The village without law and

THE SEVEN HORSES RAINBOW CARAVAN

The dream of a free life

By Eric Alan Westacott

Ashi / Rashid

Muhamad bin Hari

The St. James's Way -Camino de Santiago 2003

There and back

Sonja & Eric, London, Welsh Harp, ca. 1970

For embarking on this trip, I traded most of my belongings for all we needed for the adventure. Like the first time I radically changed my lifestyle by giving all I had accumulated as an account manager at Swiss Re Reinsurance. I left my career and good income after the events of September 11, 2001, the demolition of the World Trade Centre and Building 7. I claim it to be the world's biggest insurance fraud and I had prophesied that the economy would go into a total crisis. Wherever such insurance fraud was tolerated, I could not continue to work.

Eric Westacott, Swiss Re Marketing Consultant 1999

After a hint from a Rastafarian, I ended up in the hippie village of Matavenero. And in 2008, after this era had come to an end, I gave everything away again and exchanged it for all for the equipment we needed for the horse caravan.

Tog the dog

He followed me on the St. James's Way from the town of Estella on the 5th day in 2003, we hiked ca. 800 miles together.

At first, he followed shyly behind me, at a safe distance of 10-20 meters. On the evening of our first day together I wanted to check into a pilgrims' hostel, but from a long way off the owners called over to me, NO Peros! No dogs! He is not my dog, I tried to argue unsuccessfully. So, we hiked on and I found a wine plantation where I dug a shallow pit and lay my sleeping bag down and then went to take a pee. A few moments later, I saw that the dog was comfortably snuggled up on my sleeping bag! Since I did not know if he was going to attack me, it was not easy to get him out of there.

I came up with his name being on the path of Saint James in search of God, dog written backwards is God, in German God (Gott) written backwards is ... Tog

Rosie

Rosie, was the mother of the foal Schätzi. I lived in Valley of the Wolves with Alicia and her daughter Eowin. I bought Rosie for Alicia.

Eowin was a sensitive girl. Unfortunately, she developed brain tumours and died at the age of 12. It was an exceedingly difficult time for everyone because we hoped that she would find her way back to health again. However, the way I see her story is that all hope for life had been stolen from her by her mother, due to her own disappointments experienced with life!

Schätzi

Schatzi was Rosie's foul. A child from Matavenero drew me a picture with a horse and three days later the foal stood in front of me! The colours were exactly like in their drawing, right down to the detail of the hooves! I gave her the name Schätzi (short form meaning treasure in Bernese Swiss German) because she was so cute.

Hola

When I picked up this gelding, I asked him for his name. I thought to have heard him give me the answer very clearly: “Hola!” - and that is what I called him.

The day we picked up the horses, I decided to leave Alicia. Three things had happened. The last incident was a threat she voiced to Spirit (Nick's horse). She threatened if Nick from Matavenero came around to collect wood again, she would dig a trap that would injure his horse - and I could not live with that.

In retrospect, it was wrong of me to act like this, because I could have taught her the right behaviour with all my love. Unfortunately, this was not possible for me at that time, and I moved back to my mobile home.

Alicia instructed Jürgen to bring Rosie and Schätzi up to me in the parking above Matavenero that same evening. He arrived with them as an enormous electric storm broke out over us, lightning all night, but without thunder or rain!

One day in autumn, I sat on Hola and let him eat chestnuts down in the village. Lena (one of Nick’s ex-wives) walked up to us and said jokingly:

"Oh, and everyone is looking for bin Laden and here he is resting comfortably, high up on his horse!" I do not know why I look like an Arab, but when I later entered into Africa and wanted to show my Swiss passport, the border guard said, "Come in, you're an Afghani."

Hola was also the horse that brought me close to a death experience. After Eowin died, Nick kept trying to get me back together with Alicia. One day he spent the whole day with me and eventually persuaded me to visit her that evening. I rode down on Hola to the valley of wolves where I tied him up to a holm oak in the forest not far from the house.

The reception was very cool, Alicia could not be friendly, still mourning the loss of her daughter and soon I felt very nauseous. A severe pain in my stomach made me bend over and it was so bad, I thought I was dying. I had experienced similar pain once before, when my appendix ruptured, and I was admitted to Edgware General Hospital in London at the age of seven. The doctor who examined me a few days earlier said everything was fine and accused me of faking the pains trying to avoid going to school.

Back to the valley of the wolves: I had tied Hola to a holm oak, but I was aware that there was a steep slope and that I had to check every now and then so that he did not get caught in the rope and injure himself.

Although the pain in my stomach area was almost unbearable, I got up in the dark and left the fire, bent over with pain to go and check that Hola was still safe. As I limped down the path in the dark, after a while I thought this is where he should be ... suddenly I heard a thud, I was lifted up in the air and felt the motion of flying backwards. At the same time, I heard a voice but could not tell whether male or female: "You can now leave your body and come home", at the same time of hearing the words, I was presented with beautiful images that reminded me of a distant home. But I said "No, my mission is not over, I want to continue here!" Then I was shown pictures that I was severely injured in a wheelchair and that several people were looking after me. "No, I do not want this!" and then I felt contact with the ground, I landed hard and lay motionless. I tried to understand what had happened to me and noticed that the pain in the abdominal area was now less severe than before. I realized that I had been kicked by Hola! I tried to move, but I had landed in a blackberry bush. This situation seemed familiar to me and I remembered having been shown this scene in a dream about a year before.

I had to free myself carefully, inch by inch, first my arms and then my feet. I called over to Alicia's house: "help, come and help me". When Nick arrived with a flashlight, I was already on my feet. I explained that I had been kicked by Hola. He replied immediately that if that were his horse, he would beat him up now, but I replied: "No, he taught me a great lesson!"

One day I decided to let the horses go free and the freedom loving "hippies" in Matavenero did not like that at all, insisting I tie my horses up! One day most of the villagers gathered in front of my camp, demanding to talk to me. But I was not interested because it did not concern most of them. When after a few hours only the horse and donkey owners were sitting there, I went to them and discussed their concerns.

I learnt it was sometimes annoying when they were making transports when my horses met their horses. As a suggested solution, I posted a notice in the bar the next morning that I would make funds available to fence off a large area so that safe space for horses and donkeys can be guaranteed up in the parking lot and down in the village. Uli, the self-proclaimed chief of the village, crossed out the paper with a thick black pen: REJECTED!

