

# Summer solstice with the Акайя in Аркаим

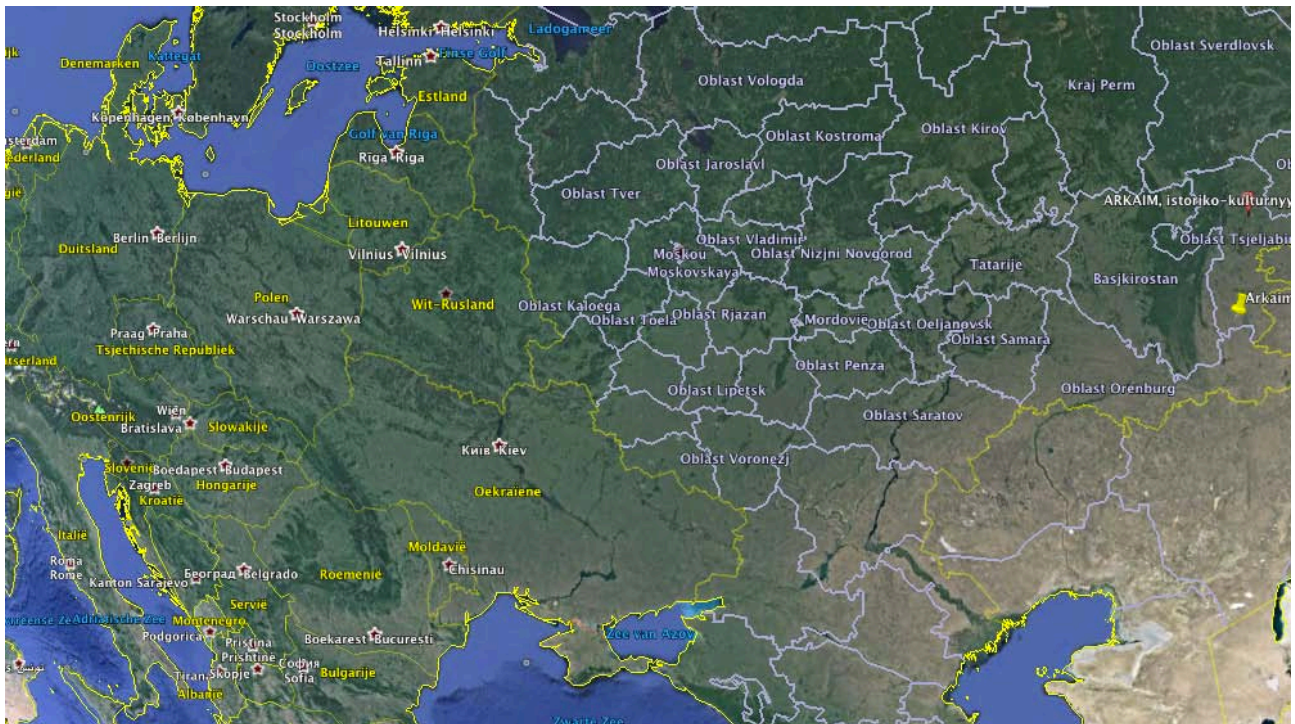
Акайя... Аркаим?

In English then: Summer solstice with the Akaija in Arkaim.

We have embraced the Russian language now, because that's what this is about: Russia.

The Akaija should be familiar with you by now. After all, we talk a lot about it, maybe too often, but that's how things are when you're totally 'into' something.

But what about Arkaim?



Well, that's an archaeological site in the south of Russia, somewhere just beyond the Ural Mountain range, close to the border of Kazakhstan (see the yellow pushpin to the right).

So we're talking about Siberia then, because in Russia, everything beyond the Ural is Siberia. That sounds cold, and in the winter temperatures may indeed drop way below zero, but during summer it's quite the opposite; during daytime that is, but that's something we still had to discover.

But how did we come to end up in Siberia?

You know... this a typical case of one thing leading to another.

Let's start in the year 2012. I (Wim) was in search of magazines in other countries to tell the story of the Akaija. After all we had travelled to the Pacific Ocean to find more evidence of the Akaija connection with famous sites such as the Great Pyramid of Giza, Angkor in Cambodia, Easter Island and more such exotic locations. The island Aneityum, where the word 'akaija' means 'we all' fitted precisely in between, and after our visit to this island, meeting the holy man and storyteller, we had an interesting story to share, expecting magazines to take us seriously now.

Poland.... that felt like a good place to start. Of all possible countries I had a gut feeling with Poland. Looking for a suitable magazine in a language that you don't understand can

be quite difficult, but I found one: Nieznany Świat (Unknown World), with about 60.000 readers. So I started translating my text, and just to be sure I also printed the English version. I added a few Akaijas and a printed English translating of my book 'The Lady of the Rings' (which tells the coming into existence of the Akaija), posted everything and... waited.

To our surprise a few weeks later the owner of the magazine replied. They would publish the story and... they wanted to sell the Akaija as well! They even had claimed [www.akaija.pl](http://www.akaija.pl) already.

Amazed we reread their letter. Well... no problem of course! There was only one 'but', because given the necessary preparations for Poland (like translations, website-work, etc) quite a few Akaija's would need to be sold just in order to break even - a bit of a gamble. So they started with a small order.

The article was published in April 2013 and within 3 days an email arrived: "All Akaijas have been sold. Can we order some extra?"

*Wow... that's fast!*

No worries. We decided we had built up a large stock of Akaija's, so we could deliver instantly, but I also contacted the casting company to make haste with new ones.

That Thursday there was another phone-call: Where are they? It appeared that in Poland VAT tariffs were to change the next day, making shipments a lot more costly, and all ordered Akaija had been sold out already, virtually spoken for that is.

Those Akaija's were still somewhere halfway, in Poland at some mail sorting location, but that same night someone drove 500 miles to get them just in time. Another order was to be expected... but if we didn't mind... overnight shipping this time!

That's when the 'problems' started. We couldn't deliver, and soon angry customers arrived in the Nieznany Bookshop in Warsaw. So we were under pressure, and the karigars in India had to do a lot of overtime to get the job done. A problem it was indeed, but a luxury one, a fun one for a change. Within half a year we'd sold more Akaijas than we normally did in several years. This allowed us to continue presenting the Akaija to the world and spreading its energy.

Through this unexpected interest we came to be in touch with Tomasz, a Polish man who is excited about the Akaija and the painting Aura Healer on which the Akaija came to be. We met Tomasz in Warsaw when we went there for a first meeting with the people from the magazine, and because he did business in Russia for more than 25 years he asked us for distribution rights of the Akaija in Russia.

One moment you're a spiritual artist and precious metals smithy. Next you're an administrator, craftsman, production assistant, commercial agent, representative, internet specialist, healer, director, author and stressed man, because you can't do it all. Thank God there's Marianne, who does what she can.

Together with our friend Anida, who's much more used to situations like this and not afraid to say what we sometimes don't even know yet, we visited Tomasz in his [newly renovated spiritual resort and healing centre](#), Gut Plejs (Good Place), near a lake in the North of Poland. Tomasz knew how to contact [Oracle Today](#), a big Russian spiritual magazine with several sub magazines, altogether servicing more than half a million readers. At first, Olga, the head of the editorial department, didn't have the time to meet Tomasz (of course!), but Tomasz wasn't a person to be fobbed off that easily, and he managed to get her attention. As a result two meetings were set up with Olga, Tomasz and us, in Warsaw. Olga came to Warsaw especially for us, so instead of a hasty meeting in a big office with distracting phone calls and employees asking for her attention we 'had' Olga for two weekends, with Tomasz as a translator.

Together we made plans, discussed the details and decided upon a series of 5 articles combined with some (quite expensive) advertisements. For the distribution of the Akaija in

Russia we connected with Andrey, Olga's partner, because to import goods in Russia one needs an official company, and Andrey owns [Molfar](#), a company for shamanic teachings (Andrey is well-known within the Russian Federation) spread out over Russia and abroad. On the second weekend in Warsaw Andrey was there too, and his plan was to promote the Akaija during the Summer solstice in Arkaim, as he already had planned one of his shamanic weekends there.

That sounded wonderful, but... Arkaim? Or in Russian characters: Аркаим ?  
Never heard of it.

That's where mobile Internet jumps in, and after a few seconds we had shivers and goose bumps all over. Arkaim was discovered in the eighties of the past century as a result of aerial photography taken to map an area that was planned to turn into a lake. In Russia they're thinking big scale, though the Netherlands too know their share of water control. Anyway, suspicious patterns on the ground justified further investigation and so signs were discovered indicating that in that area there must have been an important city of ancient times. Cosmic alignments related to solar cycles, stars in combination with nearby hills were soon found. Old civilisations had a habit of aligning their buildings and cities to cosmic events, creating "Heaven on Earth" in a material way, or mirroring the Heaven on Earth. Of course the discovery drew the attention of many more people, and so ufologists, psychics, shamans, dowsers, crop circle specialists, to mention just a few, joined the archaeologists who probably weren't that happy with this kind of attention. I guess we too can be added to this list ☺.

