

## **Massive Manifesting Outside of Mazama (or how many ways can you spell “Gratitude”)**

**By: Toni Petrinovich, Ph.D.**

Philip, my partner, and I had planned a marvelous trip for the weekend of August 25-28<sup>th</sup>. We would drive his nephew from Lopez Island, WA south to Cle Elum and a grand birthday party that he wanted to attend there. His parents would finish their vacation on Lopez and follow in a few days. Meanwhile, we would have the extravagant time to spend in the mountains, streams and rock piles that intrigue us both – those monuments to creation in the Cascade Mountain range. And, to make it all the more enticing, since we have had virtually no rain and all sun for months, we would take Philip’s 1991 Mustang convertible and ride with the wind blowing through our hair.

The trip began with great ease – breakfasting, birthday shopping and anticipating the view of the cliffs, valleys and rivers that we were going to meet and enjoy as we crested the Cascade ridges that flow down into the southern valley that houses the farms and ranches of southeast Washington state. Not until we made a short stop at Denny Creek did we have any notion that the Mustang might not be feeling well. At the creek, she smoked a bit and dripped a little transmission fluid underneath her, yet otherwise appeared to be ready to continue the journey. We knew we could have her checked out when we reached our destination.

Upon our arrival, Philip put in a call to a local mechanic who explained that since the car seemed to be operating fine subsequent to its first little fit, most likely someone had overfilled the transmission fluid at one point and it simply had not had an opportunity to be pressurized enough to spill out until we took the grade over the Cascade Mountains. It seemed a logical conclusion since the car spends its working days on Lopez Island and doesn’t travel more than a few miles at any given instance. For the remainder of the weekend, the Mustang transported us in fine style and the sun beat with pleasure upon our burnished heads and faces.

Monday arrived and we packed our goodies with joy and delight at the next trip back over the Washington pass on the North Cascades Hwy., past Ross Lake and out the “long way” home rather than taking the more direct route on the major highways. We wanted to take our time, look around, swim in a stream’s pool and use the whole day to wend our way back north giving ample time to enjoy the hours that would be traveled along the Columbia River.

Bluett Pass called to us and we answered its call by turning off on one of the many side “roads” near a brook surrounded by trees. Taking a break, sipping water and snacking on spirulina balls, we realized that the trusty Mustang was, once again, beginning to smoke a bit. Philip put more transmission fluid into her and she settled down for, what we hoped would be, the last time this would be necessary. The beauty and majesty of the open desert coupled with the grandeur of the flowing Columbia River offset any automobile issues.

On to Winthrop for espresso and then to the cliffs of Mazama – always keeping one eye out on the smoke that issued from two sides of the enormous ranges around us. Two wildfires were burning on the other side of the mountains. Fire engines from all parts of Washington and local forestry trucks were parked everywhere. When we finally stopped at the base of the massive cliffs of Mazama, we were told that a mere wind shift would bring the fires over the top and down into the valley in a matter of hours. We were also informed that a third fire had started in another location to the east. We were wary and watchful as well.

After a perfectly refreshing dip into the local swimming hole, we decided to resume our journey while promising ourselves to come back soon to scale these cascading cliff slopes that were calling so loudly to both of us. I don't believe I have witnessed anything quite as inviting and foreboding as the Mazama cliffs.

It was not until we began the ascent of Washington Pass that we really knew we were in trouble. The Mustang began to pour out smoke until it finally let go of the newly acquired transmission fluid and we were forced to pull over on the opposite side of the road (the only place there was room for us) at the edge of a tree-lined cliff. The car gushed what it no longer needed and sat at rest.

Both Philip and I pulled out our cell phones to find we had no signal. (Cingular – raising the bar – PLEASE, raise the bar NOW!). We looked at each other. We drew a breath, then two. We looked at the smoke billowing up from the mountain ranges around us. We were very quiet. Both of us connected deeply inside with the space that holds our connection to All That Is.

