
Reflection of the First Canadian Shri Vishnumaya Awakening Tour

PowWow Dances with the Native Indians, blasting vibrations in a supermarket, a journey into the Sahastrara of the Vishuddi, lightning, thunderbolts, heavy rain and 108 lemons, all that was part of the tour.

Shri Vishnumaya gave full and obvious support for our quest to raise Kundalinis in locations Sahaja Yoga had been unheard of.

We were 10 Yogis altogether. The youngest was 12, and the oldest 65 years old. Most, of course, came from Canada, but some traveled all the way from Cleveland, USA to join and one Yogi didn't mind

neither cost nor trouble, and flew in from Austria. Armed with one dz. lemons we all had the same Determination: to make Shri Mataji happy and give self realization to as many people as possible.

Day One (22°C, cloudy, occasional rainfalls)

Shri Mataji had once said that Shri Vishnumaya gets Her powers from the Niagara River, so what could have been a

better start than making this our first stop?!

One glimpse at the falls is enough to make your Agnya relax and let your mind go thoughtless. Yet, we wanted more. We went on a ride with the "Maid of the Mist", and drove right into the centre of the falls.

For some this might be nothing but an expensive shower - for Yogis, however, it is a journey into a paradise of vibrations.



Not one of us was able to speak a single word; our Sahastraras were wide open, and in our hearts we thanked Shri Mataji for creating such a powerful place.

Highly motivated we drove to our first program. Caledonia, a tiny town with 900 souls and a very heavy left side. As a matter of fact the left side was so heavy that it kept all the seekers away from our program. Not one person came. A little bit disappointed we started reading the 84

Names of Shri Vishnumaya and the vibrations started to flow, strongly and smoothly.

We worked on each other, and when we were filled with love and joy, we gave Caledonia a bhandan and planted the desire of coming back soon to try again.

Day Two (24°C, sunny, rain and thunderbolt in the night)

Getting 10 people moving is not as easy as we thought. Although we got better at it as the week progressed, on our second day we were still learning. So instead of getting on the road at 8 a.m., it was closer to 10 a.m. when we were finally heading towards Lake Huron. When we arrived at the "Pinery" a huge camping ground close to Bayfield, our second target, we barely had time to set up our tents. After a quick jump into Lake Huron we already needed to be on our way to the program.

Oh Boy, if we thought Caledonia had a left side we found it escalated in the area around the Grand Bent. Fighting hard not to fall asleep during the ride, we finally arrived at the Community Centre where the program was going to take place. Surprise! A 100% improvement from the day before: One whole seeker showed up - and was she ever happy when she left that place. She said that she felt the



camping site this time, but in the back yard of a Yogi couple.

We could walk to the program and after we set up, we awakened the Kundalinis of four seekers. The local Yogis handed out their phone number after the program and we hope that the new "angels" will contact them.

Although we had great meals on our camping trip, the home cooked dinner we got served that night was something special. With satisfied Nabhis we crawled into our still slightly wet sleeping bags while the rain which began to fall, knocked softly against the tent roof.

Day Four (20°C, sunny, light rain showers at night)

We rose early and we were only 15 minutes behind schedule. A BIG IMPROVEMENT!

The ride took several hours and when we arrived in Midland we quickly put up our tents on a Yogi's farm and rushed to the harbour. There we entered a boat and did the 30,000 Island tour around Georgian Bay which was absolutely grand.

The islands are build on rough giant stones which have been moved by the glaciers thousands of years ago, now a picture of magnificent trees and lovely cottages, surrounded by quiet blue water, all beautiful to look at. Lots of the islands had interesting stories, most are native fairy tales. Once the land had been inhabited by the Hurons, but then white people came and violent battles between the two races have taken place. And not only in this area - as we learnt

cool breeze very strongly (and taking in her shining eyes and glowing face she must have told the truth).

That night we bought two dz. of lemons to fight the left side.

Back at the "Pinery" we had to celebrate a birthday. And after soup, bread, Happy Birthday Songs and – of course - lots of cake and ice cream, we went to sleep.

Not for long. A couple of hours later a humongous thunderstorm started, bigger and fiercer than we had ever experienced before. The rain fell hard on our tents, the lightning changed night into bright day, the wind blew dangerously against our thin nylon walls and the thunder roared vastly.

