

Greetings from Angela

I went to India in December 2002 and spent Christmas visiting The Taj Mahal alone. A real orphan Christmas for me as I didn't see a soul I knew all day. I stopped somewhere and had a bite to eat for lunch while my driver waited for me(I hired a black taxi looking vehicle to take me to the Taj from NewDelhi. He told me not to eat the hot meal I had ordered; that it would upset my stomach. But me - being the type who likes to challenge those things - ignored his warning and ate it anyway.

By late afternoon I began to feel very sick in the stomach and when we arrived at my next destination I had to check in and go to bed and have no CHRISTMAS dinner. I drank about 150mls of colloidal silver and passed out for the night.

By the next morning I was feeling a whole lot better thanks to the miracle work of the wonderful colloidal silver. I would never travel anywhere without it. It kills off all the bacteria in your system; both good and bad, so I ate lots of natural yoghurt the next morning to replace the acidophillis etc.

After this intro to India I went back to New Delhi and flew to Lucknow and another town, the name of which I don't remember. I headed east to Muzaffarpur where I was greeted by friends of Didi Hitasanae. I met Didi Hitasanae in my home town of Maleny, Queensland. She is now living in the US. I was taken to their home where I stayed 2 nights and met the entire family. They were preparing to go to a big gathering in Pundag, in the state of Bihar. I was to travel with them on the train and meet up with my friend from Maleny who was to join up with us in Pundag. She was arriving from the U.S.

There was a lot of political unrest in Bihar at the time I was there. It had something to do with westerners not being allowed into Pundag on the train. So it was decided that we would hire a four wheel drive and I would travel with the family through the check point. I was disguised in the back as an Indian woman. I was squashed into the back seat with about four others including 5 year old Prakash's elderlygrandmother, mother, uncle and auntie. The other uncle and Prakesh were in the front with Prakesh's father who was driving. They covered me up with a shawl next to grandmother with a shawl over her head too. They told the police officer that we were asleep when he looked in the back seat. It was quite a hairy moment when we stopped to get through the check point. I will never forget the relief we all felt to get past this point and into the huge area of land where this Margie gathering was to be held. It would be a bit like driving through a communist area to get to the Dali Lama and a freedom for all Spirits to be without judgement etc.

More later, it's not really relevant is it? Well its interesting for me to reflect on all this lead up to meeting these two girls who now call me maa.

Love, Angela