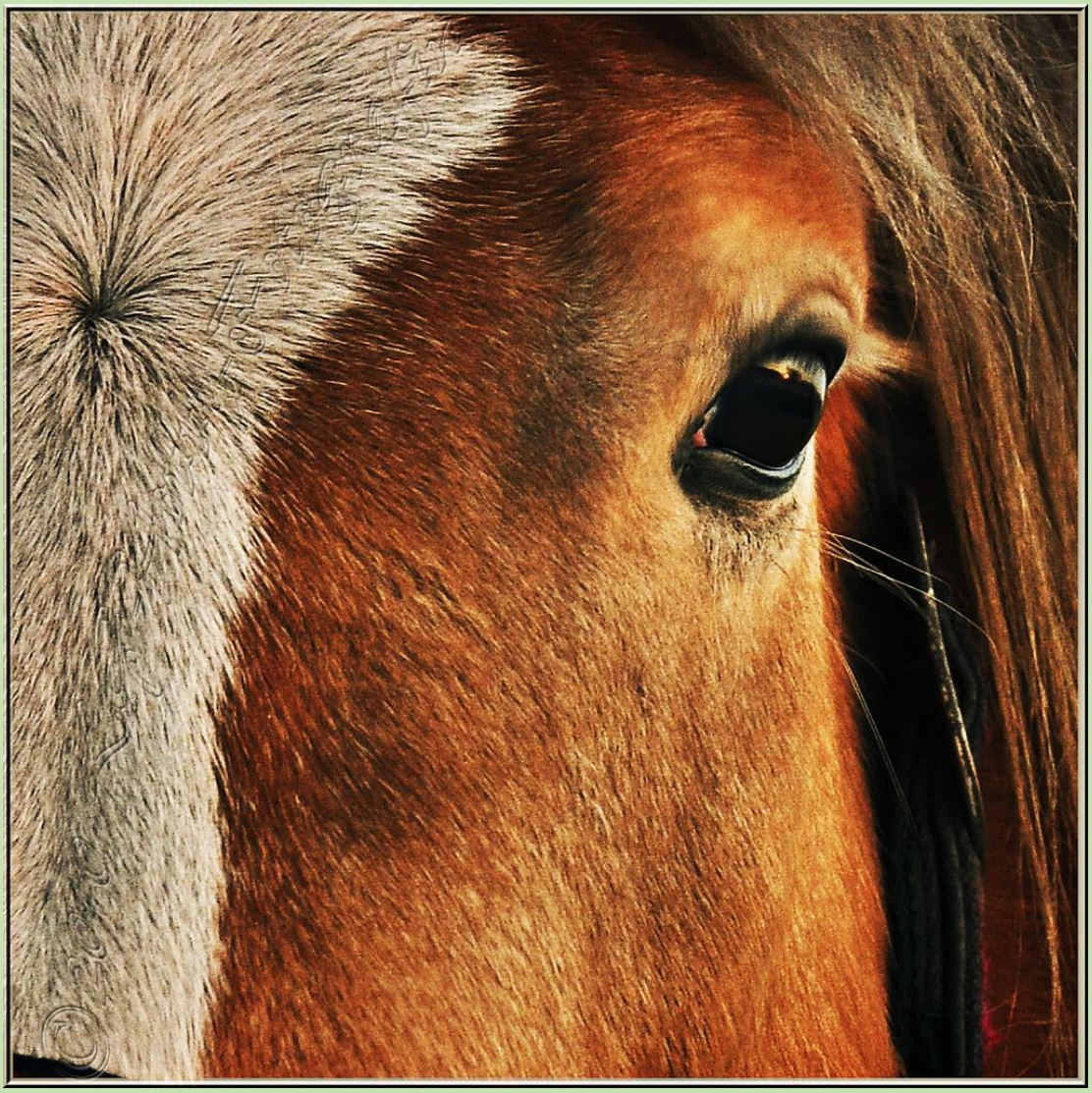
Three days later I noticed an extraordinarily strong sense of emptiness, I felt my horses were further away than usual, and I ran with my dog Tog to the mountains, through the valleys, looking for them. I found tracks, hoof prints, they ended with a deep impression of an object in the sand, and there were tire tracks further ahead. I read the tracks like in a book: The horses were led to the spot and loaded into a trailer and driven away ... stolen! I sank Info a deep depression!

I was now alone with Tog in my mobile home. Nick came to visit, and we almost drank ourselves into the afterlife. The morning after, I noticed a picture of a baby that a pilgrim, who had been on his pilgrim's way, had stuck to my cabin wall while he was staying in my mobile home. This made me realize that I did not have a child of my own. The thought of having a child inspired me a lot and brought back my spirits and my will to live. I wished for a child! That night I dreamt of a woman. A few days later, she appeared with her dog Conan and I immediately recognized her as the woman from my dream. I invited her over for coffee, we made love and in October 2007, Aglaja was born.

One of the first photos I saw of our daughter, Aglaja.

Children’s birthday events, with forestevents.ch (sponsor)

Chetan



After I was kicked out of the hippie village of Matavenero after an illegal vote, I went higher up the mountain to Manjarin. When I used to look up at the sky in the parking of Matavenero and watch the planes fly by often with a long "Chem" or "Con" - trail (from the documentary "Overcast" I learned that civil aviation Worldwide (pre-Corona plandemic) consumes 11,500 litres of kerosene fuel per ... what do you think? Per day, per hour or per second?) Answer: per second! And you want to go back to "normal"? I am so ashamed of where humanity is right now, especially seeing all the adverts: "Get jabbed and book your holidays and save 25%." Let me remind you, we all have immune systems, and the likes of the pervert Bill Gates and his money-making concept, remarkably similar to the one he used to sell his software virus programmes. Sadly, the hysteria for security and focus on fear has so many falling for this scam. I feel I am living in a lost society, where is the faith?

When I saw a chemtrail and its veil high in the sky, I traced it to the plane and mentally sent the pilot an invitation to land the plane and come to live with us. One afternoon, a knock on the door of my motorhome and when I opened, the handsome tall man standing there said in a strong French-English accent:

"Hello, my name is Jean-Pierre, an x-pilot of the French Air Force, I'm your neighbour up on the mountain, would you like to have a glass of wine with me?" He held the bottle out, took my hand and squeezed firmly. When I later heard that Jean-Pierre's donkey had died and that Rubia, his daughter's beautiful red horse, had been alone ever since, I suggested to Jean-Pierre that I would get Chetan and he could live with Rubia as her companion. I knew that he was hanging around in the mountains above Matavenero, the horse of Jessie's dad Eddie, who had ridden with him from Switzerland to Matavenero 20 years ago.

