

Awareness and understanding at a higher level

Souls Life Angels  
Clairvoyance Spirit World  
Emotions Survival Astral

# Harmony

Verna Hindmarch

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# **H a r m o n y**

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## **Share a journey of self-discovery and enlightenment...**

Switch off the TV and radio, throw your mobile into the deep freeze, take the phone off the hook, find a comfortable spot and prepare to immerse yourself in Verna's tale. This is not a book just to read, it's not a story to while away the time or to entertain with a gripping plot, steamy chapters and a thrilling finale. It's Verna's story—a story told by a beautiful person, a story which, as it unfolds, makes you feel it is told especially for you—which it is. Verna talks with a laugh in her voice and a twinkle in her eyes. There is so much love radiating from her as she draws you into her tale. I smiled as I read the first words...I found myself savoring her words, stopping to think and ruminate on what she has put down on paper...nodding my head in agreement...and I smiled throughout the whole book. Tragedy, yes, but through the tragedy comes the greatest love I have ever met in a person, more love than one can possibly imagine. Thank you, Verna, for being the person you are. The gift you gain in listening to her is the greatest gift of all. The gift you receive will be what you personally seek.

**Patrick Morton**

**Student and colleague of Verna**

Verna is a wonderful teacher and her experiences can open our minds to a world of infinite possibilities!

**Dr. Warren van Zyl, author of *Just BEING who you are***

It has been a great privilege to know Verna. She came into my life when I needed a special person, and *what* a special person she has been to me and my family! Verna is exactly as she writes—open, caring, loving, generous and so very passionate about life. I wish Verna huge success with her book, lots more love, happiness and good health in her life, and I would like to thank her for being my friend.

**Penny Underwood**

**Friend and client**

## Contents

[Acknowledgements](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Introduction](#)

[Life's Secrets](#)

### **CHAPTER ONE: CLAIRVOYANCE**

[YOU ARE A NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT](#)

[INCARNATION](#)

### **CHAPTER TWO: LIFE EXPERIENCES**

[ABUSE](#)

[WHOSE HONEYMOON?](#)

[LIVING IN HELL](#)

[SURVIVING DIVORCE](#)

[ABUSE AWARENESS](#)

[SOUL PARTNERS](#)

[GEOFF](#)

### **CHAPTER THREE: CLAIRVOYANCE RETURNS**

[THE SOULS OF MISCARRIED CHILDREN](#)

[UNEXPECTED SPIRITUAL ENCOUNTERS](#)

[HOW DOES A CLAIRVOYANT SEE YOUR LIFE?](#)

[CONNECTING WITH LOST LOVED ONES](#)

[THE SPIRIT WORLD](#)

[GUARDIAN ANGELS](#)

[MIRACLE ANGEL](#)

[NEGATIVE MESSAGES](#)

[ASTRAL \(ASTROPHYSICAL\) TRAVEL](#)

[CHANNELING](#)

[ENERGY](#)

### **CHAPTER FOUR: HYPNOSIS**

[HYPNOSIS FOR HEALING](#)

### **CHAPTER FIVE: PREPARATION FOR MEDIUM AWARENESS**

[VISUAL MEDITATION](#)

[VISUAL MEDITATION EXERCISES](#)

[CHANNELED MEDITATIONS WITH SANANDA](#)

[SIXTY YEARS OF FUN—SO FAR](#)

[FINAL MESSAGE](#)

## **Acknowledgements**

Mostly I have to thank my clients and friends for crossing my path and asking their many questions. They moved me in such a way that the dream of this book became a reality. I have learnt so much from each of you.

My family is everything to me. Gary and Sharon, thank you both for being my strength and becoming such a powerful part of me during my many years as a single parent. A huge hug and thanks to my husband, Geoff (Pooh Bear), for coming into our lives and being a dream husband and an amazing, loving father to Gary and Shan.

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Thank you, God, for my life—You really do have a sense of humor!

## **Dedication**

To the new baby souls in our family, our grandchildren Erin & Zak.

*You brought the oldies back to life!*

## Introduction

I am so pleased that my book found you.

Should you buy it? Of course you should. Should you read it? Oh yes! Nothing and nobody crosses your path in life without good reason.

The energy of this book is twofold. Through my personal life story it creates an awareness of the spiritual aspect of life; and it is a tool to enhance your personal awareness and clairvoyance.

Having just turned sixty and looking back, it seems I incarnated to earth with exceptional extrasensory perception. I have a lifetime of spiritual clairvoyance to chat about to you. There was a gap, mind you, a huge growth period for my soul that shut the door to my awareness for a period of inner struggle, and so it is for every soul on earth. You are not alone in your struggle to survive life!

My second husband, Geoff, was sent from heaven and is, beyond question, my soul partner. I am truly blessed with two children, Gary and Sharon (known as Shan), an amazing daughter-in-law, Mikki, and two grandchildren, Erin and Zak. Shan's partner, George, is the soul who most recently joined our family group of souls. We are truly blessed because each different individual seems to have enough give-and-receive in them to create a solid and united family.

### **Nothing good comes easy—especially harmony within a family!**

Each day I thank God for where we live. Umdloti is a small holiday town north of Durban in South Africa. It is heaven on earth in its beauty—both for the sea view and because of the wonderful friends who have crossed our paths.

My days begin with meditation, except on Monday and Thursday when Kitty takes us for exercise class at 7am and hurts us quite badly! My peaceful home is then visited by my clients for spiritual guidance readings, past life regression or hypnosis for healing.

I love it that each day someone may cross my path and receive some guidance for their life...and thereby teach me something new about life.

Hands up all those whom life has kicked in the teeth...oh! That would be everyone, then. Surviving life is not easy, as I am sure you all know, but with a change of attitude and greater awareness, the pain eases. There is not one soul on earth who does not have their own cross to bear—so I am very busy indeed! Every soul on earth should be on standby, ready to help others in need. Why does it take a tragedy for us to wake up to this fact?

Geoff and I decided that since only our memories stay with us when we die, we would create a list of all we wish to experience rather than purchase material items. Now don't go getting an image in your mind of us living like paupers. The luxuries were on hand, I made sure of that, but the homes and luxuries we bought were what we needed rather than what we wanted. We achieved each and every experience and travel plan on our list, and then some—meaning that we ended up with quite a few hairy-scary experiences we could have done without—but those are the ones we talk about and remember the most. Just like life.

How many memories have you made? Each and every one, they are after all connected to your soul, and unlike your possessions and money, they travel on with you to eternity.

Sharing a part of my life with you regarding abuse, clairvoyance, hypnosis and spiritual awareness makes me aware that the only life you truly know is your own. The lives of others can only be perceived but not truly known because we see life not as it is, but as we are. If I come across as a 'Miss Know-it-all' anywhere in this book, please remember that it is my intention to pass on to you only what I am aware of through spiritual channeling, guidance, my spiritual readings and my own life.

**From my heart—enjoy!**

## **Life's Secrets**

In ancient times three wise men were asked to hide the secrets of life.

One suggested they be hidden at the bottom of the deepest ocean.

'Oh no,' said the others. 'Mankind will find a way through evolution to reach the deepest parts of ocean.'

Number two said, 'Let us hide the secrets of life under the highest mountain.'

'Oh no,' said the others. 'Mankind kind will find a way to reach the bottom of the mountain and the highest peak.'

The third wise man said, 'Let us hide the secrets of life where mankind is afraid to look.'

'Where may that be?' asked the other two.

'Well, the scariest place for them to look will be deep within themselves,' said the wisest man of all.



# Chapter One

## CLAIRVOYANCE

*Seeing beyond the range of normal human vision—known as extrasensory perception*

We are often called mediums, meaning deliverers of *the message*, or sensitives, meaning we have *perception through senses*, or psychics, meaning *all of the above*. Many years ago we were known as *seers*. Every soul on earth incarnates with the ability to achieve this level of awareness.

We can all sing, after a fashion. Some talented artists seem to have been born to sing, some of us are capable of making cats scream and dogs howl, and some of us have no ear for music at all, but nevertheless we sing. It is the same with clairvoyance. *You are a natural clairvoyant to a certain degree, and with patience and faith you can enhance this phenomenon that lies within us all.*

Mostly people block this natural phenomenon of clairvoyance/awareness because being aware would mean facing the truth about yourself and your life. This may necessitate having to make some drastic changes, guiding you into leaving behind your negative past and all you are holding on to in the hope that it will keep you safe. To live in your safety zone is much easier than going forward.

The degree of your awareness is entirely up to you and your will to achieve it through the intention of doing so. More inner peace than you could possibly imagine enters your body, mind and soul through prayer meditation.

Clairvoyance is related to spiritualism. Spiritualism, rather than being labeled a type of religion, is better explained as ‘a way of living your life’. Clairvoyance takes place (or should take place) in God’s light and with prayer.

Many churches have members who have visions but they do not carry the label of clairvoyant, and so it is said that they work in God’s light. There is no defense or judgment in that statement. The simple fact is that a good medium has to work and always will work in God’s light.

Just as singers have their different methods of singing, so do mediums have their individual ways of receiving their messages. Tea cup readings, palm readings, tarot cards, automatic writing and psychometry (holding an object belonging to the client and receiving the object’s energy) are the most common. I hear voices (clairaudience) and am shown pictures (clairvoyance) with emotions attached to both, and so I ‘sense’ and ‘feel’ the message that is being given to me—this is called clairsentience, which is my medium.

Although I have used tarot cards, psychometry and automatic writing, the way I work feels more comfortable for me.

Geoff is teased a lot by his friends for having a clairvoyant wife. ‘My God, Geoff, she must always know what you are up to and where you are!’ The truth of the matter is that I am in the same boat because Geoff is a pretty good clairvoyant himself—especially when it relates to spiritual healing.

We seem to be able to connect over long distances. Once when he was flying to Hong Kong on business and I was left in charge of our company in South Africa, I had an import problem with our herbal product and was desperate to make contact with Geoff. I visualized him on the plane and sent a message to his mind that there was an important fax for him at the hotel explaining my dilemma.

He turned to his business partner, Mike, who was sitting next to him on the plane, and said: ‘Verna needs some help. When we land I need to go straight to the hotel reception to pick up an urgent fax from her.’

‘How the hell do you know that?’ asked Mike. ‘You haven’t spoken to her for three days.’

‘She has just made contact with me now,’ said Geoff with a smirk. He knew full well that he was blowing poor Mike’s mind. To Mike’s amazement the fax was there waiting for Geoff and all the problems were sorted out. Not sure about poor Mike’s mind, though.

## **YOU ARE A NATURAL CLAIRVOYANT**

‘Out of the mouths of babes’ is an expression more worthy of its meaning than we realize. Children up to the age of seven are more connected to the world of spirit than to the earth world. A little girl may sit and have tea with her invisible friend Jane whom you cannot see or sense, but Jane is very real to her.

A friend of mine had a little boy of four who spent hours on end working in his chocolate factory with his friend Peter. Nobody could see Peter but we were severely reprimanded if we did not say hello to him.

One day I asked the boy how this factory worked and was amazed at his reply. ‘Well, you see, Aunty Verna, Peter looks after all the machines and I look after the chocolate. I make the chocolate in Peter’s machines. The chocolate goes through there,’ he said, pointing to a place in space. ‘We have other friends who watch the chocolate so it won’t mess. This machine cuts up the chocolate and it comes out this end here, and this machine wraps the pieces in paper, and we send it to the shops so you can buy them.’ Then he said something that floored me: ‘We have to wear things on our ears to stop the noise.’ This little fellow had never been to a factory of any sort or seen one on TV.

There are many documentaries to back up both this theory and that of the possibility that children remember their past lives and bring their past life talents and knowledge to their present lifetime. A few such children have been on the Oprah show or documented on television:

A four-year-old who knows every detail about every make of car and when asked by his parents where he would like to go for an outing, his reply is that he’d like to go to a car dealership. As he passes each vehicle he describes explicit details of it.

A little girl of six can answer any question about past presidents of the USA.

A thirteen-year-old paints the most incredible art.

An eleven-year-old sings like Pavarotti.

A six-year-old, never having had a music lesson in his life, plays Mozart.

There was a documentary on British television about an Indian boy of six who continually told his parents he wanted to *go home*. When questioned he stated that his wife and children lived in a specific village not far from where his family lived. He claimed that he owned a radio and TV shop in this village. After a lot of deliberating, they took him to the village he had mentioned. He recognized his wife and picked out his children from a group of children playing in the street. He told his wife how she had rearranged his shop. He said he had been shot and that when he dug up the gold he had buried he would share it with her. What he said was all confirmed by his wife. After he pointed out the place on his head where the bullet had hit him, they shaved his head, only to find a scar-type of birthmark in the exact spot.

A small boy living on a farm in South Africa told his parents that an old man with a white beard had visited him in his bedroom and that the old man kept telling him that there was money under his floor. The little boy was terrified. Because the old man’s soul continually visited the boy, the family decided to sell the farm. The new owners had the same experience with their child who slept in the same room. They finally dug up the floor, attached another small boy to a rope, and lowered him down a tiny hole which they thought was an old well. Lo and behold, he discovered the money—coins galore—hidden under the floor of the room that the little boy had slept in.

Children often tell of a visit from a grandparent or family member who has passed away.

Clairvoyance is not a gift that some say mediums are blessed with, but rather a natural part of every soul. It is not anti-religious. It is your connection with God, the universe and your higher self. We all, each and every one of us, have this sense of awareness within us but it would be a chaotic world if we all were able to use it to its fullest capacity at all times. That would mean all being at the same level of awareness and it would take away the good and nasty opposites of life. How would we ever learn life's lessons? It would defeat the object of incarnation, since we need to experience and live the specific chosen paths of our souls. Each of us has the same opportunities in life, but because of who we are, our characters and beliefs and our souls' choices of life, we walk our individual paths.

My clairvoyance/awareness was strong when I was a child. As a teenager I felt different to others. It seemed as if I was on the outside looking in as life went on around me. At the age of nine I befriended a girl at school who was a total outsider to others. She came from the wrong side of the railway line, so to speak, and she openly admitted she could see ghosts. Her name was Carol and she told me that she would only live a few more years. We used to chat to her late aunt. She claimed she could see her aunt's soul, but I could only hear the words and sense her energy.

Carol died of cancer when she was sixteen. Just before she died she told me to look out for her, and lo and behold, I used to sense her presence—especially on the hockey field.

When I turned fourteen my parents took me to what was then Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) for a holiday. On the way to the Zimbabwe Ruins, sitting quietly in the back seat of the car, I received a picture in my head. "When we turn the corner, on the right-hand side we will see a farm house. There is a lady who always wears a straw hat and she is working in her rose garden. She loves roses." Sure enough, when we turned the corner the picture as I had seen it spread out before our eyes. I remember that I felt no sense of surprise at this. The lady gave us a cheerful wave as we drove past. Needless to say my parents didn't say a word—what could they say! They were from the old school and 'seeing' spiritually in those days was not as common as it is today. I quietly added, 'I know her. Funny thing is, she loves her roses and her name is also Rose.'

The rest of the trip was made in deathly silence. My parents were probably wondering which asylum to put me in!

Approaching the Zimbabwe Ruins, my father was wondering what the history of this place was. 'I know,' I said, and off I went as if I had verbal diarrhea. I rattled off the entire history of the Zimbabwe Ruins.

'Where did you read this?' he asked.

'I didn't,' I replied. 'I just know it as if someone is telling me.'

'Yes...well...' was all I got from a very confused father. Feeling that it was all too weird for them to cope with, and wondering how this was happening to me, I decided to keep future experiences of this kind to myself. My father found relief in discovering that the history of the Ruins is unknown.

When I was sixteen my grandmother was in hospital and my parents had gone to visit her. My cousin and I were left alone at Gran's house. The phone rang and I said to my cousin, 'It's the hospital. Gran has died. She is happy now. No need to answer the phone because they won't tell us.' Sure enough it was the hospital but I was wrong, they did tell my young cousin of the death.

Up to the age of twenty many spiritual events occurred in my life. Just as they do in everybody's life, including yours, if you think back.

I guarantee that in some way or another you have had a spiritual experience of some kind. Your inner voice creates an awareness or feeling about something or someone that left you,

saying: *I knew we should not have done that, or I knew we should not have come here, or I had a feeling about him or her.*

## INCARNATION

*I have a wonderful image in my mind regarding incarnation.*

Imagine your soul in the spirit world planning your trip to mother earth. There we are, spiritual energy sitting on a cloud—even though the spirit world is not up in the clouds but rather on a higher vibration surrounding us here on earth. Anyway, there we are sitting on this cloud with our angels and souls relating our future incarnation. Plans are being made as to who will connect with you to help you experience your soul's desires.

'I will incarnate before you, and when the time is right we will marry,' says one soul.

'OK,' you reply. 'And when you have taught my soul abuse and suffering so I will truly understand it and then survive it, I will discover my own inner strength...then what?'

'Oh,' says another soul. 'I will come and help you to heal. I will show you the opposite as I will love you and teach you to trust again—but we will only meet when you have healed from being a victim and found your courage again.'

Others may say: I want to incarnate to be a mother figure or to help others in need or to be wealthy or to experience loss or simply to have a happy time.

Whatever your soul's desired plan is for you, one way or another it will come to pass.

The next step is for your soul to spend some spiritual time with the souls you have chosen as parents. Their characters will complement and create the foundation of your soul's chosen lifetime on earth. Remember this when you blame your parents for your hardships in life—you chose them! Rather than blame them, try to understand how they could be positively connected to your chosen journey on earth. No matter what your relationship is with them, there will always be small or large events you need to forgive them for. Nobody is perfect—not even you!

Still sitting on that cloud, you now begin a huge discussion about your natural character traits, which are also connected to the plan of action. This relates to the time, month and year you are born.

It must all seem very easy as we symbolically sit on that cloud. Our souls are full of faith and peace. From the world of spirit, our time on earth is like a short theatrical play with each of us having our leading role. We are aware at that time that we are eternal beings.

Our guardian angels are with us on our symbolic cloud and remain aware, as they watch over us on earth, of our soul's plans. They guide us every moment of our lives. This guidance comes through to you by your intuition, your inner teachings...all that you know.

Our souls want to experience everything! Not all in one lifetime, mind you—therefore we have many lifetimes to accomplish this. If we see life's traumas as experiences for our soul rather than lessons, it gives us a more positive outlook. There is a good old saying: *It is not what happens to us in life that matters but how we look at it.*

No matter how spiritually aware you are as a child or even as an adult, this awareness may be lost to you when those negative experiences called life slap you around a little—or maybe even a lot. Maybe some experiences are so drastic that at the time it feels impossible to overcome them. You can and you will survive because God puts nothing in our path that is not planned.

Soul groups incarnate together. They plan to meet at different times in life for specific reasons. Your awareness will recognize those soul-mates. You will feel as if you have known them all your life. There will also be souls with whom you may have spent a past life.

