staged and she invited me to stay with her and Brad Cooper actually sponsored my airfare.

Even though I was an Elder and a founder of the movement that had grown around the world, there was 'no room at the inn' for me. I had not been invited to participate, much to everyone's amazement. I was quite devastated. My whole global family gathered to make presentations, and even though I had the very latest, most amazing video of British television commercials showing my beautiful 'homo delphinus' waterbabies in three 30 second commercials, the organiser of the event refused to allow me time to share it with the conference. Not one of my global dolphin family felt moved to speak on my behalf! It felt to me that the 'dolphin' craze had gone too far. There were masses of people around the world now, all wanting to play with and swim with the dolphins. Merchandise of all kinds was available in almost every shop with dolphin symbols. They included clothes, jewellery, artwork and a growing number of musical recordings containing dolphin and whales songs. Indeed, the dolphins and whales had become a multi-million dollar business for some people. However, the issues that I had pioneered in 1980 about captive dolphins in Australia were still not being addressed, nor indeed, was the right of women to
choose water as a birthing tool. I felt like no one was giving anything back. Almost everyone was taking. The conference was a great talkfest to the converted. I was disgusted and it was this disappointment, which once more had me making the decision to step away from the whole dolphin and whale phenomenon.

Figure 7.36  Pioneer pod 1997, Dr John Lily and I in front, Takako behind, and his minders

Figure 7.37  Horace, Wally and Trish, 1997, at dolphin conference

These events were the catalyst for me to walk right away once more and to move into the forums of academia. The University of Western Sydney (UWS) offered me a place to undertake a Master of Applied Science degree in Social Ecology, drawing on my vast experiences. The challenge was awesome and I rose to the occasion, not before leaving my mark at UWS. One of my major assignments covered the death of Princess Diana and a week later the death of Mother Theresa exploring the depth of shifting group consciousness. I also had a pivotal role in the founding group that staged the first Spiritual Leadership and Management Conference in 1998.
Chapter Summary and Reflection

Since 1980, I have been dedicated to understanding the connection between *Homo Sapiens* and the ocean going family *Homo Delphinus*. This chapter described my life stories relating to dolphinicity, birth and death, including the birth of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, freeing cetacea and humans, dolphinicity, Easter Stories about water babies, something precious about art and family, ‘Just Call Me Dot: Midwife to Death’, and dolphin disappointments.

It is an interesting observation for me to see how many times I pick myself up, let go of the angst, and get on with the next challenge. This time in reflection and writing about so many of these experiences has allowed me to judge my responses and to know, with out a shadow of a doubt, that I have moved mountains of ‘stuff’ and learned major lessons, in order to be at peace with myself now.

I have always been way ahead of my time, whether it was creating children’s entertainment, national women’s television, promoting new trends like ‘A Course In Miracles’ 1978, facilitating major international conferences of change, or breaking new ground as a change agent in my own life.

In some ways it does not matter that there has been a lack of acknowledgment, however, there are days when I can feel very sad, because of having taken so many risks and been extremely vulnerable that others have claimed those initiatives. Guess the bottom line is that within my very bold and proactive person beats the heart of one, who like anybody else, needs to be loved and appreciated.
It occurs to me that this is also a pattern for dedicated mothers, who often go unappreciated. The bottom line is that no one can take from me my own knowledge of these achievements. It does not really matter, because the satisfaction is in watching the continuing growth of what I term Gaia consciousness. This is reflected to me on a daily basis, watching the general media now, picking up and reporting on subjects that have been of primary importance in my life for more than 30 years.
CHAPTER EIGHT: WEAVING THE WEB OF GAIA

In this chapter, I share the weaving of the web and the connections of spirit in many forms, by reflecting on the many incredible connections in my global family, interspersed with my observations of the global changes taking place at this moment in time. People, as a global community, are moving very rapidly from the hierarchical world, which is structured and literal, into the new World Wide Web interactive, free flowing, futuristic modality of randomness and interconnection. Everything is knowable and connected instantly, in a manner never experienced by the human species. In less than 30 seconds, a Google search reveals hundreds and thousands of potential answers to specific areas of inquiry. Even so, it is important to realise and remember that our human brain, the ‘neck top computer’, is even faster than any created machine. Our potential for co-creating and change is beyond imagination. Every minute of every day is an opportunity to tap into this global transition.

This chapter describes my experiences of human connection, through an expanding global consciousness. These are my life stories, and they are examples of weaving the web of Gaia. They all have a magical element to them and in almost all the stories there is evidence of a universal intelligence at work. These web-weaving stories include ‘Magical Moments Through Amazing Connections’, in reconnecting with Beryl, Lloyd, Noelle, and Alyn and keeping in touch with my global family.

The web of Gaia has also been woven, through mediating for world peace in an Ashram, exploring religions and spirituality, a discovery tour of Israel and Egypt, dogmatic devotees, Ram Dass and the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, the Raj Yogi Conference in New Delhi, Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace worldwide, and holding the vision against war. Stories about weaving the web through whale tales, include the launch of a book, ‘A Whale Song’, and my magic triangle with Trish and Wally.
The stories about weaving connections with cetacea and humans relate further adventures with the Franklins and the Oceania Project. Stories about my connections with Angela in weaving the web of Gaia, include an international conference, and how Angela and I connected with Dr Emoto and other people, through amazing synchronicity.

Magical Moments Through Amazing Connections

In this section I describe magical moments of reconnection with friends, as we continued to weave the web of Gaia.

Reconnecting with Beryl

On the second day of March 2003, the telephone rang, I reached over to answer it and a voice asked: "Estelle Myers?" I answered in the affirmative and the voice announced her to be Beryl Mercer. Instantly and without a second of hesitation, I asked her if she was the same Beryl Mercer from the 'Fairsky', in 1968. Her answer was affirmative. Just as well I was in a horizontal position, because her confirmation 'knocked me out'! It would be at least 30 years since we last spoke and I had no good reason to recall so immediately who she was. Thirty years is along time in anyone's life, let alone mine, in which so much has happened. There have been so many trips around the world, presentations at conferences, 5000 or so visitors at my various Rainbow Dolphin Centers and more visitors in my own homes. Apart from all that, I had moved no less than 13 times in that period across three countries. My next question was, of course: "However did you find me"? Her answer was even more surprising, because she told me that her daughter, Helen, is now 42 years old and she is the producer of news at Channel Ten in Brisbane.

I had recently taken part in an ‘earth shattering, mind-blowing’ event on February 8th less than three weeks ago. Along with 750 other women, I had stripped naked to make a peace statement, which was filmed, broadcast nationally and internationally and continued to create incredible media coverage all over the world. I had already claimed the event to be a major contribution to 'grounding' an energy field to empower and inspire others. A week later, 11 million people marched in peace demonstrations all over the
world in no less than 605 locations. In my inimitable fashion, I had contacted the photographer from Channel Ten to request the video shoot, because as a keeper of records over the last 30 odd years, I knew instinctively that I would be able to show others what I had witnessed.

The explosion of Gaia energy, the power of love and compassion, occurred in less than eight days. In my estimation, this was a major miracle. My request had landed on Helen’s desk, which in turn recognised my name 30 years on and passed it on to her mother.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 8.1 Northern Star, 9th February 2003

The 8th February 2003 saw a massive local response in three days, which was circulated worldwide, three hours after the event. Inspiration had become a reality in less than a week and only cost $21 for photocopies, made by the Women of the Byron shire network. They grounded Gaia, the Mother energy. The organiser had only needed only 67 women to make the ‘No War!’ sign, yet the final count of participants was 760 women, plus children.
A final figure of more than 11 million people in 606 locations around the world participated on 16th February 2003. Never before has a grassroots movement been so speedily mobilized. Global networks move rapidly.

My next question was: Why on earth would Helen remember my name 30 years on, especially as she was a little girl when we met? In fact, she was one of my charges on board the ‘Fairsky’, when I sailed away on a free passage in return for looking after 100 or so kids, for the 30-day voyage. Her mother was taking her and her brother to London to begin a new life. They were 7 and 9 years old. The answer was familiar in some ways and that’s what this story is about. The simple explanation was that I had made a huge impression on the family, because I was so different from anyone else they had met. I was a free and creative spirit, in a time of repression for many women of my age.

In my time with the children on board, producing a pantomime of ‘The Pied Piper of Hamlyn’ to entertain the adults had been a peak experience for them and their parents. I wore my Raggedy Anne costume at the fancy dress evening, which delighted the kids, as many had seen me in my Christmas Pantomime in Sydney, as the doll that needed to be repaired in ‘The Enchanted Forest’.
Later, on the family’s return to Sydney, they interacted with my daughters and me. In fact, I worked for Beryl at British Tobacco as a researcher for a short time. According to Beryl on the telephone, she and Helen were delighted to have found me again and were looking forward to catching up with each other the following week. Beryl’s son is now a doctor in Sydney.

I have come to realise that I am not easily forgotten. People put me in one of two categories; they either love me or hate me. Fortunately, the majority loves me. I want to share some more tales of magical connections made years later. It validates my notion of always being a strong individual, who has empowered others in many ways. What makes these numerous magical moments so fascinating is that there are so many millions of people on this planet. The population is 20 million in Australia! I find it incredible that someone like Beryl, would all these years later, be so excited to find me again.

Reconnecting with Lloyd

In recent years, similar stories have unfolded. Dr Lloyd Fell is a colleague, who has been involved closely with the development of the SLAM Network, in conjunction with the University of Western Sydney since 1997. However, he reminded me that we had first met way back in 1980 at a Healing conference. It was indeed the year that John Lennon died, December 8th, 1980. I had just conducted a ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’, facilitating a moving mediation using the rainbow and dolphins to link heart and minds. We were north of Newcastle and there were about 120 delegates. It was only three months since my first communication with the dolphins and I was definitely ‘full on’. One of my colleagues nicknamed me ‘motor mouth’, because in his opinion, I was telling people too much, too soon.

My new contact with Lloyd came in 1997, when I was preparing material for my Master of Applied Science, Social Ecology at UWS, and one of my supervisors introduced me to the work of the Chilean Biologists, Maturana and
Varella. Their book *The Tree of Knowledge* (1987) spelled out comprehensive evidence that 'love' was the powerful evolutionary force. Dr Stewart and Lloyd had written a collection of papers (Fell and Stewart, 1994) to celebrate the visit to Australia in 1994 of Humberto Maturana. David recommended I contact Lloyd to get a copy, which I did, and once more to my surprise, Lloyd told me the story of how I had changed his life. My presentation on Rainbow Beach at that healing conference in 1980 and the magical story I shared of the Rainbow Dolphin connection inspired him to make major changes in his own life. Somehow that encounter empowered him.

Figure 8.3 Dr Lloyd Fell's book

Reconnecting with Noelle

Here is another story of magical connections, which show how we are weaving the web of Gaia.

In 1987 a young woman introduced herself to me at a Sydney party, because she was pregnant. She had been advised to ask me for information about having a waterbaby in America. Noelle Simpson was born in New Zealand. She
is an artist and has lived on and off for many years in Bali. The father of her unborn baby was in America preparing for an art show. They are both artists. Her unborn daughter Zen, has been responsible for a very intriguing on-going relationship with us.

I had not long returned from America, where I had been doing my presentations to inform anyone who would listen, about the benefits of using water as a birthing tool. My strongest ally and dear friend was Marina Alzugary, a midwife, who had supported the first waterbabies born in America. She has also been responsible for ‘building a bridge’ between home births and transfers to hospital. She is a wonderful, warm, loving Cuban born woman. Her base at the time was Santa Barbara. Naturally, I gave Noelle her telephone number so that she could make contact. A week later, she made contact and to our amazement, it appeared that Van, the father of the yet to be born Zen, had already made contact with Marina and organised a waterbirth.

At 40 plus, Noelle was birthing for the first time; she has shared her blissful birth experience all over the world. She has been a major player in promoting waterbirth worldwide. Noelle is an international free spirit and lives sometimes in London, Los Angeles, Bali and Auckland. Somehow, without ever planning it, we always end up travelling or being in the same place or country at the same time. We have done television programs together and she has arranged for me to make major presentations in all those locations.
Noelle and Zen were present for the last day of filming ‘Oceania’, in February 1989. When I went to Bali to visit Noelle, I stayed at the most wonderful villa, a palatial luxurious villa built by one of Bali’s most prominent architects. His name these days is Made Wijaya; he featured in a story recently as an Aussie expat, who made Bali his home more than 30 years ago (The Australian, 22/10/2002). When I arrived, he threw a huge surprise banquet in my honour and astounded me, when he announced that, as a little boy in Bondi, I had inspired him to become an artist. His older sister used to baby-sit for me when I was a young wife and mother. I was in my early 20’s and Michael used to come over after school and we would play together with my two little babies. He told everyone at the party how different my home was from all the others in Bondi, because it was filled with little treasures, books and pictures, and how I treated him as a special person, encouraging him to be creative. I lived in that horrible little ground floor apartment from 1956 to 1960. I had no idea then that a very powerful and loving person would one day reward those years in such a grand manner. He is the author of several books on Bali (Wijaya, 1995) and he inscribed the one he gave me, “For Aunty Estelle, for dolphinicity, much love and many thanks for the inspirational afternoons in Ramsgate Ave”. December 1995.

Figure 8.5 Made Wijaya in Bali

Figure 8.6 Made and I in Bali, 1994
Alyn and the Peace Flame

I was an avid reader growing up. Books were my escape from my otherwise ugly reality. One constant read that was on my escape route was the monthly edition of ‘Readers Digest’. I would await the new magazine with eager anticipation. It was a kind of self-education, offering a wide range of current affairs topics, along with ‘word power’. My favourite feature was ‘The most unusual character I have met’. Contributions were made by readers of their own first person experience of an unusual or influential individual, who had made an impression on the writer. I realise now, that somehow it is clear that my own life is very unique and individual, and there are many people, who would describe me as ‘the most unusual character’ they have met. My surprise reunions with those from my past seem to support this notion.

For example, in 1999, I promised to take a Peace Flame from Wales to the United Nations in New York. I had been instrumental in getting it from Australia to Wales (Chapter Five) and my commitment to take it across the ocean in the QE2 to the United Nations, was another of those impetuous decisions that I make so often. I had no idea how I would do it, and I knew deep down that 'spirit' would guide and support my decision with ease and grace, which it did. The Peace Flame contained in a Welsh miner's lamp journeyed across the ocean in the security of the Captain, sitting safely in the control room of the great vessel. On my arrival in New York, I discovered that the plans for my accommodation had been changed. On the surface it looked like a disaster, however, I have learned that every crisis is a creative opportunity and my choice is not to react from fear, and to realise that something more powerful was afoot. I was not surprised to learn from my new hostess, Judith Halek, when I arrived unexpectedly on her doorstep, that she had just had a telephone call from a young man named Alyn Ware. Alyn was a New Zealand lawyer, who had called Judith to enquire about environmentally friendly diapers for his sister to use for her new baby. Alyn was living and working in New York, and on learning of my impending visit, was anxious to reconnect with me. We had not seen each other for 17 years, when I supported the birth of his daughter in my bathtub on 2nd September 1982.
Ra was one of the very first waterbabies, and indeed the very one, who arrived in time for my first international conference on the subject in New Zealand. Alyn had left his teaching job to travel from one island to another, sharing his peace mission with the children of Aetorora. He was now the lawyer for the Nuclear Disarmament Committee in NYC, and was involved in facilitating a huge conference on the subject that week of October 1999. It was due to occur less than a week after my arrival with the Peace Flame. Judith was a birth educator and is the same age as my youngest daughter. We have been working and dancing together since 1985. We have shared many adventures with Noelle and Marina. Judith is like a younger version of me. She even has her own cable TV program in NYC.

Alyn arrived within the hour. We hugged, cried and laughed at the ‘coincidence’ of our meeting, especially in light of my mission. Alyn began to explain how difficult the security at the UN was and I simply hushed him up. Dolphincity, the magic beyond synchronicity, was at play and that certainly was more than a coincidence. He quickly agreed. The short version of this story is that we played the game of trusting the unseen spirit and energy of love. Magic happened with ease and grace and cleared the way for me.
I literally walked that Peace Flame into and through ‘the bowels’ of the United Nations and placed it on the forum bench in front of the 300 delegates, who were there, much to my concern and amazement, debating ‘limited nuclear warfare’. The web of Gaia is woven in many ways and in many places. The detail of how the magic worked is not important, except to say that I am never alone on such a mission. I always call in my global family for support, with circles of five. It has been my experience that this is the magic number to manifest dreams into reality. It goes like this:

It takes one to know  
Two to agree  
Three so it shall be  
Four is the cement that binds  
Five is alchemy and transformation

Over the years, I have developed a network of people, who love and trust me. They do not question my requests to ‘hold the vision’; they simply tune in and do just that. Then they, in turn, call their circle of five, so that, exponentially, it is not possible to know just how many people are holding the vision. I just know that it works with ease and grace, if the vision is for the good of all. That is what happened on 23rd October 1999. It was as though an invisible force, that propelled me through the vast corridors of power, surrounded me holding the lamp in my right hand. When I placed it on the bench in the Dag Hammarskjöld auditorium, and Alyn introduced me and explained the miracle, I was given a standing ovation. Later, I was able to address the delegates to exhort them to speak of love instead of fear. My strong emotional plea was for all the nations to stop making weapons of destruction, if they were serious about peace. That was a Friday afternoon.

On the following Monday, when I telephoned to make appointments with the highest authorities organising the many NGO conferences for 2000, word had got around about my impossible, yet successful mission, and they were as eager to meet me as I was to meet with them. I was able to suggest that the Peace Flame be at each and every program in the coming year.
Of course, the other part of this equation was my constant ability to create media attention. I have in the past reached literally millions and millions of people using every form of media, television, theatre, radio, newspapers and other publications. This was another reason to celebrate the birthing of Gaia, the mother energy, with those naked women in the Northern Rivers region, which resulted in more media, moving around the world, and being more inspiring than anything else in which I have been involved. The best part for me was I did nothing. All I had to do was to turn up and ‘get my gear off’. This was one of the reasons for contacting Channel Ten, because in only eight days I had the images to make another inspiring video story, to share my bigger picture with others. By comparison, ‘Oceania, The Promise of Tomorrow’ took eight years to produce and pull together!

‘The cherry on the top’ was looking forward to meeting with Beryl and her family that week. It is miraculous and magical. Spirit moves faster than the speed of light. I drove north for almost three hours, eager to re-unite with Beryl Mercer. Her phone call ‘out of the blue’ was 32 years after our last contact and it had astounded me.
As usual in my life, synergy was working; I was driving to Brisbane, where Beryl lived, to fly on to Sydney to see my family. This was a commitment I made four months ago, when cheap airfares were announced. I took advantage of the fares to ensure trips to Sydney for research. I could not have known then how important the dates were. My grandson, Jez, as he likes to be called these days, had made a very important decision after his visit to me at the end of last year. On March 11\textsuperscript{th} he would fly out of Australia on an open-ended adventure to London, with no fixed agenda. How fortunate for me that my window of opportunity to go to Sydney coincided with his departure. A family gathering was unfolding. It would be a glorious way to catch up with everyone, including my sister Lyn and her hubby, recently returned from their four months adventures overseas. My eldest granddaughter, Lena, who had left home to begin a course at Canberra University in environmental architecture, would be home too.
Keeping in Touch with my Global Family

My family is rather large and my extended global family even larger. I can see now that people, who come into my life, invariably stay in touch. My mother and my husband were always irritated by the fact there were so many people in my life. In fact, my mother claimed that I cared more for friends that the family. Wherever I go, I seem to create a new circle of friends, and with few exceptions, they become meaningful relationships. The only problem is that there is only one of me.

To overcome this situation, I developed a newsletter kind of communication, to keep in touch with everybody. Initially, they were photocopies, then faxes, graduating to cyberspace and email very early in the growth of the medium. At times, my photocopy and ‘snail mail’ bill for stamps ran to around $25 almost every week, which was a large expenditure, considering that I was not generating an income. In addition, I have no hesitation to picking up the phone if it is necessary, to convey or network information worldwide. Thank goodness for email. My communication costs have been reduced about $15 per week, and reach ten times as many people.

It is this very same explosion of technology that has been responsible for what is unfolding as the most amazing moment in history. The global family and network are with speed and efficiency mobilising people in numbers never before witnessed and I see peace is breaking out all over the world. My life and journey are a continuing momentum of networking.

Journal entry 16th March 2003

The global family has so far prevented the United States President from bombing Iraq. The dissemination of information is permitting people to realise that they can make a difference. That has been my message forever more. I have watched my own personal global network grow from a handful to thousands. Each node of my own
network has their own network, which is why I have just received an email that declared that more than one million emails were delivered last week to the 15 members of the United Nations Security Council. It was a project that took only five days! More exciting for me is an email that confirms my own notion that we have reached critical mass required for attitudinal healing. Robert Muller once held the position that Coffi Annan holds now as the head of the United Nations, his whole stance was about ‘networking’.

These abstracts are from my global network and family. Two emails were received on 15\textsuperscript{th} March 2003.

P.P.S. Yesterday, we delivered to the 15 United Nations Security Council members anti-war comments from one million people around the world gathered last week in just five days. 180 boxes of your petitions were delivered, which drew extensive media attention. It now appears that the Bush administration’s resolution on Iraq will fail to garner Security Council support, and world public opinion has been a key part of this. Thank you!

The next (unedited) email from a member of my global family reflects the current evolutionary phenomenon and makes powerful reading.

Dr. Robert Muller, was the former assistant secretary general of the United Nations; he is now Chancellor Emeritus of the University of Peace in Costa Rica and he was one of the people who witnessed the founding of the UN and has worked in support of or inside the UN ever since. Recently, he was in San Francisco to be honoured for his service to the world through the UN and through his writings and teachings for peace.

At age eighty, Dr. Muller surprised, even stunned, many in the audience that day with his most positive assessment of where the world stands now, regarding war and peace. I was there at the gathering and I myself was stunned by his remarks. What he said turned my head around and offered me a new way to see what is going on in the world. My synopsis of his remarks is below:

"I'm so honoured to be here," he said. "I'm so honoured to be alive at such a miraculous time in history. I'm so moved by what's going on in our world today." (I was shocked. I thought -- Where has he been? What has he been reading? Has he seen the newspapers? Is he senile? Has he lost it? What is he talking about?).

Dr. Muller proceeded to say, "Never before in the history of the world has there been a global, visible, public, viable, open dialogue and
conversation about the very legitimacy of war." The whole world is in
now having this critical and historic dialogue—listening to all kinds
of points of view and positions about going to war or not going to war.
In a huge global public conversation the world is asking -- "Is war
legitimate? Is it illegitimate? Is there enough evidence to warrant an
attack? Is there not enough evidence to warrant an attack? What will
be the consequences? The costs? What will happen after a war? How
will this set off other conflicts? What might be peaceful alternatives?
What kind of negotiations are we not thinking of? What are the real
intentions for declaring war?"

All of this, he noted, is taking place in the context of the United
Nations Security Council, the body that was established in 1949 for
exactly this purpose. He pointed out that it has taken us more than
fifty years to realise that function, the real function of the UN And at
this moment in history—the United Nations is at the centre of the
stage. It is the place where these conversations are happening, and it
has become in these last months and weeks, the most powerful governing
body on earth, the most powerful container for the world’s effort to
wage peace rather than war.

Dr. Muller was almost in tears in recognition of the fulfillment of this
dream. "We are not at war," he kept saying. We, the world community,
are WAGING peace. It is difficult, hard work. It is constant and we
must not let up. It is working and it is an historic milestone of
immense proportions. It has never happened before -- never in human
history -- and it is happening now, every day, and every hour, waging
peace through a global conversation". He pointed out that the
conversation questioning the validity of going to war has gone on for
hours, days, weeks, months and now more than a year, and it may go on
and on.

"We're in peacetime," he kept saying. "Yes, troops are being moved.
Yes, warheads are being lined up. Yes, the aggressor is angry and upset
and spending a billion dollars a day preparing to attack. But not one
shot has been fired. Not one life has been lost. There is no war. It's
all a conversation."... "It is tense, it is tough, it is challenging, AND
we are in the most significant and potent global conversation and public
dialogue in the history of the world. This has not happened before on
this scale ever before--not before W.W.I or W.W.II, not before Vietnam
or Korea, this is new and it is a stunning new era of Global listening,
speaking, and responsibility".

In the process, he pointed out; new alliances are being formed. Russia
and China on the same side of an issue are an unprecedented outcome.
France and Germany working together to wake up the world to a new way of
seeing the situation. The largest peace demonstrations in the history
of the world are taking place--and we are not at war! Most peace
demonstrations in recent history took place when a war was already
waging, sometimes for years, as in the case of Vietnam.

"So this," he said, "is a miracle. This is what "waging peace " looks
like." No matter what happens, history will record that this is a new
era, and that the 21st century has been initiated with the world in a
global dialogue looking deeply, profoundly and responsibly as a global
community at the legitimacy of the actions of a nation that is desperate
to go to war. Through these global peace-waging efforts, the leaders of
that nation are being engaged in further dialogue, forcing them to
rethink, and allowing all nations to participate in the serious and
horrific decision to go to war or not.

Dr. Muller also made reference to a recent New York Times article that
pointed out that up until now there has been just one superpower--the
United States, and that that has created a kind of blindness in the
vision of the U.S. But now, Dr. Muller asserts, there are two
superpowers: the United States and the merging, surging voice of the
people of the world. All around the world, people are waging peace. To
Robert Muller, one of the great advocates of the United Nations, it is
nothing short of a Miracle and it is working. In my living breathing
never ending story I am off to join a peace vigil, which is local and
global. We stand on the brink of war or change. The choice is being
made by millions of people all over the world.

As I read this email, I reflected on how interesting it is to think about the many
peace meditations in which I have participated over the years. I am able to see
the exponential growth from my own journey.

Mediating for World Peace

This section contains stories about mediating for world peace through
weaving various connections of Gaia, such as an Ashram, exploring religions
and spirituality, a discovery tour of Israel and Egypt, dogmatic devotees, Ram
Dass and the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, the Raj Yogi
Conference in New Delhi, Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace
worldwide, and holding the vision against war.

The Ashram

The first inclination to mediate for world peace began when I visited for the
first time, early 1977 an ashram in California.

I remember feeling very uncomfortable, watching a room full of people lying
prostrate with their eyes closed in silence. To a newcomer, it was a very
strange sight indeed. When they finished they formed a queue and waited to be
'tapped on the head' by the guru with a peacock feather!

It had not been long since my huge altered state of consciousness, which
overnight had transformed me from a dogmatic critical atheist, to some kind of
'born again' zealot and healing and love were my 'given' tools. My world had
been turned upside down and as I opened my heart and eyes to the unseen
world of spirit I was led on a merry path of discovery. Experiences, books,
seminars and personal growth presentations became my way of learning about
the spiritual aspects of others. There was a distinct difference between the
others and me. They were still searching, while I had absolutely experienced
and had no doubt what so ever about the healing energy of the unseen power by
whatever name one wanted to call it.
Exploring Religions and Spirituality

I considered it my duty to explore every other religion and to use my skills in communication and marketing to promote them all. It did not matter much to me what others called their spiritual paths, for me they were simply all one.

During this period of time I promoted Paul Solomon, an ex-Baptist preacher, Ruth Carter, a Southern Baptist Christ healer, the Foundation Faith of God and the Temple of Faith and Hope. I was actively involved in networking them all together to form the world first ecumenical service for the United Nations in 1978.

