

# Discovering Billy the Kid



**...a cropcircle consciousness adventure.**

“We are of the stuff that dreams are made of and our short lives are rounded with a sleep”  
– The Tempest  
William Shakespeare 1564 – 1616

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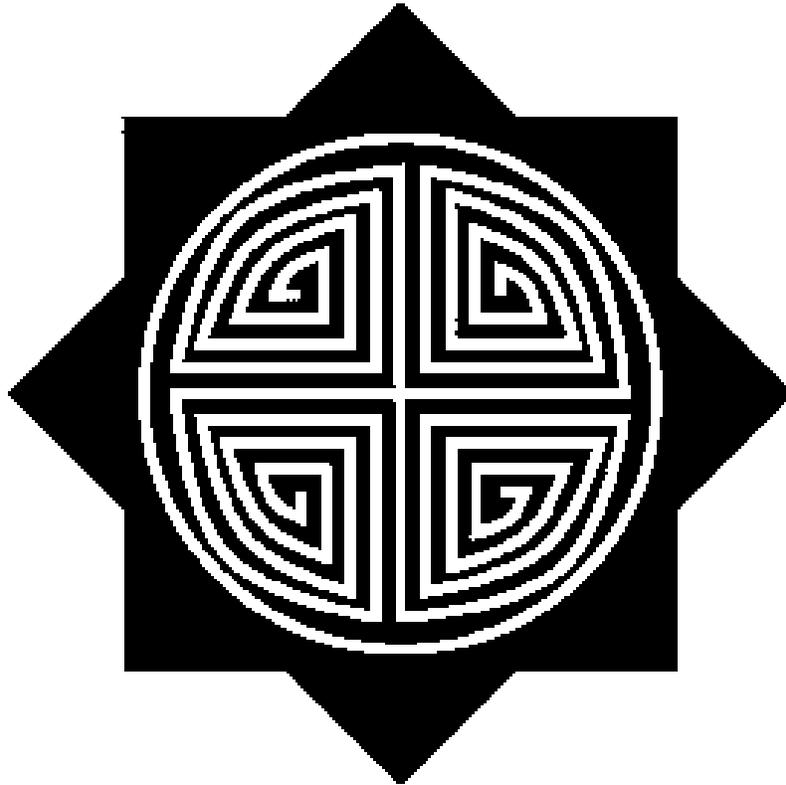
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## **Discovering past lives within the crop circle landscape of Southern England**

This is a story of love, friendship and self discovery set within the mysterious crop circle landscape of Southern England.



## Introduction



In the summer of 2004, I met an earnest young man by the name of David Baxter. I had just finished giving the opening talk at the Glastonbury Symposium and somehow my words had connected directly with David's soul. He was intrigued with my Intelligent Universe lecture that had just that very moment launched my second book *Forbidden Science* into the public arena. He was also looking for some answers to his own personal quest for identity within the physical atomic reality matrix that we inhabit. This had led him on a moment of impulse, at the last minute, to attend the symposium. Previous to this he had only ventured once briefly into the crop circle landscape with his ex-girlfriend. David like many of us had searched many avenues in his quest, he had read countless books, written to many pen friends in America and even travelled to Scotland to stay at the Findhorn centre. His love of Indian philosophy and the works of the Gurus had helped him understand the new quantum mechanical view of the universe in no short measure. For new physics looks very much like old eastern philosophy, perhaps because it is simply a universal truth. Our western arrogance has masked this uncomfortable fact for too long, but that is now rapidly changing as we realise that others simply got there first! Even my own thesis, in some small way, had contributed hopefully to the demise of this unnatural divide between religion, philosophy and science, for I too had been touched by the love and mystery of the enigmatic crop circles in my sojourns.

My mechanistic world view had collapsed and been re-born as my studies collided with the new paradigms being so eloquently displayed in the beautiful pristine fields of southern England. This had led inexorably through a myriad of coincidence that could

not be coincidence, to the discovery and documentation of my own two immediate past lives. David had just witnessed the manifestation of the second live on stage that very morning! I had taken to the stage carrying my Dutch single nasal bar pot helmet and wearing my Baillie kilt, albeit for dramatic effect. It was an overt statement of identity and a display of my Scottish soul memory. The sight of general William Baillie returned had triggered a profound response in David, as he too shared the same common memory of a life in the English Civil War.

We met on the steps of the town hall. David approached me and asked an interesting question about thought forms and past lives within the context of my talk. We then kept meeting in several shops by complete synchronicity, like two magnets drawn together through some mysterious force. Eventually, recognising that universal coincidence was at work, I suggested that we have a pint of ale in the George and Pilgrim across the road and sort out what on earth was going on! His likeable honest nature shone through immediately, he had connected with my subconscious and engendered within me a strong sense of empathy; like two vibrating bells our soul energies resonated in total harmony. He looked every inch a Scotsman, with rugged Celtic features and distinctive hair colouring. In fact he reminded me of my own father, the Scottish connection was therefore instant and overwhelming.

The 17<sup>th</sup> century atmosphere of the public house seemed to suit our discussion down to the ground. Immediately at home in another time and place, I ordered two pints and we sat down to talk earnestly. The black oak carved pews and leaden window lights transported us effortlessly back some 400 years in the blinking of an eye.

I quickly learned that David was a Baxter of Scottish descent, but like me he had been born south of the border in England. He in Gloucester and myself in Kent, very Shakespearean I mused! My own wife Pauline was born in Gloucester and had lived not far from David which was another strange coincidence. That made me empathise even more as I listened to his philosophy on consciousness, life death and everything delivered with that distinctive familiar accent. Using my technique of intuitive questioning I quickly found the common link that had drawn us together. It was as I had initially surmised the powerful Scottish connection. My subconscious had already deduced this instantly and now my conscious mind was simply playing catch up. For it later transpired that David had the memory of a Scottish soldier, one of *my own* 25 000 Scottish Infantry soldiers from the English Civil war, yet it was shaded with complex overtones of an Indian past life, a Native American past life and most overtly of all the past life of a cowboy. This last soul memory shone through like veritable beacon in his walk, mannerisms and mode of speech. Again this common shared American memory resonated perfectly with my own, for I had been a Confederate cavalryman in the 5<sup>th</sup> Georgia Volunteer Regiment and had worked on the railroads for a large part of that life. The bonding was complete, yet at the time my conscious mind knew not why.

As the reader can deduce we were not engaged in your average run of the mill conversation between total strangers! After an hour or so we duly exchanged addresses and went our separate ways, even though over the next 3 days our paths continued to

cross several times as if to reinforce the importance of this relationship connection. As with all networking events a myriad of connections are made, some ephemeral, some of passing mutual interest and some much deeper and long lasting but all in some way change one for the better as we journey through this physical life.

The universe appears to run entirely on universal unconditional love and the relationships between souls seem to be its main priority. In all of my work this seems to be the overriding precept with no exceptions. All of us sow many relationship seeds as we walk the surface of this beautiful planet but very few are lasting and bear fruit. This however was to be a life changing event for David and I was fortunate enough to be there for the ride.

Dr Ian C Baillie, August 2008.

## Chapter One

### Cosmic Dancing



After David initially made contact with me in the summer of 2004 we kept in contact. This is very much a two way process as you both must want to do that. It can't be as a small school boy with a crush on a desirable girl, who ultimately proves to be totally uninterested. We've all been there, done that and got the T shirt! Any lasting relationship has to be honest, open and mutual between friends or partners if it is to flourish.

At a subconscious level our fates seemed somehow entwined and empowered by the crop circle mystery. I had been researching actively for 11 years and passively some 16 years, so I had some experience on my side. David was hungry for knowledge tempered by wisdom, as for him, like me it is the only currency we value. Neither of us being at all interested in the material profit based society we find ourselves in at this present juncture. A fellowship was therefore forged along similar common values and I invited David to join me in a crop circle adventure that summer. Little did I know at the time how life changing this experience would be? The temporal focus of our adventure would coincide with the first ever annual Devizes - *Summer Crop Circle Lectures* hosted by my long term friends Karen Alexander nee Douglas, Steve Alexander and the venerable *Lord of the Rings* Michael Glickman. I was extremely keen to support them in their new venture

and so persuaded David to come along to the inaugural meeting at Devizes Town Hall that July 31. August 1.

Duly we arranged to meet at the Barge Inn, my traditional haunt, at 11am on Friday July 30, 2005. I left home at 4:30 am and drove straight to Stonehenge a distance of exactly 150 miles from my house. It was a tradition that I had maintained since first tramping the wilds of Wiltshire, expressly in remembrance of our past heritage and my own small part in building stone circles some 4000 years ago. The timeless landscape that encompasses the crop circle experience is what I love best about the phenomenon. The land is us and we are the land; we are all children of Gaia and in truth own nothing. Aborigines know this truth and I had long since adopted their traditional walk-about technique when visiting crop circle country. The first thing in the bin is the wrist watch! No time only space and consciousness. It is that freedom of interaction with other like minded souls that truly makes the whole journey worthwhile. Petty feuds and political divisions within the *croppie* community are all a nonsense compared with the majesty of the message of the circles. Love the universe - love one another, that's it, many researchers and certainly hoaxers seem to have lost that message along the way. The cosmic mirror of the circles magnifies ones own emotion for better or worse.

I arrived at 7:30am in my black SAAB spaceship, space had been shifted effortlessly and now I sat on the old track north west of our best loved ancient monument after Avebury, and Silbury Hill. Notice I have shifted to the feminine in my list, for Stonehenge is overwhelmingly masculine in energy and as a true Celt I put the feminine first! Breakfast was duly consumed as I contemplated the adventure to come. I had brought along my Scottish bonnet with Baillie clan badge as I was still very much in the midst of my Covenant General book project documenting my second past life. I was beginning to see the multidimensional nature of our existence as with the discovery of the synchronicity of events, times and places, I had mapped out my two previous physical journeys on this planet. The previous year after Glastonbury I had embraced my own negativity and bought into the picture as advised by Dr Christine Page in her brilliant lecture. This had unlocked all my previous 9 memories and I now had a complete road map to my own self aware consciousness programme. With all that in mind I photographed the beautiful thistles that grew by the fence guarding the shrine that is Stonehenge. Fascinated by the association of such a Scottish symbol within the English landscape I picked one and attached it to my clan badge.

Time to move on and I left at 9am for the Upavon road and the waiting Barge Inn. Many memories of the happy times I had driven the same route with my young daughter came flooding back. Even the tanks crossing the road reminded me of my time working for the forces in Germany, in what seemed another life, but in reality was only 20 years previous. I duly turned off at the Woodbridge Inn roundabout as I had done without think in 1994 on my first trip and headed for Honeystreet.

Arriving at the Barge Inn I drove in to my old site half way along on the canal side of the field. I hastily threw all my camping gear onto the floor and began to assemble my trusty tent. I had how ever forgotten one thing – the tent poles! Several expletives later and

after much self admonishment, I walked the tow path in search of suitable replacements. Using my Swiss army knife saw to cut branches I stopped mid cut! What was I doing? No way was this going to work as the igloo tent requires very flexible glass fibre poles to be of service. This is ridiculous I thought I'm 51 for goodness sake time to go get another tent! The poles were broken and lashed together anyway. Sheepishly I returned to the packed camp site and stowed my kit back in to the SAAB. The assembled multitude were quite amused at this performance art routine and so I drove ignominiously off of the site into the car park. What to do? Still an hour before David is due to arrive, I thought to myself, best pop into Marlborough and find a camping shop. There I received a salutary lesson in pre-destiny as I hurriedly searched in vain for a tent. One of my early lessons in crop circles was that you just can't do everything yourself! It is very much a communal activity and we all have a part to play in each others happiness and spiritual progress. Having found absolutely nothing I decided to return forthwith for my rendezvous with David as the appointed hour approached.

Within 2 minutes of my arrival back at the Barge David appeared and what an entrance he made. In chugged a black 48 year old Morris Minor and out leapt a smiling David bouncing with energy.

"Wow that thing should be in a museum!" I exclaimed.

"No Tax Dad!!!" was David's spontaneous reply, delivered with a cheeky anti-Roman establishment grin. "It's my Celtic chariot, Dad"

I laughed at his delightful sense of humour that appealed to my own *Up the Romans* sentiments. I had once been a Celt and a member of Boudicca's Iceni tribe/people. My memory is of being captured at the age of 5 after the final battle and marched to Rome where I was sold as a slave. Upon reaching 18, I was sold to the circus and trained as a *retiarius* with trident and net. I still had bullying and large football type crowds even now, so David's comments hit the mark spot on.

This guy is OK; I thought and then moved on to explain my dilemma with the tent poles, all with good grace and a sense of humour. Also the Barge is heaving; I explained and suggested we try the Bell Caravan Park at Lydeaway, near Devizes. This had been recommended to me by my two good croppie friends Melanie and Tibor, who intended to stay there during the conference. I was reluctant to leave the Barge as it held so many good memories but both David and I thought we should give it a go. David had no memories to be sentimental about and so was quite happy to try the new location.

Decision made I rang the telephone number Melanie had given me and spoke to Alan, the proprietor, at the Bell. Finding that there was *room at the inn* I set off with David following. This is an excellent example of how one cannot work alone in this physical atomic matrix and that our fates are all universally woven together. One just has to learn how to swim intuitively with the flow of events. Green light, green light, green light equals I must be doing something right! Red light, red light, red light means give up life's too short!!! The circles had taught me that in no short measure, learn to let go and trust your intuition. This was a big paradigm shift for a mechanistic predominantly left brained scientist to make. The break point came in 1996 when I flew over the Triple Julia set formation on Windmill Hill. After that I just gave up on all my measuring of

cornstalks and looking for magical bent nodes! To heck with it this was something far more miraculous and wonderful than was all trivia!!!

I then let my intuitive and creative side out of the box. What a revelation, with the help of the circles this act would lead to the discovery of my previous physical self in the American Civil War. The finding of the photograph of Alexander Baillie Kell – (Baillie) led to the painting of over 40 pictures from memory all subsequently discovered to be accurate and the reuniting with a lost fiancée Mary Sullivan, now my good friend Rose Mary O’Sullivan (Rosie). The paradigm shift had been complete and I now lived in a far more colourful and interesting universe of multi dimensional relationships spanning centuries of physical time.

Everything felt right with David. We hit it off from the word go, especially as he produced a French 1998 rugby beret in response to my Scottish army one! Now that was a special moment. For his subconscious had given my subconscious a visible sign that we shared a common past. We had common history it was just a case of unfolding it for inspection. My good long term school friend Robert Habbick who has the memory of my old 2i/c major general Sir James Lumsden always wears a French beret. I realised a while back that this was a present day substitute for the blue Scottish bonnets we both once wore. I therefore recognised the same link with David instantly.

In the same way we unfolded our camping gear and David set about erecting his tent. I sat contemplating and then finally suggested that I would have to find a tent! I laughed with him about the lost poles and he replied that we would need some curry and supplies. He had a penchant for curry which I noted as being very pronounced. I had learnt that small details like these indicate peoples’ past lives and act as sign posts as many of their tastes and preferences are predetermined. I drove to Devizes with David and everything just seemed to click effortlessly. Miraculously I found a parking place in the high street, effortlessly found Millets the camping shop and effortlessly chose a tent which was called appropriately – Kent!

“That’s a sure sign David,” I said smiling, “ I’m from Kent and you’re from Gloucester – meant to be, you’ve just got to read the signs!”

David was heavily into the mysteries of the Indian sub-continent and duly reinforced my observation with an extremely profound philosophical comment on the nature of intuition and the universe. Impressive, I thought, there’s a lot more to this guy than meets the eye. With the purchase in the bag we went off to Iceland to stock up on some frozen curries! David informed me that he like cowboy food and curries! Well I can’t argue with that as I will eat just about anything, and he certainly seemed to know what he was doing.

I like prawns which is a good indicator of being a dolphin way back. I mean not just like, but that I will always compulsively chose prawns or fish over anything else on offer. David however prefers chicken or beef which matches a wolf memory in his case. It’s interesting to note that the Native American tribes on the north west seaboard around Seattle allow boys to join animal clans and that they can freely choose according to how they feel. The association with animals has a history of being banned in this country by

the early Christian church as they feared a reversion back to animal spirits from the human. The pagan rites that included dressing up in animal skins were expressly forbidden and so the practice died out. For me consciousness has to come from somewhere and probably has to evolve, so I can readily accept the concept that higher animals become human souls as a natural process. . The division really seems to be one of becoming self aware as opposed to having a group spirit or awareness. Certainly my dolphin memory is very clearly defined and I know have complete awareness of my many physical journeys on this planet. Things do get a tad more complex when one becomes a human though, especially in the relationship department – far more complex!!!

I also like seafood last life around in the ACW as it is mentioned in several letters that I wrote! My tastes don't change!!!

We effortlessly returned to camp and I set about working out how to pitch my new tent. I dubbed it Darth Vader's helmet! It was inspired by its very futuristic design, black colour and flashy red bits. Quite a tarty little number but hey – what fun! Triumphantly I stuck the Scottish flag in the ground upon my successful erection! =:-D It was a statement of heritage and Celtic tribal belonging. David was suitably impressed and humoured me. We then settled down to a nice cup of tea and a chat, which always tastes better out of doors and in big tin mugs. I quickly discovered that David had the memory of one of my soldiers from the 1650. He told me of his fear of being locked in churches and how he was very good at escaping due to it. He had had a particularly nasty childhood experience when at 10 an absent minded scout master had locked him in a local church after a visit. His experience had cause a stammer which took many years to cure. With most people the reaction probably would not have been so extreme but with David it had triggered a particularly nasty subconscious memory and brought it screaming to the surface.

I knew instantly the connection and that this was due to his being a prisoner of war after the Battle of Dunbar September 3, 1650. The 5000 Scottish soldiers that were captured were force marched to Durham and imprisoned in the Cathedral for 6 weeks. Over half died through wounds, lack of care and lack of food. The survivors were then transported as slaves to the plantations in the West Indies and mainland America, particularly the colonies of South Carolina and Virginia. I then deduced the karmic connection between us; I had been responsible for Cromwell's victory by supplying him with the vital information needed to defeat my own former Scottish army. I had surrendered in 1648 at the close of the second Civil War and had volunteered to be an Ironside in Cromwell's army. In fact we became good friends, which is why I still like him to this day and why I am a republican and not a royalist. I had been directly responsible for David's experience. He was the embodiment of the human cost that my decisions had created. Further more we had met the previous year at precisely the same time synchronicity wise with my physical age, as the point leading up to the battle; I was 50 in 2004 just as William Baillie was 50 in 1650. I should have been his general and we should have won!

Wow! Karmic debt pay back big time, I thought. The universe has a way of making you face up to your responsibilities. Now all I have to do is to pay back that debt somehow?

