

Awakening Gaia

The Lemurian Crystal Grid



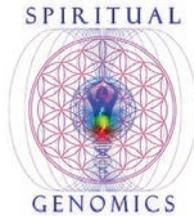
Fred Grover Jr., MD

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The Lemurian Crystal Grid

Fred Grover Jr., M.D

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Preface

For thousands of years humans have been aligning temples to the moon, sun, and constellations above. Neolithic circles, Native American kivas, temples, cathedrals, and pyramids demonstrate the importance of these alignments around the world, cross-culturally, as far back as 11,000 BC. Starting in the Stone Age, a few examples include Göbekli Tepe (Turkey), Stonehenge circle (England), the Tiwanaku Pre-Incan temple (Bolivia), Egyptian pyramids, Teotihuacan Aztec pyramids, Maya pyramids (Mexico, Central America), continuing through time at Chaco Canyon kivas (ceremonial structures), the Angkor Wat temple complex (Cambodia), Swayambhunath Buddhist stupa (Nepal), and the Temple Mount (Israel), with its Dome of the Rock, to name just a few. It's likely that other archaeoastronomically aligned sites will be found in the future to even predate Göbekli (11,000 years old). We just need to wait for the ice cap on Antarctica to melt. Perhaps the only benefit of climate change is that we might see something within a few years, given the current rate of glacial ice melt!

Our calendars align with the solstices (where the sun is at the greatest distance from the equator), equinoxes (sun closest to equator) for festivals and the birth dates of prophets. Underfoot, we have further aligned ourselves to the energies of Gaia, Mother Earth, through ley lines, circles, and perhaps even crop circles.

Why on earth do this? Is there scientific evidence to support the benefits of making alignments to the stars or to the perceived energy fields of our planet? Did high priests, shamans, or sages have divine insights that instructed them to align structures and create energetic lines and circles? Are some placements, such as the Nazca Lines (in Peru), designed to communicate with visitors from afar? Did we perhaps have help from intelligent life-forms from our own galaxy or beyond?

Could there be a higher-dimensional intelligence that some of us are tapping into, giving humans and other species these insights? Corals spawn with perfect timing to lunar cycles; humpback whales navigate from Alaska to Hawaii, and bees do their wiggle dance to direct the worker bees to nectar. Appreciating their skills should humble us or at least create a sense of awe in observation of the amazing intelligence of colonial organisms, insects, and animals. Witnessing this innate, instinctual behavior, we must contemplate the capacity we must also carry in our own behavior and decision making. *Have we lost the connection to higher consciousness, while the lower life-forms still have it?* Has the development of our cortex and our thinking brain suppressed it? We are close to a mission to Mars, but we still can't comprehend our consciousness. Do bees have an ability to connect to a greater cosmic intelligence that guides them to make complex 3-D structures, select queens, and know the time to swarm? Clearly, insects don't have the cortical size to make many of the complex decisions we observe. Looking at the health of the planet and welfare of mankind, it seems most of us have lost this intelligence and we need to get it back soon. Is our interest in colonizing Mars a collective consciousness of our need to escape a planet in peril like a

beehive that has become stressed? Or is it simply to show prowess over other countries' space programs?

It's up to us to find ways to mitigate our personal and planetary stressors if we plan to sustain life on Earth. In my first book, *Spiritual Genomics*, I detailed many ways to improve our health and enhance our DNA, such as through sound healing, mindfulness and more. Once we heal ourselves, we can then heal others and the planet.



Raven (photo by the author)

Chapter 4:

Chaco Canyon, the Call of the Raven

Several months passed, and as my busy days in the office wore me out mentally, I'd relax on my sound lounge after dinner to clear my mind. As with most meditations, I'd feel a state of bliss and energy flow; only when I meditated for hours more deeply would I get what I call "downloads." These downloads typically come as an insight, or sometimes as a visual when I am deep into it. Sometimes they'd come in my sleep; other times I had to work hard for them meditatively.

I could see how it takes the mental discipline and isolation of a Buddhist monk to achieve enlightenment, nirvana, the Tibetan Buddhist "Rainbow Body," etc., since getting just a small download was a lot of work for me in most cases. While I'd love to achieve or even briefly experience some of those states, my chances are limited unless I go live in a monastery or ashram for decades.