It was during this time I also came in contact with Judy Skutch and the core group responsible for publishing and distributing of ‘A Course in Miracles’. In fact, I spent my last $6000 to bring it to Australia, by arranging a tour for two of it teachers in 1979. It was in this period of life living in New York City, 1976 to 1979 inclusive, that I also participated in personal growth programs with Werner Ehardt, EST and the spin off program with Stuart Emory of ‘Actualisations’ and finally did the first course in Scientology. I do nothing in half measures. I was convinced that it was my duty to discover and report to the rest of the world how they might discover God. It was also the time when I learned my most painful lesson by attracting to me the young black man, who became ever so briefly my second husband (Chapter Five). My openness and vulnerability were evident to everyone except me.

My other concern was that all these other so called ‘spiritual people’ claimed that their way was the best or only way. I began to see why I had rejected ‘man made’ religion. I consider that the degree of hypocrisy was extraordinary. Very few of those with whom I met and interacted ‘walked their talk’. Indeed, some of these so-called Gurus have treated their followers with disdain.

I think that the most important process that I experienced in those few years was Scientology. The first course is about communication. It is about transmitting and receiving information, which is mutually understood. The process of learning that and how not to react from an emotional plug in is so powerful. It also puts the onus right back on the individual for taking personal
responsibility about their own actions. I notice with some degree of curiosity that Scientology is now the fashionable way to gain a spiritual insight. Many Hollywood stars and indeed Australians are promoting and supporting it widely. There seems to be a new push to market the philosophy of Ron L Hubbard today. He was seen at the time as a threat by the American Government of his day, because his course gives people tools for personal empowerment. He spent his days out of reach of the CIA and the FBI, to avoid capture as a public enemy. His story is quite amazing, living on a ship at sea, continually building his organisation, which today is found all over the world. Organisations can be addictive, and people can get very caught up and spend thousands of dollars reaching ever higher for their quest. I was very lucky, again, because I was not searching for answers. The tools that I learned during that first communications course were all I needed from Scientology. It taught me how to ensure clarity of communication transmitted by me, received by another and to be mutually understood.

It is from many of these experiences that I developed my own seminars on personal growth, shared around the world. They are a synthesis of the best of the smorgasbord of tools gleaned from them, combined with much knowledge and wisdom gained from books. Many of the authors have become allies and part of my huge and extended global family, including Peter Russell, Rupert Sheldrake, Riane Eisler, Elizabeth Sahtouris, Arthur C Clarke and Horace Dobbs. Great departed souls like Carl Rogers and Willis Harman were enormously influential in my growth, and they were fascinated by my theories, especially the use of water for birthing human babies. They were all really supportive. The late Dr John Lily even went on to promote the concept actively. These are but a few of my playmates, met along my journey and some of their writing is in my review of influential texts (Chapter 2).

A Discovery Tour of Israel and Egypt

Jean Houston and Robert Masters were both so impressed by my intuitive energy and vision that they invited me to return to New York to be resident at their Omega Centre. I chose not to take up their invitation, because I had only just returned to Australia after my own exciting sojourn in New York. Jean had had the good fortune to have Teilhard de Chardin as her mentor, as a
young girl growing up in the Big Apple. It was with Jean, Robert and Paul Solomon that my next powerful Global Peace Meditation happened. We had been on a discovery tour of Israel and Egypt together with 81 others. I was a guest, invited because I had promoted the tour in Australia. It was payment in kind.

May of 1980 found me flying to Cairo to join the elite band of disciples of these teachers. That in itself is another story, but for the moment, back to the global peace meditation. Robert, a renowned Egyptologist, had arranged for our group to have a private session in the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid. In the chamber there is an empty sarcophagus. After making our way to this very sacred place, which involved almost crawling on our tummies and climbing a narrow ladder, we found ourselves in this huge chamber, empty except for the huge stone box. The ritual that we shared involved us, one at a time, climbing into the box and surrendering our old selves, emerging as a new soul ready to begin our journey. We then spent the next hour meditating for world peace. My gift of the very expensive tour was made possible by another loving soul, since departed, Kirk, who owned Protea Tours. I had been promoting them worldwide after my great adventure with them back in 1968. When my invitation to join this group arrived, I had just spent my last $6000 to facilitate the Miracles tour, paying all the costs involved. Kirk effectively gave me the return airfare for a token cost. It was his way of saying thank you for all my support over the years. I was beginning to get used to ‘spirit’ supporting me.
Dogmatic Devotees

On my return to Australia I became involved in attempting to network all the alternative groups and found, to my dismay, that they too were dogmatic about their particular pathway.

What led to my using the rainbow and the dolphin to link people's hearts and mind in meditation, regardless of their own religious or philosophical beliefs, was my journey to Cairns in October 1980. I found myself travelling with a Muktunandah devotee, an Alice Bailey convert and a Christian.

We travelled for a few days camping along a bush track from Cairns to Cape Tribulation, to hold my first Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace. That was on October 28th 1980. That, of course, changed my life once more. They argued all the way about their own beliefs. They, like the others, who joined in, were willing to use the rainbow and dolphin as linking symbols for individual peace and freedom, with a group consciousness.
Ram Dass and the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace

On December 8th of the same year, I facilitated the Planetary Pause for Peace at a brilliant healing festival in NSW.

There were a few hundred people, and coincidentally, it was the day that John Lennon was assassinated. In January 1981 3000 people in New Zealand joined me, when Ram Dass conducted a Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace.

![Image of Ram Dass wearing a Rainbow Dolphin T-shirt](image)

Figure 8.15 Ram Dass, in New Zealand 1981, wearing my Rainbow dolphin T-shirt, that was used worldwide

The Raj Yogi Conference in New Delhi

At the Raj Yogi Conference (1981) in New Delhi, 12,000 devotees marched three times in silence through the streets of the city. I had been invited to make a presentation to the delegates, which I did, dressed in my rainbow flowing gown, sharing with them the reasons for using rainbows and dolphins as a linking power to become one, even for a few minutes. In less than six months, I had experienced the Planetary Pause for Peace grows from the first circle of ten to tens of thousands!
Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace Worldwide

After that, I conducted Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace all over the world. In New Zealand, Canada, America, Europe and Japan people were wearing the T Shirt with these two powerful symbols. The message was always "We are one, won, NOW." I was travelling and using the wonderful ‘Miracles’ network, which I had helped establish in the early days. My global family had no boundaries and used the vision of the dolphins as a symbol of freedom, fun and friendship that was so powerful.

In New Zealand, these meditations became a feature at all the conferences I attended, especially the ‘One Earth Conference’ at the Tauhara Centre in November of 1983. This conference was significant, because it combined traditional Christian ideals with metaphysical and new age philosophy.
Dr Peter Spink was the keynote speaker; he was a missionary and Canon of Coventry Cathedral and founder of the Omega Order in Kent. He was a modern day Teilhard de Chardin. We danced together, and this made wonderful television images of my Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace. He came and spent time with me at my centre, north of our conference.

My vision quest to promote the ‘water babies’ as the peacemakers of the future found me seeking out Igor Charkovsky in Russia. More miracles unfolded (that too is another story). Meantime, in 1985 in Red Square, I invited others to join in a global peace party creating a wave of peaceful energy at noon on March 31st. They did.

Then there was the Raj Yogi ‘Million Minutes for Peace’, followed by the 1987 ‘Harmonic Convergence’. We all watched in amazement and wonder when the Berlin Wall came tumbling down so unexpectedly in 1989, without so much as a whisper of warning. On that day, I was at Port Stephens with a very another very important friend, William Hindmarsh. We met at the Tauhara centre at that very special conference with Peter Spink, and William had initiated the plan for a third political party in New Zealand. William is one of the few mature men, not afraid of my energy.

Maybe this story at this critical moment in our global history is an important element of what is happening now. To cut a long story short, it was in an attempt to support William that I nominated as a candidate for his vision of a third political party for NZ.
The New Zealand Party, which by then had been highjacked by a powerful businessman, Bob Jones. He ‘freaked out’ when during the founding conference of the party, I shared my 100th monkey story and it was broadcast on TV! The last thing Bob wanted was to have the Rainbow Dolphin Waterbaby woman associated with his fledgling party (Chapter Five).

Figure 8.20 Bob Jones self appointed leader of the New Zealand Party with the least favourite candidate, 1983

Holding the Vision Against War

The 17th day of March 2003 was the 21st birthday of my first Rainbow Dolphin Centre waterbaby, Zhan, who commanded huge media attention worldwide.

Figure 8.21 Suzanne and Zhan, first water born baby in my bathtub, 17/3/82

It was also St Patrick's Day and the Buddha's birthday. More importantly, it was according to the media of that day and according to President George Bush, the ‘Day of Truth’. He had spoken aloud, the unthinkable. He would, with UN backing or not, go to war within hours. I was still holding onto the vision that THIS WILL NOT HAPPEN.
Every day the collective consciousness had grown, and every day people of all persuasions and nationality were having peace rallies. They numbered in their millions. I was sure we had reached critical mass. It was interesting for me to observe that in both Iraq and America, the media was heavily censored and the bulk of information was flowing out through cyberspace and the global network.

The working of the World Wide Web is wonderful. I left the question open. How could these men, Bush, Blair and our own Howard, ignore the massive movement for peace? They really represented to me the old patriarchal 'might is right' and “We know what is best for everyone”. I had personally witnessed the explosion of the heart energy, of the mother, grandmother, energy become grounded in those few weeks. Love is the only answer. There can be no other way.
Weaving the Web Through Whale Tales of Learning Waves

This section includes stories of weaving the web through whale tales, such as the launch of a book, ‘A Whale Song’, my friendship with Trish and Wally Franklin,

The Launch of a Book, ‘A Whale Song’

On the 14th day of June 2003, I had the most fantastic and rewarding experience of the last 22 years. I was attending the launch of a book, ‘A Whale Song’, by Timothy Goodsen Harris (2003). It was commissioned by the Whale Research faculty of Southern Cross University and represented the most amazing collaborative effort between my very special friends, Wally and Trish Franklin, Founders and Directors of The Oceania Project, which is now 13 years old. The book is illustrated with many of the thousands of pictures taken by Trish during their annual expeditions in Hervey Bay, Queensland. The culmination of the project was the most complete collaborative and cooperative effort of many wonderful people and married the cosmic and academic minds and hearts. The synergy was awesome.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 8.23 Trish’s photo on the cover of Tim’s book for Southern Cross University
For me, there was a continuing tapestry of connections, which involved whale, dolphin and waterbaby stories, going right back to 1979. Timothy found himself attending a birth and met for the first time Peter Shenstone, who travelled the world sharing his mystical experience of the ‘Golden Dolphin’ legend. The Rainbow Dolphin Research Centre was inspired by my personal experience at Cape Tribulation on learning of this legend from Peter, in October 1980.

The speed of my vision becoming a reality was amazing. Linking my Rainbow energy with the Dolphin energy for peace meditations had an instant and powerful effect. I began surfing the waves of change as they came rolling at me. They came so thick and fast and often left me stranded like a whale on the beach, dumped and out of breath, needing to pick myself up and get right back in to catch the next one. Finally, after many disappointments, I seem to have learned how to surf the changes without getting dumped. The reason for this is that I am convinced that the writing of this RTA has given me the opportunity to be aware in the finest detail of the lessons that I have learned along the way of the great oceanic adventure.
A Magic Triangle: Trish, Wally and ‘Cooper’

Trish and Wally nicknamed me ‘Cooper’ many years ago. They were watching a captive dolphin performance in Europe and there was a little dolphin that could not be controlled, who simply at great speed did his own thing. According to them, it reminded them of me. They explained that the ‘Cooper’ was the most important person on the whaling ships; he made the barrels that contained the whale oil. Trish, Wally and I have been dancing or surfing since we first met back in 1987. At that time, they were totally involved in completing an 11 year project/dreaming of their own. They had embarked on a journey to convene, organise and facilitate the reenactment of Captain Cook’s journey with the First Fleet in 1788. They were working as a team to find and fund a fleet of square rigged sailing ships to sail from England and arrive at Botany Bay on our 200th birthday. It was Australia Day 1988.

I watched with joy and celebrated with them the culmination of many years of leading edge research in Hervey Bay, ‘hanging out with humpbacks’. I had the privilege of being on board the ‘Anna Christina’ on their first exploration of the Oceania Project in Hervey Bay, 1989. We are a magical triangle and have shared so much together and it has not always been easy. Trish has given me many opportunities to grow, not without pain. Wally and Trish as a couple are my role models of what a partnership might look like. They have combined their compatible and complementary skills without losing their individual freedom and they are researching at Southern Cross University, with a great deal of encouragement from me.

I have come to realise that often when people get angry with me; it is because I remind them of some one else of authority. It is often a parent. I learned the trick during my five years of being both ‘earth mother and father’ at the three Rainbow Dolphins Centres. Every visitor was an opportunity for me to learn how to grow and finally say ‘how I need it to be for me in my space is … ’. When tempers were frayed or emotions flowed out of balance, it became my habit to sit down and ask
person to pretend that I was wearing a mask, and to remember with whose face they were really being angry. This helped me to learn to not take the angst or criticism personally. Mind you, I had to look hard at the situation and be willing to own it and do something if necessary. If not, my other option was to be non attached and not to plug in to their stuff. I see every crisis as an opportunity rather than a problem, and have learned to not blame anyone else.

Figure 8.25 The view from Rainbow Dolphin Centre, looking to the Poor Knights, named by Captain Cook

I have come a long way. My enthusiasm, passion and personal power have been very overbearing and without realising it, are sometimes manipulative. It has taken me 66 years to recognise that, inadvertently, I am the cause of my own disappointments. I have literally had to learn not to presume or assume anything of anyone. One of my patterns was to assume that everyone in my global family would love to meet each other. No, no, no such thing happened. I attract such a diverse group of souls into my life and have a very open heart, which allows me to see the best in people. My big mouth often gets me into trouble; in fact Peter Shenstone nicknamed me ‘motor mouth’ for telling people, in his opinion, too much too soon.

The essence of the Golden Dolphin Legend is that Australia would become a place
that people would visit from around the world to experience the whales and dolphins in their own environment and it has happened. His dreaming is now a reality.

Nicknames like, pocket whirlwind, small typhoon, bundle of energy and dynamo have been used to describe me. I move very fast, at the speed of light, things happen and get done, as if like a fairy godmother I wave a magic wand with instant results. Those who find me a threat have used less flattering adjectives like boisterous, pushy, stubborn, hardhearted, arrogant, dominating, aggressive, headstrong, obstinate, opinionated and rebellious.

Here is an interesting observation I have been able to make, especially in the course of writing this RTA, which seems to keep me in a more than usual state of awareness of myself and of others. On looking back at my life and the adventures that I have shared along the way, people met along this way can be divided into two groups. There are those who enjoy me ‘warts and all’ and those who really do not understand where I am coming from. They read my behaviour as a threat, and almost always they are people, who have their own ‘control’ issues. I am a ‘wild card’ and cannot be controlled, that is for sure. However, in a world of rapid change, learning to cope with the change without making waves for others has been my priority.

My goal has been to inspire personal freedom with a group consciousness without compromising myself. At the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, where more than 5000 visited over 5 years, the only rules that emerged were: “Speak for yourself and do not
tell anyone else what to do”. This, if practiced, is very powerful and empowering. It was also my way of not allowing myself to be a self styled leader or guru, gathering followers and disciples along the way. This in itself has been my demonstration of ‘leaderless leadership’. I encouraged others to find their passion and fulfill their own dreaming, listening to the beat of their own drum from within.

![Figure 8.26 One of the first gatherings in 1981](image)

It is like surfing the waves, not being swamped by others opinions of me, being flexible, being very much in the present, not bringing old hurts into the now situation. It is about choosing to be balanced and peaceful, while adapting to people, places and external events. I cannot control anything outside of myself, nor do I wish to. This reflection tells me of how successful I have been in my goals, at the root of everything that is happening and ‘dolphinicity’ is the over riding factor, connections back to the babies, dolphins and whales. I may have lost a few souls along the way, yet by and large, as I refer to my diaries so many of the same names keep popping up, especially Trish and Wally Franklin. We have shared some
benchmark moments around the world and our friendship has survived some rocky moments, caused when trust went out the window.

1986 and 1987 were very heavy years, one way or another. Sometimes I need to be ‘kicked in the head and guts’ really hard for me to learn my lessons. This was the case, which caused me to finally walk away from New Zealand and the Rainbow Dolphin Centre and return to Australia. In a quiet moment, I paused to ask the subtle energy of ‘divine’ spirit to give me an answer to why people broke their agreements with me. It was my practice to honour any agreement I made with others, or to at least have the respect to renegotiate with them. As I sat and watched the ocean waves roll in, the answer came to me! “You keep agreements with others, but not with yourself!” This was a benchmark and turning point for me. I made a commitment to give up sacrifice, struggle and suffering. Changing the world had to start with changing me.

There are quite a number of people in my global family, who have been my teachers, as have my daughters, they have given me the opportunity to ‘let go’ of any perceived hurts and forgive them, owning my own part in the play. I cannot be used and abused, unless I allow that to happen. I cannot be controlled, nor do I want to control anybody else.
Weaving connections with cetacea and humans

In this section, I recount the stories about weaving connections with cetacea and humans, which relate to further adventures with the Franklins and the Oceania Project. Stories about my connections with Angela in weaving the web of Gaia, include an international conference, and how Angela and I connected with Dr Emoto and other people, through amazing synchronicity.

In thinking about weaving connections with humans, I reflected on how the RTA had changed my approach to people in my life.

I have had an opportunity to see just how finite this reality is. I am deeply aware of the misuse of language, which can effectively be seen as domineering or bossy. An example is when my dear friend and playmate Angela came to stay. Another friend was travelling from her place of abode three hours south of here. In the past, I would have suggested to him that Angela would be happy to give him a ride north. Not now, my first lesson is to never assume or presume anything for anyone else. I called Angela and asked her if she would mind talking to Ritchie, to see if a ride would work for her. They arrived here and they had had a lovely connection, which I suspected would happen, and then another opportunity for my changed consciousness occurred.

I knew that Angela had been looking forward to our one on one sharing, and at the same time, I knew that Ritchie did not have a place to stay overnight. Again, I consulted with Angela first to see how she would feel to invite Ritchie to stay on after dinner, which he did. The next day, as he prepared to move north, we went to visit a psychic fair in town and I had already invited a neighbour, so we became a pod of four. We planned the day to stop at the fair, and go to the ocean for a whale
watch and picnic, before leaving Ritchie at his next destination. At the fair, another lady joined our pod. Now we were five. This meant that my car was not large enough for us all, especially with Ritchie’s backpack. The solution was to divide up and use two cars. Instead of organising the game, I stood back and watched as each person made their own choices along the drive and stops to look for whales, to take turns in the other car. This might seem silly, and yet the small detail of my own management of the situation was very important. I am able to see how much I have grown and changed to allow others their own space, instead of accidentally invading theirs. I was able to step back and allow the game to unfold without even making one suggestion to them. They worked out the plan and we all had a great time.

Figure 8.27 Angela, Rich, Susan and Ruth
The self organising ‘dolfun’ pod

I relate to the whales and dolphins in a ‘big way’. These days the tourist industry that has grown around the world is estimated to be worth two billion dollars in 87 countries (Harris, 2003). People are changed dramatically by their experience of meeting the whales and dolphins in their own environment. As often happens, people made laws are being put in place to ‘protect’ the marine mammals. They are laws, which prohibit whale watching
boats going closer than 400 meters to the whale, however, no one told the
whales the people made laws, and the result is often, the whale ‘mugs’ the
boat and people can even reach out and touch it. As for threatening them in
the ocean by swimming or attempting to swim with the whales or dolphins in
the ocean, which would be nigh impossible, it is my contention that they are
‘choosing’ to interact with us, and would not do so if they felt threatened.

Considering that there was only a handful of people even vaguely interested in
researching cetacea when I set up the Rainbow Dolphin Centre 22 years ago and
took visitors out on a fishing vessel to watch the dolphins play, the result is quite
measurable and phenomenal. I equate this extraordinary situation with the
birthing of the global consciousness. The whales and dolphins have been doing the
same thing for millions of years. Humans are their only enemies and almost
decimated them to build modern societies around the world. Many great cities in
the modern civilization were built on the back of the whaling industry. Here in
Australia, the last whale was caught at Byron Bay as late as 1962 and in Western
Australia 1978. How forgiving are they to now visit us in so many locations where
they were once slaughtered? I know it is not an accident.

Figure removed to copyright restrictions

Figure 8.28 The epic poem, which claims that planet earth, is the territory
of the whales, not the humans.
Journal entry: Today is 17th June, 2002 the 22nd anniversary of my commitment to set up a research centre to understand and learn from cetacea. I have just returned from my daily surf in the ocean where the whales were playing and people were watching. Twenty two years ago, there was but a handful of people involved in cetacea research and almost all were men. There was very little published material or graphics, except for a few scientific papers and books. Today, the libraries both in print and film are filled with exciting and wonderful material that has the subject of whales and dolphins as the main theme, both in fact and in fiction. A Google search will result in thousands and thousands of references to explore in less than 30 seconds.

My life has been intimately involved with many of those pioneers, who have helped the phenomenon of whale and dolphin observations become a mainstream and popular activity. On this day in 1981 Dr Horace Dobbs and I engaged in a conversation with the owners of what became the first Rainbow Dolphin Centre, it is impossible to gauge the ramifications of that meeting. Last night, the full moon cut a path to my balcony, like a staircase that could be taken straight up to the moon itself. In the late evening, dolphins played outside, as my neighbours sat fishing. The adventures I have shared with those people, who are now my extended global family, are very numerous. The last 22 years has been for me a commitment that has changed my life and the whales and dolphins have been my teachers. Their message to me has been about individual freedom with a group consciousness. This I have shared on my numerous trips around the world with video, film, pictures and stories. I have generously promoted everyone to each other, weaving a tapestry of
magical elements and often found myself deeply hurt by those I love. There is a pattern, and I relate the pattern to my strong presence that has been more than once misunderstood.

Time and time again, I have over these last 22 years, been willing to share and give freely of my time and experiences to those people, who came my way. At the three Rainbow Dolphin Centres and the two international conferences I convened, I hosted more than 5000 people in five years. At my own expense, I travelled the world, often not knowing who would meet me at the next destination. My luggage was filled with books, press clippings, films and even a 16mm projector, before video became easily accessible. I have slept in strangers’ beds and sometimes on the floor during those travels. The tapestry weaves itself around the world and the characters are all wonderful. In almost all cases the connection that I make become permanent. My guest books tell the story. I am often the only linking person in a group, be it here or overseas. My role as a networker has had fantastic results.

The Franklins

My adventures with Trish and Wally Franklin started back in 1987, when I was a token female appointment to the NSW Police Citizens Association. My job description was to promote and popularise the Police Citizens Youth Clubs (PCYC). I was extremely excited and thrilled to be involved at a professional level to do something for the community and the tens of thousands of street kids, who had been identified. My joy was short lived, as in my usual enthusiastic manner; I tried to do too much too soon and was fired. Even though legislation had been passed in 1978 to change the old name from ‘boys’ clubs to ‘youth’ clubs, very few of the 52 PCYC’s in NSW had done so. The culture of the clubs was still very much the ‘old boys’ network’, with the concept of ‘getting them off the street’ and teaching them how to box. What
was even worse, was that in the very worst areas of Sydney where the clubs were most needed, Woolloomooloo and Newtown, the clubs were used by the legal professionals from Macquarie Street for their work outs and the boxer Geoff Fennick trained at Newtown.

I proposed some very special ideas to link all the clubs with computer nodes, using the ‘dolphin’ as a connecting symbol. Peter Shenstone even designed brilliant logos with a picture of a dolphin wearing a police hat. The clubs were to be the ‘Blue Dolphin Clubs’ and the activities were planned to be fun and interactive. It is remarkable that, in fact, in only three months, I covered a huge amount of territory. One very special project that did come off was a land based ‘re-enactment’ of the First Fleet, to promote the coming of the sailing ships. Along with Trish and Wally, we took a group of children from the clubs from Sydney to Newcastle on an old steam train and created a great community exchange. I captured the results on a film made to promote the clubs. The project was a huge success and we got terrific public relations and press coverage.

Figure 8.29 PCYC Steam Train First Fleet to Newcastle 1988

Another project was to arrange a meeting with the Franklins and the Aboriginal community at Redfern. There was some concern that Australia Day 1988 would see a major disruption to the celebrations by the Indigenous community. Our meeting that day was very successful. The end result was a large and peaceful March by the black community to meet the arrival of the First Fleet Re-enactment sailing ships in Sydney Harbour.
Unfortunately for me, the recommendations I made to the PCYC Board of Directors were not welcome. However, those two projects had great importance and at least the job was done before I was fired.

In 1989, the Franklins invited me to join their first excursion in Hervey Bay. We all had our ‘up close and personal’ experiences with the whales. It was magnificent. The Oceania Project was born the following year and has grown from strength to strength. Wally and I had our first ‘up close and personal’ experience with a humpback while sitting in a tiny little ‘rubber ducky’ ‘Zodiac’. It was awesome! We were eye to eye, soul to soul, as the great leviathan ‘spy hopped’ not a metre away from us. The experience was both exhilarating and benign, as there was no sense of danger, even though the whale could have flipped us out of the ‘Zodiac’ and into the water with one fell swoop of his enormous flipper or tail.

Figure 8.30 Close encounter with humpback Hervey Bay

The Oceania Project

I have been fortunate to sail away for six days and six nights on the Oceania Project, no less than four times, three of those times on a square rig sailing vessel. The participants become crew and researchers; the strangers on board become a very bonded family at the end of each period. On these voyages, the ages vary from high school children to seniors, like myself. Every voyage is exceptional and unique, because of the conditions and the people on board. On the square rigger the contingent was more than 30 people, and the last adventure on board of a catamaran the number was an even dozen.
One of the more extraordinary experiences was the trip in 1991, when my dear colleague and playmate Dr Horace Dobbs came aboard. We were in concert with a Japanese group in search of the whale chi (spirit/energy). My Japanese soul sister Shizuko, a remarkable healer and international translator, had arranged for Professor Nakagawa from Tokyo to be on board with two of his students. These students were trained to go into a trance to contact the ‘spirit’ of the dolphins and whales. I had invited a young American man to come along to film for me. What was not scheduled was an Australian family, who was still grieving the loss of a 19-year-old twin brother, who had died in an accident. The mother, the sister and remaining twin came to have the experience of a healing journey with cetacea. The Japanese numbered seven in all, the family four, and Horace and myself with cameraman made up another four.

We assembled at a Hervey Bay caravan park the evening before. It was a good time to get to know one another. Professor Nakagawa appeared to be sleeping and we were told he did not understand English. The reason for this little snippet is that what unfolded with the grieving family, was an attempt by one of the other guests, a healer, to give comfort to them. Their story was told and we all meditated to ask for guidance.

Once on board, the routine of the vessel was explained and we sailed away from the port filled with excitement of the days ahead. Within a very short space of time, the professor was working energy fields with his two students and Shizuko was translating. I was directing the video camera. Suddenly, the two young Japanese women fell into a trance and started making strange sounds, clapping their hands and claimed to be ‘talking’ with the dolphins that
were promising to visit us. Needless to say, the professional skipper and his crew were more than a little amused by the unfolding dramatics, and the rest of the paying passengers must have wondered what they were in for.

