



AUGUST 2009 Journal

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Michael and Emily playing in the coffee

*Black gold in my cup ...
Give me coffee.....*

Sting Well its 9pm on the 12th August and what I day I've had. Last night around 9pm while sitting at the table talking the bug that had been flying around in the overhead dining room light landed on my head. I just thought it was a fly so brushed it out of my hair. WHAM, I was stung and F(*^K did it hurt! The insect landed on the floor and I began to dance around the room, heading towards the bathroom to find the twisters to get Pierre to pull out the green barb it had left in my right index finger.

I then instructed Emily where the anti histamine creams where while continuing to refrain from screaming while continuing to dance around the room holding my finger. I applied the creams and some other home remedies. After a few hours (and pain killers) the pain had eased enough so I could go to bed. I asked Pierre what the insect looked like he said it was a bee as it was black and yellow and small. I didn't get to see it as it was in the bin by the time I immersed from the dance of the sting.

During the night the finger swelled and throbbed and my lymph node in my right arm pit swelled up and became very painful. So this morning after food I swallowed an anti histamine tablet something I reserve for sever stings. The finger was red and so swollen it felt like the skin was going to burst. I kept applying the creams. Around mid morning after walking down the hill and picking Emily up and walking back up the hill (my finger growing worse with movement) I started to not feel very well. I iced the finger and continued with the creams. Normally by now the anti histamine tablet and creams would have reduced the swelling to nothing and all would be good. But today was not the case. I started to feel sicker and sicker. The room started to spin, pain started in my right side of my neck. I cleaned the finger and got puss out of the sting site. I got onto an online health website forum and put my injury out there. A nice forum user replied who appeared to know what they were talking about in the way the described my injury, purple appearing on the skin around the sting site for example. At this point more puss (orange) was starting to come out of the sting sight. Since I was home with Emily alone and Pierre was an hour away I decided to heed the advice from Wolf on the internet while I was still conscious and able to move and go to the hospital. You don't want to leave something that could become an emergency here you need to be proactive while you are able to as there is a lot of logistics to organize.

First up here is; you don't ring an ambulance as one probably won't come and if it is dispatched probably won't find your house given there are no street names on most of the roads. Next up since my Spanish is poor I needed a translator. So I rung Jose and couldn't get hold of him. So I rang Natalie who was available to help me. Next was to leave a

message on Pierre's Cell and get Emily and me ready to go. I looked in the mirror on the way out the door and my face was a chalky white color.

Emily and me walked down a little lane to the main road and rung the taxi from there as giving directions to our house on our lane in Spanish is not something I can do when I intact let alone feeling sick.

By now I was feeling wobbly. My temperature was on its way up. I figured I was going into delayed anaphylactic shock to some degree. We got in the taxi and went via the village to pick up Natalie. When I got out of the taxi to give my cell to Natalie so Pierre could talk to her I could hardly stand and I was starting to shake. Pierre was with locals who he described the insect that stung me to and turned out it is a very aggressive wasp here that even the locals have bad reactions to when they are stung. So off to the hospital we went.

We waited all of 5 minutes and were seen directly by the doctor. He instantly confirmed I'd been bitten by this wasp (chulapo) the locals said and I was going into a delayed shock. My blood pressure was still normal but my temperature was up to 38. By now the room was spinning I was feeling nauseated and really unable to stand. The pain in my neck was now across my entire neck and going up the right side towards my face. My neck started to feel 'swollen'.

So the treatment and only treatment for this wasp sting is 21 days of penicillin and anti inflammatory. You know me I hate taking drugs but I also say there is a place and time for modern medicine and today I felt it was that time, anaphylactic shock is not something to mess around with. So I knew I was in for an injection into the butt muscle and then I thought tablets for the next 20 days. How wrong I was. I got my injection but the full 21 days worth of penicillin in one shot. F*^K F%\$#K F&^%K did it hurt. That needle was long and she put it all the way into my butt muscle and there were a lot of drugs in her syringe. Did I scream, by cricky I did. I tried not to but the injection went on for so long that I just had to scream. I started screaming for her to stop in Spanish PARE! She was relentless and didn't stop till it was all in. And I'm taking the anti inflammatory.

Emily was laughing her head off at me! She thought it was very funny. Natalie filmed my visit for Vilcabamba TV but she didn't film me screaming, well I think she didn't. Yes, she did.

So an hour later, back at home and my symptoms of shock have subsided. The finger hasn't improved one bit. It is still so swollen that all lines around the knuckle joints have gone. The doc said it would take 6 days before my finger gets better. The penicillin only deals with the bacteria that the venom in my system is creating. So tonight I'm going to start MMS which will work with neutralizing the venom itself in my system.