No one panicked; we all knew that nothing can happen to us, that we are safe.

Day Three (20°C, cloudy, occasional rainfalls)

The next morning we woke up in a puddle of water,

our sleeping bags were soaking wet, and the fly of one tent was blown off. But the heavy left side of the area had been cleared, and we looked forward to meditate at the beach and give self realisation to anyone who crossed our way.

It was still cloudy and when we arrived at the beach, we were the only ones there. Nevertheless we sat down and enjoyed the vibrations when all of a sudden, a dark cloud opened up and two strikes were seen at the sky. The right one was nice and straight while the left one was crooked and weak. Just when we thought, this must represent the right and the left side of this area, a third bolt showed up, right between the others; clear and straight. The centre channel was awakened.

With light hearts we left Grand Bend and headed towards Monkton, the smallest town on our tour. So small in fact, that it isn't even registered in a list of population of Canadian cities. We didn't stay at a



later- also in the Bayfield area. That explained the left side! (May be there were even more souls at the program than we thought.)

Talking about left side: We needed more lemons and just to be on the safe side, we also got a few coconuts.

The program in Midland was an experiment. We didn't book a room in a Community Center, library or any of the other public halls. No, we booked a room at Zehrs. Zehrs, also known as Loblaws, is a huge supermarket with branches all over Canada. Some of these branches have a Community room which they rent out for free. We concluded at the time, that the whole tour is an experiment - so why not try holding a sahaj program at the supermarket?

That night turned out to be one of the best. Not only did we have the full support of the Coordinator, who advertised our program in the newsletter, put posters up and announced it several times live for the shoppers, we also had the highest number of seekers attending, and there wasn't one who left the room without a glowing face. Right away we got an invitation to come back soon and a list was given to us with the phone num-

ber of all Zehrs branches who have a Community Room.

We left the place totally in bliss and one of us recalled the day when we were poster- ing for the programs. He had asked at the Zehrs store in Caledonia if he could put

up a poster and the friendly people there allowed it. He said: "There were so nice to me. It felt like family." When we took a look at the list we saw that Zehrs Caledonia also had a Community room. No question where we are going to do the next program when we return to that city.

The humid climate around Midland was very much favored by Mosquitoes, and every one of us got quite a number of itchy bites. Still, we enjoyed the countryside. Toilet and shower were improvised and gave us a familiar feeling of India Tour in the early years.

We had the usual barbecued dinner and for dessert - a desire from our youngest tour-member - campfire roasted marshmallows. Mmhh! Yummy!

Before going to bed we had a good night meditation in a big tent which had a mosquito net around it and guaranteed a bite

free meditation. It was awesome to sit in peace without slapping oneself every three seconds...

Day Five (22°C, sunny)

In the morning we visited the Museum "Sainte Marie among the Hurons", a recreation of a village from 350 years ago, when the first French Jesuits tried to spread Christianity among the native people. The big surprise were the incredible vibrations we felt in an Indian teepee. As soon as one entered the round room with its acute top, the Kundalini seemed to have no other choice than to rise up and the Sahastrara would open immediately. It just happened without effort. Stepping outside, half of the sensation would be gone, stepping back in, one was back in heaven.

We were amazed that a simple construction like this can



have such an effect. The Longhouses, the Native winter homes, were far from having such vibrational impact. Although it was a place of collectivity it could not compare with the tepee.

Soon it was time to take off to the last program of our tour. Gravenhurst, a small town at Muskoka lake with 5,800 citizens. We held the program in the library and one of the librarians joined us. Five other seekers came, and again the awakening of the Kundalini was felt by every one of them. One lady who had a right Swadisthan problem got the recommendation of doing a foot-soak every night. "You know what?" she said. "I've got a longing for doing a foot soak since two weeks and two days ago I bought a bowl." "Great" one of us replied. "Just get some salt and put a little bit into the cold water." "And I also got the salt already." She said happily.

During the summer, Gravenhurst is a very popular place for vacationers. All six seekers who found their way into our class live in cities where collectives are already established. So don't forget to ask newcomers where they got to know about Sahaja Yoga.

That night we bought another two dz. of lemons and went to bed early. Early, by the way, meaning: before midnight.