Figure 8.32 Shizuko with students in their dolphin trance

We had wonderful encounters with whales and dolphins, which are normal for the Oceania Project, and in the evenings we would share films, or have special guests like Horace make a little presentation. Imagine the surprise of everyone, when on one evening, Professor Nakagawa appeared to put his students into a trance and they claimed to be talking with the departed spirit of the twin. Fortunately, I had a camera on the ready and all the action was captured, which later became a film made especially for the Japanese. It is not like me to be cynical, however, I had serious doubts about Nakagawa, and I was absolutely very sure that he had heard and understood every word spoken back at the caravan park sharing and healing session. The grieving family was so overcome with joy at their experience that I decided it was not my business to interpret the experience, rather to allow the pictures and their interviews tell the story.

Figure 8.33 The grieving family
Shizuko is my twin sister oriental soul. We are the epitome of ‘east meets west’; we have both supported Horace, and we have both woven a magical network of people, paving the way for Horace and the Franklins all over the world.

My last trip on the square rigger was with a television production team, which I organized in Sydney and acted as an associate producer. The result of that journey was the making of a wonderful documentary titled ‘Angels of the Sea’. The young man who produced it had been ‘picking my brains’, using my research and resources to pull the project together. On board I acted as an assistant to him. Trish and Wally made some of their extraordinary footage available to him and he modelled his documentary along the lines of my own film ‘Oceania’. Once more, I was to be sadly disappointed, because when the film was finished, it did not contain even as much as a ‘Thank you, Estelle’, or even a credit for the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, or give any indication of my existence.

I was devastated, because this followed a pattern in my life of many people, who ‘came and conquered’, who, with my indulgence, raided my archives, taking whatever they needed for their own project. There is a long list of individuals going right back to the start of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, who have
done similarly. On the other hand, I am extremely generous to acknowledge and pay respects to and honour everyone without exception. I am at times, like the ‘Wizard of Oz’ and wave my magical wand and make things happen and yet those who benefit have been very unwilling to acknowledge my contributions. I have felt hurt, very sad and extremely misunderstood by more than a few of those people, who I have loved and supported. Somehow, I have always picked myself up, brushed myself off, and gotten on with the mission, patiently waiting without angst for the situation to be healed.

Magical connections

On the 11th day of August 2002, I pondered on the reality that, at that moment in time, magic was happening almost daily. It was the anniversary of my commitment to move to Ballina and undertake a PhD project at Southern Cross University.

Sitting at my desk, ‘banging away’ on my Imac, with the crystal clear blue sky, aquamarine blue waters of the Richmond River right at my back door, mangroves swaying in the breeze and dolphins swimming by, what more could I want? I felt ‘blissed, blessed and bountiful in beautiful Ballina’, just nine months since moving there. They were the very best days in my life so far. The dolphins swam by the door as I stepped out to greet the day and throw a fishing line over the sea wall. A minute later or earlier, they would not have been visible to me.
The dolphin and whale energy had been intense all that month. Cetacea, my inspirations, had been creating headlines around the world. Springer, the orca released from captivity in the Johnson Straits, Canada, rejoined her family immediately. It was an historical first. Keiko, the orca, held captive for many years, had also been rehabilitated successfully in Iceland and was now swimming free with her family pod. These were some of the projects on which I had worked over the years with my international buddies. They are my human dolphin pod and my global family.

In downtown Sydney, three whales turned the city and the media upside down, frolicking outside the Opera House and under the Sydney Harbour Bridge, buzzing the community. The whales appeared to be giving Shakti; the word described by gurus to explain a spiritual awakening. The media was ‘waxing lyrical’ over their love making. The browsy, brassy, busy Sydney people, usually with no time to spare, lined the harbour foreshores, to catch a glimpse of the great leviathans at play.

In America the television news carried to the world the mass rescue of 50 or more pilot whales. Local people and tourists turned out in hundreds to nurse, rock and encourage the whales back into deep water as the tide turned, keeping them cool by pouring water over them, covering them with wet towels and rubbing cream into their tender skins, to avoid sunburn as they lay in the shallows of the low tide. Prior the establishment of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in NZ 1981, the normal procedure was to have stranded whales and
dolphins ‘put down’ by national park wardens. One amazing young television cameraman in Melbourne became so distressed that he took on the project of educating them to rescue instead of killing stranded cetacea. This is one of the reasons so many people volunteer to help at strandings worldwide these days.

In August 2002, even a waterbirth made the national television. It was a story about the demise of independent midwives, using three beautiful water born babies to demonstrate gentle non-intrusive birth. All these events unfolding during what I know as the ‘dog star’ days, the days of Sirius, leading back to the mythology of the Dogons in Africa, who worshiped the half man half fish god, Oannes. Their mythology offers a powerful message from cetacea.

In essence, the myth is that the whales will be sacrificed to save planet earth, the dolphins are the messengers of the sacred spirit and that humans have disobeyed the spiritual laws of Sirius and we need to listen to the message of the dolphins. In addition, around this time in my life, the ‘dog star’ days of Sirius were celebrated in ancient Egypt, the period from July 6 to July 23, when the brightest star in the sky, Sirius, shines into the capstone and the King’s Chamber of the Great Pyramid on the Nile.
Another example of weaving the web of Gaia occurred when I was making
my research presentation to the residential seminar at the University on July
16th, when I chose from my archival material a page from a journal I had
written on 27th May 1980. I chose this page from thousands of others, written
in my 25 years of keeping records. They are my archives, supplying the data
to write this RTA. On this occasion, I wanted to take my 30 minute
presentation from the mystical to the scientific.

In my deeply intuitive altered state of consciousness on that day back in 1980,
the secrets of the Goddess Sehkmet were revealed to me. The Goddess was the
polarity of opposites, the half lion goddess, with bare breasts, an Ankh in her
hand and wearing a lap lap. I 'saw' that she also had a penis and that she was
the epitome of an androgynous being. I had drawn her picture as I stood in
front of a 20-foot high statue in the Temple at Luxor. I was a guest of a group
of seekers led by a famous Egyptologist, Robert Masters, and his equally
famous wife Jean Houston. My scribbles on either side of the drawing were
powerful messages about war and peace. The messages were that we are male
and female in one and they were about freedom and personal responsibility.
Dr Masters was amazed. He was the world authority on the goddess Sehkmet
and confirmed my 'rambling raving'.

Figure 8.37 My trance drawing of Sehkmet, Luxor 27.05.80
The contrast to trance awareness of other realities was in quantitative measurements from a laboratory at Princeton University, relating to the resonance of electromagnetic fields of collective consciousness. I discovered this project through my global network, based on the principles of Teilhard de Chardin concept of collective consciousness, named by him as ‘Noosephere’. de Chardin (1959. p73) claimed that

Someday after mastering winds, waves, tides and gravity, we shall harness the energies of love, and then, for the second time in the history of the world, man (sic) will discover fire.

I accessed the material on global collective consciousness from Princeton University’s ‘noosephere project’, on www.noosphere.princeton.edu. The Global Consciousness Project is a scientific attempt to measure and record the variation of electrical impulses in the environment on specific, important dates, such as the death of Princess Diana and Mother Teresa and the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001. The graphs illustrate clearly the changes in collective consciousness, measured by independent cells across Europe and America and analyzed at Princeton.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 8.38 Illustration from Princeton Website of changes in global consciousness

I had a major breakthrough during the seminar, for the research group to grasp the concept of my project, which uses personal narratives and
reflections for the 'getting of wisdom'. I was able to see clearly how the marriage of science and spirit might be developed for others to experience. To my delight and surprise, the Head of School took it upon herself to clarify the Princeton graphs for the group.

The very next day, July 17th, I walked into the radio station on campus, where I presented a weekly program. The program usually had interesting guests recommended to me, or guests I contact as a result of inspiration for the work or projects in which they are involved. Sometimes guests were found in an advertisement for their workshops or healing clinics. This was the case the previous day, when I called a number in the local paper to contact a woman named Kerry, who claimed to teach 'energetic' healing.

On arrival at the studio, Kerry a petite, neat looking young woman handed me her card and a post card. They both carried a picture of Sekhmet! It was the very same Sekhmet I had introduced to the group the day before. I am always excited and amazed when the universe offers confirmation and signs of my being 'tuned in' to my path. This was amazing and there was more to come. Kerry handed me her brochure, which explained the methods, derived from the Goddess Sekhmet and the connection with Sirius. This connection to Sekhmet was new information to me. The airwaves crackled with the cosmic connection. The excitement and sharing that we broadcast could have blown the circuits. So, here I was in the Northern Rivers region, linking up to Kerry and her teacher located at Byron Bay, to learn even more about material that came to me in such a cosmic way 22 years earlier.

Another powerful young woman came on my program, Denise, a former human resource manager, psychologist from the corporate world, who was now located in the local region consulting one on one, teaching, and after a life changing medical crisis, was committed to an alternative way to live and be. She was offering a way of personal freedom. Her advertisements had attracted my attention. We made another radio program heating up the cosmic airwaves; I had shared with her my perfectly wonderful meaningful life and claimed to be having the best year yet. She invited me to her book launch and to meet her partner, who was apparently nearly old enough to be her father.
This led to a conversation about the missing playmate in my own life all these 22 years. The discussion covered my limitations about age. I shared the fact that so many of my male contemporaries were in ‘child bride’-mode relationships. Some of them had as much as 30 years age difference. I had witnessed the previous evening during a documentary with one of my peer group and colleague from the past, Rupert Murdoch. He had recently become a father to a new infant son; to his third wife, who is more than 30 years his junior. She is even younger than his children.

I commented to Denise that the reverse situation rarely occurred, and if it did, it was frowned upon. Denise pointed out to me that I had created my own barrier and limitation and suggested that it might be an idea to approach the concept of a playmate/partner with the same integrity, commitment and trust that I do for everything else in my wonderful life. She suggested that I “jump off the cliff without a parachute”, by writing an advertisement and placing it in the local paper and to trust the result. The advertisement was very difficult to write, because it was specific, yet non-specific, written with an open mind and heart, with integrity and commitment to find a suitable playmate/partner to share some parts of my magical life. There is a recurring pattern in all my journeys, lamenting the lack of such a person.

The advertisement was placed in the local paper after several glasses of wine and rewrites. I was conscious of choosing words that would not create limitations, especially around age.

“BALLINA. I am petite, fit, and fun fantastic, independent, and intelligent. I love sun, sea, snow, tennis, music, good food and wine. Seeking a mature matching energetic free spirit.”

The cosmic intelligence worked overtime. Replies included James, a mango farmer; Blake, a high school teacher; Andrew, an osteopath and Steve a Lifeline counsellor. These replies led to casual friendships.

The big and maybe the most important element of this unfolding adventure, was making a connection to a beautiful woman, mother of a waterbaby and registered midwife, Pam. As a result of returning a call to Andrew, our conversation led to his suggesting that Pam and I needed to talk to each other,
especially as she was completing a dissertation for a degree at the local University, based on her research of attending hospital water births! In fact, more web weaving and dolphinicity unfolded when it became known to me that Pam, in fact, had been the midwife to my best friend’s grandson’s waterbaby, born at the very beach I visited with her to meet Andrew. This was an example of the big picture of Gaia and dolphinicity, the magic beyond synchronicity, which is more than coincidence.

My call to Pam lasted more than an hour with much squealing and excitement, burning up of the cosmic airwaves. Pam revealed her story to me, which essentially was a Rainbow Dolphin Story, inspired by me in the early eighties. Pam had been a teacher in the Nimbin district, and she found herself being a supportive birthing aid to her friends giving birth to waterbabies. After five years of supporting these women, Pam felt moved to get appropriate qualifications to become a fully registered midwife. By now, she had four-year-old water born son, she was a single mum and she felt deeply committed to her spiritual path to be a midwife. She was what I call ‘a rainbow dolphin midwife’. Having heard my story at a gathering of how the dolphins appeared under a rainbow in Port Phillip Bay at a conference in Melbourne, she was contemplating and praying for a sign on route to enroll at the University, that indeed she was doing the right thing. Suddenly, as she drove towards the University, a double rainbow appeared in front of her and she knew then that there was a divine plan unfolding.

On completion of all the documentation required, she was driving back to the University, and again wondering how on earth she could manage to achieve the study, the work and be a single mum. Literally, she was thinking (I quote): “If Estelle Myers had rainbows and dolphins to guide her, why can’t I?” while conceding in her contemplation that the local road from was hardly likely to reveal dolphins. Pam thought she needed to be content with the beautiful double rainbow. Suddenly, Pam looked up from the road and there above her was a huge hot air balloon with dolphins all over it. This was an example of ‘big time dolphinicity!’

The bottom line was that that balloon belongs to a dear friend of mine, Ruth, who chose to change her life and set up a tourist attraction out of Byron,
taking people out for balloon rides. Ruth did this after a boating accident off of one of the dangerous bars in the north. A wave had flipped the boat over, and she, along with everyone else, had been thrown into the churning ocean. She claims that the dolphins came to her rescue. In fact, we shared our stories with a major national magazine nearly 20 years ago, so our stories about dolphin magic are on record together.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 8.39 Australian Post, May 26, 1990

Pam and I know that if nothing else happens, the advertisement and the connection to her friend Andrew were vital to her and my continuing efforts to 'give birth back to women'. We had missing links in the story. Pam spent over a decade assisting women to have babies safely in water in hospital and with the support of a local obstetrician.

In the middle of this excitement, I invited Leigh, a fellow PhD candidate home for an impromptu dinner. His research related to his famous parents' pioneering efforts for natural birth in England many years ago. I had a funny little story for him about Barbara Streisand and Elliott Gould, preparing for the birth of their son, Jason, more than 30 years ago. They enrolled with Leigh's parents in England, committed to having a natural birth, which they did. This information came to me by reading a warm and lovely biography about Barbara Streisand written by a friend and colleague of hers for many years (Considine, 1986).
Back ing up in the story, during this rather busy week, I was at the book launch for Denise, where I was introduced to Greg and Alison, heavily but neatly pregnant with their third baby. During our conversation they mentioned their midwife, Santo, to me and suggested that we needed to get together. This ‘rang a bell’ in my memory, as her name had come up a couple of times, in fact, Leigh had typed SANTO in large letters with her phone number and given the note me a few days earlier.

Going with the flow, I picked up the telephone as dinner was cooking and called Santo. It eventuated that Santo lived just three streets away from my home. She was so delighted to receive my call, that she joined us within the hour. Deep and meaningful exchanges took place for hours. Suddenly, within days, I had two brilliant and highly qualified and motivated midwives in my life, with whom to join forces.

To complete this adventure of living in the NOW, which was a very fast lane NOW; I renewed an acquaintance with social commentator, author and consultant about our changing world, Dr Hugh McKay. He identified clearly, four major revolutions in the last two decades. He said that any one of the four would have major ramifications, but to have all four during the same period of time has made waves of tidal proportion to deal with. They are the gender revolution, the eco-environmental revolution, the ethnic or multicultural revolution and the information technology revolution. I have so much data to explore to help me understand my own contradictory and paradoxical opinions.

Last, but not least, that week, I had been reading the book ‘Barbara’ (Spada, 1995). It is a biography on the life and loves of my favourite artist, Barbara Streisand and its contents completed the many miracles of this peak cosmic time, during the Dog Star Days of Sirius. It was another reflection of my own perspective of the world as a woman.

One of the reasons why I have had no playmate or partner is because I often lament that the very characteristics that I have developed in this rather small, but boisterous body are those admired in men and not in women. Moreover, I have discovered during this critical period of massive change that Hugh refers
to, that my attempts to change the world were futile, and that the only thing I could change was me. By changing myself, my world changed. Barbra Streisand said it all at her induction to the Hall of Fame for Women in Film, June 1992. In a hard hitting speech, she said:

We’ve come along way. Not too long ago we were referred to as dolls, tomatoes, chicks, babes, and broads. We’ve graduated to being called tough cookies, foxes, bitches and witches. I guess that is progress. Language gives us an insight into the way woman are viewed in a male-dominated society a man is commanding – a woman is demanding. A man is forceful – a woman is pushy. A man is uncompromising – a woman is a ball breaker. A man is a perfectionist – a woman’s pain a pain in the arse (Spada 1995, p.581)

Streisand also claimed that ‘We cannot change the world. It’s such an overwhelming feat, but yet by changing ourselves, each of us in a very small way can change the world’.
Journal entry: 15th August 2002

Today is the 57th anniversary of VJ, the end of World War II. The world is closer to the brink of war than ever before. What is happening to my Peace Mission? Speaking for myself, my world is at this moment in time almost perfect. It is certainly peaceful, joyous, harmonious and filled with daily miracles and magic of major proportions. Let me reflect from where I left off last week. It is only four days ago! My experiment in morphic resonance has taken off at the speed of light. In fact, I have spent the last two days in tears of joy and one piece of my tapestry after another falls into place.

It is interesting for me to contrast my world, the micro, mini world of my commitment to world peace, starting with personal peace. It is even more interesting to see the unfolding of what I term ‘leaderless leadership’, a project that I have been working on consciously for more than 20 years. It is a project based on non-conflict, cooperation, choices, harmony and integrity. I have had huge successes as a catalyst and facilitator of major projects in the last few years, building the foundations of ‘leaderless leadership’, by setting an example. I work towards ‘walking my talk’. The result has been the building of an extraordinary team of individuals around the world, who have at one time or another been involved in a variety of programs. Some are in politics, local council, the environment, eco-tourism, alternative health care and some, of course, share my passion, giving birth back to women, specifically encouraging the use of water as a birthing tool.
I have for many years, having worked as a promotion consultant to a mighty and powerful business magnate, observed the growth of his global empire. It is growth based on the patriarchal model; power over and mostly fear motivated. He and I share, for whatever it is worth, identical biorhythms, that are the natural rhythms in our bodies formulated on the day of our birth. These are physical, emotional and intellectual. I collected and compared biorhythms for many years, which have been proven to have value. So much so, that some doctors choose to schedule operations at the best possible coordinate of these biological rhythms. Indeed, a Swiss airline schedules its pilots only on the most positive days. There is also interesting research to suggest that suicide often occurs when the cycles are at their lowest (Playfair and Hill, 1978).

So, with 6 billion people on the planet, it was very interesting for me to find that this powerful man and I share the identical chart, though his birthday is 11th March 1931 and mine is 18th November 1936. I watched with curiosity a documentary on his extraordinary life in business and with his family. He has six offspring in all. There are two adult sons and two daughters with two former wives. He is certainly the king of his kingdom, ruling over an enormous global communications empire; some consider it to be the largest in the world.

I sit in wonder at the miracles of the connectedness of my global rainbow dolphin family. The extended family is not connected by blood, but it is no less real. I wonder at the connections and the results of our own cooperation and communication. The resulting evidence is that random is not random. It is a
global network, based on love and trust, where individuals have come to understand that each is part of a whole. Each is a cell of Gaia, each with personal power that can effect change, just as Hawkins (1995, 1998, 2002) suggests.

I personally have proven that lack of money is not lack of personal power and I have encouraged others to know that as well. I pause to reflect on the announcement, that this man, with all his power, possessions, corporate toys, political and corporate global connections, has just posted a large corporate loss of billions of dollars! Watching the documentary he appears to be flat out working hard to keep fit, operating non-stop almost 24 hours a day, to keep his finger on the pulse of his empire. This does not seem to me to be very conducive to longevity and wellbeing.

Meantime, the last few days for me have completed my vision, in a manner and way that no amount of money, organising, manipulating, or expertise in executive management could have delivered. At the height of my own commercial business life in communications, I could not have conceived or experienced the degree of efficiency that has evolved. It is a cosmic connection with what I like to term ‘divine intelligence’, an energy that connects all and everything. It is always perfect. For me to be in touch and in tune with this source of energy, I only have to have to open my heart and mind to be like an innocent child. I can see that although my global family and co-creators are made up of unique and sometimes eccentric individuals, the connecting point is our heart energy, the energy of LOVE. This power cannot be bought and does not have a dollar value, and continues to grow as others and I continue to evolve on a personal level of peace, harmony, integrity and trust. As
others and I recognise each other and that we are one, won, now. It is a kind of
spiritual anarchy, which does not require leaders. ‘Show me, walk the talk, don’t tell
me’ would be a good motto.

I feel like a scientist in the laboratory on the brink of a major discovery. I have
watched with a beating heart, my emotions have been so moved to tears of joy, as
each little aspect of a kaleidoscope of my vision becomes reality. Each of the players,
some with whom who I touched based many years ago, maybe even many lifetimes
ago, have come into a spiral, a kind of vortex of such magnificence, that my heart
sings with joy.

The elements of the cosmic tapestry have been 22 years in the making. Following
on from my clarity of purpose, to demonstrate the presence of morphic resonance in
electromagnetic fields, I decided to experiment by advertising for a playmate, based
on the premise of like energy drawing like energy. The result has been
overwhelming. The men who answered the call have all been interesting and
alternative in some way. Their ages range from 26 to 55 years years. So far I have
met with four of them. They are all delightful, with not one ‘yobo’, ‘ocker’, Aussie
type responding.

The man with whom I resonated strongly, Steven, ‘fits my bill almost to a tee’, and
after some discussions he suggested I talk with a midwife friend of his, Pam. Pam is
the midwife who reported to me her own rainbow dolphin magical story. So, even if
Steven and I never move beyond our present game play, Pam is one of the
significant pieces of my tapestry. I have asked her here to share and give her all my archival material from around the world to use as she chooses, for her degree on waterbirth. My anticipation of our meeting and greeting is enormous following the other amazing events of this week.

Weaving Connections with Family and Friends

April 2005 passed in a whirlwind of amazing events, including the 2nd International Conference on Healthy Ageing and Longevity. I made a trip to New Zealand to renew friendships made 25 years ago with those people, who supported me at the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, and to try and trace some of the babies born in my bathtub, then 23 years old. During that time, I celebrated my 20th anniversary of the Planetary Pause for Peace in Red Square, and the birth of the Russian baby on Good Friday in Moscow, and the 23rd birthday of the first water born baby in my bathtub in New Zealand.

The week before all this happened, I made a quick trip to Sydney to meet and greet my two world travelling adult grandchildren Jez and Lena. I cannot help but wonder if my life will ever slow down.

Figure 8.40 Jez 23, Nan and Lena 20 – my pride and joy
The strongest result of my contemplating and reflecting on the speed and connectedness of my daily existence is that in some way I am the centre of a most prolific and extraordinary web of life. It is invisible on the one hand and yet very strong and durable, filled with an assortment of incredible individuals of all ages, who are a brilliant mirror of my own world. It is validating for me that what I see out there is a reflection of what is within myself. The picture is wonderful. The high spot of these few weeks was going to the movies and watching a brave bold attempt to show the masses what our invisible world is and how it works and it is singing my song. It is titled, “What the Bleep” and literally changing consciousness rapidly. The website is creating yet another powerful tool for individual and global transformation.

I seem to be on a wave of magical synchronicity/dolphinicity and almost every day manifest my thought into my physical reality. Even to the extent that I was speaking about a very old film, “The God’s Must Think We’re Crazy” and in less than 24 hours it was on my television! If this was a once in a while experience, it could be called coincidence, however, as it is so frequently experienced by myself, I know that it is for me evidence of having learned my lessons well and using my knowledge gained of how to create my reality by choice. It is a reality that is seamless, each day moving with ease and grace, with very few ‘hiccups’. They seem to be mostly with the breakdown of high technology that has now become and integral part of my living, being and doing.
While working on my PhD, I had completed more than a thousand words of a review and then lost the lot. Bugger! However, that in itself was an exercise to let me experience that on an inner level there is not much baggage. In the past, such a frustration would cause an angry outburst. However, I am mindful of the affirmation, “I am not upset for the reason I think I am” (A Course In Miracles, 1977). Over the years, I learned that often an event on the physical level, such as technical breakdowns, often were the excuse to ‘let off steam’ and that steam was old stuff being held without due process. It feels terrific to be able to cope with three weeks of IT drama, without ‘getting my knickers in a knot’. This indicates to me that I have let go of much of my old baggage. It feels good!

Figure 8.41 Bondi Beach Babes – Rachel, Habib, Estelle and Greta, March 2005

The ‘bevvie of beach beauties’ in Figure 8.41 represents 30 years difference in ages of youngest to eldest, who are Greta and myself, and varying lengths of friendship for me, from newly met, Habib, to 25 years for Rachel, an Australian, who lives in America. Our common connection is spirituality, dolphins and waterbabies. Without any effort on anyone’s part, we were able to share a blissful day of play in our busy schedules, each of us having arrived from locations as far away as New York, Blue Mountains, Ballina and
Indonesia. We all acknowledged the simplicity of staying in trust and knowing the best results happen.

Greta always relates the story of how she visualized a perfect neighbour in the Blue Mountains, who would share her reality. Rachel, her husband, John and I, often find ourselves on the same continent at the same time without ever trying to organise a meeting, over the last 25 years. Rachel and John were my major supports in New York City. The most powerful observation is that when we are aligned in spirit, and suspend the need to control, everything works out perfectly.

**Connections with Angela**

One of the most important elements in weaving my web is a wise, elder woman named Angela, who is my cosmic angel. Angela has been on my rainbow dolphin journey since 1979. Only a month into this vision, in November 1980, Angela and her friend, Nancy, joined up with me in Melbourne at a huge international healing conference. There were approximately 400 delegates, and the speaker’s list was a ‘who’s who’ of the alternative healing stars from Esalen in America. They included Stan and Chris Grof, James Fadiman and Michael Harmer. The theme of the conference, a transpersonal one, was to create safe spaces for people experiencing peak spiritual breakthroughs.

I bounced into this august gathering, of primal therapists, psychologists, psychotherapist and others, literally ‘hot off the plane’ from Queensland and only a month into my Rainbow Dolphin Peace Plan. I had made t-shirts with three dolphins swimming around in a rainbow circle. The message as received in my interspecies communication was on the back, that ‘We are ONE’. I planned to give them away to key people as gifts. I was not on the official three day program, however, as the 28th of November was the next full moon, I posted an invitation to join me in the next Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace. I also posted a notice to invite anyone to breakfast with me, who might be interested in exploring the possibility of birthing babies underwater.
Stan and Chris Grof were graphic in their presentation of the trauma of birth. I expected they would be very interested in my concept. This was not so, in fact, almost all of the speakers backed away from my high energy. I sensed they were definitely thinkers, not feelers. The one free spirit present was the Tai Chi Master, Al Juan. He led the whole gathering through a very simple routine, accompanied by his flute, to demonstrate how we could clear our own space and then become linked with each other in peace and harmony. It was beautiful.

As 10pm, the peace mediation commenced and there were about 40 others, who joined Angela, Nancy and myself. It was not a bad result. The next morning only two of the gathering joined us at breakfast to discuss the potential of using water as a birthing method. We talked beyond the established Le Boyer method of placing babies back into a warm bath as soon as they were born. The couple, a husband and wife, was professional obstetricians. Their reaction was swift. He said: "Don't be ridiculous, the baby would drown." She added: "How on earth would the doctor be able to monitor or help the woman".

As Angela, Nancy and I walked out of the hotel a huge rainbow formed on the bay, and within seconds, there was a pod of dolphins dancing under the rainbow. Needless to say, we 'went ballistic'. For me, it definitely was a sign to continue.