Anaphylactic shock is very scary. It comes on very fast. As I've said on the seek Vilcabamba guide if you get stung here and it starts to turn nasty don't muck around go to the hospital. I do heed my own advice, at least this time ☺

Friday 14th and sting update. By Thursday afternoon it was taking more than my will power to stop scratching my finger and palm of my right had. If you scratch a sting it spreads. I needed an act of god to stop the scratching. The swelling and redness were spreading into the palm. Thursday evening Pierre came home with some tobacco leaves and methanol cream. He was worried about me and my sting so went and talked to a very old wise woman he knows who lives in the village next to our land (Sacapo). She said to

put on the menthol all over the finger, wrap it in the fresh tobacco leave, bandage it and leave it on for the night. My act from God had arrived!!!! The itching stopped within ½ hour of applying the compress. I left it on all night and was not bothered by my finger at all that night. I was bothered by other stuff but that is part of my next tale. I checked my finger before going to bed and it was less red.

In the morning when I took the compress off the swelling had gone down somewhat. It took about an hour without the compress before the itching started again and the finger started to turn red. So I applied a new compress and left it on till this afternoon. A point to note is I stopped taking the anti inflammatory tablets today (4 days before I should have according to the dose I've been given). I took the compress off around 3 pm and the finger was a near normal color, the swelling had reduced even further and the itch and redness didn't come back until 9 pm tonight but not as intense. So I've applied a fresh compress again and we will see in the morning.

Sting update 10 days later and the finger still has the sting site which is a black lump and sore and it is still slightly swollen. I know it's swollen as I can't put the ring on the finger yet.

A Journey Early August I had the honor of doing a San Pedro journey with 4 of my friends here in V. The journey was lead and conducted by our mutual friend who is experienced in these matters. If you want to know what San Pedro journey is there is plenty of info on the net. I will not go into any details in writing as I've been given clear instructions from higher entities not too. I am happy to discuss my journey with close friends face to face. What I will say is that for me it was paradigm changing, program de programming, perspective opening, and life changing experience on a very very deep level and on multiple levels. I did not leave the person I arrived as. Since the journey people have commented that I have de-aged and that I've lost weight. As I said it has changed me on many levels. I am still me - I've just awoken a little. 😊

A Visitor They said August this year was predicated to be a month of visitors to Vilcabamba. I kind some people don't want to believe; well now I'm convinced! There is light in the down stairs bedroom a lamp just on the right as you walk in the door. It's got quite a firm switch on the cord to turn it on and off. The bedroom door opens onto the lounge dinner area.

So we are all sitting at the table around 8 pm and there are no lights on in the bedroom when the lamp comes on all by itself. We conclude that it was odd and I got up and turned it off.

The next night we were in the lounge and at 8pm (yes exactly 8pm again) the lamp came on in the bedroom. This time we both paid attention. I went into the room first and was overcome by goose bumps all over my skin and the hair on my body standing on end. Pierre followed me and said 'I've got goose bumps all over me'.

The room was icy cold, freezing. This lasted for me for several hours. I had kundalinie energy going through me and was walking around in circles for while doing my dance. I remember someone telling me they can't come in unless you invite them. So I lay down on the bed and addressed the entity directly. And made it clear it wasn't invited if its intentions were not good and with love and tenderness. The coldness eased shortly after that.

The light didn't go on a third night however the room stayed chilled at night for some nights to come. I smudged the room using a local wood that is used to cleanse houses here and since then the room has been a normal temperature again.

What bothered me on Thursday Night It wasn't my sting and swollen finger. I was restless and couldn't sleep so were the baby chickens we have (3 of them). At night they are in a box in the pantry which is next to my bedroom. Every night they sleep, they are quite until dawn. Not last night they chirped and scratched and pecked and made a ruckus until midnight. Not to mentioned the donkey that was going off its rocker! There was no wind or noise from humans.

I looked out my bedroom window around 11 pm and notice a low flashing sky blue light. Now from my window I can see the lights of the little Pablo (settlement) Cuba just down the road from our house and the lights of cars moving on the roads in the distance. But this blue light had nothing in common with what I normally see from my bedroom window at night. It was moving, but not on a road. I watched it for some time then turned away, I turned my back to the window for a while then was drawn to look out the window again and it had moved some more towards the mountain range we look out onto. Yes, we have a great view where we are at the moment.