After taking a hypnosis course with me, one of my clients felt an overwhelming sense of sadness when the time came for us to go our separate ways. We did a past-life regression and

discovered that in a previous lifetime we had been two small girls playing on a beach together. It seemed that someone came and took me away, and she cried when she recalled this event. It seemed that I had been abducted, and her soul now felt a similar emotion when the time came to say goodbye to my soul. Although we hardly see each other because we live in different towns, we try our best to meet when we can. She still feels that sadness when we part.

As you continue reading, remember that you are unique and special, you are body, mind and soul and God's creation. Would God create something that was not perfect in His eyes, no matter what? Nobody on earth is perfect, but in God's eyes we are.

## Chapter Two

# LIFE EXPERIENCES

Life takes us on a roller-coaster ride filled with highs and lows, excitement and fear, love and glory. You have probably discovered for yourself that life can kick you where it hurts most. God watches us as we play our leading roles in His enormous theatrical world play. Each of us creates our own individual chosen scenes, with the good, the bad and the ugly intermingled as He watches how we get into and out of situations, never judging us while we screw up, do good and re-write our scripts until we get it right.

This is the part where I share a painful slice of my life with you.

## ABUSE

The early years of my life were wonderful, safe and loving. And then came the time for me to act out my difficult and traumatic scene. My script read: *Enter husband and mother-in-law—exit awareness*. Oh boy!

This scene took more than ten years to experience, and many more years to overcome.

I was twenty when I walked slap-bang into a nightmare situation. I was used to a pleasant, safe, protected and loving life, then wham! Enter marriage and mother-in-law. The next ten years was a time for me to travel through a bit of hell and to experience and become what I had chosen to become. I now fully understand the expression *'to hell and back'*.

My awareness faded, my clairvoyance died on me, as the trauma of abuse came into my life. Funny how we lose our intuition when we need it most! Maybe that is because when we find it again, we have earned and enhanced it.

I married into a time-bomb of hell. Years of emotional abuse from my mother-in-law and an unhappy abusive marriage took their toll. I became a victim.

My childhood was filled with love, protection and strict guidance—maybe too much so. I never knew that people screamed, yelled and performed like crazed animals.

When I was a child, my dear mom was always ready with her bar of soap. If a rude word or curse slipped out of my or my brother's mouth, in would go the bar of soap. I can still taste and smell the type of soap she used—really yucky! She was never a huggy, lovey mom, but my brother and I knew without a shadow of a doubt that she loved us more than life itself. My father was often like a Gestapo when his German blood took over but he could not have loved and guided us more than he did. He was an excellent guide in teaching his children moral behavior mixed with an enormous dose of love and laughter. I have his laughing blue eyes, and every time I look in the mirror I remember his love and his soul.

The extreme wonderfulness of my life disappeared as it was taken over by extreme nastiness. I was no wimp, but like water constantly dripping on a stone, the torment wore me down and made me fight for my sanity.

We lived with my in-laws because my husband worked for them in their country hotel. My mother-in-law was like a witch from my fairy story days. She constantly screamed at me, threw my clothes out into the rain, accused me of stealing from their hotel and called me all the negative, rude names under the sun. She continually walked into our bedroom unannounced, listened at the door, and if we were making love she would knock and shout as loudly as she could, yelling out for her son.

She was on constant alert to make my life a living hell. It was her obsession.

I cannot type her language in this book because my mother's bar of soap comes to mind! My mother-in-law squashed me like a flea.

Although my childhood was protected, I was a toughie and I vowed that this crazy woman was not going to get the better of me. I would show her so much kindness and love she would melt. I was determined to win this battle by changing her and winning her over. I now know that being a victim of emotional or physical abuse is something you run from—fast! Take flight, move from it, run like hell. Your abuser won't change, not without therapy.

The abuser has a knack of eventually making you believe that you deserve the abuse and that it is your fault. The words, '*I am sorry,*' '*it will never happen again,*' '*forgive me,*' and '*I love you*' eventually become empty and meaningless. It takes years for an abused soul to once again take those words at face value.

The battle of wits between mother-in-law and me was mine alone since my husband was well and truly attached to her apron strings, or maybe just as afraid of her as I was. He never uttered a peep of support for me. She constantly told my parents how much she loved me, and she was like an angel when they visited—so they found it hard to accept my unbelievable tales of woe. I was on my own!

I fought to the death. Tooth and nail I hung in there until I finally lost my grip and fell so far down into a pit of darkness that I mentally died. The physical body wilted and the mental and emotional bodies felt like entangled, shorting electrical wires. *Zzzzzt zzzzt* went the sparks!

My mental blow-up death came about when I tried, without my conscious awareness of it, to suffocate her with her birthday cake. It was the final melt-down.

## WHOSE HONEYMOON?

Although I had already sensed the hatred from mother-in-law dearest, I was in love and excited to be a bride. Maybe I *thought* I was in love. Maybe it was the idea of being a bride and following the path of 'society says'. But there you go. I tied the knot feeling that love could overcome all odds. Yeah, right! Don't believe it for a second—love, like a cake, has many ingredients, and a heck of a lot of work is needed before any sweet icing and the cherry appear.

Bad ingredients popped into my love cake on the first morning of our honeymoon. The divorce began on the first day of our honeymoon but it took ten years to become a complete process.

After the wedding we drove for two hours to our honeymoon cottage, arriving in the wee early hours of the morning. It was cold and wet outside and we were exhausted from the emotional stress of a wedding gone wrong. Oh yes, she had bossed my new husband around and sent him all over the hotel for this or that, keeping him well out of my reach. I spent the reception dancing with my father, brother and friends. It was a great party for everyone else. My high expectations of my brand-new husband swinging me around the dance floor, looking lovingly in my eyes and showing the world how much he loved me...that anticipation evaporated, to be replaced by a tight knot in my tummy. The knot grew tighter as the night wore on. By the time the band asked me if I had a request for them to play to my husband, I asked for *Please release me, let me go*. For some reason they refused to play it while I, on the other hand, was sulky, furious and deadly serious!

We left well after midnight and drove the two hours to our honeymoon cottage, collapsing into bed on arrival and deciding that sleep was the order of what was left of the dark, early hours of the morning. The honeymoon could start when we woke up refreshed—if we ever woke up!

At eleven the following morning, in my dozy, half-asleep state I heard loud banging and heavy rain on the roof. My God, was there a hurricane outside? Was the cottage blowing away? My heart was beating like a drum as the banging got louder and louder.

New husband continued to sleep like a baby, as men do. I shook him half-awake, grabbed a towel and went to see what the banging was about. It was the front door, but it was closed, so why the banging?

Bang, bang, bang!

Shaking my head to bring myself to my senses, wrapped in the towel and shivering, I opened the door. My bleary, beady little eyes could not believe what they saw. My mouth dropped into a wide gape. Standing in front of me in the pouring rain were my new in-laws and two of their friends. The rain was coming down in buckets, the wind was howling and I felt like I was taking part in a scary movie. All that was needed was some Alfred Hitchcock music.

‘Hello, what’s wrong?’ I asked in surprise while rubbing my eyes, hoping against all odds that I was dreaming and they would go *poof* and disappear into thin air.

‘What brings you here?’ I looked like hell. Sensing that their first thoughts, since we were on honeymoon, would be that we had just had rampant sex, I started to blush. That just made things worse. Embarrassment and guilt turned me a bright tomato red.

A slight giggle came from the gang standing at the door.

‘Did we disturb you? Did we come—’ with the emphasis on *come* ‘—at a bad time?’ More giggles enhanced my blushing. ‘Are you going to make us stand in the rain all day, or are you going to invite us in? Where is that son of mine? We planned a picnic and we’ve traveled all this way. It’s pouring outside, in case you haven’t noticed, so we brought the picnic to you,’ said mother-in-law with a *we caught you in the act* grin across her face. Her hair had frizzed up in the rain and she looked like someone ready to do battle.

Still not opening the door wide, I stammered, ‘What, why, no, we’ve hardly slept.’ More blushing.

‘Oh well, at least it looks like you’ve had a good time,’ she said, pushing her way past me while calling out to her son.

*What a bitch*, I thought while swallowing down my tears. *Boy, now I am really pissed off with her. I will get in the bloody car and go if he lets them stay. I will! I am not taking any crap from this bitch!* The natural survival reaction within us is always a quick, split-second response. I was also drop-dead tired, and emotionally ready for battle.

Hubby had heard the commotion. ‘What the hell is going on? Come back to bed, it’s peeing down outside and there are things I still have to do with you,’ he laughingly shouted from the bedroom.

Storming into the bedroom, I exploded, ‘You have half an hour to get rid of these people or I am leaving. I promise you—I am leaving! I am totally pissed off, angry, furious, and your mother is a bitch of the first degree. Get rid of them NOW!’

‘Get rid of my mother? What is she doing here?’ he asked, wiping his eyes to focus on all the commotion.

‘This is our honeymoon and your mother wants to spend it with us. What kind of a woman is she anyway?’ I yelled in a whispered scream. Heavy-eyed, with a towel around him, he made his way to the entrance of the cottage. ‘Hey, what a surprise, what you doing here?’ he asked.

‘Hello, honey, we were feeling a bit flat after the wedding and all, so we thought we would have a picnic, but the weather isn’t too good out there, so we decided to pop in and bring the picnic here. Just wanted to make sure all was well with you. Have a good night, then? Ha, ha! Seriously though, we have brought meat to barbeque, but it’s raining so we’ll just have to see if Verna can at least cook.’

It was raining all over the country—was she stupid or very clever?



‘Look, mom, this is not a good time. We really are emotionally drained from the wedding and we only arrived here at sunrise. We really are tired,’ he mumbled in an unconvincing voice.

‘Wow—guess you did have a good time last night, then. We’ll just eat and go. It is lunch time, after all, and you guys have to get out of bed sometime to eat,’ said a determined mother-in-law.

The cottage had a small two-plate stove and that was it. My emotions were running riot. My blood was boiling and the spoilt child in me came to life. I was feeling as flat as a pancake, tired, miserable, and once again disappointed after my expectations of my first morning as a wife. All I wanted to do was simply crawl back into the bed I was sitting on and sleep. While waiting for hubby to get rid of his family and come back to bed, my mind was planning my escape if they refused to leave. Lo and behold, the next sounds I heard were beers being opened and much laughter from the lounge. Hubby was laughing the loudest.

Now I was really mad. The pulsing rose to a crescendo in my veins. My teeth were alternately clenched together with stress and chattering from the cold weather and it did not help that I was fast reaching emotional boiling point.

The spoiled and nurtured child within me grew stronger. *I will not cook for these people. I will leave, just as I promised. Nobody is going to take away the fairy-tale honeymoon I have dreamt of since childhood and get away with it. The bitch and her gang can get stuffed!* Tears of resentment and fury ran down my face. I became the child who was unable to get her own way. I cannot remember, but I am sure I must have stamped my little footie!

‘OK, just cook for them, let’s eat, and they’ll go. What are they supposed to do? They’re here for the day and it’s raining. Where can they go?’ said my brand-new husband as he came into the bedroom.

‘They knew it was raining before they left home. Don’t be so naïve—you cook for them, I’m outta here. It’s them or me, honey. Take your pick,’ I said with a defiant glare. He stormed out of the room after instructing me to grow up, get dressed and join them.

Still defiant, I hurriedly snatched my tracksuit from the top of the unpacked suitcase, put the pants on back to front, cursed, and finally managed to get dressed. We had not yet unpacked. Having no intention of losing this battle, I locked my case, picked it up, grabbed the car keys and marched out the back door. There was no way I was going to join them. I let the car run silently down the hill for a short distance before starting the engine.

*I will show this man that he had better know my word is my word!* I mumbled, trying to convince myself that I was not behaving like a child by taking off in a huff. *I wonder how long it will take before my brand-new husband even misses me!* Hurt and sulking, I had a good old mutter to myself. *They can drink themselves stupid and party on for all I bloody care.* Tears ran down my face; *Who the hell do they think they are? Am I right in running away? Should I stay? No, of course not, bugger that for a joke!* All the rude words my mother had soaped out of my mouth as a child were floating around in my thoughts.

It took about half an hour for me to reach the flat I used to share with a friend, Doreen. Banging on her door like a cop during an early morning raid, I got her to drop whatever she was doing and rush with wet feet to the door. She had been walking up and down on her sheets in the bath tub. When we lived together we used to pour two glasses of wine and sit side by side on the edge of the bath, sipping and chatting while we stamped our washing with out feet—it was our home-made fun washing machine. It was here that we had discussed our day and our life problems. It was here that I had told her that I had become engaged to my future husband. At first she had looked a tiny bit skeptical, but that look had faded as she suddenly pulled me full-force with her on top of the washing in the bath. We had sat in the warm water with our washing, sipping our wine and discussing wedding plans.

After seeing me through the peep hole, she flung the door open, her eyes nearly popping out of her head. She had been at the wedding and she knew I was supposed to be on my honeymoon.

‘What the hell are you doing here?’ she asked.

‘You are not going to believe this,’ I wailed. The floodgates opened and sobbing racked my body as I told her the story.

‘You were afraid of her right from the start, and now this...you are welcome to stay but you should go back and stand up to her or she will rule over you for ever. What a bitch!’ she said, holding me tight to calm me down.

We opened two beers and went through to the bathroom. Just like old times, there we sat on the edge of the bath with our feet pounding at her wet linen. We did quite well at skirting around why I was there with her and not on honeymoon.

She was giving me time to chill out a little, and for my tears and continuous deep breathing to stop.

‘Why, as soon as a man comes into your life, does it feel as if you lose a part of yourself somewhere along the line?’ I felt like I had lost control of who I was and what I wanted from life.

‘Maybe it’s our upbringing. You know we watched our mothers and fathers and their behavior. My mom was always looking after my dad, she did everything for him—everything!’ my friend said in deep thought.

‘Yeah, my folks seemed happy enough, but you know they had to overcome the war years together. My dad came back different to the man she married before the war. She told me once that they nearly got divorced, but that it was not a word to be mentioned in their family. She said that he was impossible to live with at first, but slowly they came together again. It must have been difficult, to say the least.’

‘Work has been a real bummer lately,’ said Doreen, trying to change the subject. It didn’t work—I was single-minded.

‘I’m not sure what to do, Doreen. How do I go back? They win then and as you said, they’ll control me like mad after this lot. Do you think I should take this as a sign and call it quits now?’

‘Do you love him?’

‘I don’t have a blasted clue. Right now I hate him.’

‘Do you have any money?’

‘No—spent it all on my wedding dress and, ha bloody ha, my sexy honeymoon outfits.’

‘God, Vee, you don’t have your job anymore, either. Also, what would your folks say after spending all that money on your wedding? You can stay here with me until you get settled. I’ve let your room but there’s always the couch.’

‘Thanks, but I have to sort this out and face the music. Jeez, why do I feel like the guilty party here? Why do I feel like I have done wrong? I’m a fighter and I don’t run from trouble, you know that. Look what I did at school when the principal caught us having a midnight feast while playing strip poker in the girls’ dorm. He wanted to expel me and tell my parents that I had sneaked out of the house. Remember? I stood up to him. I told him if he said one word, I would tell the entire town of Butterworth that he sneaked around the girl’s dorm at night, and that’s why he caught us. Never heard a peep out of him after that, although my life was hell at school for a while. I may be green around the ears, but I am no wuss.

‘Anyway, it’s pouring cats and dogs outside. I’d better stay here for today and tonight, if that’s OK with you.’

‘Sure, now dry your eyes, wash you face, help me hang out the washing, and let’s get the hell out of here and go and eat some Italian. Ha, ha, I could do with a six-foot Italian,’ she said, trying to make light of everything.

The following morning was even more depressing. Reality hit home. ‘What am I going to do?’

‘Phone the hotel and see if they’re back yet,’ she suggested.

‘Just did, and they’re all still away, so I gather they’re having my honeymoon for me.’

They had all stayed at the cottage because of the heavy rain, smothering their poor abandoned son with pity and love and advising him to let me go for good.

Four days went by and I finally got through to the hotel. There were no cell phones in 1965. ‘Enjoy your honeymoon with mother dearest. Did she sleep with you too?’ I asked in my most sarcastic voice.

‘Where the hell are you? We’re all worried sick about you.’

That really set me off. ‘Yeah, right, especially your mother. You never even tried to find me. You must have known where I would be. Did you even bother to phone my parents? Did you think to phone any of our friends? Did you even bother to try? Did you even know I was gone? Maybe you just wanted your mommy to stay with you. You just don’t give a damn, do you?’ I ranted and raged at him. ‘Maybe this whole darn wedding thing was a huge bloody mistake.’

‘As a matter of fact they did stay for two days. The rain was so heavy that it wasn’t safe for them to drive, and the bridge was down.’ He didn’t get to finish his sentence.

‘Oh, great—you spent your honeymoon with your folks. That is one for the books. That’s why you didn’t look for me, isn’t it? Mommy dearest told you not to. I’m right, aren’t I? I think we should call it quits right now. This is just not going to work out. I can compete with other women any time, any place, but not when it’s my husband’s mother!’

Tears started to roll down my face as my heart and body physically recoiled from the pain. Crawling into the fetal position to try and relieve the agony in my solar plexus, I wanted to scream—I wanted *my* mommy.

An awareness of what my mom would say crept into my head: *You are being childish and unreasonable. Why did you run away and not just cook their meal and join in the fun? You brought this on yourself, young lady. You made your bed, now lie in it!* Would she have been right?

The phone line was silent, as if someone had pushed the mute button. Quietly, between tears, I murmured, ‘I will be home tonight, but if you ever, and I mean *ever*, take your mother’s side over mine again, we are finished.’

Walking back into the hotel was like walking into an igloo. Cold energy sent shivers up and down my spine. Creeping along on tiptoe, as quiet as a mouse, I tried to get to the safety of our living quarters without the dragon spotting me. How on earth was I going to cope with them living down the passage from me!

Almost there, with just a few feet to go, I heard a bellow from behind me. ‘What kind of a bloody wife do you call yourself? When you married my son, you married into this family and you will behave accordingly. We are decent people and now we have to overcome the scandal that will spread like wildfire in this small place. The entire town is talking about how you walked out on your husband during your honeymoon. I will have none of this behavior from you in future. You just better learn to know your place, once and for all, young lady!’

‘Oh, go jump in the lake. I’m not married to you, and from now on you will not, and I repeat *not*, get under my skin. I’ve had it with you. You can shout and scream and perform all you bloody want. Does the entire town know you went on honeymoon with your dear mommy’s boy?’ I shot back.

I was shivering in my boots but I had enough bottled-up fury to tackle her full on.

‘What did you just say?’

‘You heard me!’

‘Yes, I did, and you will be sorry—very sorry.’

I was not as brave as I was making out to be. The fight went on. Rude and nasty words were flying around until I don't think there were any new ones left to say. As much as I was shaken to my core, I was just as determined not to back down.

Faltering backward with every vicious blow, I managed to get to the safety of our bedroom and slam the door in her face, which was glowing red and swollen with rage. Now I could cry in peace!

