

MALI AND MANAWATERE

Robina and Mali Adamson with Walter Last

My name is Robina and I have a wonderful daughter, her name is Mali.

My name is Mali and I have a wonderful mother. We are closely intertwined and shall remain so, always. It all began I suppose, long before my mother and father met each other, and before my first two sisters were born. When my mother was young she worked as a nurse in a hospital with disabled children. It was a very sad place as the nurses had no time to comfort the children. My mother often cried because these children were so lost.

One night when my mother walked between the beds and looked at the children, her sadness was too hard for her to bear, so she had to stop walking, and talk to God. "God", she said, "if you ever gave me a baby with any problems, I know I could love him or her with every part of my being, and I would never abandon my beautiful child". God and his Angels heard her promise and it was remembered.

Some years went by and my sisters already went to school, when my mother realised that it was really very important for her to have another baby. Soon she knew for sure, there was a little baby growing inside her body, and she was very happy. And this was the beginning of me. I was very, very happy too. I knew that this was the very best mother in the whole world for me!!!

We lived in the country at this time. Our little cottage was in a field near a stream. Some days helicopters were flying over our house to work on farms over the hills from us. Sometimes our drinking water tasted bad, and my mother was worried that it may be harmful.



Mali at 12 months

Robina had a difficult time giving birth to Mali. She was in labour for several days, very exhausted in the end, and Mali nearly died. If you would like to read the full story of the events leading up to her birth as telepathically dictated by Mali see [In the Beginning](#).

When I, Walter, first met Mali she was only a few weeks old. Her mother, Robina, hoped that I could help her, because she was a Spina Bifida baby. The spinal cord had not properly formed, and in the middle of the back it bulged out as a fluid-filled sac. Commonly there is paralysis below the problem area and that was also so with Mali.

She had been born with the ability to kick her legs, but due to her spinal lesion being left open to the air in hospital, further deterioration took place and these movements dwindled away; however there were always some small movements left. Mali was also born with a pro-lapsed bowel, but this healed and retracted into a normal position quite quickly, after working on her acupuncture points. Her mother reports that doctors were mystified about how this could have happened. As far as they were concerned only surgery could perform this sort of repair.

I did not really know what to do, and we experimented with many different forms of energy healing, such as the Wet Cell from the Edgar Cayce readings. Another device was a cardboard cone about 50 cm high covered with aluminium foil. It channels energy like a pyramid. Once we directed the closed base against her back for 20 minutes, and that caused a red patch like sunburn to appear. We also used packs of pulped fresh comfrey leaves and wheatgrass, applying cod liver oil and vitamin E beforehand, to the lesion area.

Soon the fluid-filled sac started to shrink and drained without infection; eventually it disappeared leaving a well healed, smooth firm skin, which never broke down. But our hopes of Mali becoming a dancer were not coming true. She could not walk or talk and remained incontinent. After the age of three she developed epilepsy. Brittle bones followed later, partly as a consequence of epilepsy medication and an inability to run about, which would have strengthened her bones.



Robina

(Robina:) Mali was intelligent, bright eyed and alert, showing a sense of humour and a full range of all emotions. She had a long memory span and could recognise people, sometimes twelve months after she had seen them last, and indicated her favourite music if it came on the radio.

Mali had a deep sensitivity to music and an appreciation of it, always beyond what one would expect from her. She would become offended as a little girl, if she was offered nursery rhyme style music, when she wanted to hear Chopin or Beethoven or some other classical music. She would “dance” in perfect time to the music with her hands arms, and upper body. Her fingers would move as if she was playing an instrument in the air.

Sometimes, she moved her arms as if she was the conductor of an orchestra, bringing them down powerfully on a beat. She would become so animated and emotional while listening to a piece, using her arms in such a way, one would think she had been trained to do this or perhaps it was what she had done in another life-time. She invented her own hand sign for music, which was strumming the fingers of her right hand across the fingers on her left – palm facing up. I, Robina, played classical violin to Mali before she was born. I believe this may have influenced Mali’s deep feeling for music.

Mali used to go to for musical stimulation, on what was called a "sound beam". This was long before the days of Music Therapy being available in NZ. This lady had a musical keyboard with special equipment that could somehow make sounds or tunes just by someone moving their head, arms, even one finger, or blinking an eye, or twitching a leg muscle. Mali had a wonderful time and learned to use all the moveable parts of her body to make her own music - if she wore shorts she learned to twitch her thigh muscles and make different sounds as well. I regret that we never recorded anything, but she had worked out a system so that she could compose a tune and repeat it several times over.

