

HERE TO HEAL

Reshad Field

One weekend I conducted a workshop on geomancy for 35 people in Los Angeles in California, US. On the Sunday I took them all to the park to demonstrate the principles that I had been teaching. I stressed how important it was to get permission from the owners of a property before doing geomancy work unless it was a public place, in which case we are all considered to be the custodians of the property. Not realising that it was a holiday, we were surprised to find crowds of people in the park and had to remain 'invisible', as it were so that we did not attract too much attention. After our picnic, I led the group to a desolate hill where I discovered a negative spiral. On the exact spot of the spiral, we found a dead tree that looked as though it had been struck by lightning. This is not an uncommon sign in geomancy. No one seemed to notice us. I put the rods into the ground to redeem the reversed pattern, we said a prayer together and suddenly a huge flock of birds arrived. Soon we could see children scrambling up through the rough undergrowth towards us. Previously the land had seemed barren and unattractive, unused by both people and animals. As we quietly went down the other side of the hill and looked back, we could hear the happy sounds of voices and singing birds.

My family and I had kindly been lent a beautiful house on a mountain above Boulder, Colorado. Beyond the house, but within walking distance, there was a lovely pasture that was part of a national forest. Often the snow, at the height, did not leave until mid-May and so the season for hikers was short. At one time the area had been an extremely prosperous gold mining region. Wherever one walked there were tailings of deserted mines, the entrances to which had been covered with rough boards.

Half way down the pasture, where the view across the Rocky Mountains seemed to stretch out to infinity, was an old burnt out log cabin. The foundations were still there, and the air full of violence and sadness was stifling. There were old rusted metal beds lying about, old beer cans, broken glass and rotten mattresses. I resolved to put this to order with the help of the people who were studying with me. Our first priority was to ascertain what had happened there and to discover how far the influence of the fire had spread. I purchased maps of the neighbourhood and, after careful study, found that the effects of the violence had stretched a long way indeed, probably causing trouble on the land up to 32 miles (about 52 kilometres) away.

I asked some locals who lived in the mountains what had happened. Mountain people often don't like to talk very much and I had to make my inquiries in such a way that they did not feel suspicious. Eventually I discovered that the cabin had been lived in, about eight years before by some young people. They had long hair and were part of an overflow of the sixties. There were also some forceful people in that region, called 'red-necks' in America. At that time, the red-necks had tried to get the angry locals returned to the cabin and burnt the young people out. As far as I know, nobody was hurt, but the land suffered, as I've said before, the land remembers.

One day, with four-wheel trucks, when the snow was still on the ground, we went back to the pasture. We put our rod into the earth at the proper place to correct the flow of energy. We removed all the rubbish from the area and took it to a dump. We added logs for seats and where before there had been violence, we made a sanctuary out of chaos. Hikers are attracted to the place now. Perhaps they will never know that someone cared enough to help heal the land.

The events that took place in this case occurred near Sedona in Arizona. A well-known creek ran through the canyon and cluster of charming houses. Mainly used by artists, tourists and holiday-makers, who lined its banks. Each week the creek was stocked with trout, making the area a popular place for fishermen as well. In every way the land held great charm and there was no obvious reason for disharmony. Yet there was something amiss, particularly in one area. The people who lived there hardly communicated with one another. Even the temperature of the air was colder at that end of the creek, although there was no difference in land elevation or in the trees and foliage.

One of the people who lived in that community attended a workshop that I was giving in the town. He informed me of the situation and asked if I would come as a consultant to see if anything could be done to help. As it turned out, it was a perfect opportunity to take my workshop group to the site, for them to see for themselves how a geomancer works. Having already spent one day working with the theories of geomancy, we then got into our cars and proceeded to the creek for the fieldwork.

The first thing that I did was to ask the group to be sensitive to all the surroundings, working particularly with their inner senses. I invited them to use their dowsing equipment, if necessary, to see if they could discover any natural disorders, such as the course of the river having been altered or a place where lightning had struck a tree. Both of these could result in a reversed spiral. There are so many factors that must be taken into consideration in dowsing work.

We crossed the river by a little bridge and visited the house of the man who had invited us. Indeed there was a strange atmosphere that was not present at the other end of the creek. Various ideas were presented to me but none of them seemed directly related to the cause of the trouble. I led the group back across the river and we walked on down-stream until I could distinctly sense the change of temperature. I felt that the source of the problem lay on the other side of the creek, beyond the place where the path had ended. It was necessary to cross the water, jumping from rock to rock. I left the older people behind, as it was a tricky crossing and managed to fall in three times myself on the way over!

I found the inevitable negative spiral under a steep, over hanging rock face. This time it was accompanied with the most terrible atmosphere of grief and violence. Some of the people started to cry when I put in a series of three rods to release the trapped energy. As I did so, I had the distinct feeling that on that exact spot someone had either been raped or murdered or both.

The effect of the operation was instantaneous and was witnessed by everyone present. Even the people on the other side of the river, who were waiting but unable to see what was happening, told us that they had felt a tremendous sense of relief at a certain moment. The most obvious physical change was the air temperature which must have risen nearly ten degrees. From the chill came a warmth that seemed kind and inviting.

I did not tell anyone what I had felt but a sensitive English lady in the group turned around and said in front of everyone, "You know, it was so strange and rather frightening. All I sensed when we came upon this spot was the smell of blood and semen....."

Nobody will ever know for sure what happened, but the memory would have remained in the exact spot where the deed took place, as indeed every act of violence is registered on Mother Earth. The good news came later when I received a letter saying that there had been remarkable changes in that area of the creek and that people were far more friendly with each other. The effects of that work remain to this day.

Extracted from the book "Here to Heal" by Reshad Field 1985 (Author now deceased)

Sourced by Bev Ellison, Dowsing Society of Victoria Life Member.

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