



THE FLORAL

*Hand
of God*

Secret Healing Codes of Flowers Revealed

Dr. Brent W. Davis

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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, 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.

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 American 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 shearing injury at the sacroiliac joint (in the pelvis), translating all the way up and into my skull via a connection of tough fibrous tissue call 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.

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: 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 for the purpose of acting 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 – 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.

Madame Fate

Ever since the movie, *The Secret*, a great deal has been said and written about The Law of Attraction. The positive functioning of that law, however, depends first on the alignment of many, many factors in our life (what I call “The Law of Alignment”), and the union of subtle dimensions of pre-manifestation so that what has been conceived actually appears on our physical plane.

Starting just after the turn of the millennium, my life has been a “study” in alignment. Little shifts, small signs of change, movement away from fixed points of view, and then... unexpectedly, part of a fulfilling dream appears. It has been a wonderful experience for me to witness this happening. (For the past decade, a high priority for me has been to find flower frequencies that accelerate positive alignment for us all.)

An uncanny type of alignment that eventually resulted in my meeting “The Madame” had noticeable points of origin related to my attending the PSYCH-K workshop (and Dr. Lipton’s presentation) mentioned in the last chapter. A long string of serendipitous occurrences began there.

At the start of the noon break in the PSYCH-K workshop described in the last chapter, I was standing with Barbara discussing the work we had just done, and I felt a powerful energy enter the room from the hall that led to the lecture room where Dr. Bruce Lipton was speaking. I could not help but look over to see to whom the energy belonged.

The “emanation” came from a Latin woman who walked directly over to Thomas, looked him intently in the eyes, and with considerable animation described the “unbelievable” information that Dr. Lipton had just delivered. She was so excited and delighted. She gave Thomas a warm hug and a kiss, turned, and left the room.

I cannot recall what I was doing during the time of the short scene I just described, but I suspect that to any onlookers I must have looked dazed. I realized after the woman left that somehow I had a deep knowing about who she was, and that she represented the feminine essence that I had always been seeking but had never encountered. What does one do with a realization like that? Since I was still married and she was obviously delighted with the fine fellow I had just gotten to know, there was nothing for me to do except forget about it.

About four weeks after the seminar, I noticed that Thomas’ name was on my schedule as a new patient. Turns out that he had a shoulder problem that just was not healing. I treated him three or four times and everything returned to normal. He

was happy with his care, so he proposed that his partner, Maria, (the one I saw at the seminar) should observe the specialized therapies I employed because he was sure she would want to inform some of her clients about my work. He asked me if that would be OK and if I would like to meet her. (Internally, I experienced an upheaval, “Ohh... Uhh... Hmmm” as I stuttered to myself within.) “Sure” I said, “that would be fine.”

In a couple of weeks, Maria showed up in my office, doing what some Latin women have a knack for doing – looking strikingly attractive without even trying. Maria was warm, genuinely interested in what I was doing, completely respectful and professional, AND had no interest in me personally whatsoever. That certainly made things easier, for I was experiencing considerable strain as a result of my stagnant marriage (that I knew would have to be dissolved), and due to challenges of internal transformation.

Months passed and an eventual routine was established once a week where Maria and I exchanged treatments. I did structural, nutritional and herbal work on her and she gave me shiatsu massage treatments. I noticed each week that Maria was carrying a lot of tension because she gave so much of herself to her clients and was spread rather thin. Thomas was always present to assist, but somehow that didn't seem to be enough to relax her. (She was a woman with a life mission, and I inferred over the time I worked with her that that characteristic was wearing Thomas out.) I was generally able to help her calm down quite a bit, and after she worked on me I always felt renewed by her vital energy.

Then one day something alarming and unexpected happened. My office assistant informed me that Maria was on the phone in an emergency situation. I took the call and her voice was shaky. She explained that she was driving her car and it had just spun around several times on the edge of the interstate. It was totaled. She asked if a family member could drive her to my office and if I could treat her immediately. I told her to come on and she arrived about 20 minutes later.

Maria is an incredibly strong woman, and it really upset me to see her crying. Soon, I learned that her pain was not coming from physical injury in the accident, but rather from the emotional pain that led to the accident. She was trying to deal with the news from Thomas that he would be leaving her, dissolving their relationship and moving out of state. This was unbearable for her to hear because Thomas represented her ideal – she was “so happy with him.”

I performed a procedure on Maria called “injury recall,” which is a hands-on reflex technique to reverse polarity on the shock response registered in the brain from her car wreck, and hence remove it. I then did “emotional recall” to remove the brain memory of the emotional trauma that occurred when Thomas announced he was breaking up with her. (I derived the basic method of both these techniques from the BEST procedure, which employs an ingenious combination of simultaneous breathwork, cranial nerve activation, polarity therapy on the skull, and utilization of key words and numbers to “erase” physical or emotional shocks that register in the brain as spikes of unhealthy polarity reversal.)

I felt the procedures would be helpful, but I suspected they would not be enough. At that time I had not discovered any flower essences to reduce the heartache of losing a relationship. Maria continued to be in a funk. She appeared to be emotionally dead, and there was no telling when she would come out of it.

About two weeks later, I was inspecting fields that lie on open land in the middle of the FlorAlive forest, and as I was walking on the access path to the greenhouse I felt a “tug” of energy. I had to stop to see where it was coming from. I felt directed to walk a few feet to my left to reach an embankment off to the side of the path.