Mali's music teachers and I all believed that Mali saw colours related to musical notes. I think there was a lot going on inside herself, that kept Mali very occupied, but these things were difficult for her to outwardly express. She used a combination of hand signs, body language, sometimes clear words, and I believe always telepathy.

MANAWATERE

One day, a minor bump to her knee caused a serious fracture (known as a mid shaft spiral) of Mali's femur; supposedly the strongest bone in our bodies. For most people such an injury would be treated in a hospital with traction and surgery to insert pins. This option was not available to Mali due to the fragility of her bones. It was medical opinion that she would not survive for long. There was bleeding into the leg which was massively swollen, and when I took her out of hospital she had a high temperature. I was not prepared to give up on my daughter.



One full moon night I felt called out into the garden. Here I made a special prayer for assistance. I noticed a gentle presence, and beside me stood a Maori man with a tattooed face. This kind man had answered my call. I was never comfortable with tattoos, but this man's face seemed very beautiful. I felt an inexplicable affinity to him. This night I came to know him as Rangi Ora (Day of Healing) and later by his correct name Manawatere. He used pictures and telepathy to show me who he was and where he came from.

Manawatere took me to two giant Mamaku (black tree-fern). He made a Karakia (prayer) to them and asked their assistance with Mali's healing. He considered them as intelligent beings. Later he showed me how to use the Mamaku fronds over her solar plexus area. This recharged Mali's energy field so she could heal herself.

Manawatere

He visited us daily and at times stood quietly at Mali's bed side during the night. He was a constant presence at my side that gave me courage, and Mali strength. Sometimes she would wake at night, look at him and smile – then go back to sleep. I think he was often in her dreams. He taught me some important things about Maori customs, and about myself. He briefly showed me myself as a female healer in ancient times. This was to prove to me

that I had what was needed to play my part in Mali's healing. He asked me to work with plants.

He also told me about Mali's and my diet during the time of healing. He reminded me that at this time even I was "Tapu" (sacred – of higher vibration) and everything around us was tapu; it was important that anything I touched was spiritually clean or the higher vibration would disappear. In Maori custom, he explained, there are times when everything is "noa" – ordinary – and other times when energy fields are "tapu". It can be unsafe to mix the two. I learned this one day when I asked him if Mali could have a little meat after weeks on vegetables. Before I finished my sentence his words screamed into my mind "no meat – no dead (animals) to be touched by you, or brought into this whare (house) or all efforts are in vain". I learned an important lesson that day!!!

Although Manawatere himself had given me his blessing for writing this story with the request that it be told to my Mokopuna (younger generation, grandchildren or descendent) and his, I still had a deep feeling that I needed to find his tribe, and seek their blessing in this matter because neither I or Mali are of Maori decent. It not only felt "right" but necessary to do so. In the illustrated book *The Gift of MAMAKU*, see www.giftofmamaku.com I tell the story of how he helped Mali to heal.

In addition, Manawatere had given me a seemingly impossible quest to find "the lost Mokopuna" (the descendant who was destined to become the new chief and leader of the tribe) and deliver a message. I had no idea how to do this, without first finding the tribe. Over many years I made numerous attempts to do this, but came against stone walls. Day to day life was also busy and full of other challenges. The timing never seemed to be right yet I was always mindful of the seriousness of my promises, and was not willing to give up my search. It was to be eleven years after our original experience with Manawatere that our contact with his tribe would take place.

Gradually it transpired that the involvement of Manawatere was no coincidence. He was a most important Ancestor in Maori history. As a young man he came to Aotearoa (New Zealand) before the first canoe arrived, assisted on his journey by the sea animals and guided by an albatross. He landed at a specific Pohutukawa tree in Cockle bay, Howick, near Auckland.

At this time the tree was high on the cliff, and here Manawatere placed his red mark (the Pacific sign of the navigator) on its trunk. This was a pre-arranged signal with his people before he left his home island. When the canoes arrived and his sign was observed, they were to pull their canoe into this bay and pick him up. They did this. The tree still exists today, although with subsidence of the cliff over many years, it is now on the beach. His tribe believe this tree is 2000 years old. Through Mali, he had come back to help his people at this critical time in the race relations between Maori and Pakehas.

At first I did not know all this, but eventually I learned the full story of Manawatere and his tribe. In recent years the meeting house of the Ngai Tai tribe in Howick, Auckland had been burned down by vandals, and white activists tried to stop it being rebuilt. Even worse for the tribe, it was without a chief, a recognised leader. With their sad history, many of the tribe had become lost and disconnected from their roots. I thought of this tragedy "as a people in amnesia".