One evening I was admiring my beautiful cedar Native American flute, which looked lonely on my bookcase. A "high spirit's" flute, it has embedded turquoise between the finger holes. I've jazzed it up with some carved-bone Kokopelli charms, hanging off leather strands. Kokopelli is the Native American deity of Hopi and

other tribes in the Southwest, who represents the spirit of music and fertility.



The author's flute (photo by the author)

Having not played it for a while, I blew off the dust. Honestly, I'm not really worthy of owning this beautiful flute, since after ten years I still haven't mastered this six-hole instrument. As I began to play, even with a few basic notes I felt enticed to continue. While I can't play like Carlos Nakai, a well-known Navajo/Ute professional flutist with several amazing albums, I could sense his love for this instrument and his lineage connected to it. So pure, natural, and simple. Playing such a Zen-like instrument alone or amongst canyon walls of the desert Southwest is heaven on earth. As I've played my Native American flute amongst the canyon walls of Sedona and other areas of the Southwest, I felt like its tones breathed life into these sandstone chambers, reawakening the ancient spirits. The canyon walls seem to respond in an eerie way, echoing and expanding the tone—enchancing those present,

physical and nonphysical.

Playing it again that week in my family room and over the weekend, I felt a calling to return to Chaco Canyon. Fall was around the corner, so timing was perfect. I blocked off a long weekend, packed my car camping gear, and headed off for the eight-hour drive. I had selected another group of Lemurian crystals, just in case I was called again to place them. I saged them, blessed them, even placing them on an apacheta in my backyard the preceding day to energize them before making the solo drive down.

Arriving on a Thursday around three, I was able to find a nice campsite where large boulders on either side provided protection from the wind and some shade as well. Even had a picnic table, firepit, and some wood the last camper had left. *Wow, I'm glamping!* I set up my tent quickly and went down to get in an evening hike before sunset. With only a couple hours to hike, I decided to go up on the Alta Trail, but needed to make the long loop at a good pace so as not to get a ticket for being inside the park after sunset.

Passing by the massive Pueblo Bonito complex, I parked my old Subaru; shouldering my daypack, I headed up a narrow trail to the top of the mesa. Once on top, I could see most of the ruins of Chaco in the valley below. The almost birds-eye view from the mesa gives perspective on the massive number of kivas found at this ancient Puebloan (Anasazi) site. Kivas are subterranean circular chambers that were used for religious ritual, political, and even family space by the ancestral Pueblos.



Kivas at Chaco (photo by the author)

Walking alone on this mesa trail, I could feel the presence of ancient Chacoans hiking with me, perhaps guiding me to places where I should leave crystals. This unusual field of energy supporting me felt like it was coming from an ancient multidimension field.

Admiring the scale of this site and the kivas below one more time, I headed away from the mesa edge and towards the north on the three-mile loop.



The massive complex of Pueblo Bonito with its forty kivas, taken from the top of the mesa (photo by the author)

Coming to a weathered, half-buried kiva near Pueblo Alta, I burned sage to purify the area, sprinkled tobacco, and then placed a crystal in each of the four directions close to the interior kiva walls. Using my trusty compass, I oriented them perfectly.



Lemurian crystals for Chaco (photo by the author)

I then spiraled the energy up and down with my rattle and played a short melody on my flute to further reactivate this sacred site. I took my time, picking up my pace as I scampered across the sandstone mesa. Scrambling through two fins of sandstone, I eventually emerged back down on flatland. Ravens circled overhead as the sun created an orange glow on the sandstone mesa, highlighting the contours and fissures with growing shadows. The wind was light, and the temperature crispy that fall evening. Sunset was approaching and I was about a mile from the parking lot.

I was trekking along at a good pace, when a large raven suddenly landed in front of me on the trail and squawked loudly at me. I stopped briefly, then continued walking, thinking he would just fly away. Instead, he just flew a good twenty yards down the trail, turned around, and squawked at me again. He repeated this maneuver three times—at which point I stopped and stared at him. Telepathically I was trying to tell him, “Buddy, I am in a hurry and I’m going to get a ticket from Ranger Rick if ya don’t let me through.” He kept up with a nonstop *craw, craw, craw*, and I said to him, “OK, what is it?” He then hopped off to the left of the trail another twenty yards, and seemed to beckon me to follow. So, I did.

