

Coherent Blue Light Water

The Gift from Illinois Mountain

By David Yarrow

In May 2006, an email from a friend suggested I might locate a new well for the Town of Highland, across the Hudson River from the City of Poughkeepsie in the mid-Hudson Valley. The Town needed to expand its water supply to serve a growing population. The Water System Superintendent needed a new well with at least 50 gallons per minute.

So, I emailed him offering my services as a Water Angel. I was a bit nervous, since often I encounter skepticism (on occasion, hostility) from professional engineers and scientists. But John was open to my unusual service, and set a day in May for me to see his facility.

First Visit: Extra-ordinary Circumstances

My first visit to the water plant was an unexpected delight to talk to Superintendent John and two water system engineers, Mark and Andy. For an hour in the office, we looked at watershed maps and geological charts. All three men were curious and surprisingly open-minded about dowsing, receptive to any method to satisfy their town's water needs. Likewise, I was quite surprised by many things I learned in their office.

The engineers were bluntly honest about the dark side of water treatment technology, namely the use of poisons like chlorine and chloramine. They shared emotional as well as rational reluctance to dump doses of chlorine in water they deliver to their families and neighbors. But federal and state laws insist whenever they send water in a pipe to customers, a minimum dose of chlorine is required to kill all bacteria, the good, the bad and the friendly ,along with pathological.

The Town watershed is on northeast slopes of Illinois Mountain, a hard rock ridge west of town that abruptly rises to 1000 feet. Bedrock forming this mountain isn't horizontal, but thrust up nearly 90 degrees in vertical planes—an extreme fold of Appalachian syncline. Such strata-stood-on-edge is unusual, presenting a challenging condition to find water—by any method. I wondered what I knew of underground water flows in such extreme geology.

The Town spent \$50,000 on hydrogeology consultants and three hardrock wells—one 700 feet. Two wells were vertical shafts, but the 700-footer was seven degrees below horizontal, to penetrate sideways through vertical bedrock planes.

But the best well yielded 30 gallons a minute, just 60% of the 50 gallon minimum needed.

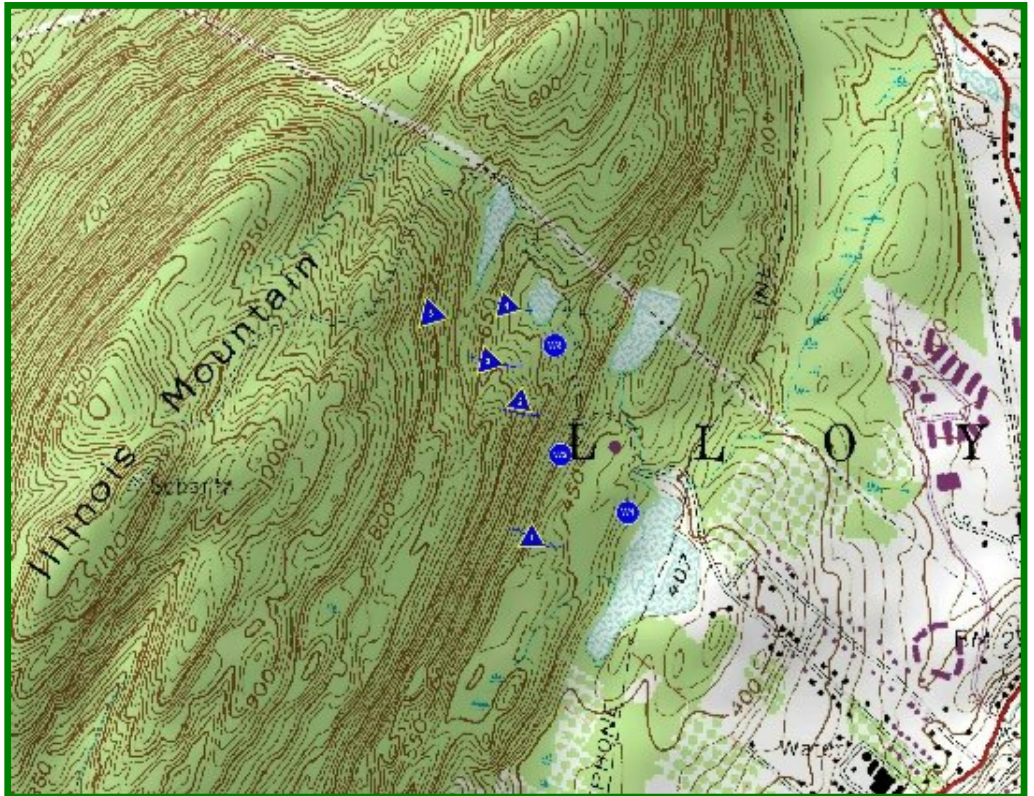
John wanted a secure and pure source of water that needed minimal treatment. Failing that, he would have to get water from the Hudson River, which meant pumping water quite a distance overland and uphill to the treatment plant. Since river water is full of organic chemicals and biological organisms, it requires heavy doses of chlorine, which forms chlorinated organic compounds —well-documented toxics, especially to liver and kidneys.