I could feel something pulling at me, and as I searched the area I saw a small, fuchsia-colored wildflower. It seemed to be pulsing with an intense glow, beeping a code at me. I had to bend down to see its beautiful texture more closely. All of a sudden, an amazing thing happened. The face of Maria rapidly emerged from the stigma at the center of the flower as if a pressurized vapor shot out her image. It really got my attention. Not very subtle, eh? Could it have possibly been telling me that Maria needed its essence? I lost no time in beginning a photographic session with the most energetic of its flowers. Then I prepared several of them and began the extraction process. A couple of hours later I was done. I wondered if I had been given a magical force to repair Maria’s broken heart.

I was so enthused that I could hardly wait to tell Maria about my unusual experience, but then I realized that in her state she would not be excited, and that she had no interest in shifting her condition for me or for anyone. I asked if I could come over to her house to speak with her, and she agreed in a rather resigned way.

I got to her house as quickly as I could to recount what had happened, and all she could do was look at me quizzically. It took a bit of nudging, but she agreed to take the newly prepared essence of “Heartmend”—that seemed a most logical name for the new essence (and an optimistic one.) After a few days, Maria called me with an entirely different tone. “I feel much better,” she said. I was overjoyed.

Maria opened to the possibility of receiving help from other flower frequencies I had prepared, and she began taking them. Months passed and eventually Maria warmed to the idea of developing a personal relationship with me once my marriage was officially dissolved and the divorce process finalized in the summer of 2003.

During those months, I focused rather intensely on characterizing the new flower essences I had prepared in the previous year. On one patient or another in that time period, almost every week, I had the eerie feeling that some sort of invisible “force” was obstructing clean and rapid recovery of my patients.

I had read enough in cross-cultural anthropology studies of indigenous peoples to be familiar with their ideas concerning the negative influence discarnate spirits can exert, the destructive influence of generational curses, and the hindrance of various other intangible malevolent forces. I reasoned that the troubling energetic disruptions many patients were experiencing had to be associated with negative components operating in

the invisible realms of “space” around us.

Once again the “heavenly gatekeepers” seemed to be directing a particular class of patients to me so that I would take note of a serious problem. I did notice, and I began a process of questioning, “what would it take for this to change?”

When we ask a question with clear focus, it seems the fabric of the Universe starts to shift so that the question can be answered. The answer relating to eliminating the influence of negative forces that we may encounter from time to time came with the awareness that there must be special flowers somewhere that could help to this end. I pondered, “Where could that be?”

I began to receive an answer that it was a tropical flower, probably in the Caribbean. As time passed, quiet “suggestions” began entering my head on a fairly regular basis. I finally decided to call the kindly assembly responsible for sending me ideas related to healing flowers my “Steering Committee!”

Well, I have always loved beaches, and I was quite familiar with Hawaii, but where to go in the Caribbean? “Ahh... Jamaica” I said to myself, “I will find this wonderful flower in Jamaica. It will come from a tropical area on that island.” I had been in Jamaica about 6 months before to visit my holistic practitioner friend, Gertrude, who ran a healing retreat in Montego Bay. That was just a short trip, and I didn’t have time to see any other areas on the island. But at that time I had a sense I would surely return.

With a bit of research I found that, as one might expect, there was a large variety of flowers on Jamaica. I would need help to find a special one to dislodge negative energy.

Even though the metaphysical community in Nashville is generally far behind and smaller than one would find in West Coast cities, we have been blessed with some high integrity individuals that have (the appellation the Christian community here prefers) “the gift of prophecy” – people who see into the non-material universe and receive guidance from spiritual forces. (Misguided individuals, unfortunately, can tap into non-constructive energy that is anything but helpful and that is certainly to be avoided.)

Out of several of these bright souls I knew, I had the sense that I should speak with Liz. Liz was a powerful gal who had left the film industry in favor of using her God-given talent of seeing into the non-material world to help people find solutions to vexing health and other problems.

Liz was quite busy when I called to set up an appointment to visit with her. She kindly fit me into the earliest spot that was available, and she didn’t have much time. So as not to be distracted and waste time, I carefully wrote down a clear set of questions. I was pleased and sure that would be helpful.

I rapped on Liz’s door, she greeted me with a smile, offered me an herbal tea which was already prepared, and we sat comfortably in her living room. We caught up a little bit on what each of us was doing. I thought I would then inconspicuously pull out my little list and pose the first question.

As I was looking down at my paper, Liz said in a pleasant but forthright voice: “Brent... you won’t be needing that... I got it already.” I looked up from the list with a sort of quizzical “huh?” Then I saw her smiling face, and her head playfully bobbing from side to side. “You know,” she said, “my guides and your guides get along really well! Let me tell you what they’re saying.” “Oh, sure... please do,” I said. Liz continued, “The flower you are looking for is white, and it has something to do with women” (her voice dropped – end of message.) I looked at Liz, startled with the brevity of the message. I was constructing some sort of retort, like “and... what more can you tell me... a bit more detail, perhaps?” But before I could formulate the words, Liz said with finality, “That’s the message, Brent, that’s it.” “OK,” I said, “well then... that’ll do. Thank you, thank you.” Liz and I spoke about a couple of other topics for a few minutes, and then I left.