He quickly took me to the rim of the mesa, where interestingly enough, the large D-shaped formation of Pueblo Bonito was just a couple hundred feet below us.



Pueblo Bonito with its D-shape visualized from mesa (photo by the author)

Relieved not to spy a ranger next to my car, I could see it below to the west. Taking some deep breaths and feeling into the situation, I relaxed more with the crow on the rim. He sat there patiently, just looking around and cawing at me. I almost cawed back at him. Looking down again, I realized we were perfectly aligned with the center of Pueblo Bonito. If one were to place a giant arrow in the string of the straight line of the D shape, the arrow nock on the bowstring would align with our location. Wow, I thought. Perhaps this intelligent raven has led me here to place a crystal. He's probably been watching me the whole time. Looking for a place to wedge a crystal into permanence, I noted that everything was solid sandstone except for a small lip that curved under just before the cliff edge. Kind of dangerous, but maybe I could tuck one under this natural indentation. I reached into my pouch and pulled out a beautiful four-inch Lemurian seed crystal. The twilight gave it a beautiful gold glow.

Perfect, I thought. With my fingertip, I dug out some sand from under the lip, deciding to widen it a bit so I could tuck this baby in deep for eternity. I felt something solid while doing this and was able to remove it with a little jiggling. Must be a small piece of sandstone, I figured. Pulling it out, I was amazed to see a quartz crystal of similar size and shape to the one I was getting ready to place. I cleaned it off—stunned at what I was seeing. How did this similar crystal get here? There are no crystals anywhere on the mesa, just sandstone and limestone.

As I looked at my crystal and the other I'd just discovered, I felt a sense of timelessness, a calmness, and a recognition that this was not happenstance. The raven had led me there for a reason. The reassuring insight that came in was basically this: *Fred, you are not crazy, placing crystals around the world; you're being guided by spirit to do this deep work for Gaia.* Trying my best to take it all in from my conscious 3-D world and beyond, I contemplated the extremely unlikely probability that one could find an almost identical crystal in this location. Recognizing the huge odds against it, I accepted the insight with gratitude to the raven and whatever mysterious forces were surrounding me on the mesa.

I looked at the shiny black feathers of the raven and then into his eyes. He had stayed with me during this timeless moment. Thanking him from my heart, I broke into tears, sitting there, trying to figure out what to do. Seconds later the answer was clear. Pair them up and place them back in this sacred location. Perhaps you will return to place a third in another life. Doing this, I packed them in firmly with surrounding sandstone and blessed the event, the raven, and the location. By now the sun had

set, the raven had flown off, and I was walking back in the dusk to my car. At this point, I didn't care if I was ticketed. Arriving in near darkness, I found no ticket, and no ranger there to reprimand me for my late stay. I hopped in and drove about one hundred yards to the bridge, crossing a desert wash. As I looked to the east, I gazed at a huge cottonwood tree on the bank. To my amazement I saw—silhouetted by the grey-dusk sky—at least one hundred ravens perched on the expansive branches. I felt an obligation to honor them, since I'd been shown the sacred place to leave a crystal by one of them.

I parked on the bridge, turned off the engine, and walked over to the rail, gazing at them. I felt the spirits of the Chacoan elders amongst them as they stared back at me silently in curiosity. Taking a deep breath, absorbing everything, I sent them, and perhaps my raven from the mesa, another message of deep gratitude. Seconds later, all of them were cawing back at me in a chorus. Tears rolled down my cheeks as they seemingly acknowledged my message and returned it energetically and vocally.