The very conservative 'Age' newspaper published a story about the conference and included a paragraph about the delight of those who saw the rainbow and dolphins after holding a Planetary Pause for Peace the previous night. The organizers and stars of the conference were not amused. They were concerned that the conference would not be taken seriously. Indeed, they might even have had trouble recovering their academic allowance from their university if this article was widely distributed. Regardless, I gave the key speakers the gift of my lovely rainbow dolphin t-shirts.
On the 18th August 2002, I wrote in my journal:

I am just coming down from the most exciting events of my entire life. The rainbow dolphin connection has become set in concrete, as a definitive thread in the stories that unfolded in the last couple of days. A pattern has emerged, which justifies to me, my commitment to stay in integrity when sharing the vision all over the world for the last 22 years. I continue, in spite of being told by some like Dr Joseph Chilton Pearce, that if I wanted to be taken seriously, I must stop linking the dolphin stories to the birth stories. Integrity, for me, is to continue to link the two elements, because it is how this adventure began and must continue.

Every day that week, magic happened. My friend Angela arrived on Tuesday, in the late afternoon. I had prepared dinner and she had driven three hours to have a couple of days rest to recover from not being 100% well. To her surprise, when I greeted her, I told her that I had just discovered that a very important person was holding a seminar at Byron Bay. It was Dr Emoto, who I had been promoting for three years, after receiving from my Japanese soul sister spirit, Shizuko, a copy of his book, ‘The Messages from Water’ (2001). Essentially, he is able to prove that our thoughts change the shape of water crystals.

Dr Emoto and I had never met, so I left a phone message for him. I really did not fancy driving out at night to attend his seminar, but my guidance felt like it would be important to make the connection. I would give him a hug and return home to our candle light dinner. I really wanted Angela to say that she was too tired and would prefer to stay in. However, this woman has been my total unconditional support on this project from day one. We consulted our spirit guidance briefly and both knew that we needed to ‘hit the road’ and arrive before the seminar and then return to wine and dine. It was a 30-minute drive.
We arrived at the resort, parked under the sign of the leaping dolphins outside, and instantly, Dr Emoto emerged from the front door. Hugs, kisses and greetings followed and I tried to explain that we would not stay for the seminar. He was very happy to meet us.

We ventured upstairs to see what other connections we were to make. Several lovely people from our dolphin pod greeted us. The big surprise though was Tina, who we had not seen for seven years. Tina is a major player on the world stage, a healer, and her husband Peter is a brilliant artist, who has been creating lovely dolphin artifacts for years. What made the connection with Tina so powerful that it made me burst into tears of joy, is that earlier in the day I had asked Santo, the midwife recently met, if she knew her, as they were both from Taree. I had spoken her name less than three hours earlier, the first time in seven years. This was another instant manifestation from thought to reality. I could feel the energy and the love generated between us.

Her companion at the event was Sealotus. She was a lovely young woman, who also declared to me that I had given her an inspired pep talk at the Whale and Dolphin Conference in Hervey Bay, five years earlier. Since that time, she had linked up with Tina, who also had a four-year-old water born child, and that they were working together on an Indigenous People gathering for next year.

When all the other greetings were over, just as Angela and I had anticipated, Christopher, the founder director of a local tea tree plantation, introduced Dr Emoto and asked Sealotus to do the official welcome on behalf of the local traditional people. Dr Emoto then began his presentation and introduced me to one and all, explaining that my Japanese soul sister, Shizuko, had purchased 70 of his books three years earlier to network. As a result of our global networking family he had sold 250,000 books. Global networking it was not normal advertising and promotion. Our global family is very powerful.

The giggle for Angela and myself was, that the room was packed and now I was very public, and there was only one way out. I knew we could not sneak out, so we decided to do a full grand exit. In an appropriate pause, 20 minutes into the seminar, we moved to the front, and I hugged Dr Emoto and bade everyone
farewell. Angela and I went home and wined, dined and celebrated. We marveled at the fact that we were able to be present and could so easily have missed him altogether. I particularly wanted to make a strong connection with Christopher, as Santo had already indicated that as soon as it was possible to clear with the local traditional Elders, she wished to explore the potential for a natural birth education and research centre site on his land, and for Christopher to participate. It was a plan that Santo has been working on for more than 20 years.

My in depth meeting with Santo, led to a total commitment to add ‘my weight’ to the project, to establish a private birthing hospital. We celebrated with joy, the fact that we were literally ‘a stone throw’ from each other. Santo arrived at her present home in April; to accommodate having her 81-year-old sight impaired mother live with her. Santo has her own extraordinary magical rainbow dolphin stories to share. Santo has not yet met Pam, but that will be a ‘full on cosmic explosion’. Not only did Pam catch the early waterbabies, before having her own water born son 14 years ago, but as things turned out, we were able to confirm, that she, Pam, had supported the birth of Angela’s spiritual grandchild, at Golden Beach, on 16th December, 1985! Angela and I had gone to Angel’s Beach, to accept an Andrew’s invitation to me to experience his healing modality. His practice is at Golden Beach. Angela had not been back to Golden Beach since that wondrous day 17 years ago.

The other little piece of the marvellous wonderful cosmic tapestry was the visit Angela and I made to Tina and Peter who now live locally. The last time Angela and I had seen them, was in Taree, seven years ago. We had all lost touch. I was travelling to the area to do one of my rainbow dolphin presentations that Angela had facilitated. I had with me a companion, Gippetto, a funny American man, who I had met earlier in the year while filming a sequence at Monkey Mia for a Japanese Film Crew. That’s another story. The thread is that I imagined that Gippetto might be the playmate missing in my otherwise magical life. It was not to be.

It was discovered that the Peter and Tina were very busy, so a proper visit would not be possible, but we could stop in for a quick cuddle and reunion of spirit. I need to share the precise manner of magnetic resonance. I had only spoken Tina’s name to Santo a few hours before meeting her. As a result of the
five minute downloading with Tina and Peter, I was in cosmic shock and could not stop crying for joy. A few days earlier, when Kerry and Helen of the Sehkmet connection came for lunch, we had agreed to hold an event at Cepote, to celebrate the sacredness of all life. However, we three had agreed that the day should be a focus to plan a major media event to coincide with a waterbirth conference to be held at Byron Bay on October 31st, in conjunction with the NSW Midwives’ conference, happening on that weekend. We thought the day was randomly chosen, being the only day we three were free, as Helen was off to Italy, Kerry had many commitments, and I was off to Sydney. On calling Anna, who manages Cepote, September 21 was the only day available, which was the day of the full moon and the Equinox. It was also an anniversary of the first Homo Delphinus Waterbirth Conference at my centre in New Zealand in 1982.

In my ‘download’ with Tina, she filled in on her role to facilitate with Sealotus, an international Indigenous people’s conference, to be staged at the tea tree plantation the following year. Sealotus worked with the local traditional people and could put me in touch with the Elders, to clear the vision of the birthing centre being situated there. In addition, Tina gave me the contact of an extraordinary young Sydney financial expert, who was raising money for projects like the birthing centre. My ‘cup runneth over’ and the tears flowed freely. As we were leaving this speedy encounter of cosmic cooperation, Tina ran into her house to bring out one of her prized dolphin possessions. It was a bronze replica of three dolphins, given to her by Bud Bottoms, the sculptor in Santa Barbara, California. She was involved with him and Shumas Indians to raise the prospect of replicating this huge dolphin statue at Uluru. There is a Shumas story that the dolphins are humans, who have fallen from the rainbow bridge, to circle the earth for world peace. I have a replica of the same statue, given to me by Bud when I was in Santa Barbara, back in 1985, the heartland American waterbirth pioneer. It was the home then of Marina Alzurgary, another key player in this rainbow dolphin connection. To top it off, Pam, the midwife, who caught all the first waterbabies as a lay midwife, had been to and been photographed alongside the same statue.
In the dolphins’ mouths there are stones and crystals, which have been placed there from many parts of the world, including Uluru. I have taken and had placed at Uluru, stones and crystals from Russia and Iceland.

![Dolphins with stones](image)

Figure 8.42 Bud Bottoms, Santa Barbara, 1985

In addition to this, my spiritual brother and dear departed Burnam Burnam had been a connection with each and every one of us. To make this long tale even longer, the excitement that Angela, Pam and I generated, caused my new neighbour, Lenore, to call in to see if we were having a party. We were dancing outside on my balcony after thanking Gaia, and then asking Gaia to give us gentle rain NOW. We had not had rain in the area since before Easter. My home town had the highest rainfall overnight in the state of NSW. Lenore and her partner Ken then revealed through the magic of the moment, that they had been friends with Burnam Burnam, and there was indeed a local connection through football. Burnum Burnam, as a stolen child, was raised as Henry Perth. Henry Perth had given Ken a copy of his book, for a wedding present. He had even drawn around the outline of his hand.

If this is not enough evidence of random not being random, my ex-neighbour and dear spirit sister, Greta, arrived for a week of rest (so she hoped!). Greta attended Burnam’s funeral with me five years ago, on the 22nd of August. It was a defining moment in my own life, which was a catalyst for me to change direction. Burnum and I were born in the same year. We were both renegades, and greatly misunderstood by those around us. Listening to the
love and praise heaped upon him, as he lay silent in his white coffin with more than 1,000 people present, I decided that the most important thing in life was to love and appreciate each other NOW.

Figure 8.43 Burnam’s Funeral August 22, 1997

Greta arrived and Dr Jason Cressey, my favourite young English professor, arrived at lunchtime the next day, for a quick overnight stay enroute north, before returning to Canada. In Vancouver, he set up a foundation to research and advise governments of the world how to manage ecotourism around the whales and dolphins. He is in his early thirties, and a Professor of Psychology, graduated from Cambridge University. He and I are soul spirit brother and sister and we have shared several presentations together in Australia and Vancouver. We are mirrors of each other, in spite of the age difference. We share the same reality of NOW and ONE.

Greta joined us in one of those dolphin playshops on 14th day of April 1996, six years ago to the day. I knew this as it was in my visitor’s book. It is just one of the many archival records to validate these amazing stories.

Summary and Reflection

In this chapter, I shared the weaving of the web and the connections of spirit in many forms, by reflecting on the many incredible connections in my global family, interspersed with my observations of the global changes taking place at this moment in time. This chapter described my experiences of human connection, through an expanding global consciousness. These web-weaving
stories included ‘Magical Moments Through Amazing Connections’, in reconnecting with Beryl, Lloyd, Noelle, and Alyn and keeping in touch with my global family.

The web of Gaia has also been woven, through mediating for world peace in an Ashram, exploring religions and spirituality, a discovery tour of Israel and Egypt, dogmatic devotees, Ram Dass and the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, the Raj Yogi Conference in New Delhi, Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pauses for Peace worldwide, and holding the vision against war. Stories about weaving the web through whale tales, included the launch of a book, ‘A Whale Song’, and my magic triangle with Trish and Wally.

The stories about weaving connections with cetacea and humans related further adventures with the Franklins and the Oceania Project. Stories about my connections with Angela in weaving the web of Gaia, included an international conference, and how Angela and I connected with Dr Emoto and other people, through amazing synchronicity.

I moved to Ballina on the 22nd day of September 2001. My intentions were to take undertake a PhD, return to the ocean, and find community. I feel like the mad professor in her laboratory. I have the ‘where with all’ to validate every item of these cosmic events, to weave the thread of this global tapestry and back it up with pictures and articles. I share the stories from the other dreamers and dancers in my vision. Some people talk about ‘six degrees of separation’, but it feels to me like it is even less than that.

I have identified my own particular cosmic pattern of creating triangles based on love and cooperation with key players in the bigger picture. We then co-create a force field that in turn radiates energy. We raise our personal and collective vibration to resonate with each other. I have just focused my ‘Kosmic, Krystal’
‘Kaleidoscope’ - I have unlocked the key to the formula. It is pure heart energy, that connects us all. It is having an open heart, with an open mind, which suspends judgment, as a free spirit. It is a spirit, free to dance the dance to send out the electromagnetic radiation of love.

Instead of Dis-ease, we generate AT-EASE, the energy of harmony, peace, happiness and joy. It is infectious. The mind does not know the difference between the biochemical reaction of excitement or anxiety - I/we have the freedom to choose how to respond to the moment. The light is thousand times more powerful than the dark. One positive person can, depending on their level of vibration, counterbalance 400,000 individuals with only half their vibration (Hawkins, 1995, 1998, 2000) claims. So the dance continues. Gaia spirit is alive and well. With all my professional skills, powers and expertise, I could not organise a plan more magnificent and brilliant than this.
CHAPTER NINE: MOTHERHOOD ROLES

This chapter reflects on the importance and influence of my role in relationship to my mother, my daughters and subsequently, my grandchildren. Life stories in this chapter include my daughters as teachers, and ‘Mothers’ Day’, which is about a surprise visit by the family, and my Mother’s sudden death. Other stories include the birth of my grandsons and entwined memories, and reflections about my granddaughters. I also reflect on Gaia, our Earth Mother.

My experiences of changing motherhood roles were the impetus for this chapter. In my early childhood, it became very clear to me, just how important my own paternal grandmother, Lena, was in influencing my development, in addition to my maternal grandfather’s third wife, who set the pattern of my moral standards. It is clear to me, that in many ways, in my role as a woman, wearing all the labels of daughter, granddaughter, wife, mother and grandmother, I have forged new patterns across four generations. This is revealed in the stories of critical moments in my life in all of these roles. In writing this RTA, I revisited early feminist writing (Chapter 2), which for the generation Y, the generation of my granddaughters, seems to me to have been lost.

It seems to me that generation Y take for granted their position of being able to choose what direction their lives will take and in what order. I feel that, to some extent, the sacredness and privilege of being a woman, has been lost. For example, in this day and age, I observe that, for many, the baby is the last accessory of ‘must have’, that has resulted in delayed maternity, an epidemic of elective caesareans and almost instant infant childcare placements, often as early as six weeks. I believe we are witnessing some very interesting social problems emerging from these changes.
This chapter reflects on 71 years as a woman and daughter, 51 years as a mother, and 25 years as a grandmother and the changes that have occurred in those years. I also honour Gaia, our Earth Mother.

This section describes my relationship with my daughters and my own mother.

**My Daughters as Teachers**

The Solstice is a magical time, magical moments and very special for me. My eldest daughter Jody born to me, when I was the ‘ripe old age’ of 20, took time out to come and simply hang out with me. I had left Sydney to live up north in Ballina 10 months before, knowing that we would all have to make special efforts to have quality of time together.

When the girls, Jody and her sister Michelle (Midge), who is 25 months younger, were 17 and 19 years old, I left home. That was 1976, when Australian small business was in big trouble and my very successful small business failed, so I left for New York City, "The Big Apple" to start again. That adventure lasted five years, and the story of those years will be told in due course. On returning to Australia in 1980 with the intention to live and settle down, I was motivated a year later to move to New Zealand to set up my research centre, which lasted another five years. These experiences lasted ten years in all with annual trips home to be with the family. The last year in New York, Michelle came to live with me having completed her senior high school year.

Meantime, I had been a single mum since they were 11 and 13 years old, and we had shared an extraordinary adventure when they were 16 and 18 years old respectively. In fact, Jody had her 18th birthday twice, as we left Sydney to fly to London, and again when we arrived, as it was still her birthday, 2nd December.

That journey began for me when they were little people. I had always dreamed that I would take them travelling around the world. I had waited until I was 33 years old before it was possible for me to travel overseas. The story of how
that came about is one of my early magical miracles. The trip with the girls had been planned for a couple of years, and I had encouraged them both to work odd jobs baby sitting, washing cars and working for a local shopkeeper out of school hours, to save up some money towards the cost of the airfare. I am and always was a firm believer in teaching them values and learning, to make a contribution to goals, not expecting them to be handed out on a silver platter. Appreciation seems to come from working to achieve something. Some members of my family thought that I was a very hard mum, in fact my nick name was 'hard hearted Hannah'.

The 'long and the short' of this story is that they achieved the cost of half an airfare, $400 each, I then needed to complete my promise to take them around the world during their summer vacation. The only trouble was that just two weeks earlier than our departure date, I found myself in hospital, having survived a life-threatening situation, which required a total hysterectomy. ‘Bummer’! The doctor advised me, as they tended to at the time, to take six weeks off to recuperate.

Being an independent soul, and not wanting to break my promise to the girls, plus the fact that we had non-refundable airfares, I made the decision to push on. We packed our bags and began our journey. We left Australia as planned arriving in London after a long, long, long flight, exhausted and of course jet lagged. As a result of my ‘open door’ policy at home, I had friends all over England, Wales and America, who were going to play host to us. Without this support, the adventure would not have been possible.

We travelled all over England and Wales and stayed with very special people in very special places. Much to my surprise though, all was not well. The girls were fighting constantly in staged whispers, a habit that had emerged to overcome my intolerance to their behaviour. I made it very clear that it ‘takes two to tango’/fight and that I would not take sides. They would both be ‘in trouble’ with me. Life as a single mum in the early 70s was not easy, and there was no subsidy or government assistance. I had signed off on expecting any financial help from their father, feeling guilty about breaking up the marriage and the ‘happy home’. Their Dad and I had grown apart and for nine of 15 years I had been seeking freedom. That’s another long story (Chapter 4).
During those years, I had made friends with several very special people, including a dear, elder man, for whom I worked as a photographer; his name was Harry Ciddor. Harry was something of a surrogate Dad, in that he would take the girls to the theatre, and took great pleasure in bringing them special gifts, particularly ones that related to their school projects. He was responsible for teaching me one of the most important lessons of my life.

We were staying with him in Hampstead, London, and the two girls and I were sharing not only a bedroom, but also a large double bed, in his very comfortable abode. That in itself was an interesting situation, as at home we all had our own bedroom, private space, and shared our living space with rules and regulations of how that worked. We had never spent so much time in each other's space, 24 hours a day, and travelling 'to boot'. They were emerging as young women in their own right; everyone took us for sisters, even though I felt a 1,000 years old at the time, partly due to not being fully recovered from major surgery. In less than three weeks, we were ready to 'kill each other'. I thought them to be very ungrateful, spoilt brats after all the effort I had made to give them such an amazing opportunity to see the world.

Dear Uncle Harry, who had never married, and was a bit fussy himself, pulled me aside after one of the shouting matches and quietly pointed out to me that I was repeating an old pattern. It was the very pattern that I tried to avoid, the pattern of my domineering mother over me. Uncle Harry was able to show me that in my behaviour and expectation of the girls responding to the stimulus of travel and adventure, that it was my dreaming, not theirs. An epiphany; I got it! I was 'laying the same trip' on them, that my Mum used to lay on m, about how she sacrificed for us! How blessed was I to be able to hear his wise words. It felt like being hit with a 'bolt from the blue'. How right he was. My expectations of excitement and appreciation of my sacrifice was not being appreciated, so I blamed the girls.
I was able to do an 'about face' and literally begin to 'cut the umbilical cord', to let go, and to let them go into London on excursions without me. I allowed them to find what excited them in the wonderful city. By the time we travelled to America, to stay in the Big Apple, the transformation was beginning to be revealed. Having stepped back from my need to control, Jody and Midge were responding by taking more responsibility and really appreciating our journey together.

The end result of these several weeks away was immediate on our return. The girls had been open to so much stimuli, that they eagerly attacked their respective high school challenges with gusto. It had always been my way to encourage them at school, but not to push them. They were able always to make their own decisions, but had to 'wear' the results. They were my teachers. They taught me how to trust, and how to step back and allow them
to develop their own unique ways. The ‘proof of the pudding’, as they say, ‘is in the eating’. Both my daughters are today powerful business women in their own right, mothers and wives, who demonstrate integrity, love and compassion in the way they run their lives. I am proud to be their mother and friend.

Strangely enough, I have very different relationships with both of them. I see in my two girls, several reflections of myself at different ages. Having the eldest Jody stay for the weekend in July 2002, with no other agenda other than to ‘hang out’ with me, had been deliciously rewarding. We had such quality time, without having to share each other with anyone else. This makes for a very different interaction. We did ‘sister’ things together, went shopping, swimming, enjoyed the close encounters with whales and dolphins. We delighted in deep and meaningful sharing over old picture albums. I was able to explain for the first time the rationale behind many of my decisions, especially the decision to leave home and start again in New York City.

In my estimation, my daughters were independent young women with enough grounding in values, to be able to continue their lives without my immediate presence. By contrast, I was at 19 years old already, ‘Sadie Sadie married lady’, expecting my first child. They were not left ‘high and dry’, Jody was attending university at Newcastle, and Midge was to complete the last year of high school, living at home with one of my very special friends. She is a friend, who had been an idol for the girls as they grew up, she had been at the top of television entertainment for children and she subsequently starred in my Xmas Shows. All things given, I had no worries about them or for them.
As things turned out, within weeks of my journey across America, to set up a base for Michelle and I in New York City, a drama occurred that was to change everything. It was a drama that I am sure affected the relationship of my youngest daughter and myself forever. Without going into details, my dear friend and Midge’s idol, introduced her fiancee into the home and caused major problems for the three of them. The action taken by my best friend and their ‘surrogate mum’ for many years, was to arrange for Midge to complete the following months living with her father and his new wife. These actions were taken and completed, before I even knew about the difficulties that occurred. My guess is, that even today, Michelle as she prefers to be called now, still feels that she was abandoned and left homeless by me. My relationship with her is strictly on her terms, and when she says jump, I still say “how high”!

It is not fun to be in the middle of conflict between two daughters, when I have never taken sides with either throughout their lives. For example, I recounted their fights in staged whispers, to avoid being heard by me. Occasionally, it disturbs me enough to ask for ‘time out’ with Michelle, to discuss things and work something out. Jody and I both offer her unconditional love and support. We agreed during this very special time together, that we would both be there for her, when she is ready to deal with her anger and pain.

Meantime, they are wonderful mothers of my four grandchildren. Jody’s kids are Jeremy on his way to turning 21 and Lena who is completing her last year at school and will be 18 soon. Lena, by contrast to my life has never yet been left at home alone. The family still enjoy each other and shared activities. They have already travelled together overseas, as have Michelle and her kids; Byron almost 14 and Cassie almost 12.
Mothers’ Day

In 2003, I was home alone on Mothers Day. It was not the first time, having spent five years living in New Zealand and another five years living in The Big Apple, New York City. My daughters both called in and we swapped updates on all our very busy lives. It is interesting for me to observe just how different our relationship is, compared to mine with my mother.

A Surprise in Merimbula

I remember Mothers’ Day, 1986. It was my first in Australia for six years. The entire family decided to give me a surprise. My brother, sister, partners, daughters and partners and my two grandchildren, plus a niece and nephew, were all present. It was enormous logistic tasks to have them all turn up at my recently established new abode in Merimbula, on the south coast of New South Wales. They also gave me an opportunity to change a very difficult pattern in my life and subsequently in theirs. They came from Sydney, Canberra and Tanja. They arrived by road and by air. Unfortunately, it was to eventuate that my Mother was to die, just one month later, at only 73 years of age.

![Image of mother and daughter](image.jpg)

Figure 9.2 The last photo of mum and I, at my surprise Mothers’ Day, 1986

In April, I finally taken my leave of New Zealand, where I had been facilitating the Rainbow Dolphin Centre (RDC). It was Centre number three, the last in the history-making time of establishing waterbirthing and ecotourism, highlighted by the magic of cetacea. I hosted two international conferences and attended
several others in New Zealand and around the world, to disseminate information and research gathered during those five years. I arrived in New Zealand with my entire household, 'lock stock and barrel', including my car, shipped across the Tasman, in November 1981. It was also a time when my eldest daughter, Jody, was expecting her first child, my first grandchild.

This was a major learning crisis, as I had already made the commitment to buy the first RDC before learning that she was pregnant. My family was horrified that I would consider leaving Australia with my daughter expecting her first baby. My daughters were not concerned, but the immediate inner family circle, especially my mother, was very concerned. I had not long returned from living in New York for five years. My Mum was not amused. My mother, like many other women of her era, was totally absorbed in living her life through her family. My new vision and adventure was proving a bit embarrassing for her. The media and television coverage of my efforts to try and free captive dolphins, linking it to birthing babies underwater and claiming to communicate with cetacea was more than she could manage. My notoriety worldwide gave her cause for concern, especially some of the mishandled media representations of the first waterborn babies. Even so, I remember clearly one day, a few years into the mission, that I received an excited phone call from her to announce that she had seen Olivia Newton John on the ‘Don Lane Show’, performing her new song, ‘Physical’. Olivia then told the world on television that she ‘communicated' with dolphins, and the video clip showed her being towed by a captive dolphin. So, my message already some years old, was OK now, because Olivia said so.

In many ways, I think the years in New York and New Zealand were very important growing years for me. In some ways, I needed to be away from the family and, certainly, the distance between my Mum and me was much easier to deal with. I had been her confidante as a small child and into my puberty, as she dealt with the crisis of her broken marriage and being a single mum in days where there was no support. The stories of my childhood experiences with my Mother are described in Chapter 4.

Returning to the story of Mothers’ Day 1986, I had become the editor of the local independent newspaper, ‘The Merimbula Times’. My duties included attending and reporting on all the local events and writing feature stories to fill
the weekly paper. This gave me freedom to write about all the alternative issues with which I had been involved for more than 10 years. I had begun a campaign to encourage the local people to start dolphin excursions in the lovely waters around the area. I had already involved the local Lions Club in a drug education program for the youths of the district.

I had chosen to live in this tiny seaside town, because it was only an hour's drive from Jody and my grandchildren, who were living on a farm at Tanja. Having just returned from a rural environment in New Zealand, I had no desire to live in Sydney. I had also begun making presentations in Merimbula of my experience with the waterbabies and dolphins and whales to anyone who was interested. They included small groups, RSL and Bowling Clubs, and basically anyone, who wanted to know more about the discoveries of the last 10 years. I had films, a projector, videos, books, press clippings and a message to share.

I had only been home in Merimbula for a month, and unbeknown to my family, I had already begun to make very important contacts and had commitments to keep. I am still not sure who organised the big Mothers' Day surprise, which involved my married daughters, my sister and her husband and two children, my brother and my mother. A plan had been set up for everyone to arrive in Merimbula on Friday afternoon, to spend the Mothers' Day weekend with me. It even involved my Mother flying for the first time ever, in a small commuter plane from Sydney. Somehow, they organised with the owner of my new little apartment to get the key and hide inside. I arrived home from work and, one by one, they popped out of the woodwork to ‘blow me away’. I actually slid down the wall with pleasure and wonderment when the last person out turned out to be my little Mum, who had not been all that well.

The big challenge for me, and the huge learning curve for all of them, was that I had become very involved in the community already, and that very night I was due to make a fund raising presentation to the Lions Club about the Rainbow Dolphin Centre. People had paid for their tickets and dinner and I could not renegotiate the arrangement, but here was my entire family winging in from far and wide, to spend the weekend with me for my first Mothers' Day home in Australia in almost a dozen years. What was I to do?
I had learned over the five years in New Zealand to communicate and negotiate from the place of ‘how I need it to be for me’. My first reaction was an old pattern of feeling guilty and open to emotional blackmail. Somehow, I found the courage to spell out to my loving family that they would need to dine without me that evening, and that we could spend the rest of the weekend together. This was for me, and subsequently for them, a major breakthrough in the behaviour of families in general, and in particular, mine. My little mother never missed an opportunity to let us know how many sacrifices she had made for us. I knew that it would be a kind of ‘micro/macro event’. My last ten years had been spent in ‘attitudinal healing’, empowering others and myself to come from a place integrity and truth, without fear. There was no harder example of breaking that old pattern than with my own loving family. We did it, and the result was amazing. Of course, the dolphins turned up next day at the beach where we were swimming to say “Well done!”

