



On a few separate occasions during August, we have gathered at Wategos Beach, Byron Bay in ceremony for/with the Whales, the Ocean and the Planet... Each time we have found ourselves 'spontaneously arriving' at the same time as several others coming with similar intent...

And each time, the world of possibility seems to open up a little wider... As we are greeted by multiple pods and families of whales, moving very close into shore, breaching, playing, connecting, surfacing with their new born calves... It opens hearts and unites people across the beach in amazing ways, and leaves ALL feeling part of a deep and genuine exchange of energy, intention and connection.

The following is an account of our 08.08.08 gathering:

“Now It’s Your Turn”

08.08.08... at 8:00am – Wategos Beach

We came down to Wategos to meet a few others in ceremony this morning. As we gathered, we became aware that people kept arriving. People we did and didn't know. Many people, who we later found out had come down for other gatherings and meetings, but somehow we all ended up together...

As we stepped to the sand and started to form a circle, I looked back and saw Joshy, my eight-year-old son, climbing trees on the edge of the beach. I felt something in my stomach. Something calling us to adventure... to walk a little further out onto the point. He and I decided to trust the call.

I quietly excused myself from the circle and grab Joshy, who was keen and ready to hike up the small hill, out of the protected bay, to where we can see the other side. The ocean side. The great wide deep blue.
The source and the returning...

Moments of quiet as we settle into the soil and stone of the little piece of land that forms Australia's eastern most point, tucked down just slightly out of the wind. We're waiting... for what, we do not know. And then our answer comes...

... As the sound of their BREATH announces their arrival. Three great massive beings. Ancient messengers from the deep. Guardians of these sacred waters... An adult mother, male escort and adolescent humpback family. The first thing we notice as they surface is that the youngster is -- except for his tail and a thin ridge up his back -- almost completely WHITE.

So close they come to the rocks beneath and beside us that we can hear and FEEL their BREATH. So close that they can surely feel ours.

They come with a song. ONE SONG shared by all.

"WE ARE ONE. And this is how you'll know..."

Up from the depths he begins leaping, not once but seven times. Thunder is no louder. Avalanches no more powerful. Grace and Power as one.

"WE ARE HERE." He seems to say. "This is our HEARTBEAT... Which we share."

Seven times in celebration. A pause and all stand stunned, united by the undeniable connection of our hearts, which now feel woven together across the sand and rocks, and into the waters themselves...

Strangely, my mind remembers that it is a day of eights (08.08.08) ... and I can't help but wonder, "Will there be an eighth??"

And then I hear it, like the breeze and breath that called us here in the first place...

"NOW IT'S YOUR TURN."

I sit for a moment in reflection. What does that mean? ... I look to all the others standing there amazed and mesmerized by the magic of this moment... And I realize that it's true. . . WE are the eighth. HUMANITY. We are that sign we are all waiting for. We are the bridge. It is our turn to be the breath from the deep, to rise up with grace and power in full breach, opening and connecting hearts to see and be a higher way.

I smile deep with this realization, and as I do, that great gentle giant rises from the depth one last time. The Eighth breach... at 8:00am on 08.08.08.

"YOU GOT IT."

Everyone on the beach feels this.
Knows this to be true.

By the time we finish connecting with the others on the beach, four more pods of whales have arrived... Tails raising, fins slapping and waving...



NOW IT'S OUR TURN... to go forth and walk our own path together... with Grace and Power... And to share this celebration with all who are close enough to feel and hear.