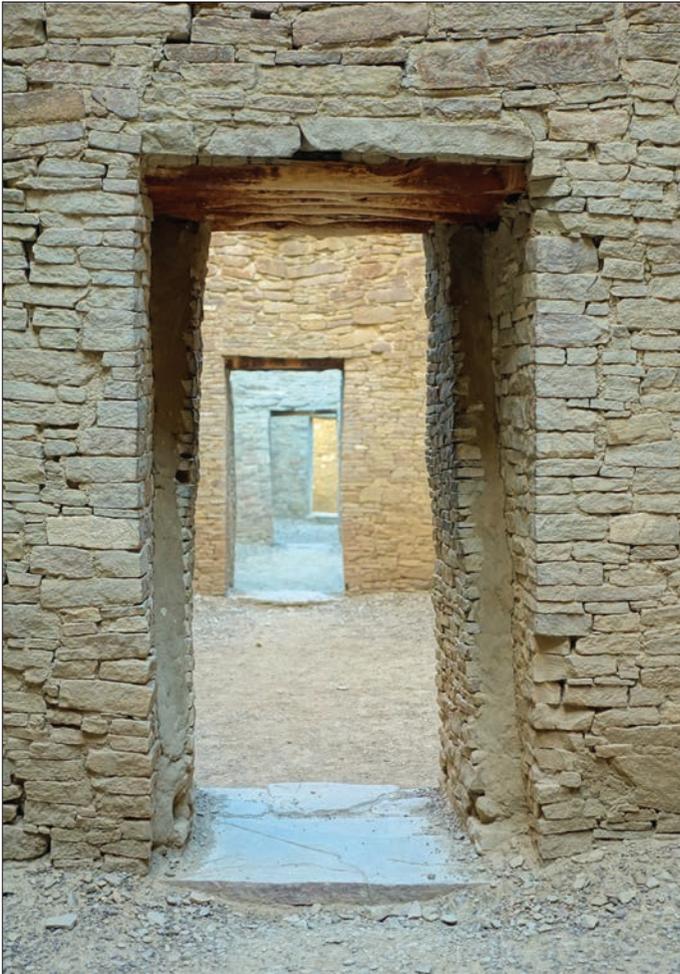
Driving off, I felt disconnected from the modern world—but with a sense of connection to this dusty, enigmatic canyon. Arriving back at my campsite I fired up my stove to heat some tasty veggie chili. Soon the Milky Way galaxy and the Big Dipper, the Great Bear, and other constellations shone from above, filling me with a familiar expansive feeling, part of the universe. Crunching up some old newspaper and making a small wood teepee, I kindled up a nice fire, watching the embers dance towards the sky. Wow, what an amazing start to this trip. Who knows what else is to come in my next couple days here!

After burning through my small pile of pine, I crawled into my tent and began to meditate—lying down, with my Lemurian crystal on my forehead. About twenty minutes in, I suddenly had a vision of a Native American girl, likely in her early teens, placing the quartz crystal I'd just discovered. I could not fix the time, but I'm sure it was from hundreds of years ago, when the Chacoans inhabited the area. She looked familiar, but I wasn't able to catch her name or if she was related to me in any way. I thanked the universe for this visual and continued my meditation, simply asking to become more connected to Chaco and the ancient energies and wisdom here.

Another ten minutes or so passed, when I was jolted by a surge of energy coming through the crystal on my Third Eye, which then traveled down my spine to my feet. My legs jerked as this happened several times, and it felt almost orgasmic, but flowed head to root rather than root to head. Between each surge of energy I breathed deeply and was then hit again and again. *OMG!! What is going on?* I'd had the occasional surge and flow like this before, but this was a tenfold repetition. I rode the waves of energy for an hour at least, then finally slipped into dream state till awakened by the morning sun.

Following an oatmeal breakfast, I loaded up my daypack with water, snacks, and my flute to hike and meditate around more complexes. Parking at the trailhead, I walked down the canyon toward the Case Chiquita site. The hike began to feel surreal again as I walked down this slightly sandy trail, observing petroglyphs (rock carvings) as well as the occasional raven flying overhead or perching on the canyon rim.

Arriving at Casa Chiquita, the site of a not-yet-formally-excavated house of roughly thirty-four ground-floor rooms, I found a shady spot to relax and meditate at, leaning against one of the ancient walls. The sandstone of the walls on Chaco sites have a unique pattern of thin, layered stone and mud holding them together. This characteristic masonry has helped the walls stand since their construction, 900–1150 AD.



