



# Rumblings & Ruminations



Newsletter from Sharon Snir for February 2007  
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## The Arrival of The 12 Levels of Being

I had no idea what 766 books would look like and as the truck edged its way up my steep drive I stood in total amazement.



Slowly a huge crane lifted up my long awaited books and lowered them on the steep incline.

Never had my bargaining skills been so necessary.

“ Ah excuse me would you please would you take them up to the house?”

“Well actually that’s not my job.”

I had a brief vision of carrying 30 boxes full of freshly printed books all by myself.

“ Oh, please could you make an exception. Would a cold beer help?”

Clearly I was revealing my desperation.

‘Well, its not really my job and I have a few more deliveries today’.



“ Pleeeeease.’

“ Mmm ok. I guess I can do it for you.”

It took all my restraint not to throw my arms around

It’s hard to believe it. Even when it’s staring us right in the face.



Grabbing what ever sharp object was available I ripped into the masking tape. Just like a child.

I felt all my



Christmases had come at once.

There are no words to describe the feeling of holding my first book.

Such Joy and a deep, deep Gratitude to all who supported and guided me over the past three years.

I have acknowledged many of you in the book but let me say thank you to:

Tina Mulholland, Silvana Demech Conti  
Lyle Stephenson, Adel Cooke, Madeleine Gulliver  
Sheli Snir, Louise Brown Kennet, Rebecca Saalfeld  
Sally Segal, Nadine Le Moenic, Juliet Martine  
Ulli Hansen. ,Ryan Daniel, Rachel Perlmutter  
Susan Levinson, Elizabeth Revell, Tania Fox  
Helen Barton, Leslie and Lionel Jacobs  
Donna Jacobs Sife, My darling Oren Snir

All the amazing, wonderful individuals who have participated in the 12 Levels of Being Seminars over the past four years in Sydney, Los Angelse and New Jersey.

And of course the beautiful and blessed John the Beloved and the Brotherhood of Light

I could *never* have done this without you.

It took all my restraint not to throw my arms around him and hug the living day lights out of him.

And so, on Valentines Day, in the midday heat, an angel delivered my first book, box by box.

For as long as I can remember, I have wanted to write a book. Even whilst I was writing I still couldn't quite believe it would one day become a real live book.

Perhaps it's like that with every dream that eventually comes true.

I could *never* have done this without you.

Thank you Thank you Thank you

Love and Blessings,

*Sharon*

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