Therefore, Arkaim is now known as the 'Russian Stonehenge', but you need to be Russian to know this. The language barrier after all complicates the sharing of knowledge, but online translation modules do help to breach the gap, and so we searched for more information. For starters we discovered that Arkaim is hardly known outside Russia.

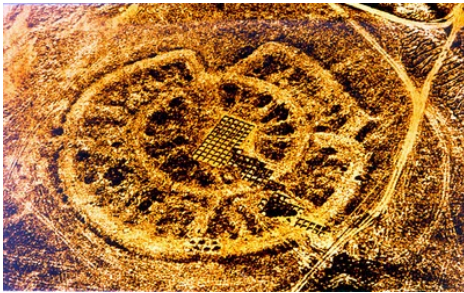
The exact value and meaning of Arkaim is not yet clear, because many archaeologists do their best not to change the carefully programmed school history books, fearing conflicts with scientific colleagues. Everything needs to fit within well established parameters of history knowledge as is dictated by the media that depend on advertisement of big investors (TV, Newspapers, Wikipedia, etc.), otherwise it will be denied and trivialized. One would think I'm now talking about the old communistic Russia here, but strange as it sounds... I'm talking about Western Europe and the Americas. Maybe Russia is way ahead of the very checked and boarded 'Western World' in this line of thinking.

Currently, independent and therefore free thinking archaeologists and researchers discover an awful lot of coherent evidence of an Earth and humanity totally connected to the Cosmos and so of an origin of men somewhere between the stars. The abundance of data justifies the question whether we in 'the West' perhaps are fearfully clinging to an illusion, comparable with the medieval religious allegation that the Earth is a flat disc in the centre of the Universe.

Much of this data fits seamlessly within the already present traditions and narrated records of the indigenous tribes of all continents, but is categorically denied by the main sponsors of Western science institutions such as universities, labelling it pseudo-science and superstition. The mere fact in itself that 'official' science today depends on sponsorship from big companies with their own agendas raises questions about its trustworthiness. None-the-less that's what we are allowed to see in TV and read in newspapers or what usually is the final 'agreed' contents of Wikipedia.



Whatever the real truth regarding Arkaim... our interest was piqued, and emotionally we felt very attracted to the place, which is why we didn't have to think long about whether or not to go. What we discovered on the Internet was special, but also raised some question marks...



*these pictures are printed with allowance of ancient-wisdom.com*

That was because this forgotten city is probably linked to the Aryan race, given the swastika symbols found on-site. The size of the area where this race obviously has lived covers a big part of what now is the Southwest of Siberia and the north of Kazakhstan.

Upon reading 'Aryan race' our initial thoughts may very well be about Hitler, swastikas and the Second World War. Dutch people (from the Netherlands), where German soldiers had taken control for several years during WWII, are particularly traumatized by the swastika symbol because of this.

In Holland (the Netherlands) there are now two kinds of symbols: the swastika and the 'hooked cross' (hakenkruis). The 'hakenkruis' is considered to be the 'bad' symbol whereas the swastika is more or less a 'good' ancient symbol. But this is weird as it's exactly the same symbol. As soon as anyone mentions 'hakenkruis' in Holland, people immediately think about Hitler and WWII, but upon mentioning 'swastika' people usually think about 'some' Indian or Vedic symbol of long ago, often not even realizing it's also a hooked cross. The difference between hakenkruis/hooked cross and the swastika is often stated to be the fact that they are each other's mirror images.

This connotation of the hooked cross is important to know about, to understand the feelings in those countries that temporarily were ruled by Hitler's troops, using this symbol on flags as the Nazi logo. Even displaying it here in this text is 'not done' in Holland, and upon first glance this for sure will scare many (elderly) people. It would be interesting however to know how people in for example the USA or in Japan (to mention just two countries) feel about this.

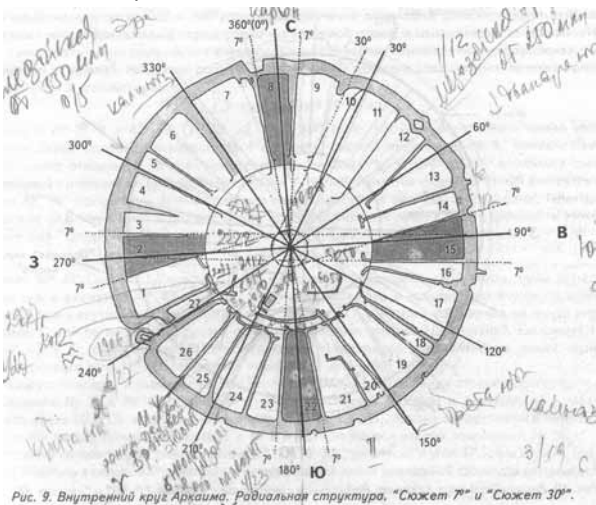
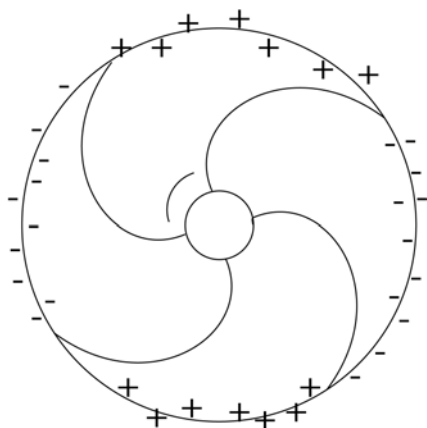


Рис. 9. Внутренний круг Аркаима. Радиальная структура, "Сюжет 7°" и "Сюжет 30°".

But in this case, trying to explain the connection with Arkaim without denying certain details, I think the right thing is to show it 'as-is' instead of referring to it as 'he who must not be named' (Harry Potter's Voldemort). Acting on fear isn't the right energy, and when you let go of that fear you might want to accept that Hitler only used existing knowledge which he abused for his war against everyone who wasn't an 'Übermensch'. The Aryans or the Aryan race, whoever they were, could not help that in the future their heritage would be used to start a world war.

So let us assume that the 'hooked cross' is nothing more (and nothing less) than a mirrored swastika symbol.

When you look beyond the negative charge you perhaps can accept that the swastika is a sacred symbol of great importance (which is why Hitler used it). The shape of the swastika is presumably related to the Sun, and in particular to the alternating magnetic fields of the Sun. The influence of these magnetic alternating fields is essential for life on Earth. Astrology is for the most part based on these magnetic fields, as is the Mayan calendar. The position of the zodiacal signs is only the time reference for the cosmic influences, like the Sun's magnetic fields. And then astrology suddenly isn't a vague New Age hobby anymore, but a science based on observable facts. This knowledge was well studied and acted upon in ancient civilisations.



When you look at the Sun from the Earth's perspective the Sun consists of layers rotating at different speeds. So the North and the South poles rotate slower or faster, compared to the equatorial layers, and specifically where different layers connect/interact, sunspots will emerge. But when you observe the Sun from high above its North Pole, looking at the polarity of the magnetic fields of a certain layer, you will see that each layer can be divided in 4 quarters of positive and negative charges. In fact you see a Two Roads Symbol then, but because of the rotation of the Sun (and this layer) around its axis, the magnetic quarters on the layer itself are ahead of the effects of the positive/negative charge further away from the Sun, which

are way behind. That's how the swastika shape is formed (at least... that's one theory).

But when your point of view is way above the Sun's South Pole, you will see the same, but *mirror* shaped, or a mirrored swastika symbol. Or a hooked cross if you wish. It's just what you *want* to see.

Because the Sun exists of more layers, each rotating with different speeds, a complex rhythm of alternating positive and negative charged energies is sent to the Earth, influencing all life on it. Even a rock remembers the magnetic energy of the moment it solidifies, so lets just accept that humans do the same at the moment of birth.

On the site of Arkaim many swastika symbols have been found and for this reason Arkaim is often referred to as 'Swastika City' or 'Spiral City'. On the images displayed on these pages you can see that even the basic plan of the city shows the same symbol.



Okay... so far the background information. At least you now have some insight into the reason why we got goose bumps.

The first thing we did after hearing Andrey's idea to present the Akaija in Arkaim was to email our friend Anida with the following text: "Have you ever heard of Arkaim? Maybe June 21<sup>st</sup>?"

How could we know that Anida just had a session with a psychic the day before, who told her that a previous incarnation of her soul 'showed up' for some reason, located in Kazakhstan! Anida, as the daughter of a Russian mother, is very connected to Russia and for many years she has been trying to find the origins of the true Kremlin. 'Kremlin' means 'walled city', but more in the sense of 'embraced, protected'. It is now the seat of the Russian government, but when you go back to the actual background of 'Kremlin' you end up looking at 'something old' that, by the looks of it, is connected to concepts like law, justice, protection, honesty and power guaranteed by love.

