



THE FLORAL

**Hand
of God**

Secret Healing Codes of Flowers Revealed

Dr. Brent W. Davis

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of Flowers Revealed

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Information in this book is not to be used to treat or diagnose any particular disease or patient, and is not intended to substitute for medical care or the advice of a health professional. The conceptual framework of this book is entirely apart from any mainstream medical model.

The contents of this book are presented with the hope that they will encourage deeper reflection on the non-material causes of illness, and upon a possible new approach to achieving greater happiness, contentment, and spiritual wellbeing. Any use of the information or suggestions in this book is at the reader's own risk, and the author and publisher disclaim any liability arising directly or indirectly from the use of its information and the flower frequency preparations it describes.

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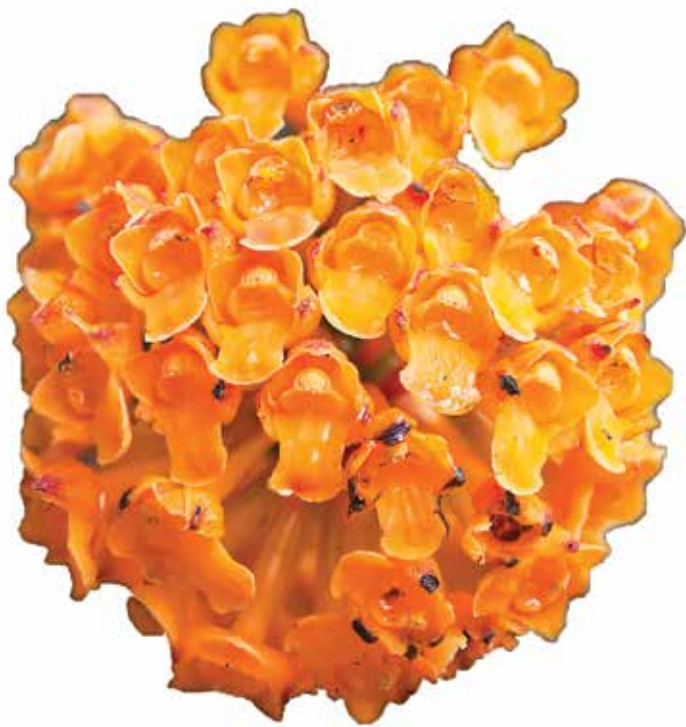
1. Body, Mind & Spirit: Inspiration & Personal Growth
2. Self-Help: Personal Growth
3. Medical: Alternative Medicine
4. Health & Fitness: Alternative Therapies
5. Psychology/Emotions

The Floral Hand of God is a trilogy in one book:

- **Part 1** describes peak experiences in Dr. Brent Davis' continuing search in the realm of flowers for "the Beloved"... that power of attraction that enables us to more easily fulfill our fondest dreams and wishes – to draw to our self the experience of greater love, understanding, and appreciation in our life.
- **Part 2** presents landmark scientific discoveries relating to the mode of action of flower essences prepared in a powerful new way. It penetrates the mysteries of the spiritual mind, examining leading edge theories in quantum biology and physics to explain how specially selected flower frequencies may install into our brain/being spiritual impulses from the "Heavens" to improve our life... at a rate faster than the speed of light.
- **Part 3** concludes with a self-help rapid reference. It describes the manner in which selected flower frequencies can infuse us with codes of light that allow us to receive more love (and hence more energy), and transmute what has held us back in life. It describes a new method to remove core causes of stress at the deepest level – the level of the subconscious mind silently replaying negative messages that wear us down. It will teach you how to accelerate personal transformation by applying the life-force of Dr. Davis' newly discovered UNCUT flower essences... the powerful next generation of frequency healing.

You will learn how to "overwrite" and eliminate your particular brand of negative self-talk that all humans carry in the unconscious mind, and how to replace it with healing and uplifting "Source information" found in rare flowers from around the world.

Transformational flower frequencies described in this book are to be used as an adjunct to all practices that support the evolution of consciousness, and are never intended to be used as a substitute for self-reliance and responsibility on the path to greater awakening.



One Thousand Voices

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Preface

Into the Light

This is a book about how we can increase happiness and contentment in life. At the same time it is about how the subconscious mind can sabotage our happiness and keep us in a perpetual state of self-limitation, despair and even chronic illness. And though it deals with thought transformation, it is not a book about psychology. It is, instead, about the existence of potent healing frequencies given off by certain flowers – subtle but targeted vibrational essences that, when consumed in drinking water and/or sprayed around our body, can “overwrite” and remove those sabotaging thoughts and limiting beliefs and lead to a cascade of healing within the body/emotional complex. This is no small thing to promise, I realize.

My purpose for writing *The Floral Hand of God* is simply to tell you how I came to discover these transformational flower frequencies and how they work. I believe that is what I am supposed to do with this knowledge. As you will see, this will not be an ordinary story of scientific study and discovery.

Many people have asked me, “How on earth did you think of this? How did you know?”

The simple answer has been, I did not.

I can say with conviction born of experience that no single human being could have devised and implemented the mind/spirit transformation system that has been unveiling before me. During its evolution it has required the alignment and integration of so many pieces and components of life experience in order to become manifest – along with the input of key information at precisely the right time – that it is inconceivable I could have come to this alone.

A compelling activity for me has been the practice of continuously asking, “What if it were possible?” and to offer to my willing and open-minded patients a new way to transform their unconscious mind...a true partnership with Nature...a fast-track process of movement into the light.

This Book Is Dedicated To *You*

Introduction

I have loved flowers and herbs since I was a child. Though when I was young I had no conscious idea of plants as healers. They were simply my cherished and most constant companions. In retrospect I see that in their natural environment they served as a sort of enlightened ancestral community, providing balance in my life as I grappled with the challenges of growing up.

My early years were privileged with respect to material setting. I lived in a spacious Tudor house in a West Los Angeles suburb at the foot of the Santa Monica Mountains. Like so many children born in the last half of the twentieth century, some of my family members seemed too frequently to be embroiled in inner conflict as they tried to make sense of their life in a highly materialistic culture. I remember often lying on my back in the grass near the house, staring overhead into the clouds, or being tucked away high in one of the lofty pine trees in our back yard, only to have my reverie broken by strident screaming – the cacophony of another family quarrel. I was confused by the intensity of dissatisfaction that manifested because I could seldom find reason for it.

When there was discord, my antidote was to escape. And how fortunate I was that a large, uninhabited canyon, complete with creek and luscious plant growth was just across the street. I took many other opportunities as well to explore that “wilderness” close by whenever possible. I spent many hours and days there alone each year between the ages of seven and fourteen.

Accompanied by a walking stick and a small knife strapped to my belt, I furtively crept on the property line between two houses at the canyon’s edge and made my way through thickets of towering bamboo until I reached a clearing. I paused to look over the expanse of chaparral on the edge of the serene canyon across from Will Roger’s State Park. It was a steep descent to the bottom, punctuated by many stops to observe, smell and sit among the varied plants, enjoying a sort of kinship with them. Only years later did I learn Native American and other uses of the herbs I encountered.

