

Thomas Mayer

### **Save the Elementals**

Even if we are not conscious of it, we are all living in the realm of elementary beings, or elementals. They permeate our souls all the time, wherever we are. The entire world around us is imbued with elementary beings. Elementary beings are involved with everything that happens in Nature. Even our inner worlds, where our feelings and thoughts reside, consist of elementary beings. In almost all areas of life we are dealing with those elementary beings. The elementary beings in Nature are yearning for us humans consciously to understand them. Their future existence depends on us, and we are now dealing with saving the elementary beings from extinction.

Paperback, 192 pages

### **Example Chapter, p.38 – 46 “The Giants of the island of Cres (Adriatic)”**

There are an immeasurable number of types of nature spirits or elementals. For centuries biologists have been classifying species of animals and plants and are continuing to discover new species all the time. In my estimation the multitude of nature spirit species is even greater. Just as every landscape has a particular characteristic atmosphere or mood, one may find particular elementary beings who carry this ‘mood’.

My sons are playing volley ball, eating ice cream and diving. After a few days of acclimatizing everything is running smoothly. They have found other children to make friends with, are out and about playing all the time, even until long after dark.

I am sitting on a rock in the sun and observe the elemental world. What kinds of things grab my attention? I can see lots of medium sized water elementals dancing about above the sea just off our favourite beach. In front of the rocks and further out to sea there seem to be fewer of them. Obviously the water elementals love to be close to playing children and relaxed adults and like communicating with their feelings and auras.

Right in the middle of the beach a great, glorious, light-filled, crystalline Christ-like elementary being radiates its presence. Now I understand why this beach simply feels far more comfortable and fulfilled than all the other beaches.

I concentrate on the rocks and stones and soon sense many eyes watching me: masses of gnomes happily engaged in their creative work.

Now I am remembering the landscape angels, and soon I am experiencing myself, as if I could, in spirit, penetrate every corner, every plant, every house, every rock. The landscape is the body of the landscape angel, who feels its way into everything, and contains everything within its consciousness. Just as every human being has an angel who accompanies him/her, guarding and penetrating the person, every landscape too has its own angel. If you want to find out something about a landscape, the best thing is to turn to the landscape angel. He will know everything and is the highest authority on that landscape. Obviously I am now in contact with this landscape angel, but I wish to test him and ask him, where his focus resides. My probing-sensing gaze is drawn to the sea in front of the harbour. Yes, here I experience a gigantic cone shape which is wider at the top and which contains a strong angelic energy. A powerful angel! I question him further and ask if he can show me an etheric source. The latter is a typical etheric landscape-organ. Etheric energy is streaming from out of the earth like a fountain and is spreading out over the surroundings, supplying them with life energy. The angel reacts immediately, and shows me the place near the harbour. I can sense the etheric source there, and I also feel the energy streaming through me. Thanking him, I then ask if he would like to show me anything special.

There is an immediate responsive impulse, and my gaze is drawn towards a place at the edge of the camp site. My first impression is of roughness, strength, a holding-together. I remain in a state of observing attentiveness at this place, but feel as if being repulsed by this ‘muscle-

man'. Is this just a rough shell around a soft kernel, or is he really like that? What kind of space does he inhabit? What shape does he have? I hold these questions, and then my jaw suddenly drops. I have found and sensed him in a space measuring some 10 metres in width and reaching up like a pillar – a hundred metres – no, even higher – maybe even 200 metres! What *is* it?! I do not spend time thinking about this but instead focus on warming my heart and beaming at this 'muscle-man'. Maybe he will show more of himself. Gradually a stream of heart energy begins, and I can feel him making contact. Yes, he is an elementary being, but of a kind I have never before experienced. In spite of his rather surly, gruff manner, I am seeing him more clearly now. He creates a strongly formative radiation over the whole landscape and seems to be something like a boss here. If I think of the main categories of earth-, water-, fire-, air-, light-, and Christ-elementary beings, then he seems to fit in with the earth beings. But he is quite different from the earth beings I know. He has a very pronounced sense of Self, identifies with his history, appears to be very ancient, strong and energetic and has almost human features. Is he even a nature spirit, or has he come about through the deeds of man? How could I describe him? – I am casting about now. - "A Cres Giant!" Yes, he is one of those beings whom one might call a Giant in fairy stories. I have never come across one before. Contact with him gradually fades, and I say good-bye.