One day I was guided by Manawatere to reveal my experience to the Kaitiaki or Keeper of the Treasures of the Past. The Kaitiaki instantly recognised Manawatere from his facial

tattoo on one of my paintings. This eventually led to a new chief being installed as selected by Manawatere and transmitted by me. Despite having no Maori blood, Mali was honoured in a ceremony as a Taonga – a Living Treasure of Maori culture for her part in bringing Manawatere back to his people. This ceremony took place under The Tree.

For a detailed description of the events leading to my acceptance by the Ngai Tai tribe, the return of Manawatere, and the honouring of Mali as a Taonga see [The Lost Mokopuna](#).

The Mamaku book is being widely read in NZ schools, and also in some indigenous schools in the US and Australia, and has been translated into several Pacific languages as taught in N.Z. schools. On my visit to Alice Springs to an Aboriginal school and library I also carried a symbolic Maori gift, a carved bone lizard from Ngai Tai for the Australian Aborigine children as a sign of forgiveness and reconciliation for an incidence in the past.

Several Aboriginal trackers were brought to N.Z. on Naval vessels to hunt down a Maori chief and his people. This tribe, the Ngai Tai, were descendants of Manawatere. Their only crime was that they would not relinquish their land to the British government for incoming white settler occupation. Many Maori men women and children were killed when their village was shelled by the navy ships anchored in the harbour. Survivors, who fled to the nearby Hunua ranges, were hunted down and shot by the Aboriginal trackers on orders of the navy. The very few survivors who escaped to places further down the country were taken in by other tribes. Many were too afraid to say where they had come from, or what tribe they originated from. Thus these people and their descendants became lost.

MALI FINDS A NEW BODY

The winter of 2010 was very cold and Mali developed a lung infection. Manawatere was with me at her bedside during her short illness. I asked him “Have I done something I should not have done, or neglected to do something I should have done”? “No” he said “this is life”. He stood beside me with his cloak around me and showed me something very special. Mali had strong bright vibrant colours of red, blue and white around her, coming from her body, swirling and intermingling - lighting up the walls of her room.

Beside her head floating in the air, was a small white spiral which revolved slowly. At the same time I could see a white light coming in and out of her nostrils in a great stream. There was another spiritual presence in the room with a strong blue light. I had to come to terms with the fact that there was to be a change in our lives. On the 12th of July 2010 during Matariki (Maori New Year) Mali moved into her spirit body. After this transition we took her physical body home with us for two days.

Mali’s new body is very beautiful and gives her much joy. It is small and transparent, with a slightly blue tinge and little sparkles of soft colour. She has distinct arms, head, flying hair and a well defined upper body. Her lower limbs are there, but undefined moving in a soft blur of colour and movement. In the first days she was still attached to her body but with a large amount of freedom of movement.

She dived and swooped and spun, and somersaulted laughing with joy. I could see her flying in the high ceiling of our house and out through the wall of the high gable and into the tree in our garden. Here she stayed with the Tui (N.Z. bird of the honeyeater family) in the branches, then returned to her physical body, where she made herself flat and thin lying along it, as she hovered slightly above it. She twirled and spun, flying and dancing in the air. She did a spiral roll while flying horizontally, then flipped over and flew the length of the house in the

same way again. Sometimes I had sensations of her on my shoulders, and her arms going around my neck in a hug. I heard her voice and laughter quite often. It was very comforting knowing she delighted in the freedom her new body gave her. She made every effort to show me she was alive.

When Mali passed into her spirit body it was Matariki - Maori New Year. This is the time the stars known as Pleiades, the Seven Sisters, come into our sky. The Maori say that this is the time when many of the special people pass over. She asked me to attach Mamaku fronds to our front door, tied with her indigo ribbons, one on each side of the door. The fern fronds are a Maori custom during bereavement time, but of course she also has a deeper connection with the Mamaku.

We had one day to organise a service for her, and I was unsure how we would manage that. I need not have worried as Mali made it very clear what she wanted; everything quickly fell into place. She said it was not to be a funeral but rather called her "Life Party", and she wanted two services: one under her special tree, and the other was to be a concert. She wanted her much loved music therapists to play "music for flying and dancing".