When I reached the bottom of the canyon, several trails were available. If I needed solitude or healing I generally went to a marvelous area where the creek passed through stone canyon walls. Above the water there were flat rocks to lie on heated by the sun, and at the creek’s edge a few remarkable “chairs” had been carved out of the rock over time by the flowing stream. I sat comfortably in the earth for hours sometimes, isolated from the sounds of civilization, entranced by the voices of the water, the fragrance of herbs, and the whispering breeze. Eventually my thoughts evaporated into blissful nothingness. I had the opportunity as a child of experiencing oneness with life that is much harder to find as an adult. Something very precious was transmitted to me in that place. Looking back, it seems I was instructed in an ancient point of view by intelligences in Nature, and a course in life was charted for me much different than what my family envisioned. You see, I was being groomed to become an upstanding and

socially acceptable medical doctor.

There were a few problems with the plan, however. Foremost was the fact that my undergraduate education at UCLA took place when anti-establishment student unrest of the sixties and early seventies had not been entirely forgotten. Several dedicated instructors had the opportunity at that time to speak with unusual candor about the causes of societal ills. They hoped to cultivate in their students the ability to find real motives behind outward appearances; not to be swayed by glossy advertising, carefully managed information fed to the media, corporate propaganda, or science conducted for financial gain rather than being motivated by a search for truth.

I actually spent one whole trimester in a sociology class reviewing case studies of white-collar crime. We examined the lives of people who were socially elite, who maintained a facade of integrity due to their affiliations with charities, service organizations, and churches, and who, at the same time were involved in unethical or criminal conduct to advance their selfish interests.

That class provided important object lessons to help me avoid some of life's potential pitfalls, but at the same time it was disheartening and disempowering. It made me question a great deal of what I thought was true, or what was being represented as truth. Such a questioning process leads, at least temporarily, to indecisiveness – a characteristic incompatible with the confident ego structure required to succeed in medical school.

While I was pre-med, I had a second major in anthropology. Many of those classes examined social structures and institutions from a cross-cultural perspective. We were diligently taught to avoid “ethnocentrism,” which can be defined as the propensity of dominant cultures to ascribe value to their ways and to denigrate or dismiss the views of less materially developed societies. So when I began to encounter descriptions of ancient healing practices that seemed unscientific, I did not regard them in that way. In fact, as a result of my childhood experiences in the canyon, I felt drawn to native medicine and to the herbal kingdom that had provided so much energy to uphold and nurture me.

I spent whatever spare time I had in the last two years of college reading about ancient medical systems and herbal usage. I particularly enjoyed studying ethnology reports of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries in which Native Americans and other “informants” were interviewed by anthropologists regarding their traditional healing uses of plants.

After a time, I began to feel I could tell when “informants” were intentionally supplying bogus information to the academics studying them. Sometimes I howled to myself in laughter, because when the anthropologists were condescending and arrogant, they were setting themselves up for a ride. They recorded so seriously what they were told, unaware they were being duped. When interviewers wrote with respect or occasionally with reverence and awe when they felt they had found a truly wise native

person, the herbal character and indications described to them seemed to be authentic.

One course in physical anthropology was devoted to the study of the modern scientific method of investigation. Great pains were taken to show that the definition of the experimental framework or frame of reference in a scientific study is critical to its outcome and merit. If there are too many variables in an experimental frame of reference, it makes it logistically difficult or impossible to scientifically determine the relative importance of each variable (let alone combinations of variables). So generally just a few variables are selected to determine how they relate to the experimental question. Though the variables chosen for study are at the discretion of the investigators, they are normally directed by precedents and normative views of institutional science. And, of course, they are very much influenced by the sources that fund the study. I concluded that when only a few variables are studied out of the many in real life that are acting concurrently, then it is possible that we no longer have an accurate representation of reality. I began to wonder how often that phenomenon took place in mainstream medical research.

A pivotal event in my life occurred in my sophomore year at UCLA. It was a work-related injury.

I worked through college as a house painter whenever I could find the time. I was on a second story balcony cleaning a banister before painting it when it broke. I was thrown off balance and fell two stories down to a concrete slab with all my body weight landing on one foot. As with two previous serious injuries, I must have had angels hovering around me, because ostensibly I didn't have anything wrong. My foot and ankle were X-rayed in the emergency room and I was told "no fractures...you're fine to go home."

Unfortunately the docs in the emergency room were unaware of the critically important physiology that chiropractors and some osteopaths appreciate. I had received a serious sheering injury at the sacroiliac joint (in the pelvis), translating all the way up and into my skull via a connection of tough fibrous tissue called the dura. A strong twisting injury occurred deep within the skull as well. This type of injury commonly causes chronic energy loss, and, because of damage to structures within the skull, can wreak havoc with nervous system and hormonal balance. Apparently I needed to work against a tremendous obstacle, because after this injury, I was plunged into chronic illness that took me many years to reverse. I experienced about every symptom and malady that is associated with chronic fatigue. It is easy to see one of the motivating factors that caused me to undertake training in therapies aimed at resolving chronic illness.

For a long time I operated on will power alone. I made a valiant effort to cope, but the injuries were a crowning blow on top of the emotional abuse with which I grew up. I could not participate in normal socialization. The great passion I have for life was trapped inside. I felt so vulnerable that I shut away my heart, and, sadly, retreated into my head. Time after time when I reached points of hopelessness, I would be guided to

a new herb, chiropractic technique, holistic practice, or homeopathic remedy that would rekindle faith that I could be healed. For a long time the only love affair I had was an impersonal one with the herbal kingdom – and that kept my heart from breaking.

The journey of my recovery is what prepared me to unveil the healing power of “chosen” flowers. Though my chronic illnesses left, my love of the heart and soul of herbs has only grown stronger.

A remarkable event took place in my Junior year of college which I still find amazing to this day. The second quarter seemed to be charmed. I didn’t work very much and got good marks. I relaxed the most of any other time in college. Almost every day in the late morning I went to a comfortable place on the lawn at the side of Royce Hall (University of California at Los Angeles–UCLA) and lay on my back as I used to when I was a child. On several occasions, as I looked up into the canopy of the tree above me, I saw moving pictures of my future life. I saw myself traveling to many regions worldwide doing herbal research and finding new plant healers. Many of those images have come to pass, actually occurring in real life.

I saw images of myself in a high mountain valley with enormous rock walls on its sides. I was surrounded by gigantic forms and angelic forces of Nature communicating with me, upholding me, beseeching me to hear their offerings of assistance, and impelling me to bring their floral healing frequencies into the world. In 2002 I felt directed to travel to the high Andes, and was guided so that I encountered the valley and the forces of Nature I had seen so many years before. In that remote fifteen thousand foot setting, as I looked around myself, awestruck in the presence of God, I was breathless literally and figuratively. The flower frequencies that I extracted in that region are incomprehensively powerful in their ability to transform one’s life.

When I experienced those future visions in college, I was amazed and at the same time troubled by them. I wondered if what I was seeing was manifesting out of personal instability and illusions.

Now, many years later, I see that was not the case. I no longer question God’s invisible hand that has directed my life, for it has led me on an intriguing voyage and one in which I see a purpose that can greatly benefit humanity.