The way was difficult because it had snowed a lot during the night, and we (Tog and I) had to go down the mountain and through several valleys. Before sleeping, I had sent a telepathic message to Chetan that I would fetch him so that he could live with the beautiful Rubia. I imagined where we would meet. And it was exactly like that, only I had not expected so much snow and the way was exhausting. On meeting him, I patted his neck and put a rope over his head, and we hiked the long way back.

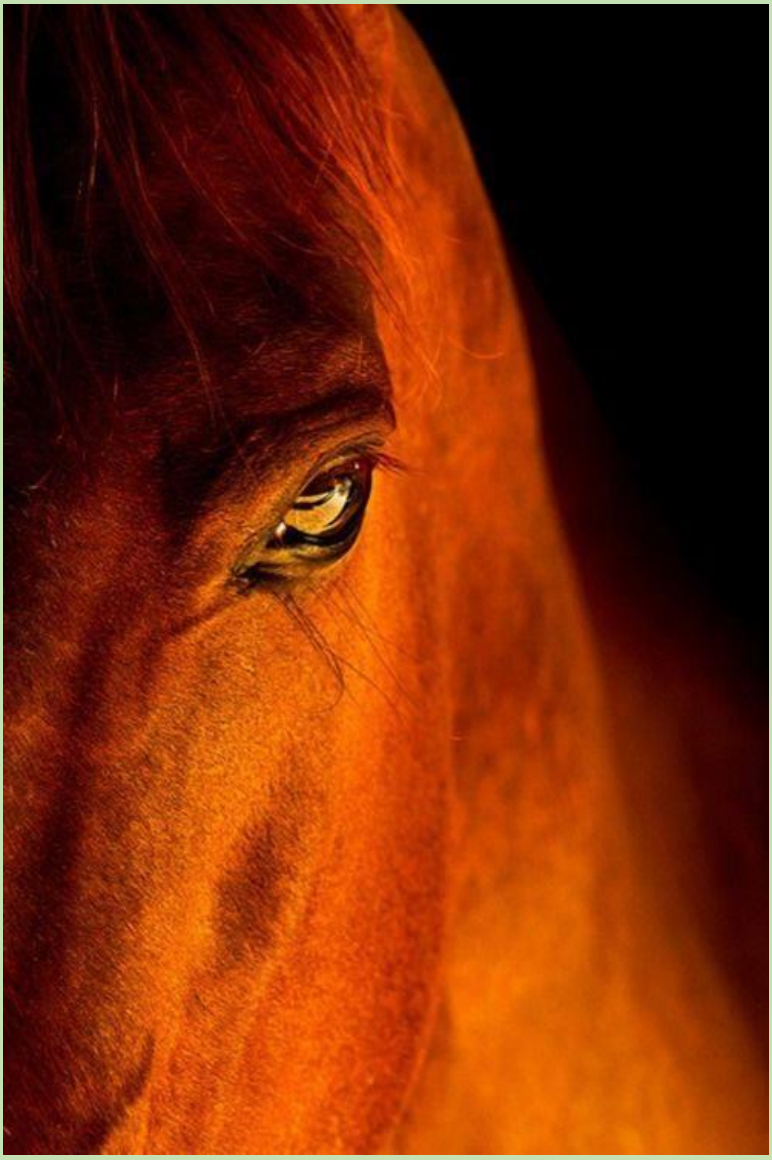
We walked for a short distance on one of the dirt tracks leading to Matavenero parking and I noticed the lights of a car approaching and realized that they were people I knew from the village of Poibueno, the small place in the valley below Matavenero. When it reached us, the car stopped, the window went down and I heard: "Oh, hello Eric, have you become a horse thief?", A little joke from Stefanie's husband, who was out with his sons-in-law for the monthly bulk shopping from the system. Stefanie, his wife helped us with the birth of Aglaja, as a grandmother she had good experiences with home births.

It was a long birth. At hour 50, Stefanie told us that if she were a midwife, she would have to stop the home birth and take us to the hospital because the risk was too great. At that point I had to decide: Like Mel, I believed that we could do it without a doctor and without a hospital, because women have been giving birth naturally for centuries! After 54 hours she said to Mel in a strong, determined tone: "Let her out, you have to open up, accept the child and let it out!" Soon she was gently born and lay still on her mother's thighs. There was a magical atmosphere in the room.

I did not recognize what lay there, could not make out anything because it still had a lot of blood, but I felt one thing very strongly, an infinitely great love for the little being that lay in front of me. I did not even care if it was a boy or a girl. It was the voice of Stephanie that broke the silence when she encouraged us to take a closer look to determine if it was a boy or girl. I lost my bet, and would not now be able to call her, David!

Back to Chetan: When we arrived on top of the mountain by the stone house of Jesùs, he greeted us friendly and asked who the horse was. "Chetan, Eddie's devil," I said (because his son Jessie had told me that Chetan means devil) He looked at me inquiringly but said nothing.

Rubia



But the winter was long and cold, with lots of snow. Rubia and Chetan broke out after a snowstorm with lightning strikes. We were notified after a week that they had gone down to the valley, where it was still green, and they had begged for food from the ranch.

I set off to retrieve them and bring them back up to us again but on arrival, the ranch owner told me that Jessie's mother, Eddie's ex-wife, was now paying for Chetan so he could stay on the ranch. I was very sad but had to accept that our couple would be separated!

Lucifer

I asked if they had horses for sale and yes, a young stallion. We walked for quite a while until we found him tangled in his rope to his hind leg. He was lying groaning on the ground. I immediately loosened the rope and he got up. If we had come only a short time later, he would certainly have lost his leg! I knew he was mine and asked for his name: This is Lucifer, the lady told me.

The journey back up the mountain was extremely exciting. José, the ranch owner saddled Ra with the cowboy saddle with a lasso handle and held Lucifer on a 10-meter rope and we rode off. My respect for José grew and I was watching a real pro as he handled the two horses, but as we galloped down a steep hill, I had some concerns. In fact, it almost came to a disaster: As we rode

into the depression, Lucifer suddenly turned away and Ra was dragged sideways to the ground by the sudden change of pace and direction. José just managed to get out of his saddle and fortunately did not suffer any injuries. As we rode on, Lucifer played up more and more. Maybe the reason was that he did not want to be taken from his family we left behind at the ranch. Again, and again, he overtook José but was skilfully turned back to have Ra ahead of him again and again taking us in the direction heading back up the mountain. I closely watched his skilful manoeuvres; it was very impressive.