Our police officer friend arranged for the beach to be clear of the public, so it was ours that morning. Mali asked for red, black, and purple ribbons to be tied to the tree so they would fly in the wind. She said the purple ribbons "are me". I was unsure how we would place them, but our Maori friends knew exactly what she wanted. The indigo-purple ribbons were tied on each side into the branches. This created an avenue for her, as she was carried to the tree. The black (in Maori custom represents an ending) and the red (representing a new beginning) created an avenue through the branches leading to the sea. These are the traditional colours of Matariki.

It was a perfect day after the overnight frost. Somehow all my sadness was lifted in that place. Pita, the "lost Mokopuna" referred to her as a Rangitira (a chief). He said she was tiny, but ten feet tall because her spirit is so great. She was placed under the tree, on a Fijian mat, in her open waka (canoe) coffin, facing the sea. Straight ahead was the avenue of the red and black on each side, facing out to the harbour - and a straight line from there leads to the Pacific islands from where the ancestor came. The tide was in and the sea a lovely soft blue - and this was the place where the canoe landed to find the ancestor so long ago.

Something truly magic took place, which everyone present felt and saw. We were all blessed to see this brilliant, almost blinding light radiating upwards from her coffin under the tree as Mali's spirit fully emerged in all her glory and love, and completely detached from her body. It was the third day, and I have always believed that the final separation commonly happens at this time. There was also a strong sense of small sparkling entities, joyfully darting about amongst the leaves above us.

All that day her coffin was open and the children could not stay away from her. During the ceremony Mali's spirit was flying around and dancing with the children. In addition to the sunlight there was a strong white light radiating out of the waka, so bright that one could hardly see the children's faces as they leaned over her.

At her concert she was calling to them, and I saw her dancing and flying everywhere - full of joy. Her music therapists played wonderful music that had her dancing and flying high in the hall. The children in their fairy dresses, without prompting from adults, improvised to the music and danced with her, as she twirled among them. It was truly a wonderful party,

completely organised by Mali. I doubt that any of the adults present had ever witnessed anything like this before.



Mali's Life Party under The Tree

Throughout the concert she was twirling, spinning and flying and dancing in the air. It was like a mix of ballet and fantastic gymnastic moves, except she moved faster than any dancer could, and her feet did not touch the floor. There were rafters in the ceiling and she was darting through the triangle-shaped openings between the beams. I sat there half entranced with the wonderful music, partly in tears, and sometimes also smiling because of the joy and freedom expressed with her magnificent flying dance, yet a little sad that no-one else could see it. I am constantly overwhelmed by the gift she has given me of seeing her and having the ongoing privilege of her still being close to me.

A PAST LIFE EXPERIENCE

About 25 years ago I had a vivid past life experience. In some medi-evil, or plain "evil" times - I was a young girl somewhere in Europe, the daughter of some wealthy aristocratic man; we lived in a large castle with servants. It was not permitted but I used to sneak away alone to a nearby forest as I loved these places. Here on one such ramble I found a small rough cottage hidden deep in the forest, part of it built into a hillside. I met a man there who made medicines from plants.

Over a period of visits we became friends and he, at first reluctantly, as he worried about my safety, was teaching me his craft in which I was deeply interested. However he asked me never to tell anyone about him and what we were doing, or it would be the death of him, and dangerous for me. People who needed his help always seemed to find his well hidden hut.

He was reasonably tall with black hair and dark eyes; he was older than me - I was a young teenager possibly not more than 13 to 15. For some time I was able to keep quiet, but for some reason one night in the big dining hall I thought I would tell my father about the fascinating things I was learning. I felt confident in the fact that my father loved me. I was quite spoiled as well. I believed he would be proud of me for learning things that would help the people. His reaction was exactly the opposite. He became so furious that he seemed like someone I did not know any longer. He ordered the guards out into the forest at once. The man was quickly arrested and imprisoned. No amount of pleading on my part made any difference. I was confined to my quarters, and no-one was allowed to speak to me not even my mother. My father said I was fortunate not to be thrown into the same prison.

Not long after this, perhaps only a few days, one morning (I remember clearly the dress I was wearing that day) I was dragged out by the guards at my father's instruction - for an experience I was told "to teach you a lesson". I was taken to a square where my teacher was tied up and about to be burnt at the stake. My horror was compounded by the fact that I had caused this terrible thing. I watched the smoke and flames, and the stench of burning flesh was more than I could stand. Every time I looked away my head was roughly forced back by the guards. My teacher saw me and we had very strong eye contact just before he passed out. I heard his voice clearly in my mind - "all is one in time and space". I never quite understood what he meant but the haunting, piercing look of his black eyes remained in my mind.