Part 1

The Discovery Adventures

Measuring Our Invisible Mind Activity

Before we can observe changes in a phenomenon, first we obviously have to witness that the phenomenon exists. In order for us to recognize changes in our subconscious mind programming, which is invisible to our rational, conscious mind, we first have to have a way to measure subconscious mind activity. A whole new field of body/mind healing emerged in the 1980's which provided a way to measure something that previously had always been invisible – namely our thoughts and beliefs, i.e., the commands being generated by our unconscious mind.

As a young member of the ICAK–International College of Applied Kinesiology (the body that teaches proper use of holistic diagnostic muscle testing), I remember attending an annual conference in Dearborne, Michigan in the late nineteen eighties. The importance of that meeting was only clear in retrospect. There a paper was presented that challenged conventional wisdom with respect to the merit of using affirmations, and as practitioners, the potential benefits of recommending affirmations to our patients.

In this era, holistic practitioners were busy helping patients identify their limiting beliefs, and then constructing affirmations for the patient to state with conviction. This was to act as a counter-measure to self-sabotaging beliefs with the intention of nullifying them.

The doctor presenting the paper discussed the confounding nature of a discovery he had made clinically. In the course of interviewing his patient during an office visit, the patient happened to mention that on his own he had created an affirmation to help himself break out of a mind pattern. His affirmation was something along the line of, “I am confident I will be financially successful this year.” The patient had been repeating this several times per day.

With the proper use of muscle testing and self-referential statements, it is possible to measure response in an individual to what he himself says. When the doctor asked his patient to repeat the “I am confident...” phrase and then performed a muscle test on a muscle that was strong prior to the statement, after the statement, the muscle collapsed in weakness. This is, in a sense, like a lie detector test. If the initially strong muscle had remained strong after stating the affirmation, it would indicate subconscious mind coherence (agreement) with the positive affirmation – in other words, that the statement was true for the individual, and he actually did believe he would be financially successful. If the statement weakened a previously strong muscle, it would indicate a conflict, i.e., non-coherence, and the unconscious mind would be telling us that with

this statement, it is not true for the patient.

Even though the patient was repeating this positive affirmation many times per day, it did not cause him at the unconscious level to believe it was true. In fact, quite the opposite. It was actually weakening him every time he said it because there was a clash between his conscious intention and his firmly established unconscious mind belief. This was a profound finding.

For the rest of that conference many of the docs attending were discussing it. Eventually the phenomenon was named “reversal” – the mind’s ability to distort conscious belief (and/or positive intention) 180 degrees out of phase, producing a negative mind/body outcome. This discovery prompted many ICAK members to explore the phenomenon of “reversal” and to learn how to eliminate it. The first ICAK member to bring this concept widely to the attention of the general public was Roger Callahan, Ph.D. (psychologist) who wrote the NY Times best selling book, “The Five Minute Phobia Cure.”

What began as a collaboration between chiropractic physician and ICAK founder, George Goodheart, D.C., other chiropractors, psychologists, and a holistic psychiatrist, eventually gave rise to a whole new field now known as “energy psychology.” The greatest number of health professionals employing energy “psychology” in practice are not psychologists at all; they are chiropractors with training in applied kinesiology.

However, under the influence of psychologist, Fred Gallo Ph.D., who trained with Dr. Goodheart, an organization was formed in 1999 called ACEP–The Association For Comprehensive Energy Psychology. Its membership of about 700 consists of psychologists, other mental health professionals and various holistic practitioners. They host conferences and publish newsletters which showcase dozens of reflex and other techniques to eliminate destructive beliefs and improve mental health.

Identifying the phenomenon of “reversal” was just the beginning. What followed was a period of experimentation with various practitioner-mediated techniques to induce coherence.

The question I posed to myself was: Could there be a way to consistently induce coherence – not dependent on the presence of a particular practitioner – that could create the desired positive shifts in the unconscious mind (healthfully aligning the subconscious/conscious mind complex)? And if there were such a process, exactly how would it work?

As we shall see in following chapters, I found the answer in the almost surreal realm of flower frequencies.

Message on the Mountain

I jokingly refer to the period between the years 1987 to 1999 as my “lost years”. They really weren’t lost. Actually they were very productive. What I lost was a normal orientation toward most things conventional and mainstream. A great deal happened in this period which prepared me for the discovery of the most effective way to extract the totality of healing frequencies from flowers while they are living, uncut, and pulsing with life.

With my newfound ability to clinically test my patients for “reversal”, and a phenomenon closely related to it called “switching”, I found a high percentage of my patients were affected by conflicts between their conscious desires and sabotaging unconscious mind patterns they were unwittingly expressing. To remedy this problem for my patients I used the first therapeutic methods developed from chiropractic disciplines such as applied kinesiology and bio-energetic synchronization technique (B.E.S.T.) as well as PSYCH-K (developed by Rob Williams).

While having the patient visualize and hence activate stored memories of trauma, the practitioner, by using his hands to hold reflex areas (or by stimulating acupuncture points or spinal areas), could essentially erase the trauma of memories stored in the brain and re-pattern and normalize the nervous system. In many cases this produced remarkable alleviation of stress symptoms and physical complaints.

Even though I was delighted to see the wonderful results that could be obtained using these methods, at a level beyond thinking I had an awareness that a way existed to re-pattern human beings at the primordial level of soul and Spirit which would likely influence the subtle crystalline matrix of our DNA. I was vaguely aware that this method would use vast field energies of Nature and would be so enormously encompassing that it would be incomprehensible to the mind.

If you think about it, that’s not really a lot to go on! That awareness provided no road map to discover this magical process that I felt must exist. I could only imagine that the “mysterium” I was seeking would be revealed by reverting to what I had learned as a child – sitting in stillness in Nature.

As often as I could I would make “pilgrimages” to wilderness areas – places that I felt would be specially touched by the Divine. I would often have an inner prompting to take such a trip, and then I would ask for inner guidance as to where the trip needed to be. Due to the fact that I was constantly researching wild plants for my herbal

company, Phytotherapy Research Labs.¹

I always had the camping and other necessary gear ready to go when the prompting “hit”. I had only to notify my patients that I would be gone for a while.

I had a special fondness for the Native American wild plant called Oshá (*Ligusticum porteri*). It is a potent immunomodulator, used often to recover from flu, and to clear excess mucous and lung congestion. It was always a challenge to find supply sources for the herb that were harvesting the root in an eco-conscious manner, taking care not to excessively deplete wild populations.

I strongly intuited that I would have a wonderful experience if I were to “meet” the plant in person. Since I felt that the herb was threatened due to declining populations, it seemed that I had the ideal opportunity to take the time I needed in Nature and at the same time study Oshá in its optimal wild habitats.

With advanced research, I knew more or less where the plant was growing in Colorado, New Mexico, and Northern Mexico. I decided to fly from Los Angeles (where I had my practice) into Albuquerque, New Mexico, rent a car, and drive up to Taos to meet a field botanist I had contacted previously for pointers as to where I should go on my expedition.

In the usual manner, the airplane pilot came on to the PA system to announce to passengers that we should especially look out the window at such and such “area of interest” (landmarks that are always on the OTHER side of the plane). Of course I couldn’t see what he was referring to, but I did gather that we were just entering air space over New Mexico. For some reason it felt like I should pull out my detailed map of Northern New Mexico to look at the topography over which we were flying.