John wanted to get water so clean, safe and secure, the Town Board could authorize the water system to allow town residents to get water fresh from the well in their own containers to take home—untreated with chlorine. I found the idea exciting and inspiring. It was, after all, the Town's water. We, the people of the Town, own it.

We reviewed maps, discussed strategy and geology, told a few tales. Then we all piled in a pickup to see the real terrain. We rode a steep, narrow gravel track winding up Illinois Mountain to look at three wells and four reservoirs.

Four water system reservoirs nestle in hollows of an ascending stair-step formed by thin vertical ledges of hard rock in Illinois Mountain's east face.

Low on the mountain's toe, the largest reservoir features a floating solar-powered pump to spray and aerate water. The low-yield well is 300 feet west at the base of the slope.



Twisting up through rock-strewn forest, a second reservoir is on the right. Bales of barley straw rise like an island in its center. A few hundred feet south, the 700-foot horizontal well still yields 30 gallons a minute.

After another steep S-bend climb, a small, dry reservoir is tucked in a basin. The third well was a few dozen feet south.

By my investigations, none of the three wells was drilled into a vein of living water. All catch groundwater in the external water cycle—typical hydrogeology to tap a trapped pool of groundwater percolating down into bedrock. Hydrogeologists had done their best with tools and knowledge of their science.

After another steep climb over hard rock, we found the fourth reservoir squeezed in a narrow ledge below the crest.

Above another thin, hard rock ledge, a fifth reservoir—a natural wetland, with skunk cabbage and cattails—crowned the crest. We stopped to inspect this natural upwelling of water on the mountaintop. A steady stream ran under the road to tumble over the ledge to the fourth reservoir.

It was hard not to chuckle at the enigma of this wetland on the mountaintop. How does water get here? I quickly dowsed four springs feeding this water body—pausing to admire the spectacular, vast view east across Hudson Valley to Connecticut. To the north, giant steel power towers stalked down the mountain, linked by three steel cables.

We stood by the wetland discussing the beauty, power and order of nature. I talked about champion trees and ancient forests, old growth forest surveys, including one on nearby Schunnemunk Mountain. Like Illinois, Schunnemunk is hard rock Appalachian syncline geology, with a wetland tucked in a crease on its summit. John and Andy talked of hiking and hunting on the mountain. We agreed too much damage is done by humans.

The engineers left for other duties, so John and I continued to the top. At just over 1100 feet, the peak is crowned by four communication towers. Two are national security networks. I studied the master water flows rising under the mountain, and told John there were thousands of gallons issuing up and out under the core of the mountain.

In a long, personal talk on challenges facing humanity, especially the next generation, we agreed industrial civilization is a failure whose long-term consequences of short-term thinking are about to become evident. The social organization created by corporate economic empires is now the gravest threat to Earth's life systems and to the next generations. Accelerating consumption, sale and pollution of resources by consumer-driven materialism will soon devour the Earth—or cause a collapse of the planetary Web of Life.

I was impressed by John's honest realistic assessment of our current flight path into the future. But I was sad he saw little hope humanity will wake and change course any time soon, voluntarily, or through extra-ordinary circumstances.

While my eyes swept vistas east beyond the Hudson to Taconic and Berkshire Mountains, and Hudson Highlands southeast, my soul saw the depths of John's heart, revealed by his own path through history and mystery in the shadow and slopes of this odd upthrust mountain. Gradually, John's stories softened my sharp doubts about the wisdom of showing the Town the new water under the mountain.