A few hours later I am on an excursion. Stopping at a viewing place with a view over the mountainous island and the sea, I remember again the Giant at Valun. Might I find something like him here too? I call up that giant-feeling in me again and, while holding this feeling, I begin to test out my surroundings. – There, less than twenty metres to the left, I feel something streaming towards me! And yes, another of those giants is standing there! Even more powerful and larger than the first one. That heart connection quickly begins to flow. Either this one is more approachable, or I have learned so much from the first encounter that I am better able to adjust to him. The connection and inner merging with him are so good, that an internal dialogue with him becomes possible, a dialogue consisting of feelings and pictures. I pose questions and remain in a meditative restful state, then the answers come to me, quite naturally, into my soul, not really automatically, but almost, streaming from him to me. I experience this quite clearly.

The only problem is the tourists. Another car stops nearby. Could I take a photo of them, they ask me? Yes, I'd be pleased to. A man and two women pose in front of the panoramic view. Click. One of the women checks her watch. Thanks a lot. Car doors slam, and they've gone. Dear Giant, I beg your pardon, I am back. Where were we? Then a mobile home breaks to a halt behind me. A door opens, and two yapping poodles jump out and spread incredible restlessness over the scene. A second car stops, and a fat man places himself between me and the Giant. Click. And off they all go again.

Why can't they all just stay here, be peaceful and enjoy the view? It is so beautiful here! Why are they all taking mediocre photos instead of breathing in the original? Who is going to look at all those photos? What is going to happen to mankind? Stop! I have almost lost my connection with the Giant. I am not responsible for the photos, and I don't feel like dwelling on lowering thoughts. Stop! There has to be a reason for all these things and things will turn out well in the end. And I manage to produce a few more pleasant feelings.

The conversation with the Giant is taken up again: the entire island of Cres, I find out, is inhabited by Giants. There are many, he tells me. They have been living here for a very long time, several thousand years. It is "their" island. They are the biggest elemental beings here, know each other well, and live together like a family. They live only on Cres and are not interested in other regions. Deep down inside the etheric depths of the earth they have a meeting place, an etheric cave. Each Giant has a connecting line of power to this cave, so that the family of Giants are in close connection with each other. The Giant takes me into the inside of the earth via his power line and shows me the cave. The cave feels very comfortable

and cosy, and appears to be empty. Or - wasn't there another Giant inside there....? I am not certain. The visit was so quick that I was not able to look around very much. When I ask how the cave was formed, the Giant becomes transparent and I am taken to a higher angelic sphere. From this I deduce that the Giants, just like the other elementary beings, have come about through the creative deeds of angels. Present day humans find them peculiar, incomprehensible, like alien bodies. They all have very good relations with the other elementary beings of the island. The latter have adapted to the power concentrations of the giants and have fitted in with them. The dialogue has progressed to this point, and we come to an end.

An hour later I discover the third Cres Giant above the town.

Now I understand the secret of the island of Cres. As soon as you step off the ferry, you feel as though you are in a different world. Barren, mighty, with a sense of ancient times, like in the highlands of Scotland. Quite different from the mainland or the other islands in the Adriatic Sea. Now I understand how Cres manages to create such an indescribable atmosphere. It's the Gres Giants. When you step off the ferry the Giants take you into their arms.

Two days later I return to the Giant at the viewing point. Theoretically contact can be made with an elementary being from any point in the world. You only need to think about it and open your heart. The etheric/astral world is not spatial. However, as long as I am not so familiar with a particular being, I cannot manage to do that from a distance. My way of experiencing is too "thin" and too unreliable, and I would not manage a clear connection with the being. At his physical anchoring base I will receive far more impressions and will be more likely to find that soul path to him.