When we arrived in Foncebadon, a small village below Manjarin, our destination, José looked at his watch and said he had to return home and asked if I could manage the rest of the way on my own. I was riding bareback on Rubia, so without saddle, and no place to fix the rope, but I said, “sure, no problem.” We said goodbye after I had thanked him for his help up to this point. I was confident I would probably manage the remaining few kilometres. But how do I get up on Rubia and hold Lucifer by the rope at the same time? I had never practiced that and I tried a few times, but I was too tired and could not. Just then I noticed a pilgrim approaching and I asked him if he could help. "Yes, please” he was only too willing, and I gave him the rope, leapt on to Rubia, took the rope from the pilgrim and rode off pulling Lucifer behind me with the rope in one hand and holding on to the mane of Rubia with the other.

I was tested hard, again and again Lucifer tried the same tricks that he had already performed on José, but I was able to outsmart him and an hour later we were up on the mountain and arrived in Manjarin. We met Jesús outside his stone house and he asked who this beautiful stallion was. "Lucifer," I said, he looked at me for a long time but said nothing.

Imagination & intuition

«The intuitive mind is a sacred gift and the rational mind a faithful servant. We have created a society that honours the servant and has forgotten the gift.”

Albert Einstein

I am of the opinion that we acquire intuition when we are in nature and connect with it by, for example, tinkering with bows and arrows or doing target exercises. There are new discoveries in quantum physics, and I see certain correlations between imagination and entanglement theory.

One example taken from the book by Pony Boy

I was struggling to clean Lucifer's hooves and I read that I should just imagine how I go to him and that he stretches his leg calmly out towards me, like a dog that gives his paw. During the night I spent about 20 minutes meditating on this idea and the next morning I visited Lucifer and when I stood in front of him, he lay down on his side and held the first leg out to me, allowing me to clean his hoof and then all the others.

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Eowin

A short time after arriving in Matavenero in 2004, I noticed that there were great difficulties among the residents. I learned that half of the ecovillage community had moved away in an argument two years ago. Since then, the village meetings have been dominated by two people. Since they had a consensus system to make decisions, it only took one vote to stop new ideas and a second to get the proposal rejected outright. The same two people dominated the community for years and I, as Swiss, born in the so-called cradle of democracy, proposed that a democratic system with majority voting should be introduced. This idea was accepted by Uli but not by all residents, and therefore not a legal system to base decision making on. The first issue that was decided under this new system a few months later was, they voted that I was to be expelled from the village. Now that is what I call irony of fate.

About 6 months Later, when the residents from Manjarin sent me away due to the jealousy of one of the pretend Templar Knights, I moved down to the ranch. When I arrived, I noticed a horse lying on the ground with a big belly and I knew it was going to give birth. A short time later a foal was lying in the grass, was licked off and surprisingly little time after that, it was standing and

even taking a few wobbly steps. Three days later, the two children living on the ranch chose the name for the baby foal: Eowin.

It was all very moving for me. It was as if Eowin, Alicia's girl who had died a few months earlier, had now come back to me in that foal. I knew exactly when she died, even though I had left the house and her mother a few weeks earlier. I felt her presence very strongly one evening late when I was lying in my motorhome. It felt like she wanted to say goodbye to me. I pressed the button on walkie-talkie to get her father to head up to her mother house in wolfs valley, as they'd agreed should the worst happen.

One of Eowin's last drawings, a prophecy?

After a while living in my Piago van close to the ranch, (I had left the camper home up in Manjarin) and now rented a small patch of land close to the ranch where I erected the tepee, and all the horses were close by. It was in the spring after Aglaja and her mother moved back to Germany. One day Anna, whom I had met at a rainbow festival in Switzerland, arrived and introduced me to her dream man, Arnold.

Arnold had arrived from Peru where he had taken Ayahuwaska, the medicinal plant of the Amazon rainforest, for a vision search. The vision had shown him that he would travel through Spain on horses. (By the way: After my trip to Africa, I went to Peru and worked in the jungle and helped in the production of Ayahuwaska medicine, which can heal many illnesses.) Since Anna knew that I lived with horses on a ranch in Spain she suggested meeting up together. The rainbow network spread the news about a possible horse caravan and soon we were a team of 5 people establishing the rainbow horse caravan and preparing for the journey through Spain: Arnold, Ann and her 2-year-old son Nima, Tom and later his girlfriend. I arranged to buy or trade for the horses so that we could lead a free life as nomads.

Three from the Rainbow horse caravan crew

The horse caravan project unfortunately came to an end about 12 months after it started when the relationship between Anna and Arnold broke up. Another one of life's realities. When Anna came to see me, she was so happy. A year later she explained to me that she had found another dream man.

Brego

Brego is the younger brother of Lucifer and is actually the horse I still own in Spain but had to leave him behind when I left for Africa.

One day we rode out and he reacted very sensitively to all my commands by simply shifting my weight and we finally galloped so fast that even my dog Punky could no longer catch up with us. (Punky, the Spanish Shepherd Dog, was his last name, he came to me as a Rasta, I renamed him Reggae, with whom Mel and I (with Aglaja 5 months old in the belly) tended cows on the alp. He was later called Katmir when I was crossed the Sahara Desert with him, but this story a different time). Brego was so quick, of course half an Arab! At first, Punky kept trying to bite his heels, so he galloped away faster and faster. Punky loved the hunt, but when he realized he was too slow for Brego, he yelped angrily at full pace - it was very funny to watch. When we were far away, I felt the greatest feeling of freedom that I have ever felt in my life! The endless view, everything nature as far as the eye can see, mountains, valleys, rivers, and the ground flew past us, it was a fantastic experience for me. We galloped through a valley that led on to a plateau, I have been there before, and Brego galloped full speed towards the abyss!

As I was wondering if he really wanted to end our lives in such a dramatic way, we galloped towards the end of the cliff.

I composed myself and prepared for a spectacular death. If he didn't turn away in a few strides, we would plunge over into the abyss and to our certain death! The point came and passed; this is it now and I closed my eyes and threw myself forward and clutched his neck tightly in absolute love and gratitude - we would be "flying" into death together! And suddenly I noticed how he was sheering sharply to the right, and because I was already clutching him on this side, I stayed close with him in the tight turn. I noticed how he was trying to save us both from death. We were so close to the ground on that sharp right turn that we almost skidded over the edge, but somehow, we made the turn, and we came to an abrupt stop. Both were wet with sweat and full of froth, our breathing was hard and our hearts pounding, I slid off his back but held him in my embrace. When we had calmed down, Punky arrived on scene I started to cry and laugh, both at the same time, with relief and amazement and admiration, touched deeply by the events just experienced.