Day Six (24°C, sunny)

The earliest bird in our group was supposed to wake everyone up at 4 a.m., but our early bird slept in for the first time and woke up one hour late. Our schedule recommended leaving

at 6 a.m. in order to get everything done in time. So at 5:15 a.m. we woke up by very loud Quawallis coming from the stereo in a car (that's what you can do when you stay in the country and the closest neighbour is 10 miles away) and from even louder bangs, which sounded very much like a wooden spoon hitting against a frying pan. It was 6:05 when this miracle happened: WE ALL SAT IN THE CAR READY TO LEAVE.

In no time we had packed, re-moved the tents, and loaded the cars. On our last day we finally managed it, to leave on time.

Our reward for this major feat was a visit at the African Lion Safari. It was great fun, watching the monkeys climbing all over the car, admiring the majestic lions which are bigger than we had expected, and seeing the rhinos, whose sheer presence brought on the awareness: "If that animal moves, my car is wrecked". But luckily the rhino didn't move, at least not very

much.

There was a cute elephant parade to watch and all sorts of owls, hawks, eagles and other exotic birds.

Impressed and still smiling about the giraffes, zebras and hilarious monkeys we drove to Six Nations, the camp on the Indian reservation of Mohawks and Iroquois. We were going to meet the collective from Toronto there, but as no one had called about joining us there, we were not sure if anyone was coming at all. We had booked a Native tour guide for the next day who was supposed to bring snacks for 40 people - and we had prepared ourselves, that if no one else comes, we will just have to eat them for the next three days.

As it turned out, we didn't need to do that. About 60 Yogis came and our Kundalinis were dancing of joy. We had the most wonderful Havan by reading the 84 names of Shri Vishnumaya again. It was strong and we all felt like One.

The potluck dinner



worked out just perfect. We were only prepared with dishes for the 10 of us, but one Yogi brought plates, another one cups, someone else forks and spoons on top of all the other delicious food items. It was a feast.

We sang bhajans and then everyone had to sing a song from his own country. Since Toronto already boasts the most multi-cultural mix in the world on top of sahad marriages, we had no less than 10 different cultures sitting around the

fire enjoying each others folk songs. Around 2:30 a.m. the non-yogi neighbours made it clear that it would be time to go to bed now. So we did.

Day Seven (24°C, sunny)

After a collective meditation with the 45 Yogis who stayed overnight at the camp, we had breakfast and gathered around a big oak tree to learn about Native Indian culture from our tour guides. A couple belonging to the Mohawk tribe told us about their traditions and experiences in history and religion, and they also taught us some phrases in Mohawk and dancing.

At first it started off a bit left sided, the history part still makes is difficult for Natives to forgive, but when they talked about their gatherings in order to thank the Creator, the vibrations started to flow.

The respect for Mother Earth, the humility for each be-

ing and the prayers for the Creator opened our hearts.

It was highly interesting to learn that their thinking is always collective. There isn't really an "I" but a "We". Words like "Thank You" or "Please"



don't exist in the original Native language, because for them it is natural to help each other. "Thank you" was only meant to be spoken to the Creator.

When they taught us the way Natives dance, we experienced again a blast of vibrations. Fast steps forward in a circle with a whole bunch of people created so much joy that Shri Ganesha danced with us and our Kundalinis melted together.

The native couple brought us cornbread and strawberry juice, a traditional snack for gatherings. It was delicious.

We thanked them for coming and tried to talk about receiving a connection with the Creator, but they weren't ready for it.

Then the time came to say Good-Bye amongst ourselves, which wasn't

easy at all. The week of sharing had been intense, and we had plenty of fun together.

Of course, we also conquered tests and difficulties, but everyone managed it splendidly and we grew together as the family we already are.

With a sad and a happy eye we finally left Six Nations and each of us drove back home. Hearts full of joy and minds filled with happy memories.

Next year's tour will lead us to other areas and provinces. It will last for two weeks instead of one, and if more yogis want to join, as we hope, we might get a big bus. That way we could all travel together instead of splitting up into different vans as we had to do this time.

If you are interested to join the Shri Vishnumaya Tour 2005, don't hesitate to let us know that you are interested, and mail to: Gita.Pattison@yahoo.de (Yes, we are accepting reservations already!)