I located Taos on the map, and my eyes wandered upwards into southern Colorado, noticing things like Culebra Peak (at about 14,000 feet elevation), and further to the West, Mesa Verde National Park. Then my eyes drifted downwards (south) towards the central part of northern New Mexico and suddenly stopped over an area called Chama. I had never heard of this area, but there seemed to be something very special about it. I saw a tiny blue spot on the top of Chama mountain. It must have been a small lake, noted at just over 11,000 feet on the map. Perhaps that was it, the place I needed to go?

Soon we started our decent into Albuquerque, landed smoothly, and without delay I obtained my rental car and took off north to get to Taos in the late afternoon in time to meet the botanist at the appointed forestry station. I had good directions so I found it easily. With map in hand I entered inside and mentioned that I had an appointment. The receptionist signaled to Wayne who came over and greeted me hospitably. We exchanged a bit of small talk. He told me about his familiarity with Oshá, and showed

¹ In 2012 Phytotherapy Research Labs, Inc. changed its brand name to Forest Center Herbs (ForestCenterHerbs.com is the forthcoming new website.)

me on area maps where he had seen it growing. He explained it was quite spotty and didn't know of any areas where it grew abundantly. He felt my finding it would be hit and miss.

I finally had the opportunity to ask him about the area that struck me while I was in the plane. I pointed to the small lake on Chama Mountain and asked him if he happened to know that piece of land (about 70 miles away). He smiled and shook his head. "Well, that's quite a coincidence," he said "I just saw Frank across the street about 45 minutes ago. His dad owns that piece of land with the lake on it. It's quite something, about 4,000 acres. He's care-taking it now, harvesting fallen timber to make special beams for custom homes. He doesn't live here, so let me call him to see if I can catch him while he's still in town."

Well, Frank Simms was still in town, and within a few minutes I had the opportunity to meet with him to ask for permission to explore his dad's ranch. Wayne warned me not to be too hopeful because he said the Simms were very private about that piece of land, using it only for family retreats and the like.

Frank listened to me explaining my interest in natural medicine, the fact that I had a holistic practice, and that I had an herb company known for its care of ecologically harvested plants. I told him that I had spotted his piece of land at the time I was just about flying over it, and my excitement must have grown to such a pitch that it broke through his reservations! He gave me permission to enter through the gates at the lower end of the property (at about 8,000 feet elevation). He explained the lay of the land a bit and that he would be near the cabin quite a ways up the mountainside. He asked me to check in with him after the first day I was on the land. I happily agreed.

I was so focused on getting to Chama that I had failed to take account of the fact that my rented Toyota Corolla would be swallowed up by the rutted terrain that Frank described I would encounter – only passable to 4-wheel drive vehicles! "Let's see," I thought to myself, "how am I going to pull this one off. Well, there must be jeep rentals here in town. I'll just leave the Corolla here and take off in a Jeep for a few days." Seemed pretty plausible at the moment.

What I didn't realize was that although there are many 4-wheel drive rental companies in Taos, they NEVER rent vehicles to drive out of the region (especially 70 miles away). "I am sorry sir, I understand your predicament, but it's company policy, and we just can't rent you a Jeep to drive that far away." By the time I got to the third or fourth 4-wheel drive rental company, I suspect that my eyes were bulging out with the fury and the fervor of a hell-and-damnation preacher! I think I dazed the poor lone gal at the rental desk of the last place. Having no one to turn to, and in what may have been a mesmerized state, she agreed to rent to me.

She explained, "Now you understand, sir, this is very irregular and probably dangerous. Our vehicles have no tops or doors on them because they are just for day use here locally. And you're going to drive off across the state? I really can't

recommend this, sir.” I just kept nodding my head at the appropriate points, let her speak her piece, got the keys and got out of there as quickly as possible!

I was delighted to have my beautiful new metallic blue Jeep with no top and NO doors! The no doors part turned out to be fantastic. I shall never forget the ride from Taos to Chama. I started out at dusk, heading west across high plains with my stocking hat pulled over my ears and parka zipped tight. No doors and no top. I was hurling through space (about 38 degrees F) with an unimpaired 270 degree view of the land and the starry sky. It was a crystal clear night for which New Mexico is famous. In the absence of moon, the firmament was thick with sparkling stars highlighted against the black sky. In the altered state of this peak experience, I felt a benediction from the planets, the stars, and beyond into galaxies.

When I reached the area near the Simms’ ranch, my reverie was broken because it was so challenging to figure out where I was. I never could find the entrance gate at night so I just had to settle for camping on a spot I presumed to be near to the ranch. After packing up my tent the next morning and eating a bit, I headed off. Turns out that I was about a mile away from the entrance gate to Frank’s property. I navigated ruts and boulders in the dirt road, crossing through several gates. As I left the access road behind and got out into the open, I saw beauty so spectacular that I could not fathom it.

I was looking out into a large valley with a stream crossing at the bottom of it. Stretching up Chama Mountain at 3000 feet in elevation were red rock cliffs lower down with patches of trees and beautiful meadows as one progressed upwards. The colors seemed surreal as if one had dialed up the vibrancy level beyond the attributes of this earth. I got out of the Jeep and walked to an observation point to get a sense of where to go. I was enthralled, searching for words within myself to describe what I was seeing and feeling. Enchantment. Yes, that was the feeling (remembering the word that aptly appears on New Mexico’s license plates, “the land of enchantment”).

I plotted a course through the valley below and up the mountainside. The first place I stopped was on the other side of the river at a meadow facing red rock cliffs. I waded through a large patch of wild *Arnica cordifolia* and sat down in lavish grass with the blue and purple heads of several types of wild *Gentian* peaking out at me. I was made to be still. What was I sensing? Choruses of voices echoed from the rock cliffs.

So... I realized... I was in the company of native Elders. I had traveled to many magnificent parts of the U.S. in search of herbs while on a path of inner discovery from the eastern woodland forests to the Great Lakes to the Cascade and Rocky Mountains to the western deserts of California and Arizona, yet I had never been gripped by such a commanding presence.

There were many voices seemingly echoing messages that had been given but rarely ever heard. At first, I could only understand the general theme of what was being communicated. Then after a while, it was as if one voice spoke a narrative to me, addressing me personally relating to my quest. What I was told astonished me.

Part of what the Elder spoke to me was as follows:

“My son, we have seen you in your travels, searching for the love that flows from the heart of Nature and imbues herbs with their healing power. You have worked hard to find this love that once flowed abundantly, but in this country at this time you will not find what you particularly seek. It has been killed off. The destruction of Earth in the pursuit of wealth and the repeated betrayal and killing of the ancestors have ruptured the heart of my brothers, and broken their critical link with the natural realm that has flowed for eons.

“Your exploiters of Nature in this country do not understand. We are co-creators with the great Mother. When we are broken, the Earth is broken. When we neglect her, we neglect ourselves. And though she wishes always to nurture and provide for us, beyond a point she can no longer. In your lifetime, what you seek from Nature here will be reborn in these lands. But for now, it is gone. To find what you seek now you must travel abroad. Go to the Southern Continent [South America] where native peoples still hold the sacred link with the earth. There you will still find the deepest healing.”