What was I thinking? Why was I still there? Was I behaving like a spoiled brat? Could anyone be as nasty as her—or me, for that matter? I was in love and wanted my marriage to work but hell's bells, was love enough? My respect for my new husband was rapidly weakening.

Looking back, I know I should have given him a choice right then and there. No soul deserves to be emotionally abused; by staying, I was abusing myself.

If anyone had said this to me at the time, I would have protested like a wild banshee. It was all her fault, not mine!

## LIVING IN HELL

For years I had heard her screeches and her constant abuse and rudeness. It had gathered up in a special file in my brain that was bulging and ready to burst. Her voice was like sandpaper rubbing against my physical and emotional bodies. It made me cringe like a whipped dog.

I had suffered four miscarriages through stress and had never felt so alone in my entire life. She told me that I was a useless cow since I could not even give her son a child. Her screeching was in my dreams, in my mind, my body and my soul. It was like a *thing* constantly attacking and eating away at me. Each day was a living nightmare from which I could not wake up.

Her small birthday party was going to be my last effort to win her over. As I've said, I was not allowed in the hotel kitchen because of her accusing me of theft, so off I went to the local bakery to buy her a birthday cake. It was winter so I lit the fire in the family corner of the hotel bar. I set up the special family table with beautiful decorations, invited four of her friends (or rather associates, since I believe she had no real friends so speak of) to tea, lit some candles and waited with bated breath to give her the surprise birthday party.

'Oh, what a lovely thing for my son to do for me,' were her first words as her friends settled themselves at the table. Pulling up a chair, I heard the grating voice: "What do you think you're doing here? Who invited you anyway?"

'Mom, I organized all of this for you,' I said. My face filled with fear that dragged my heart up into my mouth, closed my throat and brought tears to my eyes. A deathly silence followed while I waited for her reaction. Every slow, drawn-out moment was filled with anticipation. I felt like a gambler with all my money on one number of the roulette wheel. Was I going to win or lose, be yelled at or let off the hook?

'Where did the cake come from? You are not allowed in the kitchen,' she said, turning to her friends. 'Verna steals the food so I had to take the kitchen keys from her. God only knows why—maybe she sells it or gives it to the staff. I do everything I can to make her life easy for her. She doesn't have to lift a finger in the hotel.'

Her watery eyes glared at me as she screamed two words: 'GO AWAY!'

'I do not steal food and I bought the cake, so you don't have to worry that I have broken into your beloved kitchen.'

I rose to leave, my throat thick with defensive anger as embarrassment among strangers filled my heart.

With the knife in her hand and the cake cut, she unleashed the venom of abuse and it flowed from her in a stream of high-pitched accusations. 'You are so bloody useless! You

cannot even buy a cake, let alone bake one! You are no good for anybody—especially my son. Go back to where you came from. Go! Get out of my house—go—get out, you silly cow! You cannot even give my son a child—you are useless in every aspect of life! This cake is stale....’ On and on her voice went, louder and louder, out of control. Hysterical abuse flowed from her filthy mouth.

Her friends sat with eyes wide, trying to stop her. I had to shut out the noise and shut up the voice. I had to stop the screeching. In robotic slow motion I picked up the cake with both hands and shoved it into her face. I pushed and turned the cake harder and harder against her face. No more screeching! Please! I held it there so tightly that my hands turned white. I had to stop that voice!

Her friends tried to loosen my grip but I had the strength of an ox. Three men sipping their beers at the bar had been disturbed out of their deep conversation. Hearing the commotion, they came over to the table. It took all three of them to release my grip on the cake and pull me away.

I was not trying to kill her but I had to stop the voices in my head. I know now that we are all capable, if pushed hard enough, of murder, even if it is not intended.

Like an automaton I walked behind the bar, opened the till, took out all the money, picked up the car keys and drove like a person possessed for one and half hours to the only person I knew who believed and understood what I was going through. It was Dr. Jacobs. He was our family doctor and he knew my mother-in-law and had on many occasions heard my tales of woe.

Dr. Jacobs used hypnosis rather than pills to help me get my sanity back. I live by his wise words: *‘Life always gives you choices. Right now you can let her win and remain feeling very sorry for yourself, or you can take your life back. Only you are in control of your life and it is you who allowed this to happen to you. You became a victim but it was your choice to stay and remain a victim.’*

At first I was as mad as a snake at him. How could he blame innocent victim me!

It was while under hypnosis that the worst scenario of all had tumbled out from my mind. I had already suffered three miscarriages and was recalling the fourth one to Dr. Jacobs: *‘I was lying on my bed with blood everywhere. The pain was awful. My heart was breaking. I heard footsteps so I called out for help and she came into the room. I asked her to please help me and to call her son. She simply looked at me and walked on. She went to the bar and without saying a word poured a drink, sat next to him and said nothing.’*

‘How do you know she said nothing?’ asked the doc.

*‘She couldn’t have—he would have come running.’*

‘What happened then?’ he asked kindly.

*‘The maid heard me screaming and came into the room. She took one look and ran for my husband. She told him that I was losing the baby.’*

‘And then?’

*‘He and his mother came running into the room and she acted all concerned, as if she knew nothing about it. I don’t believe that my husband knew half of what went on between his mother and me. Often when he was around she would act all sweet to me. It was awful! I looked viciously into her eyes, an if looks could kill kind of look, but she smiled a smile only I could see and said that they must get me to the hospital.’*

*‘She said he could run the hotel, and she and her husband would take me. For once he stood his ground and the two of us went to the hospital. We lost our baby girl. How could any sane person do that—nobody with a heart could do that to another person. I hate her so much!’*

The hypnosis session ended after some soothing, healing words from Dr. Jacobs.

Many visits to this God-sent doctor who taught me hypnosis showed me that it had been my choice to stick around and be a victim of this emotional abuse. Although I was unwilling to accept that assertion, he also managed to show me a positive side to my choices, and said by staying I had shown that I did not simply give up a good fight and that I did have more courage and strength within me than I had realized.

There is a natural instinctive survival flow of energy within each of us known as the *fight or flight* syndrome. I had chosen the fight for survival without knowing when to quit and take flight. Maybe the fight for survival should have been to leave hell sooner rather than later. I now changed my vote to *flight* and vowed never to return to the hotel.

My husband was given the ultimatum—his mother, or he would lose me; a new job away from the hotel, or me. Amazingly he left the hotel and it changed our lives completely. Our marriage now stood a chance of survival. And we were happy, carefree and gathered new friends around us.

Was this the end of the negative and the beginning of the positive? NO! Mother-in-law got cancer and I will give my husband the benefit of the doubt here. He let it be my choice about going back to the hotel to help his parents out. Since it was his legacy and he was not really qualified for anything else, old softie here gave in and back we went.

The end of this pattern with my bitter and twisted mother-in-law was that I ended up nursing her through her painful death from cancer. A sort of bond formed between us with an understanding that the roles had changed. I was in charge now! The hurt began fading as she slipped far too slowly towards her journey home to the spirit world. It was so very sad to watch her suffering. Her final words to me were: 'I never ever hated you, I simply envied the life you have in you.' Years later I figured out that she must have been a terribly unhappy soul to have behaved the way she did and that she was, in fact, unhappier than I had been. Wow, quite a thought!

The medical bills ate at the hotel profits, so eventually we all had to leave this place of horror. We moved to two separate apartments. Just before my mother-in-law lost the battle against cancer, I finally managed to keep my babies through to birth. Gary was born in 1969 and our daughter, Sharon, was born in 1971.

For the sake of our children I made an all-out effort to save our marriage. But after the death of mother-in-law dearest, the bitterness seemed to transfer itself to my husband—or was it to me? The constant arguing and being physically pushed and shoved around and lied to was another form of abuse, but did I bring it on myself at that stage? I was no angel, and with my defense weapons now on a full alert, I was like a cat that's been rubbed up the wrong way. There I was, once again taking the blame for the abuse—thinking I deserved it! I remember thinking that if only the pushing and shoving could be more intense, it might come to a head and stop. It was like feeling like you were going to get a bad dose of 'flu but it never materializes and you just continue to ache. Push, push, push, shove, shove and shove—his face only inches from mine. Over and over and over again! There were constant arguments. The poor children were told that they should be seen and not heard, and they received lectures at every meal. Eventually I would eat with them long before he was due home.

One night after being violently pushed onto the double bunk bed, which broke on impact, I realized things were going beyond emotional abuse and enough was enough. Gary, Shan and I left the marriage but, as I said, I cannot lay the blame entirely on one party here... or can I?

## SURVIVING DIVORCE

Recounting my life to you is amazing because it reminds me that most of my clients who end up sitting opposite me today are going through or have survived similar experiences. Having lived through whatever you have lived through allows you to understand and help others living a similar experience—even though each one of us lives it differently due to our characters, past experiences and belief systems.

Divorce is traumatic. Emotions are high and negative. Tension rises. Especially after a long relationship, one needs to break the old habits. No matter how negative and abusive my marriage had been, there were still lonely times when I considered going back to it. Only time, friends and loved ones heal the wounds.

I had now divorced myself from the entire family. Sadly, father-in-law took no interest in our plight for survival or in his grandchildren. Fats (father-in-law's brother) and his family were my favorites, but it seemed I had divorced them too.

New courage, inner strength, self-preservation and the freedom to realize what I was made of filled my body, mind and soul. I had come out of it alive and sane—whew!

I almost had to introduce myself to my new self, I was so different. The stuffing had been knocked out of me and I had refilled myself by using both the happy and loving foundation of my childhood and the knowledge that I could now survive anything life threw my way. I became a gentle but strong force to be reckoned with.

As I write this, Gary and Shan have not seen their father for the last nineteen years—his choice! Recently he has learnt that his son is a successful lawyer in England, is happily married to Mikki and has a beautiful daughter, Erin, and a son, Zak. He has made contact with Shan by phone but still has made no effort to see either of them.

There is no bitterness in us at all. Our hearts go out to him since he is lonely and it seems he still needs to learn that life is about all that is and not only his needs.

Now my ex, Gary, Shan and I had to survive the divorce. For my ex this did not seem a problem since he remarried in a matter of months and had another son. I was pleased because I felt it would help him to give more of himself to his children. We all loved Sue, his new wife, and her sons, Graham and Iain (who is Gary and Shan's half-brother). Unfortunately my ex's pattern of behavior never changed and Sue and her two boys ended up in the same boat as us. We still keep in contact with Sue and her sons but he has abandoned them.

Divorce is never a pleasant experience but I had fight in me again and I was determined to create a happier life for myself and hence for Gary and Shan.

When the time came for me to run for my life I was a bit afraid of my ex (all six feet four inches of him), so taking the children and with very little money, I went into hiding for two weeks. I phoned him and told him that the children were fine and when he calmed down I would let him know where we were.

To get my freedom I had to 'go for it' a lot. It was like going 'all in' in a huge poker game. A friend had helped me move and I had clean forgotten to take one of the cars. My ex had no money but did have possession of three cars.

My lawyer outsmarted him. I was really getting the rough end of the stick. My lawyer whispered that 'possession is ninety percent of the law.' I got the message and the car fight began—the boxing gloves were on! Asking some male friends I played squash with to accompany me, I sneaked into his yard in the early hours of the morning and stole the one car I knew was fully paid for. He tried to have me up for theft but the divorce was not yet final. You can't sue your spouse for theft.

I phoned my lawyer. 'I have the car.'

'Good,' he said. 'We will offer him fifty rand a month for it.'

'You're nuts!' I exclaimed. 'I'm not paying a dime for this car!'

‘It’s okay, trust me on this. He has to take you to the Supreme Court if you don’t pay up and he can’t afford to do that—and the car isn’t worth the money he would have to spend.’

So I got the one and only car he had fully paid for and never paid him a cent!

The judge had granted me fifty rand a month per child in maintenance. Well, that would come in handy now, wouldn’t it—at least I would be able to buy them soap and toothpaste! I got a bit cheeky in court and was warned that because I earned more money than him I could be the one paying the maintenance. That shut me up.

Life slowly fell into place. An immense financial struggle led me to a place where I knew that the only way to support myself and two children was to work for myself. He never ever paid his fifty rand a month, and fighting for maintenance was a waste of time since my ex was friendly with the local police who kept telling the magistrate that they could not find him to hand over the many summonses. My mother had passed away (another loss experience), my dad was not in a financial position to help and my brother lived in Canada. Once again the battle was mine alone.

While I write this my subconscious takes me back to the bitterness I felt at the time. It fades fast as right now, this very moment, I feel a smile on my face when I am reminded of the pettiness of it all. My God, divorce sucks!

In a nutshell this was one hell of an experience. It took its toll but I won the battle. Looking back, I feel a sense of extreme pride.

My mother-in-law’s soul was probably in cahoots with her son’s soul and may well have been a part of my soul’s planned experience. She told me on her death bed that she never hated me at all—not one bit! She never told me that she loved me, mind you. Maybe we sat together on a cloud before incarnating and their souls promised to help my soul experience something in life that would allow me to understand suffering and find my inner strength. I am fully aware that it is what she put me through that enables me to help others today.

Believe it or not—although one never forgets, I have forgiven and am now grateful to both of them. I think!

Seven years of being a single parent went by. I made many mistakes—or so I thought. At first, wanting to make up for what they had gone through, I over-compensated regarding Gary and Shan. As a single parent, with see-saw emotions rocking back and forth inside me, I would feel confident one day and distraught the next.

One evening, while I was sitting with a friend and having a much-needed whisky by her pool, someone crossed my path as if sent to me. Another of her friends who did workshops for children had unexpectedly arrived for a visit. Also being somewhat clairvoyant without realizing it, she said these precious words. *‘For some reason I need to tell you that you are trying too hard. Your children are happy and understanding but they need to know that no means no and yes means yes. Never go back on your word to them. Let them know that you know what you are doing as a parent, even if you are not too sure. They need stability, not compensation, and you need to be more open and honest to them about life. Discipline is security for children.’*

Wow! Something inside me seemed to click into place. My energy suddenly changed and my confidence blossomed. I called my first family meeting. Gary, Shan and I sat cuddled up on the carpet with hot chocolate as I began with some explanations about what was taking place in our lives. They were still too young to understand it all, but I told them that we both loved them, that it was not anybody’s fault and that their dad was a wonderful man. I was their mom and I would always be there for them, and so on. I let them ask questions and tell me their emotions and troubles, and although it ended up with the three of us in tears, our souls bonded as never before.

This was when I heard that ‘Dad’ had told them I was a tramp and was sleeping with lots of other men, and that was why he could not live with me any more. He also promised that he



was going to go to court and get them to live with him and Sue. Oh heck, how does one handle that and keep the children safe and emotionally stable! It was at that moment that I made a conscious decision never to run him down to them or fight with him in front of them. Time and life would have to show them the way.

I did sort of date and it was during this period rather than in my youth that I learnt about men! Well, about both sexes, really. Don't go getting ideas that this is going to turn into the saucy bit. I realized that I had not given myself enough years to explore the world or myself before marriage. One thing was certain—it takes something like this for you to find out who your true friends are.

There really were some funny times. Every friend I had left tried to 'set me up' with a date. I could write a book on first dinner dates. Right there at the restaurant table, one showed me his scars from a plane crash. Rather than bring up my meal I escaped through the back door. Most were divorced and were ready to marry me after the first meal—do some men find it hard to live alone? I had not even put my sour cream on my potato on one first date when my date asked if I minded if he slept in pajamas.

I have a wonderful test for the single ladies out there. Suspecting that one man was lying about being single, I took my perfume out of my bag in his car. When he turned a pale shade of white and said that he hated the smell of perfume in his car, I knew that it was actually his wife who would hate the smell! I gave a healthy spray and wished him luck explaining that to his wife. If I heard one poor sob story about the bad ex-wife, I heard a million. As for the number of men who believe that a divorced woman is sexually frustrated and an easy lay, it's like this: When you go out on a date the man spends the entire evening wondering if he is going to get lucky but the woman already knows the answer! Although I had some really wacky experiences, I had some wonderful, positive relationships with men and formed incredible friendships. Men make amazing friends!

This '*believe it or not*' story just has to be told. Thanks to my dear, dear, darling Rodney, whom I will always love, we were living rent-free in an isolated cottage on a plot where he planned to build at some time in the future. He visited the SPCA and found us an Alsatian dog to protect us. He bought Shan a hamster and Gary received his much-wanted cat, Falconetti (it had one eye missing). I had met a real hunk of a man and I'd been dying for him to ask me out. He finally did just that.

Spending money I didn't have on a new dress and lipstick, I returned home from work to prepare myself carefully for this long-awaited date. Walking in the front door, I found Shan in tears because the cat had killed her hamster. Gary was in tears, too; in all the excitement of the cat attacking the hamster, the dog had become involved and fatally injured his cat. Calming the children and putting them into their beds, I decided they would be fine with the sitter and I got ready to go on my date. Time was now short so I rushed to get ready, jumped in the car and promptly ran over the Alsatian on my way out. I am not joking, this really did happen. All in one day we lost two pets. In my new dress and lipstick I spent the evening at the vet. I never heard from my date again. He hadn't seemed to believe me when I phoned and said: 'I have to take a rain check because my son's cat killed my daughter's hamster and then my dog killed his cat and on my way to meet you I ran over my dog. He is fine but I had to rush him to the vet.'

The dog lived, but sometimes I think that the truth just does not work too well!

Life went on but I was damaged goods, so maybe many of my dating dramas had a lot to do with my attitude at that stage.

## ABUSE AWARENESS

There is nothing more soul-destroying than physical and mental abuse. To this day I cringe when I hear someone screaming or lifting a hand to another. One is inclined to build up a wall of protection regarding future relationships.

Many of my young clients are school children suffering from the 'bully' syndrome. Some have been bullied and others are bullies. The general energy of the bullied seems to be that of sensitive, caring and kind souls. The bullies all seem to have a protective energy about them generated by problems in the home, lack of attention, lack of confidence and weakness of character. The bullies need more love, care and help than those who are bullied. Therapy helps them to see that they need not demean others to gain their strength, but they should rather use the power they feel they have over others in a positive manner.

Grown-up bullies are no different and will not change unless they face and heal their childhood and self-esteem issues. Mother-in-law bullied me to release her own pain and my ex bullied me to find his strength.

Why, oh why do we stick around and take it? Is it money, love, guilt, children, fear of being alone or just simply fear for your life? To all out there suffering emotional or mental abuse, please seek help and get the hell away from it. Know your worth and that you always have a choice.

I remember praying during those times, begging God to help me. But now I know that it was up to me and not God to get my butt out of that situation. God is kind and allows us free will on earth as in heaven. He is always with us as He allows us to make our mistakes, all the time encouraging us to grow from them.

*Life's obstacles are our signposts from God. Be aware enough to see the signs and let them guide you to a life filled with love and peace.*

Abusers find pleasure in hurting and demeaning others. It helps them to feel better since they no longer suffer their pain alone. Are you afraid of which part of your abuser may walk in the door in the evening? The kind soul who has had a good day, or will his or her mood be vindictive and abusive? They can turn on a penny—what a way to live!