“So let me recap, here,” I said to myself as I was driving away from Liz’s house back to my office, “the flower is somewhere on the entire island of Jamaica, it is one of hundreds of white flowers, and it has something to do with women. Yeah... right.” With a big grin, looking up to my “Steering Committee” – presumably in the sky – I uttered quietly, “Guys, I’m going to need a little bit more information here.” Then for the first time (and now something that occurs nearly all the time), I simply knew that I would find the flower, and... it was going to be really fun. In fact, it was going to be marvelous.

My divorce had been finalized for a while, and I was really quite spent after that process. I hoped that I had honored my ex-wife’s path as well as mine and that the pain of the divorce would find its way to peace in both our hearts. Maria and I had grown close in the months following, and she seemed to be a gift in my life. She had still not moved on completely after Thomas, and I felt she needed a real shift as well.

“OK. I got it.” I thought to myself. “I feel so energized when I am with Maria that I will ask her to accompany me on a trip to Jamaica, and we’re going to have a blast. It’ll be mostly vacation, and in just a couple of days of focused work, I’ll find that flower.” How things proceeded after that were strikingly aligned.

One night after the epiphany above, I sat down at the computer and began a search for planners of customized vacations in Jamaica. For some reason, I clicked about ten pages into the Google search results, and bingo... a name of a small tour organizer jumped out at me. It was around 7 pm my time, and the number of the agency was back East. I called, 8 pm Eastern time, and an upbeat woman’s voice answered my call. I mentioned to the gal that picked up the phone, Jade, how I found her name, and then I took a leap by launching obliquely into what I intended to find in Jamaica.

I told her I was an herbalist and that I needed to locate someone on the tropical side of the island who could serve as a guide to help me find a particular herb for which I was searching. Amazingly, she didn’t hesitate a bit and responded by saying, “That’s great, I know several herbalists in the Port Antonio area [the tropical side of the island] and I’ll set you up with them.”

Then I explained that I was particularly looking for a native Jamaican who had grown up in a setting where herbs were used. She thought for a moment and said, "Oh, that would be Samuel. He is a general guide in that area, and his family has land in the foothills of the Blue Mountains. But he knows herbs, and he can help you." "Wonderful," I said, "I'll send you the dates that I would like to be there, and we'll create the itinerary." I spoke with Maria and we set up the dates in the late Spring of 2004. We would be gone for a week – five days of relaxation and two days of work were scheduled.

Maria and I were both tired and really needed a break by the time we actually boarded the plane for Kingston, Jamaica. Little did we know what we were about to encounter once we landed. I am afraid I was a bit cavalier when I arranged transport from Kingston to Port Antonio.

From distance on the map, I figured it would take about 3 hours for the drive. We would be landing at 4 pm and I figured I could handle driving in the dark for about an hour. Problem was, I forgot that Jamaica had been British in colonial times. That meant driving on the opposite side of the road. "Well I adapt quickly," I thought to myself, "no problem, I can handle that." Maria and I loaded our luggage into the strange little car that was available at the rental agency and set out from Kingston to Port Antonio—on the left (wrong) side of the road!

It was the most grueling drive I have ever made in my life! And here is why. The road had potholes that could swallow a car. The speed limit was 50 mph and because of numerous blind corners and other "obstacles" one could never even wildly imagine, the posted speed was one that should not have been surpassed. Paradoxically though, it simply was not safe to drive at fifty miles per hour (or less) because a ceaseless stream of Jamaican "Mario Andrettis" were continuously pulling in behind me and riding my tail UNTIL we reached completely blind hairpin turns, at which point they would pass!!

As to the other obstacles, there was something even more harrowing in the dark of night than all sorts of living creatures that would shoot out into the road from behind brush cover. It was the Jamaican men with truly black skin, walking on the edge of the unlit roads, with no shirts, wearing black shorts, dark flip flops on their feet. They were invisible until nearly hitting them.

Poor Maria. One of her least favorite things was wild driving. And though I truly did not want to taunt her by the way I was driving, I could not help but feel real amusement because of her body language. She was always low key, without a hint of drama queen in her. So her gesticulations and uncomfortable squirming were of the minimalist kind. It was the manner in which she made them that was hilarious to me.

Maria's hands were clenched, on the seat and on the door handle, white knuckled. She would emit small, brooding noises punctuated by occasional squeaks. Sometimes I could not restrain myself from laughter, and it got to the point where Maria joined me, laughing as well. She knew that I was stuck in a no-win situation that wouldn't end until

we got to our hotel. Maria has eagle-eye sight and she was the official lookout because she could see farther ahead than me.

As quick as she saw a potential hazard that could jump in the road, she would blurt our warnings quickly such as: Chicken! ... Goat! ... Maaan!!BABY!!!!!! After three hours of driving in the dark (and five hours after we started) we arrived at our hotel, unpacked and quickly went to sleep.

The next morning we found that Jade, who had arranged our lodging, had done a great job. She got us a private bungalow on a spectacularly beautiful forty-four acre seaside estate for which, all things considered, I paid very little. It was a place for nurturing and a true joy for my soul. Maria was also able to deeply relax in the sensual beauty of this tropical paradise.

On the day appointed for my flower expedition, Maria made us a picnic lunch, and I packed up all my photo and flower essence gear. We headed out to the center of Port Antonio town where we picked up Samuel. He directed me where to drive into the Blue Mountains. We were headed toward the Rio Grande River which at one time had been a freight avenue for a large portion of the world's commercially supplied bananas. When we got to the edge of that river we boarded a banana flat boat and were ferried to the other side.