Doorways of Pueblo Bonito, Chaco Canyon (photo by the author)

Wood for the beams over doorways, windows, and kivas was transported from the mountains more than sixty miles away. Archeologists drilled out small plugs of the wood to carbon date the sites and the types of trees used. It is estimated that 225,000 trees were harvested to build the Chaco Canyon structures.¹

Cooling off in the shade and hydrating on this warm afternoon, I sat with legs crossed (easy pose), a crystal in either hand, to resonate with this site. The soft sand under my butt grounded me perfectly, and the cool stone wall at my back felt wonderful as I gently dropped into this thousand-year-old place. This time I began to feel energy coming through my tailbone or root chakra as I meditated. It was a light flow of energy without any shocks. The sensation was relaxing and nourishing. Meditating on the high mesa, and down lower by the wash, gave me a more diverse feel of the energies of Chaco. I ventured further west on the trail to see the red pictograph that likely documented the supernova seen by them in 1054.²

1 “Chaco Canyon: Observation: The Great Houses,” <https://www.exploratorium.edu/chaco/HTML/time2.htm>.

2 “Solar Astronomy in the Prehistoric Southwest,” http://www.hao.ucar.edu/education/archeoslides/slide_20.php. “The remnant of this supernova [SN-1054], which consists of debris ejected during the explosion, is known as the Crab Nebula and is located in the constellation Taurus.” (See “Supernova Pictograph,” <https://www2.hao.ucar.edu/Education/SolarAstronomy/supernova-pictograph>.)



Fajada Butte at Chaco (photo by the author)

Chaco has always fascinated me for its archaeoastronomical alignments, especially on Fajada Butte, where the summer and winter solstices were monitored by the shadows cast from two large stones in front of a spiral petroglyph.

Discovering these alignments in 1977, Anna Sofaer was able to photograph them before the stones slipped out of position in the late '80s. This area has been closed since then, and I have been able to appreciate Fajada Butte only from a distance.



Sun Dagger by Francine Hart

The great kiva Casa Rinconada also has impressive alignments to the cardinal directions and a niche illuminated by the sun during the summer solstice:

Casa Rinconada has an average interior diameter of 63 feet (19.2 m.). It contains all features generally associated with great kivas including a firebox, an inner bench, four large seating pits that served as roof supports, two masonry vaults/foot drums, and

34 niches encircling the great kiva. In addition, the kiva includes a 39-foot-long (12 m.) underground passage, three feet deep and almost three feet wide, entering the room from the northern antechamber. The underground passage would have allowed Chacoans, perhaps ritual specialists, to enter the great kiva unseen and then suddenly emerge.³



Kiva Casa Rinconada (photo by the author)

After this long day of hiking, I headed back to camp to cook dinner. Firing up my backpacking stove, I heated up some soup and relaxed in my camp chair. The temperature began to drop quickly after sunset, so I gathered up my remaining wood to make another fire in the pit. A couple gals walked by and asked if they could enjoy the fire with me. They were from nearby Albuquerque. “Of course, grab your chairs and come on over.” We chatted for a good hour; I remember telling them the terrifying story of my

3 “Chaco Research Archive,” <http://www.chacoarchive.org/cra/chaco-sites/casa-rinconada/>.

son being bitten by a pit viper in Nepal and surviving, as well as having a short discussion of my work as a family medicine physician. After a couple drinks, they headed back to their campsite, and I slipped into my down bag, quickly falling asleep after a long day of exploring.

The following morning, I made a short visit to place crystals around the outside of the great kiva in the four directions, using my compass. I was by myself, so I played my flute, but stopped when I saw the gals from the campfire coming up the hill. After a short visit, I said goodbye and headed back to camp to pack up my gear and make the long drive home. As I drove down the wash-boarded dirt road I passed a hogan (a traditional Navajo dwelling) and reflected on my mystical journey. *Wow, how am I going to process this long weekend, and what does it all mean moving forward in my life's journey?*

Arriving back home in Denver, I explained what had happened broadly to the family, but felt it was a difficult trip to convey.

Returning to the office Monday, I rocketed myself back into catch-up mode. Tuesday, I received a phone call from Steven, a psychologist residing in Albuquerque, New Mexico—a friend of an energy-medicine practitioner who worked in my office had connected me to him by phone several months ago, since we both shared interests in shamanism. He was planning on sending me a copy of his book on shamanic dreaming, so I figured he was simply calling about this.