I also noticed that David was very cowboy like in all that he did around the camp, his walk his mannerisms and his comments were all phrased with reference to cowboys. In fact he reminded me very much of a Dutch cartoon character called Lucky Luke! This was further reinforced by his excellent camping skills and the effortless way he rustled up a cowboy breakfast including the beans! Pork and beans yes siree a sure sign of being a cowboy. He also rolled Golden Virginia tobacco just as my father had it was his favourite brand. My intuition leapt to the obvious and I told him that he was probably transported to a plantation in Virginia after Dunbar. I was spot on as he confirmed that he had many American and Canadian pen friends, especially from the mid west, Arizona and California, also that he was very fond of Afro-American women. He then told me of his memory of being a Native American and then subsequently of being a cowboy in Arizona or New Mexico in the 1870s. Bingo, I thought he is fully aware of this and able to relate some amazing detail, yet he had no idea of who he was?

This was my challenge! This was the way I could in some small measure pay back my karmic debt! With that I pulled out my research folders and books. He had previously read both *Rebel Spirit* and *Forbidden Science* which he had purchased at the symposium in 2004. He was thus well ahead of the game. We shared a common American past life history, which bonded us effortlessly together. I liked this guy very much, I thought, he has a sense of justice, freedom and non-materialism that exactly matches mine.

I then showed David my folder on General William Baillie and the progress I had made in writing and researching since Glastonbury. Flames of recognition glimmered in David's eyes as his past materialised before him. He was particularly drawn towards Amsterdam and in fact had been learning Dutch for several years! Wow! Another major synchronicity as I speak fluent Dutch and the *Schuttersmaaltijd* portrait with William Baillie hangs in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam.

This was becoming an incredible roll of dice sixes were being thrown at every cast. He then told me of his recollection at being cremated on the banks of the Ganges in a life prior to Scotland. This accounted for his obsessive taste in curry and his love of Indian mystics and philosophy. Amidst this astounding conversation the most amazing incident then occurred.

An imposing lady camping with her family in the far corner of the field marched straight across and said, "Excuse me but are you two soldiers?"

"Yes, you could say that in a manner of speaking although not in this lifetime." I replied somewhat stunned by the bolt out of the blue.

"Yes I can see that and he's been a Native American and a Cowboy!" was the instant riposte.

WOW!!! My jaw just dropped off of its hinges! How did she know that? The lady in question was definitely out of earshot to our previous conversation.

As if to answer my non-vocalised question she instantly replied, “I’m psychic. I am very aware of past lives and I was a Knight Templar once!” Looking at her physical build and authoritative stance I had no doubt that she was telling the absolute truth! She also informed me that Boudicca was back and a good friend of hers!

“She’s still a scrapper!” She joyously informed me as she looked directly into my eyes.

Her gaze seemed to penetrate the very depths of my soul. She was reading my mind like an open book. She knew I had been one of Boudicca’s tribal children, then a slave of Rome and finally ended up as a gladiator in the Coliseum. I was but a small child in 61AD when she died, but I still have a vivid memory of her imposing presence.

The lady laughed and continued seamlessly, “I know exactly why you were so impressed, she still has long flaming red hair and a temper to match!”

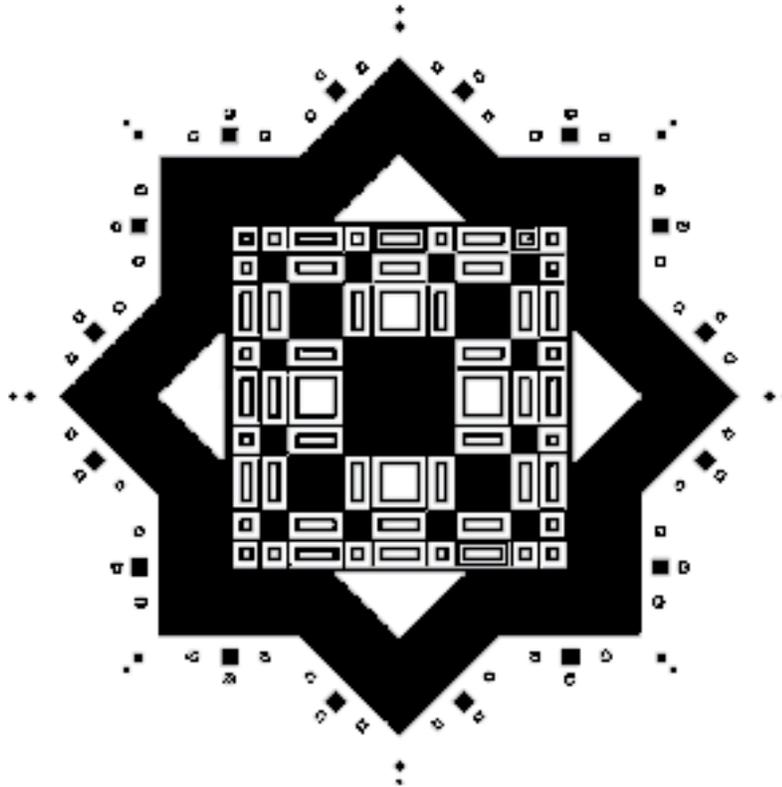
Stunned beyond reason at this incisive display of psychic ability I coyly smiled and replied, “Be sure to give Boudicca my compliments when you next see her!”

With that she smiled, spun on her heels and marched away to her family.

WOW!!! That was definitely not your ordinary introductory conversation! It was devastatingly accurate, I gave no visual clues and as such it was a real paradigm bender for anyone new to the game. David was amazed. I, having been taught well by the crop circles just smiled and then laughed – fantastic, absolutely fan-freaking-tastic! Whoa!!! Reality check please; this is why I love crop circling you simply meet the most amazing people ever.

## Chapter Two

### Isis Faria



Saturday July 31, 2005 dawned and we were greeted by an overcast sky with the possibility of showers. Undeterred I made tea and then David cooked breakfast a la cowboy style after he had surfaced. Chores over and despite the damp drizzle we set off enthusiastically for our annual pilgrimage to the Eastfield, which had been blessed with an amazing *Breath of Allah* formation as I had nicknamed it. As we descended Knap Hill a large party of women could be seen in the formation. Coming to the edge of the field the large party in complete orchestrated synchronicity vacated the sacred space.

“How does it feel?” I said as I smiled to greet them.

“Lovely, really lovely the energies are really nice!” Came the lilting reply from the leading lady.

I detected a slight Germanic accent and guessed that they were indeed a group from Germany. The smiling ladies went their way and David and I walked the tramline to the edge of the formation. I was conscious that this was possibly David’s first time in a crop circle formation and as such I advised him that once you set foot into a crop circle there was no turning back. Reality often changes for the experiencer, paradigms are torn up and frequently it is a life changing experience but always for the better, as I had found.

David was thrilled as he stepped over the threshold and found that he could immediately intuit the high energies involved. We found a small collection of stones given as a gift in

the centre and he immediately completed the cruciform pattern with one of his own; a green Moldavite ET stone from the Czech Republic. I found this very touching and then even more amazingly, he gave me a stone, as he felt I should have a gift for bringing him to this place. The beautiful stone was snowflake obsidian and matched an identical one that I had chosen the year previous at Glastonbury. A beautiful blonde lady there had read my past lives by casting stones and asking me to pick and arrange them in a Tarot like pattern. She was again devastatingly accurate and had asked me to choose two stones at the end of the session. I chose a pink heart shaped piece of Rhodenite and a piece of snowflake obsidian, as it reminded me of whirling galaxies and the deep black of space. I offered her a *Rebel Spirit and Forbidden Science* book in return and bought her dinner. David must have intuitively picked up on my space connection and offered me the stone accordingly. He explained that he had studied gemmology and was conversant with its theory and practice. I now had a triad of 3 stones and I carry them with me to this day in memory of the above events.

David had a spontaneously generous heart and there was much more to him than met the eye; he was a very deep soul.

As I chatted I filled him in on a few crop circle basics that I had learnt from familiarity. The drizzle and wind only served to make the experience more vivid and so suitably charged with energy we adjourned to the Red Lion in Avebury for a drink. The stones seem to charge one with energy and I liked the overwhelming femininity of the circle. It feeds my feminine creativity and fans the flames into a firestorm! I become highly charged, excited and playful. The writing of this book is one such fine example of that very effect! Avebury recharges my soul, which is exactly why it is sited on the crossing point of the major energy lines of Albion in the first place. I can even remember visiting 4000 and 1400 years ago! I explained all of this to David who sucked up the information with delight.

Debs and her bikers then spontaneously appeared who I had met the previous year with my daughter Harriet. David was impressed that I was on first name terms with these *Vikings on Bikes* as he called them. It's all part of the service, I announced as the universe runs on coincidence and Avebury is a major energy point for synchronicity. After a pleasant chat the bikers roared off on their custom *Harleys* and it was time for us to return to the camp, to cook, shower and dress for the inaugural Devizes Crop Circle Conference.

On the way back I discussed with David the whole concept of just letting go – Zen and the art of crop circling. I had just demonstrated to him first hand how to let go and let the circles lead you by the hand. By doing so amazing experiences would ensue and magical coincidences occur. That is the secret I informed him, just let go! I had adopted this aboriginal walk-about technique after 1996. No time exists just allow the flow of coincidence to guide you. Become a child again and play with the circles. Michael Glickman had brilliantly described the architects of these spectacular designs – *The Girls' Upstairs*. Their sense of teasing and fun was overwhelming and all we had to do was play along, open our minds and learn to party!

Fired up and with this element of fun in mind I donned my kilt for the very first Karen and Steve bash at Devizes Town Hall. I wore my kilt as a Celtic mark of respect for Karen and the feminine energies she so wonderfully controls. This was her night and the Scottish army, well its general of infantry would be there to support her.

She is our *Isis Faria* – the Goddess and the lighthouse – the lady with her lamp illuminating the darkness of ignorance that surrounds us. Crop circles were her present tools of choice but she goes way back to medieval alchemy, the oracle of Delphi, Egypt and beyond. She is Liberty standing with her torch of knowledge to guide the lost souls on their journey. That was the reason I had to come to Devizes and I would not be disappointed. Coincidentally I had sat with my subconscious glued to Robert Beauval’s talk about Paris and Luxor, which included evidence for the Isis Faria cult that had arisen in Roman Paris during the 3<sup>rd</sup> century. Many temples and coins bear the enduring image of the lady and the lighthouse. This fitted perfectly with my imagery remembered from the American Civil War. Yet here I was finding out that I was not the originator of this concept. What a surprise that was! I then realised that the Statue of Liberty, a gift from the French people was just a continuation of the Isis Faria cult. It also accounted for Jeanne d’Arc and the imagery of the French revolution, led by the red bonneted very Celtic heroic woman.

Liberty with her torch of knowledge and 7 ray crown of *en-light-enment* stands at the entrance to the New World. The correct title devised by Bartholdi is, *Liberty enlightening the World*. She is the largest such Isis Faria statue ever devised and even more interestingly Bartholdi rejected the warlike images suggested to him in favour of an entirely serene, majestic and peaceful Isis. Despite all the conspiracy theory and such she is still as magnificent and enduring today as when she was erected in 1886.

Karen stood in front of the main doors as we all filed past to enter the hall. She radiated authority and charisma in vast quantities. It was a reborn and very different Karen from the year previous, when I had stumbled over her dejected form in a Glastonbury restaurant the day after the symposium. Petty human politics had dented the confidence of our goddess of the lamp and I was not happy. Nobody messes with my goddess was my natural instinct and so I had worn my kilt for Karen as I had in Glastonbury the year previous. As I filed passed her the gladiator in me rose. Karen remarked on the kilt and I replied, “It’s for you. We are all here for you!” I smiled embraced her and moved on not wishing to disturb her train of thought. She is our Isis Faria and we are her warriors and intellectual battle was about to commence. All the visions of Boudicca, Athena and Isis had come together at the appointed time and place.

David and I sat to the left facing the stage and to the back of the hall. I was impressed at the regal nature of the portraits and trappings on display, quite a venue I thought. Karen Isis did her thing and the celebration of crop circle consciousness got underway. My subconscious attention was however repeatedly diverted several times by the vision of a blonde haired lady sat near the front on the opposite side of the hall. Knowing of my Sallie and the Lighthouse attention deficit disorder I consciously made an effort to

concentrate on the speakers! The speakers were amazing, eloquent and informed as was the audience; it was all going splendidly. The interval came and I went down the stairs to take tea. It was then that a remarkable set of coincidences came to pass.

I left David who was busy networking with the fervour of a child let loose in a chocolate factory for the first time and joined the tea queue. I was immediately behind a very tall imposing lady and her boyfriend, whom I assumed were German by their accent. Fate intervened as we both reached for the same cup of tea. "After you," I said and smiled. The lady in question thanked me with a polite Teutonic accent. "Oh, are you German?" I enquired. "No," the stunning lady replied, "I'm Norwegian."

"Ah how do you pronounce this?" I hurriedly asked ceasing my opportunity and proceeded to write down *Balestrand* on the paper table cloth. This is the name of a small village in Norway where my ancestors came from and it looms large in my Viking memory. She kindly confirmed my pronunciation as correct and became interested as to why I knew of that place. "We are Norwegian Vikings that settled in Flanders and then went to Scotland and then all over the world, particularly America," I answered.

"I like Viking women as they are very strong and independent. Something that western society didn't tolerate until very recently."

"Well I am Ragnhild, I'm recently divorced with 3 children and very independent!" came the determined reply.

"Exactly so!" I agreed wholeheartedly.

"I have always wondered what Scotsmen wear under their kilt?" she continued and smiled.

So with true Scandinavian abruptness and practicality I showed her! I then carried on nonchalantly sipping my tea; for it's no big deal in Scandinavian society.

"I could see the answer to my question," she smiled and we continued our conversation. We were then joined by her boyfriend Terje who Ragnhild formally introduced. I was thrilled at the coincidental meeting as I had been wishing to talk to some Norwegians ever since I had gone skiing in Norway with my daughter and realised that my memory lay there as I had this tremendous sense of being at home. Now I had got my wish for it seems that we draw living answers to ourselves as we cast thought pebbles into the pool of consciousness.

Teatime over I resumed my seat with David and the lectures continued apace. My attention still kept diverting to the stunning blonde haired lady on the other side of the room despite my best intentions at focusing on the speakers. The proceeding drew to a close and I drove back to our campsite with David. We shared a midnight hot drink as we conversed over the day's events. It had been quite a day, but this was nothing compared to the *cavalcade of coincidence* that the crop circles were about to unleash the very next day.

Sunday came and I was up with the lark, the weather was improving and I made an early morning cup of tea. The troops (David) were still asleep and I let them rest while they may as I had a busy day planned. I could intuitively see many connections forming as I mused over the day before. David arose and we got down to the serious business of cooking breakfast with all the fun camaraderie that it entails. I was really enjoying

myself. David was an excellent soldier and great company. We were gelling as a unit and sharing the adventure. I was missing my daughter who once shared such adventures. She had camped with me for 5 years, the highlight of which was the discovery of the Triple Julia set in 1996 and the subsequent microlight flight over it. I had seen my old Swiss circle buddy Werner Anderhub at the conference that very last evening. He and his German friend Ulrich Kox were the first two up on that morning, I was the third. All 3 of us were the first to photograph and video its pristine magnificence that morning. Harriet had asked to return for another adventure in 2004, which was great fun but far too short in duration. We had camped on Knap hill and I had witnessed the double dolphin formation on the day it formed with Karen two weeks previous. I had the thrill of watching it appear a second time from under an ocean of mist in the early morning sunrise. The mist filling Pewsey vale and turning it back into the seascape it once was. Woodborough hill appeared as a tropical island in the distance, I sat alone on Golden Ball Hill as slowly over the period of an hour the mist evaporated and revealed the two swimming dolphins chasing each other around the circle. It was pure magic.

All this was going through my mind as we set off. David was driving in his black chariot today and it was quite a ride – no road tax too – excellent! I was free to direct operations and decided to give him an intimate tour of all the nooks and crannies of the landscape that I knew like the back of my hand. We started traditionally at Avebury ring went down the avenue and over to West Kennet. The marvellous thing about such a timeless landscape is that there are always the stones and barrows, so one can never be disappointed even if no crop circles appear. On reaching the summit between West Kennet and the Lockeridge to Knap Hill road we pulled over at the sign post for West Overton. I wanted to show David the view back to Silbury but there was an unexpected bonus. Someone had hung a delightfully decorated marrow alien figure from the post! It was so well done that I had to take a picture and told David that this was a perfected example of how people/consciousness interacts with the magical landscape. The hanging marrow man/alien was simply brilliant! We are very much interacting participants in a dance through the crop circle landscape and this was one such exquisite example of interaction.

Moving on we toured the familiar fields I knew so well and I related tales of which formation had been in which field as we went. At the end of the circular tour, no new crop circles to be found, we returned and walked up to West Kennet long barrow. This was full of memories for me and I related several strange tales of happenings that I had experienced over the years. Not the least of which was meeting a troop of run-away adolescence in 1995. They were led by a red haired beauty, who was every inch the spitting image of a young Boudicca with long flowing flaming hair, grey piercing eyes and extremely pale milky white skin. She had asked me curtly if I had seen the *horse people*? I thought straight away that they must be hunt saboteurs as such was their warrior like demeanour. I suddenly clicked that she meant the travellers that I had spent some time with on Knap hill the previous night under the full moon. I had wondered what I was doing there, for I was a stable upright father and husband with a mortgage! The bonfires, music and ambience made me realise that these people were much more alive than me so I had joined in and began to open up new pathways of understanding.

“They’re just over that hill!” I said as I suddenly recognised the answer to her question. With that she snapped her fingers, said a polite thank you and smiled the most amazing smile. Then the whole troop some 20 strong turned on her heels and they all set off at a great pace. Whoa!!! That’s impressive she obviously knew how to command people, definitely a past life warrior queen if ever I saw one!

David was fascinated by these tales of interaction within the landscape. I showed him the position of the maze formation from the year previous that I had visited with Harriet, the sun and moon formation and the 33 flame torus in rape seed from 1998. Then it was time for the pub! So back to the Red Lion we went...

Everything then came to us like a giant magnetic attractor! Ragnhild and Terje joined us, “Where’s your kilt?” she asked and winked!

“I don’t want to mess it up before tonight,” I replied, “I’ve got to look good for Karen!” I gave a cheeky grin back and laughed.

I offered Ragn a copy of *Rebel Spirit* and she kindly returned the compliment with a copy of Terje’s latest DVD about crop circles and other dimensions.

The Norwegian coincidence sequence continued unabated as we chatted and got on very well. She was able to answer many of my past life queries about Norway and its people. In giving one receives and as a universal teacher with no agenda of control I freely dispense information that I think may be useful to others. This has many amazing consequences over the years. Enjoying the ambience and the sun at last, David was on his fourth pint of larger, the cavalcade of coincidence continued.

A party of two ladies and a gentleman passed by our table, as if by magic the leading lady said, “I really wish somebody could tell me about the physics behind all of this?”