Once out of the boat, I thought I should have a chat with Samuel to let him know my intentions and some details about the goal of our day trip. I didn't know what to say, though, because the idea of searching for some unknown white flower (in the midst of a verdant tropical landscape filled with flowers) might seem preposterous. I chose to say the least necessary and to see his response.

I said to him, "I am looking for a particular white flower. Something about it has to do with women. It may have been used traditionally to protect against negative energy. When I see it, I think I will recognize it." I was astonished by Samuel's simple and direct reply. He looked straight into my eyes and said in a measured voice, "Don't worry. We will find your flower before the day is over." He seemed completely confident of this, and it was uncanny. How could he be so certain?

After inspecting about twelve or fifteen white flowers – none of which were "it" – I was stretching to remain optimistic. Then, as we walked at the end of our hike up a long canyon that led to a waterfall, something unbelievable happened.

Samuel motioned to Maria and me that we should stop. We did and he slowly walked forward, perhaps 60 feet in front of us. Ahead was a tall rock face that formed the right hand margin of the beautiful rock step waterfall that lay to the left. There was a Jamaican native wearing a straw hat sitting with his back up against the rock wall and his legs stretched out in front of him. It made no sense to me, but it looked like he was holding a burning ember close to his face. Maria, with her keen sight, saw something different, and I noticed that she slowly developed a bemused expression.

Samuel approached the man whom he apparently knew and began a friendly

conversation. I walked closer because I wanted to hear (over the roar of the waterfall) what was being said. Maria followed just off to my right. Then, when I got close enough to see clearly, I realized why Maria was smiling.

What initially looked like a large ember glowing was actually a massive roll of ganja (the ubiquitous local Jamaican marijuana), in the process of being smoked by Jomo, who was apparently taking a break from cultivating taro plants. He was completely stoned.

He had made a valiant effort to stand to greet Samuel as he approached, and was only able to slide his body slowly upwards, inching up the rock wall behind him. Jomo's eyes were so bloodshot that it was medically upsetting.

I heard several "yah maaans" in the conversation as I approached nearer to Samuel and Jomo, and finally I was close enough to hear the dialogue clearly. After some small talk, Samuel explained that he was assisting me in attempting to locate a white flower that was probably used in folk medicine and had something to do with women. He asked Jomo if he knew of such a flower. There was a lengthy pause, and one can only guess that, as a result of the hashish, Jomo's neurons were having a mighty hard time with any sort of meaningful firing. "Ohhhhh, ya maaaan," Jomo finally said, "I know dat flower."

Then leaning against the wall, he slowly reached out until he grasped his walking staff leaning against the rock. He beckoned us to follow. Astonishingly, he began staggering toward the waterfall, catching himself repeatedly with his staff before entering a trajectory that could only end in a heap. In amazement, we all followed behind.

Aghast, we watched him step into the water about 6 inches deep that was rushing over the rocks of the step waterfall. He intended to cross, and motioned us to walk behind him. Maria grabbed my belt at the back of my pants and held on as I bent over with arms outstretched to balance myself so that my lowered center of gravity might prevent my feet from sliding on the slippery stone. By the grace of God, Jomo did not drown himself, and listed, swayed and stumbled his way across the waterfall. Just as I stepped out of the other side of the waterfall and pulled Maria beside me, I saw a spectacular sight.

A beautiful mist was blowing off the waterfall passing through where we were standing. A dazzling, luminous brightness was directly in front of us. Leaning on his staff, Jomo turned to us, and gestured toward the brilliant white flowers with his free hand. "We call this flower 'Madame Fate'," he said.

With chills up my spine, I looked at Maria, shaking my head in near disbelief, repeating silently to myself the guidance given by Liz, "white" and "something to do with women."

Samuel said to Jomo, "So what is this used for in folk medicine?" Without hesitation, as if anyone would know the answer to that question, Jomo replied, "Well maaan, to protect themselves... warriors rubbed the flowers over their body before going into

battle.” Then he nodded his head in an affirming and proud way, as if to say, “you see, I know my ancestral roots.”

We thanked Jomo and congratulated him on knowing the answer to Samuel’s unusual question. Jomo fortunately didn’t cross the waterfall again, and instead started up a path that led into thick overgrowth beside the falls.

After spending some time visually inspecting and sitting in the company of the flowers, I had a strong sense that they possessed the protective force I was seeking. I asked Samuel if he would mind leaving me and Maria alone to perform a sacred ritual with the flowers. He said he would leave us alone for a couple of hours and take a break for his lunch. He disappeared a ways away into a taro patch.

I began my normal process of photographing the flowers, and was soon lost in the internal world of Madame Fate. Maria sat very still, watching me, 30 or so feet away. I then set up my equipment, and left the flowers to deposit their healing frequencies into the extraction vessel. We ate lunch in stillness, as if mesmerized by the force of the “wall” of Madame Fate flowers stretching out in front of us. An hour or so passed, I bottled the finished uncut flower essence, and packed up my equipment. Following the tradition of native peoples worldwide, Maria and I gave thanks for the blessings given to us from Nature in a few moments of silent prayer.

As if on cue, Samuel soon appeared and we began the return journey of a few hours, this time crossing the waterfall without fear of losing a member of our party.

Samuel transmitted to us a wealth of information about the “real” and unvarnished Jamaica. He spoke about its poverty and about hopes that a vastly wealthy Jamaican entrepreneur living in Canada (who made his money selling “pot” and other drugs) would be investing in hotel development around Port Antonio, which he thought would be a great help to the local economy. We ferried back across the Rio Grande and directly returned Samuel to the center of Port Antonio.