His voice very excited, he said, “Fred, you’re not going to believe this. I had lunch with a couple colleagues today. They began to talk about their adventures in Chaco Canyon last weekend and

mentioned a fireside chat with a physician from Denver. I told them, 'I only know one physician in Denver and his name is Fred Grover.' They replied, *OMG, that's him. Look, here's his business card.* I smiled and couldn't believe it. I reached into my satchel and pulled out a large padded envelope with your name and address on it with my book enclosed. I told them, *I've been meaning to mail this to Fred for so long, and how crazy is it that this very day I decided to put it in the mail after lunch! Of course, here I am, having lunch with you after you just randomly met him. Now, that is synchronicity, brother!*

He said the gals' jaws dropped when he pulled the package out.

As I heard this, my jaw dropped too! *Wow, Steven, if that's not synchronicity and the universe talking, I don't know what is.* We both laughed, promising to meet soon after this unexplainable occurrence. I didn't have time to share the raven-and-crystal story over the phone that day, but I did later, when we met up for the first time. All I needed to really flip me out that day was to see a raven land on my windowsill with a crystal in its beak.

Chaco remains very special for me. I'll continue to visit this enchanted place when I can, awaiting my next enigmatic surprise . . .

About the Author

Fred Grover Jr., M.D., is the author of *Spiritual Genomics* (2019), which details how you can change your DNA to a healthier, more optimal state through mindfulness and healthy lifestyles. He's a board-certified family physician, entering his twenty-seventh year of clinical practice in Denver. He is an assistant clinical professor of Family Medicine for the University of Colorado, frequently teaching residents in the Integrative Medicine elective, and has researched and published articles on transcranial near-infrared light therapy for treatment of traumatic brain injury. His unique private practice focuses on mind-body health, including two rooms that are dedicated to sound healing and energy work. In addition to providing modern allopathic and regenerative medicine, whenever possible he looks for natural means to address inflammation and disease.

Beyond holistic patient care he is passionate about the health of our planet, supporting many environmental causes, and minimizes his carbon footprint the best he can by powering his home primarily via solar energy. His adventurous spiritual travels often include ceremonies with indigenous shamans, and a major part of these travels also includes honoring Gaia by the placement of crystals described in this book. Following this unusual path with one foot in the 3-D world and the other in the multidimensional, he maintains a heart-centered dharmic flow for the planet, its life-forms, and the surrounding cosmos

Fred takes you on a journey of planetary shamanism as he taps into higher-dimensional insights and flows with magical synchronicities to place Lemurian crystals and sacred geometric forms around the world. His ultimate goal is to counter the darkness in our world by reactivating, reconnecting, and radiating ancient healing energies and grids of the Native Americans, Maya, Incas, Egyptians, Polynesians, and even more ancient civilizations. He invites you to resonate with this expanding field of energy and encourages everyone to illuminate Gaia with their own light and love for their own health and the sustainability of our planet.



I loved this book! Fred once again gives a grounded view of the magic that is unfolding as the Earth's crystalline grid becomes reactivated. You'll find yourself smiling at each of his adventures, trusting that our world is in good hands . . . our hands.

—Jonette Crowley, author of *The Eagle and the Condor & Soul Body Fusion*

It is exciting to meet an old soul who has awakened . . . It's even more exciting to witness this spiritual enlightenment in a medical doctor. His wonderful book shares his journey of his awakening and synchronicities which lead him to access ancient knowledge held in his DNA . . . with its roots beginning in Lemuria.

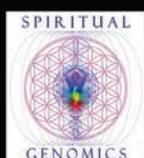
I celebrate his journey and his story.

—Hawaiian High Priestess Kahuna Kalei'iliahi

While Dr. Fred Grover's superbly written first book, *Spiritual Genomics*, touched on how changing our DNA through mindfulness improves our health, happiness and well-being, his new book delves into how we can be of service to the well-being and evolution of our beautiful planet, Mother Earth, in our unique ways.

I wholeheartedly recommend *Awakening Gaia* to everyone looking to experience this elevated awareness with Gaia and walk on the empowered path of creating a world magical, compassionate, and beneficial to all beings.

—Yves Nager, bestselling author of *Hawaiian Rebirth* and a co-author of the Amazon bestseller, *Inspired by the Passion Test*



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