“Well you’ve come to the right person!” I said as I stood up to shake her hand. The lady in question was quite startled as she had addressed the open question to her male friend at the rear of line. A smiled and began to give a simplified synopsis of how the universe and consciousness worked, as far as I knew. Past lives crept into the conversation and the new physics behind how memory is stored and transferred. Her male companion kept smiling but looked as though he needed to make tracks. They said that they planned to spend some time on Knap Hill before leaving in the early hours to go back home to Hastings. I arranged to meet them at mid-night and give them a copy of *Forbidden Science* as a gift.

All the while my subconscious kept drawing me to her male companion. Mid sentence it prompted my conscious mind to say, “Take for example; are you anything to do with the English Civil War, Sir?”

Her male friend just laughed and made no reply, so I continued with my original conversation. Not prepared to just let this go my subconscious prompted my conscious mind to ask again in mid sentence, “It’s just that I can see you in long bucket topped boots, fencing with a tabard on much like a musketeer!”

“That’s because I look exactly like Cardinal Richelieu! My name is Frank Richley and I am a direct descendent of the cardinal from the banished Huguenot side of the family. How do you do, Sir?”

Bingo! Magic moment time, the woman's jaw dropped as I had been spot on and she had had no knowledge what so ever of Frank's pedigree.

"How do feel about that?" I enquired.

"Well I do like the Civil war as you say. I once had dinner with a French Count in his castle in France for our ancestors had fought together at Agincourt, yet the whole evening I felt so uncomfortable as I feel really English!!!"

"Well that's a classic example, it's the person inside that counts, the body is just like a pair of gloves, a 3D carbon based genetic space suit!"

Bowing low to Monsieur Cardinal I bade him adieu and then they left.

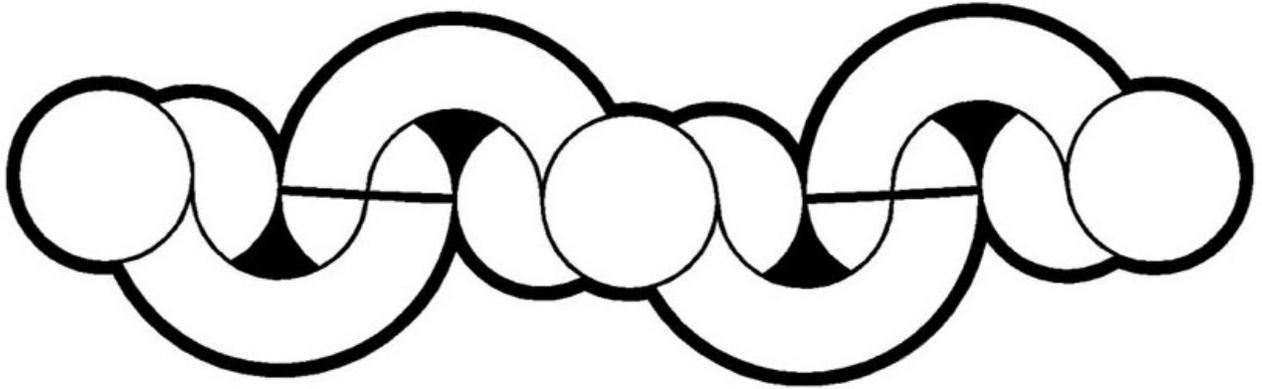
"There you go David, it's not everyday you get to make an appointment to meet Cardinal Richelieu on Knap Hill at midnight!"

"Very good Dad!" David laughed and it was at this point that I noticed for the first time that he kept calling me Dad? For some as yet unexplained reason? At that moment I had no idea that this would be an important indicator as to his most significant past life persona. It would only make complete sense the following year.

As 5pm approached we headed back to the ranch to cook, shower and dress for round 2 of the Karen and Steve show.

## Chapter Three

### Blonde Isis



The whole evening was spectacular, but punctuated by several dazzling examples of coincidence in action. The first incident occurred as we neared time for the conference to kick off. Steve Alexander had just told me that he was originally from Montrose in Scotland which was an amazing coincidence in itself as general William Baillie spent a large amount of time and effort chasing Jamie Graham, the Marquis of Montrose around the highlands. This was however to be the prelude to an even bigger bombshell of a coincidence!

Just before the conference was about to kick off and Karen was asking people to take their seats. I said to David deliberately, "You go on ahead and chose a place to sit in the auditorium and I'll come and join you in a moment."

Five minutes later I ascended the staircase and entered the hall only to find that David had saved me a seat behind the stunning blonde lady that I had admired from afar the previous evening. I must stress that David had had no verbal communication from me at all about the previous evening's subconscious goings on! My subconscious just giggled and did cart wheels at the turn of events. My conscious mind however just resigned itself to the fact of - *oh no here we go again!* I simply said under my breath, "I don't believe it!" To compound matters Ragnhild came over and sat down next to me with Terje; full house! I was carrying some of my books and I gave Ragnhild a copy of *Forbidden Science* to go with the *Rebel Spirit* I had given her at the Red Lion. At this point the stunning blonde lady in front of me turned and simply said, "Nice kilt"

"Thank you. I'm a Baillie, are you Scottish?"

"Yes, my name is Rosie Andersen."

"Ah, Anderson!" I said in recognition, assuming it was the same as Gillian Anderson of X files fame and of course Mr Anderson played by Keanu Reeves in the Matrix movie. That's a good solid Scottish name, I mused.

"No!" came the very firm decisive reply, "Andersen as in the Scandinavian."

"Oh I see." I said hardly believing my ears as the coincidences kept rolling on.

"How did you get that name? Is it a family name?"

"I chose it myself!" came the very self determined reply.

Whoa!!! This was one strong lady I thought.

Rosie also looked very similar in stature and hair colouring to my wife Pauline who has the memory of Sarah Sallie Spalding 1844 – 1916, from Sapelo Island, Georgia – she is my Lady from the Lighthouse. After a moment's hesitation and spurred on by my almost exploding subconscious, I quickly inscribed a copy of *Rebel Spirit* to her.

I wrote; *To Rosie, the Blonde Isis Faria* – as I felt a very powerful, distinctive Egyptian Priestess vibe coming from Rosie, even though she had her back turned to me, the word *Isis* just popped out from my subconscious but it felt so appropriate.

I tapped her gently on the shoulder and said, “I think you might find this story interesting as it shows just how powerful blonde hair can be!” Amazed, Rosie graciously took the book and smiled politely.

It seemed way beyond coincidence that Rosie also had the same name as Rosie Lagrue (nee Rosemary O'Sullivan/Mary Sullivan 1852 – 1873) my immediate past life fiancée who had helped me unlock my memories and write *Rebel Spirit*.

Here was Rosie who looked like Sallie/my wife from the book, my last life and now; yet had my Rosie's name. Surfing the coincidences I hurriedly inscribed this fact inside the front cover of my second book *Forbidden Science – My Rosie would want you to have this!*

Again Rosie Isis graciously accepted my gift with genteel politeness and proceeding got underway.

I was immediately gripped by old friend Allan Brown's talk on the DNA Crooked Soley formation from Hungerford 2002. All through Allan's talk I kept seeing him back in Athens around 500BC expounding similar geometric principles in our near perfect egalitarian democracy. That's why we get on so well, I thought, we come from the same historical past life background! He was what we fought for at Marathon 490BC and Salamis 480BC. He embodied our high culture of learning and boy was he worth fighting for! What a mind he has, so eloquent and cultured. It had all been worth it, we had struggled for our very existence and to preserve knowledge. Classical Greece had been the result of the struggle and our sacrifices were well worth it!

Tea time came and I followed Rosie out through the massive double doors quite by accident. David had gone on ahead with Ragnhild and Terje. I was amazed at how delicate she was, almost exquisitely fragile, yet with such an amazingly tough iron spirit. I didn't wish to disturb her and so merely smiled as I walked passed as she was about to pour a cup of water from the dispenser at the top of the stairs. Two years on when our paths met again, I was to learn that she had just completed walking the Ridgeway and had lost half a stone!

I bought a copy of Allan's book before they sold out and made polite conversation, I was pleased to see David circulating and enjoying the camaraderie of the event but my mind kept drifting back to Rosie. What a magnificent spirit she was, amazing! My subconscious knew that there was as yet some undefined link between us. I resolved to talk to her at the conclusion of the evening's events to investigate the matter.

After the interval my attention averted and gripped by the next speaker Eva Marie Brekkestrø and her talk on Norwegian and Swedish crop circles and ice formations. WOW!!! The third Norwegian coincidence clicked in full blast! Transfixed by Eva's erudite talk and the Norwegian connection with my soul memory, I kept thinking, I must ask her a question. For there was again I felt an association here, something very familiar yet far off and distant in time. That February I had taken my daughter skiing in Norway, to a place called Hemsedal. I had said jokingly, "We're going to find our family roots!" As a pebble of thought cast into the pool of consciousness the ripples I had sent out were attracting answers to me in no small measure, especially this weekend. Some months later whilst journeying through the channel tunnel on an evening trip with Harriet. I had randomly opened the road atlas at a map of Norway and staring me in the face was Balestrand! I knew instantly as my subconscious leapt a mile in the air that I had found where I had once lived around 900AD. For Balestrand literally means Baillie Beach and it was just up the road from Hemsedal! Well what a surprise, as at the time I wondered why my subconscious kept being drawn to beyond the north west mountains of the ski resort with its mysterious road winding across the Lunar *Lord of the Rings* style landscape, because that was the road to Balestrand. My subconscious knew it but my conscious mind didn't at the time. All of this was percolating through my mind as I listened to Eva. I looked at Ragnhild and she smiled back as if she could read my mind. WOW!!! What a weekend this was turning out to be, I would have to tell David all of this when we got back to the ranch after our midnight rendezvous on Knap Hill with Cardinal Richelieu and his two lady friends!

Norway, Norway, Norway, this whole weekend had been a continuous prophetic reply to my earlier questions. The dice roll of coincidence now rose to an unexpected crescendo as I stood up with David to leave my seat. I was determined to catch Rosie before she left although my conscious mind had know idea of what I would say, my subconscious was simply just urging me on as though there was no tomorrow! I was then broadsided mid stride by Eva who grabbed me saying, "Hi you're Ian Baillie aren't you? I really want to talk to you as I found your book really exciting!" WOW!!! I had only hoped to ask Eva a simple question and yet here she was wishing to talk to little old me! Totally amazing I thought, yet in that instant my tenuous connection with Rosie snapped and my subconscious audibly sighed as she was lost from view in the dark matrix of this physical reality.

I could see however that this was Eva's time and so I opened my conscious mind to hers unquestioningly. In the fast fluid time stream our initial contact was cut short. Michael was impatient to get Eva to the speakers' dinner and kept calling for her. I knew we would see each other again so I quickly exchanged e-mail addresses and hurried her on

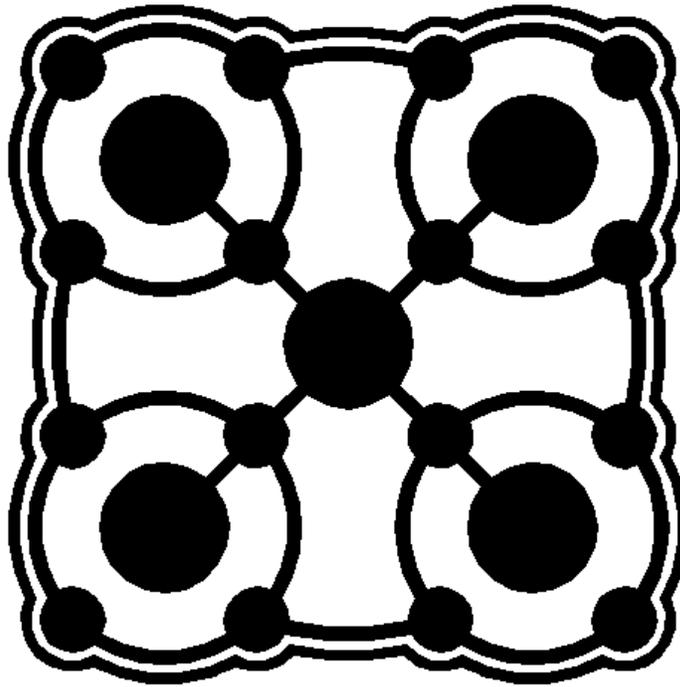
her way. There was something very familiar about her. I felt a real brother sister vibe immediately, it was very distinctive and definitely tangible.

Knocked out by the final coincidence and the speed at which it all took place, I went happily to the exit with David. Rosie had vanished almost magically and so the spell was broken! I felt like I was emerging from one of Mr Shakespeare's marvellous plays with a myriad of sub plots, lost relationships rekindled and a host of other supernatural happenings all sweeping one away before the final curtain falls with a thump. It was time for us to keep our midnight rendezvous and head for Knap Hill.

I drove my SAAB space shifter to the appointed place and leapt out. We had not gone 10 yards before we bumped into Cardinal Frank and his party. I handed the book over as promised and we watched the stars and fields lost in wonder at the magnificence of the universe. I decided to brew up and we were joined in our vigil by a local UFO hunter. This amazing chap was a truck driver by day and a closet UFO buff by night. Our conversation was interspersed by the jolly chap flashing his 3 million candle power torch at various flashing lights in the sky. "Cool, I want one of those torches!" I said as I joined in the general merrymaking by handing hot tea out. At around half one Frank and the girls decided to head home so we all said our goodbyes and went our separate ways. UFO man was next; apparently he had a busy day tomorrow (in a minute!) and had only stopped off on the way home! David and I drove back to the ranch elated. What a magical day it had been and I explained that this was what crop circling was all about, well at least for me. Let the flow of coincidence take you where it may and you might just learn something new? Just like a tiny blonde Alice tumbling down the mysterious dark rabbit hole and with that thought in my mind I said *bon nuit* and hit the sack.

## Chapter Four

### Chill Out Monday



Monday is traditionally chill out day for me after all the intense downloading of information and networking from the conference. I was feeling really charged up, the stones and the energies both beneath my feet and invisibly surrounding us had worked their magic. In fact I was hyper-charged and feeling very dolphin playful!

Upon reaching the Red Lion I was overjoyed to find that the circles had come to us, for the circle makers had blessed the sacred ring with not one but two formations! “You see David we are on a roll. This is precisely how it all works!”

David expounded the metaphysics of it all which dovetailed nicely with my own quantum scientific view. After imbibing a quantity of real ale (larger in David’s case) to buffer the system against paradigm busting reality shocks, we decided to enter the massive 4 symmetry quintuplet formation at the back of the pub. I immediately connected with its design and intuitively understood the significance of its intent with its 19 year Moon cycle theme.

My suspicions were confirmed as I counted 19 hidden circular swirls within the main central circle. Not wishing to be self delusional I asked David if he would check my counting. At this point Allan Brown and Dan Vidler entered the circle and I gave Allan a big hug telling him of my flashback the previous evening. It was all worth it you were worth fighting for all those years ago at Marathon! Allan was somewhat amazed at this outburst of emotion but most gratified and definitely aware of what I was on about. It is a phenomenon of the energies at play at Avebury that emotions and awareness do become

extremely heightened. The effects can be positive or negative depending on the state of mind of the person within the circle.

In 2004 I had danced around the stones in my kilt late one night after visiting the Double Dolphin Golden Ball formation with Karen. In a brilliant display of synchronicity Karen together with three others including Andy Thomas had pulled up in the Knap Hill car park within 2 minutes of me arriving from Glastonbury. "There's a new circle just arrived. We're just on our way to see it!" She said.

I pushed the thistles out of the way for Karen as we descended by using my Barbour as a shield to protect both her and my kilt. Andy took a picture of Karen and me for posterity. On the way out the 20 odd people in the circle were berated by an extremely angry Northern Irish farm manager as he jumped out of his Land rover. Things were getting a little heated and one dear elderly lady for Glastonbury was just about to come to blows with the guy when I suddenly shouted out, "You're Irish! Which part of Ireland do you come from?" Suddenly the man stepped out from behind the mask just as in the *Wizard of Oz* and he became extremely friendly. *He started chatting and saying crop circles were real but he wasn't sure this one was!!!* That was a magic moment and I'm sure the sight of my kilt had done the trick. I must admit that I stole the idea from the *Braveheart* movie where the two clashing sides find that they know each other and decide to join up! What a hoot, but it had worked.

The memory of all that came flooding back as I remembered my candle lit dance around the stones under a rising half Moon. It had started as a joke but soon turned into a full on memory flashback, I had been there before I had done that before some 4000 years ago. Now I was having similar flashbacks whilst in the 19 Moon quintuplet with David, Allan and Dan. I had been a stone circle builder at the *Ring of Brodgar* in Orkney, for whilst there in 1995 I experienced a massive flashback. I had travelled regularly to Avebury for ceremonies and the like during that lifetime. Later my flashback had been confirmed as Brodgar was only one of 4 circles to share the exact same diameter as that of the two inner circles within Avebury ring. I was treading once more familiar paths once trod!

Knowing that Dan liked the intricate detail within the circles, I pointed out my observation and 19 Moon hypotheses, which he duly confirmed as being physically correct. There were definitely 19 hidden swirls within the centre circle and so having scored a home run I just stood with them silently admiring the magnificence of this huge formation.

Just then a group of Germans from a mystery bus tour passed through the formation. I said in German to the very tall willowy and bald leader that he looked every inch an Egyptian High Priest and he replied with a smile that he was well at least some 3000 years ago and he gave me his business card! On the card was printed Egyptian Mystery Tours and the esoteric name of the company he ran!!! I laughed for it seemed that I just couldn't lose at this game of *Guess the Past Life!!!*

All the while David had been chatting to Allan and Dan but it was now time to move off. With that we headed along Green Street as the sun was setting. It was now around 6:30pm and the energy, heat and ambience was really beginning to work its magic. The

formation was the beautiful bracelet and it just reminded me of the bright yellow cornfields of Georgia 140 years ago. I found myself signing Lord of the Dance for sheer joy. Two American ladies asked if they could film me for a documentary and take an interview. I said sure and got it all down on video saying how I felt about the energies and the circles.

It was after this that David made an extremely profound statement, "We are the fallen wheat."

"Excuse me," I said quizzically, "explain?"

"We are the fallen wheat for we have been touched by the phenomenon and are awake. The rest of humanity is like the standing wheat, still asleep."

WOW!!! That was profound, "I like that run it past me one more time."

David duly did so and I drank in the wisdom of the comment.

"That's beautiful David. Where did that come from?"

"Don't know Dad, just comes to me."

What an amazing chap I thought, hidden depths or what?

With that we continued touring the beautiful circle, admiring the preciseness of the ley and razor sharp precision and chatting with other people who were now entering.

The effect of the sun setting, the energies of Avebury and the crop formation had wove a potent magic and my soul could not stop singing and jumping for joy. As we left the circle I bumped into Graham and Janet Tucker my old friends from the Medway Crop Circle Group. The stream of coincidence was such that I just laughed and embraced them saying, "Now why don't I find this a surprise!?"

