

Chapter 27 Teaching in India and Meeting Osho

I don't think it's just me, but things just seem so synchronised right now to the extreme. I've been writing this book for many weeks and now just as I get to the part of this very important trip to India, and in hindsight very relevant to this book, the photos I took are springing up on Facebook, reminding me this trip was exactly 2 years ago (December 2018).

As the pulled into the airport gate in Mumbai, there was a distinct inactivity from all the Indian people on the plane, this was a stark difference to the many other trips I'd been on all over the World. Normally as the plane comes to a halt, all you can hear is the click, click of seat belts being undone and a mad rush to get bags out of the lockers, to then stand there till the doors were opened, I've always pondered why the rush, when no one was going nowhere for a whilst. Here in India though, no one was in any rush, a sign of what I was about to find out, in India people are pretty laid back and not in any particular rush to get anywhere.

There to greet me was Anu and her Chauffer. In India, many of the Women have their own Chauffer as a matter of safety, actually getting to destinations plus it is very cheap to have one at your service 24/7. Anus Chauffer happened to be a good-looking guy in his late 20's. "Well," I thought "If this guy is driving us around everywhere for the next 3 weeks or so and attending the 7 days of courses, this trip is looking pretty good already"

Women with Chauffers would most often sit in the back seat of the car, whilst being driven around, however Anu would sit in the front. Something I admired about her, Having had past lives as a servant, I certainly was not going to treat this guy like he was some sort of servant and treated him as an equal.

Mumbai's reputation for it's busy streets did not fail it. As Anu would say, it is organised chaos! One minute you would be at a small intersection, with other cars, motor bikes, pedestrians and the odd cow all pointing in different directions. I would wonder how on earth we would get out of it, then the next moment we would be freed up and have a bit of a dash for a short whilst to have the same thing again.

Before I went to India, I was advised that if I could see past the poverty there, then you will see the beauty. It was so true. As we drove down some of the areas, otherwise known as the slums it was fascinating to see how the people would make the use of any tiny space to create a stall in order to sell food or wares. The one that stood out was on top of some rubble, probably no more than 2 metres wide and really shallow. People would have mattresses anywhere they could find a space to sleep. Despite the poverty, Children and women would be walking around in typical Indian dress, with the beautiful striking colours, reds, blues, greens, aqua, every colour of the rainbow and all the shades in between with the sequins and shimmer that would winkle in the sun. I did some shopping whilst there and came back with a number of shawls or scarves to use as table cloths at home and at the wellness centre.

One of the first places Anu organised for me to go, was a Foundation for primarily children and Mothers who were from the slums, to give them support, an outlet and often food.

I had no idea what to expect as we drove there for about 2 hours. When at the gates, we were greeted by the lady who was the Foundation owner, there were a few people waiting outside the building including 2 young girls who walked up to me, carrying something. They asked me to bend down slightly and they put her finger in a red paint looking substance, then put that on my skin just above my

eyebrow line in the centre. All I could hear at that moment was my daughter saying to me jokingly before I left "Whatever you do Mum, don't come back from India, with a red dot on your forehead!" I smiled to myself as they dabbed the red paint there.

I felt like royalty as myself and Anu were guided into the open space of the building, it had a high ceiling and probably about 10 metres wide by about 30 metres deep. Sitting very patiently on the floor, were about 70 children of various ages, all close together and appeared all dressed up for this occasion. I wonder what they were thinking about this white skinned lady coming to visit them from overseas, a very special moment for me. There were also some Mothers standing on the sides, dressed in beautiful saris.

Myself and Anu conducted a group EFT tapping session with everyone in the room, what a powerful moment to have all the children tapping along.

The 2 girls who had put the red dot on my forehead showed us around and spoke of how they help the Women who attended the facility to make different items, such as cloth bags. There was a young boy round about 14, who was also good at English that appeared to be a part of the Foundation for a whilst. One of the young girls I thought to be about 9 years old, but in fact she was 14, so skinny from undernourishment, but a happy girl all the same. I could tell from their demeanour and their actions that they were very responsible children, so I asked them if they would like to attend the EFT course. They were all very excited and permission was granted by the Foundation owner.

