

~8th June 1998~

No Salumet this week as Eileen was away, but there were interesting communicators through Sue:

With your permission, I would like to speak to you and give you a little light relief this time and perhaps give another small insight, into what you will be seeing in time to come, when you join our realms.

Les: Yes that would be very interesting, thank you.

Can I ask please, that all the friends here, try to clear a space in their higgledy-piggledy minds, and listen and try to picture what is being relayed to them. I will wait a moment and then I shall take you on a little journey:

(The audio link for this and many other meditative journeys is freely available from the meditation section of the website

www.salumetandfriends.org)

In this world that you inhabit, you have what you term, your four seasons. Although we do not have seasons as you would imagine, there are changes occurring through our time-span also. I would like you please, to picture in your mind's eye, a door. This door is white, but not the white that you know of here. I can only ask you to think of it as the white that you see, on a snowy day in your realms, when snow has ceased, and the sky breaks and a sunbeam comes down and lights upon the fallen snow. Imagine the brilliance and the sparkle from those ice crystals and try to put it upon the door I am asking you to view. There is a handle, a beautiful golden handle on this door and I ask you to reach out and turn it and gently push the door and let it swing open. This vista you will see before you, is what you would call winter. In your winter, you have bare twigs, you have dark clouds amassing in your sky and you have rain. None of these things are wrong, it is just the season and what is expected, but in our realms it is not quite so sinister. Ahead of you is a beautiful tree; look up from the bottom bark, let your eyes lift. The boughs sweep out either side, like a magnificent cloak and the bottom branches are touching the ground. It is winter, but look at the leaves, see how they sparkle with the dew; look at the brilliance, though they are not green as you would expect in springtime,

neither are they the mottled oranges and brown of the autumn, no. Look again, see how they shine — clear transparent. Each one is like a miniature mirror, go up to the nearest bough and look into those leaves and you will see your reflection a thousand fold. Gently rub your hands over those leaves and listen to the wonderful music that that creates. FEEL the soft dew upon your fingertips and BELIEVE that that is the tree of our winter. Now return slowly to the door and gently close it behind you.

Now we move to the next door, for the season of spring. This door I would ask you to see, as a shimmering silver green; a new colour which denotes a new growth — touch the handle, push the door wide. In front to you now, are much smaller trees. Look at them, look upon their branches and see the buds. Now, carefully watch, as each bud opens slowly before your eyes. See how it shimmers with the colour of the door. See how each leaf unfurls and grows and offers a promise of things to come. Look, look up and see the new butterflies as they rest upon the new leaves, their colours more vibrant, more shimmering than the best and softest gossamer. Listen, as they beat their wings, listen to the music of spring. This is the season of rejuvenation and those that wish it feel reborn, as they watch the tree give birth to new life. Walk back slowly now and close that door behind you.

The next door is for the summer time, a time of warmth, a time of laughter. This door I would like you to see, as a bright golden yellow. Feel the warmth coming from it, as if it was the rays of the sun. Once again push open the door. Before you once again is the most magnificent carpet of flowers. See how the gentle breeze moves their petals, so the colours intermingle and become a shimmering light. What colours do you see? Every colour of the rainbow and every colour that you have yet to see — colours that you cannot identify, but will in time to come. Listen as the petals stroke by one another, listen to the music of the summer time and feel glad. There will be no need for you to pick these flowers; that is not the purpose of their growth. Stand a while and breathe in their perfume; it is as you have never smelt anything before. It will release in you all, the joy for living. Slowly say farewell to the summer time and close the door.

And now the final door — this door is more than one colour. See how many you can see mingling on its surface — golds and copper, browns, greens and reds. Open this door and what is before you? Look, look as a carpet of leaves unfurls before you. Raise your eyes and see how they come down, gently coming down, swaying and touching and apart and touching, until they reach the earth's surface. Listen to the murmuring of them, as they come down. Look through them and you see another tree. But look, not one leaf has dropped from its boughs, not one. It is still as vibrant, as it ever was, but more muted, more gentle, coming to the quiet time, to the quiet time BEFORE the winter comes. Put your hands down and lift the leaves and let them fall in front of your face. Smell their perfume, so different to those of the flowers, but no less beautiful for that. And now stand back; move your eyes from right to left and what do you see? All four of the seasons, all mingling together, becoming as ONE. And rejoice in the knowledge that you will be surrounded by all of these senses. Listen to the music of the trees, smell the perfume of the flowers, listen to the murmurings of the leaves, as they fall and rejoice, for this is the Spirit of Life.

Les: Thank you very much for those descriptions. There was then some discussion about how in spirit realm all these seasons can be produced with the power of thought. We then thanked our guest and said our farewells.

A young child then popped in briefly through Sue for a light-hearted chat before we closed.