Graham and Janet both have powerful past lives in Egypt. They have been there many times and are drawn back this lifetime too. Graham is particularly fascinated with sacred geometry and are a lot of Egyptian past lifers. I regard them both as Gatekeepers of our own little patch of crop circle country at Bluebell Hill just on the chalk downs between Maidstone and Chatham in Kent. Made of chalk and water this natural pyramid energy site sits on the major Lion energy line that run from Anglesey through Dungeness to the Giza plateau in Egypt. Many anomalous happenings occur on or around the site dimensional interface; Ghosts, Neolithic monuments, barrows and crop circles. A Priory nearby testifies to the sacred nature of this area.

"Enjoy the circles you old Egyptian!" I joked, "It's wonderful so energetic."

With that I kissed Janet and left the same way we had entered along the tramline towards Green Street.

David continued to be amazed at the unbroken string of coincidence, yet his deep knowledge from the east enabled him to rationalise. Walking back along the road towards the ring embankment I burst into a spontaneous chorus of *Dixie* in between giggling and laughing at all the coincidence and how marvellous the phenomenon was. David joined in with the verses as we marched. The two American ladies wound down the window of their car only to be greeted by us signing. Somewhat amazed at our humour, I think they were Yankees, they asked for directions and we waved them off with a salute. It was time to head back to the pub. As it was our last night we decided to eat there and then duly went up Knap Hill for one last look, for the place draws me like a magnet. I was only to discover the profound yet so obvious reason for this the very next year!

We hit the sack around 2am after our now traditional hot drink and a chat on the day's events. Next morning David cooked breakfast, he was very good at it and the cowboy in him shone through. We spent the day packing and just enjoying each others company. Tibor and Melanie came for a chat and Fritz and Heidi from Austria where packing up to go home. Foeke and Connie from Holland had arrived the previous Saturday and I enjoyed talking in Dutch with them. I was amazed to find that I had bought several videos of UFO clips from them in the early 1990's and this rekindled an old connection. Foeke told me that he was interested in filming the balls of light associated with the crop circle phenomenon and I related my first hand experiences of that to him. I had witnessed such events and talked to many people in the 1990s who had had similar experiences, but I had never had my video camera with me when they occurred.

Early evening after talking with Alan, who is definitely a past life Egyptian overseer, I took my leave. The Knight Templar lady came to say good bye and her husband gave me a book he had written in response to the one I had give earlier. His book was on the life of Smeaton the first civil engineer and builder of the Eddy stone lighthouse. He even looked like Smeaton and was by his own admission obsessed with him. Hmm past life, I thought? I also noted that he was drawn to our American side and related deeply to my *Rebel Spirit* book. In a flash of inspiration and intuition I said, "South Carolinian Infantry Officer!"

His face lit up in recognition as I had directly pushed his subconscious button, "Yes I do play the banjo!" He said gleefully.

"There you go,"

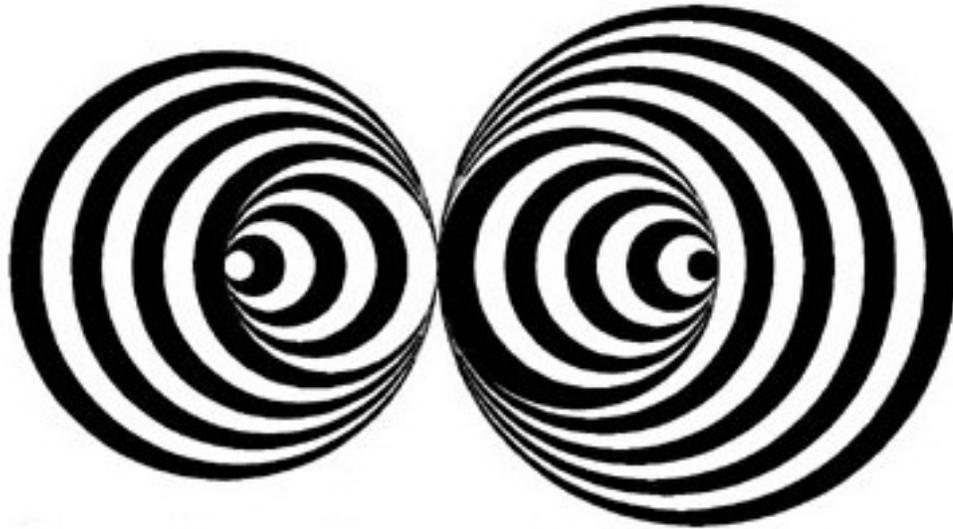
Baillie Kell my previous self had been a civil engineer, building railroads in Georgia in the 1880s. I can remember being entranced by our history lessons on road building and in particular the construction of the Eddy stone lighthouse, with Seaton's clever interlocking block system. His gift was therefore gratefully received and meant a lot to me personally. With that I embraced David and left for home and the breaking of the spell was complete.

Well not quite complete – Avebury and the circles had charged me up and I wrote several letters to Karen over the next two weeks detailing my experiences and sharing my thoughts on the season. At the head of each letter I drew a sketch of the *Lady and the Lighthouse* the *Isis Faria* it seemed totally appropriate as Karen had become the very embodiment of that ideal.

I now also suspect that my subconscious had been deeply affected by meeting the enigmatic, mysterious and beautiful *blonde Isis* - Rosie Andersen?

## Chapter Five

### Vale of the White Horse



Over the winter I worked on my third book *Covenant General* and continued with my teaching. I was delighted that Eva and I got on so well by e-mail and seemed to have an affinity going way back. I found out that the other teachers at her school called her *The General* due to her outstanding ability to lead and organise. In February 2006 at half term I took my daughter Harriet skiing in Norway and stayed one night with Eva, Sten and Mina on the way to Hemsedal and on the way back again at the end of the week. I was amazed to see a large original oil painting of *Fjaerland Fjord* that graced the lounge wall. It was very familiar and I knew that it was right next to Balestrand!

“There we are Eva the perfect clue that we have known each other before. What are the chances of you having a painting of a place just up from the place that I remember?” This touched a chord and cemented our relationship. Harriet got on very well with Mina, Sten’s daughter and we never really stopped talking.

Next day Harriet and I left for Hemsedal and Eva drove us out of Jar, their beautiful suburb of Oslo to the main road. We said an emotional goodbye and embraced, both Eva and I became a little tearful at our parting. I found it rather strange but realised from past experience that emotion is a key part of our soul memory. The concept of brother and sister kept penetrating my conscious mind over and over. Whilst skiing that week I had several flashbacks to my Norwegian Viking life. Harriet was practicing her snowboarding so I would make for the top of the mountain and ski around on my own. I loved the solitude and especially the view as I looked down into the valley.

My art teacher friend Nats had asked me to meet her signing friend Mel just two weeks previous. They sign in a band together as Nats has an incredible signing voice. At the

end of the chat Mel said,” Give me your hand, let’s see if you are telling the truth?” This was totally out of the blue but duly complied being a Gemini and a totally open character. “I see snow and ice, a very cold landscape. It’s far too cold for me. I’m standing on top of a mountain looking down. There’s a circle of bonfires and you are in the middle. Oh my God you’re giving a party! You are a nice guy – it’s all true!”

This was all without any prior knowledge of my impending trip to Norway or my Viking past nothing had been mentioned at all. It was only two weeks later that I realised Mel had seen our mid winter solstice celebration for the return of the sun but some 1000 years previous in physical time. She had somehow tuned into my subconscious soul memory and retrieved the images.

Upon asking her about past life memory she said that she had a central European memory of being a leader of Cossacks or similar. This had prompted her to buy two Spanish horses that she had ridden whilst on holiday and transport them back to England! Extreme memory often brings extreme actions in such powerful cases. Now standing on top of the mountain looking down it all made sense. My paintings and drawings of this memory were always looking down from the top of the mountain at the settlement below with the ships hauled up on the beach. I then remembered that it was to keep fit in the short winter days that I would climb the mountains and then jump or ski down. The jumping I had re-enacted whilst on a school holiday as an adolescent. Falling behind the rest of the party I decided to catch up by just jumping off of the mountain, falling about 30 feet and landing in the soft snow. It worked so well that I jumped and ran down the Snowden *pig track* in an hour! Previously the ascent had taken six hours in very snowy conditions. I realise now that I was just reliving past memory.

During the spring I discovered that William Baillie’s Dutch wife was called Anneke and that she was sister to the famous Dutch Admiraal Michiel de Ruyter. A ruyter or ruijter is a cavalryman in Dutch. I was even more dumbfounded when Eva told me that her father’s surname was de Rytter and that she had always really like the Dutch people and Holland!!! Well what do you expect coincidence is the norm? I then knew why Eva and I got on so well.

The 2006 season got off to a bad start, something was wrong it was uncharacteristically mid June before the first circles appeared. We had a family wedding in Slimbridge, Gloucester on July 8 and upon driving out of Gloucester that Sunday there was a beautiful full Moon rising over Birdlip Hill. I got the sudden urge to visit Avebury as we were passing through Swindon on the way to the M4. I knew Eva would be staying there having just arrived in England for the circle season. I love driving by moonlight for it brings back all sorts of memories and I turned off at Swindon to head for Avebury. Both my wife Pauline and my daughter Harriet were up for it and I particularly wanted Eva to meet Pauline.

I was greeted by a tearful Eva who had experienced a particularly nasty encounter with the negative side of the stones’ energy. She had been forced to leave her holiday home, due to the forceful passions aroused in the other people sharing. The heightened

feminine energy of the circle had caused emotional overload on the other female present and caused serious ructions. Eva had stood her ground initially as she had hired the house but had beaten a hasty retreat when events had gotten out of hand. She had taken shelter with Antoinette and Perry whom she knew. It was just past midnight when we arrived and met Eva outside of the Avebury Trusloe cottages. We embraced and Eva was visibly glad to see a friendly face. I introduced Pauline and Harriet who had been waiting in the car once I was happy that Eva was OK. I drove all of us to the car park opposite the old post office and we walked into the circle to one of my favourite stones. As we all stood in the bright moonlight the drama faded and the magic of the time and place took over. Time just slipped past as the stones bathed in the moonlight and we conversed freely. At 2am I returned Eva to her friends' cottage and we said our farewells. I felt a tremendous protective bond for my *Norwegian sister* and was glad that I could be there to comfort her in her hour of need.

It is easy to rationalise after the event but a balancing male force was needed to counteract the heightened feminine energies caused by the stones and full Moon. Understanding all these principles does lead to an awareness and sensitivity to the fact that we do inhabit a magical landscape within which many powerful energies from the unseen universe are at work. It is expounded eloquently by the crop circle phenomenon as being part of the fundamental laws of the universe that we are not separate from the earth energies but that we are all holistically bound up spiritually with them. They are in fact a visual affirmation from a higher level of consciousness that we are on the right track with our understanding and learning.

Just 9 short days later on July 18, I had arranged to meet David on Knap Hill for the first of our two crop circle adventures that summer. I seemed to be intuitively aware that this was going to be an odd year. It was much more about people and our relationships than the phenomenon itself. A space was being made for us to talk to each other and make discoveries. I loaded my camp gear and also decided intuitively to take my Saxon/Viking memory-abilia at the last moment. *I had finally realised consciously that why I felt so at home on Knap Hill was because it had been home once before!* I had lived there. This accounted for the fact that even from my first days crop circling I knew my way around perfectly, all the highways and byways, nooks and crannies.

I had pinpointed this to 592AD when there was a massive battle at Adam's Grave. It was between the Celts and the Saxons. In 577AD at the battle of Dyrham the Saxons had beaten the Celts and seized control of Swindon, Bath, Cirencester and Gloucester. The *blonde* Saxons had been pushing into Wessex both down the Ridgeway and up from Portsmouth, so named after Port and his two sons who settled there. The linguistic name Wessex – West Saxons dates from this time. The Saxons were horse warriors whom Tolkien immortalised as the Riders of Rôhan in his epic Lord of the Rings trilogy. It is white horse country and the Saxons freely used this motif although it dates back to the Iron Age. The chalk white horses still bear mute testament to this territorial image, for if you see the white horse you know who is in charge of that area. The modern day Harley riding bikers that frequent the Red Lion are just keeping up the tradition!

It all suddenly made sense, in 1981 when I moved back from Germany after working for the armed forces, I called my house *Cwichehm*. Now this is interesting as my present house is called *The Vikings* as was the one immediately preceding *Cwichehm*. The iron wall sculpture that I designed and fashioned with the help of a friend is of a wave horse based on the Lindeholm brooch. I had even named my father's sailing boat *Yphengest* which is old Anglo-Saxon English for wave horse! My memory is of being born on the Rhine near modern day Koblenz in the vicinity of the Lorelei and then settling in Wiltshire after being forced to migrate due to bad weather and lack of food. My subconscious had picked the name *Cwichehm* to mark this. *Cwichehm* was a local king in Wiltshire around 600AD to 620AD. Tolkien had taken the name Eómer directly from the Anglo-Saxon chronicles for his twin heroes of Rôhan. Eómer he used directly but he created a blonde sister called Eówyn! Eówyn was my first and foremost favourite ever since I first read of her description in Lord of the Rings back in 1974.

Cealwin was the king at the time of the 592AD battle and had his royal hall built on Adam's Grave, you can see the earthworks quite easily. A giant wooden palisade gate crossed the road just before the Knap Hill car park as you come up the road from Alton Barnes. It controlled access into the Pewsey vale. I can now remember all this. The Celts gathered sufficient numbers and came hurtling over Milk Hill from the direction of West Kennet long barrow in a surprise attack. The massive six symmetry crop glyph really highlighted that everything just goes around in one big circle and of course as we know the energies heighten emotions. I was in the shield wall that day minus my helmet and received a spear thrust to my left eye. It hit just above on the eye brow but the width of the blade split my eye. I was born with a brown fleck in my left iris which marks the wound. A mysterious scar appeared above it when I reached 40 and is still visible today. It takes the form of a lightning strike mark and it was only whilst shaving in Norway that February I noticed that it lined up with the fleck. My left eye is also slightly loose and makes a noise when rubbed, unlike my right eye which is perfectly normal.

The good news was that I didn't die! I survived the battle even though we lost and had to retreat. It was the ministering of a blonde Valkyrie Saxon lady that nursed me back to health. Thus began my subconscious link with blonde ladies! I had found the origin of the Rosie Andersen effect, her magnificent blonde hair and feminine fragility combined with a warrior's spirit eloquently summed up everything Tolkien had imagined in framing his warrior princess Eówyn; Rosie was indeed the living embodiment of Eówyn! It would be another year and another amazing set of coincidences before I realised that fact, but at least I had found the root cause of it.

Having discovered all of this prompted me to take my memory-abilia back to Knap Hill that July. It was to be a pilgrimage of recognition and an acknowledgement to the crop circle makers that had made me aware of past life memory. For I saw human beings now as memory machines having a depth of character that threaded through time making us truly multidimensional beings instead of 2D physical cut outs that we have been made to believe we are. I was also totally aware of the folly of war for I had been a Celt before becoming a Saxon and a Saxon before becoming a Viking. Each time I had fought against my own people from the previous life – duh!!! Now how stupid was that!!! We

are all one, part of the whole, indivisible and united. It is merely the duality of physical reality that makes us think we are separate from each other.

I was also intuitively aware that I needed to get to the bottom of David's case from the previous year. Having healed myself – *Physician heal thy self* – I felt now felt confident enough to help others.

## Chapter Six

### High Noon



Along with my Anglo-Saxon/ Viking memory-abilia, I decided to pack my Wild West book, sea grass Georgian planter's hat, dream catcher and a very large feather that I have hanging up in the garage. This was all a very last minute intuitive decision but I just went with the flow of my consciousness.

I was also greatly impressed by the *Time Tunnel*, Aldbourne formation which seemed to sum up perfectly my past life memory experiences. This amazing 3D crop formation had just recently appeared around July 14 and was now to be seen on the *crop circle connector*. For how can we hope to progress until we know who we are? The two minute goldfish syndrome joke came into mind. As in truth we are the goldfish! Most humans can't remember a darn thing from this life let alone past lives. As David says, "The curse of ignorance makes us all sleepwalkers." Absolutely right, no wonder malevolent forces can manipulate humanity and cause such evil acts to occur.

To commemorate the 2006 season I printed off 3 T shirts as gifts for my friends, including one for myself. Again this was completely intuitive and very last minute as I even ironed the newly printed transfers onto the hastily bought shirts on the floor of my garage as I was packing the car. Prophetically, I had written the names of each member of the team above the Aldbourne formation logo and underneath I had printed *Time Tunnel Psychonauts 2006* in large bold lettering. The names were worded as follows: *Dave "Kid Curry" Baxter; Eva "The General" Marie; Ian "Wild Bill" Baillie.*

I duly met David on Knap Hill for an Eastfield vigil on July 18 and we made camp. I told him of my insights, showed him my artefacts and sketched some memory drawings

of 592AD as the sun went down. My helmet, shield, red oak staff and goatskin cloak were either prominently displayed or used. Yes, cracked the puzzle and what a liberation that brings. All that stale karma bought to the surface for cleansing. Nothing happened that evening which was the watch word for that season. Not disappointed I enjoyed David's company and cooking outdoors even sleeping outdoors was no problem as it was a mild night. I had brought my two camping chairs with foot rest so that we could keep a comfortable vigil. The Eastfield was there pregnant and waiting for this season's gift, maybe just maybe we would get lucky and see it happen?

No such luck, come 9am we decided to break camp and head for the Bell at Lydeaway just outside Devizes. Alan our Pharonic overseer greeted us enthusiastically and we set our tents once more up on *our pitch* as we had come to regard it. We made camp breakfast and David was once more in full on cowboy mode as he moved purposely about the campsite. I presented him with his commemorative *Time Tunnel* T shirt and he laughed as he realised my pun with the *Kid Curry* being a combination of his past cowboy and Indian memories. With that we both put our brand new Circle season 2006 T shirts on. Little did I know at that point how bang on I was with my intuitive subconscious memory!

The campsite tidied we headed straight for Marlborough, which I love as it always reminds me of a one horse western town. Even the name Marlborough coincides with the Marlboro brand of cigarettes which uses cowboy imagery to promote their brand. We went to the Bear pub at the Town Hall end of the high street after stopping at Waitrose for supplies. Even the name of the pub was prophetic as David kept telling me he wanted to see *Bearcloud* and wondered if he was back in the country from Arizona yet. He felt drawn to *Bearcloud* yet at this point in time knew not why? It was sunny and *high noon* (well about 2pm!) when we came out of the pub. We walked like gun slingers down the middle of the high street past all of the parked cars and ran straight slap bang into ..... Yes you've guessed it..... BEARCLOUD! WOW! Wish made manifest or what? =:-) We greeted a startled *Bearcloud* with a big hug and a handshake. I laughed out loud and said," You see what happens when you come to Wiltshire! Meant to be the chain of coincidence starts right here. We were just talking about you *Bearcloud* and there you are!"