The emotional and mental agony of being 'bullied' (abused) takes a soul to the depths of despair. And then comes the opposite emotion—the 'I am sorry, I love you BUT you did this or that' part. The flowers, the gifts and the pleading for forgiveness lift one to the ultimate high, like a drug-induced euphoria, directly the opposite of the extreme low. You feel you are loved after all and then begin to believe that it is your fault and you slowly start to change your entire character to please him or her—you lose yourself!

You tell yourself that he or she got upset because of what you did, and that they *do* love you. It was because of the way I drew the curtains, or the way I washed the dishes, or the way I dressed, and so on. You are happy now and you simply change what it is that he or she gets upset about.

Don't kid yourself, it was none of those small things that lit the spark—it is in their nature!

Oh, but you love your partner and that is that, so how could you possibly leave? My self-esteem and my opinion of myself wore so thin that I never felt worthy of receiving better treatment, and it became a way of life. My self-respect was on hold for so many years, yet now I know that what you get in life goes hand-in-hand with your own perception of self-worth. Careful, they can wear you down and try their best to control you. It seems that their belief is that you would never leave them, if not for fear of your life then for money or some other hold they believe they have on you.

A partner is just that—a partner. Equals who respect each other and allow each other to be who they are. They support each other and complement each other. They don't use and

abuse the energy of the other to create themselves or their lives. If you don't respect someone, you cannot possibly love that soul, so please respect yourself enough to love yourself and to demand your rights to be someone who deserves and earns respect.

## SOUL PARTNERS

Finally, at the age of thirty-five, I met a soul sent to Gary, Shan and me by God. My soul partner, without a doubt! When I asked him where he had been when I needed him, he simply said: 'Waiting for you.' I feel he was waiting for me to become who I was when we met.

'When am I going to meet my soul mate, and what does he look like, and what does he do?' are the most-asked questions during my readings. Soul mates, if you want to use that term, are all those souls sitting on that symbolic cloud with you while you plan your soul's journey. Soul partner is how I refer to your life love partner.

Your soul partner will always meet up with you when the time is right. Both souls have to be at a stage where the meeting will be 'meant to be'. It was so with us.

Geoff's marriage was breaking up when we finally got together and I had proved a lot of personal qualities to myself. There was no *needing* energy from the other to be who we were. We complemented each other.

You have probably spent a past lifetime (maybe many past lifetimes) with your soul partner. This past has brought to you a love that is unconditional, unstoppable and in some way has a deeply embedded understanding and acceptance within it. The sexuality of a soul partner relationship is as natural as breathing, as are the trust, the respect, the consideration, the giving and the receiving.

When Shan was fourteen or so she asked Geoff, 'How do you know when you are in love?'

All he said was, 'When you know with no doubt whatsoever creeping into your mind—you will just know.'

It is not a case of meeting your soul partner and all will be hunky-dory. All relationships require you to remain aware of your own and your partner's needs. The truth of the love, respect and trust builds a solid foundation—solid enough to overcome all oncoming storms, and storms there will be. We have to keep the 'taking for granted' out of the marriage and keep the 'awareness of each other' alive. This is easier said than done since we are creatures of habit. Watch out for those ruts that are so easy to fall into.

Life will bring your soul partner to you but—and there is a 'but'—many of my clients are not yet ready to meet their soul partners. They have a great need in them and want to meet their partners so they may be relieved of some financial or other burden in life. I believe that when you are completely OK with who you are, your partner will cross your path. Life has no hard and fast rules, so I am generalizing here. The bottom line is that if you connect with another through a need rather than love, and that need is not fulfilled as expected...or even if the need is fulfilled...what is left? Your partnership *will* be tested by life. That is a guarantee.

## GEOFF

The joining of our souls was not plain sailing or instant. A friend sent me to Geoff's office because I was in the printing business and his business called for huge print orders. Sitting in his reception, I waited and waited and after twiddling my thumbs, reading about four magazines and getting extremely annoyed, I barged past his secretary. She yelled at me to stop. I stormed into his office, no longer wanting to do business with him. After briefly introducing ourselves, he invited me to take a seat. I planted my bottom on his desk.

'Do you have reps working for you?' I asked.

‘Yes,’ he replied with an amused smile on his face. I later learnt that it was because I’d sat on his desk

‘Do you like it when people keep your reps waiting for hours on end?’ I challenged.

‘No, sorry,’ he said. ‘What can I do for you?’

He enjoyed my cheekiness and for the next two years I organized all his printing for him. Geoff was married but we became friends. That was all—just friends.

My choice was never to get involved with married men, and his was to be faithful to his wife, but the attraction was a powerful underlying force. So was the resistance. Later we admitted to each other that we had both felt as if we had known each other all our lives when we met. Two years went by, then another two years when Geoff and his wife moved to another town. Four years after meeting him, and after two years of not hearing from him or thinking of him since I had put him out of my mind, I received a phone call.

‘Hey, Blondes, this is a voice from the past. I’m coming to Johannesburg on business—want lunch?’

‘Hey, Geoff, how are things...sure, let’s meet, I would love to see you again!’ my heart was doing a flip as I replied.

‘Yeah, well, I dreamt of you last night but you had black hair. Let’s meet at the Holiday Inn for lunch.’

‘Done, see you there midday!’ I replied. And so the journey began.

I heard all about the home he and his wife had built. He heard all about my children and our lives. We laughed so much that I felt I had been at a therapy session by the time we finally said our goodbyes.

We fell in love at that lunch. We both stuck to our moral belief that we should not deceive any other soul, but we continued to meet. I did not want to be the cause of a break-up and Geoff did not want to deceive his wife, so he spoke to her. He told her that he had met someone and wanted a divorce. There was no promise from either of us that we would be together if he divorced, but we both knew we would.

He did all he could to help her. Packing one suitcase of clothes, leaving the new home and everything else to her, he moved in with his friend Kevin. Am I justifying things to myself if I say that his marriage would not have broken up if it had been strong?

Geoff’s divorce was going through when he brought his one suitcase of clothes and knocked on my front door. ‘Honey, I’m home,’ was all he said.

That was in 1980. Twenty-six years later, as I write, we know without a shadow of a doubt that somehow, some time, some way, we would have been pushed together by the universe.

Incidentally, we have since worked out that in a recent past life I was Geoff’s wife, but rather than being tall and blonde as I am in this life, I was short with dark hair (as in his dream).

Many of my clients and friends ask me why I went through my past abusive trauma if I was clairvoyant. Why had I not been able to sense the impending family dilemma?

We create our lives according to our belief patterns, and in my youth I believed all families were like the ones I was brought up in. It was all I knew. My first husband was a real charmer. That, together with my belief system, led me to the fantasy of a happy marriage. Looking back now, I can honestly say this fantasy was mostly in my mind and not in my heart. If I had taken the time to *feel* rather than think, I might have taken a completely different road. Maybe then I would have met Geoff earlier in my life. But if that had happened, I would not have been the ‘me’ that he fell in love with. I still would have been that innocent girl who had not found out what she was made of. Before he settled down he was a bit of a playboy and traveled restlessly all over the world while I was still a wee greenhorn with no knowledge of life. No—it would not have worked then.

Paths cross when the time is right. Consider the relationship of Shan, my daughter, and George. They met through a business acquaintance of George's who was also one of Shan's clients. George took Shan to a friend's farewell party, only to discover that Shan knew her so well that she had attended her wedding. Shan and George had been to the same places, such as Mozambique, at the same times. It is as if they passed each other like ships in the night until it was time for them to meet. They have been a couple since the day they met.

## Chapter Three

# CLAIRVOYANCE RETURNS

Geoff and his parents (I now have wonderful in-laws) were spiritual, and the door that had slammed shut during my years of drama suddenly swung wide open. We meditated together once a week, and individually every day. As in anything you want to achieve well, you need discipline and patience. New experiences were to come my way and some were quite funny. Each one guided me back onto my path of awareness.

To enhance clairvoyance your meditations should be visual. During meditation, in our mind's eye, we each built ourselves a spiritual lake. We got used to *sensing* and *seeing* our lakes. As in a dream they became clearer with time and patience, and then we added some extra senses and sounds to our meditations. Such as, *'Imagine a gentle breeze blowing on your skin, or go into the lake and feel the water in your skin. Hear the waterfall as it gently flows over some rocks.'* We were guided, as you will be, to an amazing meditation group. Leading that group was Mr. Avery. He took me under his wing and called me his *fledgling medium*. From there I was guided to fly.

Mr. Avery gathered a few of his fledglings together and organized an evening of clairvoyance. We were to stand up in front of a group he had invited to the meeting and individually take turns giving messages to members of the group. It was nerve-racking, to say the least—especially with my entire family sitting in the front row.

I remember my energy going towards a man in the group and telling him that I saw papers all around him—he was to complete his book or his studies (he admitted he was writing a book and had left it dormant for far too long). The spirit of a gray cat jumped off a woman's lap and ran to me, then back to the woman. I told her that her cat was here, and she confirmed that the poor soul had died the previous week.

So it went on. Later we learnt that the group consisted of top mediums from London.

Since I had passed that test, Mr. Avery took me with him to give group clairvoyance in spiritual churches.

I was shaking with trepidation the first time, but the event enlightened and amazed me. The night before my first session in the church, I meditated and imagined the congregation in front of me. I saw a woman in a blue jacket. I sensed that I needed to tell her that her new venture was going to work out fine. A woman in the back row had a small white dog on her lap. The dog asked me to tell the woman that he was happy. A man in a leather jacket should be told to complete his studies. The meditation went well, with one or two more sensed messages. Feeling calmer, I finally fell asleep.

The amazing part of this story is that when I walked into the church the following evening, the congregation was as I had seen it in meditation. There sat the woman in the blue jacket, and I immediately sensed the little dog on another woman's lap in the back row. The man with the leather jacket sat with a huge smile on his face—as if he knew that I had connected with him the previous evening. I was astounded, but I managed to rattle off all the messages as if I was an old hand at this. As you can imagine, I had dear Mr. Avery well impressed. My mind was staggered by the event. He explained to me that all time is now, that everything happens in this 'all time' realm. I had zoomed into the all-time zone.

Advice for others in need would pop into my thoughts when I least expected it, and soon friends started phoning to ask for a message to guide them. Eventually people began to come to me for guidance, and so the road to doing 'readings' was built.

Suddenly the doubt set in. Who did I think I was to believe I was capable of helping all these people? How did I know that the messages I was sensing were correct? What if I

messed up someone's life? Mr. Avery taught me to try to change the message or picture I was receiving. If I could not change it, then it was correct.

*What if the messages of advice I was receiving were connected to my own personal opinions?* This misgiving took a longer time to overcome. I had to learn to say the first thing that came into my head—with faith. My guides helped me here and I found myself talking fast when giving a message, so there was no time for my own thoughts to merge into the reply.

## THE SOULS OF MISCARRIED CHILDREN

Unless you have experienced the loss of your unborn child, the emotions are impossible to explain. It feels as if a part of your own body has died. The heartache of loss, failure and disappointment take their toll. Intense depression often grips you. It is as if God gave you the most precious gift in the universe, then changed His mind and took it back.

Yet even something as devastating as a miscarriage can help some to heal. I have learnt that there is a spiritual reason for everything—God knows best!

Maybe there was a problem with the fetus and the soul was not meant to live a disabled life, and you were not meant to have a disabled child. There could be hundreds of God-known reasons—so take heart, dear friends, and have faith. Your lost little soul lives on in spirit and may come back to you when the time is right.

I experienced three miscarriages while living with mother-in-law before giving birth to my son (I was away from mother-in-law), and then came another miscarriage before Shan was born.

The following event took place at the time the doors of my awareness were reopening. Often in my dreams I would find myself playing with a little boy and an older girl who called themselves Michael and Crystal. At times I received wise messages from them relevant to what my life was putting me through at that time. There were also times I sensed someone behind me—often with laughter. I would find myself turning around to see who was standing behind me, only to see empty space. The sound of laughter had definitely been there—was I going nuts?

While I was walking the streets of Bournemouth in England (we lived there for five years) a stranger stopped me in the street. 'I have to talk to you,' she said. 'You have lost children in the spirit world.'

'Pardon?' I replied, thinking: *What the heck does she want from me?*

'Sorry, but I need to talk to you for a moment. You have two spirit souls with you and they tell me they are your children.'

'No,' I replied. 'My children are alive.'

'No, you lost them before birth and you see them and they are often with you.' She was adamant.

She took out a piece of paper and scribbled something on it. 'Tell me the names of two children you often sense around you or dream about. I know they come to you in your dreams.' She smiled cheekily.

'OK...Michael and Crystal.'

There, lo and behold, on that paper she had written the names Michael and Crystal. 'These are the souls you miscarried,' she said. 'You are clairvoyant and have much work to do for others. I am sorry I had to stop you like that but my guardian angels made me. Michael and Crystal tell me that you sense when they are with you because you turn around when they follow you. And that you hear their laughter!'

I wanted to run a mile. Although my clairvoyance was developing strongly, this was too much for me at the time. I had received messages for others but up to now had never really spoken to anyone who had passed on to the spirit world—especially before they were born.

Later I learnt that the other two souls I miscarried were not two separate souls but the soul of one who finally made it to earth in 1969. It was a case of third time lucky for Gary's soul. The complications he would have had if he had incarnated the first two times were not to be. Maybe I was simply too stressed and my body was unable to be healthy enough for him.

Michael would have been born mentally disabled, so he was taken back to spirit. Crystal's body had not properly formed, so she too returned to the spirit world. I still communicate with them today.

When Sharon was busy with her final-year school studies, Michael stood by her table and told me to ask Shan to show him how to get clever. At that time he was behaving like a small boy so that we could sense who he was, but when in spirit, the energy of the soul has no age. Souls are simply energy.

A young woman came for a reading and connected with the soul of her aborted baby. She received this message: *As long as you do what you believe to be right at the time and do the best you know how, all is well. You never chose for this to happen.*

I asked her what the message could mean and she explained that she was very young and her parents had forced her to have the abortion.

Her son's soul continued: *'My soul was not yet fully in the fetus. I now watch over you and when you are ready to have your children, I will come to you.'*

All is God's wish.

## UNEXPECTED SPIRITUAL ENCOUNTERS

The time had come, it seemed, for me to experience communications from those who had passed away and had messages for their loved ones. Some of these happened in the early stages of my clairvoyance returning to me.

### Coffee Shop

Sitting in a coffee shop, sipping away and dreaming about what I still needed to shop for, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Startled, I turned my head—nobody was there!

'Please tell my son sitting over there'—I instinctively knew where to look—'not to sell the business to those people on Monday. See how worried he is!' said a clear voice with an Indian accent behind me.

*Oh hell, what to do now!* I thought. *He is going to think I am nuts! What if I am wrong? What a fool I will be!*

'Please,' said the disembodied voice one more time. 'Please!'

The man who was to receive the message was eating, so I knew I had time. I finished my coffee, walked up to his table and said very quickly: 'I don't know if you believe in life after death, but your father was here and asked me to tell you not to sell the business to those people on Monday,' then I started to move away.

'Wait,' he shouted after me. 'Thank you so much! I had a feeling that he would not like these people, and it is my father's business. Thank you so much.'

*Whew,* I sighed, nodding in disbelief that it had actually all made sense.

### Saving a life

A client was flying me to the Seychelles to do some spiritual healing for her husband, who had cancer. I had to stop over in Mauritius. Sitting in a dining room in the hotel in Mauritius



and ready to start my five-course dinner, I picked up my soup spoon—only to hear a very stern voice say, ‘Please tell the lady at the table next to you to take her medication!’

*Oh heavens, no, not again,* I thought.

‘Oh yes, again. Tell her or she will die in about half an hour,’ said the voice from nowhere.

Leaning across, I tapped her on the shoulder. ‘Are you feeling all right?’ I asked, hoping to find an easy way out of this. By the look on her face she must have thought I was a crazy, interfering intruder. ‘Not really,’ was all she said.

*Not helping!* I thought silently to myself.

Holding my breath, I asked her if she had taken her medication. She gave me a confused look and simply said, ‘Yes.’

‘Please check. I know you must think I’m nuts, but I sense you are not well and you need your medication,’ I whispered.

She pulled out her pill box in a challenging manner, as if she wanted to say: *I will show this crazy woman once and for all that I have taken my medicine.*

She looked up at me and said, ‘You’re right! I was so sure I had taken these pills—how did you know?’

*Oh great, now I have to explain!*

By now my soup was cold and my appetite gone. Standing up to leave, I simply said, ‘I hear voices.’

‘Sit, sit, sit, sit, please!’ she said. ‘God would never ask you to do this kind of work for those who do not understand. Join my husband and me for dinner, please. You’ve probably saved my life.’

Dumbstruck and like a robot, I sat with them. The couple (who were Australian) and I chatted away until the wee hours of the morning, and she turned out to be spiritual. I still have a stone she gave me to remember them by, and to give me the energy of courage to do my spiritual work.

### **Naughty children**

The shoe shop was empty but for the saleslady and me.

‘Hi,’ I said. ‘I’m looking for running shoes.’

With that I looked up at the top shelf (about six feet up) filled with running shoes...and one by one they started to fall on the floor. Sensing some spirit children in the shop, I silently told them to stop messing around with the shoes.

Bear in mind that neither of us was anywhere near the shelf of shoes when this event took place. The saleslady was perplexed and went to pick them up.

I scolded the children and told them to go, and not to be so naughty. Their reply was: ‘Shall we pick them up again?’

Can you imagine what that poor saleslady’s reaction would have been if the shoes had suddenly started to rise back onto the shelf on their own accord? ‘NO!’ I exclaimed to the kiddies in my sternest thought-speech. ‘Just leave them and stop it at once.’ Fortunately for the saleslady they left.

### **Lesbian**

Taking my seat next to a beautiful young woman on a plane, I turned to her and these words came out of my mouth without my wanting to say them: ‘You are a very special soul and you must be proud of who you are. The fact that you are a lesbian is a problem to those who do not accept you, not to you. Don’t be afraid.’ *Oh, my God,* I thought, *where on earth did that come from! What if she isn’t lesbian and gives me a well-deserved slap across the face?*

Tears welled in her eyes as she explained that she was on her way to tell her parents the truth about her life, and she was terrified. I breathed a huge sigh of relief and we chatted away for the entire flight. She felt a lot more confident when we parted company.

### **The death of my father**

We were living in England and had gone on a break to a remote fishing village. We knew that my dad was in hospital suffering from cancer. Each day we found a public phone (no cell phones in those days) to get a report from our office. We had told my stepmother to phone our secretary if she needed us.

My brother lives in Canada and we both received the dreaded call: ‘Come home as soon as you can, Dad is not doing too well.’

Our secretary got me on the first available flight—two days later. We packed up to leave our holiday accommodation the following day and sent my father a telegram and one red rose from the local village: ‘*Hang in there, Dad, I am on my way and we all love you with all our hearts.*’

The following morning I woke at five o’clock to see my father standing next to my bed. He was as real to me as if it was his physical body. He was smiling at me and in his hand was one red rose. I instinctively knew that he had passed away. I sensed that he was happy and had to come to say his goodbyes. No words came from him but his presence told me that he was no longer suffering, he was happy and at peace.