I knew at a deep level what I was seeing and it did un-nerve me somewhat. But I got up; I had to see it for sure for myself. I went out onto the bottom deck that faces Mount Mandango and the mountain range. A strange yellowed one eyed animal hissed at me from the bushes on my right several times, as I came onto the deck. I told it to shoe off and it retreated a little but it was still there rustling in the bushes. Yes it had one eye, all I could see was this one bright orange yellow eye with a black slit in its centre (no a circle).

My hair on my body stood on end when it hissed and I shivered all over.

What I must also tell you, is the two dogs I have which normally bark at anything that comes on the property, especially at night, were 2 meters from me at the most and didn't make a sound not even when the yellow eye hissed.

So I looked up at the ridge line towards my left and I saw a sequence of flashing lights sky blue, deep red, yellow, and white. They were close together and followed a regular kind of sequence. The object moved along the ridge line to right very slowly and quite close to the ridge line. It went behind each peak; it followed a dead straight line. As it came directly in front of me I could make out a grey halo outline of an oval of the top of it but not quite the bottom. After a few minutes I'd seen enough for my second encounter and retreated to my bed. Yes, it isn't my first, I saw one, different, but one while on the yacht many decades ago out near Great Barrier (of which I have a photo).

In my bed I could not sleep at the window I would peak. Two light beings stuck their beings around the top left corner of my window very briefly. The house creaked and made lots of noise until 1 am. Given the house is made of sold concrete and aluminum joinery and there was no wind And the chickens were still restless and the donkey was making a racket like there was no tomorrow.

I got up to investigate the source of the sounds..... They stopped when I got up and walked around the house! So around 1 I fell asleep due to exhaustion. And no I hadn't even had a glass of red wine with my dinner.

I'm currently working in the deprogramming of my brain on what we are led to believe about other life by the media and coming to accept my new reality. We are not alone. Other life does exist whether it is in other dimensions or on other worlds. They are here with us now, among us now. Are they good are they bad? Well we are both us humans some of us are good some bad. So at a guess I'd say they are a mixture like us.

There is more to my tale which has led me to my new reality. This is information I will only say verbally to people who are at a level to grasp it. Otherwise it may un-nerve some of you. There are some who read these journals of mine who will have a hard time mentally believing what I have just written so I won't tell you about what I haven't written, not even verbally. What I've written is word for word what I saw.

Was I scared yes, because of my programming and lack of knowledge. Was I un-nerved yes. How am I now 24 hours later? I want to see more! I've become a star gazer. I'm going out to sit on the deck around 10 pm. I want to know more to understand. But I want to ensure I'm here for my daughter at all times. So I tread with caution as it is an unknown, at least for me

Here we are in school our heads been filled of history of wars, of Darwin, of religion. Here we are every day consumed with such trivia. Taxes, worrying if we have indicated to turn left, what to have for dinner, what to buy mum for mother's day, what so and so thinks of us, talking about other people (gossip) etc. When there are multiple dimensions, other worlds other life beyond our vision of sight right there, probably standing right next to you now as you read this this is what I coming to grasp now, how vast the world really is – we are not alone.

P.S. a week on and I still find myself peering out the window late at night towards the mountain range. We've had clouds the last few days\nights so nothing to see at the moment.

Coffee Well the time has come to cash in the coffee crop. So here some photo's that say it all.



Helping to bag the dried coffee



Moving the coffee to the coffee company. Yes every one of those bags in that ute is full of dried coffee.



Counting the money. Given the amount of physical labor that goes into the harvest it isn't great pay. We made sure Manual who did the most got paid above the norm here. Still it was rewarding to see the crop go to good use – ground coffee!

Car Well we have a car a red (**this one's for Phil**) 1977 land cruiser. Yes, you read that right 1977. Not exactly the year I was after. But, it is in exceptional nick for its age. It runs really well, 6 cylinder engine. No fancy gadgets like electronic ignition or electric windows or radio or power steering. What I miss the most is the power steering.

I've driven it. Yes folks I have driven on the other side of the road and survived to tell the story. With Pierre to ensure I stayed on the right and got my turns correctly. Admittedly it was just into the village and back. But like they say the first times the worst. The gear sticks on the right – I keep looking for it with my left hand. The indicators are the wrong way round and I've got to remember to look for traffic coming from the left and to stay on the right. It's like learning how to drive for the first time on the road. I've a lot to think about so I'll stick to going into V from the house and back for now. Driving the car is the easy part. Here you have the added fun that:

Nobody stops at a stop sign (assuming there is one). Everybody drives all over the road no matter which direction they are going in. The road is also the foot path. Double parking is the norm. Donkeys and horses – herds of them - are to be expected. NO body indicates. Brakes lights are not needed. Stopping in the middle of the road with no warning is fine. Road works, landslides, complete disappearance of the road is totally unmarked etc. Randomly honking the horn or been honked at is ok too. So learning how to drive on the right is going to be the easy part. It's **extreme** defensive driving here. Fortunately the roads are so bad that no one can go over 50 ks otherwise you will take your diff out our something. So speed is not the main issue.