I stepped back and became lost in my own thoughts as to the magnitude of what had just happened on the coincidence scale. I intuitively knew that this was for David, not me and I smiled as I realised we had the whole American ticket here in Marlborough High street; Native American, past life cowboy/native American and Confederate cavalryman all in a town that felt just like it was out of the movie *High Noon*. WOW! This was totally cool, awesome and surreal, I thought – amazing!

I too had a strong affinity with *Bearcloud* as I had met him for the first time at the Glastonbury symposium 2001 after my *Rebel Spirit* presentation. I had been so moved by his Star Nations talk that I just felt overwhelmingly emotional when I met him afterwards. I hugged him and gave him a copy of my book spontaneously saying," Little white brother greets big red brother with love and respect." For the Hopi prophecy will

be fulfilled as big red brother will aid little white brother in his time of need. All this would come to pass despite all that the little white brother had done to destroy his red brother. This profound prophecy is depicted in Hopi cave paintings and as we approach 2012, I could see this coming true. Bearcloud was fulfilling this prophecy with his art work inspired by the crop circles and lectures. I with my Confederate American past life wanted to be there to help as the Native Americans were destroyed by the Yankee war machine just as our Southern civilization was. I had lived through the annihilation of the Native Americans and the vast herds of Buffalo that roamed the plains of the mid west. I knew first hand their suffering for even though I had not set foot outside Georgia in the 1880s. I was aware of what was going on and ashamed to be white, but at least I wasn't a Yankee.

The emotion of all this is hard to understand for people not multi dimensionally aware but I had previously discovered that we live parallel lives with our past selves which are synchronous with physical age. As we come to the end of this particular bubble of consciousness space time in 2012, according to the Mayan and several other predictions, all things must be resolved. This appears to be the process of conscious awakening that many of us are experiencing at this time and the crop circles merely act as a catalyst and accelerator. We are in short waking up to who and what we are! When I met Bearcloud in 2001 it was the exact equivalent of 1875 in my American last life. Custer was about to get his come uppance the very next year and the Yankees were busy with their plans to run the red man off of the plains and literally out of existence to make way for the massive expansion programme they had planned. General Sherman was put in charge of the job and we in Georgia had experienced first hand what he was capable of! Now as we met Bearcloud in Marlborough High street it was 2006 which equates exactly with 1880 last time around, so the Wild West for me was happening right now! I also was fully aware that the timelines are devastatingly accurate down to one week with reference to my American past life.

Bearcloud told David he was giving a talk at the Silent Circle Café that very Tuesday night and David's face lit up. I could tell that this was going to be his year and I was content just to act as a facilitator and guide. "There you go David! Not only have you got your wish but it continues; now how good is that?"

David was just blown away and totally lost for words. The smile on his face said it all! "I think it is time to visit Eva and deliver her T shirt, let's go visit."

Eva had confirmed that she would be at Antoinette and Perry's place around 4pm after she got back from circle hunting with her Norwegian girl friends. This would make a perfect coincidence with perfect timing so we headed for the Silent Circle Café.

We duly arrived at the appointed hour and was greeted by an over joyed Eva who was really pleased to see us both. I presented Eva with her T shirt to which she commented, "Very funny!" Over tea in the sunny front garden we were joined by Antoinette and Perry. I told them all of my Knap Hill memories and why this sacred landscape was so precious to me personally due to past life memory. They asked to see my helmet and memory-abilia so I fetched the items from the car in response. Antoinette, who is German, instantaneously grabbed all the kit and put it on posing warrior like for a photo.

With her beautiful blonde hair she made a stunning Eówyn, every inch a warrior princess! I realised immediately that this was the most perfect example of the subconscious seizing the familiar as the soul memory is stirred by what the conscious eye sees. My colleague Rosie Lagrue had termed this distinctive impulsive behaviour as *gathering the familiar*.

Interestingly she felt spontaneously at home in the kit and even handled the staff correctly! I had also noticed in the past that quite a lot of women wear large leather riveted belts made of circular patches joined together. These too look very Saxon/Viking and Janet Ossebard had one on during her talk the previous year, which combined with her orange shift dress made her look simply spectacular! She simply exuded a real full on Saxon vibe that night.

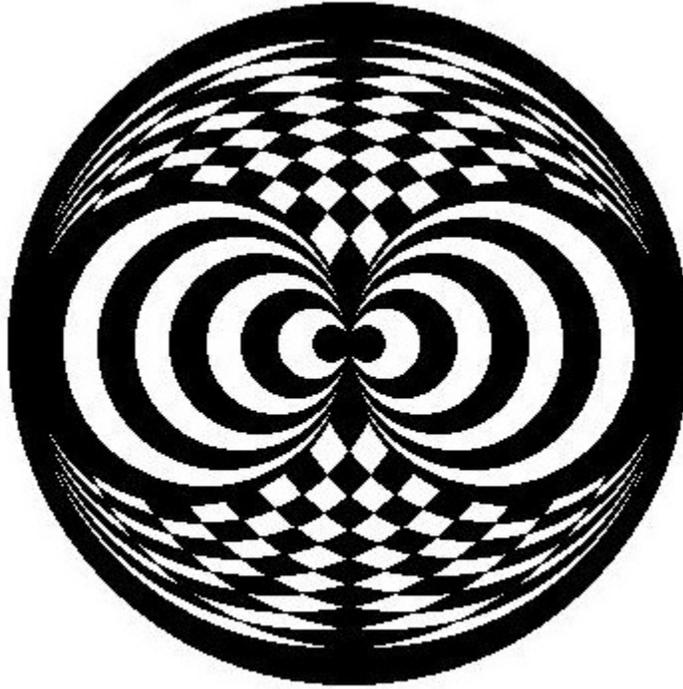
After chatting together with Eva, Antoinette and Perry for a couple of hours, David and I decided to head for the Red Lion in order to eat and Eva decided to join us. She knew the back route so we set off at a marching pace with Eva striding out in front. We had discussed back in Norway that February about how she marched like a soldier and that is when she told me that her work colleagues at school called her *The General!* Over dinner Eva gave me some photocopied sheets from a new Norwegian book on the life of Olaf Tryggvasson. They made a lot of sense and rang several bells to do with my Viking memory from circa 991AD. The most interesting part was his conversion to Celtic Christianity around 900AD and also his association with the Raven motif. This occurred in the Scilly Isles after a local priestess foretold of an assassination attempt on Olaf's life but that he would survive. The use of the pentagram five pointed star was of special interest as it connected with my association with the star over multiple lifetimes!

Upon returning home after this particular crop circle visit I found that I had painted several such shields on my D&D figures in the early 1980s when I ran a local club. One particular figure I had named *Ravenskald*, when I re-examined him I realised that my subconscious had painted him as me! I text Eva and was amazed to find that *Ravnskjold* was Norwegian for *Raven Shield!* I then realised that this had been my nickname in Viking times 1000AD. Once the memory had been consciously recovered I remembered the rest, I had been called *Ragnar "Ravnskjold" Sigurdsson*. Ragnhild had triggered the first name and I remembered the last. It explained why I have always loved Crows and Ravens and particularly the double SS sieg rune, in fact runes in general. Everything had been manifest from subconscious memory in those first six figures I had painted. Eówyn my blonde lady had come first then *Ravenskald*, even the pentagram shield pattern was there together with the runes! Magically Eva had given me the vital clues to discovering all of this that wonderful July 19<sup>th</sup> night.

David and I walked back with Eva in the beautiful summer evening twilight and said good night. After visiting Knap Hill we returned to the camp site for our now traditional night cap, it had been a perfect day.

## Chapter Seven

### Discovery



Next morning I arose early to enjoy the air and general ambience, it was going to be a lovely sunny day and I relished sitting there observing the wild life with my mug of tea as David and the other campers slept. David awoke and we cracked on preparing breakfast. After washing up we made another cup of tea and I decided that this was the appointed time and place to help David find out who he was. I duly retrieved my photographic Wild West book from my car, sat back in my camping chair and said, “Right let’s see if we can get to the bottom of all of this?”

What follows is the exact truth:-

By complete coincidence I open the book at the precise page with a full size portrait of Billy the Kid on it. Oh my God it was the exact same face as David!!! My jaw dropped and I laughed out loud, “Well I think we have found you, you’d have to be blind not to recognise this!!!”

I handed the book to David and he just looked in total shock and amazement. The as his conscious mind registered the magnitude of our discovery he uttered, “All makes perfect sense, Dad!”

I was on a real high, yeah!!! Doc “B” strikes again!!! Home run!!!

All the coincidences lined up as I recognised instantly that David’s character and behaviour all added up pointing to the inescapable truth; *he was Billy the Kid!!!*

Oh my God I'm crop circling with Billy the Kid. WOW!!! How cool is that?

“Welcome to the club David! You are now one of a growing band of people who have direct photographic evidence of who the once were; congratulations!!!”

The rest of the day I was on cloud 9 as we toured the fields looking for circles. It didn't matter that there were none to be found. This was a discovery of the greatest importance and one of those rare eureka moments us scientists live for! I just kept on giggling and let David absorb by osmosis the profound nature of this intimate personal revelation into his soul memory.

After driving in circles for some 2 hours I said, “Time for a celebratory drink at the Red Lion!”

“Good idea, Dad!” Came the stoic reply as David/Billy agreed with my sensible proposal. We sat in the sun and enjoyed each others company as I bought David several drinks. I kept giggling and smiling as I realised what a pair we were, Billy the Kid and a Confederate veteran riding together and this was 1880 in my last past life! The Wild West was in full swing and would continue for another 20 years until the dawn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. This is not a coincidence I kept on think. It's got to be a design!

Suitably refreshed I drove David to the Silent circle to tell Eva the news of our discovery. Eva and the Viking gals where not there and Charles said that they had found a new circle and were looking at it right now! Coincidentally that very minute my phone rang and it was Eva on her mobile! “We've found a magnificent circle at Straight Soley; it's really magnificent you must come and see it right away!” With that she hurriedly gave me the directions and I shouted, “Right off we go Billy Boy, game on, we've got a circle to visit. This is *your* circle!!!”

I realised that this formation would forever be associated in David's memory with the day of our discovery! Result!!! Yes, I couldn't have asked for better if I had planned it! *We were cosmic surfers riding the tsunami of coincidence and it was glorious!!!*

It was a long but memorable drive to the border of Wiltshire and Berkshire, but well worth it. Eva had given precise instructions and despite the narrowness of the lane I spotted the formation. Having over shot the mark I reversed back down the lane to a pull in and we jumped out. It was magnificent! I grabbed my video camera and climbed onto the back of my black SAAB spaceship to get a better view. WOW!!! What a beautiful formation it was clearly shaped like a magnetic field or a spider.

“Hey Billy Boy we're on a roll, wow what a beauty. It is your day today!”

We took some still shots and I drove further up the lane to a better pull in so we could go and visit. I phoned Karen to tell her the news that Eva and the Norwegian gals had discovered the circle in case Steve was not aware. Karen informed me that Steve had already flown over it that morning and so I relaxed knowing it had been captured for posterity.

“Cool it’s in the can for posterity!” I shouted to David, “We can just go and enjoy this one.”

With that David grabbed my planter’s hat without prompting and I stuck the long feather in the back of my cap and led the way to the circle oak staff in hand. We were careful not to cause any damage and only enter by following the tramlines. It was a beautiful pristine formation and we wanted to leave it that way for others to enjoy. The pattern seemed to be of two time tunnels coming together with the resulting pattern of magnetic interference. Very symbolic I thought as David’s past life as Billy had just joined with his present one! It was an excellent coincidence full of meaning for me. As we examined the ley and felt the energies David was getting all sorts of past information coming to the surface of his conscious mind. I took some photos and we settled down in the centre to enjoy the feel of the circle and give thanks for the blessing to the circle makers. I lay back in the corn and looked up high into the blue sky there was a cloud formation in the shape of a dolphin! WOW!!! It matched the one on my T shirt perfectly. “Look at that David it’s got to be a sign from the circle makers?” David looked up from his note taking as he had been writing down the information he had been receiving and said, “Sure is Dad! I’m getting loads of messages coming through this is an extremely energetic event, amazing!”

As I looked at the beautiful cloud imagery swim majestically away on its ethereal journey it reminded me of how Bearcloud had got his name in an identical experience. All his beautiful words and star nations imagery floated in my mind as I connected totally with the experience. My thoughts were only interrupted by the intermittent noise of the combined harvester mowing in the next field. I sure hope they don’t mow this beauty, I thought? My intuitive feelings were the opposite and I knew in my heart that this wonder would not last long. So I just let the NOW kick in and sucked in the energies.

Two hours passed and it was time reluctantly to say goodbye to our new friend. We reluctantly made our way back to the car and I kept giving a backward glance as I knew the miracle was condemned to die. As fleeting and as beautiful as cut flowers the beauty of a crop circle soon withers and dies. Yet that is part of the magic and the attraction of these living energy forms and so with heavy hearts we made our way back to Avebury.

David had decided to rename it *Evabury* after our beloved Eva! I was pleased with this as Avebury is indeed a special place for Eva and she had allowed us to share this magnificent formation.

“If I was to only visit one formation this year David, this one is enough.” I was so euphoric at the magnitude of our experiences that all else at that moment seemed totally irrelevant, “That was very, very special man and I’m glad I was able to share it with you. We couldn’t possibly top that! What a day!!!”

I was proved ultimately to be right, unfortunately. As my prediction came true, for the very next day the farmer cut out the formation and it was lost forever. So Billy Boy and I were part of only a privileged few that had the pleasure of enjoying the Straight Soley miracle for what it was. We met up again with Eva and shared dinner at the Red Lion. I told Eva of my discovery and showed her the book with the photo of Billy in. She was

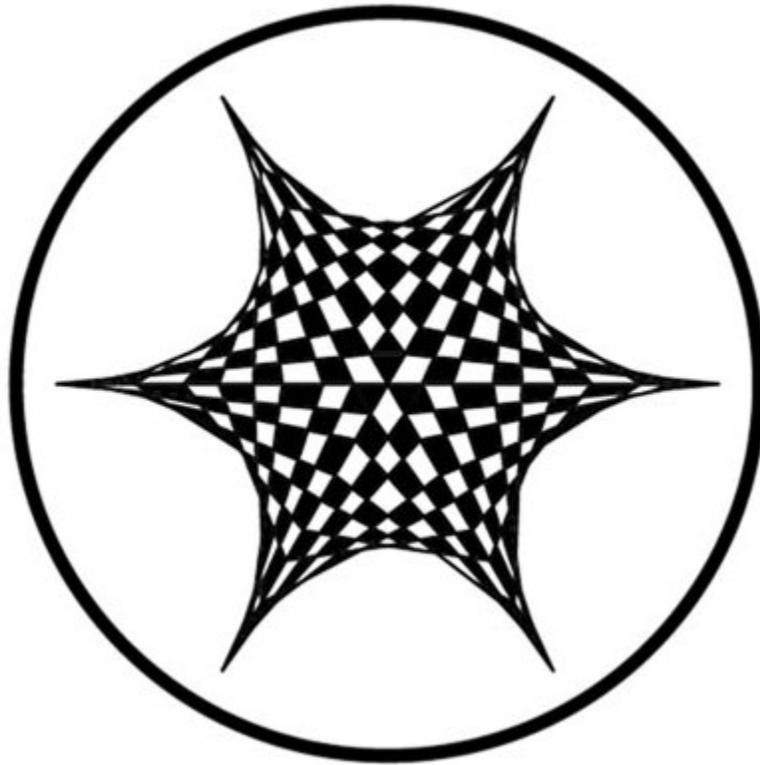
truly amazed at the accuracy of the facial features but it was a lot to take in as events had all moved extremely fast. She related her own experiences of the day's events as we compared mental notes. All too soon it was time to walk her back to the cottages. I said a fond farewell as I knew I would have to be travelling back home in the morning and I would not see her again that summer.

Next day I packed up and all too soon found myself travelling the familiar road back home. I reluctantly left David but I knew we would meet again at the end of the month for the Devizes conference. I would miss my Eva though as she would be returning to her summer house in Brekkestrø in Southern Norway. All the way home I just kept giggling and thinking of the fact that I was riding with Billy the Kid!

That evening David went to Bearcloud's lecture at the Silent Circle Café, which proved to be all about the significance of the *feather* and its wearing to enhance telepathy, as used in both the Native American and Ancient Egyptian cultures! It was another massive home run for my intuition as I had carried my long feather the whole weekend on our journey together. *I had even worn it Native American style on our way into the crop circle at Straight Soley.*

## Chapter Eight

### Midnight in Marlborough



The weekend of the conference came and I made my way back to Devizes. I was really pleased to see David and to enjoy camping with him especially as I felt I now knew a little of who and what he was. Whatever it was definitely a privilege for me to be once again in the company of Billy the Kid! The weird season continued with little or no crop circle activity in the familiar haunts. It was unquestionably as though the circle makers were taking a break to allow us to interact and talk together. Humans have an amazing capacity to either love or hate each other to extremes and all my work on past life memory had shown it was the relationships between souls that was overwhelmingly the most important thing in the universe. The phrase *Love conquers all* kept springing into mind as I pondered my crop circle journey thus far. The circle makers in my book were totally aware of this and the need for the croppie community to come together and iron out differences before the next wave of consciousness hit the beaches. Hence all the major formations had skirted the borders of Wiltshire much as in 1995. My own county of Kent was already graced more than normal with some of the most beautiful circles of the season so far. This hiatus in events afforded us much more time to explore our relationships with each other and this would be equally true for Steve and Karen as it was for David and me.

I attended the second annual Devizes conference with somewhat of a heavy heart as there was no Eva, Ragnhild and definitely no Rosie Isis. I missed their wonderful energy but I was also totally aware that this was David's year and after watching Steve's film

presentation, very much Karen and Steve's year! I resolved to play the roll of facilitator and so let the coincidences roll.

At the end of the Saturday night presentation we were asked to offer an American lady a lift back to her hotel in Marlborough. Being ever the gentleman I offered without reserve to chaperone the lady safely back to the Globe and Castle. I explained my policy of *aboriginal walk-about* and the similar concept of *no time* that I adopted when crop circling, which seem to allay concerns for my trouble and expense. Money and material goods mean relatively little to me as you may have already guessed and I had learnt as Alexander Baillie Kell last time around that it only proves a problem if one has none! We duly arrived in the one horse cowboy town of Marlborough at just past midnight. Drawing up in front of the hotel the lady in question asked, "Would you like a demonstration?"

Due to my completely bemused and quizzical facial expression, she continued, "I'm a little tired but I supposed I'm going to have to give you one!"

A *reality check* was going on in my head big time. Had I just heard what I thought I had heard?

"You'll have to come up to my room."

"Well OK if you think that's necessary, but if you are too tired it's no problem for us to leave?" That was the only thing I could think of to say, as like a graceful swan I was paddling furiously under the calm waters to make sense of what was happening!

