

## Costa Rican Mission: 10 – Signs of the Times

On November 19, MariLyn and I visited Catarata del Toro, a glorious 400-foot waterfall about a 15-minute ride from El Silencio. A light rain/mist encased the area, giving it an even more magical, otherworldly, Edenic feel.

Walking on the trail along the rim, a blue morpho butterfly suddenly flew up from the ground before us. When on the ground, its closed wings were brown, but when they opened in flight were partly a brilliant sky blue color that represents the will of God. Just as an earthbound caterpillar metamorphoses into and takes wing as a butterfly, so are Central Americans to transmute their selfish will and to breathe in the sky-blue will of Spirit; to transmute from mortal to immortal consciousness.



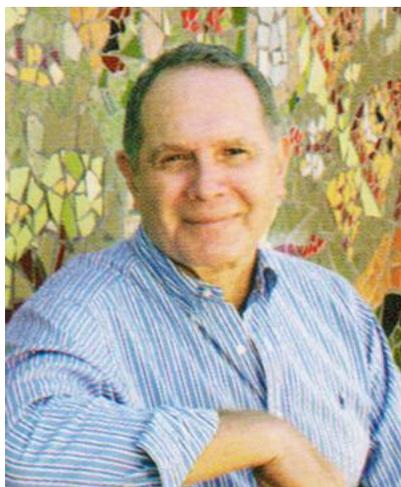
We descended 300 concrete stairs to the bottom of the falls, where we felt like we were in another dimension. Then, midway on our trek back up the steps, I saw what at first looked like a hummingbird flying about 15 feet in front of us. Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be a huge beetle with a long horn or proboscis, which flew around in a circle and landed on a rotting tree trunk 10 feet before us. It was a rhinoceros beetle, maybe 6 inches in length. Until now, our guide never had seen one in flight. As we watched, it took off again and circled closer to us. After alighting, it took off once more and flew right over our heads, as if guided by some mysterious force. Had I not ducked, it would have landed on me! Here was yet one more sign that higher astral Natives were watching over us.



After returning and having lunch at El Silencio, I walked to the Spa to get a better picture of the green Buddha that MariLyn and I had so admired (photo to left is MariLyn at the Spa). While there, in the room came Carmen, the Spa's yoga instructor. In her mid-20s, she reminded me of myself at her age when I was a devoted yoga enthusiast. After I shared that green was my favorite color, she responded that it also was hers; she even had on a green sweater. Feeling a growing rapport with her, I told her about my communion with Sananda/Buddha in which he had held up my right hand in the Abhaya mudra of "fearlessness." She exclaimed that just last week, she had purchased a Buddha in this same pose for her meditation room at home.

After inquiring about yoga's popularity in Costa Rica, she responded that it had grown by leaps and bounds in the last 2-3 years. In fact, because of Costa Rica's reputation as a spiritual haven

in Central America, many Americans have come to yoga centers there in order to become certified as yoga teachers. Carmen also explained that she and her friends were doing their part to uplift all of their Central American brothers and sisters who typically are not as involved in spiritual matters. In other words, she and her cohorts were active I Am Nation citizens.



While resting afterwards at our cabin, I finished reading a marvelous booklet called *Social Responsibility: An Expression of Spiritual Intelligence* by Eduardo Villafranca Sargent, the first CEO and co-founder of both Punta Islita and El Silencio. “Spiritual intelligence” is his word for God or Divine Mind. In any business, Eduardo recommends that we apply spiritual principles in a socially responsible way, following the Golden Rule as given by Jesus. Moreover, he writes that Buddha was perhaps the first precursor to corporate social responsibility. Certainly, MariLyn and I had seen and felt these precepts in action at both resorts. How fascinating it was to discover that Eduardo considered Jesus and Buddha, incarnations of Sananda, as primary spiritual mentors and role models.

The next day, November 21, our last full day in Costa Rica, our tour guide, Jimmy Gomez, drove us to nearby Sarchi. Artisans there produce ox carts that are painted in brilliant colors, especially orange. These carts, though no longer in use, have become a national symbol. We visited the studio where they are produced, and shopped in the adjoining store. Throughout the day, we also got to know Jimmy better – he is an average, normal, good Costa Rican. Although he has no over spiritual interests, without any prompting, he asserted that there is only one God in all religions, whatever the various names that are used; and that in regard to extraterrestrials, we are not alone.



That night we had our second romantic dinner. At breakfast, I had asked our favorite waiter if he would sing a Spanish love song for us that evening. Instead, he secretly arranged for two local men to do so. When we arrived for the meal, the moon was out for the first time and a fire roared in the nearby fire pit. At the end of the fabulous dinner, in strolled the troubadours who sang not one but four songs. MariLyn cried joyous tears throughout the entire performance, and my eyes were pretty moist, too. It simply could not have been better. Thank You, Spirit!