I must say the suspension on the car is very good and it's very good to be very high off the road. She can sit 8 + plus dogs. We've had a lot of comments about her. And she not the only vehicle of this year in town however she is in the best nick though. And she's not the oldest vehicle on the road in town either. She's actually in better condition than a lot of newer cars on the road.

So I learnt how to drive in NZ on the left when I was a teenager in a 1970's car and I'm learning how to drive on the right in Ecuador in a 1970's car. See, karma comes around again.





Animal life for this month. Lets talk bats. Pierre took a photo today of bats in an old house. Can't say I'm a big fan of bats. Guess I've watched too many Dracula movies. I've had them fly over my head at night here when I've been outside!

It's hot here in V. This is our friend Aron cooling down in the river as it was REALLY hot today (Sunday 16th). Him and Pierre had been walking and working up on the land today in the blazing sun.



I'm going to catch that trout.



bugger missed it



Owe but that water feels good and cold!



Emily on the horse with our horse friend Wilson (she loves it when he stops in the square and picks her up and takes her for a ride around the square). He is teaching me about horse care here in E and giving us lessons from time to time.

She hangs onto the mane and strokes the horse and smiles from ear to ear. She's very relaxed up there it's just a matter of time before she is riding on her own.

Water Storage When the hair on the back of your neck stands on end or you hear something that 'doesn't sound right here in Ecuador you need to get off your bum and investigate it. This is NOT a country to turn a blind eye to these things. There is NO council, government department, fire department, ambulance department etc to do the job for you. If you choose to live here you have to become awake, aware, and active – to be alive.

Here I was, 2pm, icing the cakes Emily and me had made this morning when I heard a loud crackling noise. If you've ever been around a decent sized bon fire or fire you know that sound I am talking about, the sound of tinder dry branches turning to ash under the heat of blazing flames. It's a sound that should make you jump up and go and investigate it in a bloody hurry especially when it happens at 2pm on a hot, dry summer's day and that's exactly what I did! Only too find an out of control fire 10 meters from my living room window.

I wasn't going near it I've got a kid to think of first above a house and possessions. Also, I'm sorry but I've been living too close to Aussie and heard of one too many people dying in an out of control scrub fire while trying to save their house. Fires can jump large areas and flare up so fast you have nowhere to run. I high tailed it inside, grabbed the laptops, got Emily to put some shoes on, freed the dogs, grabbed the car key ring Pierre at the same time to make sure I had the 'most important stuff' and was high tailing it out of here.

Lucky (for my land lord ☺) my great neighbor John came down (as the fire had jumped onto the road reserve as was heading up hill towards his house) with his worker and a very long hose and starting spraying water on the fire. The worker got a hose from our property and started the doing the same.

They did it, they got it under control. Too close for comfort for me. It's the second time it's happened at this house in 2 months. We all know the saying about 3's, let's just not go there in our train of thought. They say to count your blessings every day well I count my blessing that today was a day when the water was on!!!!!! Many days the council turns the water off, even in the middle of summer. It's happened twice in the last two weeks with no warning. If the fire had been on one of those days..... again let's not go there with our train of thought.

Bloody idiots here. I'm sorry there is no nice way to say this. You do not start a scrub fire in the middle of the day in blazing heat with NO water on the property in the middle of a field of tinder dry 2 meter high grass. We are supposed to be an intelligent species, fire has been with us since the beginning of time, and it's not rocket science. You don't light a fire on days like today, in these conditions. The locals say if a fire gets out of control it's an 'act of god'. You know because the wind changed direction or something. I'm sorry blaming it on God is a pretty lame excuse. I love God, I know a lot about him but it's the stupid human who lights the fire – not God – that is to blame.

So, when building a house here, even if you are on town water, put in a decent sized water storage tank AND always make sure it is full with water AND make sure there is a hose (long good quality one (at least one)) that works connected to it AND make sure that the tank has elevation and pressure. It could save your house let alone your life! And provide you with water to flush the loo and wash the dishes when the council turns off the supply ☺.

Also, be prepared. Know how to get out of the house fast, practice fire drills, Put the key for the car back in its rightful place every time! Know what you need to grab in the event you have to evacuate, make sure the kids know too. This is drummed into us a lot in NZ by Civil Defense and the Government because we live in a high earthquake prone, volcanic country surrounded by water (thus at risk of Tsunami's in the event of an earthquake), covered in scrub etc.

