

## A Calling

Since 2015 we have visited an important historical site on several occasions. It is called the 'Hob on the Hill' which is a funerary monument from the late Neolithic period to the Late Bronze Age around the period 2400 – 1500 BC. The Hob Stone is raised above the ground and is surrounded by a variety of different sized stones.

When we first discovered this area, we were told about other previous life-times when I had followed my calling, and had used the larger stones as places for healing and teaching. The Hob Stone was used as a platform to address crowds of people who visited and came to hear me speak.

There were cup marks on some of the stones which had proved useful to hold water and tinctures for healing, and the Hob Stone was delved where I once placed my stick and a cup. Nearby, hidden away, was a place to rest, a dipper down between some rocks and heather.

On our first visit we spent some time around the stones, tuning into the vibration of our previous visits and understanding how we interacted with people there. We also went down into the secluded dipper which had been a favourite resting place prior to, and after times of teaching and healing.

The only drawback to it all, was that it was quite a hike high up on the moor, and was open to the elements especially up at the Hob Stone, and it was also very close to pheasant shooting hides.

On our second visit, we were advised that we would have people visiting us there and I would be expected to address them like I did in previous times. This was daunting for me, as I didn't know what to expect or what they hoped to hear from me. Half-way up the moor top, an old man named Albie joined us, and we got chatting about his late wife. He said he had heard me talk many times and was looking forward to hearing me again. We shared a flask of tea and mince pies in our resting place.

Albie then told me that people were gathering around the Hob Stone waiting for me. I could not see them myself, as they were from different times in the past, although I sensed their anticipation. He told me he

expected this to be his last time here, and was looking forward to meeting his wife again. While he was with me, my husband Mike was in the background, but came back to be by my side when Albie went to join the crowd.

We walked towards the Hob Stone, which was like stepping up towards a speaker's podium from the side of a stage. The people could only see me when I stepped up behind the stone.

At the Hob Stone I began to address the people, even though I could not physically see them, I certainly sensed them. Mike, who stood to the left of me, could see them and could relay back how they were responding to me. I spoke about divine love and compassion and how to awaken the spirit within.

Mike was aware of Albie in the crowd, and noticed within a few moments that he had passed away. He watched as Albie's light left his body, and then we led a time of silence for him. We asked those around Albie to take his body back to his home, and they seemed to know what to do.

After people were leaving a young girl and her mother approached us and gave me a gift of some liquid to top up my energy and a coin.

We were told afterwards by our guide that there were approximately 58 people present, and not all from the same time period. They seemed to have left satisfied and all had said they planned to return again.

Our next visit was about a year later, again around Christmas time and not long after Mike and I had married. Halfway on the journey to the top of the moor, I picked up a stick which I knew had belonged to Albie, and just before we reached our resting place, he popped in to say hello. He said he was very happy that he was now with his wife.

We followed the same procedure as before but were told to expect more people. I decided this time to hold a group meditation then a question and answer session. Whilst addressing the crowd, Mike said he could see people clearer than before, and also said there were about twice as many people as last time, and some seemed to be from the future.

The meditation, which also included a brief remembrance service for Albie, was well received, and was followed by many questions which were successfully answered, even some about future events.

At the end we were again approached by the young girl and a couple of others, including one of the people from the future. The head count this time was approximately 263, and all seemed to leave satisfied. We advised them that we would try to return in a few months.

Unfortunately, it was 10 months before we returned to the Hob on the Hill. Our guide had been having regular contact with the elders who brought every one together for these events, and they had been kept updated of when to expect us.

We went up in the autumn, before the weather changed for the worse, but after a hot summer and a busy year, we went up onto the moor unprepared for a sudden change in the weather, as it blew a gale when we got to the top of the moor. We soon got cold and felt uncomfortable, and I was more anxious this time as I was told there would be even more people waiting to hear me talk. I also had a sense that people from our time may be around and that would definitely put me off standing on the top of a hill talking out loud.

When I stood up at the Hob, I was over-awed when Mike told me there were many more people than last time, and even some of the tribes we had met in America that Spring, were there. The wind blew hard and whipped my words away, although I was told everyone could hear me.

Then my worst fear happened, a farmer turned up to repair a nearby shooting hide, which put me off my stride, and I asked for a break from speaking while that was going on. I asked people to talk among themselves and get to know each other, which seemed to go well, but I felt I had let them down by giving in to my own insecurities and fears from the past, of being hounded by those who disagreed with my presence there.

After the interruption we had a brief meditation and question and answer session, which again went well. We ended it sooner than we wanted because we were getting very cold and hungry. Three of the

people who had asked questions, then stepped forward to give me gifts, so Mike went into the crowd to receive them. Then a young native girl with her Mother and Grandfather came to speak to me, along with the young girl from the previous times, who wanted me to know she was there again. I felt moved by meeting them, but I then felt I had let them down because of my physical discomfort, and also felt I had not been at my best, as I could not tune in to them as much as I had wanted to. Afterwards I was told I had done a brilliant job but then Mike and I fell out as I listened more to my own negative thoughts, which angered him, and then overshadowed the whole event.

When we got home we learnt there had been approximately 646 people in attendance, and from many different time periods and cultures. Their time had been well spent when we had left them mingling, which would prove to be useful for future generations, as their learning about each other could potentially avoid future conflicts and wars.

The young native girl who approached me introduced herself to be Running Deer, who had become a warrior in her Blackfoot tribe. When we were in America we had visited the site in Montana where she had been honoured, and read about her life-time there.

Running Deer asked if she could give me a gift when we were talking. Mike had seen her take a leather bracelet off her wrist and she wanted me to have it. It was a symbol of her appreciation, as she held me in high esteem and aspired to be just like me when she grew up.

I was also given other gifts, which had been passed to Mike. We received two coins, one was an old US dollar, the other was a shilling, and we were also given some leaves and heather from a couple who had followed us up the hillside.

We plan to return back to the Hob on the Hill very soon, and will share those experiences in the near future. By the way, I have worn the leather bracelet ever since meeting Running Deer.