I was so happy the children, just 14 years old were able to attend the EFT courses. Arrangements were made to get them to the venue. They sat together at one of the tables and they were so well behaved, asking relevant questions and taking part. The young boy was very attentive and, on each break, he would come straight up to me and ask if I wanted a tea or coffee. Normally I wouldn't drink that much, but I knew he would feel disappointed if I said no, so for 3 days I drank so much more than I normally would.

I have a lovely photo taken at the end of the EFT course where all 3 were tapping on me. Something I will always remember.

It would take up to 2 hours to get to the Hotel venue where the courses were being held and then the same back to Anus home again. I didn't mind though, we would all chat and share stories. Our driver would play current English songs as well as old and sing along in his broken English accent. I discovered later that normally he would be playing Indian music and especially Bollywood, which he was particularly fond of, however he played the English music it for me, which was really nice of him and I felt special because of it.

I also taught the Matrix Past Life Reimprinting course after the MR Foundation course.

This was easy in India as their religions support the belief that past lives exist and reincarnation. As usual, I did some demonstrations and Anu volunteered for 1 of them.

The past life she accessed was when she was Japanese Geisha girl. She saw herself behind a glass screen, being ogled at by men, feeling trapped and self-conscious and vulnerable. After stepping into the memory, Anu gave the girl the option of leaving that glass 'cage' to find her freedom, which she wanted to. After tapping for all the emotions, the girl decided she would like to start a new life in a home that was surrounded by gold, with a swimming pool. Anu mentioned she could see some purple flowers in this new home.

After the demo, Anu declared to our amazement that a family member had given a gift of a Geisha doll in a glass case after she was born! She actually visited her Mum later that day to bring it to class and show everyone the following day.

There was another amazing thing that happened after that demonstration. There were other rooms being hired out at this hotel opposite the one we were in. On the break we exited our room and directly opposite, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. There must have been a child's party about to happen. The entrance to the room had been covered in gold decorations and a Disney character who looked Japanese. The word that was also there was 'Palace' and there were lilac balloons. Anu had described that her Geisha self-had wanted to live in a place like a palace, hence all the gold.

This is what I call a completion, meaning, that after doing a healing with Matrix Reimprinting, some aspect usually shows up in the future as a confirmation that something has shifted. Due to the nature of past lives, this tends to be more obvious. The timing is something I've not worked out, but in Anus case, it was immediate.

The WOW Award



During my time in India, I was presented with an award 'Winners Of Worthiness' at a big event

Meeting the Indian Guru Osho

Osho International Meditation Resort Auditorium



"I feel like I need to go to an Ashram whilst I'm in India" I said to Anu who had organised my trip there. "I think Osho International Meditation Centre is the best place for you to go" She replied. I had never been to an Ashram, all I really knew about them was that they were something resembling what Julia Roberts went to in the movie 'Eat, Pray, Love'. 'Whilst I can talk a lot, I am also happy in my own space as a hermit, so if part of it was silence for a whilst I was up for that. A family member took great delight in telling me that Osho had a reputation for having interesting gatherings where it is considered there was a freedom of sexual expression in the form of orgies and jokingly asked if I was going to experience that?? From my research unfortunately Osho died on the 19/1/1990, aged only 58. Interesting numbers as '9' tends to reflect completion. He was known as the 'sex guru' and a mystic.

I have just worked out that in 5 days' time, it will be the 31st anniversary of his death at age 58 (5 + 8 = 13) the same numbers appearing again of my awakening on the 31/7/13.

'Osho never believed in any one religion but combined elements of many religions such as Buddhism, Hinduism and Christianity. However, he also added new types of meditation practice. His philosophy was a type of Monism that God was in everything. All human beings were in essence divine; it was just that there were different manifestations of that divinity. He introduced a new type of meditation that involved letting go of all attachments to the past and future and ego.

If a seeker could attain a consciousness where there was "no past, no future, no attachment, no mind, no ego, no self." Then he would attain enlightenment. One different practice he advocated was to practise physical exercise just before meditation. Unlike many Indian gurus, Osho taught that sex was not an obstacle to spiritual progress'.