I kept my promise to Brego that I would never force him or force my will over his. We got along so well that I was able to lead him without a bridle. He was the last horse I wanted to give away, all attempts to gift him to Alicia or my other friends had failed, nobody took him into their care and so I sat on him haphazardly in front of the gate of the ranch after José said that Brego was not welcome. I turned him around and wanted him to gallop away with me, no idea where to, just far away, but he stood still, which is clear, having received no directions and no destination from me. I stayed calm and so we paused for a few long minutes while the wind blew his mane and my hair around wildly - until suddenly José's voice rang out: “COME IN!” and he opened the gate, I was so infinitely happy and very touched as tears streamed down my cheeks.

The horse caravan team had disbanded, and Tom and I could now head towards Africa for our next adventure!

Sachari

Sachari is the mother of Eowin. She wasn't nice to me at all, I couldn't ride her, and it was as if she knew all my flaws and secrets, almost unbearable! She also came on the rainbow caravan and was looked after by Anna and her 2-year-old son Nima. He already rode her, but she would not let me near her.

It was a difficult constellation because the two stallions kept trying to mount Sachari. Every day we had to perform the ritual of bringing the stallions Lucifer and Brego to her so that she could clearly show them that she was not in the mood by whacking them with her hind legs as soon as the stallions got too close. Sometimes it was enough for her to just kick Lucifer, it sounded

alarmingly hard that I often feared that something was broken in him. The sound was often enough for Brego to not even try to make advances for the day.

At that time not only Sachari was pushing my limits, also Nick, the Englishman in Matavenero. Unfortunately, I heard news that Nick passed away in 2018. I had a lot of problems because of Nick. One day in the village bar he tried to hit me. He thought he had hit me, but I was able to avoid him, but stumbled because a moment before I hit my head so hard on a beam that I fell and so everyone thought he had knocked me out. I was unconscious and was carried up to the parking lot on the stretcher and driven to the hospital. Nick thought I was dying, and he feared being accused of murder.! Yes, Matavenero, the village without law! But I recovered and we became friends.

Julien Biotti Westacott, our son on his first horse, Düpidüpi, Sennhof 2019

Spirit

I had an incredibly special experience with Nick's horse Spirit: One day Alicia, the village teacher and I were chatting on the path that led up to the mountain to the parking lot. Suddenly I heard the thundering hooves of a horse galloping towards us. My gaze caught something unbelievable, it was a "winged horse» running in full galop downhill heading directly towards us and its wings were made of metal! Later I found out that the load had been lost after touching some trees further up the mountain towards the parking and the noise frightened the horse and he set off his flight down towards the village shedding his load at high speed. I roughly shoved both people away from me just in time to clear his path and I landed hard on my back on the ground when the horse with the "metal wings" sped past us. I got up, shouted warnings towards the village to get out of the way and ran after him. Spirit came to rest behind Jessie's house and then Nick came running up swearing profoundly at the poor creature. Fortunately, there were no dead or injured.

Cheyenne

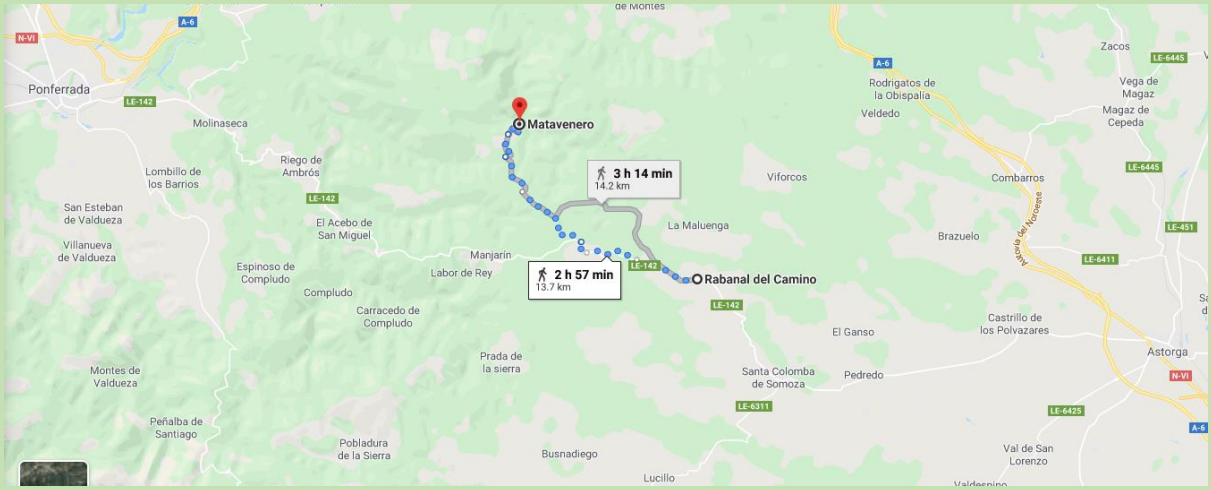
I once borrowed a book from the library in Matavenero with the history of the Cheyenne, a tribe of North American Indians - or rather, a tribe of first-nation people in North America, as they call themselves, the indigenous people of America. We should not say Indians. I could never finish reading the book because reading every page made me so sad that I cried bitterly, after three attempts I gave up reading it. The violence and brutality of the settlers in North America against the indigenous people were so terrifying, and the stories affected me so deeply, as if I had an emotional connection to these people.

While the people of the Cheyenne tribe had been driven out by the immigrant settlers and American soldiers, a great many killed and others forced into reservations, my Cheyenne was allowed to roam freely in Spain. She was not locked up or tied as Stefanie's family in the village of Poibueno looked after her. She was a rainbow caravan horse.

The rainbow horse caravan arrived in Matavenero Parking on October 13, 2008 in the evening, and we set up the one-pole tipi, a few meters away from where my mobile home used to be, i.e., where my daughter, Aglaja was born, pretty much exactly one year earlier!

Birth house of Aglaja Völkel Westacott, Matavenero Parking, 2007.

The fact that the preparations for the caravan took about 7 months but the actual distance we as a team travelled together, was relatively short and only made possible with the help and aid of our English friends with Tess.