I could not easily integrate the power of this message. I briefly broke down emotionally and sat immobilized in the most beautiful place I had ever seen. Of course I had to continue, but it cast a powerful influence into my life.

My visit to Chama Mountain was nevertheless splendid. At about 10,500 feet I found an old logging site where trees had rotted forming a rich humus. In that area of at least 60 acres grew what was probably the largest, densest, and healthiest stand of Oshá in existence anywhere. I dug a little of the herb's roots but mostly spent the day walking through its unusually scented blossoms, singing an internal song of joy with the plant.

My return trip to Los Angeles was unremarkable. I resumed my practice through the end of the summer and into the fall of 1987. Just before the new year, I received an intriguing invitation and one that would forever change my life.

The Invitation

On an ordinary day in West Los Angeles I made a routine trip to the mailbox and found something quite out-of-the-ordinary. With all the bills and promotional flyers in the heap of mail I scooped up, one piece stood out especially. It was a little bit different size than one normally sees, and it just seemed to be, well... foreign looking. I placed it carefully on my desk to take a look at it after I had finished working on my afternoon patients.

That evening I returned to my desk to examine the piece of mystery mail. It came from Peru, but I didn't know anyone in Peru. I noticed that it was addressed "Dr. Brent Davis" so I figured it came from someone who obtained health professional mailing lists from licensing boards. No matter. What was on the outside of the folded brochure was fascinating to me: "II Congreso Internacional de Medicina Tradicional." It was an announcement of the upcoming II International Congress on Traditional Medicine that would be taking place in Lima, Peru, June 1988 – half a year away. My instinctual response was, "Wow, this would be neat to attend. I wonder how though?"

Then my mind started popping up very rational reasons why that trip would be impractical. First was the fact that I had a solo practice, and it seemed it would be very difficult to leave for a long period of time. I had been wanting to go to Peru ever since my year-long anthropology studies at UCLA on various aspects of ancient Peruvian culture. At the time I was taking these classes, little did I know that any benefit would ever come from them. Turns out that they were some of the most useful classes of my whole education.

Due to that long-standing desire to travel in Peru, I couldn't imagine taking a short trip. There was so much to see! "Six weeks" – that is the length of time I would need in Peru that initially popped into my mind. End of January? "No, that's impractical." End of February? "The cost of leaving practice for six weeks is untenable." End of March? "I don't know even one person in Peru, and I have no idea where to start my herbal studies in such a botanically rich country." Middle of April? "Why do I keep thinking about this trip so much?" Beginning May: "I'm going. Everything will just have to fall into place. I'll meet whom I need to at the congress." Decision made. Soon thereafter I sent out notice to my patients of the period my office would be closed.

Actually, one of the reasons that I thought so much about the trip to Peru was that personally I was experiencing emotional pain and loneliness as a result of the internal prompting which, six months before, caused me to move away from an intentional community where I had lived most of my adult life. I felt as though I had just lost

all support of the adopted “family” that I had grown to depend on and who meant the world to me emotionally. It occurred to me that I might encounter a mystical transformational force in Peru that could help me heal and enable an opening to a more joyful existence. I was feeling dissatisfied with life in general, and I did not want that frame of mind to continue, yet I did not know what to do to shift it. I had a deep yearning for change.

It is much easier to travel in Peru now than it was in June of 1988. The airport and admission processing of tourists are both vastly improved. Significantly, the political climate is less volatile. Research in advance of my trip revealed that the Maoist guerilla group, El Sendero Luminoso (The Shining Path), was very serious about terrorism, and as a result, certain regions of Peru that were a stronghold for them were too unsafe for travel. That turned out to be a relevant point after I arrived.

I noticed that the congress was being held in a former “grande dame” of hotels, The Crillon. The hotel, like most of Lima, had lost its former glory but was still described as comfortable.

During my taxi ride from the airport to the hotel, it was clear that the once opulent colonial city of Lima was now definitely third world. I was so excited to be in Peru, and yet as I coursed through the streets, I felt a pervasive sadness that did not seem to arise just from the obvious poverty and from seeing mountains of trash everywhere. I was soon to discover the cause of what I was feeling.

I arrived a day before the congress started, checked into my room, quickly unpacked, and changed into some non-descript clothing so as not to stand out too much as a “gringo.” I had a strong sense that I needed to get out of the hotel and sit among the local people. I had the perfect opportunity just a block away in the beautiful Plaza San Martin, which consisted of lovely neo-classical buildings built in the 1920s. On the edge of the central square, now dilapidated, there were some stone steps facing a busy pedestrian area – a perfect place for people watching.

Within just a few moments after sitting down, an oppressive heaviness enveloped me, and I was confused because I was so excited to be in Peru. Then as I watched the body language and the faces of the passers-by, mostly dark-skinned indigenous natives, I soon understood what I was sensing.

I did with the local people what I learned to do with plants when I “meet” them for the first time. I opened a blank space in my mind and asked for the meaning of what I was observing to appear there internally and communicate with me. It became clear that I was sensing the collective unconscious of the many people walking by me. Mostly they were poor and seemed to be hopeless and hapless. But there was something more.

Then it struck me: I was feeling the pain behind the masks people had put on. A narrative voice seemed to speak.

“You are witnessing the effects of colonial exploitation, even as it masquerades as the progress of industrialization. The listless eyes, the heavy feet, the ever

so slightly stooped posture, are all signs of something deeper – a broken heart. The people you see in front of you are here in this metropolis out of desperation, for they have lost their land and their great purpose as caretakers of the Earth. They work for money only, subsisting in artificial jobs, and not as they once did when they were in contact with Gaia as they plowed her fields and tended her forests. Though that life was very difficult and austere in its own ways, they still felt joy from the harmony of Nature.”

“While you are here do not inhabit the cities. Find the wild areas where the old methods of living are still being followed.”

I understood that is what I would have to do.

The next morning in the hotel’s large conference area, the congress organizer, neurosurgeon Dr. Fernando Cabieses, gave the inaugural address. I was amazed by the attendance – throngs of 4 ½ to 5 ½ feet tall native people packed into the central room and overflowing into numerous side room wings. I mention height because as a 6 foot, very Caucasian-looking fellow, I stood out like a large reflector! What made my presence more glaring was the fact that there were virtually no other “reflectors” (tall white guys) in attendance! I asked myself, “Where is the U.S. contingent?” The lovely color brochures produced in English must have been sent out to a lot of people. “What happened?” I wondered.

I had corresponded with Dr. Cabieses before the congress, and as a result he had set aside time at the end of the first day for me to interview him for an article I intended to write. I brought a video camera as well to document our meeting, and unwittingly that bit of technology attracted the attention of the people I didn’t know but needed to meet. Wow! Bunches of attendees gathered around to watch the “Hollywood” production.

