



My Beloved Bushies and Me By Christiana Rose

I often look over my shoulder and see the trail of destruction behind me. My journey of 50 years has been a difficult one. I have never really compared it to another's, but let's say I obviously was enthusiastic when preparing my sacred contracts for life's lessons that I'm willing to engage.

Despite the challenges I always have a determined spirit driving me forward even though at times it waned almost to the point of extinction.

The journey fell to its lowest ebb, immersed in poverty and despair, one drunken night. I gathered my strength and staggered to my feet, raised my fist to God and spat through gritted teeth that he had better get his arse down here and fix my life immediately. I was disappointed with him for not turning up when I needed him most. I vowed that one day this excruciating pain was going to mean something. This was the point of sweet surrender when I finally released my egoic misconception that I was alone. From that moment on, my life turned the corner, so to speak, in an upward but sometimes clumsy spiralled dance.

In 1998 I had just completed my massage therapy training and had started working at a busy massage clinic in Canberra. Even though I had come a long way from that previous drunken night, I found myself caring for many people and I started questioning whether I had the fortitude to deal with what was being presented to me everyday. I realised there was still so much healing and learning to be done. I decided to see a Native American shaman for personal growth and healing. He would perform ceremony over me with sage, drums, and rattles. At the end of the session he would give me homework. He would also give me a prescription of the Australian Bush Flower Essence to be made up at a local herbal dispensary store. He would tell me that of all the things I was to do, it was critical that I take the flower essences. These essences he said *"makes the journey easier and faster"*.

I took the essences every day. I quickly noticed a difference in the way I was feeling, thinking and acting. Overall, I felt emotionally stronger and more

resilient. My boundaries became clearer and more appropriate. I felt supported in my quest to heal.

A few months after I was introduced to these amazing essences I enrolled in a level one workshop to learn more about the Australian Bush Flower Essences. As the weekend unfolded under the brilliant tuition of Annie Meredith, I found myself entering into the magical world of devas, angels and flowers. As each flower presented its story I became increasingly enchanted by their unconditional love and healing.

I had always been attracted to the Australian bush. As an Aquarian child I enjoyed enormous freedom growing up in the midst of virgin bushland abounded with its beauty and secrets. I would spend many hours playing in the bush. I loved the buttercups pressed under my chin, the bush orchids and egg and bacon bushes. Such peace came to me as I lay on the forest floor, looking up at the golden shafts of sunlight filtering through the canopy of the tall eucalypts. Mother Earth had wrapped her arms around me; I felt so safe and nourished.

During this weekend I felt transported back to these childhood memories and it awakened something inside of me. Perhaps it was an epiphany, I am not sure, but I left that workshop on the Sunday evening very differently. I felt passionate, confident and inspired by these beautiful and beloved flowers. The one thing that struck me the most was the flowers could do no harm. As a therapist, I found I had a deep fear of hurting people. So, knowing that I could only do good with these flowers was the magical key.

Over the following few weeks and months, after receiving my stock kit and insight cards, I delved deeply into the world of flowers. I started making up doses for family, my friends, massage clients and myself. I was always intrigued by the great results people were reporting back. I read over my notes again and again. Each day I pulled an insight card. I would wonder why this flower had come to me on that day, what was its message? I would read up on the flower and get to know it as best I could, but there was always so much more it was trying to tell me.

The flowers became more than good friends. As the relationship evolved I realised not only were the flowers my healers but they had become powerful spiritual teachers. As I read books, heard lectures from spiritual teachers, I found myself translating all the information through the teachings of the Bush Essences. When I would hear or read concepts, I would think "that is the

teachings of Kapok Bush or Red Lily that he/she is talking about". Whenever I had an emotion or feeling I would ask the flowers to help me understand what the feeling was. I soon was able to identify the feeling that matched my guilt, grief or resentment. Sometimes an emotion is masked by another emotion. I learned to ask the question "what is the engine that is driving this emotion I am feeling?" A major part of our spiritual journey is to *Know Thyself*. The flowers were helping me to know myself, to know what buttons were being pushed. However, the greatest attribute the flowers have was to help me see in a gentle, compassionate way, my shadow side. They let me know when I was manipulating, jealous or cold hearted. Once I was alerted to these energies, it allowed me to make another choice. I gradually learned to do this without beating myself up too much.