Geoff rushed off to the phone booth and phoned my stepmother, who told him that Dad had passed away at approximately five that morning. Geoff asked my stepmother if Dad had received our telegram and the rose. She said that the telegram had arrived but not the rose.

Why had he shown me the rose when he visited? Because his soul was connected to the universe and his soul knew we had sent it. Geoff returned from making the call, having bought a red rose on his way home. He took me to a river and standing on the bridge he told me that Dad had passed away. He gave me the red rose to throw into the gently flowing water.

I didn’t fly back to South Africa for my father’s funeral, which I regret to this day, but I also knew that we had said our goodbyes.

A few months later I connected with him in prayer (spirit) and asked him to tell me about his ‘passing over’. He showed me the bed he had been lying in and where it was in the ward. He said that my mother, who had died many years previously, had been standing by his bed. She said to him, ‘Come with me.’

He said, ‘Don’t be silly, Edna, I have all these pipes down my throat and a needle in my arm.’

‘Trust me,’ she said. While he was describing this to me, a picture appeared in my mind. I saw the ward and the bed and a white door in the passage (was this simply my imagination?).

He explained how my mother had helped him to sit up on the side of the bed, then stand, and then walk out of the ward—he thought that he had dragged his pole and the attached drip along the passage with my mother holding him tight. She led him to a door on the right of the passage and lay him down on a bed. The room was beautiful and he felt at peace. For once there was no pain. Gently she had taken out the pipes, but not without a fight from him. He had not realized yet that he was in his spirit form. His mental and physical memory was still strong within him.

He told me that he then seemed to wake up from a long sleep to find his bed surrounded by family members who had passed away. The love he felt was unlike any love he had ever felt on earth. I asked, ‘Was there no white light you saw or felt you needed to walk towards?’

‘No, my darling, it was as I have said. Death is not something one should fear,’ he replied with his famous smile and laughing eyes.

Returning to Africa and not wanting to take anything for granted, I visited my stepmother and asked her if Dad was in the bed and ward he had told me about. She confirmed that he had been. I went to the hospital to look for myself. The bed and ward were exactly as I had seen them in my vision. There was a passage to the right but there were no doors leading off to the right—there was no door to be seen!

As a hobby I do oil painting. When Dad wants us to know he is visiting our home he makes the paintings on the walls hang skew. On my birthday I walked into the lounge, and a photo of him which I cannot easily remove from the wall (I know because I tried when I wanted to re-frame it) was lying about six feet from its hanging place with the glass still intact. Geoff simply laughed and said that Dad had come to wish me happy birthday.

While lying in hospital recovering from my stroke I saw the picture on the wall opposite my bed being straightened by the nurse almost every day. I smiled, knowing that my dad was with me!

### **A murder case**

Geoff and I worked together on a murder case and informed the police where to find the murderer. The police were about to raid a house at midnight one night to catch him. About eleven that evening, while watching TV, my entire body went cold. I sat quietly tuning in to my guides. I was told to warn the police that their plan had leaked out and they would be ambushed at the scene. I was given the description and location of a different house they had to go to because the culprit had moved into his girlfriend's house.

They needed the murder weapon as evidence. I saw the AK47 buried under a tree at the culprit's brother's house. The brother was innocent, so the bad guy thought it would be a safe place to hide the evidence. Praying like crazy that the detective had his cell phone on him, I called to give him these facts. He listened carefully. Then I asked him to phone me later.

At one in the morning he phoned to say that he had had a lot of difficulty convincing the others to change the plan because of a clairvoyant message, but since he was in charge, they did change their plan and the raid was a success. They found the weapon and caught the bad guy!

### **Preventing an accident or two**

Geoff and I were driving through Zimbabwe with music blaring forth in our car when suddenly, without intention or thought, I found myself shouting: 'Slow down!' We were about to go around a blind bend in the road, and as we turned the corner we came across as huge sheep standing proudly in the center of the road. The warning didn't prevent us from hitting the sheep but if we had not slowed down we would probably have rolled the car.

Coming down an on-ramp to the freeway, I heard what I thought was a gunshot. I slammed on brakes as I reached the freeway. A car whizzed past me at tremendous speed. I heard the same noise again—bang! A tire on the other car burst and the driver swerved directly in front of me, missing my car by inches. It was amazing because had I not heard the noise and slowed down before the event occurred, I would have been involved in a bad accident.

## **HOW DOES A CLAIRVOYANT SEE YOUR LIFE?**

Everything is energy and our vibration on earth is heavier than the vibration of the spirit world. When you are in meditation your energy levels are heightened. After a lot of practice, patience and years of 'tuning in', meditation no longer becomes a necessity to 'see'. One seems to get a 'mind set' and is able to enter a state of higher energy, like changing a gear.

It is as if spirits are on the wavelength of one radio station and we are on another. Eventually you are able to tune in to a middle wavelength known mostly as astral, with the radio stations connecting on one shared wavelength.

Remember that your family in spirit also has to learn to communicate. Again I say that my clients often imagine those dear souls who have passed away floating high up in the heavenly sky. They are here with us on earth, all around us, protecting and guiding us and helping others who are in need. Like those radio waves, we simply have different channels. Somehow I find it easy to tune into both at the same time. Sometimes it feels like I am in two different dimensions simultaneously.

Imagine your life on earth as a straight line, with the beginning of this line being your birth. Imagine that you are standing at a certain point on this line, according to your age. You created the line you have already walked by the choices you and your soul made in the past. In front of you, except for the line there is nothing but open space as far as you are concerned. In reality it is full of your soul's planned journey. You have already written the script of your life and now, on earth, you are playing it out.

Let's say that your line is a road leading from one town to another. Your destiny determines that you *will* walk that road but your choices may take you on detours. Some choices, mostly swayed by your attitude towards life and your own self-worth, may make your journey more difficult than it is meant to be, but with a good attitude you can tackle your destiny in a positive manner.

This is what makes NOW such an important time. Where you imagine you are standing on your life line at this moment is your NOW. It is a good exercise to look back and see all your negatives as positive experiences that you have achieved, survived and can learn from.

No clairvoyant can truly see your future in fine detail, but you can be shown your future choices leading from your NOW space. I am often shown two or three roads leading off from a junction. These represent your future choices. I am then shown the journey along each road—guidance for your choices. A good clairvoyant will also be shown some negatives within your ego (attitude) that you could adjust to make life easier for yourself.

God will never take away your free will on earth, so messages are for guidance only, with the final choice being yours to make. Never live by your readings because they are simply guidance.

No matter whether my clients are sitting opposite me or I am doing a long-distance reading, I tune in and enter the presence of their now. Their energy can be read as one enters the space (astral) of what was, what is, and what could be!

To me it often feels like I am floating into a time that is separate from my time—it is your time I have stepped into. I feel and sense, and your guardian angels, in God's light, give me their words and pictures. They put emotions in my body so my senses can explain the words and pictures.

While I am in the *space* of your life line I am shown your emotions, your fears, your health and the decisions you are making for your life at that very moment. You may ask about a choice of career, and all your different options will be shown to me for guidance, but the final decision will never be made for you.

You are part of the universe, of all that is. We each make our mark, our own life lines, through the universe according to the choices we make. Energy flows from each soul into the universe and connects us to each other until the universe is like one big ball of our connected energy. That is why it is said that one person can make a difference. You influence other souls and the universe with every thought and deed you create.

This fact enables a clairvoyant to do distant readings and distant healing. You simply have to learn, and anybody can, to tune in to the universe.

Meditation, faith in yourself and therefore faith in God bring one into awareness. If you have true and honest faith in God then you cannot help but have faith in yourself and your life. It creates a stillness within that shuts off your heavy physical life energy, and your conscious, thinking mind floats you off into the energy of God's land—all that is—souls! Having faith releases you from your fears.

### **Unhappy client**

Telling a client when an event will take place is not always an easy task. Events take place in your life according to your choices and when you are in the right frame of mind for them to happen.

A woman sat opposite me and denied all I was saying from the word go. I said, 'I see a small child holding onto your skirt. I feel it is a little girl who will come to join your family soon.' She sat there like stone, arms folded, shaking her head in disbelief. 'The doctors have told me I can't have any more children. So you are wrong,' she said in a challenging tone.

'I am sorry, but I cannot change that picture. I am shown a child coming to you. I also get that you are extremely creative, and I am shown you painting large murals on walls, as if in hotels or schools and maybe even in people's homes.'

'Well, I have just started a business and it is going well. I am an artist but I don't do it for a living!' Her voice had more than a touch of irritation in it by now.

I took another look at what I had received and could not change the message. I told her so. I added, 'I see you moving from where you live. You move in a big rush. One minute you seem content there, and then I see you madly packing up your things.'

Her face was blank but her body language was frightening.

'We've just bought a smallholding and we certainly will not be moving from there. We plan to retire there when the time comes.'

By the end of the reading she was boiling. She stood up, told me I was a fake and refused to pay me. I was shaken by this and had quite a job pulling myself together for my next client.

One and a half years later, following a series of murders near their smallholding, she and her husband were furiously packing to move to a new home. She came across the tape on which I had recorded her reading. Suddenly she remembered what I had said. While she was packing, her baby girl was clinging to her skirt. Her new business had gone under and she had reverted to her art, and now she was painting murals for hotels and shops.

She called to apologize for calling me a fake clairvoyant and asked for my bank account so she could deposit my fee. She said she would try to undo all the negative things she had said about me. I told her not to worry since the experience had made me more aware, and anyway the universe would sort out the negativity.

BELIEVE YOU CAN...

And you will!

## **CONNECTING WITH LOST LOVED ONES**

No medium should 'call' on a soul in spirit. If a soul you want to connect with in spirit can visit you during your reading, it will come to you. Souls know you are coming for a reading! If your mother were in spirit she would use her energy for recognition to show me herself as she last looked on earth. We, with our limited spiritual knowledge, can only think of our loved ones as human beings—so their souls make it easier for us to recognize them.

Often for proof I am first shown something relating to the death. I will be shown an accident, maybe, or I will get a pain my own heart. Sometimes my breath is taken away if

they died of lung problems, and so on. This is some proof that we have connected. Whoever has come to visit you then gives me the pictures, words and feelings to pass on to you.

After years of chatting to folks in spirit I realize that it is when you 'let go' of them that they are in their greatest state of peace. If you are sad and hanging on to someone who has passed on, they know they are the cause of your sadness. Reverse the situation and ask yourself if you would like to be the cause of their sadness! The other side of the coin here is that your family in heaven is aware that you need to go through the stages of mourning. That causes no sadness for them. It is when you constantly wear their shoes to hold them to you (yes, I have had a client who wore his son's shoes for a full year), or make a shrine and cry every day while you pray for them, that you hold their souls back from finding peace.

One client kept her late son's room as a memorial for five years. Each day she would enter his room to talk to her dead son. That was good because he would hear her words, but the negative side was that she broke down in tears every time she did this. He asked her in a reading to redecorate his room and rather to talk to her while she was cooking, cleaning or doing whatever she does. He told her he knew that when she went into the room it caused her pain, which was unpleasant for him, too. She redecorated his room as a beautiful guest room. By changing her attitude she could feel her son's presence more often, and finally her healing process began.

One client's father came through and explained to his son that there is no jealousy or envy where he is, and that when his mother had remarried it was the best thing that could have happened. He asked his son to try harder with his stepfather for his mother's happiness, saying that he was mostly at peace and happy, yet saddened that his son was unhappy because he could not let him go and thought that his mother had done just that.

He explained that true love comes from the soul and he would be with his mother again when it was her time to join him. *'When you meet someone special,'* he said, *'look into their soul, son. It doesn't matter who they are or what they are but how they live who they are and what they are. Your stepfather is a good man. Give him a chance.'* This enabled the son to change his attitude, and the end result was a happy home.

An entire family walked into my reading room once. Only one person had made a booking but on opening my front door I was confronted by thirteen family members. They all sat around me waiting in silence for me to see why she had made the appointment. I was shown a shooting as a young man in spirit revealed himself to me. After describing him to the family I said he was saying to his brother who was in the room, *'It was not your turn, bro,'* and with that I felt I needed to duck my head forward as if looking around something or past someone.

The brother in the room said that he had just leant forward when a gun went off and the bullet had whizzed past his ear, hitting his brother instead. This was all confirmed by the family. The visiting soul then chatted about music to his brother and studies to his sister, teasing her about her boyfriend; the other sister had a child whom he loved dearly, so he chatted about the child. He then became more serious and had wonderful words for his parents. This was extremely healing for the entire family and they received a tremendous amount of proof that it was indeed their son. He was not dead after all!

A woman in her late twenties with bright red hair came to see me for a spiritual guidance reading. I had never met her before. As she sat down in the chair opposite me in my work room, I sensed a man standing behind her.

'Your husband is here. I get the name John. Was his name John?' I asked.

The reply was a flood of tears and an affirmative nod.

'I am shown a plane crash. Did he die in a plane crash?'

All she managed was another nod while reaching for yet another tissue.

*'He says that you are please to let him go. He hates to be the reason for your pain and tears. It has been over a year and you have hibernated all this time. When you heal and go forward with your life, then he will find peace. He wants to visit you but he keeps his energy at a distance because when you sense it, and you do, you get upset. He longs to be able to come and sit in the lounge with you and see a smile on your face. He says to tell you that he is not dead and that it is as if he is living in another place that has no phones or email, but you can sense him and he can see you.'*

*'He says you must sell his car since it just sits in the garage and you are only keeping it for him. He does not need it. He also says that you must give his clothes to the poor, because they are no good to anybody in his cupboard.'*

'Does all this make sense to you?' I asked. She nodded in affirmation between the flows of tears.

*'OK, let's continue. He shows me that you are sleeping in some old, worn-out striped pajamas. They look like men's pajamas. Stop this now! You are young and beautiful and you will not walk the rest of your life alone. You are meant to get out there and meet a soul who will take your hand and love you. You will have two children and your husband is looking after them in spirit. He shows them to me and they are waiting for you to move forward with your life.'*

In the world of spirit there is no jealousy or betrayal when you move on with your life and remarry. The soul in spirit has unconditional love and wants to see you happy.

*'I sense that you want to talk to him. Close your eyes and chat to him—he hears your thoughts directed towards him. Do this whenever you want and in some way he will reply. You may sense it intuitively, you may read the reply in a book and sense it to be his reply, but mostly it should come to you in thought.'*

*'Lastly he wants to tell you to forget the horrible picture of his death that you have in your mind. He says he didn't feel a thing and was in spirit before the plane burst into flames. He didn't burn to death, so please get that horrible image out of your heart.'*

This brought on a torrent of tears, but they were tears of relief. When the reading was complete she hugged me so tightly that I knew she was actually hugging him through me. A year has gone by since her reading, she has met a wonderful man, and they are expecting their first baby.

As far as I can tell through my readings, your loved ones, if possible, do not incarnate again until you have gathered together in the spirit world—so you will meet again.

## **Suicide**

Their son had committed suicide. He took his father's gun and shot himself. Mother and father were staunch Catholics, and spiritual readings were forbidden in their eyes. The tragedy of their son's suicide led them on a search for answers. Why had he done this, and was he now in hell as the church declared he would be? Were they bad parents? What on earth had they done wrong?

My eyes were closed as I sat asking God to help this couple. Their son's spirit soul came to us and was standing behind me. I could feel that he was sad to have caused his parents such pain. His message: *'I need to explain why I have caused you so much pain and to tell you that it is not your fault and that I love you with all my heart. I suffered severe depression and was never happy. I don't think I could tell you until now what it felt like to be happy. I was sick and never knew it. I just always felt like there was only blackness inside me. It is nobody's fault, I was sick.'*

Between her sobs, his mother said that he had been a quiet boy who kept to himself. He loved his own company and spent all of his spare time in his room on his computer. They

thought he was just a quiet boy. They never thought that he might be depressed and unhappy. His behavior was always the same—quiet and conservative and maybe a bit shy.

Their son continued. *'I am in heaven now. Just before I did it I thought of what the church said about suicide, but by then I felt that I was in a dark world anyway, so what if I went to hell. I just wanted to get away from my black thoughts. It was nobody's fault, but since being in spirit I have learnt that many children are going through this on earth and I have chosen to try to be of help to them. Please don't be sad, because I am happy now.'*

This reading changed the lives of those parents. They were able to move forward in life with the knowledge that it was not their fault other than that they had not noticed the depression. They had received a lot of proof that it was their son talking to them since he mentioned events he had thanked them for and items belonging to him that I knew nothing about. He told his parents what to do with his belongings.

Peace of mind like that for parents who have lost a child is hard to come by!

## THE SPIRIT WORLD

Without going into great detail about levels of energy and angels in heaven, I will say this: Imagine everybody on earth is dead. The good, the bad and the ugly, the young and the old—every soul on earth—dead!

Imagine we are all spiritual souls—energy bodies with our awareness filled with what we did on earth, how we behaved and who we were. We would no longer be physical humans but souls with an awareness of all we have ever been through during many lifetimes.

At first your fresh awareness is of this lifetime you would have just left. Were you good? Did you murder someone? Were you kind and loving? What guilt or regrets do you carry? Did you help just one other soul? What did you learn from your journey?

Still imagining we are all spirit souls, you would be attracted towards spirit kin you have connected with in past lives (family), and then spirits with similar vibrations to yours (friends). Spirits who cross your path in this lifetime would also appear at certain times in your life either to teach or to support you. In a nutshell: no soul crosses your path in life without a higher purpose.

As we pass over, some souls may be stuck on a lower vibration due to their overpowering guilt or similar emotion. In the spirit world they will receive help to heal, but just as on earth, the final decision to be ready to be helped is up to those souls. Some really bad and mean souls may feel no guilt at all and go straight to a place of peace. Why? Because they are not really bad souls but may have chosen to do something bad to someone on earth to help them learn a spiritual lesson! Souls remain at an energy level that conforms with their belief system of self-judgment.

I believe my mean witch of a mother-in-law did not want to be that way, but it was through her that my life developed and I found out what I was made of. Her life was nothing to write home about either, but at the time the nasty events took place my awareness was lost and I forgot to look more deeply into the fact that maybe, just maybe, she was more unhappy than me—hence her behavior pattern of meanness—and that is a polite way of putting it! I have chatted to her in spirit and we laughed about some of the events that had taken place.

Often I am asked why children need to suffer. What if you incarnated and wanted to learn what it's like to lose a child? Would that little soul not be an angel to accept the role of incarnating to teach you to understand your lesson? Believe it or not, we choose to understand suffering. That's life!

It is not what happens to you in life that matters but rather how you grow through it.