We thanked him for his great assistance and speedily returned to our beach hide away for a swim before dark. I was jumping for joy inside. Mission accomplished! And now three more days to play before returning to the U.S. We wouldn’t need the second work day I had planned.

That evening Maria and I became lost in the enchantment of a full moon over the small bay of a strikingly beautiful sheltered beach at Frenchman’s Cove (which has appeared in several movies, most recently in *Knight and Day* with Tom Cruise and Cameron Diaz.) We took a swim, gazed into the sky, and returned to our beachside bungalow.

The following day, we had a lazy morning, and eventually got to the next door beach called San San at about 9 am. We were the only two people there for over an hour. What

a joy!¹

We returned to the property where our lodging was and spent the afternoon in Frenchman's Cove. It's not hard to understand how time escaped us, and how we ended up packing so late that afternoon that we would – heaven forbid – be driving again at night, this time to arrive at Montego Bay for the last few days.

The road to Montego Bay (running parallel to the beach), was in a better state of repair and much straighter than the road that led to Port Antonio. That was a great relief. Nevertheless, we were truly startled one more time.

Dark as before, it was difficult for me to see far ahead, so once again I appreciated Maria's keen eyesight as a bit of extra "road security." As we sped along, we noticed over some distance a sort of strange, skittering movement in shrubbery off the edge of the road on the beach side. We went up a small rise in the road that blocked sight in front of us, and when we were at the crest of the rise we saw an odd shape in the road ahead that we could not identify. Even though there were no other drivers in sight, in a voice reminiscent of our first night drive, Maria called out a warning and shrieked ... CRAAAAB! We both went into hysterical laughter. A huge land crab was directly in the center of my one lane. It was easy enough, however, to swerve around "him."

The rest of our drive was uneventful, and we arrived late in Montego Bay. Gertrude had arranged wonderful accommodations for us in the villa of one of her clients. In typical third world style, shacks and shanties were sprinkled between sprawling properties with huge (10,000-plus square foot) houses. Very strange setting, but a comfortable place to stay.

Since I enjoyed the first time I met Gertrude, I felt that if I should return to Jamaica I would surely visit her again. She was doing great work in natural healing, spanning a practice ranging from economically disenfranchised native Jamaicans to wealthy visitors staying at the Ritz Carlton or in private villas. Honestly, she was more interested in the former. So she arranged for me to give a lecture to her Jamaican clients about the work I had just done collecting flower energy, and to describe rudimentary concepts of energy medicine. I knew before arriving that I would have a chance to test any flower essences I might have prepared on members of the audience that Gertrude would be assembling.

Maria and I arrived at Gertrude's center in the afternoon about 2 pm. There was healthy food being served in an open courtyard, and after everyone had snacks and refreshments, chairs were set up for my lecture and demonstration. I explained a bit about how my flower essences work and then I described how I would be testing people to show their effects.

¹ Some months before, a crime involving harm to a tourist was committed in the Port Antonio area and it was publicized internationally. The result was virtually no tourists, and literally no one on the beautiful half-mile long white sand beach.

There were 12 people attending the function, and I asked a couple of them to come up and let me demonstrate the screening process using self-referential statements. I was able to show with some of my essences (commercially available) that the disabling influence of harmful beliefs lodged in our subconscious mind can be reversed and eliminated by consuming particular flower frequencies.

Finally, I just had to pull out my newly prepared essence of Madame Fate flower, to see if someone might have the kind of problem it could possibly eliminate. As I scanned the audience, two Jamaican women immediately commanded attention because they looked so beleaguered. Both were in their fifties or sixties.

Javina was the first of the two women I asked to come to the front and sit so I could test her. I asked if she was feeling weary. She looked up at me with kindly and sad eyes, replying in a near whisper, "Yes." I then asked if she could please share some reasons why she was so tired. She described, sadly, what must be a common scenario among poor Jamaican women of her age. As the matriarch of her family, she spent a great deal of energy trying to hold together the broken families of her children. She mentioned numerous problems she was facing, but the one that stood out was her description of the challenge of getting her daughter to leave the "evil" man to whom she was married.

For the Madame Fate flower, I created the test phrase, "I am free from the influence of negative thoughts and beings." A healthy response would be the normally strong (facilitated) test muscle staying strong after the subject makes that statement. In other words, in a person who IS free from the influence of negative thoughts and beings, they would not lose muscle strength upon being tested immediately after making that statement.

When Javina spoke the "I am free..." statement, her strong test muscle collapsed in weakness. In other words, she was NOT "free from the influence of negative thoughts and beings." I administered to her several drops of Madame Fate, first under the tongue and then topically on head and facial acupuncture points. Within a couple of seconds she sighed noticeably, sat more upright in her chair, and generally appeared energized. Her voice had a greater volume when she repeated the "free from the influence of negative beings" phrase, AND her test muscle now did not weaken. She was apparently freed from negative energies to which she had been linked. ("Wow!" I thought to myself internally, "something good just happened here.")

Members in the audience were smiling in appreciation of what they had also noticed – the lightening of the load of a long-suffering and kindly woman. (In actual practice, consumers of my uncut flower essences take one or two bottles of a formula, sipped in drinking water throughout the day, which lasts in the range of three to six weeks. Over the course of that time, they are exposed to hundreds of sips, each one containing a transformational "blast" of highly coherent positive energy.)