Figure 9.3 The family surprise party Mothers’ Day 1986, which became a benchmark in attitudinal healing for the family

My Mother’s Death

The sad end to this Mothers’ Day story is that after our very happy and wonderful reunion across three generations, my mother had a heart attack and died, just three weeks later. This was yet another learning curve and milestone for me to climb.
Jody called me late in the afternoon of June 6th, 1985 to alert me to the fact that Mum had been rushed to a large Sydney hospital with a suspected stroke. It was the end of my day and I had almost finished editing the week's edition of the newspaper. I was 'a one person band' and there was no one to whom to hand over. My sister and brother both assured me that Mum was in intensive care, she had been stabilised and was out of danger. They suggested that I make arrangements to fly or drive the 650 kilometres to Sydney the following day. I would be able to keep Jody company and share the driving.

I completed my commitment and 'put the paper to bed', as they say in publishing language, and rang the hospital for an update on Mum's condition. They assured me that she was out of danger. Imagine then the nightmare of being awakened in the early hours of the morning to discover a policeman at the door. He had been sent to be with me, console me and advise me, that Mum had died an hour or so earlier. I remember screaming from some deep place inside me; the pain was almost unbearable. May, Martha May Baker, my mother was only 73 years old and she died on the birthday of her father, my favourite much married, Pop Henry. The grief was palpable and the young country policeman kept me company until my daughter arrived. That was a healing too, as I have always been a rebel, and did not have a very good opinion of the police. This one was a jewel and gave me so much comfort in the couple of hours waiting until Jody arrived.

My brother Paul and I organised the funeral, and I had a first hand insight as to how people in the undertaker profession can manipulate grieving families into spending more than they can afford. Several hundred people attended the funeral service and cremation, and the women of the Coogee Bowling Club formed a guard of honour. I do not think that there is anything that prepares you for becoming a mother, or losing a mother. They are both life-changing experiences.
The aftermath of the funeral was even more harrowing. My sister, brother and I came to terms with the sudden death of our mother. Later, I learned from Lyn that she had been present with her in intensive care. When they stabilised Mum she was wheeled out into the corridor of ICU to make way for another patient. Mum had ‘cried wolf’ more times than I could count. She was a woman who wore her doctor’s orders on her sleeve like a medal, and a woman whose difficult and stressed life had left her with so many ailments, that she lived in fear of dying from cancer or some other disease. Apparently, my mother lay on the trolley in the corridor of that huge hospital for so long that she suffered another stroke and died. I cannot imagine the fear and panic that took hold of her, as she lay unattended. There had been many times when she had panic attack in my presence, and held me so tightly I could hardly breath.

This story does not end yet, before sharing the pain that we experienced back at my brother’s house, when I learned from Lyn, that my stepfather had continued to sexually abuse her after I married and left home. He had threatened to harm my mother, to keep her from exposing him. I wanted to kill him there and then, but realised that here was another huge opportunity to practice what I had been preaching about forgiveness. How would I learn to forgive him? Only time would tell. That is another story. Meantime, I went back to the Coogee flat that they had shared for almost 40 years to clean out Mum’s personal belongings. I carried out two black and white David Jones’ plastic shopping bags full of medications that she had been taking, without ever
questioning the implications of such a large mixture of drugs. That’s the way it was.

Jeremy, my Grandson

This section includes stories relating Jeremy’s birth and entwined memories.

Jeremy’s birth

On the 10th day of February 2003, it was Jeremy's 21st birthday. I remembered the instruction given to me by the red haired nurse-midwife at the tiny little Bega country hospital on this day 21 years ago: “Don’t drown him and don’t burn him”.

I had just been given a tiny bundle of baby boy, my first grandchild. I had for the first time in my life witnessed a birth. The circumstances were nothing short of a miracle. I had on this day in 1982 been able to support my eldest daughter, as she gave birth to her first child. We had spent about 12 hours in the tiny hospital. Her doctor and the lovely nurse-midwife had dropped in on a regular basis, made comments to us about our wonderful birthing team, and went about their other duties. This was exceptional, given that 21 years ago, it was most unusual for a woman to have a birth support team. In fact, it is only in recent years that husbands and partners are encouraged to stay with labouring women.

This birth experience was a benchmark for me, maybe one of the most emotional experiences I have ever had. I did not expect to have the privilege of actual witnessing the birth, much less to be given the tiny bundle almost immediately to give him his first bath. After the family pictures had been taken, and the attending doctor prepared to deliver Jody’s placenta, the little bundle was wrapped in a towel and placed in my arms. We were ushered to the nursery, where the nurse-midwife filled the chest high basin with warm water. She poured a bacterial agent into the water and said: “Don't drown him and don't burn him”, and turned around and left me, to return to his mother. Jeremy and I spent 20 glorious minutes together, as I bathed and talked to him. I cannot believe it was 21 years ago. So much water (no pun intended)
has passed under the bridge since then. On the 10th day of February 2003, I was also celebrating a sense of my own mission accomplished, that of birthing the healing power of Gaia.

Entwined memories

The events of the weekend of 7th of February 2003 and this birth experience are totally entwined for me. The day I announced my intention to purchase a property in New Zealand to set up the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, mid June 1981, Jody and John gave me the news about their joy of becoming parents early in 1982. My own mother, about to be a great grandmother for the first time, was mortified and insisted that I change my plans.

"How could you leave Australia when your daughter is about to have a baby?", she asked. This, in fact, was the general comment made to me at the time. I remember feeling concerned about it, and then after discussion with Jody, became comfortable with the fact that I was only a phone call away, and about two hours flying time. It was no big deal to me, so I proceeded to implement my plans and made a commitment to be back in Australia, one way or another, at least 10 days prior to the due date. At the time, Jody was a farmer's wife, as John managed his father's huge cattle spread on the south coast. The location
was a beautiful, unspoiled coastline with immediate access to the beach, rolling green hills and absolutely privacy.

Another little story of synergy resulted in the marriage of Jody and John in 1978.

John's father and stepmother were my friends, and Jody met John as a teenager a few years earlier. In fact, she left her study at Newcastle University to live with him in Orange, while he completed his agricultural studies. I found a powerful letter that I sent to her from New York, when she wrote to see how I felt about her taking that pathway. Written in June 1976, the letter essentially was a powerful note of wisdom and approval, with a caution that she and John came from extremely different backgrounds and not to try and change each other, but to accept the differences and enjoy the loving while it lasted.

In July of 1981 I set off around the world to raise the money to purchase the New Zealand property. I shared my vision of a world of peace that would be the result of learning from cetacea about individual freedom and group consciousness, and birthing babies in water. Waterbirth, for me, was and still is and always will be, a peace mission. I have come to understand that fear is a learned response and fear invites aggressive behaviour. My adventure of 'research on the run' led me to the Russian Igor Charkovsky and Frenchmen, Jacques Mayol and Dr Michel Odent. All three men had powerful, important information about using water as a birthing tool. I immediately began promoting their work all around the world. I had no intention of becoming a midwife and running a support centre for the first waterbabies in Australasia; my vision was to provide information for others to set up experimental birthing centres, complete with medical backup. This did not happen.

However, in my role of 'motor mouth', as I am often called, I generated so much media attention with the promotion of using water for human babies that when I arrived at the hospital, both the doctor and nurse-midwife were open to quizzing me during Jeremy's birth in 1982. Jody thought waterbirth was a great idea, but confessed that she was not brave enough to be the first woman to have a waterbirth 'down under'. “Maybe next time”, Jody said. It was my
reputation no doubt, that led to the comment by the nurse-midwife, as she ran that first bath for my first grandson, Jeremy.

I witnessed some interesting and exciting moments leading up to that moment. I had arrived from New Zealand, as planned, a few days before the due date at the farm overlooking the ocean. It was a place where we had enjoyed many wonderful days playing naked on the beach together. A dozen huge dolphins danced in the waves below, as Jody was sitting wrapped in a towel, big bellied, called the hospital to prepare for our arrival. John spotted the dolphins in his binoculars and announced their arrival. I went into hysterical mode and ran down to the beach, crying with joy, feeling that they had come to support the arrival of my first grandchild, and to approve of my successful campaign to close the 'sea circus' at the African Safari Sea Lion Park (see Chapter 7).

Meeting Prince Charles

I was right in the middle of a campaign to free the captive dolphins at a Sydney Lion Park and I had been successful in getting 20,000 petitions signed, which helped the NSW Government agree that the dolphins should be set free. Prince Charles had arrived in Australia in 1981 and I was determined to engage his support to free captive dolphins worldwide. My research had found Dr Horace Dobbs, my strongest ally, and he had already presented his dolphin magical tales to Prince Charles at Buckingham Palace. A team of players was involved with me and as we all set off to the Royal Easter Show to meet with Prince Charles, they were instructed to visualise Prince Charles coming to us. We stood with our rainbow dolphin flags and banners on the road lined up with thousands of others wanting to see the Prince. Magically, and as I predicted, he came to us and spoke to me.

I had sent invitations to Prince Charles, along with Rainbow Dolphin T-shirts in October 1981, inviting him officially to open the Rainbow Dolphin Centre from January 8th to February 8th, 1982, which included intentions to stage the first international waterbirth conference. He was unable to accept, which was just as well, because it would have been very difficult for me to leave New Zealand if that plan had proceeded as imagined. In fact, the first conference did not happen until September 1982, which left me free to be with Jody and John to welcome Jeremy on February 10th, 1982. I sent Prince Charles another
exciting letter about waterbirths on Valentines Day 1982, to encourage them to investigate further, hoping they might look into using water for their own forthcoming birth. I introduced them to the work of Dr Michel Odent, who had just delivered his 57th waterbaby in perfect timing for a BBC television documentary on natural birth at his French birth centre.

The letter contained many details of magical dolphinity, synergy beyond planning, which continued to keep my ‘engine revved up’. They did, in fact, send a birthing team to the French doctor’s clinic to observe and bring back new information and a birthing chair was sent to the hospital where the Princess was due to give birth in June of 1982. As yet, I was still reporting the work of Odent and Charkovsky and had not yet experienced for myself the magical and powerful results of using water for a birthing tool. I had learned, however, that the first American baby had been born in San Diego, on the very day that I had received my first communication from the dolphins about using water for birth. Nothing would convince me after learning that and meeting with the baby and his parents, and learning their story of how it all came about, that it was my role to tell the world and to facilitate waterbirth in the future.

What did I learn from witnessing the birth of my grandson? The first important learning was that in preparation for birthing, even though prenatal classes were now established, that they did not really prepare fathers to be involved. It did not occur to me that I would end up being present for Jeremy’s actual birth. We had driven on a dusty bumpy gravel road for almost two hours from the farm to the hospital. As the day unfolded, Jody and I developed an almost telepathic communication and I massaged her, and gave her ice and cloths to wet her lips and body. John came and went, clearly not knowing what to do and like many other fathers to be, he must have wondered what on earth he could do to help his wife. When the birth was imminent and Jody was transferred from her room to the delivery suite, the doctor and nurse midwife suggested that I had done such a great job that I go too. John didn’t mind and Jody was already in her altered state. So, I suddenly found myself
with camera in hand, watching the arrival of Jesse, as he prefers to be called today. John and I went off to have a Chinese meal after the excitement of the day. He said to me, that he was pleased that I had been there to support Jody, because watching as he did, he would have asked for intervention or medication for her. Watching her, he became more uncomfortable with the process of giving birth, not having the advantage of an altered state of consciousness. The experience left me even more committed than ever to continue my quest for gentle non-violent birthing, be it in a bed or bath.

My relationship with my grandson is as perfect and loving and independent of any family situation could be. There are times when it is almost telepathic. He is a product of a caring family and is now off, exploring the world. He has many gifts and is a wonderful example of strong, young, gentle manhood. We have shared many terrific moments together this last 21 years, including his first underwater swim at a few weeks old.

I realised in 1976 that my children were my teachers, they were not told as I was growing up, to be seen and not heard. I instinctively knew that we had much to learn from each other. I have had the wonderful experience of watching my daughter raise her children in her own inimitable way, without any interference from me. We have over four generations now changed the pattern of parenting. We have added to the new paradigm the gift of individual freedom, trust and love. I celebrate them.
Byron, my Grandson

This section includes memories of Byron’s birth and entwined stories.

Byron and Oceania

On January 12, 2003, my grandson Byron, celebrated his 14th birthday. He was born on a beautiful, sunny, summer’s day, on the 13th day of January 1989. I was completing my documentary, ‘Oceania, The Promise of Tomorrow’, which had taken eight years to compile. The first draft was written in 1981, when I became absolutely clear that communication between cetacea, was not only possible, but also could be seen to be happening. The documentary subtitled ‘The magic of the human dolphin connection’ traced the lives of
people, who had had magical experiences with dolphins, which had changed their lives. It took eight years to come to fruition, because a change in consciousness had to occur. I had to wait until each of the major players in the film were ready to share their story and their film footage in my documentary, which was going to reveal a bigger picture. It was an eagle’s eye view, a global view, which for me, was very real. While humanity had been searching outer space for intelligent life, it was patently apparent to me that the oceans of the world contained such intelligence.

I believe that intelligence lies in our cousins in the sea, whales and dolphins. My research and very personal experiences led me to write an outline of the documentary that was only seven pages, because I wanted each person to tell their own story in their own words. I used ‘Cinema Verite’ a relatively new production technique, where the camera captured the moment as it happened, rather than have people recite written scripts. Since my own life changing experience in October 1980 in Queensland, I had travelled the world to make personal contact with the handful of people, who in their own way confirmed my experience of interspecies communication.

![Figure 9.10 Video cover for award winning documentary, ‘Oceania’](image)

Dr Horace Dobbs was an ex-atomic scientist with an Honorary PhD from Oxford University for his groundbreaking research into the effect of chemical substances on brain functions. An American, Rick O’Barry, who now spent his life campaigning for the right of all dolphins and whales to be free, was the ex-trainer of the most famous film dolphin Flipper. Jacques Mayol, was the world famous French free diver, who coined the word ‘homo delphinus’, the human dolphin, and he believed that humans could be trained to breath hold for as
long as 16 minutes and dive to more than 250 feet. He also connected me to Dr Michel Odent, who had just begun using water as a birthing tool for humans, and Igor Charkovsky in Russian, who had been using water for birth since 1969. Lastly, Dr Betsy Smith in Florida was responsible for 'leading edge' research, using dolphins with autistic children as therapy. All were included in my film. The film was first shown on Australian television in 1990, with a world premiere that was attended by John Denver in Sydney. It was awarded a citation from the United Nations Association Media Peace Prize the following year.

I wanted to finish the story of ‘Oceania’ with the emerging interest in waterbabies; the first of whom had been born in my bathtub, in New Zealand in 1982. Babies were safely and successfully being born into water around the world, in some part as a result of the publicity generated by me at the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand. I also had facilitated the first of two international conferences on the subject in New Zealand. I needed a sequence in ‘Oceania’ of mothers, babies and pregnant women in the water. Luckily, I was living in a lovely apartment in Sydney, overlooking the harbour. I invited several mothers and babies, with whom I had been working, to continue their water training, and my own two grandchildren, Lena and Jeremy, who had been exposed to my early water training and who were now little underwater 'human dolphins'. A couple training to prepare for their forthcoming waterbirth and some midwives joined also us. With the production crew, we were a total of about 20 plus people.

![Figure 9.11 Lena, the cover girl of the month, 1989](image-url)
My youngest daughter, Michelle, was due to birth her first child within a couple of weeks. She was a very healthy young woman, who swam long distances every day leading up to her due date. Michelle had celebrated her 30th birthday two days earlier. We had little or no communication about her pregnancy, although she had hinted to me that her doctor, a fashionable obstetrician in Sydney, had indicated to her that she might need a Caesarean. This little gem of information had been dropped only a few days previously. Her doctor was going away for holidays on the 14th of January, two weeks before her due date.

Alarm bells rang for me, and as synchronicity would have it, the replacement obstetrician was in fact a colleague of mine. He was the only Australian doctor, who had taken time out to come to New Zealand for the waterbirth conference, and he had even brought with him a young woman, who wanted to have her baby in the water. This doctor was, in fact, the only doctor in Australasia who, to my knowledge, was following with an open heart and mind, the benefits of using water as a birthing option. He was convinced after doing his homework, meeting and talking with the experts, the mothers who had given birth in water, and the midwives who had supported them, that the use of water was no more or less dangerous than any other birthing option. He actually promoted the use of water, and in 1985 installed a birthing tub in one of Sydney’s largest maternity hospitals. Needless to say, we had a very close relationship.
On hearing Michelle's warning of impending C-section, I called my colleague, Dr S, on the telephone and asked to see him and demanded an honest answer from him to the question, ‘Was Michelle's doctor one who would do a C-section for his own benefit, or not?’ After some cajoling and demanding, Dr S replied that he did not expect to see any of the women due to give birth, for whom he was to be on stand by. He also indicated that Michelle's reports were very normal and healthy and not to worry. In my heart and mind, I knew that my extremely powerful and independent daughter would will herself to have the baby before her doctor left town. I had seen enough births to recognise that there seemed to be an amazing link between mother and baby on the agreement for the process of birth to begin.

I had just left the pool and the ‘Oceania’ filming area to return to the apartment to make lunch for everyone, when the phone rang. It was Sam, my son-in-law, who announced that my daughter had given birth to another grandson and both were well. I was delighted, thinking how clever Michelle was to have her baby two days before her doctor left town. What followed next was my worst nightmare, not because of Michelle herself, but because of the implications represented by the fact that this powerful, educated and intelligent woman had been seemingly disempowered, and totally manipulated into believing that she was not capable of having a normal birth. Sam explained that they had decided, on the doctor's advice, to have an 'elective' C-section.

I remember screaming a sound that came out of the base of my body, and the pain was extraordinary. It was as if I had been stabbed through my heart. Here I was, with a global reputation of 'giving birth back to women', helping them and midwives reclaim the miracle of natural birth, and my own daughter opted to exclude me from her experience totally. She had not discussed any detail of her pregnancy or plans with me, until she dropped the warning two weeks earlier and was determined to keep me out of her process. I had come to terms with, unlike her older sister, Jody, that we did not share an intimate relationship. I respected her decision to 'keep herself to herself'. I had always felt that Michelle's lack of trust in me had to do with her being pushed back in my belly at her own birth.
These memories surfaced for me on the day that Byron turned 14 years of age. He is a delightful, sensitive and caring, young man.

Byron in Ballina

As a 14 year old, Byron visited me in Ballina. Byron can and does, at ‘the drop of a hat’, give enormous information from history or music. We played a new ‘Beatles’ album of 27 number one hits, and he was able to quote each album on which they had featured. I asked him to tell me an important event in any year I named and he had the correct answer. As a drummer, he has enormous potential.

Skipping back to when Byron was born, I remember sobbing my heart out, not for Michelle, but for the rest of the young women who, in my mind, are being disempowered similarly around birth choices. My read on it was that if this powerful woman could be duped, what hope was there for anyone else? Thankfully, I had a team of wonderful supportive people around me, who were able to comfort me.

What happened next was, in hindsight, ridiculous. My brother, who seldom visits or even calls, somehow walked through the front door, passing the security of the building, which required being allowed in through the door only after being identified in the apartment on a television screen. I opened my front door and he sang, ‘I just called to say I love you’. My reaction was to start
crying again. Unfortunately, he interpreted this to be about my reaction to Michelle's C-section. He reported his version of the event on to the family. I had to, and still to this day, have had to 'walk on eggshells' to maintain a peaceful relationship with Michelle. Any attempts to heal the process are met with denial. According to her, it is my problem.

Reflections about my Granddaughter, Lena

On the 1" November, 2002, I reflected in my journal:

My eldest granddaughter, Lena, is 18 years old today. She has just finished her last school exam and celebrating becoming a free being. Today catapults me back to her seventh birthday, 11 years ago in magical place of Monkey Mia. Lena was driving around Australia with her parents, my daughter Jody, son in law John and her older brother Jeremy. They had taken six months off as a family to explore the wide Australian country. We had pre-planned for me to meet with them at this most western point of land, known as Monkey Mia. Due in part to my efforts and an award winning film, which features it being shown around the world, Monkey Mia is now attracting more than 150 visitors a year. This place of natural beauty is 1000 kms from Perth, and the journey by road is long and hot. There is not much to see except large road trains, or at one time of the year, brilliant dessert flowers. The main attraction is a pod of dolphins, who have been interacting with humans in ankle deep water for more than 30 years.
Monkey Mia was a favourite fishing spot, and except for a few caravans there was little else. The story shared is about the rescue of a dolphin by a woman many years before, and since that time, that dolphin Holey Fin developed a relationship with humans and has over time taught all her babies to trust them as well. There is no other place on the planet where people can literally interact with dolphins in their own environment in ankle deep water, on a daily basis, that is, except the months of November to April, when they seem to take off, maybe for their own vacation. My first encounter with Holey Fin was in 1983, when I flew from New Zealand with a friend to camp and meet the dolphin pod.

The other part of the equation was a young woman wanting to birth in the ocean, Rose, who already had a couple of daughters, one born in water. She and her partner Rick were the ultimate in alternatives. They lived in a teepee; Rose spun and weaved their clothes and others, to sell at local markets. They were extreme in their attempts to ‘live lightly on the land’, collecting rainwater, growing sprouts and seeds and practicing their own spiritual path in every aspect of their lives. They had both come from comfortable middle class families, but somehow were committed to rejecting all that they had known and grown up with. Their permanent base was on one of the first joint
occupied properties not far from Coffs Harbour, Bundagen, where today, there is a thriving community.

![Figure 9.16 Rick, Rose and ocean baby, at Bundagen community beach](image)

Rick and Rose arrived one day on my Rainbow Mountain at Stanwell Park. They were 'with child' pregnant and wanted to learn about waterbabies. They came as a result of the publicity, that I generated about the idea of babies being born from the water of the womb into the water of the world. I had discovered that a Russian born man known as Dr Charkovsky was using water as a birthing tool in the Soviet Union, and he had been doing so since the sixties.

I had just returned from my journey around the world, which included making a presentation in Canada at the Human Unity Conference. The year was 1981, and in my usual fashion, I had with great passion and enthusiasm left Australia to promote the concept of the Rainbow Dolphin Research Attitudinal Healing Centre, having just left a 50 cent deposit on the property that subsequently became the first Rainbow Dolphin Centre.

My presentation for the Vancouver based event was 'Kinship with all Life'. I was presenting my experience of 'interspecies communication' with the dolphins and the inspiration that had resulted from that first encounter, 22 years plus ago. My excitement had doubled and tripled as many magical moments had occurred already on the journey from Australia. I was able to meet and share with a woman, who had just published a book called 'Alana and the Dolphins'. It was inspired by the work of the great Dr John Lily and told the story of a beautiful being of light, who descended from a space craft on a
rainbow beam, to attend a gathering of concerned individuals from all over the world. The gathering had been called to find a way to bring peace to the world.

Needless to say, I was overjoyed to meet with her, because it was another confirmation for me of the plan to continue to use the rainbow and dolphin to link hearts and minds in the month planetary pause for peace. Her story goes on to explain that the key dolphin was able to communicate telepathically with each delegate and exchange communication in his or her own language. I purchased a box of her books in the transit lounge of Los Angeles airport, where there had been just enough time between my planes from Australia and the next flight to Vancouver to have the meeting.

The details of how that occurred would take another thesis. It is significant to repeat here though, for many reasons, not the least of an event that was to happen later in Moscow, where one of the copies of this book turned up just prior to my arrival there, and the birth of a Russian baby, in 1985.

The Human Unity Conference, staged by the Emissaries, was the launch for my dreaming. The cast of keynote speakers included all the leading edge folk, Donald Keys of Planetary Initiatives, Dr Gerald Jampolsky, who I had promoted in Australia, with his mini course in miracles, ‘Love Is Letting Go Of Fear’. It was a brilliant conference, committed to healing and world peace. The mayor of Vancouver had declared Human Unity Day, and 3000 people took part in the city’s town hall. The vision I shared from the stage literally amazed people and sent out an excited buzz. Of the people who made it their
business to make contact with me, was a couple, who had been involved with
the first waterbirth in the United States.

The other important ‘find’ was a man named Jeff, from New Zealand. He was
an Emissary, and lived on their special property at 100 Miles Island; a few
hours drive away from Vancouver. He was conducting a kind of outward
bound program, to instill confidence in kids, and to learn how to appreciate
nature. I was delighted when he told me of his own ‘dolphin’ magical
experiences. He had been a school boy back in New Zealand in 1956, when the
famous dolphin Opo made her appearance and spent the whole summer in the
shallow waters of Opononi, in a remote part of the north island. Her presence
created traffic jams every day, as people found their way to meet and greet
‘the gay dolphin’, as she was known. Before I leave the story of Opo, it springs
to mind, that Opo, long gone, shot by local fisherman, had an integral part in
the purchase of my last property in New Zealand.

![Image of Opo statue](Figure_9.18_The_famous_Opo_statue_Opononi_New_Zealand)

The owner, a Maori man in the middle of a divorce, was selling his magnificent
home set on land overlooking the magical Bay of Islands, absolutely perfect for
a retreat. When he heard my reason for wanting to buy he invited me to follow
him into the walk in pantry. There, he took from the shelf two silver tins,
which contained black and white news footage from 1956. It was the original
film shot that summer of the kids playing with Opo in Opononi Bay, shown on
New Zealand television. The star of the footage was the man selling his home,
when he too was just a little boy. He put the cans in my hand, (I still have
them today) and said “I guess you were meant to have them”. Needless to say,
it took me exactly 30 seconds to decide to buy the property and start yet
another Rainbow Dolphin Centre. My life has been for many years filled with
these mystical moments that defy explanation, and which I have since coined the word ‘dolphinicity’, to describe the magic beyond synchronicity and more than coincidence, but always involving a dolphin or waterbaby story. Now, back to Monkey Mia, 1991.

I always tell the story at my presentations, of how the Grandmother Dolphin, Holey Fin, taught her family, over generations to trust humans. More than 150,000 people a year are transfixed by the experience of meeting Holey Fin and her daughters babies over many years. Unfortunately, Holey Fin died of an infection from a stingray wound. Thankfully, this was before I had a chance to introduce my daughter Jody and her family, husband John and my two grandchildren, Jeremy known as Jez, and Lena to her and her family, in the water at Monkey Mia. It was for me totally magical.

The story continues, because it was at an early morning meeting, long before anyone else was up, that Lena and I took to the beach, to see if we could find the dolphins. It was dawn, and as we walked along the beach, I began tapping the water and calling Holey Fin. Much to our joy and amazement, suddenly from quite a distance, a fin heading straight towards us. It was Holey Fin; I had not seen her for a couple of years, yet she came straight to me and raised her head out of the water, as I leaned down to give her a kiss.

Lena was delighted and astounded, but not nearly as astounded as two Japanese men, watching us. They had a camera and had filmed the interaction. Needless to say, I was thrilled and immediately ‘accosted’ them to
see if it would be possible to get a copy of the picture. In less than a few minutes, I explained my human dolphin mission, the waterbabies, and the peace project and invited them to take breakfast with us back in our beach cabin.

