

The Mysteries of Okinawa and Yonaguni Island, Japan

A Personal Experience by Lyssa Royal Holt

In June of 2005 I had the good fortune of leading a tour group to Okinawa, Japan - a place that I have longed to go for as long as I can remember. In addition, our group of 25 also went to the remote Yonaguni island (40 miles from the coast of Taiwan), where a mysterious underwater monument or "temple" was discovered in the 1990s. The following is an account of our experience during this tour and the powerful energy that we encountered. This account is written from a spiritual perspective and in no way is it meant to discount any archaeological research being done in the Ryukyu Kingdom - the old name for the Okinawan islands. Simply, this is our experience.

Okinawa Island

We arrived in the capital of Okinawa island, Naha, in the third week of June 2005 and drove about an hour or more in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Naha is like Honolulu, but maybe actually more congested! Once we got to the other side of the island, it was easy to feel the powerful energy of the island. Okinawa (or more specifically Chinen, the area in which we were staying) sits on a shelf it seems, and when the tide goes out, there is a long area of sea that is turquoise blue before it drops off into the ocean depths. We were two days before full moon (and summer solstice!) and so the low tide was even more pronounced.

After eating at a Thai restaurant on a cliff (with an amazing view), we decided to visit the two sacred sites that we will be taking the group to on the next day after their arrival. The first was Chinen Castle. I'm not sure what I was expecting, but this certainly wasn't a castle! It reminded me more of a combination of a Hawaiian heiau and sacred sites in Peru. It also sat on a cliff and upon entering, the energy hit me like a huge wave. I loved this place and took many photos. Once I came here, my inner guidance seemed magnified. Dila (one of the tour coordinators) asked me about what we should do when the group arrives, and I knew without a doubt that we needed to meet the group in this place, and do an opening prayer even before we start the tour. This place was unlike lots of other sacred sites I've been to, in which one felt its ancientness but it wasn't active. I soon learned that the sacred sites in Okinawa are still active. (More on that later!)

We then went to a world heritage site called Sefa-Utaki. This is an ancient site (still used today) where priestesses conducted many initiations and ceremonies and it was also used by the royalty of Okinawa. To get inside, you walk from the parking lot up a guided path through forest filled with waterfalls. The most powerful portion of the site is at the end of the path, where huge granite boulders topple together to form a cave that was used by the oracles. I was getting excited about bringing the group here the next day!



Above: The Oracle Cave, which, from the inside, looks out over the water to Kudaka-jima - "Shaman's Island"

We went back to the hotel and checked in. Our hotel was on a cliff overlooking the azure sea, in the Chinen area. So breathtaking. The hotel had ofuro, which is a Japanese bath, that overlooks the ocean. (Yes, we spent a lot of time in there!)

When we arrived at the hotel, we met the man who would be our tour guide. He is also general manager of the hotel. His name is Kinjyo-san. He greeted us and I was introduced as a "channel from America." His face lit up, which was a huge surprise to me. He went on to say that Okinawa is "the island of channels" and that I must be coming home. (This was not going to be the first time I heard that on this trip!)

I learned from locals that the ancient Ryukyu kingdom (of which Okinawa is a part) was traditionally ruled by women, and that women held all the spiritual power. The Okinawans believe that women are spiritually superior and must be the spiritual protectors of men. The priestesses are oracles/channels, and hold an important part in Okinawan culture and society.

I have always felt drawn to go to Okinawa but really never thought I'd be blessed with going in this lifetime. But in this moment, as Kinjyo-san was explaining about the importance of channels, I knew why I was so drawn here. It all became clear to me. Over the course of the next few days I had such overwhelming personal revelations and past life memories, that it totally took me by surprise. Much of it is personal, but suffice it to say, it answered many questions in my life.