The lady insisted that she owed us for the ride home and so both David and I followed her into the hotel out of sheer curiosity. The whole experience for me had an overwhelming *de ja vu* cowboy feel to it. Whatever was going to happen, I was just enjoying the retro American 1880s feel to the whole unexpected episode; this was just so cool! Even the hotel looked like a mid-western saloon especially the stairs and some dudes in the downstairs bar checked us over as we climbed the open stairwell.

We strode along the narrow passage way to the lady's room and entered first upon her invitation. A large double bed was taking up most of the floor space so both David and I had no option but to walk right in and over to the far side of the room. The lady shut the door with a click and indicated that we should both take up positions on the bed for the demonstration as she was going to have to dim the lights! David being an honest and trusting soul and also, I hasten to add single, duly complied. Well even though I had been married for 28 years, the thought of, "How am I going to explain this one to my wife?" did cross my mind very rapidly several times! At least come whatever, David was there as a witness, so he'll have to explain it all if I get myself into the mire; phew, conscience appeased I propped myself along side of him!

What happened next I have no honest explanation for but I kept thinking, "I'm on a bed with Billy the Kid in a lady's hotel room in Marlborough and its gone midnight? I don't remember signing up for this when I first started crop circling 11 years previous!" This started me giggling but I had to suppress my mirth as the proceeding started to begin in earnest.

As if to add to my discomfort just at that moment the lady's adolescent son walked in! "Hi Mom, how's it going?" The throw away line was delivered in a dead pan voice with no hint of emotion.

"I just thought I'd get a drink?"

"Sure no problem honey, did you have a good evening?" the lady asked without batting an eyelid.

"It was OK," was the inevitable reply, again without a single trace of emotion.

I found myself thinking, "This must be perfectly normal?" as I quickly struggled to rationalise the situation. "Well they are from New York!"

The son departed and the lights dimmed, our focus was drawn to a small glowing object which started after a few minutes to move and gyrate. I was also aware of the lady talking to the *spirits* and of multiple streaks of soft light flashing and penetrating the room, in multiple colours but mainly soft gold and lavender. I had never had any experience like this before under any condition, so I had no frame of reference as to what I was witnessing except that this whole situation was quite interesting, novel and pleasant. David and I became like two fascinated schoolboys experiencing the wonders of the world when guided by a far worldlier adult lady. I was also thinking, how marvellous an adventure crop circling was compared to the hum drum existence of normal reality!

The mysterious lady then changed the object and repeated the experiment. I was amazed as I saw it perform a different gyrating pattern. Being a Physicist/Chemist by trade, I had predicted in my mind that it would move in the same way as the first object. I was well aware of optical illusions and such but I was at that moment much more interested in the psychology of this unique experience. It was fun! Science has its time and place but this wasn't it. The lady must have been aware of my thoughts for after she had turned the room lights back on she asked that we not ridicule her about what we had just witnessed. I duly promised and reassured her not to worry. For I have a totally open mind and also a deep respect for other peoples feelings so I am pleased to say I have kept my word. It was however an event worth noting in the quest to understand the mind of *Billy* and I had learnt from past research that even the most insignificant or odd occurrences can somehow be crucially link to understanding the research project as a whole.

I had learnt from my studies that we live in a quantum universe where coincidence is the norm and there is no such thing as random chance, all events seem to be and are connected no matter how random they may at first appear. Quantum weirdness rules guys even though our solid looking atomic reality looks so real and my prediction is definitely that it will get a whole lot weirder as we approach 2012 and beyond! Mathematically it is described as the chaos of complexity in which spontaneous order will arise if we get just the right amount of chaos. The order looks oh so safe and solid but it is underpinned at the lowest levels by the very fabric of chaos. Occasionally all hell breaks loose, albeit in the financial markets, weather or apparently stable relationships. Then it's cosmic surfing time baby! Surfs up and you sure better know how to ride that board. I find it exhilarating being originally a surfer by nature and of

course a dolphin consciousness way back. Bigger the waves the better is what I say, but other more conservative creatures may actually think the end of the world is coming! It's a dynamic universe, so the waves of change keep hitting the beach of our reality with regularity, just go with the flow and enjoy.

The whole experience was just that, an experience, to analyse it would be to take away the magic of the experiential moment. I was also deeply touched by the trust placed in both David and I by this petite lady. It was most kind of her to surrender herself to our care and a gentleman should never ever abuse a lady's trust.

With that in mind we said our farewells and departed down the hotel stairs. That same delicious sense of 1880s America came over me as we exited the doors onto Main Street, "Well that's a first for me David; Billy the Kid and me, on a double bed, in a lady's hotel bedroom, at gone midnight – what ever next?"

David laughed as we jumped into my black SAAB spaceship, "Welcome to wacky wonderful Wiltshire! Brilliant!" I exclaimed, "I love this place!"

With that I drove to Knap Hill to clear my head, get some air and ground myself in the reality of the landscape. It was gone 1:30am when I got the stove out to make us tea. What a brilliant evening it had been, it was all about people interacting together. At the beginning I had been sad at missing the girls and then whoosh! The whole thing had gone completely off the Richter scale of my normality meter! "Why couldn't life be more like this everyday?"

The second day of the conference I spent hanging out with David, we had two picnics lunch by Adam's grave and then after visiting the Red Lion dinner on Golden ball hill. It gave us time to talk over our life journeys and how our paths had collided at Glastonbury in 2004. We explored all our experiences together and recounted many a hilarious story and explored the underlying philosophy behind the illusion of material reality. I think in essence we were doing exactly what the circle makers intended. We had listened, taken the advice and were making the most of the breathing space.

That evening whilst watching the film Steve had made of the season so far I could see that it was really all about Karen as much as the circles. He was in love for sure and even an old battle hardened soldier like me couldn't fail to be moved by the beauty of their relationship.

My suspicions were confirmed when I received a copy of their wedding photograph by e-mail. It was a truly wonderful moment to see them united after knowing both of them for so many years.

The 2006 season had definitely been all about personal relationships and the wonderful interactive earthly journey that we make together on this tiny blue water covered speck of matter we call the Globe.

Mr Shakespeare had indeed been correct in his well chosen words!



## Chapter Nine

### Eastfield Miracle



The discovery of Billy had bought out the best in David. He now knew why he felt the way he did and at last he could put his life into perspective on a far more spiritual scale. The angry young man from 12 years ago had transformed like the butterfly formation that was to come into a beautiful articulate and confident soul. David had been let down badly by his school, even his English teacher who promised so much at first failed to deliver. Confidence crushed by the system David locked up his incredibly deep intelligence and struggled to develop his identity. He investigated, researched and read avidly about every guru on the planet, both past and present. On reaching adulthood he made several trips to Findhorn in Scotland and attended residential courses there. Coincidentally he was retracing without knowing his own Scottish past memory and heritage, for the Baxter's come from the north east Moray area. I was also to learn later in the year that Rosie Isis was born in Forres between Nairn and Elgin in the same area and totally by coincidence, to make it the power of three, I only drink Glen Moray whisky and only very occasionally! Something from my past attracts my subconscious to that area? It was only when researching William Baillie's life that I realised he had chased Jamie Graham, the Marquis of Montrose, all over that area as far as Aviemore and Inverness. I too had trod the same tracks in 2004 when I took my daughter skiing in Aviemore. I had a real sense of *de ja vu* as I came over the ben and down the long slope

that runs into Inverness to the west of Culloden. My daughter Harriet commented, “But how do you know your way around so well?”

“I just do!” I simply replied.

David also corresponded regularly over a continuous period of time, until the present day, with several pen friends in both America and Canada. This soul searching and re-reading of once familiar path ways is what most of us do without knowing, driven on as we are, by our subconscious mind and its hidden agenda. David was a soul adrift struggling to make sense of why he felt American and Scottish yet was born in England. David/Billy was me as I was aged 11 and that is why I could relate 100% to his struggle for identity. I too had felt deeply that I was American and somehow also Scottish, yet I too had been born in England, into a society that really didn't like the working class to ride and shoot; certainly if dressed up as a Confederate cavalryman! I didn't fit the system but as I found out I was right and it was the system that was wrong.

Our bond of friendship was now very strong and we would text each other daily. I was working away from home during in the week at my new boarding school and so a friendly message was always welcome. I was and still am proud of the fact that he calls me Dad! I found that weird at first, as having only the one daughter who from an early age called me Ian! The other disconcerting thing was that I am only 10 years older than David, so I really felt more like a brother than a father. It was only after reading about Billy's life that I realised that this was a tremendous compliment, for Billy had been badly let down by his Father and Step-father and was always looking for that lost relationship.

In March a BBC documentary on the life of Billy the Kid added one more stunning piece of evidence to the puzzle, Billy always carried a pencil and used to write copiously, especially letters. This made me sit up immediately and take notice as David does exactly the same! Pencil and paper is always to hand, often the pencil is placed behind the ear much as a carpenter often does. I don't really know of another person that has this curious habit?

Billy was a freedom fighter, always sticking up for the small guy against the injustice of corrupt authority. Again this fitted exactly David's character and sense of fair play especially against the system.

I also learnt that due to the shabby way Billy was treated by the system, the Governor of New Mexico was going to issue a State pardon in the summer of 2007. I read about Billy, collected his letters from the internet and became totally absorbed in Billy's life story and with that David's case. Each piece of evidence simply compounded my opinion; he was Billy the Kid, absolutely no doubt about it!

As a present in April I bought David a Deputy Sheriff's badge from Phoenix Arizona. It was of the exact type as worn by the two Deputies who abused Billy prior to his famous escape. They paid the price as he shot them both dead before shooting the Sheriff. This

is not necessarily as bad as it seems for confronting our negativity makes us whole and bringing it to the surface helps us to heal our soul wounds. The badge had the desired effect as it brought floods of tears to David's eyes when he opened the surprise package. The pent up emotion had in that simple act found its release.

The star motif meant a lot to Billy and as David pointed out to me, it not only meant a lot to him but Billy too as he can be seen wearing a star motif ring in his famous photograph. The pentagram was coincidentally also the secret sign of the Pythagoreans, together with the dodecahedron. Our DNA is geometrically structured as a ratcheted dodecahedron with pentagonal side sugars. This allows spirit to inhabit matter. The subject has been extensively covered in *Forbidden Science* and as such it is probably unnecessary for me to reiterate it here.

Excitement mounted within me as the 2007 crop circle season got underway. I was convinced it would be a spectacular year after the eerie intermission of the previous year. The stage had now been cleared for the players to enter. The first formation of the season, a giant globe in oil seed rape or canola, confirmed that this would be a world class season! For it had all the prestige and power of the old Panorama TV current affairs programme and was in my eyes a direct copy of its famous globe logo. This formation again also reminded me of Mr Shakespeare and his marvellous wooden O theatre and that we are all actors and actresses, with our entrances and exits, upon the stage of this physical life plane.

Then the West Kennet long barrow formation appeared! Oh my God! It was the last illustration in my *Forbidden Science* book; elegantly simplified and with the principle players missing! "All the world's a stage," this confirmed it eloquently. We were the crop circle players waiting in the wings about to take to the crop circle stage and act out our very own crop circle story. At that moment in time, I had no idea how true my words would be by the end of the season! The importance of this formation's message would only materialise as we ended July and entered August on the full Llamas Moon with a deafening crescendo of coincidence.

I also loved the little book illustration that was placed at the bottom of the crop circle connector web page for this formation. It was taken from a recent edition of *Alice in Wonderland* and showed a delightful blonde haired Alice looking into a transparent table set in a long corridor floored with black and white tiles; the corridor is bordered by three doors on either side. The tiles represent the 4 sided nature of the world/material reality and the black and white, represents night and day. The chess board has the same fundamental meaning. The cute little blonde haired Alice, an Isis Faria progenitor, is amused and bemused by the complexity of the quantum universe she is being shown in the illusory table's reflection.

It was a perfect allegorical picture but little was I to know the prophetic nature of the illustration and that we would find our own Alice in the Matrix very soon!

As the final few weeks of term counted down I looked at the fields with increased anticipation of the drama that would unfold. We broke up on July 4, *Independence Day*, which for me is a special date celebrating liberty and freedom from tyranny. Then along unexpectedly came circle time! Eva called to say that she was staying alone at the teacher's cottage in Avebury for a week until her colleague Guro arrived. This presented me with the opportunity to not only see my beloved Eva, but to visit the circles and for us to share some quality time together. Eva kindly said I might like to bring a friend along, so I immediately text Billy Bob as I now called David (It's a Southern affectation to have two co-joined short first names!). "You up for an impromptu crop circle adventure David?"

"Sure am Dad!" was the immediate reply.

I learnt from Eva on the phone that Terje was flying in from Norway to help a chap called Gary King produce a DVD for release to the media. For Gary and his girl friend Paula Presdee Jones had been present when cameraman Winston Keech had captured the Eastfield formation arriving in the crop!

WOW! This was major; David and I would be privileged to be there as it happened. I therefore hurriedly arranged to pick David up from Swindon railway station at 4pm on July 11. Having met, we then headed straight for Marlborough to pick up supplies after which we went straight to the Eastfield at Alton Barnes to view the miracle. It was a lovely sunny evening and I was eager to experience the crop circle in the sun and not in the impending rain that was forecast. We were not to be disappointed! It was totally amazing, the good old Eastfield had come up trumps again with a 2¼ acre giant OM multi circle formation and it had all been caught on video by Gary and Win on the actual night of July 7 (07-07-07 or 777). A nice coincidence as 7 is the number of mystery and of spirit it was therefore obviously an auspicious event!

Having bought supplies including our picnic of French bread, Camembert cheese and olives we headed up the Lockeridge road to Knap Hill. The car duly parked we jumped out and headed for the path that descends down into the Eastfield. The formation was huge and magnificent. "Yes, this is what we have come to see! Even if we never go into another formation this season, we can say every time we see the Eastfield 2007; we were there!" Memories of our 2005 journey came flooding back as we descended part way down the track. I selected a suitable viewing point and we celebrated by having our picnic and just gazing in awe. A couple wandered past and commented on our posh picnic. I laughed and told them that we needed a splendid picnic to celebrate the miracle we were looking at! They agreed wholeheartedly and then carried on walking their dog. Forever since my 1994 Eastfield experience when I noted that ordinary people with closed minds can look but not see a miracle staring them in the face, I have always made it my point to state the obvious!

By now the sun was waning but still warm on the side of my face and the thrill of walking the tramline was simply euphoric! I adopted my habit of gently caressing the wheat as I approached the formation. This was deliberate and added the tactile sense to the battery of memory recording devices we naturally carry. It was a sacred walk, as sacred as the walk up the aisle of any Cathedral or holy place. We eventually arrived at

the formation it was astonishingly large and yet wonderfully formed. I was amazed at the sheer scale of the formation and the fact that it disappeared rapidly from view due to the undulating nature of the Eastfield terrain. This makes direct line of sight impracticable and with that the ability to hoax such a magnificent structure with precision impossible.

We meditated for a good 30 minutes and took some photos of the floor lay and each other with the now rapidly setting sun. I knew it was an OM pattern from Steve's aerial shots on the connector and so made my way carefully to the initial dot circle which represents the starting point of the symbol. Having reached that target we paused and then began to make our way slowly to the exit, like leaving the presence of a new old friend that one does not wish to leave in a hurry. Yet I had to force myself to make tracks for it was nearing time to meet Eva at the Red Lion. I had arranged by phone whilst in Marlborough to meet at 9pm. As the time drew nigh we drove up the avenue and into Avebury ring. Parking my black SAAB opposite the Old Post Office we jumped out and strode to the pub. It's always so good to be back at this time of year was my sentiment, which I shared enthusiastically with David.

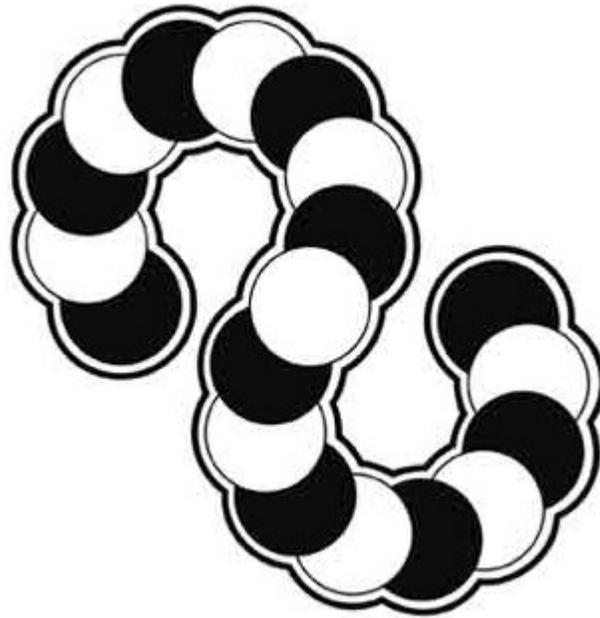
Within two minutes of us arriving Eva arrived buzzing with excitement and we embraced with hardly a pause for breath. After ordering a round of celebratory drinks, I joined them in ordering some food before the restaurant closed. Eva said Terje would be coming straight from the airport and would therefore be joining us to eat. Being so organised she had ordered for Terje too and so settled down to tell us the Gary King story. David and I both sat there enthralled as she related the enormity of the event. I felt incredibly privileged to be there and become part of the unfolding of crop circle history in the making. Terje was definitely the right man for the job, as he has tremendous presence and integrity. Every inch a Norwegian Viking with a straight no-nonsense approach, he was keen that there should be no repeat of the Oliver Castle footage release bungle. This time there would be a media conference and things would be done properly!

Eva had just finished telling us this when in strode Terje. I stood up and greeted him warmly by shaking his hand and saying what a great pleasure it was to see him again. David did the same and then Terje embraced Eva. We were now all old friends back again in the same well known place as though time itself didn't exist.

WOW! This was breaking news; both David and I listened as the battle plans were drawn up. At the end of the meal Terje left purposefully to meet Gary and complete his mission. There was a lot of work to do in producing the press release DVD and media package, this was a coup indeed! Eva, David and I relaxed visibly and fell into chatting about old memories and how this season was so much different in feel to last years. With that we drank up as closing time approached and made our way to the teacher's cottage.

## Chapter Ten

### Vikings and Pirates



The next day we were up early as Eva was keen to visit the newly arrived Savernake formation. I drove Eva and David to the site in my faithful old black SAAB 9000 and we were joined by a young Norwegian couple busy planning cropcircle tours. We all entered the Hat Gate Cottage formation together and enjoyed the marvellous six symmetry formation with its pristine floor lay and magnificent centre swirl. I was particularly taken by how well it had been placed in the landscape. Having taken photographs we were on a high despite the grey weather and returned to the car then home for breakfast. After that Eva said she had to be at the Silent Circle café to test out the mini bus and its Norwegian driver by going to the Westbury formation. It turned out that he had never driven in England before and the guests were arriving the next day! I was just revelling in the joyous tide of coincidence that was happening as we went with the quantum flow of consciousness. Off we went my *Viking self* was having a field day – literally! The wind and drizzle just added to the fun as this was Scandinavian day and the elements only conspired to heighten the experience.