Mid-afternoon I decided I'd heard enough to answer the quest that brought me to this mountaintop. Going within to my dowser's mind, I asked again, "Can I help this Town? May I help this Town? Should I help this Town?" Despite my doubts, my dowsing response was enthusiastic and positive.

I paused my conversation with John, and centered my mind in brief meditation to review maps, charts, words, wishes, data, and desires I had gathered through the day. Holding it all in my mind, I asked my dowser's mind how many sites within the town watershed can supply the water John wanted. The

answer was "five." I took a bearing and distance to each, and estimated their location on my topographic map of Illinois Mountain. This took all of ten minutes.

John watched in respectful silence. When I announced my findings, John looked incredulous and asked, "That's it? That's all it takes to do your dowsing?"

I smiled, and replied, "Well, yes. To get an answer is swift and easy. But to be sure, I collect information on the situation to be fully aware of its facets. The key is to ask clear, concise, coherent, unambiguous questions. The more I understand you, your need, the terrain, and all, the more accurate and precise will be my answers."

We drove back down the mountain to visit each potential well site. The first was at the mountain's base, above the lowest reservoir, a few hundred feet south of their first new well. Other well sites were each one terrace higher up the mountain. Three were at a crossing of two underground streams; the fourth was a 3-way crossing.

At each location, I dowsed each vein for direction, depth, size, and volume. I marked each more accurately on my map. John wrote down some of my data, but he'd never seen a dowser at work, and was mystified by my metal wand's wiggles. Soon it was 5:30, and we quit before the fifth well site, seven-eighths up the mountain.

Second Visit: Water Angel Training

A week later, I returned to Highland, and met with John, Andy and Mark. I sensed doubt my wiggling wand could so quick and easy yield reliable data on large water sources hidden out of sight deep under bedrock. Their skepticism was reasonable and respectful, not hostile, mocking or cynical. I admitted I had never located such a large scale water source, although I successfully located water for over 40 farms, homes and one factory. I entertained them with curious, amusing tales, and explained how I try to be sure of my work by teaching my clients to dowse, and compare my results with theirs.

All three men were open to learn the ancient art. So, I got my box of cut coat hangers and white cloth strips, and took John, Mark and Andy through my three steps to detect water veins. Mark took to dowsing quick, slipped easy into intuitive mind mode, got strong responses after my brief explanation. Andy needed a few trials before his rods responded. After a few minutes of tentative, sluggish movements, his rods began strong, consistent responses.

But John struggled to get the least wiggle; then, when his rod moved, his results were inconsistent, to his obvious, growing frustration. Eventually he sat down on a picnic table. I left him alone and continued to direct Mark and Andy. After ten minutes, John resumed, and got clear, consistent responses. At lunch, he explained he realized he was defeating himself by his own skepticism and doubt that he could work a dowsing rod. Wisely, he took a break to clear this negativity from his head and authorize himself to do this new task. Sure enough, his disbelief suspended, John quickly mastered the method. I chuckled, and agreed. Seeing may be believing to most, but some things must be believed to be seen.

The three men soon found they can also locate and trace their water system's pipes. Then, at my suggestion, they traced sewer pipes. These water professionals were excited to discover they had this very useful ability to detect buried water and sewer system lines. Mark and Andy quickly transferred this to locating their facility gas pipes. Soon John discovered he could detect and trace buried electric conduits. They realized dowsing isn't about water at all, but involves some far broader sensory perception.

I was impressed how much they learned in one morning. During lunch, seated at a picnic table outside, other men arrived who worked for the water system. After hearing about

the three men's new ability, an excavator explained the uses bent welding rod to locate obstacles before a dig. He was surprised his skill had other uses, like finding water sources.

After lunch, we drove the pickup back up the mountain to the five potential wells I had located. On a stop by the lowest reservoir, I showed them a special waterflow feature dowers called a "dome." Just north of the road, a vertical column of water crowned to feed a network of seven veins.

At each of my well sites, I had them do their own dowsing. We traced each water vein, and estimated their size and depth. We quickly agreed there was water under us, but numbers on size and depth were inconsistent. We explored these differences and learned from each other's perceptions.