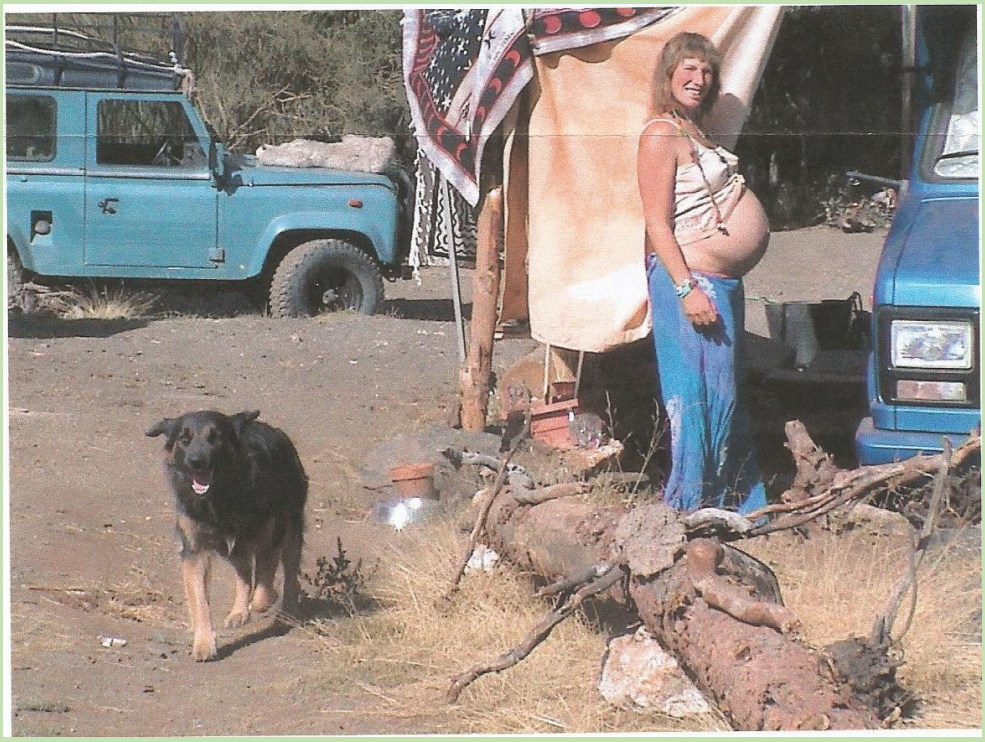
We also had to dismantle our camp several times because we were driven away either by the police or by the farmers. Once the river dried up, but we found the source and set up the tipi nearby.

On one of many trial hikes, to practice walking together, Punky chased a deer and tore her leg. It was bleeding profusely when we found it and we decided it would be best to save the animal from suffering and so we killed it halal style because someone on the team had experience with the method. Since we were vegan or vegetarian, there was a lot of meat left for Punky, but I also ate it because I saw it as a gift.

Sombra

The foal was very cute. It was also one of the seven horses that was part of the Rainbow Horse Caravan. I gave one solar panel in exchange for this foal. I also exchanged my other solar panel for another horse. Two other horses were exchanged for the two large long-charging batteries of my solar system from my mobile home. I was also able to exchange my Yamaha keyboard and my giant printer, with which I had printed the magazine “Rainbow Tribe News”, for one horse each. I already had my stallion Lucifer and so the 7 horse Rainbow herd was complete.

Michael John Westacott, my dad and I carry the printer together to the office for the magazine, Rainbow Tribe News. Dad was visiting me to deliver the Land Rover Defender he drove to Spain from England. Love you Dad, thanks!



When I set up my tepee (no pole tipi, because I hung it up using one of the strong branches of a large oak tree) near the ranch, this is was what I saw, a double rainbow! What a sight that was!

It gave me a feeling of great confidence, it was as if receiving a confirmation that what I was doing was the right thing, and I felt to be going the right direction and most importantly, living my dream.

Aragorn

Aragorn was the last foal I watched as he was born into this world. He was the youngest of the seven horses that belonged to our rainbow horse caravan, which we then had to break off because the team broke up shortly after arriving in Matavenero. He was still young when I gave him away with all the other horses because I left Spain to travel to Africa.

I find it difficult to write about this because I was present at all four of the foals' births and they were awfully close to me as a result. It always turned out that I came by and the mother began to give birth. So now I am an experienced “midwife”, as I was able to greet three human children and four horse children when they were born on this earth!

Pasha

From lefts; Jürgen, Pasha, Stefan und Jessie, in Matavenero 2004

The little stallion Aragorn came to Jürgen soon after I had given him away to replace his deceased horse Pasha.

Pasha pulled the plow to prepare the potato beds. It also took a lot of hard work from Jessie and Jürgen to turn the heavy plow and dig in parallel lines. It was very exciting for me to watch and experience the whole thing.

Ra

One beautiful spring day the residents of Manjarin were invited to the ranch for an event day: shooting a bow and arrow (unfortunately not from a horse), but it was my first time that I shot a bow. My arrow hit the mark the first time.

Then one task was to gallop towards a sword that was stuck in the ground and the goal was to pull it out of the ground with one hand. I got on Ra and we galloped up the slope. It was close, but I could not reach the hilt of the sword. The second run: again, at high speed, and as I put my right hand down to grab the hilt, Ra suddenly decided to change sides and gallop past the sword to the right. Spontaneously I reached down with my left hand, grabbed the handle, and pulled the sword out! José also made it on his second run.

The wife and I, Claudia and Eric Muhammad

"Only when the last tree is cleared, the last river is poisoned, the last fish has been caught, you will notice that you cannot eat money".

I am very aware that I was influenced and shaped by things that, after a few investigations, are not what I thought they were. From religion, economy to politics. Allegedly, the sentence from the above did not come from natives of America, it was presented as if, for an election campaign in Green Politics! But what was said reads:

"When the last red man is gone with his wilderness and the memory of him is only the shadow of a cloud moving over the prairie, will these coastlines and forests still be there? Will anything of the spirit of my people remain?"

The American literary historian and film director Ted Perry changed the optimistic sense of these sentences when he published a version in 1972 that was intended to support his ecological message. (Thanks Paul Biotti)

My time in the Rainbow Village in northern Spain was marked by corruption, drugs and alcohol, violence, and all other typical human behaviour.

And although the basic idea was certainly good that the new youth movement should take on a better direction after the period of Woodstock in the 1970's, the youth were presented with this lore and it was positioned as a native prophecy:

"An old prophecy": Warriors of the Rainbow

A Native American woman prophesies to a little boy that after the earth was devastated and the animals died, a new tribe would come into the world made up of people of many colours, classes and beliefs. They would make the earth green again through their actions and would be called warriors of the rainbow.

In 2015, a group of Native American scholars and writers issued a statement against members of the Rainbow Family who "appropriate and practice false Native American ceremonies and beliefs." While Rainbows may not realize this, they dehumanize us as an indigenous nation because they imply our own culture and humanity like our country is everyone's business. "The undersigned explicitly called this embezzlement "cultural exploitation".