Malene was the second audience participant that came up front for me to test. She was the eldest of the two women and appeared to be afflicted the most heavily. She

recounted to me and the audience that she had been seeing Gertrude for several years, and that she always felt relief when she was worked on. But her problems that resulted in great tiredness would generally return quite rapidly.

I asked Malene if she had any ideas as to why her chronic problems kept returning. She felt perhaps it might be related to where she worked as a live-in maid. She was not comfortable going into detail.

I stepped behind the chair so she could twist around to whisper to me privately. She then stated, "The house where I am living is not a good place" ... "the man there does bad things to people." Obviously, I could not pursue the line of inquiry further, but I surely wondered what the "bad things" were.

Malene weakened, as did Javina, when she stated the test phrase. With her facing forward toward the attendees, and me on her right side, I administered drops as described above. Then I witnessed something I shall never forget. As soon as the first drops hit Malene's tongue, a "wisp" or a "faint breath" of air blew by me from her body.

Tension left her, and her face showed a nearly instantaneous transformation to a state of less stress. I was astonished at what I had just felt. What had just "blown off" her body I wondered?

When she uttered the test phrase again, she stayed strong. Apparently she was "freed from the influence of negative thoughts and beings." Malene looked up into my eyes and with a faint smile said, "Thank you very much." The audience seemed to be aware that something quite striking had just happened, and everyone remained still and silent for a few moments. Gertrude soon came up to the front, thanked me for my presentation, and invited everyone to mingle and sample health snacks and beverages.

Maria and I were conversing with each other when we noticed Malene approaching. I saw that she wanted to speak with me so I walked toward her. When we were standing next to each other she said, "Dr. Davis, I just wanted to let you know what happened when you gave me the drops. For the last ten years I have had a disabling headache that never goes away. Even Gertrude's treatments and herbs do not help it. ... Now... my headache is completely gone! So again I just wanted to thank you." What could I do but smile.

I was so happy to hear that. I repeated the story to Maria who was pleased to hear it too. What a wonderful experience we just had and the day wasn't over yet. Gertrude had a special evening planned for Maria and me that included dinner and drinks first, and then a visit to the best nightclub and casino in Montego Bay, Coral Cliff.

Gertrude has a very pleasing personality and manages to combine kindness and genuine caring with a rather sharp entrepreneurial flare. I learned that she had built a rapport with operations managers and executive staff of virtually all the resorts in Montego Bay, from Sandals to the Ritz Carlton. Gertrude mentioned to me that most of the "all inclusive resort" managers had given her free passes enabling her to bring

guests to dine and have drinks at no charge. A nice perk indeed!

I visited Coral Cliff months before with Gertrude when I first traveled to Jamaica. For professional reasons she wanted me to meet Beulah, the manager there, and an icon of true Jamaican female elegance.

Beulah grew up in a poor family, and had risen from the “ashes” of poverty to obtain her management position. Out of economic need and regional tradition, Beulah’s family was very familiar with and depended upon local medicinal plants to stay well. For that reason Gertrude thought the two of us would enjoy meeting, discussing herbs, and local healing traditions. And we most certainly did. At the time I realized I would never forget Beulah, but I had no idea I would be seeing her again so soon.

After dinner we headed to Montego Bay’s mile and one half long hotspot of nightlife called the “Hip Strip.” In the middle of it on one side is Margharitaville and on the other side, Coral Cliff. After parking, Gertrude led us deftly through the crowd of people waiting to get in until we got to the entrance where the door attendants let us pass inside. We wound our way up a curving ramp taking us through a jungle-like setting until we arrived at the bar of the Rum Jungle, the night club spot that features a variety of live shows every night such as cabaret acts and calypso bands.

Maria and I stood poised between the expansive bar on our left and the nightclub stage and tables on our right. Gertrude momentarily disappeared through the crowd and I saw her re-appear at a closed door to the left of the bar. She knocked and soon she was inside. A couple of minutes later she was back with us to report that she had found Beulah who would be coming out to greet us momentarily. I leaned over to whisper in Maria’s ear, “Wait until you see this amazing woman. Seeing her here is what one might imagine it would have been like on the set of a glamorous 1940s or 1950s movie.”

After a minute or two, for some strange reason, we all synchronously turned to face the door at the side of the bar. It was as if Beulah’s enormous energy caused us to turn and then burst the door open as she stepped through. She stood for a moment as she scanned the crowd until she saw us.

And then came what I was waiting for and hoped Maria would have the pleasure of seeing. It was Beulah’s smile. To me, it was more than a smile. It was a history of triumph of the human heart in a single expression. I could only imagine it was her heart that took her to the top.

Her eyes lit up with recognition as she and I locked gazes. She gracefully glided through the crowd toward us in her beautiful evening gown of midnight blue satin and sequin trim. Queen Latifah could not have looked more elegant. She stopped a few feet in front of me, tilted her head down just a bit, eyes still fixed, and then all at once began her rich laugh as she lifted her chin, threw her head back and opened her arms wide.

“Docta, docta. How youuu doin’ ?” Nothing left to do but hug her. “Great,” I said.²

“Sooo,” Beulah continued, “Gertrude says you’re doin’ some special work with flowers. Tell me.” “Oh yes,” I said, “I have had an unbelievable experience, and I think I found what I came here for. Do you know about a flower that is called Madame Fate?”

“Yes, I know dat flower,” Beulah replied

“Can you tell me what was it used for traditionally?”