Then, Philip suggested that we turn the car around, put it in drive (automatic transmission) and “coast” it downhill back toward Mazama and Winthrop. Somewhere along the way we were sure to pick up a cell phone signal. Weren't we? The transmission stuck a bit at first, then finally cooperated and we slowly “coasted” down the mountain counting the mile post markers to fix our position for the heartily anticipated call to AAA. 15 miles later – two bars!!!! “Stop the car,” I shouted. “I have two bars.” We were between milepost 184 and 185, outside of Mazama.

Joseph at AAA was most helpful. He patiently waited every time (and they were many) that I said, “Wait, I can't hear you. More fire trucks are passing. What did you say? Repeat it again.” Finally, he had all of the numbers and information he needed to inform me that a tow truck would be joining us in 1.5 hours. If we did not see the truck by 7:30 p.m., we were to call him and he would find out where the driver was at that time.

I hung up and told Philip the news. He was elated. My cortical functions were screaming loudly – “Right. 1.5 hours until a tow truck comes – from where????!!!!!! We are in the middle of bloody nowhere and Mr. AAA sitting quietly at his desk in some air-conditioned office tells me that a tow truck is coming in 1.5 hours. Right! I'll believe it when I see it.” The Me of me kept reassuring over and over ~ trust, trust, trust. So I did.

Meanwhile, we busied ourselves watching the scenery change as night came on, countless fire trucks and forestry personnel passed us on their way to dinner in Winthrop and the smoke continued to billow from the mountaintops though it did not cross over. Approximately 1 hour 28 minutes later, I decided to “find a bush” since there were no rest stops readily available. No sooner had I done so than I heard the roar of a truck's heavy duty engine and witnessed what we had manifested – a tow truck – right on the dot – 1.5 hours exactly.

When we had originally faced the fact that we would be driving nearly 150 miles in the cab of a tow truck, I had assumed that it was either going to be one of those very silent journeys or we would hear the life story of a young man who found himself driving truck whether he wanted to or not. (Don't go into “spiritual counselor mode”; simply listen to him.) How wrong my imagination had been! Out of the tow truck stepped, well, for want of a better description, an elf. Our driver was complete with elf ears, a white goatee and a soft cloth hat that spoke of Scotland. He looked me in the eye and said, “We have to stop meeting like this, you know”. I knew then that we were in good hands. Manifestation had done so well!!!!!!

Having hoisted the Mustang upon the back bed of the truck, our elf informed us that this was his first solo-towing job. He had been a long haul truck driver most of his life and had retired from that demanding profession only 1.5 weeks previous. The local towing company had snapped him up and he had been going out on calls with the boss. This was his first “real” call. He was very excited. He also told us that if we wanted to (though it would not be as much fun for him) we could have the enjoyment of riding in the Mustang in the back bed of the tow truck. What fun!!!! “Great,” we told him while I added that I wanted him to stop at the few rest stops in the area because there would be no way to tell him if we needed him to stop or not. Safer to simply stop when one surfaced.

For the next 143 miles, we road first class in the Mustang, Philip taking pictures and our elf stopping at every rest stop along the way. When we ran out of rest stops, he stopped at open gas stations. He was first and foremost considerate, thoughtful and attentive. He was definitely enjoying this night’s work.

Once we had deposited the Mustang at the Anacortes Ford dealership for repair (call them in the morning), Philip told our driver that we wanted to get him a room for the night (it was well after midnight) and find some dinner for all of us. He was taken aback by the generosity and admitted that he knew driving back would not be the safest action to take at that hour of the night. He drove us into Anacortes proper and we woke up a local motel owner to secure a room. Now, to find dinner in this little burg that closes its streets at 8:00 p.m.

There was only one place to go (other than McDonald’s) and so we did – the pub at the end of the main street that stays open until 2:00 a.m. and advertises “Pub Fare”. Pub Fare it was – and it was great in that moment – deep fried chicken strips, the best French fries I ever tasted, salsa and corn chips – all washed down with really cold water. Yes!!!!!!!!!! All was definitely right in the world.

After dinner, we were driven to my home, exchanged business cards and wished each other well. It turns out our elf’s girlfriend is an astrologer and he is very aware of the wishes of the stars for our world. We had made a new friend, witnessed the wonders of manifestation when you stay in the spirit of the moment and so happily found deep sleep in a familiar bed. Gratitude had been spelled in a multitude of ways.