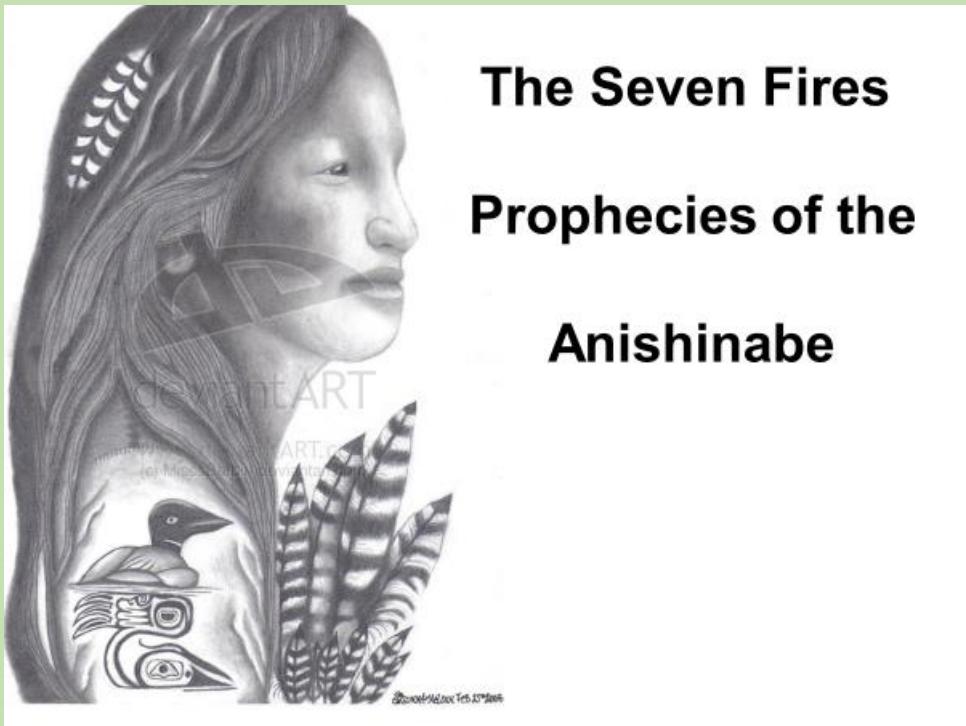
Since the early 1970s, a legend of Rainbow Warriors has inspired some environmentalists and hippies with the belief that their movement is the fulfillment of a Native American prophecy. Usually the "prophecy" is referred to as Hopi or Cree. However, this "prophecy" is not a Native American at all but comes from an Evangelical Christian religious area from 1962! Entitled Warriors of the Rainbow by William Willoya and Vinson Brown from Naturegraph Publishers. Brown is the founder and owner of Naturegraph Publishers.

It was an attack on the indigenous culture. It was an attempt to evangelize within the Indian community!

We eventually recognize what is right and wrong, it sometimes takes time to overcome the ego. No further structures are necessary to be able to act properly.

Native wisdom

"We have to protect the forests for our children, for our grandchildren and for the children who are just being born. We have to protect the forests for those who cannot do it themselves, such as the birds, animals, fish and trees."~
Qwatsinas - Nuxalk Nation ~



What I like about the 7 fire prophecy is that the indigenous peoples convey an important message to us in which each of us has to decide which of these two paths to take: materialism or spirituality

The oldest peace treaty the world has on record:

Great Law of Peace

Flag of the Haudenosaunee

Among the Haudenosaunee (the "Six Nations", consisting of the Mohawk, Onondaga, Oneida, Cayuga, Seneca and Tuscarora peoples), the Great Law of Peace is the oral constitution of the Iroquois Confederation. The law was written on wampum belts designed by Dekanawidah the great peacemaker and his spokesman Hiawatha. The original five member states ratified this constitution near what is now Victor in New York, with the sixth nation (the Tuscarora) added in 1722.

The laws were initially not recorded or passed on in written language, but with meaningful wampum symbols. At a later time, it was translated into English and various other accounts exist. The Great Law of Peace is presented as part of a narrative that records laws and ceremonies to be performed at prescribed times. The laws known as the Constitution are divided into 117 articles. The united Iroquois peoples are symbolized by an eastern white pine tree called the peace tree. Each nation or tribe has a specific role to play in governance.

Previous attempts to establish the Iroquois Confederation have centred on a reported solar eclipse that many scientists identified as that of AD 1451, although some debates have been conducted with support for 1190.

Mohawk Student Exchange, Bern

In July of 2016, a friend who sits on the committee of the Swiss human rights organization Incomindios invited me to give a talk in connection with a group of young First Nation students who had come from New York State in the USA on a student exchange program. For these people, however, the region in which they live have existed for many generations and has nothing to do with the United States. These countries belong to the people of the First Nation of the Houdenoshaunee, we know them better as the Iroquois, who were given their name by the French. Their League of Nations consists of six tribes, Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Onondaga, Seneca and Tuscarora.

In the late afternoon of that beautiful midsummer day, I had the pleasure of meeting the Mohawk students and their teachers who were participating in this student exchange program at the Akwesane Freedom School, a community on the border between Canada and the United States. They shared insights into their culture and life experiences with the other Swiss students at the “Ecole bilingue de Suisse romande” in Lausanne. The presentation took place in Bern, the capital of Switzerland, and at the location of the ominous venue, the “Käffig Tower”. Despite this name, the venue has been used in recent years to discuss many interesting political issues in modern times, but like many good things, it is now threatened with closure due to budget cuts. Welcome to today's Switzerland, my American brothers and sisters.

The Swiss human rights organization Incomindios has been campaigning worldwide for indigenous issues with a special focus on North, Central and South America since 1974.

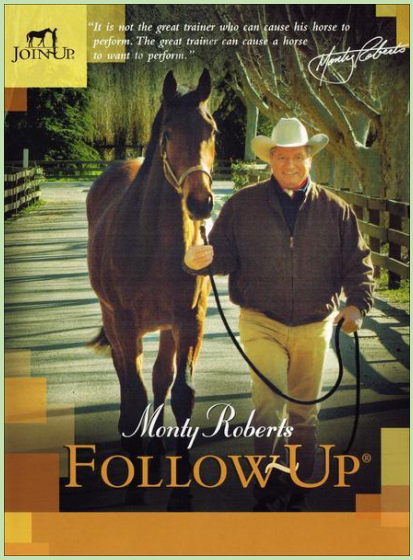
Incomindios has been advising the UN (ECOSOC) since 2003. In 1979 Incomindios helped fund the project. Akwesane Freedom School to ensure that the indigenous culture and language are preserved. The school's curriculum covers all elementary school subjects but focuses more on indigenous customs, traditions, language, arts and ceremonies related to mindfulness of nature, agriculture, music, dance and song.