Fifth and last was high on the mountain, in a narrow gully between two vertical slabs of hard rock, south of the highest reservoir. I was distracted away from the well, attracted by a sacred space, a vertical axis of energy connecting heaven and underworld—a strong one. This very special space attracted me. I decided to search it out before the last drill site.

Following my dowsing rod, I was soon stumbling up along a sharply rising hard rock ledge—perhaps 30 feet wide, falling off sharply, steeply on either side. Few trees—most small hemlock—clung to this thin edge of bedrock. Nine hemlocks grew in a circle; their overhanging limbs formed a canopy just over my head. I stepped into this circle as my dowsing rod swiveled in a circle.

Andy, John and Mark followed me up the ledge, and soon we sat in the hemlock circle. All agreed this spot felt different than any ordinary place. I explained that under us, deep in the Earth, an immense fountain of water rises up toward the surface. Over 300 hundred feet under us, this water splits and bends, to flow outwards in 13 veins, each enough to meet the Town's needs. The water dome down by the lowest reservoir is a tiny trickle; this dome beneath us is an immense waterflow.

Overhead, a whorl of magnetic flux spirals down from the sky. Where this subtle stream enters the Earth, eight beams of energy radiate out across the landscape, linking this site with others that may be thousands of feet, or miles, away.

Aligned, these two flow features create a kind of bubble—a zone of enhanced, focused energy, connected to key features in surrounding land. Left to itself over centuries, Nature created a circle of stone, trees and scenery to express a subtle, sacred presence—a space to encourage an open, expanded mind.

We relaxed in this special space many minutes, talked of alienation between humans and nature—disruption and destruction caused by insensitive, unaware, self-serving, short-sighted human actions. After indulging in this communion and serenity, we stood up and resumed our search for well site #5 in the hollow west of our perch.

It took little discussion to decide to drill #4. It is near and above the dry reservoir, and a short road will get a drilling rig onto the site.

Fourth Visit: Drilling the Well

On Monday morning, June 5th, at almost 10am, drilling began on Illinois Mountain, delayed by trouble getting the rig in position. The flatbed truck loaded with heavy metal, hard rock drilling gear couldn't back up the steepest section of new gravel roadbed. So, the truck drove up forwards, then turned around to back onto the well site. But the gravel at the top to turn the truck wasn't enough, and spring rains left soils waterlogged and soft—poor support for a heavy truck. Its treads sank deep, and nearly got stuck. After long jockeying on a sheet steel plate, the rig was positioned to drop its bit on my mark.

My dowsing confirmed again two veins crossing, one at 120 feet, another at 260 feet. A hundred yards down a modest slope is the empty reservoir. The town can get at least 50 gallons a minute—perhaps 80—from this single well.

Illinois Mountain's extra-ordinary vertical bedrock forms an extreme terrain at the site. Ledges of sedimentary sandstone, limestone and shale strata tip up nearly 90 degrees—almost vertical. A few feet east of the drill site, a vertical slab of hard rock shoots up 150 feet at 80 degrees. Somewhere steeply over our heads is the circle of hemlocks on a thin-edge ledge near the fifth well site. Likely the vein soon to be drilled is from the dome under the sacred space found on my second visit.

About 11am, Jim, the drill owner, had to leave, so we hiked down the gravel slope away from the drill's deafening noise. Jim does dowse, and joined the list of dowers who agree there's water at my chosen spot. Jim used to work with Don Woods, a well-known Catskill dowser—now deceased. Jim said Don claimed to dowse from maps, divert veins, find missing people, and other unusual talents, and Jim found him reliable to locate good water, and easy to work with.

I began talking to Jim about the mysteries of water when a yell from the drilling rig and change in engine pitch announced puncture of the first vein. The operator estimated about 15 gallons per minute at 105 feet.

Stuck in Muck

A backhoe was brought up to dig a trench to drain away water spilling from the well, feeding a steadily expanding puddle. Amid the rocks, tree roots and forest litter, there was little soil except a mantle of organic debris. Digging was more dragging and rolling rocks than excavating dirt.

John and I scooped away leaves, twigs and centuries of decay to clear the path for the water. I felt like a boy playing in a stream. Eventually the slope dropped, and water rushed into the rocks, draining the puddle.

