

Kia ora. Nga mihi aroha ki a koe! The warmest of greetings to you!

I've been out of touch for so long it feels like forever. Anyway the wonderful thing is I'm writing. The head injury I suffered a year ago is now behind me and my hands once again fly over the keyboard.

Yes! I've written a novel. The talks I've been giving in the last few years, both in NZ and overseas, have been about recognising what exists deep within us. So I've often called them 'Awakening the Fires of Remembrance,' which is all about increasing our awareness of who we are. They've been about opening doors into our ancestral heritage and the gifts we carry from the past and acknowledging the ancient tides and rhythms that still affect our lives.

Why a novel? I know my talks provide information and I understand that information goes to a very different level if it's wrapped in stories. Information on its own reaches the mind but if it arrives within a story there is a magical change. I've said for years that our journey is only three hand spans across from the head to the heart. Story is about mind, heart and spirit coming together. Hence my return to the way of the novel, to the paths I opened in the five 'Chronicles of the Stone'.

AUTHOR'S WARNING

It's been fun to write again. This novel, 'Only a Hut in the Mountains,' is introduced with these words...

Alas, this book contains no sex scenes or coarse language, is utterly devoid of gratuitous violence and offers no expert, unwavering advice. It addresses no contentious religious or political issues with authority and is not filled with dark, fear-ridden news. In addition it celebrates no celebrity or sporting figure and is produced without the blessing of a major sponsor.

If you are brave enough to cope with that, you are invited to read on. Here you will discover the 'old sciences' that our ancient ancestors called 'wisdom', the profound knowledge they called 'sacred lore' and an intuitive dimension of life that they named the 'knowing'. All have stood the test of time and the ravaging tides of the ages. Ancient lore still speaks to us because we are of it and it is of us.

So this book is about remembering who we truly are, about universal truths that never die, old truths that still retain their power.

If you remember Grandfather from 'Song of the Old Tides' you will discover him resurrected in 'Only a Hut in the Mountains,' then in two more books one that covers the old voyaging lore and the other the lore of the trails. They are still hiding in the computer but will soon appear.

Oh! I nearly forgot we are moving into eBooks as quickly as we can. The five 'Chronicles of the Stone' and 'Only a Hut in the Mountains,' and its mates, are heading that way.

WHAT FUELLED THIS URGE TO WRITE?

As some know, I was invited to England to give a memorial lecture for our dear friend Hamish

Miller who died 18 months ago. We wrote 'In search of the Southern Serpent' together and both Cushla and I deeply felt the loss of this amazing man. On the way we spent a month in California to see the Rencon Elders in the south, work with Chumash Elders in Santa Barbara and the perma-culture school in the desert at Quail Springs.

A seminar at Quail Springs, where many wonderful people gathered, inspired me to write again. The journey to Cornwall, where we stood in Hamish's blacksmithing forge, added fire and sparks to the feeling it was time to move into the work. I'd thought my work was done but new trails have opened.

TURNING FIVE TITLES INTO ONE

Very few will know of the five little booklets we published in 2001. They were sold quickly and we never found the time or money to reprint them.

The series title was 'The Magical Power of Being' and the five booklets were Touching Hope, Knowing Love, Living Magic, Remembering Spirit and Finding Self. Now they gather under one cover as 'Insights'.

Quotations gathered from all my writings provide the insights offered. They have found their way into private meditations, counselling sessions, marriage ceremonies and celebrations of many kinds and were being asked for again. I've had a wonderful time with ink and brush creating over 100 illustrations to go with them.

POUNAMU, THE SACRED STONE REACHES AROUND THE WORLD

In 2004 Paul and Phoebe began a journey that saw them carry twelve carved pounamu taonga or treasures, to twelve sacred places on the planet. Seven years later that work comes to completion after they walk the Peace Trail over the Southern Alps in January. Paul recently sent this poem for us to share.

The Channel is open,
The vessel is there but no one is talking,
Where are the Elders?

The little ones play by the adult's chair
But no one is talking.
Where are the Elders?

The old ones grumble under a medicated haze
'If only I had lived!
Where are the Elders?

The children will wait but not for long
Computer games call!
Where are the Elders?

It's time to up
Time to stand tall
Time to speak
To regain our voice,
For we are the Elders!

Paul Hoogendyk.

If you would like to know more about their experiences track them down on www.ancientpathways.com.au.

We have had snow down low. Exciting fun for some and grim for others in quake bent houses with loos on the street. But I'm sure they all had a laugh at a cartoon in the Christchurch Press Mum opens the door to the lounge to see two little ones sitting on the couch with a huge snowman between them 'But mum,' they say, 'he was getting cold outside!' You just have to love kids.

Keep warm or keep cool, or both, depending on your place on the planet.

Kia Kaha! Be strong in your truth!

Arohanui,
Barry and Cushla.

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