This relationship was very passionate and sometimes very intense. Boronia and Hibbertia were good remedies for my obsessiveness. Much had been done to repair the traumas of the past. On Easter Sunday, 2000, I went to the top of Mount Kosciusko. As I walked the path to the top I found myself in an expanded conscious state. I realised I was accompanied by many beings of light, power animals and devas. The moon and the sun were in the sky at the same time. Each step seemed surreal. As soon as I reached the top I had an intense feeling to sit on a large, flat granite rock and assumed a meditation position. Almost immediately, I had a Great Wise One clearly in my inner vision. It was like he was being projected on a large movie screen. I knew without doubt who he was. Even though the area was crowded, I felt I was completely alone in counsel with him. He delivered many words and teachings to me. He gave me my medicine name in two parts – White Eagle. One part to be revealed and the other to remain a secret. The Wise One then gave me three tasks that I must carry out. Two of them were clear, the third disappeared into my memory as quickly as he said it. This is to be remembered at a later time. The first two instructions simply stated, "receive your Reiki Master attunement to become a teacher of Reiki and start teaching the Australian Bush Flower Essences". I was then showered with blessings. A great peace came over me. I emerged from this deep state and returned to the physical. I was scared that I would forget much of what was said to me but realised to trust that I would remember what was important. I sat in silence and gazed out over the vistas reaching out over the Victorian ranges. It was a crystal clear day. I was filled with grace, beauty and intense gratitude. On my journey back, I reflected on what had been said to me. I knew it wasn't a dream.

I had a very limited education growing up in a small country town of Batlow in NSW. Girls were not encouraged to do higher education. It was expected that we leave school at 15, get a simple job to bide time to marry, have kids, be happy and conform to the old patriarchal ways. That was the way it was. There were no role models of women being in their power. During my healing journey I was often told, "take your power back!" What on earth were they talking about? What did that look like, feel like? What do you do with it? Now this Great Wise One was telling me to be a teacher! That seemed to me like a tall order. What gave me a glimmer of confidence was the fact that a Great Wise One must have believed in me, so if he thought I could do it, then surely I must have something inside of me to draw on.

After I did my Reiki masters I went onto the next task. I went to the Australian Bush Flower level three workshop in Sydney. I met Ian White for the first time. Out in the bush with the support of the flowers, particularly Dog Rose, I gathered up the courage to ask Ian if I could be one of his teachers. I clumsily stumbled over my words, shook inside with fear, but I was driven forward with determination to fulfil the mission given to me. Ian gave me some tasks and would let me know his answer soon. Ian rang and invited me to go to Sydney and join in on a level one workshop to review. I met many of the staff. I was on my way. I was so excited.

After the training with Ian I decided to organise a workshop in Canberra. Scheduled for October 2002, I found the perfect venue and got the word out. Over the previous year I had married and started my own business. Preparations were going really well. Bookings were coming in steadily. I had been doing a lot of personal development and healing. I awoke one morning with a feeling in my solar plexus that I could not shift. I had become quite skilled at facilitating my own emotional releases. I tried everything I had up my sleeve to shift it. I went to my beloved Bush Flowers for help but this time they seemed to be evasive. Nothing was going to shift it. It was time to call for help from someone I could trust. I sensed it was something big. I found a Reiki Master whom I trusted impeccably. She met me at the door with a gentle embrace. Before long I was on the healing table. I was ready to deal with whatever was to come up. I entered into the intense feeling within my being and asked to be shown what the story was. I then entered into a full body memory recall of being raped. To release this I had to go through the motions again. I could smell, hear, taste, see, and feel everything. I was six years old. I knew my attacker. Oh God was this really happening to me? I shook all over and then the event finally subsided. I lay there exhausted, shocked and intensely relieved.