The giant 19 Moon “S” shaped formation was extremely impressive. Every other stalk seemed upright giving it a two tone effect. WOW! That’s impossible to do with a plank and rope I told David and the others. It seemed to matter not one jot as the phenomenon is now so far beyond that childish out of date concept. I too had moved on in my appreciation and just connected with the whole landscape, formation and white horse. WOW! What a day, we returned via Devizes to the Silent Circle café and from there we said *takk* and farewell to our Norwegian tour hosts for whom we had acted as guinea pigs. From there we made our way to the Red Lion and reminisced about the day’s events together over a drink.

My love and admiration for Eva, my *Viking sister* only grew more so as she related the tale of how she took direct action with her neighbours and friends to reverse a local government decision to close the Jar computer railway station on the outskirts of Oslo for two years. My sister, the General, excellent stuff peaceful and organised the ladies had stopped the traffic to make the point and get publicity. They then switched to an e-mail and letter campaign which completely jammed up the government system! In just six short weeks they had complete victory in time for Eva to celebrate with champagne and her girl friends on her birthday. I must congratulate my sister Eva, an awesome achievement, showing feminine power at its best.

I slept better that night the tiredness induced by the great day swept me away until dawn. Friday came and Eva needed some space to organise and network. David and I were content to just hang out together and discuss the quantum universe, coincidence and the cropcircles as you do! Time came around all too soon and I needed to be home for the weekend as I was departing for France and a school holiday on the French Canals. My traditional midnight drive was faultless, my SAAB spaceship shifted space effortlessly and I arrived in Herne Bay at 2:30am. After a bath I hit the sack around 4:30am; Wow, what a ride that had been.

I now had to prepare and focus on the canal holiday with the leavers from school. I would be the *Schipper* in charge of one of the three 40 foot canal boats with my allotted *pirate crew*! The analogy fitted perfectly as this would be a fractal re-enactment of William Baillie at the Battle of Gabbard Shoal, also called the Battle of North Foreland or the Slag bij Nieuwpoort in Dutch. For this exact time in my life would be the same as June 1653 in his life. Baillie was promoted to *Schipper* by his brother in law Admiraal de Ruyter. It all came flooding back to me, the Dutch put up a good fight but were out gunned and made for the shallow water of the Belgian coast. The flotilla leader, my friend and colleague Jonathan, even enjoyed my nicknaming him *Admiraal*!

The climax came with a confrontation between my pirate crew and an officious English retired businessman with far too much money for his own good. We were locked together battling with the very large English yacht for an eternally long 30 minutes due to unfavourable winds, just after avoiding a Frenchman in a motor boat travelling illegally the wrong way against us in the port of Chalons sur Saône! The whole *battle* fitted perfectly upon reflection with my memories of the actual battle. The irony was that this time I was trying desperately not to inflict damage on this *English ship*. Were as last time as William Baillie I was doing the exact opposite, trying to inflict as much damage as I could with my cannon!

*What an amazing universe it is that can conjure up a similar situation exactly on cue synchronistically...*

Pirate adventure over, I returned to England for a quick turn around in order to make the third annual *Summer Cropcircle Lectures* at Devizes. I arrived at our summer home in Herne Bay at 10:30pm on the Friday July 27<sup>th</sup> and I was off again at 4:30am to pick up my camping gear from my house in Hythe! By 7:00am I was on my way to see my

Viking sister Eva at the *Teacher's cottage*, Avebury – or Evabury as we now call it. The stream of coincidence would continue unbroken as I needed to wish her *bon voyage* as he was returning to Norway that very day and due to fly from Heathrow that very afternoon.

The journey was faultless up until the approach to the Amesbury roundabout which was jammed with holiday traffic all heading for the West Country. David had set off from Gloucester on schedule for our 10:00am rendezvous. Due to the 20 minute traffic jam at the Solstice services I was running late on the last leg of the journey. I knew however that Eva was out viewing an exciting new formation that had just happened at Tidcombe-Martin. It was a 5 symmetry star fractal formation and she had just phoned to tell me. WOW! I have always regarded 5 symmetry star formations to be for me as they mirror my family heraldry and have figured large in all of my past life memories. I arrived effortlessly in my Black SAAB spaceship at the *Teacher's cottage* to find the front door open and breakfast already on the table.

Guro chatted to me and I greeted David. She has strong Native American past life memories and was wearing turquoise and silver jewellery. Eva appeared and after our initial greetings I was careful not to get in the way of their preparations to leave for the airport. They were due to leave at 11:00 am so time was tight. Eva was particularly excited about the new formation and the fact that it was 5 symmetry and seemed to be for me – my favourite geometry and timed to perfection for my return. With that we tucked into a Norwegian breakfast and chatted excitedly.

All too soon it was time for the ladies to depart and I took a quick photo for the record. I was sad, yet pleased that I had made it back to see my *Viking sister* safely off. Also I was ecstatic that she had enjoyed a wonderful 3 weeks crop circling, with so many wonderful formations in total contrast to the previous year. Then we were on our own, we abandoned ideas of visiting the pub as it was far too early and so we made our way to the Bell campsite to make camp.

Arriving there midday we pitched tents and made a brew. We then headed off to Marlborough for supplies and an ATM machine. We returned via Knap Hill and climbed up to Adam's Grave for lunch. Viewing the East field is always a pleasure and time passed all too fast. An Army helicopter was using the formation as a way mark and kept coming from the East, rising sharply on its mark, sometimes hovering sometimes not. This has often led in the past to conspiracy theories but having worked for the military in Germany I know that they have far more practical things on their mind.

Time to return to the campsite Foeke and Connie our Dutch friends had arrived and we talked to them about their new video. I love speaking Dutch so it was a double pleasure to just hang out and chat. It was soon time to make our way to the conference and meet up with such wonderful people and good friends. Karen kicked off the proceedings and there was a brilliant vibrant energy in the hall. What an exciting season it had been so far and it wasn't over yet. The highlight would of course be Steve's film of the Season so far always a major event but that would not be until the Sunday night.

This again was very much David/Billy's year and I was quite happy to enjoy watching him greeting all his friends new and old. I was very careful not to be too pushy in my over enthusiasm and so just relaxed and went with the flow. I was also still reeling from my French Canal trip. Time travelling is hard work and with two lots of fractal synchronicity happening at once is enough to tax any mortal soul. For it was 1881 when I was with David/Billy the Kid and 1653 when I wasn't; parallel timelines colliding exactly as depicted in the time tunnel formations of 2006.

After the presentations we headed to the Dolphin on the main square for a drink. I liked the coincidence of the name as it grounded me back in the deep blue sea, free from care and strife. A Scottish wedding was on and there were lots of Scots accents and kilts in view. Excellent synchronicity I thought! So I just sat back and enjoyed the moment. Then at closing time it was back to the campsite and bed.

Sunday came and went with much chatting and networking. I made friends with Jo in the tent next door whom I had nicknamed *Tankgirl* due to her feisty army like kick ass attitude. She was searching for answers and having tried many things was exploring cropcircles. She looked every inch like Lara Croft with her boyfriend in tow and a big Jeep. It was pretty obvious that she had been a soldier in a previous existence and this was quickly narrowed down to World War I infantry. Her manners, actions and stance were all male yet she was an exquisite female aged 32!!! She definitely reminded me of Lara Croft yet with the quirkiness of the cult Comic book film heroine *Tankgirl* – cool! She had not seen the film but knew of the character which made her laugh. They were on their way back from the Womad festival and she had decided to look into cropcircles.

Our day flew past and we visited the stones plus the silent circle café. Soon it was time to go see Karen and so we changed for the evening bash. The whole evening was again of a very high standard and Steve's breath taking as expected. Our goodbyes said we went back to the Dolphin before returning to the ranch. David had adopted sticking the Deputy Sheriff's badge I had given him onto his beret, which worked very well. He had been drinking all the while at the campsite from his Che Guevara mug with the classic image on a red background with yellow stars down the side. Very appropriate I thought he now looks like his revolutionary hero on the mug. Lots of stars too, it all fitted him perfectly. That's my boy I thought and smiled. Billy had always fought for justice and the under dog which is why folk liked him. David had the same effect on everyone. Eva had taken to him and liked him a lot once she had got to know him. His natural charm shone through and she also noticed that he was much more confident this year and not so shy. Knowing who he was had certainly had a positive effect on David and everyone could see the difference. Tomorrow, I decided, we would definitely go and see the star formation the signs were everywhere it was meant to be!

## Chapter Eleven

### Seeing Stars



The usual Monday chill out day got off to a good start with clear blue skies and a glorious sun rise. David and I were determined to find the Tidcombe-Martin star formation so we set off for the back of beyond. The weather was perfect and it brought back all of those happy cropcircling memories from the early nineties when we had a spell of hot summers. The formation was found after some difficulty due to it being behind a screen of trees but what a spectacular location! I chatted with the friendly aristocratic farmer who was extremely interested in this novel event on his land. He mentioned spiritual beings, which was a good sign that he was open minded to the beyond. I talked at length with his family and others who arrived including my good friend Geoff Stray who I was overjoyed to see. I also noticed that the farmer's wife Louise was wearing a pretty gold star necklace which was a nice coincidence.

The floor lay was exceptional every kind of knot and swirl had been woven into this beautiful formation, including double knots! The most stunning feature was the beautiful swirls that made up the dots around the formation's central pattern. The standing stalk swirls at 45° is impossible to duplicate by mechanical means. I pointed these details out to the farmer saying how this could not have been man made. It was as if the circle makers had deliberately gifted this for the family. They had been discussing cropcircles recently and wanted to know if there was anything in them beyond the man made hoax or landscape art scenario. It seemed that their wish had been granted and in a most spectacular way possible! The setting too was simply stunning, on a rise, wooded on all sides except for a gap at the north east corner.

All in all we spent a blissful 5 hours in the formation until we decided to leave. On the way out I met Horace an archetypal scientist of epic proportions. He turned out to have been at Glastonbury and came from Jacksonville, Florida. He quickly found that I was no *snowflake* as he put it when it comes to talking physics, time and other dimensions. His relief was palpable as he relaxed into a more lucid flow of conceptual hypotheses as to the amazing phase shifting time drift formations that were occurring else where at that very moment. Talking past lives he said, sure no problem, he knew exactly who and what he had been; an off world female scientist!!! This accounted in my book for his rapid speech and mercurial mind; he just couldn't make this dumb human body work fast enough to keep up with his mind. Having exchanged information we departed for the Red Lion as per usual and the end of our second cropcircle field trip. Now this is where fate and coincidence take over.

I was on total wind down being contented with the weekend, the excellent conference and our foray into the Fractal Star formation. The universe was to have other ideas however and it ain't over till it's over!!!

The Red Lion was very busy and had only one person serving. After five minutes I uncharacteristically lost patience and walked out saying to Billy Bob (my new nickname for David) this is ridiculous! He immediately suggested we try the Black Horse opposite Cherhill as we had been there a couple of weeks earlier, so off we went for one last drink before packing up. We duly got served efficiently and sat out side to enjoy the sunny weather. It felt like the end of everything and there was a tangible sense of anticlimax. This was compounded by the dreadfully boring *normal* conversation that was going on around us. Personalised number plates and how much money people had was the theme of the other peoples dire conversation. Oh dear Lord, now I knew why I loved cropcircling and the extremely interesting people you meet, like Billy the Kid! This was so dull and everything I hated about material money orientated *Roman* society. After 10 minutes I simply couldn't stand it any longer, "let's go across the road to the Silent Circle café for one last time Billy Bob!" "Good idea Dad, not much going on here." David stoically replied.

In an instant we went from one universe of grey material consciousness to another totally different universe of colourful magical consciousness in a single paradigm busting dimensional shift, simply by crossing the road to the Silent Circle café. WOW! I can breathe again I thought with a sigh of relief. I left Billy Bob talking as I walked towards the open door with the intention of ordering two coffees. My subconscious immediately grabbed my conscious attention with a mind numbing wrench as to my right sat a lone blonde haired lady; she was obviously completely lost in thought so I consciously decided to ignore my subconscious off the scale reaction and deliberately made plans to avoid sitting anywhere near her. There was one other table free outside the café so I made plans to sit there when I came out with the coffees. Upon returning coffees in hand I was arrested in my orderly progress by the fact that the planned table had suddenly become occupied. Oh well that left me with only one option, so I took a clam breath and headed straight for the only table left with a space.

“Hi is it OK if I sit here?” I asked casually whilst trying not to spill the two cups of coffee. It is common knowledge I feel that men can only do one thing at a time!

“I know you!”

“I know you too!” I replied completely startled, “Devizes conference two years ago...”

“You gave me two books.”

I started chatting and it was as though two years of time had not passed since we met briefly at the last night of the first conference. Rosie sat there as perfect as ever, cool clam and collected. “I’m waiting for my friends.” She said.

“I’ve written a third book! I will just go get it.” With that I went to retrieve a copy from my car and returned. We talked and Rosie seemed to like the Scottish overtones of the Covenant General story. Billy Bob came to join us and sat down. He recognised Rosie and started to chat, excited that he had just been talking to Bearcloud.

Events then collided and coincidence went off the Richter scale as other joined in the dance. Helen and Pattie, Rosie’s two friends came to join us with Bearcloud. Helen took immediate charge, “We must get Bearcloud to the new formation!” she said without pause for introductions. “He must see it!”

Having just spent 5 hours there with Billy Bob and the gang I agreed wholeheartedly and offered to guide them to it in the morning as it was getting too late in the day to go then. I love Bearcloud’s Star Nation website and it all seemed way too coincidental that the formation was a star fractal. We made arrangements to meet at 10:30am on the morrow and I duly swapped mobile numbers with Rosie who would drive her car to the site with Bearcloud, Helen and Pattie.

As if to reinforce the import of the situation Helen announce, “We must all be there, the power of six!”

I intuitively grasped her plan, 3 female energies balanced by 3 male energies, for Bearcloud was keen to perform a drumming ceremony in the formation. This was going to be awesome, what a privilege I thought, to be part of something so special. I love Native American culture so much and here it was all manifesting around me. With that the ephemeral fellowship broke apart as the others went their way.

“Wow! What just happened?” Billy Bob said as if to echo my own sentiments.

“We are going to take Bearcloud to the formation tomorrow morning! How awesome is that?” My adrenaline had gone through the roof and I could barely contain my excitement. “There we were thinking it was all over and whoosh! Stuff happens out of nowhere.”

Billy Bob and I headed back to the Red Lion as Charles in his shades locked up the café. “Terje’s giving a talk tomorrow night,” he interjected.

“Fantastic we’ll be there!” I was due back home but I was content to go with the cosmic flow of events. I would get to see Ragnhilde and Terje what a bonus that would be!

“It would be Norwegian and Native American interaction all in one day!” I stated as I realised the chain of coincidence that was unfolding. Billy Bob and I just sat there over a beer musing about the amazing series of events that had just occurred in rapid succession.

The beautiful evening reminded me of that magical time when we entered the Greenstreet Avebury bracelet formation 2 years previous. Wishing to recapture that delicious feeling of walking the rampart of the circle and descending into the crop to visit a formation as the sun went down took over. I could clearly see people in the new formation and it brought back such blissful memories of Billy Bob making that insightful comment about the standing and fallen wheat – wow that was so profound almost a Biblical parable in content.

“I really love this place David!” I exclaimed as we walked the rampart and 4000 year old memories flooded my conscious mind.

“Me too Dad!” Billy Bob chipped in with a massive smile. The warm sun fell on our backs as we turned to descend into the field. The feeling was simply glorious.

Being careful not to mark the wheat we carefully made our way into the crop only to meet Bearcloud, Helen, Pattie and Rosie making their way out. Perfect timing I thought for we had not intruded on their experience and time together. Allowing others to enjoy the space and experience it without interference is an important principle when in crop formations. I always view cropcircles as a sacred space – a temporary temple as Karen so eloquently puts it.

I smiled at Rosie and said simply, “more coincidence!” Without halting I continued walking the tramline brushing my hands gently over the wheat a la Gladiator movie style. In that way I kinaesthetically connect with the crop, the sun, the crop, the moment and the experience as I create memory. Standing in the formation was just a total joy. Memories flooded my mind and were only interrupted by a family of new cropies experiencing this amazing phenomenon for the first time. The Grandmother talked of her psychic abilities and we connected delightfully as I added my quantum coherence ideas to her experiences. Her son who was obviously having his paradigm cage rattled was keen to move on so I allowed them to thrash out their dynamics without further interaction. I simply smiled and let them pass by.

A charismatic red haired Dutch lady then approached me and engaged in conversation. I picked up the accent straight away and asked her in Dutch how she found the energies in the formation. “I find them absolutely fantastic!” She replied with a beautiful enthusiastic smile. “I’m a Grandmother she exclaimed what am I doing here?” She then

launched into how she lived in Amsterdam and had brought up her children single handed whilst running a shop. What a fantastic women I thought. "My name is Sophia," she continued.

"Delighted to meet you," I replied courteously and introduced David. We discussed coincidence, the universe and cropcircles for 30 minutes or so when I suggested that she join us for a drink and supper as it was starting to get dark. To sink into speaking Dutch lucidly is always a pleasure for me and David too, for he has studied Dutch. He has a memory of being involved with the Dutch resistance in World War II and of helping Jewish holocaust victims' escape from Nazi persecution. The memory also involves Amsterdam which seemed all too much of a coincidence with meeting Sophia!

Billy the Kid was always escaping and David's Robin Hood sense of Justice fitted perfectly with these memories. I assumed that he too had been killed by the Nazis which accounted for his rapid soul turn around to resolve issues before the 2012 crunch line.

*All things must be resolved so that we can move on* - is a constant thought that I have had over the last 15 years.

We chatted and eventually I suggested that we all grab some fish and chips from Pewsey whist we could still make it. David laughed and said," The way things are going you'll probably meet Gillian Anderson in the chip shop?!!!" We had learnt earlier that there is a possibility the Gillian Anderson of X files fame had bought a house in the area, hence David's joke. Certainly we were on a cosmic coincidence roll and I wouldn't discount anything.

After purchasing our supper I drove David and Sophia to the Eastfield, on the south side, to chat and eat. I love the view of Knap Hill and Adam's grave in the moonlight, even more so now that I know that I lived there 1500 years ago. I explained that this is a magical energy point that is gifted each year with amazing crop formations, with the exception of 2006 which seemed to be a people interaction pause for thought year. As I pulled up alongside the other lone car I was amazed to find that it was occupied by Connie and Foeke our two Dutch friends from the campsite. The Dutch connections just kept on coming and Sophia was revelling in the coincidence of all this happening. Foeke was excited as he had caught an anomalous ball of light appearing out of the ground at the fractal star formation! He would be showing the film during the interval at Terje's talk on the morrow. WOW! This was just going into overdrive I thought! With that they left for the campsite and we said good night.