Maybe I interpret the data incorrect, so please do not to take my words for the absolute truth. Whatever... the current government of Russia, like those of the Western world, don't seem to have any affinity with ruling from the heart. Anida warned me about what we could expect in Russia. Moscow is still nice to see, but further inland we could expect a desolate, almost lifeless land, especially in the towns, showing all states of neglect and decay.

### *The trip to Arkaim*

Tomasz said, in February even before we knew about travel dates and schemes, that we should get a visa for Russia, preferably one that lasts for an entire year. We expected that this wouldn't be that easy as Russia is known for its strict rules and limitations. So we asked for more details, and when we learned on the Internet that an official invitation might be handy, we asked for this too, but it was not regarded to be very important by our Russian contacts. But apparently things are much easier in Poland and other Eastern European countries than they are in the Netherlands, because... well... err... listen ☺.

Initially Helen, Anida and our friend Karin from Germany were all to come along too. Anida is, just like Marianne, a biophoton-therapist. We know Helen from the Two Roads (visit <http://www.elizawhitebuffalo.com>). She's a shaman from Northern Ireland, whose guardian spirit is Nicolas Black Elk and for whom I've made the Two Roads symbol in its current design, with inspiration from Linda for sure; too long a story tell here.

As can be seen in the pictures, the design of the Two Roads and the layout of Arkaim are very similar. Add to that that shamanism has its roots in Siberia, and you can understand Helen's motivation to come with us to Arkaim.

Karin is very knowledgeable with stones and places of power like stone circles and sacred wells. And don't forget that old cathedrals are all built on such ancient sacred locations, for example where ley lines intersect; and just like Arkaim... and just like the Vatican Square... they are built according to cosmic principles and alignments. When we contacted Karin a few weeks before the trip, she told us in tears that she had dreamt the same vivid dream 3 times that week in which she was asked not to join us for Arkaim, but instead to connect with us on the same date from a certain place in Germany.

It's quite something to cancel such a trip and to follow your heart to this extent. Compliments! But in Karin's mind she certainly was there with us.







Well then... what else did we need? Oh yes... that big Akaija! That had to be made first. I thought I could do that myself, but I soon found out that a tube rolling device and a welder alone are not all that it takes to get the job done. That's where a skilled craftsman enters the scene, and I found this man in the person of Eddie van Ruler (what's in a name ☺). He owned a company called [HTI Ede](#), and was a sympathetic man who dared to accept the unusual challenge. And a challenge it was! I think he slightly misjudged the deceptively simple form of the Akaija. It seems to consist of only a few bent tubes, but the math of the design is highly complex and not easy to put into proper cutting surfaces, so the work took a lot longer than expected. However, the end result was grand, as can be seen by Marianne who tested the very first big Akaija in the park behind our home.

Helen arrived on June 17<sup>th</sup>, the night before our flight to Russia. The next day we went to Düsseldorf Airport in Germany with two cars (Anida's love Nico drove the second car). From there the first flight would bring us to Moscow Int'l. After a short stop over we would take another plane to Magnitogorsk, 2.5 hours East from Moscow, just behind the Ural Mountain region in Siberia. In Moscow we would meet Olga, the chief editor of Oracul magazine, her partner Andrey, and several other people, along with 2 psychics. Furthermore a group of people who

attended Andrey's classes in Arkaim would join us.

The very last day before departure we finally got our visa. We had followed advice and kept to the strict rules of the bureau: Don't even write one character wrong or it will be rejected!!

So off we went to Düsseldorf Int'l. In front of the main entrance Helen and I waited till our car was parked. The previous night Helen had said something about my recently deceased friend Gerrit. She had described him while he was 'there' together with many spirits: my father, Linda, Linda's father and who knows who else was there. It was a full house! Helen didn't know Gerrit and when she described him I wasn't very impressed with the accuracy, but that also was due to the fact that for real accuracy one needs to speak a language from birth to understand the fine nuances. Gerrit had died from intestinal cancer and while we stood there at the airport waiting for the others, suddenly a butterfly landed on Helen's sweater, exactly on the spot where Gerrit had had lots of pain all the time, she said. It wasn't the first time animals, like birds, landed on Helen's body telling her something. Whether it really was that special spot where Gerrit had his pain, I couldn't say for sure, but it startled me to see



this big butterfly land and linger for several minutes on her sweater without anything green in this concrete jungle.



Marianne and Anida returned, and then we all entered the big hallway of the airport. A few minutes later we passed a man about whom I silently thought, gosh, he looks a lot like Gerrit! At the same time Helen casually asked me: "Did Gerrit look like this man?"

'Admit it,' I thought. 'Spirit works in mysterious ways!'

First we walked to the check-in desk, secretly stared at by people waiting everywhere in the hallway...

because of that big Akaija, beautifully bound in parts together, not an everyday item for sure. After the check-in we needed to find another desk, hidden somewhere else in the big hallway, because this unusual piece of equipment had to be checked in separately as 'Sondergepäck'. The given directions were quite unclear. We may have raised some eyebrows the first time... but when we passed by for the umpteenth time with a rare type of vacuum cleaner, we had the full attention of people and cameras. No chance to walk incognito around there.

When we finally found the right desk and the man behind the counter checked our passports we heard him say something strange: "You can't fly". Stop... wait... Did we hear that right?



Such a remark needs time to digest. For sure this had to be a misunderstanding. Of course we could fly!

But not so. Guess what... three of our visas had the starting date on June 19<sup>th</sup>, exactly on the day we would arrive in Magnitogorsk. 'Today was the 18<sup>th</sup>,' this man said (as if we didn't know that). 'The plane would land on Moscow Int'l at 21.00 o'clock today and that would be too early...'

Don't even try protesting... you won't even get on the plane was the lesson we had to learn. Another traveller next to us had experience with that, he said. You can't do anything about it. We might have taken a shot at it as Anida and I were in a combative mood ☺.

Three lousy hours, that was the only problem! We had assumed that in Moscow we wouldn't even pass customs, because we would continue our flight with another airplane, but... it would be a domestic flight, because Magnitogorsk is a domestic airport and in that case we did have to pass customs in Moscow. Those 3 hours were by far our most expensive ever, as they cost us altogether more than 1800 euros to buy new tickets for the next day; or else we could opt for staying at home, but that was no option in our view. Many Russians expected us to be there!

Helen could fly, as her visa was okay, so the next question was: Do we let her go alone? Her first reaction was: "This is not happening".

This truly was a big disappointment, for us because we lost a whole day and a lot of money, and for Helen because she had to find her way alone in the big airport of Moscow, and make contact with people she had never seen before, and most of whom didn't speak English. Anyway... she went for it, she would not be put off and said: "I can do this!"

So we went home... without anyone else knowing about it (anxious mothers and such). We sent Tomasz a recent photograph of Helen (a very good idea) and he replied that he



felt like Sherlock Holmes in search for the right person, walking back and forth at Moscow Int'l.

When some time later the message arrived that he had found Helen sitting lost amidst hundreds of waiting passengers at a gate that was no longer belonging to her flight, we could go to bed, listening to the frantic World Cup street noise... the Netherlands had again won another match.



The next day, everything went smoothly. The Akaija for sure, as it rolled happily through the big hallway, again raising eyebrows all over. The flight to Moscow and the waiting in the airport for the next flight was no problem. From the sky I had noticed that Russia, and also Moscow itself were quite green, lots of trees everywhere. As a nature loving man this made me happy. To Magnitogorsk it was a night flight, but in the early dawn I could see that after we passed the Ural Mountain range, forests had

made way for the Russian taiga, and somewhere suddenly a big industrial city: Magnitogorsk. This city had started because of mining activities and its skyline was not much fun to see: pipes and smoke all over. On Google Maps it had looked like a small village, but on the Internet we read the number of inhabitants: over 400.000!

And there, finally, we discovered a familiar face: Andrey!

He had come driving together with his son and a lady from Arkaim to fetch us from the airport. No touring car as expected, but private cars! YES... we smelled our chance (as we say in Dutch :-). Because as enthusiastic geocachers (a worldwide hide and seek treasure hunt), we had set our mind on the one and only geocache in Magnitogorsk. We asked Andrey for a short detour to ground zero, the geocache-site, and he happily agreed, so guided by our GPS we set course to Magnitogorsk first, instead of driving straight to Arkaim.

No problem! We got a little sightseeing tour in Magnitogorsk this way. But what I saw was sad, very sad. Everywhere I looked it was exactly as I had expected, and certainly as Anida had told us; everything was old, messy, dilapidated, broken, desolate and filthy. What the hell had happened here?