I came to believe that he was Mali with the same black eyes, and we had another chance to find each other. In that life time I never recovered from the experience of my own misguided part in his betrayal, and the terrible death of someone I deeply respected and admired - a death that I believed I had caused. Neither did I recover from the betrayal by my own father, and what I had been forced to witness. I gave up my power of speech on that day, whether by choice or subconsciously due to shock, I have no idea. My mother helped me enter a convent where I died at about 22 years of age.

ROBINA'S DOG REX

Rex and I had been together since I was about 8 1/2 yrs old. He had formerly had another owner but kept running away to be with me. The owner decided it was pointless to punish him, so he asked my parents if I could have him. For some reason Rex had fallen in love with me and wanted no-one else. We had wonderful adventures together as you can see - with the horse and me. This gentle old girl let him ride on her back, even climbing up steep bushy hillsides, as long as I had a sheet of canvas under his claws, so he did not scratch her. Being a white dog he had very tender feet that would easily blister and bleed. He would run beside my horse for many miles; later I would let him ride with me to save his poor feet. We were rarely apart except when I went to school.

After I told Mali about Rex It took her 3 days to find him. They have become great friends and go away together for long periods in the daytime, and they both return together at night. I am so happy Mali now has a companion, and what a lovely gift it was for me that she brought him back here. He had remained (in spirit) at my mother's former property. He died there and he was happy there, so remained.

He did not seem to think the time that he was there was very long, but he had been devoted to me, and did not know why I did not return. So he waited. I asked Mali how she did this to

find him. All she said was "with my mind" she called him and he came to her, and he understood who she was!!!



Rex

Mali said that Rex now always comes along on their healing missions with Manawatere. Rex did not learn to fly, but he has several ways of travelling with them. Sometimes Mali carries him under her arm, she laughed when I asked if he was heavy. He also sits with his back feet on her shoulders, and his front feet crossed neatly on the top of her head with his chin sometimes resting there. From this place, he is the "look out" person and can tell them when he sees a sick bird or animal in the water. Then it was my turn to laugh as I saw him plainly - like the captain on the bridge!!! Sometimes Manawatere asked to carry Rex - she always refuses. "Mine", she says of Rex!!!

HEALING MISSIONS

Some evenings Mali & Manawatere are both close as I am at the computer. Mostly they go on their healing missions with other spirit friends. She told me a week or so ago to get some paua shell and wear it on my neck as much of the recent healing expeditions have to do with the sea and the sea animals. I understand now - the paua brings me in closer contact with their activities. They are working with the sea itself and the sea animals but not with the whales as other spirit groups look after them - they are not Manawatere's area.

Mali is always in a group of six spirit people - her great-grandfather Robert, Manawatere and three others. In N.Z. the three others are always Maori. In the sea near the US they are American Indian people. She said the "lady dolphins are in danger - poison", there are losses of babies. They often radiate healing energy from their hands, and even Rex has

learned to blow the "god wind", as they call the healing energy, from the bottom of his feet and his mouth.

A few weeks after Mali passed over, when I was having a down day, she said to me "mum you won't understand now, but later - you will be glad about the way I went." She was right, I could not have understood at that time but I do now!

Another thing she said that I did not fully understand was when I said to her - "you are an angel". She said no mum - "you and me together make the angel." She showed me the picture - Mali and I side by side, then the angel manifesting behind and around us - we are each half of the whole - if we are parted the angel cannot be in place.

Mali promised me there would be new stories to write, but this time she would be helping to write them. The first story she said, would be called THE FLYING PRINCESS. Mali always had a great sense of humour. The title of the story comes from the time Mali was a baby and it was important to prevent wrinkles in her clothing in order to protect her skin from pressure areas. Mali's sisters affectionately called her "The Princess". This was because she reminded them of the Princess in the children's story THE PRINCESS AND THE PEA. This became a much loved story, and was often read to Mali and her sisters during their childhood years.

Mali has been niggling at me for some time to hurry and complete this story - "while it is new and exciting", she says. THE FLYING PRINCESS is the story of how Mali comes into her spirit body and how wonderful she finds her new freedom of movement, and all the exciting things in her new life. She wants everyone to know she is very much alive and could not be happier. She says the world and the children need the angel. [In the Beginning](#) is the first part of THE FLYING PRINCESS.

You may also want to see some beautifully illustrated [Poems by Robina](#). Finally, the events surrounding Mali's life have inspired Walter to write down some of his thoughts about [The Meaning of Life](#).