The first question I asked Dr. Cabieses was, “Why is there virtually no one here from the U.S.?” Shaking his head he replied, “We don’t know. We sent out 10,000 invitations to the U.S. Besides you and Dr. Norman Farnsworth (a well known pharmacognosist from the University of Chicago) there are only a couple of other Americans here so far, and there will be an overall attendance at this Congress of about 4,000 people. The only thing we can think of is that virtually all of the U.S. mailbags were lost. Somehow a couple of invitations got through.” I didn’t show it but felt stunned. Once again serendipity had acted. Why was I one of only a few who received the congress announcement? “Maybe there’s going to be some real significance to this trip,” I thought to myself.

As Dr. Cabieses was replying to my questions I kept feeling a set of eyes fixed upon me from within the gathered crowd. As time went by, the “owner” of the eyes moved into plain sight, and I noticed he had an oriental but somewhat Peruvian appearance. He was a Peruvian of Japanese decent named Jorge, and he was the key that opened the

door for me to the wonders of Peru on this trip and for many years to come. He turned out to be a spiritual brother, worthy of great love and admiration, and became a life-long friend.

When I finished the interview with Dr. Cabieses and was packing up my video gear, several people formed a queue to ask me various questions. There at the end of the line was Jorge, patiently waiting for everyone to finish. When Jorge and I finally had the opportunity to speak, I was flooded with feelings of warmth, congeniality, and familiarity. It felt like I had known him forever. Many of the apprehensions I had about how my trip would unfold seemed to dissolve, and quite soon I understood why.

It turns out that Jorge had a background that was so especially aligned with my interests that he understood exactly what I was supposed to accomplish on this trip. Moreover, he intuited immediately that I needed emotional repair in addition to whatever physical objectives might arise. I was overjoyed that without having to say a word about my emotional vulnerability, he knew what I required for healing. He exercised with me great kindness and patience.

In a very Catholic country, Jorge had moved beyond the confines of Catholicism. He had explored eclectic philosophies and various religions. He developed a great respect for and eventually adopted many of the tenets of the teachings of Dr. Rudolf Steiner, a German Christian mystic of the early twentieth century, who founded the Anthroposophical Society. Steiner deeply understood the living realms of Nature, having been influenced by the teachings of the German mystic, Goethe. (Steiner was, as well, familiar with the teachings of the Theosophical Society that incorporated wisdom of the adepts of India.) As I had just recently finished quite a review of Anthroposophical literature (especially its early contributions to holistic medicine), Jorge and I shared a common language – a humanistic view of life and an appreciation of Nature as a direct expression of the Divine.

There was a unique “frequency” about Jorge that I had never encountered before. He exhibited definite male characteristics but was not like a normal “guy.” What was it that was so unusual about him? Then I found out. His specialized training and true devotion was in apiculture. He was one of the foremost authorities in South America on the cultivation of bees and on the start-up requirements for small-scale rural industry resulting in the commercial production of honey. In that capacity he worked for NGOs who provided funding to develop rural income for the economically disenfranchised.

Now you might not understand this, but it was very clear to me. Jorge was a “human bee.” If you have ever sat without fear in the company of the true honeybee, *Apis mellifica*, there is an extraordinary single-minded lovingness and gentleness about these creatures. They are here for one purpose: to ensure the continuity of plant life –and our life– on earth. There is a sense of blessing about these little beings and something I have never found in any other life form. Though they will sting, they would really prefer not to, and if they do, they lose their own life.

There was virtually no rural region in Peru that Jorge had not traversed on foot, and he left a wake of friends behind him wherever he went. I found later that he seemed to know everyone in his country that had to do with natural products and ecosystems management. Everywhere I might need to go, he had only to call for someone to assist me. Who, I wondered, had directed Jorge to meet me? It seemed beyond coincidence.

Jorge mentioned that there were people I would appreciate meeting. Soon we were making a “bee line” directly toward two young holistic physicians, Irma Luz and Oscar. They too possessed very eclectic philosophical and spiritual views. With dispatch they introduced me to herbal authorities presenting papers at the congress (some of whom were their teachers). They seemed to be aware, as was Jorge, that I had some sort of mission to accomplish, and they were a great help in that respect.

By the end of the second day, it was all arranged. When the congress was over I would meet with a small advanced study group of holistic Peruvian medical doctors who had spent about the last ten years of clinical practice identifying what they felt were the most important herbs in Peru by testing how they worked on their patients. I made plans to visit socially with Jorge and his family, Irma Luz and Oscar after the meeting was over.

One of the presenters at the congress brought samples of the highest quality Cat’s Claw (*Uncaria tomentosa*) herb, which does not come from the bark of the vine (what is now sold commercially). What I obtained was the root and inner wood of the trunk of the vine (and only a small percentage of bark) in dried powdered form.

I knew from my training in classical homeopathy how to conduct what is called a “proving” – a way to use one’s senses and observational skills to discover the energetic action of an unknown substance under investigation.

Alone at night in my hotel room, with a still mind, I “met” the herb for the first time. I placed a small spoonful of powdered Cat’s Claw in my mouth and slowly chewed it. It had a very characteristic and totally distinctive taste due to high content of what are called oxindole alkaloids. Physically I experienced the powerful sensation of increased secretory activity in my digestive system, a strong antispasmodic effect in the intestines, and an opening of my lymphatic circulation. But what I experienced psychically was far more profound. I felt encompassed by a balm of safety, as if the greatest of my trials were shifted and lifted off of me. It was incomprehensible yet wonderful. I had received a huge blessing. I knew I had to find and study this plant in the wild, but where?

When the congress was over, I met with the docs in the study group over two days. I discovered that between them, they had thousands of case studies which represented the greatest practical resource imaginable. With their input I was able to construct a prioritized numbered list of the most valuable Peruvian herbs and the optimal habitats where they grew. I was incredulous at what I had just been given. I realized that the herbal products industry would soon kick into high gear in the U.S., and what I now possessed had enormous value in the commercial marketplace. I had always viewed

herbs as a resource to protect rather than to exploit, so I had an inner directive to identify the herbs that would most likely be commercially exploited. I then needed to understand how to safeguard their habitats while, if possible, allowing a sustainable supply of them.¹

There was a unanimous consensus that Cat's Claw was by far the most important of all Peruvian herbs. The doctors provided volumes of information to me about its various applications. They told me "insider" information about what makes the plant the most bioactive – how it should be harvested and more. They explained the altitude at which it optimally grows and that the best herb came from particular areas in the province of Junin. Problem: the Maoist guerilla group, Sendero Luminoso, had heavily infiltrated that region. Any trucks carrying Cat's Claw in that area were held up at gunpoint at makeshift road blockades that would spontaneously appear overnight. If you didn't pay a bribe, the truck and the herb didn't pass. They quickly convinced me that if I ventured there I would probably not return. They mentioned that the herb grew in safer regions in the north, Iquitos, all the way to the south ending in the precinct of Madre de Dios.

At the congress I just happened to meet and note a contact phone number of a representative from a tribe a few miles outside of Iquitos. With Jorge's assistance we contacted the phone number I had taken, communicated with the tribe, and arranged for me to be picked up by boat and transported to near the tribal reserve on a tributary river outside of Iquitos. Little did I know what I was getting into.

Never, I repeat, never ask an aboriginal person the distance or the time required to reach a particular landmark. That question doesn't seem to compute. They operate outside our normal time/space continuum.