John took the backhoe operator down the mountain to lunch, leaving me to sit on my stool, watch and wait. Monotony settled in as the drill's ceaseless rotations bored inch by inch into the mountain. Caught between bedlam and boredom—ear-deadening rig racket, or mind-numbing time trance—I wanted to hike up the mountain to find silence, solitude and sacred space. I felt pinned by my duty to this noisy task.

My restless, roving eyes spotted a small stick 50 feet away, sticking straight up at the edge of the trench. Suddenly, the twig wiggled, bent over, then sapped straight. In a few seconds, it wiggled and snapped again. At the third time, I was mystified, and went to inspect the source of this animation.

Up close, I saw a dragonfly headfirst in mud lining the drainage trench. This bug was stuck, head down, tail up, and couldn't break loose with its leg or wings. Even quick tail snaps couldn't get his bug-eyed head unstuck from the muck.

Gently extending my finger, I tugged lightly until he had a firm grip, then pulled the creature free. It clung to my finger, and I slowly raised it to eye level.

I expected a quick launch into the air and fly-off. Instead, he clung to my finger. Looking close, I saw him shake his head, and reach up with two front legs to scrape his face. The little creature had a face full of mud. The bug was blinded by a generous gob of brown goo pasted right on his face, totally over his two bulging compound eyes. This muck was so stuck, he couldn't shake it or scrape it off like a drop of water.

I looked for a remedy for his blindness, but no clear water was in sight to bathe his head. Hobbling about with a dragonfly on my finger, I remembered a small blue bottle of Sharon Spring mineral water in my minivan. About then, John returned with coffee, and got the vial from my car. We slowly dripped drops on the dragonfly's face to gradually wash the mud off.

Soon, I sat on my stool by the trench. John squatted by me. Shouting over machine noises was too tiring, so we sat in silence, sipped coffee, waited. To escape bedlam and boredom, I imagined myself down in the mountain following the drill bit boring through bedrock. I shut down my outer senses,

focused my mind 200 feet deep where the drill bit ground stone into dust, slowly scouring away hard rock, penetrating deeper, inch by inch, turn by turn.

Blue Water

Around 4pm, I stared at muddy brown water and dark gray powder streaming in the trench at my feet. The drill operator paused to add the 240-260 foot pipe section. By my dowsing, this length will punch the drill through the deeper, larger vein.

After 4pm, below 250 feet, I felt something. A shift in my head, a surge in my internal energy, something inside. I saw no physical clues to indicate any new water was entering the well. The drill operators gave no sign the drill had punctured another vein or cavity. Drilling continued, the bit slowly revolving, gradually descending into the mountain.

I looked at John, asked if he noticed anything. He said no. I stood up, looked around carefully, wondering what had ruffled my senses, feeling doubtful this was going properly.

Then, I saw the water in the trench had changed color—from muddy brown to milky blue. From my feet outward, water was the same muddy brown it had been all day. But back to the well, the water was blue, a bit translucent, milky. Shouting, I pointed out the color change to John. He immediately saw the distinct difference, asked what could cause such a change. I shrugged, and said, "I have no idea."

Soon, the driller had to add a new 20-foot pipe. He paused for confirmation. The well was 260 feet, but I wasn't sure the second vein was reached, so I indicated to keep drilling.

Near 5pm, the drill reached 280 feet, and was stopped.

The operator found a large spotted salamander by his rig—refugee from water flooding boulders buried in the mountain.

Compressed air continued to push water up and over the well, to run down the trench. With 4x4 and shovel, the operator fashioned a small dam across the trench and held a one-gallon jug under the waterfall. When the jug filled, he dumped it. Checking his watch, he repeated this four times.

The operator stood and spoke to the owner. Deafened by decibels of diesel engine and air compressor, I didn't hear a word. But, in my mind I heard, "60 gallons a minute." They exchanged a few sentences, then the owner stepped over to talk to John, standing at my side. Again, words were inaudible over the engine. Again my head said, "60 gallons"

Eventually, John leaned over to shout in my ear, "The rough pump test yields 60 gallons a minute." After thousands of dollars, and hundreds of man-hours to drill this well, I felt immediate physical relief. Record and reputation preserved, my disposition lightened into amusement.