To really and truly understand something in life you need to experience it. The experience and emotions relating to a roller coaster ride cannot be fully understood or experienced



through an explanation. You have to go on the ride to feel it, sense it, live it and get the thrill, fear and survival of it. Only by living it will you understand it. Your soul has lived many lifetimes and has experienced being both male and female. (Does make one wonder, then, why men never understand us women!) As you read this I promise you that you have lived poor and wealthy, healthy and sickly, good and bad, disabled, loving and hurtful lifetimes—and maybe you still have to experience some of them. Right now you have chosen some experiences to live through. They don't all have to be unpleasant—you may simply want to be a parent, or incarnate to a peaceful life helping others rather than yourself. You are incarnating for the awareness of your soul, so why waste the time on earth to learn and understand just one or two things. Life is about taking some chances and experiencing all that you possibly can.

So we have a spirit world filled with souls at all energy levels. Angelic, very good, good, bad, and very bad and naughty souls! Like attracts like, so just as on earth, your energy will attract similar energies towards you. Playing with a ouija board may attract a naughty soul to you. We all have guardian angels watching over us and we're always naturally protected and loved, so don't go thinking that bad spirits will be able to connect with you just because you are not perfect (nobody is) or depressed. It is simply a matter of connecting with higher energy to work in love and light (God's light).

Why then are you not protected while playing on a ouija board to connect to spirits? Well, it is like a naughty teenager whose parents have protected him by suggesting he avoids the company of a friend who is bad news and causes trouble. The teenager hangs out with that person anyway and lands in trouble himself. He made a choice against the guidance of his parents.

Back to us all being dead and spirit souls...we would make choices as angels, just as we do on earth. Maybe you would be a guardian angel to those on earth who are trying to survive what you experienced on earth—having experienced it yourself, you now fully understand their suffering. Maybe your choice would be to work with animals. We are never-ending learning machines.

Meditate, go within and make a mental list of what you feel you have been through and how you can grow in awareness from it all. You will be amazed at how your attitude changes. Suddenly you realize that there is no negative.

All is positive and every negative has a purpose.

LIFE IS A SET PATTERN.

YOUR SOUL WROTE THE SCRIPT!

## **GUARDIAN ANGELS**

Many of my clients express some concern when I explain that we are *never* alone. There are always angels watching over us. The best way to release the image in your mind of sitting on the toilet with an angel nearby, or having intimate times with watchful eyes on you, is this:

Just as your parents watched over you, or you as a parent watch over your children, so your guardian angels watch over you.

A parent doesn't go to the toilet with you or have knowledge of your intimate moments unless you tell them. So it is with your spiritual guides—only their senses are a million times stronger. Just as a parent would sense if their children were in trouble, so your angels *know* when you are in need of guidance. Now you may have your sex in peace!

Who are your guardian angels? At school you have teachers for each subject. As you advance in age and class, you have higher-grade teachers. Your guardian angels work in the same way according to your subject or need. One may come to you for healing, another for

your work or studies, another for your family problems, another for your spiritual growth and yet another for a specific problem, such as helping an alcoholic.

It seems, from years of meditation and spiritual connection readings, that we have one main spiritual guide called our 'gatekeeper'. This guardian angel is with you at all times. Like the principal of a school, your gatekeeper allows, invites or calls on other specific angels to come to your aid.

I sense while I write these words that a guardian angel by the name of Sananda is with me. I prepare to write by meditating first and then seating myself on my huge pilates exercise ball in front of my computer (this stops my energy from becoming stationary), then begin with my mind, and slowly words seem to pour into the computer. Later I have to read what I have written.

This means that a lot of this book, in fact most of it, is written by Sananda (thanks, Sananda—pity you can't type, too!). He knows I want to keep the book simple in explanation, so he works accordingly.

Through readings I have learnt that often a soul who has passed away from cancer may well choose to work with and help cancer patients on earth. Someone who was a successful businessman on earth may choose to work with those on earth who need assistance in business, and so on.

Both Geoff and I had an extremely uneasy feeling over Christmas of 2004. We were both restless and felt the energy of dis-ease. Unsure where this feeling was coming from, we contacted all family members and friends—all was well. Then on Boxing Day a huge tsunami spread its deathly force on mother earth.

Why were we not shown this? For the same reason that clair-voyants who work in God's light and love are seldom shown death.

For instance, a husband, wife and little boy all sat in a reading with me. It was shown to me that the wife and son would be flying overseas to somewhere like the USA or Canada soon. They confirmed this by saying that they were all emigrating to Canada the following Friday—not just mother and son. Closing my eyes, I took another look at what was shown to me. The message was the same, only mother and son were getting on the plane. I also told them that I was not God so I could be wrong, but I see what I see and have to tell what I am shown.

We left it at that. Two days later the wife phoned me to say that on the day after the reading her husband had been shot and killed in a hijacking. She screamed at me for not telling her if I had seen this.

Why would God want to show her this tragedy? How would their last twenty-four hours of togetherness have been? Would you, as the husband, want to know that you are going to die within the next twenty-four hours? God is a kind and loving God and he knows best!

If we had been shown the tsunami, what could we have done other than pray as never before? Who would have *heard* our words enough to believe our message? There was a warning from a scientist on earth and nobody heeded him! To get back to spiritual guides, can you imagine how busy the world of spirit was during this devastating time? So many souls to help across to the spirit world, many who were not meant to die being saved by some miracle, and guides supporting the victims who lived through it.

In the same way that we rush to help when tragedies strike on earth, so the souls in spirit prepare for these events. Mediums on earth will have sensed that something is amiss and the energy of prayer will be strengthened. A sixteen-year-old youth who survived the tsunami and dedicated himself to helping other survivors said, 'I saw people do extraordinary things to help others and it made me wonder why we cannot do this all the time—why we have to wait for the tragedy to strike before we are open to being helpful.'

Your angels and loved ones in spirit world talk to you, guide you, and give you signposts as you walk your life line. Awareness allows you to hear, sense and feel them through your intuition.

## MIRACLE ANGEL

My baby girl, Shan, was a few weeks old when she contracted encephalitis—the contagious type. Another name for it is fluid on the brain or sleeping sickness. The pediatrician did an immediate lumbar punch and had to inoculate everyone who had been in contact with Shan. The doctor told us that no child with her blood count had ever survived the illness. Even if she did survive, Shan would be mentally disabled. He could do no more for her and warned us that she would probably live for only another two weeks. I had experienced four miscarriages and now God wanted to take my baby girl. We each have our moment to tell God off for His behavior (and that is putting it politely), and this was my turn!

My baby and I shared a small, glass isolation ward. Shan was in a cot, I had a mattress on the floor and there was an old wicker rocking chair in the corner. It was to be our home until she died. The funny thing is that not for one single moment did I believe that she would die. Was it denial?

One night Shan became restless. I picked her up out of the cot and lay her across my legs while I sat on the rocker. Gently rocking in the creaky old chair, I began to beg God for help. I sat like that until the morning light came creeping through the small window.

Day and night became one for me. We had no window to the outside world, so it was only the changing of the nurses that gave me an inkling of time. A week went by as if in a dream. My world had grown small. Food was not important to me and I lost too much weight. The nursing staff became concerned about my health.

One particular night I lifted Shan out of her cot to feed her. When she was finished with all her little after-din-din burps I rested one ankle on my knee to form a cradle, a place for her to lie and look at me until she fell asleep.

My eyes were getting heavy and I was contemplating putting her back in her cot when I saw colors forming a sort of rainbow encircling her tiny body. I blinked, shook my head, and in a half-asleep, half-awake state I thought I was dreaming. Black lines like worms seemed to be coming out of the colors I saw around her body. I sensed that someone was standing behind me and had a comforting hand on my shoulder. I turned to the woman in white behind me, smiled, and continued to watch the light show. More black came away, and just as suddenly as it had begun, it all stopped. The soft baby colors seemed to be around and inside the little body lying on my legs. I had never felt so much peace in my entire life. The colors slowly started to fade and I got a feeling of disappointment in my tummy. The woman, her hand still on my shoulder, gave my shoulder a squeeze and I *think* I heard the words: ‘So be it—Shan is healed.’ I turned towards her and saw only the wall behind me. There would have been no space for anybody to stand there.

A night-light that I had not noticed before seemed to be on in the room, but I could not see it clearly—it looked like a sparkler as rays of light shone out from its center.

I remember rubbing my eyes and feeling euphoric. What a beautiful dream!

‘Did you see that, little one?’ I asked Shan, lifting her high into the air. ‘Something happened just now. Was it God? Never mind you having brain damage, my angel, I think your mom has gone clean off her rocker.’

The door opened and a nurse popped her head into the ward. ‘Everything OK?’ she asked.

‘Were you in here a while ago?’ I asked.

‘Nobody has been in here, Verna. I am the only one on duty for your ward tonight.’

‘Then who is that lady standing next to you?’

The nurse walked fully into the ward and looked around. ‘What are you talking about? There’s nobody here.’

‘There, standing on your right. A lady in a white dress—see her?’

‘OK, now you’re frightening me. There is nobody here. Can I give you something to help you sleep?’

‘You know I don’t take stuff like that. Anyway, we’re fine, thanks.’

The nurse shook her head as if to clear it and walked away.

‘Now, who do you think that was, little one? Know what I think? I *think and feel* that it was someone God sent. How come we are the only ones who could see her? You saw her, didn’t you? The colors! What was with those colors, honey? You know something, my angel? Yes, that’s what you are, sweetheart, mommy’s angel. I think you are better. I don’t know why I feel that, but I do. I think someone like an angel came and took all the nasty colors out of you and put all the good ones back. Either that or your mother is stark raving nuts! What do you think, Shanny? Do you think Mom has gone nuts? Yes, God heard us and now you will get well for Mommy and Daddy, your brother Gary and Granny and Grandpa, OK? Now this has to be our secret. We cannot tell anybody that we are seeing people who are not there. Right, you got that? You are not to utter a word to anyone. They will lock your old mommy up if they hear this story, and then they will throw away the key. Let’s get some sleep now, honey bunny.’

Oh Lord, had I gone bonkers!

‘Morning, doctor,’ said Nurse Peters. ‘I am so worried about Verna being cooped up in the ward and being in denial. Last night she told me that she saw a lady in white in the ward, and now she’s convinced that Shan has been healed. She spent hours talking to herself and her baby last night. Chatting away like she was convincing herself that an angel had come to visit. We could hear her on the baby monitor.’

‘I think we should get her some help. Ask Dr. Phillips if he will come down and visit her later today.’

‘Morning, Doc,’ I said with a great big smile and a sparkle in my eyes.

‘Morning to you, Verna, and how is our little patient this morning?’ asked the cheerful doctor.

‘Something happened last night, Doc. I cannot explain it. I am not even sure if I was awake or dreaming, but something really strange took place. I thought I saw an angel. Well no, I did see a lady. I saw a lady that the nurse couldn’t see. I am not lying. I really did see someone in here. Please do a check-up for me. A blood test or whatever you have to do to see if Shan has improved in any way.’

‘OK, but only if you agree to meet with Dr. Phillips.’

‘Who is he?’

‘A psychologist.’

‘Look, I know it sounds like I’m going crazy, but I’m not. I know what I saw. At first I thought it had been a sort of dream, but how could it be when I saw this lady as clear as daylight while Nurse Peters was chatting to me?’

‘That is the deal, Verna. You see Dr. Phillips and I will do a check-up. What’s it going to be?’

‘OK, bring him in. Maybe I need to know if I really am going nuts. I know without a shadow of a doubt that something strange and wonderful happened here last night. I know in my heart that Shan will live. No doubts, Dr. Kussell. Maybe a mother just knows. Now here is my deal. You do the check-up and if there *is* an improvement, then no Dr. Phillips. If there’s no change, then bring two Dr. Phillips.’

‘You drive a hard bargain,’ laughed Dr. Kussell, bending down to lift Shan from the cot. ‘Come, sweetheart, we are going to give you a tiny little prick with a needle and you can

shout at your mommy, OK?’ Smiling at me and feeling relieved that he could now get me some help, he walked out with Shan.

I took the opportunity to phone the family but told only my mother what had happened, making her swear to keep it to herself. My mom, a staunch Anglican, was horrified at my story—so I got no help there!

‘Verna, I have good news for you. You can take Shan home. I cannot believe it but if you had brought her to me today as a sick child I would have to tell you that there is nothing wrong with your baby,’ said a bewildered Dr. Kussell.

I had seen an angel and a miracle had taken place! Shan is in her thirties today. She came home from school with A’s and B’s and now dedicates her life to helping others. She is a Reiki Master, a Louise Hay therapist, and does healing massage and reflexology. She teaches all that she can about the healing of others.

## **NEGATIVE MESSAGES**

Make sure that the clairvoyant you visit for your reading comes highly recommended and works in God’s light.

One client came to me and my first message to her was this: ‘Your sister is not going to die in a crash or by any other means in the following months. Wow,’ I exclaimed. ‘Can you explain to me why I got that message for you?’

‘I have just been to a clairvoyant who told me that my sister was going to die in a motor car accident within the following three months!’ she said with tears flowing down her cheeks. ‘Who do I believe now? You or the man I went to see?’

‘Honey, I knew nothing about any other clairvoyant you’ve seen, yet the very first message I received for you from your angels contradicted his message. I am certain that your sister will not die. However, I am told that she must get her car seen to. I am shown a problem with her tires. That is all she needs to do—fix her tires! Let me also say this, God would never give you such an awful message, so make sure whoever you go to for readings in the future works with God.’

The seed was planted and for three months her sister wouldn’t get into a car. Her sister is still alive today and her reading was three years ago. One of her car tires was faulty but she was assured that a slow puncture would simply have made the tire go flat.

In all my years of doing readings I have received only two death messages. This is the message I received to give one client: ‘I am shown a man who is coughing so much and it really hurts him. He is suffering and I am told to ask you to let him come home. His time on earth is complete and he should suffer no more. He is simply holding onto life for his family.’ The look on her face told me I had hit a nerve and it turned out to be her husband, who she knew was suffering terribly. In tears she thanked me for the message, went home and baked a cake with one candle on it. She sat down next to her husband’s bed with their two children and they wished him a happy journey home. They said their goodbyes and told him it was all right to let go, and that God was waiting for him. He died that night at midnight.

The second one was very similar. My client’s wife had a brain tumor and he was seeking all the help he could get. The doctors said they could try to operate and he had to make the choice. Not knowing anything about this family, I received a message: ‘I am shown a lady, and when I tune in to her I get the most painful headache. She is very ill and I don’t feel like she can communicate with you. Do not tell me who she is, but do you know this lady?’

He simply said, ‘Yes.’

‘OK—I am connecting with her soul and she says to please let her go.’ The man was in tears and thanked me for helping to confirm what he felt his decision ought to be. I told him

about the previous client, and this man did the same for his family. He gathered his very young children together and they had a farewell party as they sent Mommy home to God. She died two hours later.

Remember we spoke of bad and naughty spirits. They exist and like to take opportunities to cause a bit of chaos. Although you are guided by angels, they do not make your choices for you. If you choose to connect negatively, they will allow you to do so.

God is kind and loving in all His work.

## **ASTRAL (ASTROPHYSICAL) TRAVEL**

There is a lot more to you than meets the eye. There are at least seven sections or bodies to you: your soul, astral, physical, mental, emotional, esoteric and estheric bodies. The energy of astral in the universe is like the soul of the world and all that is. It is higher than our earth vibrations and lower than the spiritual world vibrations. It is the collective consciousness of all that has ever been and all that is. A place of higher consciousness visions.

Astral travel seems to be an experience like a dream but you *know* it is not because it feels so real—more real than a dream feels. When experiencing this phenomenon it was exactly like being awake and alert with all my emotions intact, but with no power of real thought. It simply *was*! It felt as if I was separated from my conscious self.

One amazing truth from this journey I experienced in astral was that I now know, without a shadow of doubt, that I do not end at death, that there is definitely a part of me that lives within me for eternity.

It is said that when you sleep at night your astral body, the body that connects you with the universe, may well leave your physical body. It remains connected to your physical body by a thin silver cord. Some say they have seen this cord.

Geoff and I wanted to experience astral traveling, so every night before sleeping we would say, ‘Night night, I’ll see you in the lounge at 3am.’ One night I found myself in the lounge, walking around and wondering where the rest of the family was (this was a natural reaction and I remember that it didn’t feel like a physical thought). I went upstairs into our bedroom and saw two people lying in bed. A woman was in bed with Geoff and I was standing at the foot of the bed. My heart skipped a beat and I felt the hurtful pain of being deceived—this showed me that the emotional body stays connected. I never thought about who this could be in the bed, I simply ripped the blankets off...only to see my own body lying in the bed snuggling up to Geoff’s back.

I was then fully aware that I was astral traveling. It felt incredibly euphoric. I think I was smiling as I went downstairs. Exactly as Geoff and I had planned to meet in the lounge, there he was sitting in his chair. We spoke to each other and even agreed at that moment that we were in astral.

It’s impossible to fully describe the feeling. You don’t really feel any different and yet you do. Your memory and emotions seem intact, but your thinking mind does not seem to be functioning. My sight and hearing were there, although I don’t remember any sounds other than Geoff’s words (was I hearing his thoughts?). Were my senses only spiritual ones connected to my soul? I don’t remember touching anything, so can’t tell you what that would be like, other than that it all seemed very real. Wanting to explore and venture out of the house, I remember walking to the front door, but as soon as I reached the door I woke up in my bed.

I shook Geoff. ‘Did you see me in the lounge?’

He gave me a half-annoyed sleepy look and replied, ‘What are you on about?’

‘We astral traveled, I know we did, and I saw you sitting in your chair in the lounge,’ I said with great excitement.

‘Go to sleep and tell me in the morning,’ he mumbled.

I lay in bed and asked my guardian angels if I could go on a journey to Geoff’s parents in England. This was not as clear an experience but I felt like I was standing next to their bed. I saw them tossing and turning in striped pajamas, like two Telly Tubbies from the TV program. They restlessly rolled around and they were laughing.

The following day I phoned them told them what I had seen. With laughter they told me that they had bought new pajamas similar to baby-grows and had not managed to sleep a wink. I asked if they were striped and if one was pink and the other dark blue. They confirmed the colors.

I was over the moon with this experience and have never felt the need to astral travel again. I know it will be a natural event if it is meant to be. I would like to add that you would be blocked from ‘seeing’ anything personal, so don’t get any ideas about using this to become a voyeur!

## **CHANNELING**

The spiritual guidance readings I do are a form of channeling. A spirit soul works through me to give me mental pictures or say quiet words (like when you dream) and connect these to emotions or ‘feelings’ so I can sense the message. The spirits are using me to channel through the messages. Anyone can channel, through meditation and prayer, and connect to your own higher consciousness and tune in to your ‘inner wisdom’.

Channeling mostly refers to occasions when a spirit talks through you. This is achieved and enhanced by the spirit soul and the medium using higher and stronger vibrations. The medium gives permission—because she or he should always be in control—to allow the spirit to talk through the medium.

Sometimes when I do this my voice remains mine, but the words of the message come directly from the spirit soul. Mostly my voice changes, and I have spoken like a little girl and like a very old person.

Once I sang an old war song in a meditation group. Normally I cannot sing for love nor money and certainly would not have known that song—but there you go, I sang quite well, although the voice was a bit croaky.