“Ya maan,” Beulah said, “It had a very unusual and specific application. When women were sterile and could not have children due to scars and adhesions closing the fallopian tubes, we would take a flower from Madame Fate and let it soak in water. Then the woman would drink that water, and she have babies!”

I shook my head in astonishment. “That is amazing that it was used for such a specific problem.”

“Ya maan, but it works,” she replied.

Then I recounted my experiences that afternoon with Malene. As I was speaking, Beulah seemed to be listening more and more intently and she drew her head closer to my face.

At the finale of the story I said, “then I opened my dropper bottle of the Madame Fate flower essence and placed drops under Malene’s tongue. As soon as I did that, I felt a wisp of air blow by me from off her body. It was eerie, but it had an amazing effect because her headache of years vanished very soon.”

Beulah quickly moved her face within inches of my eyes, and for emphasis she raised her eyelids until the whites of her eyes became enormous, highlighted by her black skin. When she had my attention riveted she said boldly, “Ya Maan, dat’s the REAL use of the flower! ‘Obeah’... in Africa that mean ‘bad omen’, ‘spirit possession.’ Madame Fate take that away.”

All I could do was smile.

Internally I was astonished as my brain quickly assembled all the degrees of unlikelihood of my quest, starting from the first awareness in my office that a protective flower energy was needed, to receiving very accurate, concise clues from Liz, to finding a vacation planner that set me up with just the right guide, to the odd process of discovering the flower as a result of being led through a waterfall by a Jamaican taro

² One of the things that was striking about Beulah’s smile was it’s sheer size and beautiful form: perfectly aligned large white teeth set in an expansive and strong jaw structure that is hardly seen any more due to deterioration of jawbone formation over generations from the use of modern era, devitalized foods. The seminal research of dentist, Weston A. Price, demonstrated how the jaw has become compressed and small, with an elevated and jammed palate, as a result of low quality food in the industrialized era. The poor man’s diet of dark greens, beans and rice or taro with fish when available certainly served Beulah well.

farmer high on hashish, to select attendance of just the right test subjects at Gertrude's gathering, ending with validation by Beulah.

I had just experienced the "long tail" of serendipity – one improbability stacked upon another that somehow manifested the desired outcome. I have found out since, on my quest for healing flowers, that "serendipity" has become the norm rather than the exception.

For others and for myself, this experience inspired me further to seek out flower frequencies that help to align us by removing thought obstacles in the subconscious mind, so that the positive law of attraction can manifest in all areas of life.

Two years later I was guided on another extraordinary flower essence adventure, this time half way around the world. For reasons I describe below, I had to make this journey alone.

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 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 7 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 then 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 where 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 to 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, lest we forget 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 – in some instances, purportedly passing their hand 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 from 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 N. 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 became 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 reawakening 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.

PART 2

Toward A Science of Flower Frequencies

**Changing The Address
of
Our Quantum Mind**

“I am enough of an artist to draw freely on my imagination.
Imagination is more important than knowledge.
Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world.”

Albert Einstein
Nobel Laureate Physics, 1921

“If we can recognize that change and uncertainty are basic principles,
we can greet the future and the transformation we are undergoing
with the understanding that
we do not know enough to be pessimistic.”

Hazel Henderson
Sustainable Human Development Consultant

“If you think you understand quantum physics...
You don't understand quantum physics.”

“Science is the belief
in the ignorance of experts.”

Richard Feynman, Ph.D.
Caltech professor of physics
Joint recipient of the Nobel Prize in physics (1965)

Introduction

Changing The “Address” Of Our Quantum Mind

We are all familiar with what happens when we type a new address (URL) into an internet web browser.

The store of information to which we have been connected (the web page) changes as we are directed to a different repository of information stored on the server that the new address begins to access.

How rapidly we can see the new web page (information) depends in the most basic sense on

- Network bandwidth,
- The amount of information we are downloading,
- And to a lesser degree the characteristics of our particular computer hardware – its brain – (the brand, processor speed etc)

Generally all modern computers can switch to an address very quickly. So for the purpose of the following analogy, what is most important in downloading information from a particular URL, for example, is:

1. The volume, organizational clarity, and coding of its information
2. The amount of interference in our connection.

Thinking about the every day experience of switching web addresses and downloading information struck me as the best way to describe what may be happening when a person consumes uncut flower frequencies that cause personal transformation.

In previous sections of this book I have described the clinical testing procedure that has allowed me (and hundreds of other health professionals) to witness in patients nearly instantaneous changes of stored subconscious information.¹

The following finding, for example, is commonly seen in new patients. Upon making the statement, “My self-esteem is strong and balanced,” the patient’s test muscle that was initially strong weakens immediately after making the statement. If the patient’s unconscious mind were in alignment with the above screening phrase, the test muscle would maintain strength. The collapse of strength indicates that self-esteem is NOT strong. By administering on the tongue test drops of specific uncut flower frequencies

¹ Chapter 1, p.3.

resident in the Tulip Poplar bud (collected from the FlorAlive forest), immediate retesting shows a nearly instantaneous change in the information displayed in the unconscious mind. The muscle that previously collapsed in weakness now stays strong. The unconscious recognition of poor self-esteem is completely flipped into stronger self-esteem by this procedure. What is going on? How could poor self-esteem nearly instantaneously change to stronger self-esteem?

Having observed scores of this particular response over a decade, it has become clear to me that such predictable reversal of register in the unconscious mind is not a random occurrence.