I experience the Giant as softer and friendlier. The relationship is more familiar, distance having been reduced. After an introductory chat, I ask him about the cave. Could he show it to me again, as last time it was over too quickly. The Giant appears to be ok with this and down we go. My experiencing changes, and now I am perceiving the whole island. Before I only sensed the area around the viewing point. Now, I am penetrating the whole island from the inside, just as if I were carrying Cres. I now realize that this family of Giants is holding the whole island together, on an energetic level. As I have been taken into the centre of the family of Giants, I am able to experience their activities. It is lovely and warm in the cave, and it is not empty, but is filled by a venerable Giant, who exudes an all-embracing, motherly atmosphere. This Mother of Giants appears to sit here all of the time. Apparently she is the centre or the heart of the family of Giants and of the island. After a while of being interpenetrated (on an energy level), we say good-bye, and go up again.

I ask the Giant, what was the last time he had such direct contact with human beings? The Giant considers this for a while: well, it is a long time ago, about four or five hundred years. Over yonder – and he points to the hills above the town of Cres with the harbour - he would always sit and pray; he was a fine man. He radiated light and was surrounded by angels and gave us many good energies. He was the last human who consciously spoke and communicated with us. Since then humans have become closed and distant.

I travel further south on the island in order to visit a place called Beley. Soon I discover yet another Giant in a meadow. He has already heard about my meetings with his brothers. Communication obviously functions very well within this family. I ask the Giant whether he would like to show me something special. The Giant draws my gaze towards a conifer. The space in front of the tree is filled with soul energy, dense and joyful. What is it? It is the mood of a dwarf who is about one and a half metres tall. But what does he look like? I have to laugh. He is quite different from the dwarves in Germany! But what is it that is different about

this dwarf? I know exactly that something about him is not quite right, but cannot determine what it is. I never experience these imaginations as fully formed, rather they are always 'indications' lacking sharpness. It is not like looking at a photo, but rather like a picture by a modern artist with gestures and mood colours. Figures are usually indicated with just a few lines. The imaginative picture alone is not so important to me. It only becomes meaningful and real through the connected surrounding feelings, energies, thoughts, and reactions in my chakras and aura, changes in my perception of myself and in my state of consciousness. And so the imagined picture of this dwarf is only sketched with a few lines, yet supported with clear feelings and sensations. And I know that something is wrong, without being able to determine what it is.

The dwarf is happy that I am happy, and this is how feelings pass back and forth a few times. Finally I think it is enough and take my leave, turn around and want to go back to the car. But the dwarf tugs at me and indicates that he wants to go with me. I consider this briefly. There is still a bit of room in my aura, and a dwarf like he is is a fun companion. Ok, come on then, get in, if you can get away from here! And the dwarf jumps into my aura and thus also gets into my car. He travels back to the camp site with me, and spends the next few days enjoying himself.

Then, in the evening, I suddenly realize what is wrong with this dwarf. With German dwarves their beards – if they have any – grow downward. My new dwarf friend has a beard too, a big one even. But his beard grows upward, towards the sky. Curved strands of beard hair are bent upwards all around his head. Naturally, this is imagination. Dwarves have no physical form and also no beards. But the image fits very well with my experience. The question now is, do the beards of all the dwarves on the island of Cres grow skyward? I don't believe they do. I am more inclined to believe that my dwarf friend has played a joke on me. I have another good look at him. Where is he? Oh, yes, just outside the entrance to the tent. Just as I thought; now there is no beard at all! He is a dwarf just like the ones I know.

What has happened? Elemental beings are able to solidify themselves in imagined pictures, and thus can take on many different shapes and forms, and disguise themselves, so to speak. When the Giant drew my attention to the dwarf, the latter strongly concentrated on the beard growing skyward, changed into that shape and enjoyed the whole idea. Normally I am quite content with my imaginative perceptions being less than sharp, but not this time. I believe that was because the dwarf managed to create a stronger image of himself than normal through much effort with concentrating, and I also noticed that my imagining faculties were not strong enough to perceive what the dwarf was trying to show me.