

My Experience at Kundimalal (Wolfe Creek Meteorite Crater)

I've been asked to share one experience with you. It changes each time I tell it. Partly due to my mood and the connectivity I am experiencing yet more so because in the interim my understanding and interpretation of the experience has grown. Here we go. I was making a quick trip up to the Kimberley (5,500 kilometres in 2 ½ weeks) before flying back to Europe for a stint. I felt very drawn to visit Wolfe Creek Meteorite Crater, as most modern Australians know it. It meant an additional roundtrip of about 300 kilometres down a heavily corrugated road. It was going to make it tight for me to be back in Perth in time to make my flight. Katy, my travelling companion and friend, was not keen. She had come along for the scenery and a rest, bouncing along on a dusty road was not in her itinerary yet she obliged my eccentricity. We rolled up at the camping ground around 9pm. It was already pretty dark with ominous black clouds hanging low in the sky. I was interested to note it was a "no-moon" (no part of this reflective orb was visible in the sky), all my other sojourns had me at places during the full moon, this time it was the opposite. I had an urge to visit the crater straight away yet I was tired and still shaking from drive so I retreated to the roof tent for some shut eye. At 11:40 pm, by the digits displayed on my alarm clock, I woke abruptly from a very deep sleep. Something magnetic was pulling me to the crater. I turned over and returned to sleep. Ten minutes later I was up again, a voice in my head was all but shouting for me to rug up and get going. With my feeble torch in hand I staggered, tripping over rocks and boulders, as I found my way through the eerie silence to the crater, approximately one kilometre away. As I approached the crater, my torch battery long since deceased, I felt my way down its craggy cliff like edge. I had never experienced dark like this, I couldn't see a star in the sky let alone my feet or hand in front of my face. I inched my way down the 10-20 meters, grazing my shins on the rocks. I was all alone with the nearest humans over a kilometre away yet the atmosphere around me felt incredibly dense, jam packed with other than physical bodies. I made my way until my body knew I was directly in the centre of the circular crater (I couldn't see the edges). First I felt incredibly heavy, as if my body were subjected to four times gravity. I lay on the ground my breathing deep and laboured. When I awoke from my trance and opened my eyes I blinked as through my internal vision I saw dozens, no hundreds and thousands of forms human, animal, celestial and other moving in a diamond shaped mandala on all sides around me. It was like 3 part Trooping the Colour (a British military parade) and 2 parts Holiday on Ice. A beautiful symbolic dance was taking place. It was opening a gateway to a higher realm and I was in the centre of it, the physical anchor for this process. All beings were stepping in unison calling something in. Calling God in. As the dance continued I automatically joined in, my body instinctively knowing the moves (and that was the first time I can assure you). The "dance steps" were an interesting mix of Riverdance, flowing Tai Chi like moves and Walk Like an Egyptian. Thank god it was pitch black and in the bush! As I joined in and gave myself to the experience I became one with the tribal, humanoid, mythical animal and then fainter celestial beings that surrounded me. This process continued outward until I was one with the landscape mountains and

beyond. All but the source of the incoming energy, all though it touched on that. As the dance played out I saw how this crater was formed by a huge etheric multi-coloured celestial serpent (could this be the Rainbow Serpent of Aboriginal lore) with Gaia through the Earth the recipient both ova and womb. From this impregnation all life forms on this land were formed with the evolution brining increasingly dense physical forms. This resulted in less conscious spiritual awareness yet what was within each being was essentially the same because they all were essentially one. And this had not caused by mistake or error it was all planned, the dense physical beings no lesser just vital for their task. For if they were all knowing they would have no reason to strive and get their job done. And now the striving was finished for this ceremony (which all involved except I, had consciously chosen to attend) mark the end, ushering in this remembrance. The job was done and it was time to return to coalesce as one. From the rough tough tribal warriors to the elemental. This was just a physical formality because in reality we were only many parts of the one. I must have slept for a fair while for because when I awoke the first few rays of morning Sun were lapping over the Eastern lip of the crater. I got up dusted myself down and made my way back to camp. The crater face didn't look so precipitous in the light of day (something all of experiencing physicality could do with remembering); especially now I could see the well trodden path. I was greeted by a few snap happy American tourists saying how "their craters were bigger". As I walked back to camp I mulled over what I had learnt. Physically is vital, it is not a sin or a sentence to escape to, when done properly it is an act of service to anchor in the divine on our home and Mother, Gaia the Earth (hEart of this universe). As you can imagine I felt a little different from the night before. As I arrived I was greeted by Katy up early and making some tea. "Where have you bee?" she enquired. "Oh just catching the sunrise" came my reply.

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