¹ At the end of the nineteen eighties one of my grateful patients gifted me with substantial funds to allow me to fulfill one of my dreams – to start a non-profit 501(c)3 organization I called The Foundation for Herbal Healing & Conservation (FHHC). The FHHC had one amazing and ambitious project that was nearly successful. It ran for six years and was a landmark study of the potentially valuable food and medicine crops on a large site in a remote Peruvian tropical forest/jungle ("Bosque Gamitana" in the Madre de Dios precinct. See the "Jungle Photos" in Doc's Photo Journal on page 324).

The intention of this project was to demonstrate that by simply harvesting the wild nut, fruit, and medicinal plant resources from this tract of land a substantial income would result with NO cutting of tropical forest wood or other depleting practices and a significant ability to hire workers locally. Over 7000 hectares of publicly held land in Peru was scheduled to be passed to the FHHC once a comprehensive forestry management study was completed by an FHHC-employed forestry professor at the Lima, Peru University of La Molina. The forestry inventory study was completed over a period of one year with all necessary documentation for the land to pass to FHHC's care.

Once the FHHC paperwork was placed in the regional magistrate's office in this remote precinct, a logging company was tipped off about the study. They stole the documents, placed their name on the documents, and when the study was approved, they obtained the rights to use this land for logging first, which they did, and then for "ecotourism" once the destruction of logging was finished. This was a heart breaking experience.

I was hoping the guide sent to retrieve me from where I was dropped at the river's edge did not intend to deceive me. However, I was becoming exasperated hearing several times from him that the tribal land that was our destination was "just up the way—close." Two hours later it was still "just up the way—close." Keep in mind that I was only partly through my long period of debility mentioned in the book's introduction. I still had chronic fatigue and weighed in at a measly 140 pounds (I am now a healthy 175.) It was 100 percent humidity, about 92 degrees Fahrenheit, I was carrying a backpack, and it felt like my guide was trying to catch a Kenyan distance runner! I was truly spent by the time we reached the village that was our destination.

Fortunately I remembered reading an ethnology account of a jungle fruit the Jivaro indians used as a tonic. They rubbed the juice of the fruit over their bodies to revive themselves. I asked my hosts if they could please find some of this fruit and bring it to me. They thought it an odd request, but about half an hour later they delivered me a broken little plastic bucket of the freshly picked fruit. I crushed it up and rubbed it all over my legs, my arms and my face. Then I turned orange. They were amused.

But the stuff worked! It actually allowed me to get through the rest of the day.

My guide thoughtfully found an area relatively close to the village where I was able to observe a large stand of old growth Cat's Claw, a giant vine that can reach more than a hundred feet into the forest canopy. (See the "Jungle Photos" in Doc's Photo Journal beginning on p. 324. My herbalist guide thoughtfully showed me how to sample the enormously healing juice that flows from the freshly cut Uña de Gato vines). I asked to be alone for a while, mentioning that I would return to the village when I was through.

Cat's Claw vines can run along the ground for many feet, eventually turning straight upward, growing into the treetops. I found an old vine about 7 inches in diameter and sat on the forest floor close to where it exited the earth, holding it. Notwithstanding the drone of many insects, the stillness of the jungle was astounding. My body swayed almost imperceptibly, joining the pulsing life-energy of this spot. I cleared my being to receive an impression from the plant.

I was able to somehow merge into the "body" of the huge Cat's Claw vine and perceive its character. The hundreds of water-filled tubules that form the diameter of the vine together act as an enormous antenna, an energy transfer conduit that receives input from the Earth's grid and from the heavens. It is powerfully linked to the whole of life.²

Beyond that impression was an encompassing awareness in the moment and an emotional response to a precious act of love.

The super-consciousness of this Cat's Claw "being" enveloped me in a "shawl of surcease." My psychic pain coming from identifying with apparently insurmountable

² See Jungle 1 photos in Doc's Photo Journal.

The Incorruptibles

The healing power of certain extraordinary flowers, vibrantly alive and rooted to the earth, is totally benevolent. They are steadfast. They follow their innate design that impels them to give fully of themselves with no expectation of anything in return.

They are utterly incorruptible.

Such flowers are complex receptacles of divine light coded into physical form in an incomprehensible way. I have often described amazing flowers I have found as “saints among herbs.”

As I was contemplating the content for this chapter I encountered an interesting call for papers to be presented at an international conference hosted at the Sorbonne University in Paris, September 7-9, 2011, titled, *Forms of Corruption in History and in Contemporary Society: Origins, Continuity, Evolution*. The following is an excerpt:

“The etymology of the word “corruption” (lat. co-rruptum) indicates either an alteration, or an act of seduction, but in any case it leads toward a rupture. In a broader meaning, corruption is understood as the behavior of a person who derails another one from his/her way, customs or duties, through the promise of money [reward], honors or security. History shows that this phenomenon has generally been manifesting in different kinds of cultures and societies starting with the most ancient times. Today corruption is still a reality, generated by the particular economic, cultural and political conditions in both developing and developed countries.

“We are seeking contributions on different forms of corruption and on special aspects of corruption in different cultures, historical times, and juridical systems. The major questions which will be discussed during this international conference are: Do phenomena of corruption evolve over time, or remain as primitive as in their first manifestations? What is the impact of these phenomena on forging the identity of certain individuals, communities or nations?”

“Is the ideal that corruption disappear one day utopian?”

From the Wikipedia entry on “corruption” we see:

“In philosophical or moral discussions, corruption is spiritual or moral impurity or deviation from an ideal.”

The word *corrupt* (Middle English, from Latin *corruptus*, past participle of

corrumpere, to abuse or destroy : com-, intensive pref. and rumpere, to break) when used as an adjective literally means “utterly broken”.

What really stood out from these two entries was the question, “Is the ideal that corruption disappear one day utopian?”, and the concept of corruption signifying “utterly broken.”

In the last chapter, Francis stood midway between two opposite poles. On her right hand, twenty feet away, she observed the ineffable at work: Divine and pure power from uncut flower frequencies causing transformation of the mind and elevation of the human spirit. On her left hand, thirty or so feet away, she observed an “utterly broken” state of trust as darkness was woven into the fabric of unsuspecting people who believed they were receiving healing, and who paid dearly for that deception.

Over a period of years, I have observed that energy from the right flowers can help humans to become less corrupt.

It only takes a few times of witnessing events similar to those described in the previous chapter to realize how much the protective and powerful forces found in special flowers are needed. I used to wonder often why only few and very select flowers have a profound ability to transform us. Then all of a sudden one day I was struck with the notion that flowers, just like humans, must be in different states of evolution. That is when I coined the term, “saints among herbs.”

The concept of saintly people exists in all cultures. These are individuals who:

- Act as intercessors
- Model exemplary character traits, especially selflessness
- Possess benevolent powers with which they work wonders
- Have a revelatory relationship to that which is holy

Highly evolved flowers seem to possess the same attributes as the list above.

So how does a flower become “evolved?”

There is no single answer to that question, but I believe that one of the most important answers is by co-creation with humans. I can explain what that means by some examples.