Sophia was worried about it being late but I explained our *time doesn't count walkabout* principle which she found most refreshing. Around 2:00 am I suggested I drive Sophia home safely and by coincidence found that she was staying with Antoinette and Perry at their Avebury Trusloe Cottage. With our appetite for cropcircles and hunger both sated David and I bid a fond farewell to Sophia and we headed back for some shut eye before our appointment with Bearcloud and the girls.

## Chapter Twelve

### Fractal of Man



The day dawned beautifully and David rustled up breakfast a la Billy the Kid. I washed up and we jumped in the *General* as I called my Black SAAB 9000. I liked the Duke's of Hazzard due to my Civil War memory and also the General locomotive from the Andrew's Raid of April 12, 1862, so I had tattooed in black paint a Confederate battle flag on the bonnet (hood) a couple of years previous. I called the art installation 'Ghost in the machine' as it is visible only at certain angles and lights.

I love 5 pointed stars and have been associated with them a badges, emblems and symbols through out many lives so the coincidence with Bearcloud's Star Nations and Star fractals was perfect. The bonnet had been vandalised several years ago, it was not worth repairing properly and it annoyed me so much every time I saw it as I knew who was responsible. In a moment of inspiration I decided to turn the negativity into positivity by overlaying a design that would make me smile instead of getting annoyed. I therefore sprayed the 13 star St Andrew's cross pattern of the Confederacy. It worked! Every time I looked at the bonnet now I smiled, it is the power of symbols and their emanating visual vibrations to trigger memory and alter mood, crop circles are the same.

We rendezvoused at the Silent circle, it was a gloriously sunny day, underlying the American nature of this unique event I unfurled my Confederate battle flag and lay it on the back parcel shelf. Both the Native Americans and the Confederacy had suffered at the hands of the Yankees, so it was a fitting sign of solidarity between Bearcloud, Billy and me. We had rearranged to meet the girls in Marlborough en route. Stopping in the

high street we waited as the girls assembled. Wow! How cool is this I thought as I led the way to Marten following the previous day's route.

The sun was up and the element of playfulness of the cropcircle designers was weaving its magic. My energies resonated in step and built into euphoria.

Parking adjacent to the trees that led to the field we emptied out of the vehicles. Amid the flurry of anticipation David and I led the way through the trees. Pattie's dog *Keira* the *Hairy Goddess* needed lifting over the wire fence so I duly obliged. In a fit of visual association I dubbed the ladies the *Witches of Eastwick* as they moved with uniform purpose. They liked that and seeing their approbation I added, "The question is which one of you is Bette Middler?!!!" They all laughed, "Well it's obvious that Rosie is Jessica Lang!" I continued unabated, as the visual image reinforced itself in the wooded ambience.

Still leading the way as the cavalry do, I walked the tramline carefully and paused respectfully at the edge of the formation to give thanks before entering. Job done I could now just enjoy watching the others feed off of the energy. Wow! Bearcloud, Billy the Kid and the 3 Witches of Eastwick all with Native American past lives and me the lone Confederate soldier. What a privilege to be here and to help facilitate the drumming ceremony that was about to take place.

The sacred space created within us a sense of respect and silence as one adopts when entering a church or other holy place. I was determined not to get over enthusiastic and spoil the profound atmosphere with my exuberance and natural effervescence. It is important to allow people time and space to commune with the energies of the crop formations in their own way. My eyes were drawn constantly towards Rosie as she walked alone around the perimeter of the formation. I felt an intense magnetism toward her that I could as yet not define but it was extremely profound and very deep. It was in fact the most powerful reaction of that sort that I had ever experienced throughout my entire life. My subconscious obviously recognised who she was and knew precisely why we were connected but as of yet my conscious mind was totally clueless.

After 30 or so minutes of absorbing the energies we were joined by Megan, another blonde lady, this time from New Zealand. Helen had persuaded her to come along to enjoy the ceremony so make our number up to 7, the number of spirit and mystery. The balanced Yin Yang of 3 female energies and 3 male energies had been tipped towards the feminine Yin. That's a good thing I thought, this is the time for feminine energies to come to the forefront. Without prompting we all sat silently in a circle and Bearcloud began by giving thanks to the Star Nations for the formation and then began drumming rhythmically and chanting. I recognised one of the chants about the Eagles and thought of the American eagle displayed on my cap.

I have several native American tapes that I play a lot to remind me of my past for I lived through the traumatic times and it was precisely 1881 in my last life synchronous with my age in this life. As the drumming intensified the flood gates of my memory just

opened wide and out gushed all my suppressed American emotion. The sun the circle and the rhythmic chanting all wove a magical spell so powerful and emotional that tears formed in my eyes. I could feel the heat of the sun and smell the wood smoke of the black iron 4-4-0 locomotives. The famous *General* locomotive had been used for track laying duties in Georgia and I had worked alongside the iconic engine. Yet I was equally sad for the culture that the mighty iron horse was destroying out on the open plains. The buffalo were being mercilessly slaughtered in their millions as were the Native Americans who resisted the reservation settlement policy being enforced by the blue coated Yankee soldiers. General Sherman had been put in charge of the *Indian problem* and the phrase “the only good Indian is a dead Indian kept echoing in my head.” My native state of Georgia had felt the full force of Sherman’s destructive policies during the winter of 1864 – 65. We had been like the Spartans before us just a few chosen warriors trying in vain to stop a monolithic juggernaut; our 3000 against Sherman’s 60 000 as they cut a swathe through Georgia 60 miles wide and 300 miles long, from Atlanta to the sea. I had seen what they were capable of first hand and now my Red Brother would suffer the same if not worse. For the Yankees wanted to annihilate them all in an act of mass ethnic cleansing and genocide.

All this echoed through my mind as I silently watched Rosie opposite to me in the circle. She sat majestically head bowed, her distinctive floral sun hat covering her eyes, those same beautiful deep eyes I had seen the day before shaded by dark sunglasses. Perhaps I was also tuning into Rosie’s memories which reinforced the sadness in mine? I just couldn’t take my eyes off of her. I was completely entranced by her regal noble beauty; so powerful yet so fragile. There was a tangible unspoken link between us, very old and very ancient. The electricity crackled up and down my spine as I gazed at her.

I then looked at Billy/ David who was quite obviously engaged in astral travelling and not at home. The year 1881 would be the very year that he was shot and that precise time in my life last time around was – NOW! OMG – with the time delay it was complete synchronicity with age - it was literally NOW!!! (Billy was shot to death through the heart July 14, 1881)

This made me very sad and a wave of emotion came over me like breakers on a distant beach somewhen in time. Yet there was Rosie my *Isis Faria* the lady with her flaming torch of blonde hair, calm and composed, a real rock set amongst the raging sea of emotion that was drowning and engulfing me.

Likewise Sarah *Sallie* Spalding the blonde haired love of Alexander Baillie Kell’s life had guided him unscathed through the holocaust of the Civil War. Her image and that of the lighthouse on Sapelo Island where she lived had stood as a beacon of hope through out those dark destructive years. Neither, bullet, shell nor bayonet had touched him as he clung to the beam of unwavering light that she had shone for him. Now Rosie had picked up the torch and I could feel the connection deep down in my soul. It was overwhelming. It was absolutely total. It was *total unconditional love*. It was only NOW then and there that I experienced this for the very first time in my present life. It was a perfect moment in time. A totally astonishing moment in time!

With that Bearcloud brought the ceremony to an end and we all sat in total silence contemplating the moment. We were all together as a group but each sat empowered in their own space with their own profound thoughts.

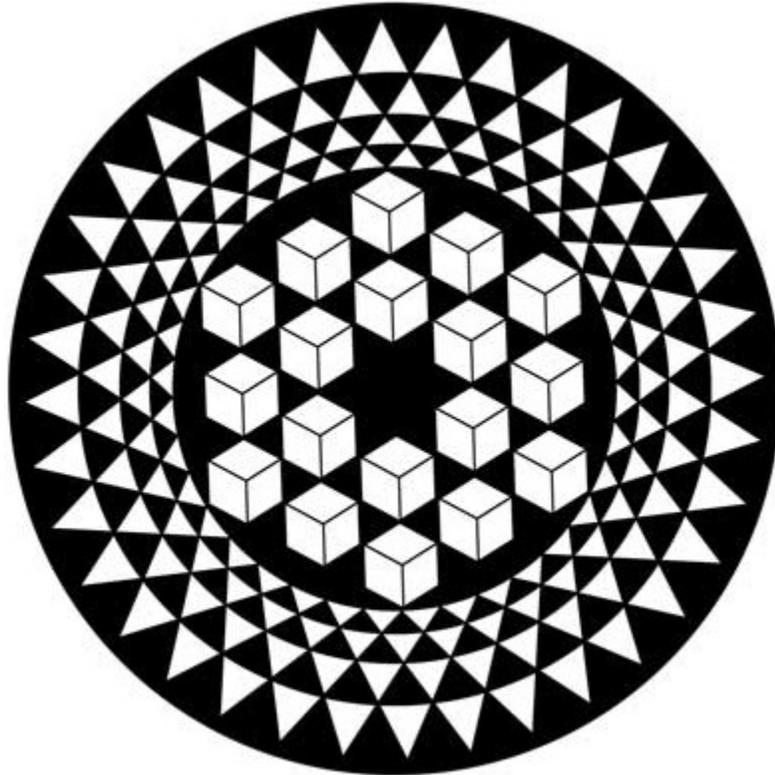
The spell was broken.

People began to take photos. I snapped a quick one of Rosie as she rose and in complete synchronicity, unknown to me at the time, she snapped one back.

Lost in wonder each moved around the circle. Others now entered and added to the collective energy of the formation thereby changing the balance totally. Something very special had just come to pass...something magical and wonderful...

## Chapter Thirteen

### Laara



As we filed in procession along the tramline out of the formation I felt lifted up. My spirit felt a sense of relief and lightened. Those memories that possessed me from the past had been expunged and the true *I am* shone through uncluttered by ego. This caused my soul to sing and become child like and playful. I teased Rosie to test her mettle and as the silence was broken I glimpsed and recognised the power within. The kinaesthetic feel of the wheat as I brushed it reinforced the moment, everybody was silent. Upon leaving the field by the wooded area, where the friendly farmer had set up his table, I acknowledge the red headed boy with whom I had had a delightful conversation with the previous day. He was obviously a son of the farmer and was now manning the table with the collection box.

As we walked the silence was palpable so much so that I felt people were going to miss the wonderful view that was to be had if one just strayed from the well trod field border. With that I indicated such and swung right into the wooded area adjacent to the field. The monumental view of the valley beyond was stunning, the circle makers had chosen an exquisite setting for their triumphal work of art.

One of the girls broke the silence, "What shall we do now?" she uttered in hushed tones. Deliberately as though to make a clean break and to contrast with the almost religious solemnity, I piped up, "We usually go to the pub!" To which everybody laughed. "Where would we like to go for lunch?" I enquired with Southern courtesy. "The men usually know best on those matters!" A lone female voice responded with a wickedly quick reply.

The Barge was a logical choice but tracking across country would be difficult, so I opted for the safe option that would keep everybody happy, "Red Lion at Avebury!" The stones were calling and it seemed appropriate to finish off the ceremony back with the mother circle. Leaving by the corner of the field I volunteered to duly lift *Keira* over the wire fence, which proved a little more difficult as she knew exactly what was coming. My mirthful energies were now fully charged with the circle energy and so I engaged Rosie in playful conversation as we tramped through the wooded area.

As I drove back to Avebury Billy Bob and Bearcloud were chatting away so I kept checking in my mirror to see if Helen was following. I smiled as I could see Rosie engaging Helen in conversation. Coming back along the A4 I deliberately took a right and drove very slowly up the avenue to the ring. This was a sacred act of procession honouring the 4000 year old tradition. The girls said later that they really appreciated that as they had never entered the ring by that way before. This is easy to understand as the main signpost points to the Beckhampton roundabout as the point entry. It is almost as though the out of touch authorities want to deliberately suppress the old ways as they did with the lunar calendar.

We all sat at the table outside by the entrance to the Red Lion. Rosie asked for some shade so I found myself quick as a flash searching for a parasol which I duly returned with. Then after a second trip to find the base I erected the apparatus. Rosie was amazed at my efficiency but I felt duty bound for some strange reason to look after her? It was a *de ja vu* situation that my conscious mind clearly recognised in that instant, for my subconscious was obviously responding to a learnt memory. I have over the years developed a technique that allows me to know when my subconscious is triggered.

We were then joined fortuitously by Laara who sat down opposite David. Again this was more than coincidence and I could feel the connection between them. Something she said previously started to ring a bell and make a connection. She had mentioned that she was a Maxwell in connection with kilts when we were talking about Highland dress. My subconscious mind knew the connection but my conscious mind was still playing catch up.

With that we were joined by a 2 metre tall Dutchman who entered riding an amazing penny farthing like bicycle! "There's a man who knows how to make an entrance," I said. Hearing that he spoke Dutch we engaged in conversation and he said down with us. Even better he turned out to be a street performance artist from Amsterdam and was wearing a Confederate looking grey kepi.

The party like atmosphere increased tangibly as we ate. Rosie had chosen the exact same meal as me – prawns without the salad dressing. “Snap!” I said, “past life dolphin for sure!” and smiled. Whilst chatting I discovered that even her daughter had the same name as my daughter – Harriet. This is all too coincidental to be random coincidence I thought.

Bert Janssen joined us and then to complete the coincidence crescendo Janet Ossebard greeted me. I’ve been wishing to see you I said in Dutch, how about that everything is happening at once. I retrieved my new book and folder from the car to show her my discoveries with regard to William Baillie, Holland and Billy the Kid.

The party was cut short as Bearcloud had to pick up his car from the repairers in Calne. He then had to meet another group for another ceremony at 6:30pm.

“No probs, I’ll drive you. It will be an honour.” With that we had to leave in a twinkling of an eye and I so for a second time I was hijacked from Rosie’s company. The sense of loss was quite palpable but again I had no idea why. But hey – I just had to go with the flow.

My gas tank was on red, but I figured I had just enough to get Bearcloud to his car. Laara had also decided to accompany us, which was a pleasant surprise. My own thoughts and feelings for Rosie put aside I was quite pleased at this turn of events. There is a definite bond between the two of them but what could it be? What was the elusive connection that glued them together?

Our parting with Bearcloud was very emotional. “Little white brother thanks big red brother,” I said as I hugged him at length. I remembered giving him my Rebel Spirit book back in Glastonbury 2001 and the same emotion I felt that day as I hugged him then. It all flooded back and with that I drove away and sadness enveloped my heart.

“What a magical day.” I said to David  
“Wow Dad it’s sure done my head in!”  
“All meant to be Billy Bob.” I replied.

Needless to say I made it to the Texaco garage gas station in Devizes. I smiled as I consciously acknowledged its bright red 5 pointed star. Now it was time to pack up my tent, which was overdue. The spontaneity of events had taken over with a life of their own in true cosmic surfer style – oh yeah!

“Where to Laara?” I asked.  
“I’d like to see where you and David camp.” She asked.  
“No probs!” I replied and was quite happy to oblige.

I had nicknamed Laara Cowgirl due to her boots and cowboy style hat, there was definitely a deep bond between Laara and David, but I still felt it was an unusual request for a lady to make. Normally ladies do not do camping.

“Would you like to join us for dinner?” I asked as I offered her my chair.  
“That would be lovely.” She replied sweetly.

Laara insisted on sharing the chores despite my protests that she was a guest. I spotted her and Billy strolling together to do the washing up. They really seem totally bonded together by some hidden connection but what it was eluded my conscious mind at present. Her cowboy hat was dangling by its cords on her back. An impressive lady I thought, very egalitarian, one of the boys in fact.

My car loaded with camp gear I head for Terje’s talk at the silent circle. David offered to drive Laara as he would need his car to return. Pulling up at the silent circle the venue was packed and a sunny party atmosphere was in full swing. I bumped into Geoff Stray and gave him a big hug. In side I sat next to Ragnhilde as Terje presented Garry King’s video that he had produced. As a bonus he showed Foeke’s video footage from the Marten formation which was equally stunning in its importance.

What an excellent way to end this adventure! I took my leave at the interval as I had one last call to make and with that after saying adieu to David I headed for the Barge Inn. I wanted desperately to say goodbye to Rosie and the other two witches of Eastwick, Helen and Pattie. I knew they were camping at the Barge and eventually I found them.

“Hi I’ve just come to say goodbye.” I said respectfully.  
“That’s a nice surprise.” Pattie replied  
“Well I can’t leave without paying my respects to the Witches of Eastwick!”  
“Oh you’ve just missed Rosie, she’s just gone.” Helen said.  
“Never mind, it’s not meant to be.”

Helen offered me Rosie’s seat and I sat chatting with her as the blood red Moon arose slowly into the sky.  
“We’ve decided to call ourselves the Witches of Eastfield!” Helen said with a smile of approval.  
“And very appropriate too!” I said and laughed out loud.

After drinking and chatting about the days events and the Native American memories it stirred in us I took my leave. It was midnight and time to drive home by the light of the full Moon.

Would I be able to solve the riddle of the link between David and Laara and would I ever see Rosie again? Those were the two questions upper most in my mind as I shifted space in my SAAB.

## Epilogue



Three days later - Swimming in the ether even though I was physically separated from the group I was still present with them spiritually. I maintained the connection by texting David and Rosie which allowed me to maintain my focus lucidly for I felt a sense of subconscious urgency driving me on. What I did not realise at the time was that we were heading like a runaway train smack for the synchronous death day of Billy the Kid in my last life. Billy was shot through the heart by Pat Garrett July 14, 1881. This event would be witnessed by Billy's best friend Pete Maxwell who would feel forever afterwards extreme remorse and guilt. Temporal timelines were colliding fast exactly as predicted in the time tunnel crop glyphs of the previous year.

My subconscious mind knew all of this and was desperately trying to communicate with my conscious mind to work out the puzzle and solve the riddle. I decided to return to the sea and let my mind go back to its original dolphin state. I played with a bottle tied to a wave board and just enjoyed the freedom of 3D movement in the water. In this altered state all the pieces fell into place. Laara was Pete Maxwell!!!!!!

I rushed out of the sea and up the beach. Hurriedly I dried and switched on my computer. Instinctively I intuitively hit all the right keys and found the article on Billy's death. I was right Pete Maxwell was indeed Billy's friend and had watched as he was shot and killed on that fateful day. Laara had given me the clue with her throwaway line, "Well I'm a Maxwell."

I phoned David instantly on his mobile and appropriately found that he was back visiting the Aldbourne cubic formation with Laara by his side. He was quite moved by the revelation which made complete sense to him and the depth of his relationship with Laara. My job was done and I could now relax.

David and Laara went on to spend another week together visiting the crop circles before she had to return to Canada.

To be continued...