In short, the people of Russia were beaten down so often and so hard by many generations of dictators and rulers that everything related to government and official institutions was of no interest at all to them. The money that was taken from them never came back for the benefit of the people themselves. On the contrary, it was used against them, so why bother about anything municipal. Taking care of public transport and urban maintenance is part of that. And it showed! Broken roads, dilapidated filthy buildings,



dreary gray battery cages of flat apartments... I now understand the remark of the desk lady on Magnitogorsk airport (incidentally overheard by Anida): "Foreigners? What are they doing in Magnitogorsk?"

But the geocache... alas we couldn't find it, because the park in which it was hidden was closed. Well... 0600 o'clock, what did we think! Therefore we took a picture in front of the fence. We didn't think it to be wise to climb over it... being on Russian soil for only 1 hour and already breaking the law did not seem such a good idea.

What was the name of that club again: KGB?



*Update: about one week after we returned home we got in contact with the owner of the cache, Dmitry. With the picture we had taken on site, we had proof of our visit and so he helped us by signed the logbook for us. So... yes... we now have an official log in Russia!*

From Magnitogorsk to Arkaim is more than 2 hours, partly over battered tarmac, partly over no tarmac at all, on what best can be called a provincial road. Holes in the tarmac made our daybreak even more fun. Yet it didn't bother my lady driver (Marianne and Anida sat in the other car with Andrey & Son behind us) to drive as fast as she could. I wonder what the Russians consider normal here, because I was as green as I could be, barely 2 hours in Russia, and I didn't interfere, trying to maintain a no-bother-whatever posture. Well, I tried a conversation, but she spoke no English and apart from handing over a bottle of water for thirsty me, we didn't exchange any interesting communication. "Fine," I thought. "Instead concentrate on the road please."

When she, driving high speed, attempted to avoid a few very big holes in the tarmac, before hitting bulls' eye of the next one, I started having trouble keeping up appearances. Not only the holes and bumps kept me awake; I had an urgent feeling of 'Stay awake! Watch out!'

For a good reason, so it appeared. My driver, after driving half the night to pick us up from the airport, suddenly fell asleep while driving. The car headed diagonally across the road in the direction of a few billboards on the left side. For a few moments I let this happen, waiting for a correction, but then I started yelling. When this had no effect, I started screaming. Just in time she awoke and took control, otherwise I would have attempted to take the wheel myself. Oops. I couldn't blame her, because she must have been awake practically whole night long to get us from the Airport. She simply couldn't help it!

Change seats! Andrey's son took over and fortunately he drove a lot calmer. And finally I had time to look at the landscape around us.



*Russian taiga – view from one of the Arkaim hills*

Taiga! Is this the Russian taiga? For starters you're amazed to see such a landscape. The land was nearly flat, with a gentle slope or some prudent hill, all covered with a coarse type of grass. What a space! And what a void! Houses... sometimes we saw something that looked like habitation, but it wasn't much. After half an hour's drive, there was no change in the landscape. One and a half hour later and 100 miles more on the counter still no change and I didn't expect this to change for the next 1000 miles either.



As the days went in I discovered something strange: the vegetation consisted mainly of certain grass species, but between them were quite a few corn stalks! They didn't seem to be the natural species for this region. Also, I noticed that there were few trees, scattered around, usually a few together, mostly birch trees. The sun shines a lot in this time of the year,



hot and fierce, almost burning like high in the mountains, and the nights are often cold, sometimes close to freezing. Strange climate! So this is a land climate, I thought. Inquiring about the vegetation taught me that there used to be endless birch forests everywhere, thousands of miles of birch forests. 'Eternally sing the forests of Siberia', perhaps you know that phrase. But nearly all the birch trees had vanished to make place for huge collective farms, with the plan to harvest record amounts of grain. But apart from scattered corn there was nothing left of this. Failed project, I guessed.

"One of many," Anida added.

I believe that in the future, if the land gets time to recover, the birches will reclaim the land, and so the animals. I hope so, because this land looks but barren and desolate. But... barely visible, there were a lot of insects living between the grasses. It certainly isn't a dead land.

The arrival in Arkaim was a relief. Finally we made it! And Helen... she was very happy to see us again, because her first day had been a lonely one. She was welcomed by Tomasz indeed, but he didn't have time to spend with her all day, so she had sat somewhere on the pitch with a smiling face to everyone. But as Russian are not used to seeing foreigners here, no one knew that she didn't speak Russian. Everyone had plenty of things to do and kind of ignored her. This first day she thought to herself: what on Earth am I doing here? What had I been thinking?

She didn't even have Rubbles to buy any food or water, but a Russian woman, Tatyana, finally discovered what was going on with her and helped her, even gave her some money.

Arkaim actually consists of a small-scale archaeological excavation, which is the remains of the Swastica-city, and a few nearby hills with names like 'Hill of Forgiveness', 'Hill of the Ancestors', and 'Hill of Love'. According to experts these hills are all places of extraordinary power; sacred places, and on all hilltops spirals can be found, through which people were walking. Those spirals presumably were recently constructed, but I'm not sure. It



didn't matter to the visitors, because at any moment of the day or the night, we saw hordes of people following the tracks of these spirals.

We didn't participate. Not that we don't believe the energetic and healing powers of spirals, but in this case I attached no value to it. I assumed these spirals were a contemporary attempt to give visitors



something to do, which is okay of course. But they can't be compared with the labyrinths to be found on the Glastonbury Tor, or in the big cathedral of Chartres in France, to mention two. These are spiral of Life, and by walking its tracks this can affect your life, supporting transformation processes, giving insights. If done well and not aborted midway that is. For now it was wasted on us.

Around and between the Hills had arisen a kind of camping site housing thousands of tents, erected within 2 days. No payment needed and where you wish to put your tent was up to you. Our tents were smartly put together, with Tibetan prayer flags protecting it against 'intruders'.



*Central meeting place*

Toilets and bathrooms... that's a different story. Indeed there were toilets. I estimated there were 30 toilets, but of the French type: hole in the ground and two footsteps next to it, above which you squat, but without any handles to prevent you from falling over. Ideal for old people. Next to this hole there were big plastic garbage bins, usually totally filled up with dirty papers. Once every 24 hours someone cleaned the place and emptied the bins. You had to pay for this of course, once per visit or for several days at once, which gives you a discount. The latter seemed more convenient.

Showers... yeah. Lots of them: six! For thousands of people. Obviously no one bothers. They had cold water, unless you paid and then there was warm water during certain hours of the day. Of course then you had to queue up. I saw my chances and went for the cold ones and had 6 showers and maximum privacy all to myself!

Because the numbers quickly grew into the 6 or 7 thousands and the number of toilets not matching these numbers by far, there were queues, often longer than half an hour. Not much fun when the sun stings and bakes you alive. And don't even think that when, in the middle of the night you have the courage to get out of your sleeping bag, and with a sleepy head stumble your way to the toilets, shivering in your nightgown, you didn't have to wait.

This reminded Anida of the long queues of people in front of shops, back in the old days when the Iron Curtain was in place. Long queues then meant there was something for sale that was very rare, like oranges. People couldn't even see what it was about, but queued up none-the-less. Queue First, Questions Later.

But humans are adaptive and so we quickly knew the drill. Anyway, I was happy to have brought with me some rolls of toilet paper. Helen suggested we design a T-shirt depicting a barren hill in the taiga, and under it a beautiful black hole in the ground, surrounded by some fat flies, with the text: "I survived Arkaim".

But what the 'camping' lacked in terms of clean and fresh was compensated abundantly by the present Russians in every way. What a wonderful people! I don't expect that this will count for every 'Russian' in the Federation, but the people we met here were a paragon of kindness, warmth, sharing, camaraderie and openness. We were soon recognized as 'those foreigners belonging to the Akaija'. People welcomed us in the Russian language, wanted to be in a photograph with us, and from all sides we were given presents. What do you think of large spherical cheese? A kilo of sausage? A box of chocolates? A big box with a mix of Russian delicacies? And of course... a bottle of vodka! We would have loved to take all home with us to share with our families, but without a fridge to store it and limited space in our suitcases I regret to say that we left most in Russia, but we tried to do what everyone around here did: put your food on the table, hoping that as many as



possible would enjoy and take a share of your abundance. Put some cups of tea or coffee beside it and you'll be fine. You don't have to ask. If you're alone, gesturing in the direction of the table might trigger a realisation that you want something, no matter if it's on the table or not; you'll get it in no time!



Not everything was equally tasty, but after Anida's explanation of the different foods I wanted at least to give everything a try. She knew all this from way back when she was younger, and some things indeed were very special. Sometimes they were very tasty, but usually slightly different than I expected, and took some getting used to. After tasting, a few moments later you think: "Well... let's take another piece." And another. Combined with the warmth of the Russians around, the taste always gets connected to the great energy, so in the future, when I see these foods I will say the same: taste it, it's good.