For me it points to a profound phenomenon for which there must be logical explanations. And those explanations have to include an accounting of why some individuals who clinically show the same response to a specific test phrase (e.g. the strengthening of initially poor self-esteem conferred by Tulip Poplar frequencies) do not notice any change in their subjective feeling state, while others notice profound change. To be clear, two individuals can express the same strengthening of a self-esteem challenge that produced weakness, and one of the pair can report weeks later a clear subjective awareness that self-esteem has improved, while the other notices nothing.

To find explanations, I delved as deeply as a non-physicist could into the fascinating subject of quantum biology and our quantum mind. I would like to share this adventure with you.

But before we begin, my short intuitive explanation for the nearly instantaneous change that flower frequencies can initiate is as follows.

Specific uncut flower frequencies, by a “switching effect” can change the “address” to which our quantum brain is connected into Universal Mind. When that happens, in the moment, our reality changes. We are drawing from a different information source. If the “new site” is more satisfying or functional than what we were connected to before, we might just decide to stay for a while!

Why do some individuals notice change and others do not?

It could be because the amount of “interference” to the downloading of our information-stream from where our whole history or memory is stored in Universal Mind varies tremendously between individuals.

The mass of personal unresolved emotional issues that we have stored in Universal Mind over eons of time (through trans-generational inheritance, tapping into the collective unconscious, or individual karma—whatever fits your model) has to be reconfigured before change is noticed. If there is a large mass of issues, it takes much longer for the reconfiguration to produce noticeable change. (Sometimes there can be an exception to this. If issues are acute in nature OR if there is an uplifted attitude of striving for transformation, it may constitute a large potential energy for change.) If the emotional mass is large enough, tangled and stuck enough, it may not produce signs of life change for many years, sometimes more years than are left in the duration of one’s

life. From another perspective, some individuals just don't want to shift to a different "address," a different mind and spirit space. They have an investment in staying where they are!

To recap:

- **one's "mind address" may be nearly instantaneously shifted to a new location by flower frequencies;**
- **properly administered muscle testing with self-referential statements can neurologically indicate that the shift has occurred;**
- **and depending on the amount of one's individual stored unresolved emotional history, and upon one's readiness and free will to make change, the outcome that is seen in every day life is variably expressed.**

It is not a surprise that as I examine the case studies that have responded very well to the flower frequencies, it is often true that such individuals have previously made an effort to evolve in consciousness. That can provide a "jump start" to the action of transformational flower frequencies.²

I have also witnessed individuals who do not have any formal understanding (or appreciation) of new era practices of thought transformation, but whose lives were nevertheless definitely improved by my flower frequencies. In some of those cases the transformational effect seemed to be enhanced simply by underlying faith, hope, and devotion that all together allows the action of Grace.

And to add an interesting twist, it is astonishing very often to see in animals dramatic positive responses to selected flower frequencies they have been given by their owners. When the action of a remedy is corroborated by measurable response in animals, we know it is not a result of placebo effect.

To me, how all these variables interweave is intriguing. Please join me in examining the magic of an accelerated path to increasing our potential and happiness...

² A core requisite for transformation is intention, and that is a key feature of the quantum information transfer model explained forthwith.

Core Causes of Stress and How To Eliminate Them: Beyond Classical Stress Theory

Classical stress theory derived from a study of the body's physiological response to external agents (stressors) such as exposure to cold and caloric deprivation. *It never examined the greatest stressor of all: unconscious self-sabotaging thoughts resident within nearly everyone – thoughts that play ceaselessly 24/7 and enervate us at the core.*

The main reason that omission occurred was because unconscious mind stressors were not part of Dr. Hans Selye's frame of reference when he conducted his seminal research on response to stressors.³

His extensive studies were carried out on laboratory animals. Furthermore, interest in the role of the unconscious mind would not come into greater prominence until two things happened. First, there would have to be an emergence of a greater number of transformational thought leaders (teaching us to pay attention to what we create from our mind realm), which began increasing in the 1980s; and second, the discovery of energy "psychology" would have to emerge out of the chiropractic discipline of applied kinesiology (muscle testing)

At the beginning of this book I wrote a disclaimer that bears repeating:

“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.”

The reason for mentioning this again is to fully address the objection I have occasionally heard from individuals who take pride in their practice of self-growth disciplines. They have made comments along the lines of: “So what? Are you suggesting that all I have to do is just put little drops of uncut flower energy into water, sip that, and all my problems will somehow vanish?”

Whenever I hear that, I reply that is not at all what I am suggesting. I then explain that I have discovered a very effective way of speeding the evolution of consciousness and empowerment precisely by having witnessed and clinically examined hundreds of individuals *who have tried*, to the best of their ability, to use mindfulness and all transformational tools available – AND YET, still failed to break through some of their most stubborn inner limitations. Upon adding the right vibrational essences, previously stalled transformational efforts begin to yield results.

³ From 1945 to 1977, Dr. Hans Selye had an extraordinary career at Université de Montréal in Canada. He essentially coined the word “stress” which eventually became adopted into languages around the world. He profoundly influenced the entire field of endocrinology.

With the guidelines I present below, we can see prevalent sabotaging unconscious beliefs that are invisibly restraining many good people. We can then maintain what we feel are the best consciousness practices, and additionally take hold of these pure and powerful floral “tools” to turn the tide so that we can more easily achieve our true destiny.