John, Jody and Jez were only just ‘surfacing’ and were not pleased at strangers arriving. As usual though with me, I seize the moment, and the end result of that morning’s adventure, was my being invited to teach little Japanese kids how to swim, and being sponsored by these men to go to Japan, where they owned a special school and swimming pool. So, for years I have always told the story of how Holey Fin arranged for me to begin my work in Japan. It was interspecies communication, of one grandmother to another!

My film, ‘Oceania: The Promise of Tomorrow’ (1989), has a sequence at Monkey Mia in 1982, which has been shown around the world and contributed to the increased number of visitors, looking for the human dolphin connection. ‘Oceania’ was translated into Japanese. On one of my Japanese tours, 35 million people watched me on prime television sharing my experiences with the dolphins and the waterbabies, as part of my global peace mission (see DVD attached).

![Image](image-url)  
Figure 9.21 The kiss that launched my Japanese adventures at Monkey Mia, November 1st 1991.
Reflections about my Granddaughter, Cassie

My youngest granddaughter, Cassie arrived when I was on one of my global promotion adventures the call came to me in New York, September 1st 1991. With the difference in time, Australia always being in the future, it was in fact September 2nd already. Needless to say, I rushed out to buy the latest arrival some lovely little dresses to take home to Australia.

This young woman is completed her high school education as a gifted student with many talents. In fact, Cassie is shaping up to be a 3rd generation communications and media person like her mother, my other daughter and myself. She is already becoming a very strong willed and independent person in her own right and has a wicked sense of humour. One of my observations is the mirror relationship she displays with her mother, Michelle. They are a mirror of my sometimes difficult journey with Michelle, who has always had the ability to make me jump, whenever she calls the shots.

A funny incident occurred when Cassie was about seven and having a ‘full on’ challenge with her mother. I remarked, with a smile on my face, that it reminded me of some of the moments that Michelle and I shared, as she grew up and challenged me. Without missing a beat, this little granddaughter commented that perhaps it was a ‘generational’ thing! Out of the mouths of
babes come words of wisdom. How fortunate am I, that my grandchildren have had stable, loving and supportive environments in which to grow and be nurtured into powerful, loving individuals in their own right!

Figure 9.23 ‘Miss Cassie Pie’, 1994

Figure 9.24 Byron and Cassie, 2008

My reflections on being a grandparent lead me to the conclusion that it is much easier being a grandparent than a parent. It offers all the joy, without the responsibility. What a blessing to live long enough to witness my grandchildren arrive and become amazing young adults. It is definitely a reward for having married so young. So many of my friends now have adult offspring, who are choosing not to have families, or on the other hand, delaying parenting until they are almost middle aged themselves. I consider this has created a strange phenomenon and a very different kind of family and home life. In general terms, I perceive that the grandchildren are over-indulged and live without guidelines and boundaries being put in place. My contemporaries complain about the frustration and difficulties of family visits. They are exhausted as a result of them; this is a
combination of their much older age and the uncontrolled behaviour of the children. The children appear to be easily bored and often over-protected. The older parents are so busy servicing their material world needs, that more often than not, both are working and their offspring are in day care as early as six weeks. Judgmental or not, my read is that if you are not prepared to give a child the first couple of years full time attention, then don’t bother having babies. They are not the latest ‘must have’ accessories.

Figure 9.25 Byron, 14 and sister Cassie, 12, at Tangalooma, feeding dolphins, January 2003
My reflections have led me to decide to do nothing about my relationship with my youngest daughter. If my philosophy is about choice, then it is thus so for everyone else, not just me. However, it has helped me understand the tension in various family dynamics.

When my daughters were 17 and 19, I left home. Based on my own experience of having to go to work at 14 years and 10 months, I had been able to clothe, feed, house and educate them to a young adult age. My business had failed and it felt like it was time for me to explore other opportunities abroad and visit the man I wanted to share my life with. In retrospect, maybe I ‘cut the umbilical cord’ too early, certainly, in comparison to the later blooming adults of today.
It was always my intention not to interfere with my daughters and their decision-making, having struggled with my own mother’s constant and challenging domination. The culture of my Jewish upbringing, to some extent, was very much every one minding everyone else’s business, always commenting on what should or should not be done, and always fearing what others might say. This might be a clue to how I developed my own sense of self and have never needed anyone else to approve, or to give me permission to do what needed to be done.

It is a very precious gift. Most of my colleagues have shared their fear of non-approval, which is very limiting. Maybe their reaction as parents to protect their young adult children and feel the need to support them, is a direct result of them feeling that they did not have enough support at that time.

I was not protected in any way, in fact, it was the opposite, being expected to take responsibility for my self and siblings from the age of seven. The bottom line is that my daughters are very loving and caring and compassionate people and much of my model has rubbed off on them. They have encouraged their children to be responsible and given them the opportunity to develop as unique individuals in their own right. It makes me a very proud mum and grandmother. We really respect each other and each other’s choices. They have created supportive and loving environments for their families and I see that this is often in contrast to the general community at large.
In my experience, an eagle’s eye view of the world today reveals to me a generation of young people, who have refused to grow up and be adults. Every day in the news is the sentiment delivered by the 30 plus to mid forties of non-commitment and refusal to consider parenthood. Many are still living at home without any of the restrictions to freedoms that were present in my generation.

I wonder when there will a balance between both those worlds. I sense that the privilege of relationship, being a parent and spiritual values of intimacy, are all but lost and it is reflected back to the community daily in the press, television and movies. I find myself sad that so much has been lost and so little gained in family life. When once I was one of the few kids in school who had a ‘broken home’, now it is the norm. The exceptions are kids in a stable, two-parent household. I guess I can count my blessings that my grandchildren are living in homes where they are loved and protected.

It is not easy being a mother, or a mother in law. There are many jokes about mothers in law. It has been my intention to never come between my daughters and their choice of life partners. It has been fascinating to watch how they handle their own relationships with their husbands. Although they are only 25 months apart, their model of relationship with their partners is totally different. They clearly have made choices that are very different and their choices work for them and their children. As a mother in law, it became obvious to me, not to come between husband and wife, or be in any way in competition with their partners. In spite of the same rules and ideals of my parenting, they have developed as strong and very unique
individuals in their own right. Clearly, my sense of discipline and boundaries did not ‘break their spirits’. The world is a very different place today.

![Figure 9.28 Jody and John, 2002](image1)

![Figure 9.29 Their wedding day, 1978](image2)

![Figure 9.30 Three wise women, Michelle, Estelle and Jody, 1992](image3)

**Earth Mother**

Before leaving the theme of motherhood, I reflect on Gaia, our Earth Mother. Gaia refers to the theory of viewing Earth Mother, and all those who dwell on her, as one living organism (Lovelock, 1979). Lovelock coined the term Gaia, after the Greek Earth goddess, who was known as Ge, because it is the root of the sciences of geography and geology. Lovelock introduced and explained cybernetics, the studies of self-regulating systems, and offered the
characteristics of Gaia, which could modify our interactions with the rest of the biosphere.

Lovelock (1979) questioned the extent of our collective intelligence, as part of Gaia, and the effect of our behaviour on the Gaian nervous system. He suggested that we are the only creatures, who store and gather data in a complex way, and it is how we choose to use this data, that will determine the health of Gaia long term. It requires each person to take responsible actions, which will do no harm on a micro or macro level to Gaia. In accepting our unity with all things, we co-create a future of peace, prosperity and harmony.

Perhaps one day the children we shall share with Gaia will peacefully cooperate with the great mammals of the ocean and use whale power to travel faster and faster in the mind, as horsepower once carried us over the ground (Lovelock, 1979, p.150).

I reflected on Gaia, with the following verse:

Earth Mother

E is for Earth our Mother
E is for ecology and environment
which embraces everything
everyone, everybody
E is for energy and enthusiasm
to enable
us to embrace each other
and expand and exchange
our ideals, ideas
and inspiration
to change attitudes
to cooperate
to rescue our future
to save Earth our Mother
we are the energy
we can choose to change
we can together cooperate
we can co-create tomorrow
we are one/won/now
Chapter Summary and Reflection

I believe that the most important achievement in my life has been to become a mother and a grandmother, to the best of my ability. The relationship that I have with my grandchildren gives me such great pleasure.

This chapter reflected on the importance and influence of my role in relationship to my mother, my daughters and subsequently my grandchildren. Life stories in this chapter included my daughters as teachers, and ‘Mothers’ Day’, which is about a surprise visit by the family, and my Mother’s sudden death. Other stories included the birth of my grandsons and entwined memories, and reflections about my grand daughters. I also reflected on Gaia, our Earth Mother.

It is clear to me that, in many ways, my role as a woman, wearing all the labels of daughter, granddaughter, wife, mother and grandmother, I have forged new patterns across four generations. This is revealed in the stories of critical moments in my life in all of these roles. It is not easy being a mother, or a mother in law.
MIDWIFE TO GAIA, BIRTHING GLOBAL CONSCIOUSNESS:
A REFLECTIVE TOPICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Part 4

Estelle Myers
MAppSc (Social Ecology)

Department of Nursing and Health Care Practices
Southern Cross University
Lismore, New South Wales, 2480

A thesis submitted in total fulfilment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

June, 2008
CHAPTER TEN: CO-CREATION AND CONCLUSION

In this final chapter, I show the weaving of the tapestry, that has been my journey since my epiphany two days after my fortieth birthday 1976, tracing my beginnings and sharing the lessons learned along the way.

In the section ‘From Domination to Cooperation’, I describe my observations of how Gaia energy is increasing, as domination gives way to cooperation, evidenced for me in good news, including the Australian government finally saying “Sorry” to the nation’s Indigenous Peoples, the movement to free Tibet, progress towards a black President and a woman Vice President in America, the peaceful declaration of independence in Kosovo, and the resignation of Fidel Castro. I recount how many of these events were monitored, and to some extent mediated, through the World Wide Web (www).

In the section ‘Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth’, I relate how, as my seventieth birthday approached, I planned a global journey to enable me to visit with many of my global family and network. Each person had their own projects and for the most part, which has been the way for most of my life, I was the common denominator, who connected them to each other. Thus, networking has been my natural and major contribution to the weaving of the tapestry.

In this final chapter, I reclaim an ancient title of ‘Spider Grandmother’, to describe the weaving process, which manifests as the events and projects that have been reported in this thesis. I reflect on how I am an individual, who has spun a powerful global web of Gaia, that is intricate and simple, and, at the same time, fragile and strong.

This chapter also describes how I fulfilled the research aim and objectives, by identifying: the key stories of my life; the life lessons have I learned from my experiences; the patterns, trends and insights from my life; and the insights I can offer to other people.
This chapter could not have been written any sooner, because the results of my dreaming and commitment to leave the world a better place than when I was born, are now coming into fruition and my dreams are coming reality. My realisation was that global peace could only happen as a result of personal peace, which like a ‘good virus’, would be infectious and spread, and ‘infecting’ others.

Daily, I see evidence from many disciplines that validate my own intuitive knowledge. My monograph ‘Cross Your Bridges When You Come To Them’ (Myers, 1976), revealed my journey to that point and gave some useful information to people wanting to learn how to eliminate fear and be motivated from a place of trust of unconditional love. Overnight, I had literally changed myself from a raging opinionated atheist, to be driven by ‘a force’ that changed my reality. This last 31 years has been the adventure, with all it highs and lows, that have sculptured me as the writer of this thesis and I now see that I have actually come full circle, back to what I considered was my atheist self before the epiphany! The difference now, is that through the process of writing this RTA, I have become aware that I have rejected ‘man made’ laws and religions. However, I have always been deeply in tune with the unseen and loving spirit of the universe.

My journey of weaving the tapestry to ‘turn the world upside down and replace cobwebs with stardust’ has found me face to face with many leading edge researchers from all walks of intellectual, metaphysical, scientific and psychological persuasions. Suddenly, it seems to me, all of them are now ‘on the same page’, ‘singing the same song’ of unity and connectedness, regardless of disciplinary differences (Bateson, 1979; Capra, 1982; Pearce, 2002; Eisler, 1988; Fromm, 1962; Hawkins, 2000; Houston, 1992; Jung, 1962; Lipton, 2005; Lovelock, 1979; Maturana & Varela, 1987; Pert, 1997; Reanney, 1991; Ross,
1993; Russell, 1983; Sheldrake, 1988; de Chardin, 1965; Wilber, 1996; Zukav, 1979). In fact, in weaving their own tapestry, many of them have now met each other and influenced one another’s work.

I have interacted with the most of the major players, and in my own inimitable way, I had an influence on them. For example, Houston and Russell included cetacea in their own presentations and Peter Russell is hosting ‘Dolphin Swims’ on his website www.peterussell.com. Dr Dobbs and others choose to use the term ‘playshop’ instead of ‘workshop’, which I introduced as a concept as far back as the Rainbow Dolphin Centre. Most of the major players writing on unity and connectedness have embraced the www and keep updating their research via this electronic medium. A Google search reveals their work in ‘a blink of an eyelid’. These authors are the microcosm, representing the macrocosm on the global stage, of so many disciplines involved in change and co-creation.

**From Domination to Cooperation**

This section describes my observations of how Gaia energy is increasing, as domination gives way to cooperation. I have witnessed global events that point to the end of some of the patriarchal, military domination of the world, as it gives way to a wave of Gaia Energy, based on cooperation instead of competition, compassion instead of cynicism, consultation and bipartisan politics instead of adversarial politics. The winds of change are blowing around the planet in so many countries and Australia is active in those changes since the Federal election result on the 24th of November, 2007.

The good news includes the Australian government finally saying “Sorry” to the nation’s Indigenous Peoples, the movement to free Tibet, progress towards a black President and a woman Vice President in America, the peaceful declaration of independence in Kosovo, and the resignation of Fidel Castro. Many of these events were monitored, and to some extent mediated, through the www.
Saying “Sorry”

The last week of February 2008, was a ‘good’ news week. In my list of good news items, I include Australia, in particular, the new Labor government, tackling major commitments of change on the first day of the new parliament, saying “Sorry” to the Indigenous community. The Prime Minister, Kevin Rudd, read a very well crafted speech that he wrote himself, to say “Sorry” several times for the indignities of the past, visited upon the Aboriginal people. The opening ceremony at Parliament House started with a traditional ‘Smoking Ceremony’, conducted by the local tribe. The Australian media gave free airspace on television and radio to encourage and allow everyone who chose to join in, to be part of the historical event. The nation almost stopped from an hour and many tears were shed. It was one small, necessary step to reconciliation. It paved the way for a new beginning and bipartisan politics to heal wounds and find solutions and remedies for future generations.

One of the reasons that the political change occurred in Australia was as a direct result of the wonderful www. In less than 12 months, a non-partisan, leaderless organisation created the tool for change. The organisation called ‘GetUp’ gathered and disseminated information using the web, to raise immediate awareness about the issues concerning Australians. I witnessed
the result, when more than a quarter of a million people networked together on the web to sign petitions, which were presented to the political parties. Climate change and workplace relations were at the top of the list. The sum total of the ‘GetUp’ organisation’s membership was more than all the political parties put together.

Freeing Tibet

There are similar global organisations, for example, Avaaz.org www.avaaz.org is an independent, not-for-profit global campaigning organization based in New York, which works to ensure that the views and values of the world’s people inform global decision-making. Avaaz means ‘voice’ in many languages. Avaaz receives no money from governments or corporations, and it is staffed by a global team based in London, Rio de Janeiro, New York, Paris, Washington DC, and Geneva. On 24th March 2008, I noted that they were reaching millions of people to sign a petition to support the move to free Tibet from Chinese oppression. It is impossible to accurately assess the importance of this powerful web based tool for change, but its influence is undeniable.

I contribute to the website, for example, on 26/03/08, I wrote an email:

"The global outcry over Tibet is rising fast - In just 5 days, 751,472 of us from 192 countries have come together to call for restraint and dialogue with the Dalai Lama. Even more amazing, we have told over 5 million of our friends about this important campaign - that's 1 million people per day!"

The website read thus:

On Monday, 31st March a global day of action delivered the 1.5-million strong Avaaz Tibet petition to Chinese embassies and consulates worldwide. Click to see photos, and to urge your head of state to join the call for change.
This example of a movement for change demonstrates to me, that people can weave a tapestry, or in this case, weave a web, to influence global consciousness. Never before in history have so many people been able to network and be empowered in such huge numbers as a direct result of the many leaderless leader organisation motivating change, through the www.

ELECTING A BLACK PRESIDENT AND WOMAN VICE PRESIDENT

More good news is happening in America, where a grass roots movement for political change is in full flight. In their forthcoming election, will I see a black president and a woman vice president? Having lived in America for five years and visited repeatedly over 30 years or more, it always confounded me that the American people did not have to vote in their elections. Subsequently, the majority of people did not bother to vote. The lead up to the 2008 election is already breaking records with the numbers of people literally queuing in every state to vote for their choice of candidate. They represent a broad mainstream of American citizens of all ages. They are all voting for change.

On my return from overseas in 2006, I introduced Barack Obama to my www network, and predicted he would be the next President of the United States with Hilary Clinton as Vice President. He was the cover story on Time magazine, 23 October 2007, suggesting he could be the next President. The response generally was “Barack who?” In April 2008, because of what I see as a shift in collective consciousness, he was the front-runner for the Democratic
Party, offering a new paradigm much like the Australian Prime Minister, of cooperation instead of competition and adversarial politics. Hilary has been fighting a huge battle, however, to me, she still represents the old patriarchal model and carries much baggage from her marriage to Clinton. This outcome would have been unthinkable in 1976, or even in 2004. The result could be a black President and a woman as Vice President!

There are still some miles to go in this ‘race to the White House’. My global network is holding the vision of an Obama win and even the mainstream media are now voicing this possibility. Again, the collaborative power of the www involves more people than ever before in history in the campaign to elect a new President, on the sites www.barackobama.com and www.hilaryclinton.com. The www is a brilliant tool for change and for individuals to feel like they have a say in the outcome. In less than a minute, one can listen to the latest presentation, see the most recent media reports and view video clips, in addition to adding suggestions to be considered in the actual politics of the future.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 10.3 Barack and family, from his website Figure 10.4 Hilary, from her website
Global Changes and the World Wide Web

Further good news in February 2008, and equally important, was the peaceful declaration of independence in Kosovo, and in Cuba, after 50 years, Fidel Castro resigned to make way for a younger president. The election results in Pakistan made history, when the people resolved to form a coalition government. In my estimation, these miracles are a direct result of the manifestation of a massive collective shift in consciousness, perhaps finally reaching critical mass to turn the tide of humanity. At last, these events confirm to me that I am fulfilling my 1976 dreaming ‘to turn the world upside down and replace cobwebs with stardust’. Each and every person who has been working towards personal peace and harmony has contributed to this amazing shift and birthed a collective global consciousness, especially with the aid of appropriate high technology. In particular, the www, invented by the recently Knighted Sir Tim Berners Lees, has been influential. The following is his original post to alt.hypertalk at CERN, Switzerland, describing the World Wide Web Project (1991).

The www project merges the techniques of information retrieval and hypertext to make an easy but powerful global information system … The project started with the philosophy that much academic information should be freely available to anyone. It aims to allow information sharing within internationally dispersed teams, and the dissemination of information by support groups (TBL).

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 10.5 Tim’s book cover (Berners-Lee, 1991).
The www is being used to increase global consciousness. For example, Peter Russell’s book and international lectures at key forums on the projection for the Global Brain (1983) are instantly connected and updated on a daily basis (www.peterrussell.com). The Global Family is in a ‘24/7’ state of communication, sharing information and bypassing the elected and self made power brokers.

I use the www often to maintain my global network. For example, I use checked Skype, a free computer-to-computer telephone connection, and at any time, more than seven and half million people can be on line. Skype is only one of the many ways people can now connect with ease in real time. As a midwife to Gaia, I can celebrate the closure of the old and the birthing of a new paradigm of co-creation. One drop of water in the ocean lacks power, as each drop forms a mighty wave that then it becomes a force to reckon with. As Sheldrake (1988) asserts, morphic fields connect each and every one of us (www.sheldrake.org). We are a collective morphic field (www.noosphere.princeton.edu); we transmit and receive electromagnetic signals, that we cannot see, however, they can be measured (Chapter 8).

I assert that we are all one, won, now. Morphic fields are the magic of our connection and how we are all empowered to make a choice to be a partner in global change for peace at this historical time. Global peace begins with personal peace. What I witness ‘out there’ is a reflection of my own state of being. The process of writing this RTA has helped me become a more peaceful and reflective person, and I no longer need to be ‘put there’ on a soapbox, selling anything to anyone. I am constantly choosing how to respond to my daily challenges without the need to control or judge others. If something does not feel alright, I simply dance away. This is not a question of avoidance or denial, rather it is a notion of recognising that the greatest gift of change comes from my being able to stay centred, peaceful and harmonious within myself. This is the first rule of co-creating a peaceful reality.
There is a saying in Alcoholics Anonymous that is very powerful, in establishing the wisdom to know that which can be changed and to know the difference from that which I am not able to change.

The efficacy and speed of the www for transmitting information and events has empowered ordinary people and at almost no cost. It is relevantly easy for anyone with a computer to participate, at no added cost, other than his or her expense to connect to a server. It is also fascinating to observe the commercial impact beginning to emerge as the media giants recognise the power of the web. Rupert Murdoch was quick to see the opportunities when he purchased the relatively personal and seemingly unimportant ‘MySpace’ site, which had been developed to allow anyone to put their own stories up and share with anyone, who might have been interested. It is a global on line community. It fulfils my notion that one day Rupert would contribute to the building of a new paradigm, using his personal wealth and power. This has happened even if he did not make a conscious decision based on uniting individuals, although I suspect his motivation would have been profits. His motivation does not matter, because the effect is that ‘MySpace’ is a major player in the global consciousness and birthing of the Gaia concept, to which I have been dedicated for so long.

According to BBC News 24, 19/07/05, Rupert admitted that he had misread the importance and power of the Internet, which threatened his number one position as media magnate of the world. He took instant action and for the princely sum of $580 million dollars purchased the quickly growing and hugely popular www.myspace.com global on line community. He described himself as a ‘digital immigrant’, who found it difficult to visualise how News Corp should change its ways. He had no doubt, however, that a revamp of its approach to the Internet would be vital. Today, ‘MySpace’ hits are reaching 14 million a month and, according to its participants, it is highly addictive. Many young artists, musicians and authors were keen to make their own presence felt. This is only one of many such Internet sites. There are no boundaries or barriers and young people are free from the control of mass media and marketing. A Google search for ‘MySpace’ items revealed in 30 seconds
2,030,000, just for a search of ‘MySpace statistics’. It is absolutely ‘mind blowing’.

In Chapter Five, I looked at the connection between my former boss, Rupert Murdoch of News Ltd Corp and me. It has always been my contention that we are on parallel paths from different perspectives. Since my departure from the New York Post in 1977, his empire has continued to grow and he has become the number one media magnate of the world, based on old paradigm model of money and power over. In the meantime, my own global family and network of self empowered individuals and leaderless leadership organisations have grown to be an effective tool for change, which we can witness on a daily basis, whether it is in the form of a petition for Tibet or Saving the Whales. The difference is that there is no one organisation being controlled by any one person or persons. This has been achieved with spirit and not billions of dollars. The www link ups are organic and cooperational, like Sacha Stone and his dreaming with the vision and work of Al Gore and his Climate Change project. It is a new paradigm of co-creation and goal-oriented objectives, to make the world a better place for future generations.

Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth

As my seventieth birthday approached, I planned a global journey to enable me to visit with many of my global family and network. Each and everyone on the list had their own projects and for the most part (which has been the way for most of my life) I was the common denominator, who had connected
them to each other. Networking has been my natural and major contribution to the weaving of the tapestry.

Planning the adventure was another milestone for me, choosing to spend the money and take seven weeks for seven decades to meet, greet, exchange updates with and get ethical approval from each member of my global family, to permit me to relate their stories in this thesis. I planned to visit Thailand, France, Germany, England, America, Canada and New Zealand, seven countries in all. It was to be a new pattern for me, by spending money on myself, as a reward. It was to be an acknowledgement of the relevance and importance of my relationships with these wonderful individuals. This is the story of my adventure of ‘Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth’.

My first destination was Bangkok where I met with Judith, and American, who had introduced me to the dolphins back in 1978, when she gave me a present of John Lilly’s (1961) book, ‘Man and Dolphin’. The book was a definitive presentation of Lilly’s experiments with captive dolphins, establishing the notion of interspecies communication. As a scientist, he had been dissecting postmortem dolphin brains for research and realised that the dolphins were actually committing suicide by drowning. Lilly did ground breaking work mapping the minds of humans, monkeys and dolphins (1975, 1977). He experimented with ‘altered states of consciousness’ and created the ‘isolation tank’, which enabled users to have a personal experience of an altered state. This book was my initiation into the realms of the potential for interspecies communication and was the direct impetus for me to conduct that very first ‘Planetary Pause for Peace’, October 1980 (Chapter 7). Later, Judith took me to visit with Lilly and his wife Toni and I introduced them to the concept of using water for a birthing tool. They embraced, applauded and promoted the idea thereafter.

Judith has continued to be a valuable friend and support in many ways. In Bangkok, I introduced her to my amazing cousin Barry Stern (Chapter 7), who played such an important role in my early stages of development. Barry is now a resident in Thailand. We did an amazing road trip together and stayed on an air force base just days after the ‘bloodless coup’, that occurred on the day I was flying from Australia. Thailand is a very extraordinary country, as it is
one of the few that has never been colonised by another nation. The soldiers on the street carried flowers and yellow ribbons to show their support for the Thai Royals, as did the general community. Every week most Thai people wear yellow on Wednesday, to demonstrate their loyalty. My friends in Thailand hosted what would be the first of seven wonderful seventieth birthday celebrations.

My next stop was France, to join my very special friend Peter and his wife Judy on their barge, where they spend the European summer cruising the canals. Peter has been an inspiration to me for almost 40 years, demonstrating in his own life how to make his dreaming into reality (Chapter 5). It was the Spring Equinox, the 25th anniversary of United Nations Global Peace campaign, and also of the first international Dolphin Waterbaby Conference in New Zealand. I noted in my journal that we were celebrating what for me felt like a ‘major’ element of my PhD Gaia thesis and my role as a key player and catalyst. Everywhere I looked in the tiny villages, or on the river were images of dolphins. In Auxerre, there is an Aquarius Dolphin water therapy salon and statues of the dolphins. I reviewed my mind map of major elements of my own transformation since November 1976. It felt so good to share with Peter and Judy, especially as Peter witnessed almost all of them.
We continued our canal journey and then drove to Germany, sharing an overnight stay in Frankfurt, before going in different directions, Judy and Peter to Egypt, and me on to London and the global family there.