On the pictures you see a few examples that Anida pointed out to us to try for they are typically Russian. Here we have a bottle of Quaz (phonetically written), a kind of wheat beer without alcohol, the remnants of a dish

with sunflower seeds, offered in blocks called Gallwah, and some kind of bread-rings resembling donut shaped breadsticks (Boubliky). Anida told me that in early days those rings hang in the kitchen on long ropes and every time you walked by through the kitchen you take one, munching it on foot. And also, chicory, which is an alternative to coffee.



Marianne and I had been taking classes to learn to speak the Russian language. We weren't even able to follow conversations yet, but we had learned to read and speak out what was written, and we were surprised how many words can be recognized without a dictionary then. Цикорий this says... read along:



Ц = cc (cappuccino)

и = ee (coffee)

к = c (coffee)

о = o (coffee)

р = r (espresso)

и = ee (coffee)

й = i (Irish coffee)

Simple right? And it looks a lot like coffee, doesn't it?

We are just getting used to reading Russian and practicing the sounds. We sometimes feel like children in elementary school, reading a text with the finger below the words, speaking each letter, without yet being able to speak out the entire word at once. Persevere and you'll make it.

Besides everything, we had come to Arkaim to present the big Akaija, along with a power-point presentation, to hopefully a large audience. Therefore, in our suitcases we had brought with us a mundane collection of articles. Camping in Russia via airplane... we're talking about bringing a laptop, a beamer, a few boxes of cards, a cable reel with 65 foot of extension cable, a speaker, flashlights and a bundle of electricity chords.

Sigh... most of it we could have left at home.

The arrangements with Andrey's business partner Victoria was that a sheet would be suspended from the ceiling in the nearby roofed dining space to project the power-point presentation, which we had had translated to Russian. And of course the big Akaija had to be erected somewhere, but when there was no indication of preparations in that direction, nor any mentioning of it in conversations, we finally rang the bell at Andrey, prompted by Anida, who kept a watchful eye.

Andrey had a good poker face and didn't show any signs that he might have forgotten about it. But now he came up with a plan! ☺. And... his plan was very good! The next evening, on the 21<sup>st</sup> of June, the whole group would carry torches, and he would light fireworks to draw attention. The intention was to carry the Akaija up the Hill of Forgiveness that was nearly surrounded by tents, when it got dark. Then accompanied by shamanic drumming, we would activate the Akaija and amidst torches it would be carried down to the meeting place, after which people, one by one, could enter the Akaija and feel its energies. Then the next evening the presentation would be given. Andrey would print flyers that would be distributed to people.

Nice plan indeed! The flyers... no idea how it was possible... but they were quickly printed somewhere, and next all of us cut the papers to flyer-size. How did Andrey arrange this? After all this was 'the middle of nowhere', so where on Earth did he find a print shop? The plan went ok... only the fire fighters protested and forbid fireworks and torches. We understood, given the drought; it had not rained for 4 months. Too bad, but clever Andrey had an alternative plan B: laser pens and neon lights.

So all was settled; problems could arise, but every obstacle was overcome when taken care of. Yet I wonder what would have happened if we had kept silent.

### *June 21, Summer solstice*

Yesterday might have looked crowded... today every Russian that wanted to be here showed up, set up a tent and joined forces. Every empty spot was soon occupied and the toilets could be happy with the attention: longer queues than ever before. Before coming here I had doubted that last year 7000 people had gathered for this event, but now I was convinced. This year that number was easily matched. The Russian apparently considered it worthwhile to drive for a whole day, often covering more than 700 miles of taiga, driving over bad roads to gather around a few bare hills where the eye hardly sees anything at all. Sometimes I wondered what we were doing here... spending a lot of money to go picnicking under questionable circumstances somewhere in the empty taigas of Siberia?! But it felt good, and if it can be done... why not? Adventures are experienced especially if you wish to meet the unknown.

In the morning Anida, Helen, Marianne and I set off to the Hill of Forgiveness, to find the energetically right spot for constructing the big Akaija. At the end of the morning the hilltop was very crowded, many folks walking or watching the spiral, so looking and searching and feeling was not easy. However, Anida soon found a spot close to the spiral that she claimed as hers by taking her stand, waiting till we gave up and joined her. On the other side of the spiral we three found another spot that felt okay, with a grand view over all the tents, so for attracting attention too this seemed like the proper spot. We walked to Anida, whose posture and smile clearly showed that she was convinced hers was the better spot. Upon closer study we discovered that both spots were neatly aligned, exactly opposite across the spiral. But when extending this line to the South we saw that they also were aligned to the Sun at its highest point of the year! How had we found this without thinking about alignments, or even realizing that it was nearly noon on the longest day? We had walked up the hill because we were ready to go, not because of an alarm clock yelling that



we had to go now, because it was time. Unless that alarm clock was the 'silent' group of our guardian angels.

We sat down on Anida's spot for a few minutes, not speaking at first, just connecting. We had no plan, but it felt the right thing to do to sit here and be silent for a while. The nature, the animals, the land itself, we... all seemed to cooperate, precisely timed, and all we had to do was to sit here... seemingly doing nothing but to be. We were thankful that we were part of the bigger whole. You don't need to understand everything. It's not about understanding.

Helen then remarked that the Spirits, among which the 'ancestors' and the guardians or protectors of these hills, were very grateful that we had come from the far Ireland and Netherlands to do this small ritual, acknowledging, honouring in fact this special place and its spirits. I can't recall all that Helen said and I think that's not necessary, maybe even not desirable. Important was that we all had the strong feeling of being connected with Spirit, with each other, with this place, with Karin doing her work somewhere in Germany... and that it *felt right* to do, as a contribution to the recovery of a wounded planet.



Everything else we would do, such as setting up the big Akaija... in fact, was only a show. It made sense to do it, surely, but for me this was the moment... connecting and giving recognition to... in silence. I will never forget.

Of course we still wanted to set up the big Akaija on the hill, but for this it first had to be evening with daylight making place for dusk. The shadows grew longer and I took care that everything was ready, checking it several times: tubes, screws, bolts, pocket knife and such. After all you don't want to mess it up. People started gathering. I wasn't worried, but a little bit of nervousness crept in, knowing that what we were about to do would take place in front of thousands of people, would be told about in Oracul

magazine, and many people would certainly spread the word on cell phones, Facebook, VK, Twitter and whatever means available. You can sometimes invent something, bring in production and even get scientific proof that 'it works', but when you can't feel this yourself and need to rely on the reactions of others, no matter how many they are... it can feel like a deep jump into



unknown waters. We had invested a lot of time, energy and money in this project, and a lot was expected from us now. I could only hope for the best.



That evening the local Hare Krishna movement spent hours and attracted big crowds with their show on the central meeting square, but just in time they had returned to their part of the camping site, so we had free space for our thing. A long procession of people walked in the direction of the Hill of Forgiveness, carrying flashlights and neon lights, metal drums, singing bowls and more shamanic stuff. Knowing shamans just a little,

neon lights can easily fit into their repertoire, why not?

We arrived at the top of the hill, but meanwhile there now were so many people that the spot we had selected that morning couldn't be located anymore, let alone be reached! It was packed with crowds! Where did they all come from? Did they all come for this Akaija... show... whatever? Or what should it be called?

Space! Space! For putting together the pieces the least thing we needed was an open space!



With the usual reluctance that can be expected when people are asked to move backwards, afraid of losing their first-grade spot, slowly enough space was cleared to lay down the tubes. Andrey had brought his shaman drum and started playing it enthusiastically. Other people joined his drumming with rattles, bowls, whistles, and whatever made noise. Cameras were brought in position and all eyes were focused on what was going to happen.



So whatever we wanted to do... Now was the time!

At home we had put together the Akaija a few times and the last time this went really fast, even without reference marks, 15 minutes, a

piece of cake.

But now do the same again in the semi-darkness, surrounded by hundreds of people watching your every finger movement and capturing everything on camera. People you can't understand. And when you look behind you, strangers are busy 'helping' you, putting together pieces that should not be put together yet!

Nooooo!!!

I tried to remain calm and concentrate on what we had practiced at home, starting with the two forked tubes. Put them on the ground in the proper position, select the right in-between tubes to complete the first basic circle. How hard can that be?

We selected the secondary tubes, finding coloured labels that matched, but couldn't find them. Of course they were the ones that had already been put together with wrong tubes. Or did I overlook something? We found a tube that seemed to have the right coloured labels at the end, and tried to fit it together with the first forked piece. Somewhere above me I heard Andrey suddenly start beating in the overdrive and the audience reacted accordingly. I understood his intentions, but... when we had found the third piece and tried putting them together to make the basic hoop, something wasn't





right. I didn't want to put an Akaija together to finally discover that I did it all wrong, so... better to take everything apart and start again.



The next attempt failed hopelessly too and I started to feel embarrassed. What went wrong? What had we done at home that I now totally overlooked for some reason? At home it hadn't been a problem at all! But... we had expected that here we would assemble the Akaija at ease between the tents, then take it uphill in one piece, accompanied by a

group of people, do a ritual for activating the Akaija at the right time and the right spot, light torches, attract some attention and conclude it all by allowing people to take place inside the Akaija. Then there would have been no problem at all, right?