P.S. 2 days later John passed by our house coming up from town carry a new very long hose. He's adding it to his hose collection. Basically here you have to develop your own fire fighting kit.

It's the Little Things in life that count. You will learn this for shore coming to live in a place like V, Ecuador. I LOVE almond butter and in NZ it was easy for me to get it, it cost a lot but I earned the money they enabled me to just go into the natural health food shop and buy it. Not here, nope. Almonds are expensive here like anywhere else except there is not the level of high income and the volume of high income earners required to support the manufacture and sale of such items like Almond Butter – but there is the Internet. And on such net you will find if your care to look the recipe to make Almond Butter. So I looked and I MADE with great SUCCESS my first batch of AB! Owe how you begin to appreciate the luxuries of life here. I was dancing around the kitchen when I saw that dry, almond ball in my blender turn into this lush, moist, brown gold! I eat it every morning counting my blessing, that I have AB, that I am alive and well to enjoy eating my AB.

On the Road AGAIN Yes, folks be aware 'four eye's' 'Maggo' (as I've was called once upon a time) is on the (other side) road again! I went and visited my friend Felicia tonight. She lives about at the most, 2k's from our house. However, walking isn't the nicest of options, in the dark along dark roads at night a solo woman and the taxis don't run after 9.30 ish pm. SO and it's a big SO I took the car. Yes, folks, I drove at dusk by myself on the other side of the road. And if you haven't have guessed it yet I'm very very pleased with myself. Not only did I drive there I drove back (as one would expect) after having a couple of glasses of wine in a 1977 jeep, in the pitch black on dirt roads. And I had a very good evening with Felicia and Pepe and the dogs too by the way.

Must admit on the way home I didn't pass a single car or pedestrian. On the way there I did there were cars, people, and bicycles all over the road. It reminded me of my youth when I first got my license. I used to enjoy driving at night more than in the day. I remember why now, because there is less traffic on the road at night you can concentrate more on your driving and work on your feeling for the car then being taken up by the cars and events\hazards around you like during the day. Sure you have the element of the dark to contend with but that is what head lights were invented for and you have the peace of the night too.

Driving a 1977 4wd requires one to get the feel for the car and to memorize exactly where everything is on the dash board. There are no lights on the knobs lighting them up so when you need the wipers or the chock or some other thing you have to know that the hazard light knob is the forth to the right from the first knob on the top row of knobs. There is no light on the dash to tell you the choke is on, no you have to a) remember you engaged the chock and b) listen to the engine. Thank god I learnt how to drive in old cars it's all coming back to me now!!!!!!!!!

Getting used to turning a car that has very large tires, that's 4wd WITHOUT power steering (owe how I miss PS) I think I've said that before, that's because I miss it. As I said above you get to appreciate the little things in life here, like PS. My friends in NZ sometimes ask me what I miss the most from NZ well they can add PS to the list. And you can add a hand brake in the middle between the seats. I had one car in NZ that had a pull hand brake under the dash and it didn't work so I got used to doing hill starts (1960's Paegot it was). So this is my first car with a hand brake under the dash and guess what I live in the Andes so hill starts are a matter of course. So I've learnt that one. Thank God I've got 20 years of driving under my belt again I can concentrate on understanding the car, feeling her, listening to her etc.

Getting used to a clutch that has some play in it. Gears on the right etc. Fortunately the pedals are in the same order, counting my blessing again. And I owe a big thank you to Bruce (Caty's husband) for giving me a very valuable piece of advice the "driver is always in the middle of the road no matter which side of the road you drive on. Remember that and you can drive on any side of the road in any country". He was right. Tonight when I had turned around and come over the narrow wooden bridge I briefly and I mean briefly found myself on the left and Bruce's words rung out in my head and viola I was on the right again, thanks Bruce. I put myself in the middle of the road and thus was on the right again.

I'm not over confident; driving in day light in traffic is still disturbing but it is just a matter of experience and time. I need to get to a point where I am no longer learning the feel of the car ... need more practice. But I can go out for a drink with a girlfriend at night in the car now, COOL. I'm changing I'm learning more and more about myself little things that take you beyond your once comfort zone, it's empowering, you feel alive. Part of me wants the sanctuary, safety, of the known and part of me wants the adventure and risk of the unknown to see how far I can go. I can see how people get hooked onto extreme events and stuff and visit dangerous places each place has the little bit more risk, boundary challenge. Don't think I'm going to get that extreme but I get to understand what possibly drives them.