I was most impressed by the singing, the music and the dance (it was a great honour for me to be able to use the chief's rattle to accompany a song). I was also deeply touched to hear how they uphold their traditions and keep up with their ceremonies related to Mother Earth and nature. This gave me hope that these children will be part of the new generation of people who are returning to nature and their traditional ways of life, that I find essential for humanity.

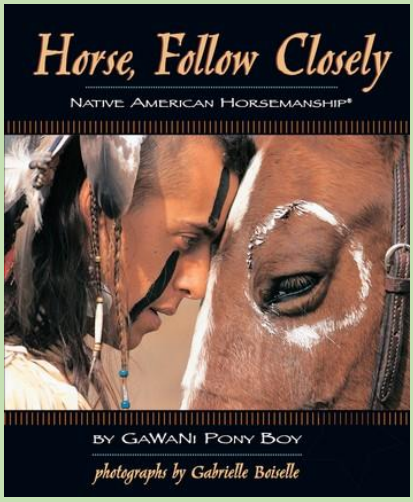
I was very happy to learn that this delegation was allowed to fly in and out of Geneva with their own Houdenoshawuanee passports. The Swiss government and the Swiss people have made several commitments to support these First Nation people in upholding their basic human rights! Bravo!

In 2016 our family rented a seasonal spot for our caravan in the nature reserve at the lake of Pfeffikersee and only a few days after visiting the Iroquois, I noticed a canoe leaning against a small caravan near us. I asked the owner if we could go paddling on the lake and he kindly agreed. While carrying it to the water I noticed the inscription on the bow: MOWHAWK.

My knowledge of how to handle horses was intuitive and I got hints about the following two people, and their books and videos helped me with everything related to horses: Monty Roberts, Join Up



Gavani Pony Boy, Out of the saddle



I will never forget the first meeting with my daughter Aglaja after 7 years of separation!

A thank you to Melany, her mother and also a big thank you to the English in a small village, not far from St. James's way, under the guidance of Tess. His help and care enabled us to successfully complete the caravan and the subsequent

trip to Africa in the Mercedes Benz 306 that was given as a gift. Tess, the only male role model I had found in my entire life; he rode his horse from west to east through North America, crossed the Sahara Desert with a camel, survived special commando missions in Vietnam, the crash when his parachute did not open and turned out to be a …….. woman! Who would have thought that!?

And finally

People live and make plans as we did with our horse caravan. Unfortunately, we did not get to travel very far, but we had an unforgettable experience.

In my work as an international trainer and marketing consultant for primary insurance company clients of Swiss Re Life & Health, I trained many thousands of insurance salespeople and managers using this sentence:

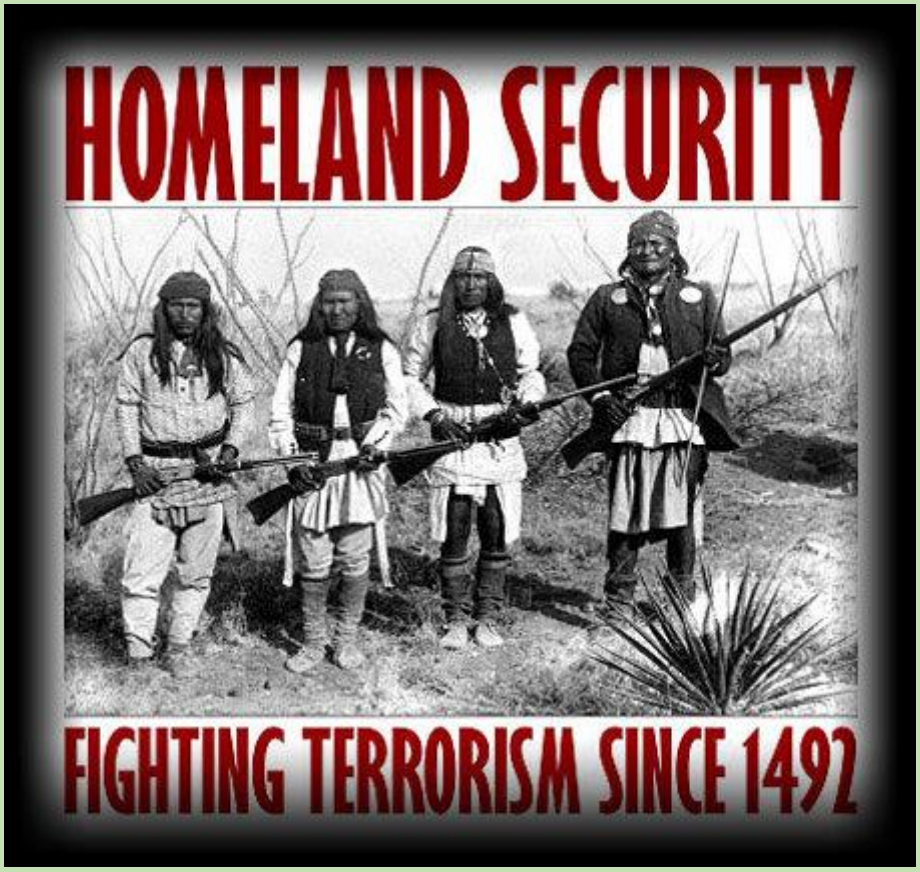
«By making plans for the future, we create history».

Looking back on my life experiences and under the conditions of the exceptional situation worldwide due to the Covid-19 scam, I emphasize that it is very important to be flexible and to be prepared for new situations and to adapt or even drop our plans. It is up to everyone to find themselves anew now, to define and orientate themselves and to secure a vision for the future.

In this picture above you can see our Mercedes 307D, which I exchanged for my motorhome to travel from Spain to Africa. We were 5 men, 5 women, 3 dogs and a bike traveling together after the Rainbow Gathering in Paradise Valley, Morocco.

Here we were in the olive groves during the harvest at Ouzoud waterfalls

In the forest Tom met the tiger monkey!



Eric Alan Westacott Hari

eric@forestevents.ch

+41 78 681 25 87

(Copyrights are partly on certain photos that I found on the internet that were similar to my horses)

THE END / or a neu beginning.