

# Inspiration

For the Mystical Journey with Christ  
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## Traveling with an Angel

(Fourth in a Series)

By Faye Savage



### Pleasant Testings

### Continuation of Flower's 1965 Lecture Tour

We left San Francisco and traveled the coast highway to Crescent City where Flower had a scheduled talk the following night. This is a very scenic drive with the ocean view on the left, and nature's growth of plants and shrubs on the right. Flower said the water sprites, which she could see, were having a joyful time as they cavorted in the smaller waves that gently roll in to shore. The nature beings among the native plants were just as joyful, but actually working, too, in their nurturing of various plants, she told me as she inserted a cassette of Mendelssohn's music. It seemed as though the beauty of nature and the music blended into one glorious symphony. We were truly blessed by these frequencies.

We were not quiet all the time! I allowed Flower to initiate conversation, as I knew (and had been told by Esther) that Flower needed quiet time for meditation, renewal, and reviewing the talks she would be giving. But she wanted to know about my family, and she told me about her childhood, young

adulthood, meeting Lawrence, etc. Most of you no doubt have read about her life—especially her biography, *Songs of the House of Pilgrimage*, by Dr. Stephen Isaac.

We had lots of light talk too, including tears and laughter. I wish I could give more descriptions of Flower's uniqueness as a high initiate, but at that time I was so new to Flower's teachings, mysticism, etc, I doubt I even knew what an initiate was—I just knew she was special, spiritually and mentally. To me, she was a pure soul and I did not feel worthy of the blessings received by being with her, but oh, how grateful I was for the privilege!

In Crescent City, which is right on the coast, we saw many huge piles of driftwood, most of it deposited two years earlier by a tsunami caused by a mega-magnitude earthquake off the Alaska coast. Our motel was just across the frontage road from the beach. Flower was enthralled, saying we must make time to explore along the beach and perhaps find a piece of driftwood that held special meaning for us.

The Koens, who had been with us in San Francisco, were already at the motel, and here George Noller and Alma Gustafson joined us. (The Koen's home was at Questhaven; it is now occupied by Gordon Bleth. Alma also had been living at Questhaven, but would be spending quite some time now with family in Seattle. George lived in Vista; after marrying Emily (Scrivens), they too then lived on the retreat grounds.)

Off to the beach! It was a delight to see Flower quickly chose her "treasures"—pieces that had a special meaning for her. Before long each of us except Alma had our arms full. For some reason, Alma didn't seem interested in driftwood.

The next day, Alma and I walked to a small shopping area and saw much evidence of destruction caused by the tidal wave. We carefully picked our way through rubble and buckled sidewalks. On our return to the motel, dear Alma stumbled over a jutting sidewalk and took a nasty fall, landing on her right arm. Back at the motel, Flower urged her to go to a doctor, as she knew the arm was broken. Alma, however, insisted she'd wait until she was in Seattle.

We following morning we all left for Seattle. (We didn't travel together, so did not see one another until reaching the hotel in Seattle. George had already delivered Alma to her family, and I never saw her again. We learned that, yes, her arm had broken.)

Flower and I took the inland route to Medford, Oregon. En route, Flower expressed her concern for Alma; the pain she must be experiencing. “But,” she said, “her karma came quickly.”

I told Flower I didn’t understand. “Did you not notice that Alma did not even offer to carry any driftwood for us? She’s always been so generous with her help at Questhaven.” A lesson in good stewardship, perhaps?

In Medford, we stopped to get gas, use the restroom, and leave. After about ten miles an empty, anxious feeling swept through me. My purse, with the Ministry’s money, was missing. I told Flower. She did not seem to go into a panic mode like I did. She simply said, “Well, Faye dear, when it’s safe to do so, cross over the median. We must go back. Pray that your purse is still there.” Fortunately our prayers were answered and the purse was retrieved from the hook on the restroom door. What a blessed relief!

Why was I so careless? I then told Flower about leaving the car keys on the outside of the car door in San Luis Obispo. “Why am I not focusing on what I’m doing?”

She said that I was concentrating so much on not making mistakes that mistakes were being manifested. “Try to relax, knowing deep within yourself that awareness of the moment at hand will help keep you focused.” Another lesson!

(To be continued)

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