

Subject: The Kogi Elders.
From: "John Winston" <johnfw@mlode.com>
Date: 17/07/2011, 06:19
Newsgroups: alt.conspiracy.area-51

Subject: The Kogi Elders.
July 17, 2011.

Here is something about the Kogi Elders of Hawaii.

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Jane S-gal
Begin forwarded message:

Subject: Our Kogi Elders - Ingrid 7/7/11

From: ingrid@bioethika.com
Thursday, July 07, 2011
Subject: Our Kogi Elders

Dear Subscribers,
Over the Fourth of July weekend, I managed to watch one youtube video, a highly regarded p-ychic who did not convince me that she is either ps-chic nor worthy of the ratings, but then? It left me feeling edgy so tonight I looked for something authentic to pull me out of the abyss. Please watch: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?vpnLX9pdKuEg>

I don't know if this will resonate with all of you, but it touched me deeply.
When I watched it, I realized that as recently as a few months ago, I was still making mistakes in my tiny garden.
However, I have to go back to the time when I was becoming more aware. I was living in Hawaii and could hear the ocean at night. It wasn't like I had a place on the waterfront but the winds carry the sounds so depending on them, one may hear things at a great distance. I used to think how tirelessly Mother Nature works and I searched for a mirror elsewhere. Hawaii had, at that time, the highest percentage of working women of any state. Once you start a slate like this, you keep adding stories. For instance, the volcanoes are sometimes active and some residents were told to evacuate. One man refused and he stood there defiantly painting his small picket fence. The lava stopped just inches short of his fence.
In another case, tourists were told not to take lava samples. Many thought the advice was based on superstition. Everyone who took samples got a cut of exactly the same type on the same finger.
Another time, there was a sort of famous good neighbor/bad neighbor story. As the lava came down the mountain, it wiped out the bad neighbor and forked and went around the good neighbor and when well past the house, the bifurcated lava stream reunited in one stream.
In yet another case, a wealthy hotel owner refused to bless the land and the project. A tidal wave came and twisted the steel girders of the building, leaving everything else in the area alone. There was a similar case of a tidal wave taking all the furniture from the dining room and dragging it out to sea. When we were standing very close to where that had happened, there was an evacuation alert and another tidal wave headed our way. Morrnah wandered off, but I followed her. I knew she knew I was following but I also knew she would not turn around so we would not suffer embarrassing eye contact. Call it her memory of Lot and the pillar of salt!
Anyway, instead of doing what we had been asked to do, she went to the sea. This was in Punalu'u, near Na'alehu, the southernmost tip of the U.S. Punalu'u is a little bit in the Hilo direction from Na'alehu. The sea was absolutely raging, really turbulent. Morrnah just looked at it and the sea became totally quiet, lying down like a baby whose mother was calming its fear. It only took her a few minutes. It was way back in the 70s and I can't say exactly whether it was two minutes or fifteen but it did not take long.
The event at the time was a retreat and there were about 175 people attending. Many complained that they couldn't see Morrnah's aura or she constantly appeared different, sometimes tall, sometimes short. They thought I should be able to explain all this to them, but what Morrnah herself said is that people should be able to walk through anyone's aura and not feel a thing. If they feel a buzz or some other kind of intensity, the aura isn't pure enough or balanced enough. I

suggested to some people that if they wanted to see her aura, they shouldn't stand inside it. They said they were not inside it. I said, "Perhaps you need to go up the mountain and look from another angle."

Morrnah told another story about when the missionaries first came to Hawaii. This was from another lifetime. King Kamehameha asked her to check out the missionaries. She said their teachings were all right but the people themselves had no manna. This was confusing to Hawaiians. If you can see the aura, you also see the vitality of the aura. On one occasion, Morrnah and I were sitting next to each other at a concert for the World Symposium on Humanity. A singer inhaled and I saw something like a parachute behind her, maybe 70 feet. As she exhaled, the parachute reversed and came out the front. I began rubbing my eyes and asked Morrnah if this was an aura. She said, "She is only one-sixteenth Hawaiian." The inference, of course, was that if she had been pure Hawaiian, the prana management might have been really huge.

We fair-skinned people have pathetic auras. I could always feel this when I was with Morrnah. She was kind and considerate and polite, but the weakness was practically impossible for her to understand. She obviously had some pity because she felt like we couldn't really know ourselves with the kind of limitations of our auric structures.

One last comment, a repetition perhaps, but it's part of the dilemma we face now as residents on Earth.

One night we were just standing together and she asked me how many planets I use in my horoscopes. I said, "Ten, well, eight plus the sun and moon." She said, "and can you tell very much with just those planets?" I asked her how many planets the Hawaiians see orbiting our Sun. She looked up and said, "There are 70." I asked, "Are you including etheric planets?" She said, "Yes, don't you?" Being around Morrnah was beyond fascinating because I understood that what she knew with absolute certainty was completely unknown and almost unknowable to someone else.

Now, watch the video, please!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3DpnLX9pdKuEg>

[Note from Ellie being inserted here I never ever have the patience to sit and watch any video that is over 15 minutes long - maybe 20 minutes at the most if it is interesting. I actually sat through the entire video referenced above with no break! And it is 53:27 long!!!!]

The comment that caught my attention was this: Interesting documentary from lost Atlantean civilization in the Columbian mountains.. Of course, the first thing I noticed was all Kogis were wearing white clothes! No exception! Then I wondered where do they get them and how do they keep them so white! LOL! If you have time and are interested in tribes from the Atlantean era, untouched by modern civilization, you will enjoy this video!]

Blessings,

Ingrid

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