Jim said a well settles overnight, and often pumps more the next day. We agreed the job was done, and time to shut down. At a shout, diesel was cut off and the engine died. Soon, only hissing compressed air and tools tossed in boxes shattered my serenity. In the morning, they would pull the drill and perform a more accurate pump test.

I announced I'd stay behind to "talk to the mountain." I was grateful for the respectful glances at my odd statement. They seemed to accept that dowsers do things out of the ordinary.

Talk to the Mountain

The crew left John and me standing by the well reviewing the day. I confessed my confusion about the second vein. John discussed technical steps to get the well online and water in the dry reservoir—physical tests, chemical tests, pump tests, electric power, pump size, power panel, spillover channel....

As we talked, water drained from the trench. All day, the drill pushed up dark gray stonedust. But not far from the well, a 20 foot section was lined with white. I bent over to pinch a bit into my palm. Peering close, I saw coarse crystals of quartz.

John inspected a few milky white chunks. We agreed the

drill punctured a quartzite vein. I estimated from quartzite in the trench the crystal vein might be a foot thick, and near the well bottom, blown out near the day's end.

Intrigued why the crystals were so large, not fine grit like the rockdust blown up the well, I wondered why the quartz wasn't pulverized to dust like the rock. Quartz's high hardness index could account for such size difference, but I knew too little about drilling and geology to puzzle out clear answers.

John left. Serenity slowly returned to the mountain and my mind. Dowsing and drilling a well is very stressful. I sat on my stool by the new well, shedding the hammering, pounding, rattling in my head, and tension in my body. Listening to the forest, I became present with the mountain and its denizens.

I also shed my anxiety about the success of this adventure into extra-ordinary circumstances.

As I settled myself into the silence, I imagined the forest when town residents come to get their drinking water. The well is at the back of a small cove crowning a knob below a smooth, sheer cliff. Soon, the view downhill will reveal glimpses through trees of a reservoir filled with water, reflecting the sky. It will be a pilgrimage to drive up those steep slopes, and traffic could be continuous. The one way steep-sided road is inadequate.

I listened for, but heard nor saw no songbirds. I became aware of rocks, cliffs, trees, mosses, lichen, ferns, insects on wing. Tonight or in morning birds and squirrels will return.

When I felt calm again, I began to investigate this new well, especially the second vein. Methodically, I asked my usual questions to determine data on the well and water veins.

The upper vein is narrow—18 inches wide, 14 inches thick. Dowsing said it punctured at 114 feet, not 105; the difference is the extra length of drill bit and shank. This vein can deliver 15 gallons a minute, from a source deeper under the mountain.

The second is at 256 feet. This is a large stream—over six feet wide, but only 17 inches thick—a wide, flat, thin crevice rather than round tube. The drill poked a six-inch hole in the center of a six-foot cavity. Flow is 55 gallons a minute, but can be 120 if rock is fractured out around the hole.

Vibration in the Vein

I turned my attention to quartzite. Dowsing put the quartz vein at 256 feet deep, same as the water. "So," I asked, "the water flows over the quartz vein?" No.

"The water flows under the quartzite?" No.

"Around the quartzite?" No.

The process of elimination left only one possibility. "So, water is flowing *through* the quartzite?" Yes.

As I contemplated this, I saw on my mental movie screen quartz crystals growing in the cavity—like in a hollow geode—extending slowly inward toward the center from the cavity's edges. But openings amid all these crystals allow the water to stream through these spaces as if through a sieve.

Suddenly, messages with larger meaning began to surface in my mind—a stream of images and information from the mountain spirit. As I examined the new information, new questions entered my mind; answers quickly followed. This spontaneous insight-question-response seemed to go on outside of time. An understanding formed in my mind, like a profound painting appearing brush stroke by stroke.

Unexpectedly, this became a communication—a dialog between my limited physical awareness and a deeper understanding than my personal perspective. Not only did I "talk to the mountain," the mountain spoke to me, answering my questions, responding to my needs. Beneath this stream of image and word, I felt joy.

The mountain was happy.

The mountain spirit announced it is very happy about the well—especially happy we reached the second, deeper vein—a special gift from the mountain to the Town.