So the next day, we went to Chinen Castle to meet the group. We were there a short while and then they arrived by bus. (The group was 20 people plus staff. One Japanese lady had even traveled from the USA to attend - I was really amazed.) I had them form a circle immediately (even before introductions) and Sasha (my main Pleiadian contact) channeled through and said a prayer and asked permission of the local spirits and ancestors. She told them we were going to do some work on the island and in Yonaguni and promised we would treat it all with great respect. As I was channeling the prayer, the wind whipped up forcefully and my body filled with goose bumps. It was extraordinary. It was so obvious how alive the spirituality was on the island and that it was responding favorably to us immediately. (I think it freaked out some of the group members!) I really felt like I had come home.

After that, we took the group to Sefa-Utaki. In the oracle cave I did another channeling in which I channeled a guardian of the site, who gave a message of welcoming. Then I gave them 5 minutes to walk around and connect with the site. As they did, I walked around to the area where the stalactites are. These stalactites drip water continuously and it has been collected in pots for thousands of years. It is considered holy water. I felt so drawn to anoint my third eye with the water, and then the rest of my chakras. The energy was so strong that I dragged Kazumi (my good friend and interpreter) over and had her do it. In my heart, I really wanted to do this with the group, but to be honest, Kinjyo-san was there, and as a local, I didn't want to disrespect the site or the local spirits by doing an inappropriate ceremony, since the site was still active. So, I kept my desire to myself.



Above: The sacred stalactites with collection pots below

Kinryo-san began giving a lecture in which he was talking about how the priestesses used to (and still do) anoint the third eye of pilgrims who come to the site. It is a purification ritual. I held my breath. I couldn't believe it. Then he turns to me and said something like, "You are the oracle here. You need to do this for the group." What an honor, and a relief, because the impulse to do it was quite strong. I then anointed the whole group, including him. Deep inside, it meant so much to me, and I had definitely done it before.

Kinryo-san talked frequently about Amamikiyo, the founder goddess, who "descended" on Kudaka-jima (a tiny island off the coast of Okinawa). She then came to Okinawa from Kudaka-jima and founded the sacred sites there. In fact, the oracle cave in Sefa-Utaki has an opening that looks straight out at Kudaka-jima ... also known as "shaman's island". That island is where the priestesses receive their training (and still do). I became obsessed with Kudaka-jima and really wanted to go. At this point, I didn't know if it would be possible, but in my heart I knew I would get there! (And we did - more on that later!)

We also went to the most beautiful beach with a marker monument at the exact location where Amamikiyo arrived from Kudaka-jima. I was really intrigued with this story of the goddess "descending" ... could she have been an ET? Probably! I feel really connected to Amamikiyo. It was on this beach that I dropped my camera and it broke. I really had to let go and stay in the moment!



Above: At the beach where Amamikiyo "descended." This is her marker.

Energetically, Okinawa reminds me so much of Bali, because I always felt the spirituality to be so alive and active in Bali. In Bali, I always felt the 4D state of being - a bit of both worlds. Okinawa is the same. That is what I loved so much. My connection with my higher self was magnified and the flow of synchronicity was non-stop. Okinawa is truly magical!

That night we went back to the hotel and had a huge buffet dinner and official greetings. They even brought out a birthday cake for Kazumi and I (both born on July 11). It was really sweet. The next day, the "trials and initiations" began as we began our trip to Yonaguni island!

Yonaguni Island

Yonaguni island is the western most island of Japan. It is only about 40 miles from Taiwan. In fact, on clear days you can see the mountains of Taiwan looming over the horizon. This island is barely inhabited, with a population of about 1800. Tourism is rare, except for adventurous scuba divers. However in the 1990s, a man named Aratake-san made an astounding discovery ... the existence of an underwater "monument" directly off the coast of Yonaguni. Even though some scientists try to argue that this city is not manmade, artifacts were found there as well as pictograms etched into the rocks. Aratake-san and his team have mapped the entire structure and photographed it in detail. To me, it is not so much of a city, but more of a temple that bears some similarities to temples of Peru and Mexico. To me, it is strangely familiar. Scientists at a university in Nagoya tested the coral growth on the temple and they say it has been underwater at least 6,000 years. Could this be part of the ancient Lemurian civilization? (Well, I think so!). I feel that it is truly an ancient ceremonial temple structure.