Before I was led to move to rural Tennessee, I worked with medicinal plants for several years in Los Angeles. There I had a manufacturing facility to produce fresh-plant extracts of the highest quality herbs that I could obtain from organic farms and herb gatherers around the country. After a while, the calling for me to obtain a tract of land

that I could tend personally and from which I could harvest wild herbs and build an energy within Nature, became an impelling force.

The 160-acre forest with an open field of about seven acres in the middle (where I built my house in rural Tennessee) was a godsend. There I found the tremendous stillness that I had long sought. The land, the trees, and the diverse flowering plants had much to communicate, I imagined, and I was eager to hear their “voices.”

In the first two or three years that I owned the land, I ended up traversing just about every square meter of it. I noted in my mind and catalogued where wild herbs grew, and made an effort to keep track of their population density. I was elated each time I found a new wild herb growing that I had not noticed before. I resolved that my land would be a sanctuary where herbs would flourish, and that if I needed a quantity of one of the wild herbs, I would not deplete it in the wild, but would transplant wild stock to a specially constructed shade cover structure I envisioned. After a couple of years I was able to build that structure with 63% shade cloth to mimic forest sun exposure.

I discovered “hills” of tremendously rich soil derived from rotted hardwood tree bark in an abandoned sawmill that had not been active for over 30 years. I brought in about 200 tons of that soil to spread in the 12 long rows of my new “forest” under shade cover. Herbs that I knew and particularly valued were planted there, as well as several herbs that were new to me.

From 1993 to 1999 I spent a lot of time “conversing” with the herbs, and we became well acquainted. I felt they knew my hopes, celebrated with me my victories, and understood my frustrations and failures. Most of all, I think they knew how sad I was at the way humans were treating our great Mother Earth, and how I aspired somehow to contribute constructive energy in the midst of so much man-made suffering and hardship. I believe the plants were aware that I ardently wanted to create a new possibility for an improvement in the condition of the human mind and spirit, and I believe that led to our ability to co-create.

As I sat in the woods in stillness, sometimes it felt as though there were consciousnesses there reading my mind. It is as if the plants saw the most common deficiencies and afflictions that had affected me and a majority of my patients for the years I was in practice in Los Angeles and afterwards when I arrived in Tennessee.

It is an unusual notion (and one that can never be proven), but I believe that herbs can communicate what they witness about their human companions to something like a governing board of the Flower Kingdom that is one of many hierarchies in Nature. (This would simply be one component of the vast mind of God.) I had the sense on numerous occasions that there were assemblies of herbal consciousnesses akin to an electoral body. It felt to me that certain species of flowers were “chosen” in angelic committee to undertake a mission for humanity, and would finally be confirmed for that role at a point when they had evolved to take on the responsibility for developing transformational healing frequencies to transmute human afflictions.

The larger the healing challenge, the greater the power and dedication required of the particular flower. It seems there is an evolutionary framework that produces “saints” among herbs, and that I have had the pleasure and opportunity to work with and collect the essence of several of these astonishing “beings.” On the one hand, they help alleviate human suffering, and on the other, they amplify the joy that is our birthright, creating greater opportunities for positive manifestation.

What is splendid about my collaboration with plants is that my soul request for particular healing dispensations from flowers takes place from the eternal part of my being that resides above the level of my personality and its shortcomings. So when a particular flower is activated to fulfill the request, and I am able to locate the flower and extract its living transformational frequencies by the uncut flower process, healing of a high and pure order is already mandated. It does not carry my personal limitations. This is a very important point, because it relates to a core issue to which I have already alluded in other chapters.

When healers are using their own physical magnetism, mental constructs or “quantum techniques” to shift the energy of a patient or client, it will always carry their personal signature of energy. If they are highly evolved beings or are particularly pure or kindly in their motivation, generally all is well. Humans certainly can bestow blessings and great healing and we do well to remember Christ’s words, “he that believeth on me, the works that I do he shall do also; and greater works than these shall he do...” (John 14:12)

However, if healers are operating at a lower level of devotion, comprehension, or sight, then the practitioner can unwittingly create problems at a deep level of spirit in the recipient of therapy. An example where this could take place follows.

Let us imagine an aspiring energy-healing student encountering one of several of a “new breed” of energy healers/teachers that have come into prominence since the turn of the millennium. These teachers are typically born with an enormous power of magnetic influence and physical powers of manifestation (powers described in India for eons as “siddhis”). They are able to perform physical miracles such as rapidly healing fractures, straightening deformed bones, instantly closing wounds, and, in some instances, purportedly passing their hands through solid matter. This obviously sets them apart from others, and it is easy to see how they could develop a following of students who ascribe to them advanced spiritual characteristics, and who study their techniques to emulate them.

There is a consensus among a few of the pure and deeply sighted practitioners I know that some of these teachers are abusing their powers for the purpose of control, for developing a following, and for fame and fortune. Physical miracles do

not necessarily correlate with what is highest and best for one's spiritual core. Physical healing can be forced, and that is always to be avoided.

When I see the miracle of a profound subconscious mind shift (and spiritual enlivening) occur in a patient after coming into contact with special uncut flower frequencies, I am overjoyed. That is because I know those results derive from transformation that has occurred deep in the spiritual realm, AND... flowers never force that.

Whatever healing occurs in that manner is as pure as the mind of God.

Year after year I have greeted particular herbs at the time they begin flowering. In certain instances, unexpectedly, the herb would all at once communicate that it was "ready" to do its healing. Before it had achieved that maturity, it was just a beautiful flower. Once necessary evolution and preparation had taken place, the flower contained powerful transformational forces.

Confirmation of this type of process was communicated to me clearly on a trip I took in 2009 to the San Juan mountains in Colorado not far from where I had the wonderful experience at Chama mountain in northern New Mexico many years before. My "steering committee" told me that I was to go to this area to find herbs that would enliven the human heart and renew life in those whose hearts had been crushed and closed.

I was accompanied on this trip by Serena, who had been a partner to me two years before, but was now solely a trusted platonic friend with a love of flower healing. She is half Native American Indian and half Mexican. Understanding of the destruction of the native heart ran deep in her blood. She is a skilled doctor and natural healer, and was the ideal companion for this trip in honor of re-awakening the heart.

At one point we stood together on the rim of a bowl-shaped meadow at 11,000 feet, opposite a huge red rock face across a wide valley. I could feel the rock face reflecting powerful energy from the heavens into the meadow below us. In front of us was an amazing spectacle due to the density and diversity of flowering plants ablaze with color.

Before walking into the incredible variety of chest-high herbs, I scanned the meadow for several minutes. One area "lit up," and I imagined that was where a special flower was located. When we got closer, I saw an "old friend" awaiting me, but one whose flowers I had never seen before. The herb was Green Hellebore, and its inflorescence was spectacular. Over the years I had seen and admired this plant in many areas of the U.S., but never once had I encountered it in the flowering stage. It let me know that it was "ready."

As Serena and I prepared Green Hellebore flowers to collect their healing

frequencies, it was as if there was a chorus of flowers singing so sweetly to accompany our work. There was a communication of gratitude from dozens of different flower species around us, all praising this moment when the first of their sisters was able to undertake her healing mission.

There was a clear communication to me that in a few years' time several more flower species in this special place would be "ready" for their healing work, and that I should return then.