Often when this takes place, the spirit talks very rapidly through me to keep my own mental energy and thoughts from interfering or breaking the contact. I will only allow channeling to take place if I sense a comfortable and safe ‘feeling’ towards the spirit soul.

The spirit gives so much of his or her energy to you that you feel you are taking its form. The first time this occurred I was sitting in one of our meditation groups. There I was, this tall grown-up lady sitting quietly in deep meditation, when slowly I sensed the energy of a child filling my body. I felt like a five-year-old, I behaved like a five-year-old and I spoke like one. Her name was Alice. She seemed to be sitting right inside me as she spoke through me. At this point I want to tell you that you can and must remain in control at all times. If at any time you feel the slightest discomfort, release yourself. Simply open your eyes and break the contact. It is as easy as that.

So there I was as little Alice. My hands were flying around as she explained to us that she had passed over through cancer, but that she was happy and was a very clever girl. She was to continue to study in the world of spirit and had her aunty, her granny and her other granddad with her. She was as cute as a button and had the meditation group in fits of laughter as she told us stories about the animals in spirit that she loved so dearly.

Who would you connect with if you channeled? Well, it is similar to your normal earthly life. Like attracts like, so if you are happy and uplifting you will attract positive people into your life. A constantly depressed Moaning Minnie will attract negative people into her life.

So it is with channeling. If you were to connect with spirit by entering an altered state through drugs or drink, you would attract negative spirits. All spiritual and higher consciousness work should be done in God's light.

## **ENERGY**

We are constantly creating energy patterns around us. Our thoughts and emotions are energy fuel. As you move your arm back and forth you create an energy field. The words you speak and what you are feeling all affect your energy field. This energy field is directly connected to your autonomic nervous system and therefore your emotions and your immune system.

Keep your energy positive. Whatever it is you are thinking, you may as well imagine it written high up in the sky for all to see, since your thoughts send out signals like waves and they affect all that is. Did you know you had that much power! Well, you have. That is why group prayer is so powerful, as is negative group energy.

Negative or positive thoughts from your mind begin their journey within your own body. Then, like when you drop a stone into a pond, they send out ripples of energy into the universe. Those in a close proximity to you will be more strongly affected by the energy. How much it may affect them will depend on their state of mind.

How you react if someone close to you sends out negative rays of energy depends on how you feel about yourself at the time. Would you be aware enough to sense their distress and offer a helping hand and give them uplifting energy, or is your energy so directed into yourself that you are oblivious to the troubles of others and wonder why you feel down when you walk away from them? Would you grab onto those negative rays and feed your own so that the two of you can wallow in misery and create an even more powerful ripple of negativity, or do you have enough inner strength to realize that their energy is theirs and you will not allow it to interfere with yours?

You are the master of your life!

### **Do this exercise**

Close your eyes and think of someone who is ill or in a situation that would make you feel sad—someone you can feel 'sorry for'. Let the thought of pity enter your mind. Once you have done that, notice the 'emotions' that you have stirred up within yourself. Your tummy probably feels hollow as it fills with that negative energy.

That is the energy you are sending to that poor soul, and it is coming right back at you!

Bring that same image into your mind but this time send courage, love and strength to the poor soul in need. That's better, for now you have sent them positive waves of energy and given the same to yourself. You should now be able to sense and feel uplifted.

### **Make a cloud disappear**

Find a small white cloud. Concentrate on it, let nothing else exist in your mind. Talk to it, allowing it to be set free and disperse into the universe. Watch as with the power of your thought you allow the small cloud to slowly fade away.

Once at the seaside I did this with a group of youngsters. They walked away from it full of renewed belief about the power of their own minds.

Nature is full of wonderful energy. Crystals are used for healing and gather energy from those who wear them. Flowers are God's gift to give us energy from their perfume, their amazing colors and beauty. Trees have a heartbeat type of energy, so the 'hug a tree' story is not as crazy as some think it is. Mother earth has an energy field that you can draw from if you are sufficiently aware.



The sea is a great healer for me. I sit on my balcony overlooking the sea and imagine that I draw healing or upliftment from its energy.

Have you ever walked into a room and remarked that you 'can cut the atmosphere with a knife'? That is negative energy created by a negative event having taken place in the room. The energy sits there in the room waiting to be changed. One can always sense the energy of a home simply by walking into the front door and 'feeling' the energy. Is the home peaceful and happy or is there tension and stress? You will know instinctively.

Please do not hang around with souls who are constantly negative. Help them if you can, but unless someone wants to be helped, there is very little you can do. Create a positive environment for yourself.

So how is your energy? Are you aware that what you give to yourself mentally, you are sending out to others, and what you are giving out to others, you are giving to yourself? Whatever you give out in the world comes right back at you! To have a friend you have to be a friend. To have love, fun and laughter in your life, you need to be receptive to it.

## Chapter Four

# HYPNOSIS

### HYPNOSIS FOR HEALING

Hypnosis is a subject that grabbed my attention from the moment Dr. Jacobs began to teach me the power of my mind-body connection. Since then I have studied two full courses and taken as many workshops as I possibly could. For the last twenty years I have been giving courses on hypnosis so others may pass on this wonderful, natural healing process.

Just like clairvoyance, hypnosis is a natural phenomenon within us. It is a state we can easily enter. It is a state when nothing else enters your mind except what you are doing. It's a bit like when you become entranced while sitting on a beach and you feel so peaceful that the people around you seem to fade away. Or when you almost become the movie you are watching and don't hear what others in the room are saying. It means that your conscious mind (thinking mind) has closed off and you have entered a subconscious state—a feeling that you could not care less about what is happening around you.

This cannot possibly be anti-religious, as some allege. It is a natural part of our body, mind and soul.

God was very clever when He sat down to design and manufacture mankind and animals. He designed a self-healing process within these bodies. He created bodies that will remain healthy if we take special care of them and He then connected the physical, mental and emotional bodies to the soul to work as one entity. In this way one part of us can enhance the healing process of the other just as easily as it can destroy the other parts. We are miraculous!

One hour of hypnosis is worth eight hours of replenishing sleep for your body and mind.

It is not true that you can induce people to do something against their moral standards while they are under hypnosis. They would simply bring themselves out of the alpha state. As a subject under hypnosis you are in total control.

I was hypnotizing a group of children, with their parents' permission, while on a camping holiday. Children are the best subjects for hypnosis because their imaginations are so unfettered.

One mother said she would like to join the children. It was New Year's Day and the children had seen the adults having a few too many drinks the previous evening, so I told them under hypnosis that they, too, had had a few too many drinks. It was hysterical as they acted out what they perceived it was like to be tipsy. The mother who had joined us did not drink and automatically brought herself out of hypnosis. Obviously the children did not drink either, but they were playing whereas she was anti-alcohol.

Although I have helped clients with their studies, confidence building, stuttering, memory, fears, weight-loss and the most-used and most boring one of all—giving up smoking—I specialize in healing. For many years I have worked closely with the Cancer Association in South Africa.

I get the client under hypnosis to visualize her cancer cells. This allows these clients to move from denial into acceptance. Then they visualized the immune system as a strong and powerful source.

#### **Cancer**

One client said her cancer cells were like naughty fish and the immune system was a shoal of huge great white sharks. She then instructed the sharks to go and eat the fish. The mind sends messages to the immune system to go to the cancer cells and fight them. This imagery would also have strengthened the immune system. Together with the imagery work, we healed

negative emotions by changing the client's attitude towards events she had endured in her life. I am by no means saying that this can cure an illness like cancer but it certainly enhances the natural healing ability of the body.

An elderly woman who was an artist used her mind to paint her entire inner body to be beautiful. Then she painted her cancerous tumor as a bunch of black grapes. She imagined her immune system as little men carrying the strongest paint remover and pouring it over the stem of the bunch of grapes. She told me that she was watching it fall off what it had been connected to. The tumor shriveled and died and she spent the next three years going to hospitals, visiting cancer patients and getting them to use their imagery. Unfortunately her cancer returned due to the weakness of her old body. She phoned me to say that this time she would accept it, refused treatment, and thanked me for her extra years of life that enabled her to help others.

### **Hyperactive child**

A boy of eight was about to be given Ritalin for his hyperactive behavior. I asked him to draw a tree under hypnosis and instructed him that the tree represented his mind. The tree was huge and beautiful on one side, but the creative side of the brain-tree had no leaves on it. I asked him to sense the left side of his mind and tell me if it felt open or closed. He said it was locked. He then took an imaginary key and unlocked it. After he had told me that he had done this magic trick I once again got him to draw the mind-tree. This time the two sides of the tree were almost the same. After about three sessions the boy's behavior became more balanced and no medication was needed.

### **Eczema**

A girl of nine was brought to me with eczema covering her entire body. Her parents had taken to her a few therapists and doctors and she was on medication. She was not allowed in the sun, they had to get rid of their animals, no flowers were allowed in the house, and she was on a strict diet. At nine she was starting to become aware of boys and she wore clothes up to her neck and down to her ankles.

Under hypnosis I connected the eczema to an emotion. The emotion was worry. When asking her to connect the emotion to a story she said, 'I am worried about my granny. She is dead and I don't know where she is and if she is all right.'

I asked if she believed her granny was in heaven. She said she did. I got her to imagine that her granny was visiting her from heaven. Then her granny took her on a trip to heaven to show her that she was indeed happy and living in a wonderful place. She, of course, visualized heaven as she perceived it to be, a wonderful, beautiful place with angels, and eventually the negative image she had in her mind was changed to a peaceful and positive one. I also got her to visualize a healing room in her mind. She described this room: 'Oh, it is a beautiful room and it has pretty bottles on a shelf. Some are for my mommy when she gets headaches and some are for my daddy.' This amazed me for it showed how caring a child she was.

I asked her what was in the room to help her eczema. 'Oh,' she said, 'there is a big bottle of white stuff like milk for me to put on my skin. It takes away the eczema. There is also that worry-bottle you told me to make. It's in the corner for me to use every day.'

Every morning and afternoon she would, without hypnosis, close her eyes and imagine putting her worries in the worry-bottle, even if she didn't have any worries at the time. To cover her body in the healing milk she imagined herself lying in a bath filled with this magic fluid.

Within two weeks she was completely clear of all eczema.

## My stroke

Three years ago the MRI scan showed three clots in my brain. Other than some numb fingers and a little numbness in my face, loss of immediate memories (concentration) and some bad reflexes, it was mainly my speech that was affected. I spoke pure ‘drunkenese’ with my sentences coming out as one long, slurred word. The words were dyslexic and came out of my mouth any way they wished—any way but my way.

Dr. Coetzee, my ‘Brain Man’, as I called him, put me in ICU, connected me to a heart machine, a drip in one arm and the constant blood pressure machine connected to the other arm. Other than feeling tired and afraid, I never felt sick. But being among all those poor sick folks in ICU, and connected up to all the machines, you can easily begin to believe that you are definitely on your way out of earth’s door.

I will never forget how afraid and alone I felt when Geoff and Sharon walked away from my bedside after I had been admitted to ICU. The worst thing about a stroke is that the inside of you and your mind are working perfectly, but the communication from the brain to whatever it is you are attempting to do gets short-circuited. You say something, expecting it to come out as it is in your mind—and out shoots the drunkenese! One funny thing was that if I stuck my tongue out, it shot out to the left.

Dr. Coetzee gently told me that the numbness in my hand and the cells relating to my speech were permanently damaged goods and I would have to learn to live with my condition.

‘Waltchcheme’ (watch me), I said in my garbled speech.

Ten days later I was allowed to go home and recover. I began using self-hypnosis. In my mind I imagined one word at a time and tried my best to say it without slurring. This advanced to picturing two words at a time. I taught myself to take a breath after each word to separate them. Yippee—I had found a trick that worked. Slowly I extended the sentences, but I had to work hard to make them come out of my mouth in order.

While I was in hospital, Brain Man’s favorite words for me to try to speak were: *eleven benevolent elephants*. Yeah, right, you can imagine how that came out of my mouth! Six months down the line I had my first check-up. Sitting in front of him, I took the longest, deepest breath and slowly said *eleven*—another breath—*benevolent*—and, finally, *elephants*. He looked pretty amazed but was still negative. ‘Oh well, at least you have them in order now, but I’m afraid you still sound drunk. You’ll just have to get used to it.’

I thought I was speaking perfectly, so when I came home I recorded my speech. What a laugh. I really did sound like I had had ten too many drinks. I had just *thought* I sounded good.

It was a long and time-consuming process but I never gave up. I would relax my body and mind and visualize the cells in my mind healing and the blood clots melting away to nothing. I visualized the words and then visualized myself saying them perfectly. When speaking I began by taking a breath between words. After a time these words began to leave my mouth in the same order as in my thoughts. Now I started to take a breath in mid-sentence, not after every word. Practice makes perfect, and with patience and determination I won the battle.

Using the power of my mind through hypnosis, my speech is now good enough. If I get tired or talk for too long it begins to slur. A funny thing happens when I talk about my stroke—my speech immediately starts to slur. It is as if my memory creates a barrier in the motor actions of my speech.

This experience taught me that life and each moment is a precious gift to us.

Most of all I learnt never to give up and simply accept what is. Every part of your life needs to be worked at—your health, your wealth and your happiness. Using relaxation in the form of meditation or hypnosis is a powerful method of replenishing your body, mind and soul—and, by extension, your life in general.

Your mind is a power tool within you and it is vital that you take control of it. Use it to the best of your ability to make positive affirmations, positive images and positive decisions for your wellbeing. Change your mind and you change your life.

## Chapter Five

# PREPARATION FOR MEDIUM AWARENESS

Find peace within. Begin by creating a peaceful, calming and beautiful home and make it your sanctuary.

### How I begin my readings

My readings are guidance for the soul's journey—not fortune telling!

When I first started doing readings I practised imagining God above my right shoulder. This happens naturally now and I ask God to use me as a channel for guidance for the soul of whoever has come for the reading.

Other than my sensing God and the soul and energy of my client, my mind is blank. If any outside thoughts come into my head at this stage, I take a deep breath and repeat the process. With time this becomes an unconscious process.

From there I am able to sense who is visiting us from the spirit world and where they are in the room. Normally I sense them on my right shoulder but often a family member may stand closer to the client.

Sometimes the spirit visitors all want to talk at once, so many messages come through like a tangled telephone line. You have to stay in control here and learn to focus on one message at a time. I have a regular client, a dear, elderly woman, who during the course of her life has lost all three of her children and her husband. When she comes for a reading they all come to connect with her. With great excitement they all want to get a word in. We always laugh a lot during her readings, and through them she has found incredible strength to cope.

Often a client will chat away about her problems—some can really be difficult to shut up. You may also have regular clients and know so much about them that you feel influenced by this knowledge. This affects your own emotional body and hence your personal mind and thoughts. There is such a fine line between messages received and your own personal opinions when this occurs, so what do you do?

If you find your own memories and thoughts appearing to you during the reading, you have to learn to shut them off and take your mind back to God and the client's soul. Your mind must be clear to receive clear messages in truth and without your internal influence.

If I need to compare something, I imagine that I am placing one situation to the right of the client and the other to the left. Separating them makes it easier to look in one direction at a time. For instance, a client may have two job interviews. I would place one company to the left and the other to the right of the client, then take my mind to each one separately.

The spirit guides know why the client has come for the reading, and usually all questions the client brings listed on a piece of paper are answered before they are asked.

The worst clients are those who sit opposite you with arms and legs crossed, faces stern with an expression of challenge. Their energy can be felt and you need to ask them to unfold their bodies, take a deep breathe and relax. You begin the reading and give them a whole long story and ask if they can relate to it, but they sit tight-lipped and demand, 'Tell me more.'

The poor medium simply wants to know if they have tuned in correctly. The reading is a two-way street but they block the energy.

There are those who want to know the date they will marry, what they will be wearing and exactly who the groom will be—oh boy, they really do think the medium is God!

If I am needed to 'look' at anything for my own family or someone I know well, I ask that I should receive a message for them regarding the matter, then I leave it at that.

I can be driving to the mall, sitting on the beach or cooking dinner, and suddenly out of the blue I receive the message. It is given to me when my mind is clear of the question so that I am not influenced in any way.

### **Relieving doubt**

At first I doubted what I got in meditation and readings. The trick to this is to clear your thoughts and try about three times to change whatever picture, symbol or words you have received from the spirit. If it remains the same then it is a true message.

Try to meditate at the same time each day and keep a journal of all that you sense and see in meditation. This will give you a feeling of what is a true message compared with your own thoughts.

### **Join a meditation circle**

Group energy is more powerful and you have the guidance of more spiritually advanced souls in the circle. Not all meditation groups will suit your energy, so make sure you feel comfortable and welcomed into the group.

Do not try to copy the work of another medium. Allow spirits to use you as a channel in *their* way, not your mentally chosen way. To follow this path takes patience. Your guardian angels know when you are ready. Many changes take place within your body, mind and soul during the transition of awareness.

When you have learnt to quieten your mind in deep concentration and meditation, you may well begin by seeing or sensing colors and then slowly advancing to seeing, in your mind's eye, symbols given to you by your angels. You may then begin to hear messages as you would in a dream. A friend of mine began her journey with automatic writing. She would sit with a pen in her hand and allow free writing to take place with no thought in her mind.

Once again I mention that you must avoid comparing yourself with other mediums or you could lose the direction your guardian angels are leading you in.

### **The aura**

Every atom, every electron and every particle, including your thoughts, has a vibration to it. This enters the aura which becomes the 'information' about an object or person. The aura around all that is living constantly changes, but around inanimate things like crystals, stones or water it becomes fixed. Everything with energy has an aura, its very own space suit consisting of an energy of colors. There is even an energy field (aura) in your home that flows from the energy within it. As I have said before, I am sure you have walked into a home and felt that you can 'cut the atmosphere with a knife' while another home may be filled with peace and you feel 'at home'.

When you are feeling down and depressed, full of fear and apprehension, the colors fade from your aura and go within, close to your physical body for protection. When you are laughing and happy they shine like stars and spread out, touching the souls of all those around you. You have heard the saying: 'Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you cry alone.'

The colors also change when you are ill. The aura shows the true nature and intent of the person. Being able to read auras is a great help because nobody can lie to you and get away with it. It shows in the aura and if one is aware enough it can be felt in the energy field of the aura.

Children up to the age of five can easily see and sense auras. I have taken clients under hypnosis to test this. It seems that babies often play with these colors. If they are handed to a person with an aura they don't like, they may well scream their little heads off.

Your aura is connected to your **chakras—your energy centers**.

Although you have many energy centers throughout your body, mind and soul, there are seven main ones.

**Red: At the base of your spine** is a center that supports you and gives you energy. It relates to your natural instincts of survival and grounds you to mother earth and keeps you healthy. It is connected to the genital organs.

**Orange: This one is near your belly button.** It relates to your digestive system and sexual organs and is the very depth of your intuition, as when we say: I feel it in my guts! It connects to your spleen and stomach.