Above: A photo taken by Aratake-san. The massive structure is difficult to see in one photo.

Our goal as a group was to charter Aratake-san's submersible boat and go to see the temple ourselves. What an adventurous group this was! Despite numerous obstacles, our group was determined to go. One translation of Yonaguni's name is "difficult to get to" and that proved to be true! For me, I really wanted to experience this possible remnant of Lemuria. I also had very clear instructions from Spirit about what we were supposed to do there.

The next morning started out as any morning of a tour. We got up early, ate breakfast, and the group boarded a small microbus for the hour-long trip to the Naha airport, for our flight to Yonaguni. Kazumi and I were driven in a small van by some local volunteers, along with Kazz and Ako-san (tour coordinators), because we didn't all fit in the microbus. Dila, holding the air tickets, boarded the bus with the group. The trip started out normally, but soon we were moving at a snail's pace through congested traffic. It was obvious that we would not make the flight. Kazz and Ako-san were on the phone constantly with JAL's sister company JTA (Japan Transocean Air), pleading with them to hold the plane for our group of 25. They would not do it. They said if we were not there by 10 minutes before departure time, the plane would leave without us. I knew this was the first test!

Something inside told me it would be all right, even if the outward happenings told me otherwise. I tried not to think about the cost of losing air tickets for 25 people and having to buy new ones. I silently asked the travel angels to help. Then we hit the "traffic light of fate." The microbus sailed through, but we got left behind.

When the microbus got to the airport, Dila yelled something to the group like, "Run at light speed. I don't know where you are running, but just RUN!" One group member actually reached the ticket counter 30 seconds before they closed the boarding. This meant that the entire group was allowed to board. What a blessing!

We got to the airport shortly after the plane departed to find that we did not even have our tickets (Dila had them) to exchange them for a later flight. To be honest, I am surprised there even WAS a later flight. Yonaguni is a remote island with very little tourism. The travel angels blessed us once again by putting us on a later flight - a tiny prop plane that was a direct flight with only a few seats left. Our group of 4 gratefully purchased those seats, even though we had to purchase excess luggage privileges because we had some of the group's luggage. So we had three hours to eat and shop! (Ok, definitely a blessing for me! :)

The flight over was pretty good, and I got a good view from the window of the many islands that form the Ryukyu Kingdom's island chain. But as we approached Yonaguni, it got pretty bumpy. I looked out the window to see these weird lines of clouds, as if there was a grid of energy (expressed by the cloud formations) floating over the island. My inner guidance told me that the grid over Yonaguni is intact (unlike a lot of other sacred sites whose grids were often damaged through ancient nuclear war or lots of bloodshed) and this was optimum for the work we were going to do in activating the ancient Lemurian temple. Uh-oh! I had a feeling this would be an intense trip.

We finally made it to the island and to our tiny hotel. (The island is so small that the two hotels we stayed in were totally filled by our group). The group was thrilled to see us. They were wondering if we would arrive at all ... a channeled trip without the channel!

That night we had a channeled session on the beach, with Kazumi's translations being amplified through a hand-made megaphone. (It actually worked quite well!) Sasha came through and discussed the history of these islands and their connection to Lemuria. (Yes, these sacred sites were active even during that time, when the sea level was much lower and what is now underwater was once a large kingdom. This session was recorded and I do hope to transcribe it at some point.) She told the group, basically, that the Atlantean cycle is ending and the Lemurian energy is reawakening on Earth. She said we were there to help to activate it, by activating a very important temple site that has been dormant for thousands of years. She said this temple would be activated in stages, and we were going to activate the first stage. But first, the group had to activate their own energy fields to make the temple activation possible.