What a faulty vision that had been!

Now again... what had we done at home!

Oh... wait! Four tubes had big holes for bolts somewhere halfway. They would be used in vertical position, so we could put them aside for later use. That left us with only 4 tubes to sort out. Because the putting together at home had gone so effortlessly I hadn't bothered about two wrong colour codes, and that came back to bite me: Murphy's law in full swing. Also I had not put too eye-catching coloured tape on the outsides of the tubes, to keep everything as smooth and shiny as possible, and in retrospect that would have been a great help in times like this! After all, when erected those labels could always be removed. Why had I not realized that at home?

But how could we know that we would be the centre of a show midst hundreds of Russians on Mount Forgiveness?

Attempt 3... and attempt 4... with as few as 4 single tubes to sort out, we kept doing it all wrong, and we now had put together several tubes, already fixed with screws. But also attempt 4 failed. And now we had the problem of hastily tightened screws that wouldn't come out again, stuck in place. What a disaster in the making!

I tried to find ways to be able to think clearly, desperate to settle myself, but for some reason I could not. This was illustrated by a remark from Anida, when I tried to loosen a screw, which I have done thousands of times all my life. Anida bent over to me and suggested in my ear: "Maybe turn it the other way."



What I sometimes do when things don't work as I expect them to, losing patience and feeling bad about it, is I ask Linda to help me out, to give me some smart hint, and usually indeed I see something so obvious that I wonder why I hadn't seen that before. In this case... yeah... my father too! He had been very technical. He could help here! For sure! But when after more than half an hour of puzzling, the fourth (*or was it the fifth?*) attempt led to nothing and again we had nothing more than a bunch of tubes surrounded by an overwhelming din of voices, drums and gongs, I struggled to prevent myself from running



screaming downhill and far away from everything. I already had visions of a hill slowly getting emptier and the next day to have to listen to stories and looks of people on whose faces the last night's fiasco still was visible. Having flown in all the way from the Netherlands, announced in Oracul magazine, people who had come especially to see this and then... only to see this embarrassment!



*Helping hand from a Soyuz rocket engineer*

watched us. Suddenly I realized that someone from the audience was assisting me greatly, by doing everything right, not damaging screws like I had done. That someone was preventing me from completely messing things up like making screws totally useless. Afterwards we learned that he was a Soyuz-rocket engineer, responsible for the top module in which the crew took place during launches. Wow... talk about getting some help! What more did we want! Thank you, dad!

Also other people were helping, shining pocket lights everywhere we focussed our



Although... that energy of disapproving and sensationalism didn't seem to be present around me... Was that right?

Slowly I started to realize things that were happening around me. Anida was always silently present, patiently holding tubes or handing me over whatever one was needed, not a word too many. Marianne protected me with love and calm thoughts; she thought with me and helped to select the right tubes. At one certain moment she asked the audience for silence, which had a calming effect on us all. Helen was there, walking around, talking or praying softly. She seemed in trance, connected to her spirit guides and had a special effect on all who



*Marianne asks for quietness*

attention on. What a light was gathered!

What I also began to notice was that in the buzz around us I didn't hear any sounds like 'boohoo' or other nasty shouts. Also, no one seemed to call it a night, leaving the place. What was happening here?! Was I really enjoying this... no way, but was I feeling supported now by this... yes! Maybe becoming aware of what was happening around me was exactly what I needed to regroup myself.

Helen told me later that night that she had been in

contact with Sitting Bull, one of the four Pillars of the Two Roads (Black Elk also being one of them). Sitting Bull reported to her at one time, probably when I was just about to panic: "That's enough!" And that he would take control now. How that happened I don't know, but that something had changed was obvious to me.

Also, what I didn't know at the time was something we heard the next day from one of the Russian ladies at the scene. In the audience, up front, two women were trying to energetically sabotage things. A Russian woman told Andrey about this, and he started to clean the area of



negative energies. One of the women suddenly complained about her stomach and quickly needed a toilet, so both disappeared. Ah... that's how things are taken care of! When there's enough Light around, darkness simply disappears quietly.

Also, Anida reported that a young woman, a girl in fact, kept trying to get close to me. She had sent her away a few times, but that didn't discourage this young lady. Later we heard she was the daughter of a very friendly Russian man we had fondly named McGuyver. This man had always been around to amaze us solving technical problems in our camp in no time. His real name was Kostya, by the way. His daughter was clairvoyant and had 'seen' Linda (my deceased love whose inspiration started the Akaija), who had tried to get through to me, but wasn't able to, probably because I was overwhelmed by stress and fear of failure. Strange as it may sound... in a way I caused my own problems. But how do you step out of that mode?



The young woman apparently had taken note of that and tried to assist me with pocket light, and also with that very special Light from Above, enabling Linda to get through, so I could do whatever needed to be done. All this positive energy around us helped me and I think the change started when I began to realize that 'they', the crowds, weren't against us, that there was no disaster tourism or paparazzi mentality, but quite the opposite.



Everybody wanted that this would succeed and apparently everyone realised that this was not a show, but the real thing! How to turn fear into Light!

All people worked together, if only in mind! We are One... here and now in real life! What a demonstration of Akaija: We are One! Could that be the secret intent of this 'show'?

*Spirit works in mysterious ways...*

I certainly can't say that I would love to repeat that ever again, but always when I remember that night, I get a lump in my throat. One of my most traumatic moments ever, and also one of the most beautiful! It seems to be connected, as I had experienced before.

I realized that we had positioned the forked parts upside down several times, for some strange reason, so we now started by putting those in the proper position and then systematically studied the other tubes till we found one that fitted at once in both forked parts. I checked everything with Marianne, and on good hope the rocket engineer and I fastened the first screw... loosely (one never knows ☺). Marianne exclaimed loudly: "Part one!" and Andrey started drumming like crazy. I really hoped she was right about this one. When the first four parts were put together we had the complete basic circle, so now the first upright parts needed to be attached. It really looked like it would succeed now! Marianne was at 'Part six' and the audience began to see the thing taking shape now. We turned the Akaija upside down at this stage to make the next part easier. "Wow" I thought, "It seems to be working after all". I still wasn't calm, but... we would succeed!

And succeed we did!



When finally, after I estimate 45 minutes toil and sweat, the Akaija was completed, it was almost dark. Anida, Helen, Marianne and I now took our stand around the Akaija and almost silently we deliberated about the next step. Normally I activate every Akaija that enters our house before being sent to a customer. I really don't know exactly what happens then. I only know that we have discovered this to be necessary, as the very first Akaija that we got from the casting company felt to Marianne as a lifeless object, but as soon as I had touched it for a few seconds, it got 'alive' or something like that. I always do this by silently making a connection from my heart with the Universe, knowing that oneness originates from our sacred heart space.

But it didn't feel appropriate for me to enter the Akaija, although everyone would have accepted this to be right. My task was done here. Helen now needed to overcome something in herself, a leap of faith that was, but then she decided to accept what we had aired: stand inside the Akaija and meditate amid so many people.

Then she stepped out again, we positioned around the Akaija and Helen asked emphatically for 3 minutes of complete silence from the audience.

And the audience was silent! Really silent! Somewhere far away the faint sound of a crying baby could be heard, but all around us it was silent. Incredible!

Near the end of the three minutes Marianne, Helen and Anida suddenly felt that the Akaija kind of disappeared, as if the metal they touched had transformed into pure energy.





Helen had sent a silent hint to Marianne to sing the 'Akaija-song' that she had sang so many time, for example when someone had just bought or received an Akaija. But Marianne didn't need the hint. Exactly at the right time she started singing. And wow... what a sound!

This impressed everyone!

Then it was time to carry the Akaija down the Hill of Forgiveness. En-masse!

Surrounded by I don't know how many people, protected inside a living ring of people, watched by many more from the camping site, we carried it; a walk downhill that can't be forgotten ever. People wanted to touch the Akaija and walk between us a few metres. Countless pictures were taken. If one feeling prevailed then it was: we have accomplished this together! We are One!



If you look closely, on many photographs are round light balls, orbs as they're often called. Sceptics are condescending about this (of course, else they won't be called sceptics) and I too had my doubts when people showed them to me in the past. I didn't know for sure, but I always kept an open mind for things like that I couldn't explain. But when many people showed me their photographs that evening, with on them thousands and thousands of orbs... I had to reconsider my doubts. One photo even showed a snowy white picture nearly completely covering the scene itself. It took some time to trace the photographer and now we are waiting for approval to use it, but the pictures presented here already are quite amazing. The highest intensity of light balls started showing from somewhere halfway the assembly of the Akaija till the Akaija had been carried downhill. I now consider those light-balls a sign from Above, as a visible



proof of the tremendous Help we received to re-activate old connections on this special place of sacred power, somewhere on the plains of Siberia, and to show respect to our ancestors, to help with the power of Mother Earth being restored for a better future for mankind. This may be one tiny drop on an overheated plate, but many drops together...