Another magical moment occurred on the flight to London, because we had gone to an amazing exhibition in Frankfurt museum that showed the evolution of our species and especially drew attention to the swimming elephants of Thailand. I knew about them from reading about aquatic mammals. Not much is known about the swimming elephants, except that they swim between the islands and can either ballast or move underwater, with trunk up, swimming. To my surprise, a picture and story about them popped up in my in-flight magazine. It was the first photograph of their amazing existence that I had seen. I experienced almost daily the instant manifestation of a thought or action becoming a reality.
My English pod get togethers started with a visit to Sussex, to catch up with Soleira and her husband Santori, who initiated the contact with me to stage the first English SLAM event, which I opened in 1999 (Chapter 6). They are planetary light workers and have gone on to create a worldwide organisation that teaches transformation around the world (www.newvisionaries.net). We opened the first conference with the Peace Lamp that had come from Australia and was subsequently taken by myself to the United Nations (Chapter 6). They hosted a wonderful 70th birthday for me, in a delightful Italian seaside restaurant. Soleira has published several books; the last one ‘The New Visionaries’ (Green, 2006) is inspirational, offering great wisdom for evolutionary leadership for a vibrant world. They took the concepts of SLAM into the British professional training market for major corporations, such as British Rail. These very special planetary pioneers and citizens are members of my global family.

![Figure 10.11 Soleira and I at the Brighton seaside](image)

The next leg of my adventure took me by train to Humberside in the North, where my long time dolphin colleague, Dr Horace Dobbs, lives with his wife, Wendy. I arrived on November 4th to discover that the brilliant and loving co-creator and partner in my Rainbow Dolphin dreaming was critically ill. He had had his first treatment of chemotherapy after an operation for bowel cancer. My days with them became a ‘life and death’ experience. Horace and Wendy acknowledged and felt that my visit was ‘sent by angels’.
Having been involved with alternative cancer research since 1994 and having lost both my in-laws to cancer, I became an advocate of alternative treatments. Horace was awarded a PhD from Oxford University many years ago, for his research into the effects of chemicals on the brain (Dobbs, 1968). He was very sure that the chemotherapy had made his condition much worse and that it would kill him. After several sad, rainy days with Horace and Wendy, as his condition deteriorated, we had many discussions about what could or could not be done to alleviate his critical condition. He was rushed to hospital for further tests and treatment, and it was there that I chose to boldly challenge the medical model. I extracted a promise from Wendy and Horace to begin a regime of fresh carrot juice with ginger and other fresh vegetables on a daily basis and introduced them to a product, which had a proven record of restoring the body’s own immune system and had major backup research to show its success with cancer and other terminal illnesses (www.mannatech.org).

I went even further, and purchased the product and the juicer and left Humberside with their commitment to begin a program of healing using this method immediately. The happy ending to this story is that Horace is now in full remission and teaching doctors, especially oncologists, what he has learned along the way and is writing a book on the subject. He has been my most valuable ally and his website now offers many of his very successful dolphin healing programs, as well as educational programs (www.idw.org). In addition, he now has a website dedicated to the dissemination of information about holistic health, alternatives to traditional medical treatments for cancer. A Google search comes up with 9,370 references for Dr Horace Dobbs.
This remarkable ‘dolphin man’ continues to travel the world as a leading edge authority on cetacea and dolphin healing. He is the author of many books (eg, Dobbs, 1977, 1981, 1984, 1987, 1992, 2000), many of which refer to our adventures together. Our television appearances together also recounted our adventures. I promoted Horace and International Dolphin Watch all over the world and often paved the way for his visits. His remission was extraordinary, because when I left him to go to London, there was a very good chance that it would be the last time I would see him, as he was so close to dying.

A pattern is beginning to emerge, because almost my entire global family of Planetary Pioneers not only embraced the www, they have all adopted it as a preferred tool for transformation. They are all linked up to the www and support and promote each other. It is another form of my dreaming of ‘leaderless leadership’. No person is more or less important than another and they are very real people, who represent many generations.

My next stop was London, to be with Sacha Stone, one of the younger people in my pod, but no less powerful. He was a very successful rock musician and composer, who at the height of his stage and concert career, made a commitment to bring about a very different world. He established ‘Humanidad’ and undertook to finance the project and travel to enrol world leaders in his dreaming (www.humanidad.org). His primary concern was the Middle East and he has made personal friends of the world leaders in those countries. When I stopped off to spend a couple of days with him, he was almost completing a major global project of enormous vision, to link the world in an event using the technology to hold a global conference with venues and stages in every country, to try and resolve solutions for a peaceful and environmentally aware future.

He published a beautiful magazine called ‘Humanidad: World Leadership Quarterly’ and sent it to 4000 of the world’s most powerful leaders. I had the honour of being included in the mailing list, along with such greats as His Holiness the 14th Dalai Lama, Dr Roger Nelson, the founder of the Noosphere
project, Hal Uplinger, who had produced the Los Angeles Olympic opening ceremony and Selma Brackman, President and Founder of the War and Peace Foundation.

With a collection of other brilliant individuals, Sacha proposed to stage a ‘One World’ Forum in cyberspace, inviting dialogue between leaders and thinkers in all nations to participate on 7th July 2007 (07.07.2007). It was almost in place when Vice President Al Gore began his campaign for a Global Warming summit Earth Day to happen on the same date. Gore’s travels around the world caught the media attention that ‘Humanidad’ required, so, in the spirit of cooperation instead of competition, Sacha let go of his vision, which he had been working on for many many years, to join up with Gore and his project.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

In March 2008, Australia led the way for the whole world, inspired by people like Gore and Sacha, to celebrate Earth Hour by turning off electric lights for an hour. What started at the same time in 2007 in Sydney, had in 12 months, with the networking of so many global organisations working together, spread to 370 cities over 60 hours of intentional blackouts. For me, it is another example of more evidence of the sweeping wave of collective consciousness and awareness. So many of the global projects are the direct result of just one person having a vision and doing something about it.
Journal entry, 30/03/08

I am so excited about the progress of our global family and global consciousness. Any single event that brings people together in sharing a common goal and vision adds impetus to the morphic field. There is no scientific way to measure how much Sacha’s vision and efforts made a difference to this latest world wide campaign for climate change, anymore than I can measure scientifically my own efforts over more than 40 years.

As I write today another miracle is emerging, the results of the weekend election in Mozambique, where the dominance of the dictator, Mugabe, who has ruled with an iron fist for more than 38 years of cheating, violence and corruption, looks like coming to an end. More than two thirds of the population voted for change and negotiations are in progress for Mugabe to step down peacefully. We are all holding the vision and our breath! It is not clear what this once hailed hero turned despot will do about the results. My reason for including the news is that, once more, the
majority of ordinary people voted for change. It remains to be seen what will happen next.

On the 3rd of May 2008, five weeks since the election, an official result has been posted, in spite of efforts by Mugabe to ‘rig’ and recount the votes. The two opposition parties have united and hold the majority as the despot clings to power. It looks like the people will be forced to a second round election, as Mugabe is refusing to step aside. This may take another three weeks. However, I believe that unseen forces are holding the space, as violence and civil war has not occurred, as many anticipated.

Eastward Bound to America and Canada

After my London visit and sharing with Sacha, and yet another 70th birthday celebration, I flew into New York. Here, I met with my very special protégé, Judith Halek of [www.birthbalance.com](http://www.birthbalance.com) and Rachel and John Greenfield to catch up with their latest projects. Judith is dedicated to celebrating birth in many ways, through practical support, education and her photographs and videos, and her initiatives led to the first waterbirth in a New York hospital. Rachel and John are committed to health and healing full time, and it was their commitment to Mannatech ([www.mannatech.com](http://www.mannatech.com)) and its natural products, that I believe helped Horace Dobbs into remission.

John spends his time educating medical professionals about the products, while Rachel is a macrobiotic caterer and teacher, who supports and assists critically and terminally ill people to adapt to healthy diets, to assist their healing. These three wonderful individuals are the same age as my daughters. Together, we had several more birthday celebrations and we shared many magical moments of dolphincicity. Without the support of these wonderful people, often in many locations, my midwife to Gaia project would not have been so successful. On previous occasions, all three of them facilitated
presentations for me in New York and enabled me to reach out on local television programs that they organised. John, Rachel and I often found our travel plans intersected in Australia, Hawaii and New York, without even trying. We are so totally connected on a spiritual plane that often we ‘think each other up’, which is the so-called coincidence of thinking about making contact and then that person makes the contact. In my experience, it happens too often to be a coincidence and our support is totally mutual.

![Image](image_url)

Figure 10.16 The Big Apple with my soul sisters, Judith Halek and Rachel Greenfield

Just a note to reflect on how different The Big Apple is today, from when I arrived and spent five years there in 1976. The upper west side and eastside is now host to numerous families, which is a sight that was rarely witnessed back then. I seemed to be bowled over by groups of nannies wheeling the huge, oh so fashionable three wheel strollers. Apparently, the trend of late blooming mother is big in the city and because they continue to be executive working women, they choose to live in Manhattan and put their offspring into day care or nanny care. It is truly fashionable to be a ‘yummy mummy’ these days.

Harper’s Bazaar carried a front page photograph of pregnant Britney Spears, wearing top fashion jewellery and nothing more! I remember having to wear tent like clothes and as for going for a swim I had to invent and make myself a shoestring
top to cover the bulge. It actually was very funny, because when I arrived at the hospital maternity ward all the nurses and midwives came to view my very nut-brown body, except for my big pregnant tummy, that was white. These days pregnant celebrities and their new arrivals are worth huge amounts of money for the women’s magazines around the world. How different from my days as a young woman and mother of two little girls being labelled as ‘only a mother’. A mother and her children were to ‘be seen and not heard’ especially in restaurants or fashionable places. In Australia, in certain suburbs, the baby has become the ‘latest must have accessory’, and I nicknamed these infants the ‘Versace Kids’.

Figure removed due to copyright restrictions

After New York, I went to my next destination, the home of country music and my buddy Pru Clearwater, singer song writer, who also has made her dreaming a reality in Nashville, Tennessee. This young Australian and I met at Japanese language classes. Pru had been working in Japan and I needed to understand the language because all my presentations in Japan were translated simultaneously, complete with my body language, which was very funny, especially as the sentence structure is very different. Pru and I bonded immediately, even though she is 20 years younger than my daughters, however, I never consider age in my relationships with these amazing people.
They are spiritual contemporaries and we share the same reality, regardless of our age.

Pru gave up nursing to become a singer songwriter, and subsequently, she was a finalist at Australia’s major national Country music festival, in Tamworth, New South Wales. Her music is a ‘cross over’ of genres and her intention is to use her music to change consciousness. Pru is an avid user of cyberspace, where she releases her latest offering, news and tour dates on ‘MySpace’ (www.pruclearwater.com). Her latest release is an original, powerful song “We can Change the World”.

Pru and I have shared dolphin adventures in America, when she joined me and other women for the Midwives in Joy Conference at Panama City Beach, where we all swam with dolphins in the ocean. Pru married a lovely American and they now live and work successfully in Nashville. We celebrated life and my forthcoming 70th with some of their friends and again found amazing dolphinicity connections and waterborn children. Although choosing not to have children, Pru is constantly promoting the concept of peaceful births using water as a birthing tool to all her friends and colleagues.

Figures removed due to copyright restrictions

Figure 10.18 Album covers, as seen on Pru’s personal website

Having crossed from the east it was time to begin the return journey via the west coast of America and New Zealand. I flew to Seattle, where my daughter’s sister in law, Christine, greeted me, as we planned to do a road trip north to Canada to catch up with two more very special people and one very big surprise. I had been trying to contact Dr James Boutilier, who literally had changed the direction of my life (Chapter 4), of whom I had not seen or heard for at least 20 years. However, having tracked him down to Victoria, BC, which
is where our ferry journey from Seattle docked, I discovered on my email a reply to my request to the Canadian Navy to find him. He is now a senior adviser on the Pacific region for the military and defence strategy, so he is normally travelling, and very rarely at home in Victoria. As serendipity, dolphinicity or synchronicity or simply spirit unfolded, he was home and was excited to meet and greet me and invited us to wine and dine on the only night he was in town, which happened to be the only night we would be in town.

My handsome Professor, with his third wife, a very young, attractive Chinese woman, shared a lovely dinner with us recalling our very special days together way back in 1969 almost 40 years ago! It was for me a very special moment in time, as he confirmed the deepness of our short relationship. It felt really good to have closure with him, as he had been the catalyst for me to have the courage to leave my marriage, and later in 1976, to leave home. It was a rewarding adventure, and he was happy to sign the ethics consent form.

![Figure 10.19 Dr James Boutilier and I, in Victoria, BC, 17/10/06](image)

Christine was a delightful companion and although she visited Australia often to be with family since 1978, this was the first time we had quality time to share together. We journeyed up north to a remote and isolated island, where yet another brilliant global pioneer lived. Doreen is Australian and has lived and taught Tai Chi in America for more than 30 years. She had just turned 81 years young and was still giving seminars and classes at the United Nations in New York. Our connection goes back to 1978 and the Garden of Peace (Chapter 5). Her home was a lovely ramshackle ‘gingerbread’ dwelling on acres with deer in her garden. It was another little piece of paradise. I had a very powerful sharing with her son Wayne, to discover that we had many colleagues
in common and had crossed paths way back in New York in the 1970s, when he was very much part of the Erhard Seminar Training (EST) organisation. He had come to live with his mother and help her out, by gardening and chopping wood for their stove and fires. Another very important aspect of the journey with Christine was of her learning more about my life, my projects and the people who made up the magical global family. In some ways it helped her understand ‘who I am’.

The ease and grace of my journey confirmed for me that the unseen energy of divine intelligence was at work and that I was centred and in harmony with it. It has been my experience that allowing and trusting the process creates magic. It is only when I get in the way or try and control that the road gets bumpy. That is always a sign for me to back off and let go.

Christine’s journey on my global adventure was ended and she was to leave me at the University of Victoria, to meet with Dr Jason Cressey, a young English Professor, who lived on another remote island with his legal male partner. They had celebrated the first ‘same sex’ wedding in Canada, and were very proud of it, posting their celebration in cyberspace for all to see. In addition to teaching at the university, Jason had set up an organisation dedicated to
Jason claims the idea for The POD first emerged in the early 1990’s, fuelled by a series of ‘coincidences’, dreams and some good ‘dolphin luck’. The next magical event is probably more than can be measured on any scale. I only had a 24 hour stay with Jason, which was a two ferry journey from Victoria, to see his delightful home and catch up on his great adventures, which includes being a consultant to governments in Pacific countries, to establish safe ecotourism and whale swims.

At dinner, I suggested to Jason that he should contact Dr Paul Spong, who had been since 1970 running a research station in the Johnson Straits, recording the movements of Orca families. (www.orcalab.org). Paul’s primary objective, which I had been supporting actively since 1993, was to free ‘Corky’, an ageing female from the Sea World prison in San Diego. Paul had been to Australia and was in Switzerland to put his efforts into ridding the world of captive cetacea. I had spent time at his very remote research establishment, some 1000km from Victoria. It felt to me to be a very good idea that Jason should actually meet with Paul.

Time was of the essence, so Jason suggested a quick visit to his ‘downtown’ village. It is a tiny little outpost with about a dozen shops and galleries. I wandered into one to admire a sculpture and much to my amazement a person stepped out from behind it and it was none other than Dr Paul Spong! We both screamed with excitement and delight, and on exchanging greetings, discovered that he and his wife Helen had been guests on the island on the previous evening to make a presentation and that they were ‘killing time’, waiting for the ferry to take them back to the mainland. We had not seen each other for more than 15 years. Considering there are more than 60 billion people on the planet, the potential for Paul, Jason and I to meet by accident, in a remote setting, with a very small window of time, must be about one in 60 billion. This was especially so, in light of my suggestion for them to get together made less than 12 hours earlier. To me, this was an example of ‘big time’ dolphinicity! Who could organise this meeting with such precision? Here, again, I was having an experience of ‘instant manifestation’.
The next stop on my round the world in 49 days, not 80 days, was Los Angeles, my least favoured place in America. To me, it is the personification of superficial glitter and very little substance. My many experiences in the ‘city of the stars’ are ones filled with ‘hot air’, many promises and absolutely no action or follow through. Even so, there are exceptions and one is my dear colleague Harry, who produced and distributes my award winning production as a tape of DVD. He owns an audiovisual company, that is dedicated to spreading enlightenment through visual products and his catalogue is a selection of productions that offer love and light in their subject matter (www.lightworks.com).

We travelled down the west coast to Dana Point, to meet and greet another extraordinary person, a woman facilitating an international conference. Laura Uplinger is an international proponent and educator in the field of conscious conception, pregnancy and birth. Fluent in four languages, she bridges several cultures, traveling between Europe and the Americas, as a featured speaker for doulas, midwives and obstetricians. She was the scriptwriter of an award-winning video, ‘A Gift for the Unborn Children.’ She works in close collaboration with the Association for Prenatal and Perinatal Psychology and Health (www.birthpsychology.com). Laura is the wife of Hal Uplinger, who is working with Sacha Stone, to produce his global television production for ‘Humanitad’. We had a most rewarding couple of days, sharing with each other our visions for the future, and discovering how our pathways intercepted and
crossed over. It was for me, more wonderful weaving of the tapestry of Gaia.

Figure 10.23

It occurs to me, as I write this final section, that almost 99% of the gatherings and events that I either convene or attend, I am the common denominator, the only one who knows everyone and has networked and woven them into a powerful web, connected in spirit all over the world. I suddenly realise that the web is both delicate and strong, like a spider’s web with me, the grandmother spider in the middle. At first, it felt inappropriate to use the spider as the metaphor, because spiders have bad reputations. However, using the wonderful Google tool, I have discovered that ‘Grandmother Spider’ is an ancient and wonderfully powerful woman in many ancient cultures and she is honoured and celebrated for accomplishing great deeds for her people. Maybe it is time to reclaim this concept and rejoice as a modern ‘Grandmother Spider’.
I located this information on the www.

Grandmother Spider: Connecting All Things
Lynne S. Wilcox, MD, MPH, Editor in Chief

The Spider Woman or Grandmother Spider legends are part of the creation mythology for several southwestern American Indian tribes, including the Hopi, Pueblo, and Navajo. One story says that in the beginning of time only two beings existed: Tawa, the Sun God, with the powers of all that is above; and Spider Woman, the Earth Goddess, with the powers of all that is below. The Sun God imagined the creatures of the earth, and Spider Woman turned these thoughts into living plants, animals, and people. She attached a thread of her spider silk to each person to provide access to her wisdom and protection www.pubmedcentral.nih.gov/

The New Zealand Pod

It was time to head ‘down under’, with a stop over in New Zealand, the original home of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre and the visit my Kiwi connections, the Ryan, Hindmarsh and Gatward families, early visitors to the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, who shared in the presentations and play shops for Planetary Peace. These wonderful people were right at the start of the waterbaby dolphin magic and we had many life changing exchanges. They each have their own place in being individuals, who have made a difference in education, politics and world futures. We have shared 25 years of deep and meaningful relationships with each other. We had so many magical moments of dolphnicity and we have all grown spiritually, to ‘share and sing the same song’. These days my Kiwi colleagues are all ‘walking their talk’ and live simply, simply to live, and they are all still very active with community and global projects. We give each other mutual support and love.

David Gatward and his wife, Diane, are educators, conservationists and they are active in Green politics. They both felt that as a result of spending time at the Rainbow Dolphin Centre, their son Nigel learned to choose not to succumb to HIV, after a contaminated blood transfusion in 1985 for haemophilia. The other recipients of the tainted transfusion have all since died. A sad postscript is that David passed away suddenly after my visit, from complications of terminal cancer. It was so good to have had quality time with him so close to his death. We have all been in total loving support of his wife, Diane.
Together, we are co-creators and we are the Elders. We have had a major influence on each other. I am so lucky to have such great unique and wonderful friends.

Homeward Bound

Two ‘birthday bashes’ were ahead of me, the first in Sydney with family and friends, and another in Ballina with my northern NSW team. In all, I met with more than 70 people I love and who love me. This was a wonderful way to celebrate seven decades of my very fruitful and meaningful life. The parties were more than a celebration; they were an appreciation of just how wonderful it is for me to be an elder, a grandmother spider and living my own life.
It has become very clear to me that my roles of global networker, catalyst and change agent, have gained extremely successful results over time. Therefore, I am reclaiming an ancient title of ‘Spider Grandmother’, to describe the weaving process, which manifests as the events and projects that have been reported in this thesis. I am an individual, who has spun a powerful global web of Gaia, that is intricate and simple, and, at the same time, fragile and strong. My web and the ‘podners’, who count as my special global family, continue to be responsible for reaching and influencing millions and millions of people in human and cetacean projects. This positive influence has been achieved without a central organisation or leader. This tapestry, or web, is a reflection of a wonderful new paradigm that has been woven organically by a circle of committed individuals, who are following their own pathways passionately and yet linked together inextricably with a common vision of an economically sustainable, environmentally friendly and peaceful future for the next generations.
The growing number of organisations like ‘GetUp’ and ‘Aavaz’, which mount massive campaigns using the www, contribute to a massive morphogenetic field, making the noosephere concept now a reality. I see the results as grassroots movements, with a desire for planetary change, rising from every nation in the world. People are being empowered to realise that they can make a difference, because they feel connected to the bigger global picture and understand the concept of micro/macro reform. I believe that we are well on the way to forming a critical mass, which will cause a shift from the male, dominant, military, industrial power paradigm, to something more compassionate, cooperative and feminine.

For example, in April 2007, in Canberra, Australia, the new Labor government convened the 2020 Forum. The gathering of ‘the best and the brightest’ Australians had a 51% representation of women among the 1000 chosen people, who represented a broad spectrum of the Australian community. Following that collaborative national event, I witnessed what I identified as ‘flow on effects’ in other world leaders. For example, the President of the United States called for dialogue between the Dali Lama and the Chinese government, and suggested to the media and the Chinese, that they would discover ‘a peaceful non violent position’. To me, these are examples of the effects of the morphic field and resonance.

Australian Prime Minister Kevin Rudd has been standing firm on the issues that saw him elected with such a landslide in November 2007. He and his colleagues have been working diligently to keep all the promises made during the election campaign. In my view, they have been co-creating a new model of governance for all of the nation’s people. Integrity appears to be the major factor in their efforts, which, according to the latest polls, is being appreciated by the Australian community.

*New patterns pave the way for others to follow. An analogy could be cutting through a jungle, leaving a pathway to follow. This is a difficult task for the explorer, but it becomes easier and easier, as others discover that path and follow the*
well worn way. To lead by example is the only way forward on a personal, national and global mission.

Fulfilling the Research Aim and Objectives

This RTA project aimed to reflect on and recount my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. My objectives were to promote personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and to heal and be healed by taking personal responsibility and making choices, which enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness.

The research questions I posed to myself to assist in reflecting on and recounting my life stories were:

- What are the key stories of my life?
- What life lessons have I learned from my experiences?
- What are the patterns, trends and insights from my life?
- How can I offer these insights to other people?

This concluding section of the thesis describes how the research aim and objectives were fulfilled, by answering the research questions I posed to myself in this RTA.

The Key Stories Of My Life

The themes of my key stories in this RTA are: taking control of my own life at a very early age; reinventing myself as a single working mother of two daughters; motivating projects and learning lessons from them; experiencing the magic and mystery of dolphinity, birth and death; weaving the web and the connections of spirit; experiencing changing motherhood roles; and observing Gaia energy increasing. Many stories reflect my life themes.
I took control of my own life as a child and young adult. Childhood stories depicting taking control of my life are entitled: ‘Chaos and confusion on our first ever holiday’, ‘A real father and new extended family’, ‘My father’, and ‘Life in the suburbs’. The section relating to young adulthood describes ‘Ghosts from the past’, ‘Grandparents’, ‘Jewish rites of passage’, ‘My first marriage’ and ‘Becoming an independent woman and mother’. All of these stories reveal how my strong sense of determination evolved and how. The stories also ground my Jewish heritage and the influence of my maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather. In my childhood and young adult life stories, I make sense of my experiences at that time and establish the foundation for the change agent I became.

I reinvented myself as a single working mother of two daughters through various projects, partnerships and politics, which changed my life forever. The stories about projects and partnerships, relate to breaking free from my marriage, the Raggedy Anne production, a project with a friend, Peter, and my experiences as a woman in business. Stories about New York people and projects include becoming God’s messenger, becoming involved with ‘The Foundation Faith of God’ and ‘The Black Prince’. Later stories about projects and partnerships include meeting ‘Good Queen Bess’ and my renewed life in ‘The Garden of Peace’. My self re-invention continued, as described in stories about blending miracles with politics, including State and local initiatives. In all these projects, partnerships, and politics, I began to make miracles in all their different representations, and my reflections reveal the lessons I learned along the way.

Stories about motivating projects attest to my passion and the lessons I have learned. I motivated many projects by enlivening their ideas and goals and becoming the ‘engine’, which drove them to fruition, as described in stories about the Peace Flame, The Spirituality, Leadership and Management Network Ltd (SLaM), experiences with corporate cowboys and other people, the First International Congress on Cancer and experiences with colleagues preparing for the International Conference on Longevity.
Stories of the magic and mystery of dolphinicity, birth and death, include the birth of the Rainbow Dolphin Centre in New Zealand, the Rainbow Dolphin Planetary Pause for Peace, freeing cetacea and humans, dolphinicity, Easter Stories about water babies, something precious about art and family, ‘Just Call Me Dot: Midwife to Death’, and dolphin disappointments.

Stories about weaving of the web and the connections of spirit, relate to reflecting on the many incredible connections in my global family, interspersed with my observations of the global changes taking place at this moment in time. These web-weaving stories include ‘Magical Moments Through Amazing Connections’, in reconnecting with friends and keeping in touch with my global family. This chapter also includes stories of weaving the web of Gaia, by mediating for world peace and weaving connections with cetacea and humans, through amazing synchronicity.

Stories about my experiences of changing motherhood roles show the influence of my paternal grandmother, Lena, in influencing my development, and of my maternal grandfather’s third wife, who set the pattern of my moral standards. These stories describe critical moments in my life in my role as a woman, wearing all the labels of daughter, granddaughter, wife, mother and grandmother, and they connect to us all respecting Gaia, our Earth Mother.

My observations of how Gaia energy is increasing, are described in good news stories, including the Australian government saying “Sorry” to the nation’s Indigenous Peoples, the movement to free Tibet, progress towards a black President and a woman Vice President in America, the peaceful declaration of independence in Kosovo, and the resignation of Fidel Castro. The story of my global journey at the time of my 70th birthday, describes how I was enabled to visit with many of my global family and network and reclaim an ancient title of ‘Spider Grandmother’, who is weaving the web of Gaia.
Life Lessons From My Experiences

My life has offered me many life lessons, from which to learn. My experiences and lessons relate directly to the themes of my key life stories of: taking control of my own life at a very early age; reinventing myself as a single working mother of two daughters; motivating projects and learning lessons from them; experiencing the magic and mystery of dolphinicity, birth and death; weaving the web and the connections of spirit; experiencing changing motherhood roles; and observing Gaia energy increasing.

Some of my life lessons learned from my experiences are that:

- One person can make a difference;
- Lack of money is not lack of personal power;
- Nothing is impossible and the word can’t usually means won’t;
- Personal power used appropriately is a positive value;
- Personal power can be learned and these tools are simple and can be replicated for others;
- Global Peace begins with personal peace in every aspect of my own life;
- It is impossible to change the world, however, in changing myself, my world changes;
- Unconditional love for myself is necessary, in order to be able to give it to others;
- Love without fear is the most powerful energy available to anyone, who chooses to attune to the amazing universal intelligence of Gaia;
- In an universal intelligence perspective, I am always in the right place, at the right time, doing and saying the right thing, and everything is perfect;
- Choice is the tool by which personal freedom and power are obtained; and
- Fear, which limits, can be unlearned, like emptying the trash and opening the heart and mind to a new reality, without fear.
Patterns, Trends and Insights From My Life

Writing this RTA has allowed me to reflect on my life’s patterns and trends, and to have self insights, which may be helpful for other people, with whom they resonate. My life patterns and trends include having a high-energy lifestyle, living without fear, learning to deal with disappointments, keeping life records, taking responsibility for action, and creating a morphic field.