<https://www.biographyonline.net/spiritual/osho.html>

The resort is about 2 ½ hours drive east of Mumbai at a place called Pune, whilst I loved the hustle and bustle of this very busy city, it was nice to get out and see more of the country side, very appreciative by this stage of the wide-open roads with very little traffic! Anu had already had the Oslo resort experience, so whilst she kindly escorted me to Pune, she decided to let me have the experience on my own and she stayed somewhere outside of the resort so she could explore. Looking back, this was the best decision to allow me to have the experiences I needed to have.

On arrival the first thing I needed to do was purchase 2 long gowns, one a burgundy colour and the other white. Colour has an energy or frequency to it, so this was the reasoning behind everyone wearing the same colour at given times.

The accommodation was on the same grounds but across a road from where everything was happening. It was quite basic but very clean. All I needed was a bed and bathroom, soon I was to discover I would spend very little time in their anyway. I had missed the mornings introduction session, so after getting gowned up in my long burgundy gown, which was the day wear, itinerary in hand, decided to dive deep in to the meditations that were happening throughout the day. My idea of a mediation up until this point was to lie down and see what comes to you, whether it be a guided meditation, tranquil music or vibrational sounds like singing bowls, was I in for a shock!

Walking through the grounds was really impressive, green fernery and trees, fountains with buildings dotted around. Everything was pristine and well maintained and groomed. Now I was dressed the part I felt a part of the place straight away.

Osho was a big believer in expressing yourself through dance before meditation, so that was the opening segment for most of them.

The meditations were held in the auditorium, so that's where I headed to. From the outside it was quite bland, basically a grey concrete structure with a concrete path leading up to it. Either side of the path were 2 big square, shallow lakes, only about a foot deep.

As you get to the building you can go left or right to the stairs at the sides, leading to the same entrance at the top. Once there I entered the next door to the auditorium and gasped at what I found. The area was massive and the floor was made of black and grey marble. It was quite cold to my bare feet, now I know why the mat they sold me was quite thick. What I loved the most was the ceiling which was the shape of a pyramid, all of a sudden, I felt at home. The number of people attending varied according to the meditation. All I know is, that when there was silence in between the music, you could hear a pin drop.

Just before the hour meditation was to start, we would hear a voice over the microphone explaining what would happen, then they put on the 2 big screens a demonstration of the actions we were to do. Most meditations were split up into 15-minute parts, with a different activity in each part and the music would also change to indicate the new action, whether that was dance, a breathing exercise or something else. Then it would be the real deal and you got started.

On the first day, I managed to fit in about 5 different events and was quite tired by the end of that, however I couldn't miss the evening event, so I went back to my room, had a shower and put on the required white gown and headed back to the auditorium. Many turned up for this event, all dressed in white walking mainly in silence, now what I knew what it would be like to live in a monastery, or was that a feeling that was already familiar?

Everyone brought their low chair supplied, but before being able to get comfortable and sit down the music started. Everyone was standing up adjust swaying to the music, I got up and did the same. Normally I would be self-conscious about doing this new form of self-expression in front of everyone, however, I quickly realised that no one was taking any notice of what everyone else was doing, there was no judgement and everyone did their own thing and that was ok, so I learned to just go with my intuition and let my body do what it felt like doing in any moment. It felt really good to do that. Looking back, I feel doing that over the 3 days released any self-conscious thoughts when dancing at a normal event as it now takes me back to these events at Osho. Everyone has the right to express themselves on the dance floor, no matter what that looks like, as long as they are not crashing into everyone.

After about 20 minutes of nonstop dancing, the music stopped and we were asked to be seated. Now I really was tired. Then on the 2 big screens appeared OSHO and I saw him for the first time. I don't know when these talks were filmed but he looked older than 58 which is all he was when he passed away, with his long grey hair and long beard.

I was interested in the lessons he had to teach, however after all the travelling and meditations earlier, I found myself keep drifting off and then coming back. I must have drifted off at one particular stage, when I literally felt as if someone had given me a shove. Waking with a startle, I looked around, but no one was next to me, so I started to listen again, it was at this very point that Osho started talking about past lives, I immediately sat up. 'Now you have my attention', I thought. I then sat and listened intently until he finished, after which we all went home. I had to get up early the next day because the first meditation of the day started at 6am, the one that was apparently the most effective. Normally I am not a morning person, but I may as well make the most of it whilst in India, there is nothing that I know of like this in Australia.