Down between the tents Andrey lighted some fireworks. Prohibited... well whatever... no fireman would dare speak out against this now.

An already prepared party tent was put over the Akaija and from that moment onwards people could take place inside the big Akaija, and they did so every moment of the day and the night, taking for granted that they had to queue up for a long time.

Early the next morning, when we got up, people were already waiting. We tied the two big silver Akaijas to a bench so people could also touch and hold those Akaijas. Beside the big Akaija, Andrey's people set up a table... and on it... Andrey's books for sale.

Akaijas were for sale too, but in a closed bag beside the table. The explanation was that Russians like to buy something that is very special, and in that case it is

unwise to show that there are many of it.



Whatever... we didn't argue. But we did stay around to answer the many questions and to talk about the Akaija, about our experiences in Russia, hearing their own stories and backgrounds etc. etc. Luckily most of the time someone was around to translate. But after having been heated up by the hot sun, we tactically retreated to the more shadowy place of Tyurgan Kam, a real Siberian shaman that Helen had spent all day with yesterday. He had made a deep

impression on Helen and she was keen to be in contact with Siberian shamanism. She was a shaman too, but from Indian origin with the holy man Black Elk as her guardian angel. Here she could connect to a different knowledge, rituals, insights, etc. Tyurgun and many members of his family/group were here and because Russians are used to putting lots of food on their tables, they shared it all with us too, assuming we wouldn't hesitate to take whatever we wanted.



That night something special happened.

Helen did make contact with my deceased father at one moment. My father had died in 2002. She had never seen a picture of him, but now she started to describe him. I didn't really recognize him from her description, but that might be related to my understanding of English. I consider myself well trained in English language, but as soon as fine nuances are expressed in another language, it's very difficult to know that you've understood something precisely as intended. But I have had so many examples of Spirit working in mysterious ways, so after her description of Gerrit I had confidence that this too would turn



out just fine, somehow. Suddenly she said: “He grabs his earlobes and pushes them forward... Did he have big earlobes?”

“Well... not small,” I said, trying to imagine his head and in particular his ears. But to be honest... I didn’t know, would have to see photographs to be sure.



We left it there and went to the camping restaurant, where we got our breakfast, lunch and dinner, having paid for this in advance. Russia might have lots of different kinds of food, treats, sweets and drinks, but this restaurant certainly was not an example of Russian cuisine. Porridge was presented with a spoonful of yellow stuff in the centre. Mashed potatoes got the same yellow spoonful of something. A tiny saucer of happy-meal vegetables was provided, with the intention of making it a healthy dish. Hard to notice slices of brown bread and a cup of saccharine watery

liquid completed the show. We would have to gain convalesce at home then. Gaining weight was not an issue in this place anyway.

When we had finished that we walked out of the room and Anida, Helen and I wanted to try an ice cream in the shop near the entrance. That at least looked like the proper dessert after this meal. Marianne was still inside washing her hands and when she came after us, she felt as if she was pushed from behind, without anyone being there, and she bumped against a man she had never seen before; not strange of course, with thousands of people around. Anyway, when she apologised with ‘sorry’ the man was startled. What, foreigners here? All over Europe you can say ‘sorry’ without raising an eyebrow, but Russians are different. Who are you? Where do you come from? What are you doing here? He spoke English, thank God.



Marianne told him about us and the reason we were here and mentioned the big Akaija we had brought.

His reaction came immediately: “What did you say there? Akaija?” His eyes opened wide and his face showed how surprised he was.

“Then,” he said, “You must meet someone. Our shaman is called Akai!”

Someone who carries the name Akai? What next?

Before we knew it chairs and tables were moved and this man explained to someone else, obviously the one whose name was ‘Akai’, what had just happened, as I heard him mentioning ‘Akaija’. At least we understood one word in the Russian flow of words.

It was apparent Akai was here with a very big group of people because once we sat down we had occupied half the terrace. Some people passing by knew who we were after last night’s show on the mountain and recognized us as local (and very temporary) celebrities ☺, and watched curiously, trying to overhear some of the conversation that now followed. That’s how rumours start.





It appeared that Akai was a special shaman from the Altai. By hearing that name 'Altai' all of us got goose bumps. Altai has gotten a special meaning among spiritual minded people in Europe. Maybe Vladimir's Megre's Anastasia book series has contributed to the status of Altai as kind of a legendary region of Russia. Whatever was the case, this area, way down in the south of Russia, is considered to be the heart of Siberian shamanism. Well, that might be very relative and even debatable, but the fact was that we all had the feeling that yet

again something special would happen. So after bumping into this man (literally) and hearing the word 'Altai' we all had this inner feeling that there was a very good reason for this.

Altai is situated where Russia and China share a short border in between Kazakhstan and Mongolia, about 1300 miles north of the Himalayas, due north of India so to say, then you have an idea where to look for it on the globe. The Altai Oblast ('oblast' is a Russian province) is comparable with the Alps in Europe, but in contrast to the Alps it is quite uninhabited (about 200.000 inhabitants only) and therefore very unspoiled, which we discovered when we were shown the photographs on their camera's and smartphones. We all immediately fell in love with it.

Akai told us about a yearly shamanistic festival in Altai to which tens of thousands of people come from all over the world, showing shamanistic rituals and skills (like throat singing) and the most beautiful traditional dresses. He invited us to come, because that festival would soon start. And could we please bring the big Akaija with us too? But... err... wait... aren't we going just a bit too fast now?



Okay... let's stay at home for now. Already arranged flight tickets, visa and such forced us to decline his offer. Nevertheless, Akai made it no secret that he knew, before coming to Arkaim, he would meet someone special, and he considered this meeting as very important, 'a sign from the Eternal Blue Sky' as he later wrote in his first email. The Akaija, with its powerful energy and the meaning 'We are One', and this man with his mission that has everything to do with the shamanism in Altai, surely weren't brought together without a very good reason. And what about Helen's Two Roads project; Marianne, whose deepest wish it is to use sound for soul healing; and Anida's mission that still was unclear (but that too would very soon change).

And I had to accept... we had been prepared for this meeting less than an hour beforehand, by my father pushing his earlobes forward, because 'look at the wonderful earlobes of this man' (remarked Anida to me unwittingly), 'they are big indeed!' Ah! so *that's* what my father meant: he wasn't describing himself, but wanted to tell us something important. He gave us a message! So he too is right on top of things with the Akaija. Linda... yeah... we knew that, otherwise we wouldn't be here, but my father too! In other words... next year's trip is already planned: The Altai, 'somewhere' in the south of Siberia, just a bit further away than Arkaim. Siberia is quite big you know. But for starters... let us save some money first.



For this night we were invited to join Akai's family for some chatting and having fun. A Russian accordionist was invited to play, they said, so there would be singing and dancing and of course... a Russian table with lots of food to complete it all. Wow!

The last day (*was this all happening in just 4 days?*) yet another surprise was to be expected. We had been along on a trip to a nearby hill and sacred power place, to which we would go in a small bus along with about 15 Russian enthusiasts. We then would see something of the Arkaim surroundings too,

life in the taiga so to say. Our first surprise was that, after a few kilometres, the bus had to stop, because of a newly dug ditch from left to right through the road. Too deep to 'take' by car, and believe me... Russians aren't scared of big holes in the roads (as I had experienced). Roads signs and warnings obviously are no fashion in this region, so the only thing to do was turn the car and find another road. Imagine if someone drives here in the middle of the night!

This detour would cost us more than an hour instead of the expected 10 minutes, but that too had a reason, we soon learned. The driver had trouble getting his bearings now, so he halted an approaching car. The men inside that car gave us directions, but also asked why we wanted to go to that special hill. When he was told this group of people wished to experience the sacred powers on that hill, the car driver's interest was roused, and



he said he would drive in front of us to show the way. It appeared that he was a local guardian of sacred places with a thorough knowledge of rituals and traditions related to Arkaim. He would take us to this special hill, but first... we had to bathe in the water of a nearby 'oasis', because when you go to this hill, you had to be 'clean'. Well... the Russians in the bus had no problem with that and went underwater naked, in underpants, or totally dressed, and even followed the instructions of the man: 1x, 3x, or 9x of cleansing with water, a prescription he considered very important. We had learned that traditions in Russia commonly are considered very important and Russian people obey those traditions. After the cleansing, the man would lead a sacred ritual on the hilltop. We would be given much more than we expected!