Water in the deep vein is unusual—embedded in quartz crystal growing inwards from the cavity's edges, leaving open spaces between the crystal edges and tips. In my mind's eye I saw water flowing through openings and crevices over, around and between the crystals.

When quartz crystal is squeezed by mechanical pressure, the orderly arrays of atoms vibrate, emitting radio frequency electromagnetic energy. Each crystal vibrates at a particular frequency, according to size, shape, internal structure, etc. This “piezoelectric” discharge from quartz crystal is well known in physics and electronics, used in multi-vibrators, oscillators and timing circuits. Every computer and broadcast station has a crystal clock to fix its frequency of information transmission.

In this place, thousands of quartzite crystals 260 feet deep squeezed by great geological pressure between vertical bedrock planes generates complex frequencies to form standing wave electromagnetic fields. Water flowing through these vibrating quartz crystals is charged with electromagnetic energy—coherent energy of very high frequencies. At the human level, this high frequency charge enables this water to easily pass through cell membranes to join living protoplasm. This energized water quickly absorbs into soft tissue, slips into cells to join the intimate, humming organization of molecules.

Photos of Earth from outer space show a thin, blue radiance around our planet. That blue hue is largely ionized water vapor in Earth's lower atmosphere. Similarly, if we saw a single living cell under very low light and high amplification, we would see a faint blue halo glow around each cell—radiance from liquid crystal water in the cell's charged nexus.

Biological Activation

The blue radiance is water in a state of *plasma*—the fourth state of matter—excited to higher electric charge. Water in liquid state can be energized into plasma without ordinary electric ionization. Water becomes organized in orderly atomic arrays—like a crystal, but a “liquid crystal.” The atomic structure is stable, while individual water molecules flow in, through and out of the structure. Water inside a cell membrane is in this kind of liquid crystal “*hydroplasma*.” Water charged with proper frequency and energy is better able to participate in biological processes.

The complex multitude of frequencies charged into this “blue light” water aren't random or disorderly, but “coherent”—they possess an overall unity and harmony. They inter-relate through pattern and rhythm so individual molecules dance within a collective unity. This “coherent blue light” water has a capacity to contain specific frequencies and shapes, which is how nature transmits identity, immunity and intelligence.

Thus, “coherent blue light” water can be called “healing water.” But it's easy to confuse, over-state, over-rate, or corrupt such rhetoric. This water won't “cure” disease or end sickness, but this is water at its highest quality and energy to recharge cells and organs, to heighten biology's activity and harmony. At the least, this is “bio-energized” water; modestly, it is “healthy” water. More insightfully, “coherent blue light” water has a capacity for memory and intelligence.

The mountain was inviting the Town to discover and share the full spectrum radiance of living water—happy that humans will come to get drinking water right from the source, without chemical or other treatment. The mountain was grateful for this unique opportunity to offer this special gift of its finest water in an unusual, personal way.

This gift was offered in the hope to encourage a renewal of human recognition of the Earth's generous gifts, and respect and appreciation for the abundance of nature's resources.

There was a pause. My mind was empty, silent. I rested and reveled in profound astonishment at the awareness in my head, and joy swelling my heart. Then, a new cascade of

communication flooded my mind. The mountain went on how especially happy it is to offer this water as a special gift to John—a retirement gift.

John grew up at the foot of Illinois Mountain. He hiked, hunted and camped on it as a boy and a man. As a water superintendent, he would walk on the mountain to regain his peace of mind, and always was an advocate, guardian and steward of the mountain and its resources. In gratitude for John's years of service to the land, the mountain wanted him to have this “biologically activated” water.

“My Cup Runneth Over....”

Streaming images ended. I sat many slow minutes in deep inner tranquility, at times on the edge of tears, as I considered the beauty, love and wisdom implicit in this communication from the mountain. In 30 years of dowsing, I never experienced such intimate awareness of the earth spirit, received such a detailed instruction.

Walking slowly to my car, my heart sang to the forest and mountain, the rocks and waters. I prayed humans will wake up to recognize and respect the Earth and her gifts. As I began my journey home, I wondered how to explain all this to John.

More of David Yarrow's work may be found at

www.dyarrow.org

www.carbon-negative.us

www.ancientforests.us

www.nutrient-dense.info

www.OnondagaVesica.info