Some of you reading this know that I have been receiving information for a few years about octahedral fields. These fields are used in the Pleiades and were used in Lemuria and in other mystery schools on Earth in ancient times. Sasha said she wanted to take the group through a simple octa activation (Pleiadian style) to amp up their energy fields to what they were like in Lemurian times when they were all here. However, because we only had 2 ½ days on Yonaguni, she warned them it might be pretty intense and that if anyone was uncomfortable, to please ask their higher selves to tone it down. And then she began.

The octa activation was very simple. She said this was an important first step, because on the next night we were going to do phase 2 - the activation of the octahedral field around the temple itself. Whoa!

The activation was done, along with a silent meditation under the full moon, on the beach, during summer solstice. Our timing was totally "coincidental" but it did not escape our notice! It was a powerful night, and the group was elated and energized. We would be going to the underwater temple on the next day!

The next morning we checked out and sent our luggage to the next hotel before we did a little sightseeing. We visited the western most point of Japan and looked out toward Taiwan 40 miles away. What a breathtaking view. As much as everyone enjoyed the sightseeing, most of us had our minds on our boat trip that was soon to come.

At last the time arrived. We boarded the submersible boat called the "Jacques Dolphin" named after the famous French diver Jacques Mayol, who was really made famous in non-diving circles by the movie "The Big Blue". Jacques has dived in the underwater temple many times and even talked about its spiritual properties and how the stones spoke to him with ancient secrets. He was friends with Aratake-san, the discoverer of the temple (who also owns our hotel and was piloting the boat). Jacques passed away in 2001, but they placed a monument to him at the underwater temple. I was blessed and honored by being given his VIP room at the hotel and felt so much appreciation for him and what he has given to the planet. Anyway, back to the journey ...

The group went below to watch the undersea life through the thick glass windows. It would be about 45 minutes until we reached the temple. As we pulled out of port, the sea was kind of cloudy and to be honest, I was having more fun watching the DVD they were playing of Jacques diving in the temple and the awesome shots of the structure. But at some point, I knew that I couldn't stay below any more. I went on deck because I knew if I stayed below any longer, seasickness would set in and the day would be ruined.

As I went on deck, I realized how rough the seas were. Other group members were coming on deck and some of them looked positively green. The first mate started handing out plastic bags. Uh-oh. He said that the captain was concerned that we wouldn't make it to the temple. Unexpectedly, the seas got rougher and rougher as we headed for the temple. No one knew why. (Hmm, but I was starting to guess).

I am so lucky that I don't get seasick much, as long as I am on deck with the wind in my face. I actually enjoyed the trip quite a lot. However, about 80% of the group at this point were really seasick, most of them using the plastic bags quite often. I tried not to get hooked into the contagiousness of seasickness and enjoyed the ride. Unfortunately, and one point, the boat stopped. Aratake-san said it was too dangerous, that we had to turn around. Most of the group was thrilled, because they were so sick. In the distance I saw the dark clouds hovering over a certain point off the coast - the underwater temple. There was no way we could even approach. We turned around.

To be totally honest, even though I had wanted to come here for years and we were leaving tomorrow, I felt totally ok with this decision. I knew that something else was going to happen, and we had more work to do. So as we turned around and followed the coast back, I felt at peace - even though at this point about 85-90% of the group was on their backs, green, and moaning. As we approached port, the sea got calmer. I guessed it just wasn't the right time to be there at the temple.

We had some time to recover at the hotel, and that night we all huddled close in a long tatami room for a channeling. We lit candles as we heard thunder in the distance. Of all the groups I have worked with, the Japanese are the most persistent, driven, and fearless. They push through the most difficult circumstances. Even though many of them were still recovering from their ordeal at sea, they were fully present and ready for the next step.

Sasha came through and talked about what happened on our trip. As Kazumi and I suspected, the phase one activation the night before really shook things up. The energy around the temple was coming alive, and the weather was manifesting that shift in energy. She said it was probable that this would be even more pronounced when we do the phase two activation shortly.