The four of us aren't that focussed on traditions and ritual washings etc., and to us the ritual washing and that felt just a bit too rigid, but we also didn't because we had no bathing suits. Neither did the Russians, but they didn't mind sitting in the car with wet clothes. My thought was that it's not the tradition or ritual itself that's important, but the reason that had started them. What is the true purpose of a specific ritual that had become a tradition? I think in this case it was to ask the unseen beings (deities, spirits) that guard this place for allowance to come to a sacred place of Mother Earth. So in my mind I asked those spirits and thanked nature around me for the chance we were given to be here, while standing with my feet in the water of this beautiful green stream or pond.

Marianne and Anida didn't go up the hill (they were exhausted after 4 days of intense experiences and little sleep), but Helen and I did. While the rest of the group was joined in ritualistic dances, and listened to Russian explanations of this man, we found a nice location on the other side of the hilltop, trying to tune into this place, to get a feeling of what it wanted to tell us. To our surprise it felt as if we could make contact with aboriginal energies here, so Australia that is. Weird! Maybe one day we will find out why.

While walking downhill again, the sky in the west had darkened somewhat and within 15 minutes after we joined Marianne and Anida it started raining a bit. Quite special as there hadn't been any rain in four months. The land was dry and roasted, so this was very welcome indeed. Had we all pleased the rain gods then? ☺



That night, just after dinner I think it was, still sitting and talking together, we again talked about the rain that had fallen. It wasn't that much, but yet it was quite special. Helen told us that the Two Roads symbolises the four directions: North, East, South and West,



together with Father Sky, Mother Earth and Red Stone of Power in the centre, the Child, the sacred Heart. The directions also represent the four colours of the medicine wheel (left) and the four root races of mankind, the four seasons...

A quote from Black Elk, Helen's guardian angel, makes clear how important it is for the red man when he prays to the Four Directions:

*"See, I fill this sacred pipe with the bark of the red willow; but before we smoke it, you must see how it is made and what it means. These four ribbons hanging here on the stem are the four quarters of the universe. The black one is for the west where the thunder beings live to send us rain; the white one for the north, whence comes the great white cleansing wind; the red one for the east, whence springs the light and where the morning star lives to give men wisdom; the yellow for the south, whence come the summer and the power to grow. But these four spirits are only one Spirit after all, and this eagle feather here is for that One, which is like a father, and also it is for the thoughts of men that should rise high as eagles do."*

*Black Elk (1863-1950) Oglala Sioux holy man*

Helen described that she had often noticed that Black Elk seems to use the weather, influencing it somehow and especially uses thunder to emphasize the importance of what he had just before spoken about to Helen. After all she's a psychic medium and she has been in contact with him all her life. His teachings resulted in 3 books: the Two Roads Trilogy (visit [www.elizawhitebuffalo.com](http://www.elizawhitebuffalo.com) for information).

What she now was talking about was the big responsibility she had felt all her life, and Black Elk had felt all his life too, living up to what they both had felt was theirs to do. This I could understand, because to Marianne and me, bringing the Akaija to the world feels like a huge responsibility too, also given to us by Spirit. Every time in her life, when she



wonders if there's enough capacity or energy from Black Elk to continue the project, he had given her an answer with the help of the Thunder Beings: a Thunderstorm.

I too had already noticed Black Elk's love for thunder, because a couple of years ago, when I was designing the Two Roads in its present shape (a task that I consider a great honour to have been given to do), we were talking about the metal of the Two Roads, concluding that crystal gold would be best, but crystal gold is nowhere to be found on Earth... yet ☺. So finally Helen sent me a funny email saying that I shouldn't be surprised when soon a UFO would hover above our garden, beaming down my order of crystal gold for the Two Roads symbol. How could she have known that while I was reading her email, I was hearing loud banging sounds from the junkyard not far away from our home? I'm used to hearing that every now and then, so I didn't pay any attention to it. But suddenly I realized that it wasn't the junkyard, but that a fierce thunderstorm was heading straight for Apeldoorn on a day that certainly didn't match the usual conditions for thunderstorms. I love thunderstorms and if there's one to be expected I'm the first one to know about it. Not so this time! I was completely taken by surprise!

And don't forget that the Akaija project had started with the biggest thunderstorm in Apeldoorn, about 30 years ago, during which one extremely powerful lightning bolt hit the car in which Linda was driving. By the way: that same blast shut off electricity all over Apeldoorn, and some parts had lost telecommunications for 2 weeks.

So back to Arkaim... Helen could not see from where she sat, while talking about Black Elk and the Thunder Beings, that the sky in the West was darkening rapidly. And it may be obvious to you now... not 20 minutes later we had our thunderstorm! Shortly after to be followed by another, much more powerful thunderstorm accompanied by extreme wind gusts and enormous amounts of water pouring down from the skies, so that we had to protect the tents from blowing away. The land, so thirsty after 4 months of drought, was given water! Lots of it.

"Black Elk, we know you want to send us a message, and you seem to enjoy doing this (we really couldn't suppress our laughter), but do you have to wreck our tents?"

*"Well, you don't have to sleep in them anymore now do you?"*



Of course it was pure 'coincidence' that we then met the same man of that afternoon, the Arkaim specialist so to say, while hiding for shelter during the heavy rains. The winds had settled now. Marianne had engaged the man somewhere that evening (she's good at this!) and had received some DVD's from him, in which he explains and speaks about Arkaim! She was very surprised by this gift and told us about it.

We had packed our suitcases by now and so we followed Marianne to meet and thank the man, bringing an Akaija with us. Time for a chat, we thought. But next we discovered that this man was not only 'well-informed' about Arkaim, but that he was nothing less than a true specialist about the old

knowledge related to Arkaim. As his family said: a guardian of the old knowledge. And again... his family was there too, sharing a big dish with Russian food, for us to take as much as possible from. Russia at its best!

It was here that Anida got a first answer to her important question: is it true that Arkaim is related to the original Kremlin, the true source of knowledge and justice? My memory is far from perfect and I really can't recall all we heard in Russian, translated to English in noisy conditions, but one thing became very clear to us all. The origins of Arkaim can be traced back to the Pleiades, and is very related to the energy of the Mausoleum of Lenin and even to the present Kremlin, where the government of Russia is seated. Arkaim is but one location of a network of locations, that now are kind of 'cut off' from Home Base, the star origin of mankind.

In a few words he sketched an image that impressed us tremendously, given our own missions and that of Akai. It felt like many things suddenly fell in place here. Alas there wasn't time to elaborate on this subject with this special man, indeed he was like a walking encyclopaedia of this topic. But maybe the DVD's that Marianne had been given could provide us with more information.

On the plane, during the second flight from Moscow to Düsseldorf, Anida and I spoke about this trip non-stop from start to landing. Everyone was sleeping, but we didn't feel like sleeping at all. Our minds were processing all the experiences and information. Our conversation was mainly about this... her budding mission and our missions, and how they appear to be connected in so many ways. Slowly we began to understand something about the true reason we had come to Arkaim, notwithstanding the big expenses it had cost us. We had followed our hearts, our inner guidance. It all was put in perspective by what we heard during the last hours of our stay in Arkaim. We regretted that we didn't have more time so, apparently, we need to find our own way. But that we are on track... that much was clear!

The sales of the Akaija in Russia, which was another important reason to go there... to be honest, is not at all going like could be expected. A mega magazine, with at least 10x the number of readers compared to Poland... that should...? Together with Tomasz we invested a lot of money and so far it isn't coming back at all.

But maybe now I'm looking too much at sales figures and not at what really matters. From a cosmic viewpoint it's not about *business* successes, but about the energy of the Akaija: We are One. That energy is spreading over the World. We are only tiny parts of a big puzzle. That energy has been put in motion on the Hill of Forgiveness. Marianne described what she had 'seen' there: a pyroclastic eruption of energy, just like can be seen during volcanic eruptions, enormous in size flowing downhill in all directions over the Earth's surface, not destroying but transforming and renewing. We only need to remember who we are, that we all are one.

Something has happened, has started in Russia with the Akaija, and that's what really matters, so in fact this is a mega success!

In my view... I am very happy that this has taken place in Russia, surrounded by particularly kind and warm Russians who have had their share of hardship caused by centuries of suppression from generation to generation. There's so much sadness in the eyes of the Russians. You notice it in the land, neglected, and yet so much power is present! The Russians don't seem to take pride in who they are, realising their inner strength, understandably when you look at their history. But at the same time we noticed that they have never lost their spirituality, in spite of all the efforts from dictators to beat it out of them. It looks like it has grown and gained strength instead!

There's a lot of age-old knowledge in this land and a lot of life experience... lots of wisdom and a lot of dormant power. I hope, for them and for us all, that they will re-*member* their power, their true power from the Heart, and be proud of who they are and will share it with the rest of the world.

I think we can and will learn a lot from them in the near future. The Russians we have met and the land that we were allowed to visit, though it was only 4 days, have left an indelible impression in us.

Спасибо Россия-Матушка! Thank you Mother Russia!

Thank you for reading. The story continues!

Wim Roskam, Marianne Agterdenbos, Anida Stremmelaar en Helen (Eliza White Buffalo).