It was still dark as I made my way back to the auditorium, a bit nervous about the 'Dynamic' mediation I was about to experience after everything I had heard about it. You could say it is Osho's signature meditation.

The first 15 minutes you have to breathe very hard only through your nose, very fast, but with no rhythm or trying to control it. The next 15 minutes we had to put our arms in the air and jump so our feet left the ground, as we landed make a 'Huh' sound, the next 15 minutes we had to freeze in the position, which meant holding our arms up for that long and the final 15 minutes was just to allow our bodies to move in a way it wanted to the music.

The breathing part, which I thought was going to be the hardest part, wasn't too bad, but the jumping up and down was exhausting, at one stage I had to sit on the floor for a whilst because I felt sick. Suddenly realising I wasn't as fit as I thought I was, holding the freeze position for that long wasn't fun either, I had a new appreciation for those people on the TV show 'Survivor' who often had to hold those type of positions in the blaring sun. The dancing was a huge relief. I did this meditation for the next 2 mornings and each day it became easier, with a sense of achievement each time, at least I was up very early and participating, when I could have easily stayed in bed for the easier meditations. That was the thing, anything after that seemed really easy. At some point I discovered that even professional athletes had done the 'Dynamic' meditation and found it challenging, which made me feel better.

On the 2nd day after Dynamic, I decided to give Tai Chi a go. A Chinese Martial art practiced not just for defence training but for health benefits and meditation. Slow and deliberate movements unlike everything else I was doing at the resort. The Tai Chi was held outside on a large concrete platform. As I stepped up the couple of steps onto the platform, I noticed my thong (or flip flops as they are known in other countries) was sticking to the step and when I looked, it seemed like I had somehow stepped into some chewing gum. This was quite surprising, as I mentioned this place was pristine. I dealt with that later and got on with the task at hand. Whilst we were doing the Tai Chi, there were mirrors in front of us so we could check our own movements. Strangely enough what I couldn't help noticing in the day light, was how much my hair was a similar colour to the burgundy gown I was wearing.

As I was sitting in my room earlier in the burgundy gown, I suddenly had a feeling of familiarity. The words Tibetan Monk came to me, it was a distinct feeling as I looked down to my lap and saw the cloth. Whilst I had considered I had been this in a past life I had never looked into it in more depth. I googled 'Tibetan Monk clothes' and sure enough the picture I saw was the same colour of garments that I was now wearing. In other words, I was now reliving an experience that I would have in at least one lifetime. Living a basic lifestyle in a place where that I would imagine was similar to a monastery in the way people wandered around in silence or quietly speaking, in prayer or mediation. The last time I was teaching in South Korea, after the India visit. I was staying with the Mother of one of the students. She didn't speak very much English at all. She would go to a Temple every week to meditate. After the one she did when I was there, she asked her daughter to tell me that she had a message that I was a Tibetan Monk in my first incarnation.

Yesterday I went to a health shop to get a certain type of tea when I spotted packets of natural plant-based hair colour, as I went over, I was immediately drawn to the burgundy one and knew I needed to buy it, colouring my hair burgundy when I got home for the first time in ages. I believe I have tuned into the past life as that monk as I was at Osho in order to recount this story. Not that monks have this hair colour, but it seems because I do not walk around in the usual robes that my hair is a reflection of that time.

I again made the most of all the available meditations, looking forward to each one of them. My mind and body getting more familiar, so I wasn't so tired by the night time Osho meeting.

Again, dressed in white we danced until it was time for Osho to be shown. I listened to what he was saying with interest, agreeing with many of his teachings. He started to talk about the nature of death and then said something like "when we die, it must get a bit boring, so I'll come and give you some chewing gum" You could have knocked me down with a feather. I stared at the screen in awe reminding myself this person was no longer alive and I had stood in chewing gum that morning against all odds!!

The following morning after Dynamic I went to a meet up of some of the people attending the resort. One of the ladies was from Jerusalem, living in India. I was the only Australian at that meeting of about 5 people. It was a bit cute, because they played a song for each of us relevant to our country of residence, mine was 'I come from a land down under'.

From there I went to the auditorium to do the Kundalini mediation, probably the most sedate of the ones I done so far. First you sat and did the 'OM' sound for 30 minutes, sat in silence for 15 minutes, then allowed your body to any movements it felt like doing.