Now so many things made sense. It was like a jigsaw puzzle having a thousand pieces fall into place.

Over the next few days I had the recall over and over but then finally slowly dissipating. This I understand was important to help me realise that this really did happen to me. It was not a sick lie. I was amazed at my body's wisdom. It had waited until I was truly ready and supported to reveal the secret that it had hidden away at such a tender age to protect me. For it was all too much for a child to cope with. Now my beloved Bushies came to help me heal these horrible wounds. Soothing, clearing, softening the blows. They helped me to move through the processes quickly. They guided me ever so lovingly on the path of healing. One morning the volcano of suppressed anger erupted. Violently I raged and thrashed about. I threw things and screamed blood curdling wails of deceit. Finally this energy was being released, spewing out with intensity. This behaviour scared my family. They thought that I had turned into a wild dog. For me I was healing. My soul was breaking free, liberating itself from conformity. Clarissa Pincola Estae, author of *Women Who Run with Wolves* would have been truly proud of me that day. That was the most perfect thing for me to do at that moment. I was not going to let this destroy me.

The following days unfolded and with the help of some powerful counselling, I gradually moved into a place of acceptance. The spiritual teachings over the years I had received helped me quickly move through the stages. As always, my beloved friends, the Bush Essences showed me the way forward. The most important flower at that time was Turkey Bush. So much had been released, my cells needed inspiration to act differently, creatively. I had to learn to live in a whole new way.

This event took place six weeks prior to me teaching my first Bush Flower Level One workshop. About two weeks before the workshop, I found myself deep in pain and grief leading to doubt my ability to step up and teach. Even though I had quickly moved through the process, my body would find another level to express itself. I honestly didn't think that I could do it. I made the decision to cancel the workshop. I sent an email to Ian telling him of my decision. I walked out into my garden amongst the flowers and sat and meditated. I had a taped image appear in my inner vision. It showed me up in front of the class teaching the Bush Essences. I was fine. I knew then that all was going to be well. I raced inside and sent another email off cancelling the first one. From that moment on I stepped into a whole new mode of confidence.

All the preparations had been done. I had an awesome group of people around to help me. I got up at 5am and started to prepare for the day ahead. I had tested my teaching skills with Reiki and now it was going to be tested at another level. Teaching someone else's material. While I waited to start I found strength in the garden and particularly a tree in the courtyard. I asked the flowers to support me. I was a vehicle for them to tell their story, so use me. I stepped into the fire that day. The previous week's drama had been transformed. The coaching and encouragement I received from my beloved teachers was awesome.

I have found that when I step into the role of teacher, this clumsy, insecure person dissolves away to reveal a woman in her power, playfulness and her passion. Her light shines brightly with a joy in her heart knowing that she is fulfilling the mission the Great Wise One gave her on the flat granite rock on top of Australia.

You know when something is completely healed and transformed when you can talk about a challenging event with no emotion, no buttons being triggered. It has taken its rightful place upon the tapestry as a contrasting texture of events that makes up one's life and wisdom. I now know that I can go to the man who contracted to be my attacker and give him a warm generous hug and say thank you to him. I have received many blessings and jewels of wisdom from this event.

Now, as I walk forward in creating our One Garden Divine Flower Essences. I again call upon my beloved friends, teachers and healers, the Flowers to help me keep focussed, believe in myself, stay humble and accept the enormous responsibility that has been placed in my hands. It is time to step into the fire again.

The pain of the past now has true meaning. It has been my University of Life.

I wonder when I will remember the third task the Great Wise One gave me.

Thank you dear sweet flowers of the Australian bush for your unconditional love, healing and guidance you have given me from my childhood to now.