After the lecture and a short Q & A session, the group settled down on their backs in the dimly-lit room to get ready for the activation of the temple. This activation was led by a being who called herself Aya - she claimed to be a female of Pleiadian descent who used to be very active during Lemuria and the early Ryukyu Kingdom. She gently guided the group's consciousness over the ocean to the temple site and down into the water to stand in a circle on a flat section of the top of the temple. From there the group was instructed to utilize the octahedrons to activate the temple. Then she left the group to explore the temple in silence. However, it was anything but silent. By this time a raging thunderstorm was churning outside. The lightning strikes and thunder seemed perfectly timed with the work we were doing. Aya commented that the weather was a direct result of the temple being activated, and that it would most likely continue for a good portion of the night. (It did).

Sometimes things happen that are so amazingly synchronous and magical that they just leave a chill and goose bumps. So it was this night. In 2001 during SOL 2 with the dolphins in Ixtapa, I first channeled a Sirius being who called himself Atun. We have joked since then because any time Atun is present and opens a Sirius gate, there is usually this huge BOOM of thunder before or during his speech.

While the group was silent and exploring the temple, I felt this huge build-up of energy that I recognized as a Sirius gate getting ready to open. Sure enough Aya opened my mouth to say that we were opening a Sirius gate and BOOM - the loudest thunder clap of the night shook the room before I could get all the words out. A chill went down my spine as the Sirius energy flooded through me and the group - and I marveled at the predictability and magic of the Sirius energy when it manifests this way. It was a nice validation that the work we were doing was, in fact, having an effect. We made a request for Spirit to adjust the energy of the temple as needed, and the group journeyed back to the room. We concluded for the evening. That was quite enough for one night!

The next morning at breakfast we were told that there was ONE boat trip available for our group if we wanted to try to go to the temple again. It would mean that we would go at 8am and the group would have to be rushed to the airport afterward. It was our last chance. This was a miracle! We knew that the group

might not want to go, after the wild ride we had the previous day. Amazingly, everyone wanted to go, even those who were the most sick. We quickly headed to the dock.

When we got to the boat we were pleasantly surprised to see that the ocean was so calm. Everyone felt that the work we did the previous night must have shifted the energy. The mood was light as we boarded. Experience taught us not to go below. The whole group sat on deck enjoying the sun and mild air. They even began to sing as we headed out to sea. We passed an important landmark - the towering windmills. Yesterday these windmills were turning quickly. Today, they were totally still. The captain told us this was a good sign and that we should get to the temple easily with a calm sea.

We were following the coastline, and about twenty minutes later we rounded a bend in the coastline and suddenly the sea began to get rougher. We kept going. We rounded another bend and there, in the distance--hanging over the location of the temple--were big, dark, heavy clouds. From those clouds it appeared that the remnants of a water spout was breaking up, right over the temple! At this point the sea was so rough that it was hard to take any photos. We managed to get one photo of the clouds and what was left of the water spout but after that the rain, wind, and waves quickly got too strong. Some of the group began to get sick. Yet the captain continued onward, battling the high seas. This was incredibly unusual. All the indications of weather and wind were that it would be calm, yet the closer to the temple we traveled, the more rough the weather became.

I am not sure why the captain kept going, because conditions were even worse than the previous day. Most of us were huddled under a small tarp on deck. The majority of the group was now green with seasickness and most were using their plastic bags. I stood near the railing watching the area of the temple as we approached. I was soaking wet and shivering, but did not feel the slightest seasickness - only an unbridled enthusiasm about reaching our destination.

Soon we stopped. We were floating right above the temple! The rain was heavy and the waves were very high. A good number of the group ran below to try to see the temple through the windows. I waited until most of them had gone below before I tried. When I went below, the boat was rolling so fiercely that I knew I didn't have much time. I tried to see the temple but the sea was so cloudy and the movement of the boat made it almost impossible. Before I felt the effects of the enclosed space, I ran up on deck. I knew quite clearly that my purpose was not to "see" the temple, but to be there energetically, and to facilitate the activation that we did on the previous night. Even despite the horrendous conditions, I was so happy to be there. My heart was singing.

