

FEATURE

On a journey...

The next day, I spend the morning having a slow breakfast, diving a little more into Christopher's phone and then packing up to get to Padma's for lunch. She lives in a gorgeous, picturesque village around 15 miles from Cheltenham on the road to Broadway from here, in pretty much the heart of the Cotswolds. Ed drives me over there and also stays for lunch.

Pulling out a tray piled high with chopped vegetables from the oven,

to get out regardless of the rain. Guided by our mobile phone torches, we force ourselves into the still drizzling night with umbrellas up and walk along the high street of the village. While Padma is explaining how lovely the place is, I'm looking around, deciphering her description through the rain and dark night, but although I can't form an exact layout of the place here, knowing the Cotswold village style inside out because I grew up here, can imagine it in

this part of England, mostly running along the high ground of the escarpment ridge before it falls off to the River Severn valley. It's raining quite considerably when we leave, but we have our umbrellas fully up and are going to enjoy being outside, come what may! I've borrowed a pair of Wellington boots from Padma's collection and am therefore not afraid to tread here and there in the wet, muddy parts. As we're wandering along the very well marked out route, from a higher piece of land I point out to Padma how to read the landscape by looking out for certain markers like church spires and clumps of trees. When we get to an obvious grove of huge old oak trees standing in the middle of a field, I show her how to interact with the natural forces of the place and to 'get the energy', so to speak. She's very receptive to this and from now on says she'll do it every time she comes out this way with her daughter, who often comes to the country to work online from here instead of at her office in London, which like most places these days, is now physically closed.

Nighttime is not so easy for me though. As my sleep is still being very interrupted, I'm getting into the habit of listening to audio teachings on the Great Perfection of Dzogchen, a highest yogic path of the Tibetan Buddhist tradition that Madeleine is sending me by Whatsapp. I doze off and wake up, the teachings still going on some hours down the line. These are helping to ground me and give me a handle through what's energetically going on these days. I can't sleep both the nights I'm there and on the second wake up feeling 'something' passing directly through me, staying for a few seconds, then leaving. I am aware that it's Christopher and ask Jamyang about it the next day, who confirms that it could have been, as it's especially common for disembodied relatives to come close to those who are sensitive to their presence. It's not a bad thing, not like he's not trying to harm me or take over my body or anything, but because solidity has no more resonance for the spirit that is purely ephemeral, bumping into it is something that apparently cannot be controlled! I do, however, still feel that something is not right and sense tension and urgency from Christopher to give me a message that I am just not getting yet.

Sarah combines coming to pick me up from Padma's with having lunch with us, that again I cook. As Padma has really 'gone to town' buying veg-

etables, I create something very fun. I want to use the squash and stuff it with aubergines that I'll mix with all sorts of things like ginger, onion and some red rice that I've brought with me from India, along with tomatoes and peppers, and to top it off, a whole pile of grated cheese! It's nice for them both to meet, as I've told Sarah all about my stay in Kolkata with Padma earlier in the year and because Padma is deeply upset by Christopher's death, she's therefore enjoying meeting his family, whereby Sarah is his niece. We agree that Christopher would be happy if we were to remain friends into the future and that we should stay in touch.

Sarah has a work appointment the next day. It's a glorious morning and I am feeling the pull to climb up to the top of the Burton Dassett hills, where there's a powerful energy point on a big leyline crossing this area. Knowing that the veils between dimensions will be thinner there, I want to sit up there a while. It's a bit chilly, but I'm well wrapped up and as I amble along, take photos along the way. To pass through the cattle grid to the main part of the ridge area, there's a 'track and trace' QR code that they're asking you to check in with, which I ignore. Seeing absolutely no one there in such a wide-open space, I wonder why on earth they would need this system going on where there's obviously plenty of room for people to freely move around in. I am really starting to wonder about what is underlying this Covid situation, as this seems beyond ridiculous!

It's extremely windy at the top of the ridge, but regardless of the conditions, I sit down to meditate a bit. During this, I'm suddenly driven to call out for help, I mean physically shout out the word with my voice into the windy space, not calling out to anyone in particular, also because there's no one there who could possibly physically hear me under these conditions, but to anyone, any higher being within the multi-dimensional reality of the cosmos. I know



Susan and the stuffed squash dish she made at Padma's, Cotswolds, UK

it's possible to be heard in this way, especially when one is sincere and honest about their request. I can't exactly pinpoint why I need assistance right now, just that I do. It's not like things are really bad or anything, but just one on top of the other and may slowly spin out of perspective if some careful preparation is not made.

After that I wander back to Sarah's and having been gone for around 1.5 hours, turn on my phone that I've left at home, to check for new messages. I'm quite surprised to see several from an old friend of ours, Kirsty, who's also British, but lives in Dehra Dun in India, on the hills behind Rajpur, where His Holiness Sakya Trizin, one of my very long standing mentors and teachers has his residence. We'd last been in contact several years ago when we'd stayed with her while visiting the area in January 2019. I see that she's not only left a message asking me if I am in India or the UK, but has tried to video call, as well as voice call me in the space of several minutes. This seems unusually insistent for her, so I call her back immediately and tell her what's going on.

We chat for half an hour or so, then sign off, after which she sends me a message asking if I've already requested any assistance for Christopher's passing from His Holiness. I confirm that I have not, whereby after another ten minutes I receive a message that she's been in touch with his secretary and if I send over a message to such and such email id, the secretary will put it in front of His Holiness tomorrow morning for his personal attention.

To be continued...

For all previous editions of Susan's story, 'On a Journey...', please go to: www.pyramidkey.com/readsusansarticleshere/



Susan at the top of the Burton Dassett hills, Warwickshire, UK

Padma admits that she's very unsure about what she's doing in the kitchen especially when it comes to cooking vegetarian food and doesn't hesitate to ask my advise on it, as she only knows how to cook vegetables by roasting them. I see that Padma's unnerved about the situation and so I immediately set a precedent for the 2 days I'll be staying there by suggesting that I cook an omelette and put bread on the side for each of us,

much detail, especially as the epitome of 'summer' fever at the height of the season. It's not so bad being out in the rain and Padma points out the old lanterns dotted throughout the village, features of the place that would have once provided lighting at night, nowadays replaced by the orangey fluorescent street lamps of our technologically advanced civilization, which are quite out of keeping with the energy of the place.



Padma and Susan on the Cotswold way, Gloucestershire, UK

which turns out to be a lovely addition to the plate of vegetables. It's absolutely pouring down with rain, so after Ed's gone we spend the afternoon at home and I then prepare dinner using all kinds of wonderfully fresh organic vegetables that are bursting out of a box Padma has bought from her local farm store. I go to town cooking a nice meal, also to comfort Padma that vegetarian cooking can be interesting and delicious too!

After dinner, we agree that we need

Expensive city cars are parked up in people's driveways and on the road, giveaway to the fact that many of the residents here, like Padma, are actually second homeowners from London.

The next morning, we're determined to get out onto the Cotswold Way that runs just to the side of her house. This beautiful walk is a 100 and something mile affair running from the centre of Chipping Camden in the Cotswolds near here, to Bath and probably the oldest path in



The lanterns in Padma's little Cotswold village, Gloucestershire, UK