



Balinese offering. Watercolour Skye Isaac

I was rewired in Bali. Gifts of things unseen.

Denpasar airport, Bali, at about 10pm was hot with thick air and a jostling mass of people. I felt clammy and jet lagged. I had not travelled alone to a non English speaking country before. My phrase book attempts at the local language met 7 with incomprehensible looks. A cluster of pushing taxi drivers were kept behind a barrier while the visitors off the plane bought a ticket to the city.

“I’ll take three deep breaths then turn to the nearest taxi driver,” I decided. On the third breath I felt a hand under my elbow and a gentle, cultured voice say,

“I am your driver. Come this way.” I turned to a smiling, liquid eyed, Balinese man. He was a little rounder and taller than usual and could have been part Chinese.

“Thank you.” I followed him to the car park and sat in the passenger seat beside him, already thinking of a hot shower and a good sleep. He made no move to start the engine but just looked and looked and kept on looking. I turned to see his wise, liquid eyes, gentle smile, white teeth and charming, mysterious presence.. He spoke softly, gently.

“I wondered what you were like. I was told this morning to meet you. I am a priest and a Kung Fu teacher. I can take you to see and experience the things you need. I can teach you the old prayers and the healing ways.” The musical, flowing river of his voice paused at each statement, allowed his words to deepen in me. He just kept looking and smiling at me. Part of my mind was a confused jumble, the other part very still as if I knew all this. Was this all right? What did he want? No-one knew I was coming here. I knew no-one here. Anyway I had taken a different flight than originally planned. Maybe I shouldn’t have come alone. Who was he anyway? Perhaps I should get out and get another taxi.

“Did someone telephone you?” I asked. He shook his head and kept smiling with a kind of childish delight as he watched my inner struggle and surrender. “Trust! Trust!” said a steady voice within me. “I would like to go to homestay Kina,” I said firmly. He started the car and we drove off. That was my introduction to inner knowing.

“You can call me Made,” he said. “And your name?”

“Skye,” I replied. “Like the sky.” I pointed upward. “Except it has an ‘e’ on the end. I am an earthed Skye, named after the island of Skye in Scotland.” Suddenly I felt tired. Made checked me in, showed me my room and brought in my suitcase.

“You will be well looked after. The manager is one of my Kung Fu students. Have a good night’s rest. I will be here at this table to meet you in the morning and take you to Ubud.” But I hadn’t told him that was my plan! My mind chatter gave up.

“Thank you,” I said as he closed the door after him.

He was waiting outside my room when I awoke.

Ubud

On the way to Ubud we stopped and met priests, students and power places. I was unused to feeling the ever-changing spectrum of energy. It felt as though I was being reminded of something I’d known before.

Rupert Shelldrake would call it, 'being taught how to tune in to various wave lengths.' Morphogenetic fields was his name for fields of invisible knowledge in which we live and breathe and have our Being. Made and Bali helped me take notice and trust what I saw and felt, understood and experienced. Sometimes Made himself seemed like a flow of changing, transforming energies. I saw it in the nuances of light in his eyes. Everywhere people loved him and greeted him. They would talk in several languages and look at me from time to time.

In the evening of that first amazing day I was shown into an exquisite little thatched cottage, just completed and blessed. Made broke the pink ribbon in front of the elaborately carved door and opened it. Inside was cool, spacious, with a fine simple order and quality. Rows and rows of richly glowing bamboo, lashed repetitively to the grass thatch formed the steeply pitched roof. Rammed earth with linseed and wax made a warm, shiny floor. A fearsome carved mask with teeth hung above the huge double bed with its fine turquoise, crimson and gambooge ikat cover.

"That will protect you," he said, looking at the ferocious mask.

'From what?' I thought. I felt safe and happy, glad to be alone.

"Goodnight. I'll be here in the morning," he said as he closed the door.

It was dark when I woke. A rasping sound came from inside the teeth of that carving. It was right above my head. I sat up quickly, my heart thumping.

KKKKKrrrrr OOOO AAA KKKK KKKKK very LOUD - as though a huge creature had something stuck in its throat. But the carving was so small. A large creature wouldn't fit inside. I momentarily took fright, then gently talked to myself.

"Move further away so nothing can fall on your head, centre yourself and breathe, ask for the white light of Christ to heal, cleanse and protect you. Be aware of your guides and helpers. You are not going to die now, or be hurt. It's just the unknown." I soothed myself into calmness, the rasping sound stopped and I slept a while.

A few hours later I woke again sitting bolt upright in the vast bed and empty space.

There was a light, moving as though dancing around the room. It came close, then went up and down, back and forth, silently shining. It was very beautiful. I watched entranced until my chattering mind intervened. 'What's that? Maybe you shouldn't have come here. This is too much.' Again I talked myself into stillness and watched until my eyes closed and I slept again.

Morning brought a young girl wearing frangipani blossoms and carrying my breakfast tray of black rice, coconut cream, papaya and freshly sliced banana. She spoke some English and with gesture and mimicry understood my questions about the light and the sound.

“That’s little geko Kruk Kruk,” she explained. “He’s good. He eats flies and insects and watches over you.” She smiled at my doubtful look. “The light is a firefly. Haven’t you seen him before?” A firefly! I laughed and laughed. A firefly and gecko ... and I thought I was having a mystical experience. It was a kind of protection to confront my fears and illusions and show them for what they were - mind stuff.

The ‘lessons’ went on minute by minute, hour by hour, day by day. Thoughts, feelings, beliefs, illusions, strengths were simultaneously reflected back to me. I started to become mindful, to watch my mind, imagination and thoughts.

One afternoon Made left me in the beautiful lotus gardens of the Ubud art gallery. I wandered in dreamtime through shady trees, curling vines, fragrant flowers and lily ponds. Eventually I walked into the cool, golden space of the historic gallery. No-one was there. As I stood in front of each painting I became aware of each different energy transmission. I was happy, grounded, present. A young Balinese man appeared.

“You like the painting?” he enquired in perfect English. I nodded.

“Come. I’ll show you something.” He led the way to a smaller gallery. Hours passed as he took me into another world, old as infinity. Then it was time to close the gallery. I stood at the front steps, blinking in the sunlight.

“Would you like to fly with me?” he asked.

“Fly where? I’ve just arrived. I don’t want to fly anywhere just now thank you.”

“Yes I know, but would you like to fly with me?” he invited, as though offering a gift. His eyes were brimming with light, delight. His white teeth smiling.

“No! I don’t want to fly anywhere,” I responded decisively.

“I would like to fly with you. Come and see me any time, here or in the gardens.” As I walked up the earth road the conversation kept ringing in my ears. Fly with me? What did he mean? Fly with me? Suddenly I understood. Oh! Fly with me!

Excerpt from Skye’s Memoir. ‘If I Wake before I die’