Many group members forced themselves to stay below to see the temple. (The most that anyone saw in the cloudy sea was a staircase). In forcing themselves to stay below, their seasickness was even more dramatic than the day before. My heart ached for them, but they were determined to be there and see the temple. I let each person make their own choice, but tried to teach them an acupressure point to relieve seasickness. It was probably too late.

We stayed floating over the temple for about 15 minutes. The sea became too rough, so we turned around and headed back. As we left the main area of the temple, the seas progressively got calmer, until the seas were quite calm near port. Even the crew thought that was so odd. Privately, as you can guess, I was not surprised at all. If a Lemurian temple was activated after thousands of years of being dormant, I think we were lucky to get away with the "small" amount of drama that we experienced!

As we got to port, people stumbled off the boat and boarded a bus to the airport. I could not imagine being seasick and then having to board a plane! But this group recovered fairly quickly and we had a heartfelt goodbye at the airport. (The staff was staying a few more hours and taking a later flight back).

As "luck" would have it, I "accidentally" met Aratake-san (the discoverer of the temple) at the airport. He apologized for the bad weather and said it was quite strange. His staff had given me a signed poster of the

temple, along with a CD of photos taken underwater. I thanked him and he encouraged us to return again someday!



Above: With Aratake-san, founder of the underwater monument of Yonaguni

One final note about this trip to Yonaguni ... after the group departed, we rented a car and went sightseeing on our own. We were amazed to see that the weather had cleared and the ocean was like calm glass, even near the temple site. We could only trust that the experience was what it needed to be for now. But we know we will return again someday!

(My dream is to take a western group to Okinawa and Yonaguni. Keep your fingers crossed!)

Kudaka-jima

Later that day we took a flight back to Okinawa and checked in to our hotel. We had a free day the next day and were planning our adventure. We were going to Kudaka-jima! (This is "shaman's island" off the coast, which has trained all the priestesses/channels/oracles for thousands of years.) We had an appointment to meet Maeda-san, a local shaman/priestess whom Kazumi had met a few years prior. She agreed to be our guide for 3-4 hours.

The next morning we took the 10am boat to the island. Maeda-san met us at the dock and took us on a tour of the tiny island, stopping at many sacred sites (on the tiny island, it seems like there are sacred sites every few feet!). On first appearance, Maeda-san looked like any typical Japanese woman in her 60s. But we soon saw that she had an amazing command over the elements and animals. She called birds and butterflies to us repeatedly. She had the most beautiful, loving, totally accepting gaze, and when she looked at you, she REALLY saw you. It was extraordinary.

There is too much to share about what happened on this island. She told us a bit about the trials she went through to become a shaman, and how some of the challenges she experienced were for the purpose of purging all judgment. She told us how even though she was born here (and trained by the lineage of priestesses), that she left for a while. When she came back, she knew it was her mission to awaken the ancient energy of the island and to "call back home" those who once lived or worked here. She is amazed how successful that has been, because now people are starting to come, from as far away as America (me) and the UK (a woman from Findhorn).

She did not know ANYTHING about me. People who've known her say that she never talks about the stars. But it wasn't so on this day. She kept talking about how humans are descended from a star lineage and that her dream is for all humankind to recognize this and begin to embrace their star lineage. Then she would look at me intently. Finally I spoke up and said that it was my biggest dream too! She just smiled, as if to say, "I was waiting for you to speak your truth!"

Pretty soon it was time to leave and when she took us to the dock, I gave her a bracelet that I had bought in Naha, which had gone to the underwater temple. I thanked her so much and told her how connected I felt to her. She grabbed me in a huge embrace and told me to return home again.

This was quite an emotional day. All of us who went were processing quite a lot - not from information that she imparted, but I think from the ceremonies she put us through and the energy she transmitted that was nonverbal. I just know that I will return, and definitely spend more time!

All in all, this experience was immensely enriching for me personally, as all my trips to Japan are. But this one was so special because I discovered a part of my soul in the Okinawa islands.

Thanks for revisiting this journey with me!