Having a high-energy lifestyle

The first pattern and trend I can identify in my life is my high-energy lifestyle, derived from my passion and enthusiasm and my attention to a healthy diet and daily exercise. Basically, my nicknames over the years have described me as a ‘pocket whirlwind’, a ‘whippet’, and a ‘bundle of energy’. Sometimes, they have been less kind descriptors, like ‘bull in a china shop’, ‘bombastic’, ‘stubborn’, ‘wilful’, and ‘hardhearted’. I can now understand and appreciate all of them, because I feel that my adventures have led me to enhance the positive elements of these adjectives. My passion and enthusiasm drive me, as these combine in a powerful force field, and in many ways, they can also sometimes threaten others. One of the many lessons learned is to be responsive to other people’s reactions and to tailor my behaviour, without being less than who I am, and to be true to myself.

I believe that we learn to alter ourselves, to seek approval of others; with me it is ‘what you see, is what you get’. This could be the reason that I have ‘flown solo’ for so long. People might try and ‘put salt on my tail’, or speak of me as being on a ‘speeding train’, which is going to fast for them. What I have had to do is help them recognise, that they do not have to keep up with me at all, in any shape or form. My freedom to be who I am and do what needs to be done, are my primary motivations. This is why I believe my life has been that of a catalyst and change agent.
I believe that living fully in the moment of now allows me to have more energy than most people in my great and wonderful circle. My self-discipline to let go of the past and to not bring past experiences into the present, allows me to take hold of endless opportunities, which might otherwise be passed up.

On a practical level, my concession to staying healthy is to eat well, drink carrot with ginger juice every day before taking any other substance, and exercise, by playing tennis twice a week and swimming in the wonderful ocean every day, in every season. My dictum is that a healthy body houses a healthy mind, but perhaps the most powerful tool to maintaining a high-energy lifestyle, is to be able to forgive and forget, and not hold onto old perceived or actual hurts.

Living without fear

The second pattern and trend I can identify in my life is living without fear. I live on the assumption that fear is a product of past experiences remembered, or future experiences imagined, that might never happen, and that now is always perfect. This maximises my ability to cope on a daily basis with whatever life ‘throws my way’.

Learning to deal with disappointments

The third pattern and trend I can identify in my life is learning to deal with disappointments. There have been many obstacles and disappointments in my life, and it is my ability to literally stand back, observe the lesson that needs to be learned, let go of fear, dust myself off, and begin again. Non-attachment and suspending judgement are key elements, which have helped me to learn how to deal with disappointments.

There have been many times in my life, when I have allowed others to take advantage of my generosity, assuming that they were ‘kindred souls’, on the same wavelength. They have been costly exercises for me emotionally and financially, and my learning has been to see the pattern and realise that I cannot be used and abused, unless I allow this to happen. This realisation in
itself, has made way for amazing new miracles to happen to me on a daily basis. On greeting me, people often remark, that it is always exciting to talk with me, with so much going on in my life.

Keeping life records

The fourth pattern and trend I can identify in my life is that I have kept records of my life. I have been the keeper of my life records consciously, which is why my home is filled with archival material. I can now see that here was deep down inside me, I have always had a need to be the keeper of my records, so that I could see life’s connections and weave the tapestry of Gaia, for others to witness. The writing of this thesis barely touches all the stories; it would take another major work to include them all.

Taking responsibility for action

The fourth pattern and trend I can identify in my life is taking responsibility for action. Through reflection, I can now see have never been a follower, and my ability to organize and get things done, stems from my early years of having to take responsibility for my siblings. My fearlessness and willingness to ‘jump off cliffs without a parachute’, is something I took for granted. It has taken me most of my life to realize how fortunate I am, and that for many people, especially women, risk taking is not natural. Neither is it normal not to seek permission, or not to be afraid of authority. These personal patterns can and do make others uncomfortable. Through this reflective experience, I am able to see that these attributes have been gifts, which gave me the capacity to ‘step outside the square’. I am grateful for these assertive gifts and I believe I have learned to use them for a ‘higher purpose’. As shown in this RTA, the results from my active, assertive life trends and patterns have been astounding and rewarding.
Creating a morphic field

The fifth and final pattern and trend I can now identify, is that in reflecting on myself and my place in the world, I have been able to make personal changes that have influenced a morphic field formation with other people. For example, it has taken me a long time to be able to step aside, listen to the criticism, and if necessary, make personal adjustments to be more balanced in my manner. At the same time, I am now able to understand how some people find me ‘difficult’ to deal with. I am considered a ‘wild card’ by some people, so they can become fearful, and I find that these people seem to have their own control issues.

My personal transformation around control, has been successful to the degree that I no longer have a need to control anything, except my own space. This means making choices that are right for me, that allow me to remain peaceful, joyful and in harmony with my environment. This peaceful and joyful harmony creates a ‘morphic’ field, which I liken to throwing a pebble into a pond, making ripples in concentric circles until the ripples become one huge circle. The end result is that my world is a mirror of who I am, and those people with whom I choose to share my world have the same qualities, regardless of their age, sex, nationality, politics, religion or philosophy. They demonstrate in their own way my commitment to ‘suspend judgment’ and to simply let go and ‘live and let live’. This commitment facilitates a delightful and easy going existence, where magic and miracles happen almost daily.

This section identified the patterns and trends in my life and associated insights, such as in having a high-energy lifestyle, living without fear, learning to deal with disappointments, keeping life records, taking responsibility for action, and creating a morphic field. None of these patterns and trends is an extraordinary thing; each and every one is available to anyone who chooses to adopt it in their life.
Offering Insights To Other People

The significance of this RTA project is that it offers the insights from my lived experiences to other people, gleaned from my life adventure and journey, which has been filled with many amazing events. All these valuable opportunities have expanded my own awareness and consciousness, and these insights are available to readers, with whom they resonate.

The following list itemises the ideas I have embraced in my own life, that have simplified the way I conduct myself on a daily basis. I have found these simple ideas to be invaluable tools for personal transformation or ‘attitudinal healing’. In my own experience, the journey of personal transformation begins with a major commitment to change old patterns and explore new ones. I can attest that this RTA project has helped me become a more peaceful person, who is still a strong individual with powerful ideas, and I can now see that many people share my vision of an economically sustainable, environmentally friendly and peaceful future for the next generations. For change to happen, I believe that the most important step is to implement the changes in my own life and watch the results and the changes that then occur in others around me.

All of these simple ideas, listed here in no particular order, need to be learned and embodied, which is not always easy.

- Give up the need to control others
- To thine own self be true
- Respect others as you wish to be respected
- Trust intuitive insights and take appropriate action
- Never impose my will or opinions on others
- Recognise that each and every individual has their own reality
- Do not make others wrong
- Actively seek peaceful dialogue and communication
- Realise that fear is based on past experiences remembered, or future experience imagined, that may never happen
- Live totally in the moment of NOW
Manage time with equal importance to private and shared activities
Commit to a healthy lifestyle, which includes physical wellbeing
Commit to relaxation that enhances mental and emotional wellbeing
Expect magic and miracles
Recognise that intention with integrity is the first step to co-creation
Be grateful and graceful at all times
Learn conflict resolution communications
Trust in that unseen force ‘divine intelligence’ that exists to an open heart and open mind
Let go of old emotional ‘baggage’
Greet each day as the beginning of the rest of your life
Express appreciation of others
Develop new tools for transformation
Do not depend on anyone else to make you happy and content
Learn to love yourself, because if you cannot love yourself, you cannot love anyone else.

This section reiterated the research aim and objectives and described how they were fulfilled, thus answering the research questions. This RTA project recounted my own actual life stories and the life lessons learned, in order to identify patterns, trends and insights from my life and to offer these insights to others. This section showed how I promote personal empowerment as a tool for fulfilling individual potential, and how I learned to heal and be healed, by taking personal responsibility and making choices, which enhance the individual and thus the collective consciousness. Hence, this RTA has reflected on my role as a midwife to Gaia, helping to bring into existence an economically sustainable, environmentally friendly and peaceful future for the next generations.

Final Reflections and Summary

I undertook this RTA to make a useful contribution to the future of my immediate family and generations to come. I set out 32 years ago, in 1976, to conduct a ministry of healing, using communication and the performing arts to demonstrate that love is an energy that heals everything (Maturana and
I had experienced what some people call a ‘peak’ altered state of awareness, an epiphany, and from that day to this I could never doubt my mission to replace fear with love (Jampowlsky, 1979), firstly, within myself, and secondly, within other people.

I set out to empower others to understand that while we cannot control what unfolds, it is possible to choose how to respond to every single event, with the option of love, instead of fear. In writing about my personal adventures, I learned how to heal myself and, in doing so, I realised that as we heal ourselves, we are actually adding a very special morphogenetic field (Sheldrake, 1981) to Mother Earth, Gaia (Lovelock, 1987). This unseen field connects all life on this planet and indeed the universe. It is a massive interconnected, interdependent web of life (Capra, 1996), which is now recognised by quantum physics.

On the first page of ‘The Feeling of What Happens’, Damasio (2000) uses the metaphor of ‘stepping into the light’ for consciousness and for the birth of a knowing mind. This resonates with my own peak experience, in 1976. Two days after my 40th birthday in New York City, I stepped through a ‘portal of light’, that changed me from an atheist to a woman, who was touched by an unseen power. At the time, I was happy to give the power the name of God. The ‘message’ I received in those early hours was that God and Love are ONE and that we are ONE. This simple idea was the start of my own awakening into a state of consciousness. The highly emotional process at that moment was so powerful, that I have never since doubted the existence of an unseen force or energy. It was exciting for me to discover over subsequent years of inquiry, that a multidisciplinary movement exists, which can validate this notion (Hawkins, 2002; Lipton, 2005). In addition, modern technology has been able to reveal images of how our brains function. The last frontier, the mind, is gradually being explored. It is so exciting to watch the esoteric and exoteric becoming merged, as they once were before man-made religions became the power and authority (Jaynes, 1976). In 1976, when Jaynes described the ‘bicameral mind’, it was a revolutionary and maverick concept. He identified that until about 3000 years ago, about the time of Deuteronomy, people were guided by the voice of a God or Gods within. Man-made laws
replaced this inner state of knowing and being, thus power over, control and authority ruled, instead of the power from within.

Recent cellular neurobiology research enables the understanding of the biology of belief, consciousness and miracles (Lipton, 2005). Lipton asserts that the shift in consciousness requires a totally new paradigm, one that is even more radical than when people mistakenly believed the earth was flat and it was discovered to be round. Indeed, a shift in consciousness requires turning the world upside down and placing the responsibility of change at the feet of individuals. To this extent, Hawkins, a distinguished academic scientist, in the last 25 years has used kinesiology (muscle testing) to produce evidence that one individual at the highest level will counterbalance 70 million individuals at the lowest level of the scale of consciousness (Hawkins, 2002). This gives credence to the concept of the 100th monkey (Watson, 1974), which illustrates that a shift in consciousness is exponential and it only takes a very small number of people to cause the change.

The words consciousness and conscious did not appear in the English language until well into the 17th century, after the death of Shakespeare, in 1632 (Damasio, 1994, p.232) although in the history of Middle English, the word ‘inwit’ related to consciousness. This is a combination of interior (in) and mind (wit). The Latin word for conscious has been used since the 13th century, combining ‘con’ and ‘scientia’, suggesting the gathering of knowledge.

Damasio (2000) describes different levels of consciousness, explaining that who we are and who we believe ourselves to be, is constructed from our physical and mental autobiographical memories of who we are and where we fit into the scheme of things socially. This process is ever changing, for as long as we live. He suggests that there is a core consciousness with imbedded memories and behaviour. Therefore, he posits that we are not always aware of how we remember and store individual events and that the present moment is bounded by the past and future. Indeed, he suggests we are not able to define what influences the way we store or interrelate these memories.
The concepts of conscious, unconscious, collective, collective consciousness and noosephere were being debated and discussed by the intelligentsia in the early 20th Century (Damasio, 2000). Teilhard de Chardin described the states of being. He was born in the second half of the 19th Century. He was a mystic, scientist and priest; he was tried and found guilty of heresy as a result of his cosmology. His dream was of a noosephere, an unseen web that was continuous and evolutionary (de Chardin, 1959). He regarded humans at the apex of evolution in a divine scheme. My concept of global consciousness reflects the position pioneered by de Chardin (1959). At Princeton University (noosphere.princeton.edu/) there is a very successful project underway, which establishes and measures this force. Therefore, science and spirit are being woven together, with the assistance of the latest technology.

The www is only 17 years old (Berners-Lee, 1991). The Web’s inventor could never have imagined that by the end of 2006, Time Life Magazine would nominate any ordinary person using the www, as The Person Of The Year, instead of a famous individual. The magazine’s headline read ‘The Person Of The Year is You’ and the story proclaimed that each person using the www was the Person of the Year 2006 (Time Life Magazine, Dec 23, 2006). Millions of people all over the world are using the www to communicate in a very powerful and innovative way as a global community, and this has the potential to co-create change.
Our human brain, the ‘neck top’ computer, is more powerful than any computer or system yet developed. Our conscious self uses less than 12% of our potential even at genius level (Hawkins, 2002). So, what is going on then, in the other 88%? When I watch the speed of spell check or Google search on the computer, I marvel that our brains work faster than that!

In this chapter I showed the weaving of the tapestry that has been my journey since my epiphany two days after my fortieth birthday 1976, tracing my beginnings and sharing the lessons learned along the way. I described my observations of how Gaia energy is increasing, as domination gives way to cooperation, evidenced for me in good news. I recounted how many of these good news events were monitored, and to some extent mediated, through the www.

In ‘Seven Weeks for Seven Decades, Circling the Earth’, I related how, as my 70th birthday approached, I planned a global journey to enable me to visit with many of my global family and network. Global networking has been my natural and major contribution to the weaving of the tapestry. I also reclaimed an ancient title of ‘Spider Grandmother’, to describe the weaving process, which manifests as the events and projects that have been reported in this thesis. I reflected on how I have spun a powerful global web of Gaia, that is intricate and simple, and, at the same time, fragile and strong.

Lastly, I described how I fulfilled the research aim and objectives, by identifying: the key stories of my life; the life lessons have I learned from my experiences; the patterns, trends and insights from my life; and the insights I can offer to other people.

Explication of the thesis

On 20th November 2008 it was 32 years to the day that I experienced an epiphany while living in the amazing city of New York, enjoying my first year of personal freedom. The result of that powerful evening, November 20th 1976, was the beginning of the journey reported on in this thesis. Essentially, the first task was to change the world and promote love instead of fear.
Secondly, the next task was to use the power of media in a positive manner and to refrain from perpetuating negative data. These tasks have been a challenge and this RTA is the deep reflection of my life opportunities and lessons.

The first and most important essential message is that I cannot change the world, however, I can change me and by changing myself, my world changes. The themes of this research are that one person can make a difference and that lack of money is not a lack of personal power. It has been my intention to demonstrate ‘leaderless’ leadership, by not creating an organisation or membership, but by teaching by example, leading to the empowerment of others.

It has become apparent to me, in the process of documenting my own personal journey in this RTA, that by suspending judgement and keeping an open mind and open heart, I am able to attune to what I call ‘Divine Intelligence’. It is a deep cellular knowing, that we are all connected. Every single cell of the trillions in our own body knows how and what to do at any given time. I have come to realise that we are all living cells of the living entity, Mother Earth or Gaia. In 32 years of my own development, I have witnessed quantum leaps in the disciplines of science, spirit, ancient wisdom and health, which are acknowledged in the academies of the world. There is a new way of seeing and thinking, which is about a future based on these holistic principles of interconnectedness. It is my contention that thoughts and intentions are the tools for change. It is an individual empowerment and responsibility starting with myself. Through this RTA I have also discovered the need for me to ‘walk my talk’ and set an example of the power of one, won, now.

Interconnectedness and morphic resonance combine to form ‘Divine Intelligence’, which is an electromagnetic field that can be measured. There are many examples of new ways of seeing and thinking, based on the holistic principles of interconnectedness of ‘Divine Intelligence’. For example, a wonderful documentary explored the concept of Six Degrees of Separation, which has now resulted in the scientific study of human networking, of the
morphic field. Visiting the website (www.thescienceneetwork.org) reveals a group of eminent scientists who are dedicated in their own field to proving the interconnectness of all life on earth.

Also, writing these words in November 2008, was the most extraordinary opportunity to bring conclusion, closure and co-creation of my ‘endgame’, demonstrated in this RTA and in the power of morphic resonance and interconnectedness globally. Barak Obama is the next president of the United States, even though the world media did not make early predications in his favour. Even the most optimistic of my colleagues held doubts of such a sweeping change of consciousness required to put a black man in the white house.
The strategy of the Obama campaign created a measurable morphic field, which can be measured by scientific means. The morphic field, the resonance it creates at peak times in global events, and the means of measuring it, have been described in Chapter Eight of this thesis. Twenty two million people voting in the USA, who never voted before, created a morphic field and I believe it was a direct result of the most carefully orchestrated use of the web and the 8,000,000 volunteers, who took part. Indeed, as one of the 8,000,000, I received a personal thank you, generated by Barak in his first name to my first name, even before he left to accept his victory. The entire political campaign was compelling, empowering and inspirational.

The use of this network continues on a daily basis, building a huge organisation, which is being invited to participate in the unfolding tasks of the future. This is, to me, an example of birthing a new global consciousness. I see that the ‘blanket of fear’ that shrouded America and the planet has been lifted and replaced by a cloud of optimism and hope. Change has happened and it has been recorded and Gaia Consciousness is now a one world reality.
On person can make a difference. I am only one person, combining with many others in the grass roots movement created by the intelligent networking of the World Wide Web (WWW), who predicted that a global community had been birthed successfully. My own global family, expanded to thousands by the WWW, and my immediate circle with networks of their own, often thousands in number, interconnected and envisaged global changes. For example, the Conflict Resolution Network initiated by the Australian octogenarian, Stella Cornelius AO, OBE, is a prime example of one person making a difference. Her immediate network is more than 6000 contacts, and the website is available to anyone to download the tools, which result in conflict resolution and peaceful outcomes. The website is famous world wide, and it has made a contribution to peace studies, now being taught in many schools and universities, in many languages (www.crmhq.org). It is interesting to me, that Rupert Murdoch unwittingly created the very tool for transformation, when he purchased MySpace.com, which empowered anyone to have a say about anything. I wrote about my connection to Rupert in Chapter Five.

In the time leading up to the US election, Lynn McTaggart, in conjunction with Dr Roger Nelson, conducted a specific scientific project, attempting to reduce violence in a chosen area of Sri Lanka where civil war has been raging.
for 25 years. It was an eight day time specific meditation which began September 14, 2008. The results are encouraging. The target for critical mass was estimated to be one quarter of one percent of the world’s population approx 8000. Lynne reported that 11,468 participants from 65 countries around the world logged on for the experiment. To enable the measurement to be scientifically rigorous, the event, the time, the place, the location and participation was required to be specific. www.theintentionexperiment.com

Quote from e-news@livingthefield.com 25th October, 2008

“Roger Nelson, architect of Global Consciousness Project and a member of our scientific team, has been busy analyzing the effect of our Peace Intention Experiment on the random event generators he continuously runs all over the world.

Several analyses reveal that the REG machines were affected within a 40-minute window of meditations during the eight days of our Peace Intention Experiment, and that these changes were similar to those that occurred during moments of mass meditation in areas attempting to lower violence.

When analyzed over the entire week, Nelson and his colleagues found a consistent daily pattern. Increases in order of the REG output were similar to the changes we specified in our protocol, during the 20 minutes of preparation, or ‘Powering Up’, of viewing the Sri Lanka target and then of the 10 minutes of actually sending intention. Although the machines demonstrated a change during the Powering Up stage, when our participants were getting ready to participate, the effect was most striking during the actual 10 minutes of our experiment.

“In particular, the steep negative slope of the data during the 10-min meditation looks like that seen in our examination of data during Transcendental Meditation gatherings of advanced mediators,’ writes Dr. Nelson. ‘These 'social calming' experiments served as one of the models for the peace intention experiment.” If you recall, the Peace Intention Experiment was sparked by the numerous TM studies showing that when a critical mass of mediators regularly meditate in an area, the crime rate or armed conflict goes down.

But the TM studies simply examine the effect of ‘attention’ and calming practices like meditation. Our experiment took their work one step further by examining what happens when a large group sends a highly specific intention to make a change.
This process of reviewing my life has been, without a doubt, the most powerful process I have ever experienced. The opportunity to put my life journey under a microscope with the supervision I have received, has been totally transforming. In all these past years of living and learning, nothing matches my personal growth and awareness during this time of writing this RTA.

In the beginning of the project, it was very difficult for me to be constantly aware and observing my behaviour and patterns. The heightened awareness became, at times, very uncomfortable. I feel that one of the benefits achieved, is that I am now able to observe myself, and my interactions with others, without ‘plugging’ into negative emotional responses. I am able to be non-attached and yet remain connected. There have been many surprises and it has been possible for me to understand why some people who cross my path see me as aggressive, domineering and bombastic. This certainly may have been a fair judgement in my early years.
It was during those years that my modus operandus was firmly based in my yang energy, in order to survive. These observations from others used to cause me distress, because it was never my intention to be seen in that light.

I am a midwife to global consciousness and I can see global consciousness increasing. A prime example of critical mass and global consciousness is the way the world changed, almost in an instant, 40 years ago, with the release of the Beatles’ ‘Sergeant Peppers’ Lonely Hearts Club Band,’ which exploded on the planet and changed popular music forever (Weekend Australian Magazine, Jan 20-21, 2007). That was part of a revolution of peace and love, which spread around the world with the younger generation. The Beatles’ legacy lives on today and is admired by three generations. My grandchildren love The Beatles music and Cirque du Soleil’s current brilliant program uses their music. The Beatles CDs are still in the top selling lists.

In this RTA, I reflected upon my life and how I am helping to birth global consciousness, and I recounted my own wondrous adventures as a visionary pioneer, catalyst and change agent. Although it is a very short period in terms of human history, more has changed in my few years on Earth, than at any other time in the world’s history. I have experienced, first hand, the growth of the global consciousness. I have been a major player with my own projects and I have supported many others. This is particularly so, in the last 30 years, after I ‘stepped into the light’, and became fully awake and aware that everything is connected. As an ordinary person, I can make a difference and choose the way I respond to what life serves me up. I have always been intuitive and fearless, facing challenges without asking permission from anyone else.
This RTA has helped me to recall the stories to the best of my ability. I recognise that the stories are just that, my stories, and my version of events, and that the people in them are characters in those stories. Other people may have a very different version of the same events. Even so, through undertaking this RTA, I found recurring patterns and trends in my life, and I identified the lessons I learned and the wisdom I gained along the way. It has also been my joy to inspire and empower many others along the way. I hope that others may benefit from my insights.

Finally, in all its simplicity, I offer a quote from a great Zen Patriarch, Joshu (778-898), who, when asked about Tao and truth by a student, answered, “When I am hungry I eat, when I’m tired I sleep” (Ross, 1993, p.190). Ross goes on to describe enlightenment and wholeness as being reduced in Zen to the “quiet joy of just doing and being in one’s daily life” (Ross, 1993, p.190). In the NOW there is no other way. We are one, won, NOW.
Appendix A: Information Sheet

Title: ‘Midwife to Gaia, Birthing Global Consciousness: A Reflective Topical Autobiography.’

I am undertaking a research project for my PhD, a thesis on: “Midwife to Gaia, Birthing Global Consciousness: A Reflective Topical Autobiography.” I am working under the supervision of Professor Beverley Taylor, Professor of Nursing, within the School of Health and Human Sciences, Southern Cross University.

This Reflective Topical Autobiography explores my own life journey, the adventure, the failures and the successes that have contributed to my being a catalyst for change, a futurist and visionary, and a leading edge change agent. The stories are my own version, and I realise that they may not resonate with you. The ‘people in my stories’ are not participants in research in the traditional sense, and it will be very clearly stated that the stories and the people in them are being related from my own, very personal perspective. I realise that we all make different interpretations of any incident, and we may reflect individual experiences of the same event. However, I have given an undertaking to seek where possible written permission of those people in my stories, who can be contacted. If you object or refuse permission, then the story in which you are involved will not be included in the thesis.

A write-up of the story in which you are involved will be made available to you, to give you the opportunity to make changes related to its accuracy and to elaborate on information that may have been omitted or that may need clarification. Participating in this research as a ‘character’ within a story is voluntary, and your confidentiality is assured. Neither your name nor identifying information will be disclosed or published, except with your permission. You are free to withdraw your consent to further involvement at any time, without prejudice.

If you have any questions about your participation in this study, please contact the researcher: phone (02) 66811307
email: estellemyers@bigpond.com
My supervisor, Professor Beverley Taylor, is also available to answer any queries:
phone (02) 6620 3156
e-mail: bev.taylor@scu.edu.au

Signature of Researcher:

Date:
Appendix B: Informed Consent to Participate in a Research Project

Title: ‘Midwife to Gaia, Birthing Global Consciousness: A Reflective Topical Autobiography’

Researcher: Estelle Myers

Researcher contact: phone (02) 66811307
email: estellemyers@bigpond.com

I have read and understand the Information Sheet attached to this Consent Form.

I understand that:

• The PhD project being undertaken by Estelle Myers, is an autobiography of her life;
• As a character in a story within the autobiography, I am being asked to read the story in which I am involved;
• I can offer any comments that may require change, and give my refusal or acceptance of the story within the thesis;
• I have had the opportunity to ask questions about this study and I am satisfied with the answers received;
• I will be given a copy of this form to keep; and
• I can withdraw my permission at any time.

I have read the story submitted to me by Estelle Myers and I give her permission to include it in her Reflective Topical Autobiography, which is her PhD thesis.

Name of Participant:………………………………………………

Signature of Participant:…………………………………………..

Date: ………………………………………………………………..

I appreciate your willingness to participate in this research project. Please return this form to me as soon as possible.

The ethical aspects of this study have been approved by the Southern Cross University Human Research Ethics Committee (HREC). The Approval Number is … ECN-06-86………………
If you have any complaints or reservations about any ethical aspect of your participation in this research, you may contact the HREC through the Ethics Complaints Officer, Ms Suze Kelly, telephone (02) 6626 9139, fax (02) 6626 9145, email: skelly1@scu.edu.au. Any complaint you make will be treated in confidence and investigated, and you will be informed of the outcome.
Bibliography


Considine, S. (1985) *Barbra Streisand, the woman, the myth, the music.* London: Century.


Fromm, E (1976) *To have or to be?* London: Abacus, Sphere Books


Prospective study on more than 2,000 waterbirths. *Fetal Diagnosis &
Philadelphia: F A Davis and Company.
of Georgia Press.
Graham, I. (2002). Leading the development of nursing within a Nursing
Development Unit: the perspectives of leadership by the team leader and a
Souvenir Press.
Oaks: Sage.
York: Institute of Noetic Sciences.
Lismore: Southern Cross Press.
Publishers.
Australian women.* South Melbourne: Oxford University Press.


