



Magic Cookbook

Close your eyes. Take a deep breath and centre yourself. Be in that still, peaceful spot inside of yourself. Now imagine you are in a kitchen. A clean, well equipped kitchen. You look around. You see that you are not alone. There is this tall blue lady. Smiling kindly at you. Come and cook with me she says. It will be fun. You see a cookbook lying on the bench. From the cover you can see it is a book about cakes. She asks you to randomly open it. You do so, and open up to a page that is blank. You go to choice again but she stops you. She says, this one is just perfect. It's one of my favourites. You look at her sidewise, thinking this lady is cuckoo. She just laughs and hands you an apron. While you tie your apron on, she asks you to get a mixing bowl. You see there are two to choice from and decide upon the larger one. She then asks you to get the first ingredient. But how can you get the first ingredient if the recipe page has nothing on it? Look again she says. And as you look, the first line appears - 2 cups of marshmallow love. What the heck is that? It's in the cupboard on the left she says. You go that cupboard, and sure enough when you open it, there's a jar labelled marshmallow love. Pink, sweet, sticky marshmallow that seems to be pulsing in the jar. You measure this out into your bowl. And surreptitiously glance at the recipe book. The next line is forming. One cup of Dragon's breath. You look at the Blue Lady. She says, try the fridge. Opening the fridge you see just one jug. Taking this, you pour out one cup of opaque, filmy, wispy fluid. Watch it lovingly spread over the marshmallow as you pour it into the bowl. Next ingredient, one teaspoon of mixed crystal spices. Multicoloured sparkles to sprinkle in your bowl. See how pretty they look. Next, two Druid eggs. The lady reaches into her apron pockets and gives you two green, yellow speckled diamond shaped eggs. You go to crack them but she says no, shells and all to go in. You drop them in, and taking a wooden spoon, break them into your mixture. The two remaining ingredients need to be premixed. Ah, so that's what that second bowl is for. So take the second bowl and see what the recipe is calling for. Two cups of angel dust blended with one cup of chocolate stars. For no cake is complete unless it has chocolate in it. Combine the floury angel dust with those pretty chocolate stars. Now add them to your first mixture. Mix well and pour all this into a cake tin. You look to the book for the oven instructions, but you see none. Instead, it is asking you to put your hand on the top of the cake for twelve seconds. No, that's not above the cake for twelve seconds, it is literally on the cake for twelve seconds, actually touching it. Yeah, this means you get a dirty hand, but you can lick it clean afterwards. Having done this for twelve seconds, the blue lady takes the cake and sits it on the windowsill, in the sunlight. Lick your hand clean she says. And then take this spoon and clean out the



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chocolate bowl. I'm going to take the first bowl. So you both sit together, happily scrapping out the mixing bowls. A bird twitters at the window, and looking up, you see that your cake is baked. And suddenly you realise you can smell it. All the best smells of fresh baking. And now your mouth is watering in anticipation. Blue lady turns your cake out and invites you to taste. She hands you a knife to cut it, and with pleasure you cut yourself a slice. You go to cut another one for the Blue Lady, but she says no. This is your cake, made by you, for you, of your own special recipe. You created this to help yourself. Your handprint let this cake know exactly where you most needed nourishment, love and healing. The ingredients have blended according to this need, so that, if you allow, they can do great things. You look at your slice with new respect. You acknowledge and honour the gift you are giving yourself. You will allow this yummy cake to not only please the palate, but to feed and heal you where you most need it. So you take a bite. Chocolatey marshmallow with zingy bits. Tiny energy balls racing, breathing into all your cells and then expanding out through your energetic fields. Homing in on the weak spots, removing the decay and allowing fresh new growth. Allowing magic to happen, because you have allowed it. Feel your cake working. Healing where it is most needed. Providing strength and encouragement. Man this is a good cake. You have got to get a copy of that recipe. Finishing the cake, you go to the recipe book. But the page is blank once more. You realise that the recipe was unique for where you were at today. You feel disappointed, but Blue Lady smiles kindly and says I'll let you in on a secret. You never know exactly what you need, so the page is always blank. That is, until you take the first steps in creating. And then it all just flows. So never despair. You will always have the perfect recipe, if you will just allow.

You understand and give the Blue lady a hug. And with a happier heart and the healing you have allowed, you gently return to the room. To here and now.