During the 15 minutes of silence, I had my eyes closed and a vision of a sail ship came to mind, one of the old wooden ones with many small cream-coloured sails. Then I heard a voice that was not that normal voice in our heads telling us all sorts of stuff, like how we are not good enough etc. What I was told was that I had been responsible for a bombing of Bombay (now Mumbai Harbour) and caused a lot of damage. By now, I had guessed that this was OSHO speaking to me. He went on to say that he knew how important the impact of past lives was on this lifetime, but he didn't have the tools to help people heal, but he knew I did, so he encouraged me to get out into the World and educate people. Maybe he knew I would not be traumatised by this. As much as it's not nice to consider that I may have been responsible for such carnage, I can also recognise that is not the person I am in this life and as he said I know I have the perfect tool to heal these events which helped.

I considered if I was bombing Bombay Harbour, then where was I from, assuming I wasn't doing this to my own country, the answer was Jerusalem. I didn't have any time to do any Matrix Reimprinting at that moment because we were going into the next element, I would look into this further later. As I left the auditorium, the few people had dispersed and there was just one lady sitting on the low-level wall outside. I recognised she was the lady I had met that morning. I asked her if she had just been to the meditation that just happened, however she hadn't, she was waiting for the next one to start. So, there I was, shown that I was a person in another lifetime at the helm of a sailing ship in Bombay, originating from Jerusalem and the only person outside that I could see was the lady also from Jerusalem now living in India. The sign and confirmation were undeniable. I started to put all the pieces together. Anu and her husband had taken me to the Bay on 2 different occasions telling me about the bombing of the Hotel Mumbai. When I heard Mumbai was originally Bombay, the latter is what felt more correct, even though I had never been here before, in theory. The feeling of being pushed just as Osho spoke about past lives, the chewing gum incident, all indicate that Osho was trying to give me messages. Once I left India there were more to come which I will soon share.

That afternoon, during one of the meditations I returned once again to the auditorium, this time intent on making right the past with some healing work. It seemed the right place to do it rather than in my room, so I revisited the memory, did some work on myself at that time, questioning why he would want to cause this damage. He decided that it was not required and so we reversed the event where

no damage was done, which for that memory, would remove any negative karma for 'our' future lives, although we are one soul having these various experiences.

About 4 months after my trip to India, myself and daughter were on our way from Australia to Thailand to meet family for our annual get together. As we made it through to the duty free at Melbourne Airport, my daughter asked me if I had seen the movie "Hotel Mumbai" as it was really good. I was not aware there was a movie about the fairly recent bombings in Mumbai that I had heard about whilst there. What happened next blew me away. My daughter headed over to the gin section and picked up a bottle of 'Bombay Gin' to buy. I can guarantee you; she was not aware that Mumbai was originally Bombay, nor was she aware of my experiences at OSHO International!

Another experience I had after the India trip, was when I was teaching in Sydney. After a meeting I came out of the building needing a taxi to get to the airport. Normally I would order an Uber, but it seemed expensive. There was a long line of the taxis called 13Cabs, so I went to the first one and asked how much to the airport and it turned out to be cheaper. Hopping in, I was aware the driver was India, so we started to chat and I shared I had been there teaching and also to OSHO International. Well, it turns out he knew all about OSHO the guru. He went on to tell me a well-known story about a lady who had been to Osho when he was alive, asking to have a past life regression done. He had refused saying she wasn't ready. Apparently, she kept asking him until he gave in and from what the driver told me she was not ready for it as OSHO had predicted. Hearing this at the time, I was not aware I would be writing this book. This book has come about from my own experiences of hearing peoples' stories of not having appropriate healing work done during a regression. It's only as I have been writing this that it is occurring to me that this is also what OSHO was requesting and for the very same reason. I have no doubt now, that he was and continues to be around me, helping and encouraging me to get this written. 13Cabs has the number 13 yet again and now only 4 days away from the 31st anniversary of his passing.

I feel very thankful to Anu for allowing me to have the experience I had in India. Every time I see the vibrant shawls, that I use in many ways, I remember the trip and everything from visiting the Foundation and the children there, driving through the streets of Mumbai (how her chauffeur drove so many hours without getting so much as a scratch on the car is amazing) and of course OSHO International where it appears, I met the man himself, even if just in spirit.