**Yellow: Situated in the solar plexus area,** it relates to your nervous system. It is your power and your will. It is also connected to your metabolism, your immune system and your self-esteem.

**Green: This is known as the heart chakra and is situated in the center of your chest.** It is also in the middle of the seven chakras and relates to unconditional love. It gives you a sense of well-being, peace and compassion, and it centers you.

**Blue: Located in the throat area,** this relates to communication and creativity. Unblocking this center allows you to open up to the truth of who you are. It is connected to your mental energy.

**Indigo: Located in the center of your forehead and known as your third eye,** this is the precious chakra that opens you up to spirituality and awareness. It connects you with the universe. It is your eye to intuition and is connected to the pineal gland.

**Violet: Known as your ‘crown’ chakra, directly connected to the third eye and** connecting you with all that is in the universe. It is the energy center your guardian angel may use to connect with you. Once it is open you may feel a tingling in that area. It brings us knowledge, wisdom, understanding, spiritual connection and absolute peace. It is connected to the pituitary gland.

Above my head I visualize a white energy field connecting me to God.

Your chakra centers react according to every thought you think, every emotion you feel and the state of your physical body. It is vital for a medium to learn to control his or her thoughts and energy fields or, as a *sensitive* (receptive through senses), he or she will be influenced by the moods of all those who are present.

An exercise to open, close and control these energy centers is the meditation as described below.

**Concentration:** Learn intense concentration and how to handle your emotions and thoughts. In true meditation you eventually become aware only of your subject of meditation. Continually bring your mind back to whatever it is you are concentrating on. Hold a pen in your hand with your arm firmly and stiffly stretched out in front of you. For a minute or so stare at and concentrate on the tip of the pen. Let nothing else enter your mind but the tip of the pen. Your arm remains stiff. After a while, remove the pen with your other hand from your outstretched arm, and it may well stay stretched out because you have forgotten about your arm while concentrating on the pen.



**Smell:** Avoid wearing strong perfume since it stimulates your senses. I don't even use incense in my work room. Your subconscious mind brings you memories from your senses through sound, smell and taste, and this could create an outside influence that will affect the meditation.

**Food:** Try to avoid sitting in a circle or doing any meditation on a full stomach since the tummy, whether you like it or not, will rumble as it digests when you are in a relaxed state.

**Physical:** Your aura needs to be clean, so no alcohol, drugs (even heavy medication) or any other mind-enhancing substance must be used when connecting with the astral. Remember that like attracts like, so you may connect with a negative energy.

## VISUAL MEDITATION

**Always start in prayer.** Ask God for guidance and call on your angels. Every morning I thank God for five things in my life and I try to ask Him for just ONE thing back. This is an amazing exercise because it gets you away from yourself, and you find yourself asking for healing or guidance for someone else. Ask God only once! There is no need to beg, for He hears you the first time.

Now for the learning-to-ride-a-bicycle bit. With your eyes closed, concentrate on the breath going in and out of your lungs. At first your mind will wander and you will need to bring it back to the breath. Continue to do this until you sense that your mind has stopped bringing in outside thoughts. A sense of intense peace fills your being.

Now imagine the most beautiful silver lake. A spiritual lake, as if it is from God's land. Start to build a surrounding picture. Maybe a mountain in the background, some flowers or bushes, a waterfall may appear to you, some warm rocks to sit on. Create a lovely, big, strong oak tree to sit under...you may hear the birds singing in the trees.

Create your sanctuary as best you can. Every time you go there it will become clearer to you. Your subconscious mind will soon realize that this is a place that relaxes your body, mind and soul. You may have to start by intentionally imagining these items, but soon they will flow into your vision from a place deep within you.

Get used to this exercise and let it become the basis of your meditation until you find it easy to visit your sanctuary.

**Make your lake as real as you can:** Feel and sense the vibration of mother earth beneath your feet. Feel the temperature of the air, allowing it to be a comfortable temperature for you. Touch the plants. Lean against a tree and sense the energy, normally like a heartbeat, coming from your tree. Sit on the warm rocks surrounding your lake. See the sun shimmering on your lake, making it the most beautiful sight you have ever seen. This is your sanctuary for prayer, healing, peace and connection to God. Make it as real as you can.

## VISUAL MEDITATION EXERCISES

**They are never-ending, but here are a few to begin with.**

**Open your seven energy (chakra) centers:**

**How to open the chakras?**

Start with the red center and imagine each one in turn as a ray of light (like a torch beam) glowing in that specific area. With your mind, allow the beam of light to spread out farther

and farther, becoming brighter and brighter until it fills the room you are meditating in. Allow the colors to flow into your body until you become a rainbow of colors.

You could imagine a closed flower bud the same color as the energy center. Slowly let each one open in your mind, allowing the color to flow out from the flower.

You could imagine the colors as small flames, with the beams of light becoming brighter and expanding. It really doesn't matter how you achieve the end result, but make sure the chakras are in balance, all the same brightness and size, and allow the colors to meld into each other.

**From your lake you can ask your guardian angel to appear to you.** At first you may simply feel an energy or hear some words spoken to you, as in a dream. Any way you sense your guardian angel (spiritual guide) is OK.

**You can swim in the water for healing.** Learn to play in your lake to release stress and give you healing. Bring some spiritual children or dolphins into the water with you—they lighten your energy. Imagine the water washing away all negatives in your body, mind and soul.

**Bring others into your lake for healing.** Become a healer by inviting someone you know who needs healing, upliftment or guidance to your sanctuary. You will naturally be heightening their vibrations.

**Get to know your soul.** Imagine that you can sense what your soul and your aura look like. Allow colors to appear to you and surround you as they eventually become you. Notice how you feel. Ask your soul if it has a message for you.

**Invite your guardian angels into your sanctuary.** At first you may sense them as energy or you may see colors or shapes but eventually, if you believe and keep practicing, they will appear to you.

**Laugh!** Lighten your energy with laughter. See your life as a game and see the funny side of things. Laugh at least ten times every day for good health and happiness.

Whatever you need in life you can bring towards you through prayer meditation. Remember, though, there is a huge difference between your needs and your wants.

Relax well, my friends, and go in search of that inner peace!

## **CHANNELED MEDITATIONS WITH SANANDA**

### **SANANDA IN MEDITATION**

While I was healing after my stroke, there was time aplenty for meditation and planning this book. Here are some of my daily meditations and messages from my beautiful guardian angel, Sananda.

#### **Meditation: Incarnation**

In my mind's eye I saw Sananda sitting on the edge of my silver lake. He seemed to be waiting for me.

The lake was shimmering in the sunshine, there was a small waterfall creating a calming effect in the background, and the grass and trees surrounding us were greener than green.

There were flowers more brilliant in color than you could possibly imagine on earth. I visualized myself walking towards him and sat down with my feet cooling in the silver water.

**SANANDA** said in a peaceful tone, *'Close your eyes and use your imagination as I speak. We are going to begin at the very beginning. Let us hope others will benefit from your experiences. You need to write down each meditation and your story.'*

I hear the words in the same way you hear others speak to you in a dream. My eyes were already physically closed since I was in meditation, but now I needed to imagine that I was closing them while sitting by the lake.

He continued, *'Before you incarnated into this lifetime you are now living, you once sat with me under an oak tree and we discussed your journey. Now that you have completed a cycle, I will tell you what was said. You—your soul—told me that it was your choice to help mankind to become aware of the spiritual world and the reason for life on earth. We discussed this in great detail and I explained to you that in order to do this work you would have to go through all the experiences you wished to guide other souls through. What you have chosen will not be easy, for when you reach the earth vibration you will be unaware of this chosen journey until years of experiences have gone by—although you will be born with a special sense of intense awareness.'*

*'I know you are already aware of all of this, but you may want to print it for others. We watched your chosen parents for a period long enough to know that their lives would create an excellent foundation for your choice of journey. Visualize them now, Verna, and you will understand that their souls accepted the challenge of giving you the foundation to help you to create yourself and live your chosen journey. You knew before incarnating what life would bring you, and you knew that your soul would always know what to expect from that life, but until you attained a certain level of faith in God and yourself, you remained unaware of your soul choices.'*

*'You were born at a universal time period that would influence your basic characteristics according to your chosen soul's journey. The universe has a unique impact on each and every soul on earth. It is all part of a bigger picture.'*

'So it is true, then, that star signs, as we call them, do have a deeper meaning and a basic truth to them?' I asked.

'Yes, there is awareness on earth regarding this. Consider the farmers, for instance. Have they not learnt when to plant according to the moon's cycle? If the moon and the sun have such an impact on mother earth, why would they not have the power to influence the energy of people?

'It is not as cut and dried as people think, but more about that another time.

*'Let's continue: you made your choice of life, you chose your parents, and your time of birth was planned. Be aware that it was not that simple a task. Before considering your parents, we also had to take a look at the vibrations of the country they were living in and what nationality you would become. It all mattered!'*

In my mind's eye I seemed to be continually nodding my head, either in agreement or in new understanding.

He continued, *'Before your birth to your parents, you were shown souls that would cross your path and all the choices you would have the opportunity of making. Is it not amazing that all the time you were cursing God, you were actually becoming closely attached to Him?'*

*'Your soul, because it knows, would be smiling while your physical, conscious mind would be sending you over the edge. You chose to find spiritual awareness and the love of God through the understanding of suffering. There is not a soul on earth who does not suffer without reason. What do think now? Was it all worth it?'*

‘Not at the time, I can tell you that much, but now, definitely... I think,’ I said with a giggle. ‘You once told me that when I was cursing God, He was probably saying something like, “Well, at least she knows I exist.”’

*‘Yes, just as you are going to tell your story. Each soul on earth has a story to tell. As they heal the story becomes a powerful tool for them to show others the way to enlightenment,’ he continued. ‘Life gives you signposts along the way and the more “awake” you are, the more aware you are about using your “intuition” well enough to notice and follow the signs.’*

‘Thanks, Sananda. I sure took a long time to wake up, didn’t I? Good thing I can talk to you in my mind. My speech is no good to anyone right now.’

*‘Yes,’ he replied with a smile, ‘now look where you are. It matters not how long you make the road you walk, but that you walk it. You walked through the shadow into the light of awareness. Now let’s take the journey from the beginning and start a healing process.’*

### **Meditation: Energy**

I found myself sitting on a rock at the side of a waterfall. The water was splashing against the rock and I could feel the warmth of the rock and the cool temperature of the water as it gently splashed me and flowed on into a stream. The sun shone through the water and hundreds of pebbles glittered in the sun.

‘Hi, Sananda, are you here?’

‘Yep.’

‘Why the waterfall?’

*‘See the pebbles—they simply are. They have to take what Mother Nature hands out to them. They are affected by the water, the wind, the sun and storms that create gushing water from peaceful trickles.’*

‘Yes?’

*‘Well, that is what it is like when you are born. Thousands of babies are born during the same period and, just like those pebbles, they create an energy field as a group. So it will come to pass that all the babies of an era will have a specific group energy. Eventually every soul group in their specific area will create a future world through their group force, each group creating a new generation, and so on.’*

‘Ah, so the baby and toddler stage is the same as the pebbles, at that early age they have no choice but to take what crosses their paths to influence them?’

*‘Correct, but unlike the pebbles, living beings and creatures have body, mind and soul. Development takes place through your “feelings” and “instincts”.*

*‘From birth, mankind shows character traits according to your spiritual choice. Those instincts and feelings grow together with your mental body—your mind—and you start the fight for survival at an early age. You soon learn to cry for attention, to scream for what you want and to be absolutely single-minded about your needs.’*

‘I know you’ve already told me this, but for the sake of the book I ask why some little souls would choose parents who abuse them. Why do some new souls choose parents who they know will die of AIDS? Why do they choose to be born in a nation that is starving, and why are others born to suffer great illness?’

*‘Some are lessons within lessons, some are angels who come down as teachers, and some suffer because of free will on earth. I told you that you make choices before incarnating. When you are in spirit body only, you have no fear of death, hurt or pain, your soul is happy to go through all that it has chosen. Your physical body is carting your soul around—it is the soul’s vehicle. Babies and toddlers stay closely attached to their souls. They have no fear of death, and their “conscious minds” are not yet part of the game plan. At this stage you are not yet consciously challenging life, but reacting instinctively.’*

*'Imagine if you were in spirit and there was a mother on earth who wished to experience loss and a father who understands loss through a previous past-life, so he decides to connect with the mother's soul to help her through the lesson. What a pleasure to incarnate for such a short while as a child to them. You see, dying is not such a bad thing, but living your life to the fullest for your soul is vital. Nothing on earth is a coincidence!'*

*'Thank you for that.'*

*'My pleasure, now let's do some healing. Get a picture in your mind's eye of the clot you saw in your brain from the scan.'*

*'Got it.'*

*'Good, what color is it?'*

*'Red.'*

*'Now imagine it starting to soften in color as it becomes smaller and smaller. Keep this up until it is white in color, tiny in size and finally fades away. I will leave you to do this. When it is done allow yourself to fall into a healing sleep.'*

The imagery for healing was blocked through fear as it brought the truth into light. Wow, I really did have a stroke! I had three clots in my brain!

Denial is a wonderful thing, but it was a time to face the reality of it all if I was to heal.

### **Meditation: Illness**

My meditation prayer to God was intense because of my desperation and fear after having suffered a stroke. After quieting my mind I found myself sitting on top of a high mountain. It reached far up into the clouds and I felt the energy of nothingness around me. Sananda was nowhere to be seen in my mind's eye, but I heard him with those unspoken words that one hears in a dream.

*'As you sit at the top of this mountain, imagine that you are the most powerful healer in the universe. You are directly connected to God. Bring Him into your heart because you have three bodies to heal today. Your emotional, mental and physical bodies all need healing because they work in unison. It is no good healing only one of them. Imagine that someone comes and sits in front of you on top of this mountain. It is your emotional body. What does she say to you?'*

*'I am afraid, I am sad and depressed.'*

*'Become the healer. What can you do to help this person in front of you?'*

*'You are not alone and there is nothing to fear. We are healing, we are not ill, so be brave and trust in Dr. Coetzee, your family and, most of all—God!'*

*'Work with this until you feel that you have created a change of energy within your emotional body. You need to believe that you have created a difference in your attitude and therefore your emotions. When you have done that, bring your mental body to visit you.'*

*'OK, my mental body is making me laugh. My thoughts are funny. I am laughing at the fact that when I stick my tongue out it shoots to the left. Now I am afraid again and I'm thinking that I could have another stroke—a fatal one, or one that could leave me disabled. My thoughts are all over the place here, Sananda. Awful thoughts are coming to me.'*

*'So, you are the healer now—what are you going to do to heal this mental body that has come to ask for healing from you? It is important that the healing energy thoughts come from within you and not from me. Every thought you think creates a body, mind and soul reaction. My words would simply be something you would hear.'*

*'I have put each thought in its own bubble. I will examine each one and try to change the thought from negative to positive.'*

*'Trying is lying. If I asked you to do something for me and you replied that you would try, I would take it as a no—you either will or you won't do it for me.'*

‘OK, I get it. I *will* change my thought patterns.’ Sitting on top of that mountain gave me a feeling of immense power. I decided to face some truths. I was afraid of having a more severe stroke and that meant that I was living with ‘could be’, ‘maybe’ and ‘what if’ rather than what is. I put myself in God’s hands by imagining two huge golden hands supporting me, and I acknowledged that what will be is His will. I was healing. One by one I released my fears by looking at them in truth and giving them to God. ‘Ok, I’ve finished, Sananda.’

*‘Good, now place your physical body in front of you and do the same healing exercises. When you are sure that you have done the best healing from your heart to all three bodies, go to sleep and let the self-healing continue. I won’t speak again because you will be in a healing sleep. You are enhancing the natural healing abilities of your own body, mind and soul. Be positive and look at what you have in your life rather than fear the unknown. Sleep well.’*

Whenever the nursing staff left me in enough peace to do them, I continually repeated all the different visualizations given to me by Sananda. My speech was improving and the numbness in my face was fading fast.

### **Meditation: Positive and negative energy**

This time I found myself sitting on top of a hill covered in snow. All around me, as far as I could see, was pure white. Alone with my thoughts, I could sense Sananda’s energy.

‘Hello, Sananda. I sure am waffling away about my life. Is this what I am meant to do in this book, or am I overdoing it?’

*‘Morning, Verna. You are healing yourself and helping others to heal by reading your story, as well as creating a new understanding about many aspects of life—so keep going. The book will end up in the hands of those it will help,’* was his reply.

‘OK, thanks, it’s just that it seems to be so much about me, and that is not why I want to write this book.’

*‘Yes, well, I am writing the book with you and it is about moving out of negative energy into positive energy. Let me show you something.’*

I saw a black horse galloping over the horizon of my beautiful, crystal-white snow. ‘What is this?’ I asked.

*‘Everybody has a black horse in their lives. Can you see the white horse?’* asked Sananda.

‘No—no white horse,’ I replied in my mind. ‘Oh, OK, I can see it now in the shadow of the black horse.’

*‘Look at each one in turn and notice the different affect they have on you.’*

‘The white one is almost insignificant but the black one stirs my insides and I don’t want it there, even though it is beautiful. I can also obviously see it more clearly.’

*‘Right. Just as in life, negativity is more prominent and creates a stirring of emotions. We cannot always see the beauty, power and strength it carries with it. The white horse, the goodness in life, is mostly taken for granted—its energy is forgotten along the way. More importantly, you could not see the white horse if the black horse was not there to cast a shadow.’*

‘OK, got it. So are you saying that we allow the negative to overtake us more than the positive, even though they have the same amount of energy within them? And without the negative we would not see the positive?’

*‘Yes, the end result is that nothing is negative. Negative energies give you direction. They encourage you to make some changes, create new choices and change your attitude. The black horse is your soul’s wake-up call. Incarnation comes with inner knowledge of what you, your soul, have chosen to experience. Life is a process of continual healing, inner*

*growth, awakening and awareness, each one creating a new understanding. You wrote the script!’*

The snow cleared around me and I found myself in a garden. Quietly I sat and listened to Sananda.

*‘Groups of souls incarnating at a similar time to you were all moving towards becoming the next “group” generation, just as your children are becoming a cog in the wheel of evolution, and then their children. And so we continue to grow, in the hope that each generation will enhance the future of the next. Each soul is unique, but all are connected to create group energy. The group consists of a mixed bag of positive and negative souls. Let me put it this way. Would it not be pretty boring if every soul on earth was a “goodie goodie” and the world had only white horses? How would you ever find your inner strength, and how boring would life be with no challenges?’*

*‘Mother earth is not looking too pretty right now. Between the depletion of the ozone and the behavior pattern on earth, changes have to take place—and they are up to the new generation.*

*‘If you want the next generation to heal the way you behave on earth, then treat the earth and each other with more care. We need to wake up and treasure the very existence of the new generation. We must be open-minded and teach them courage, love and strength. Teach them that no matter what religion, color or creed they are, their God (all Gods are one God) loves unconditionally and is kind and compassionate, not vengeful and judgmental. Teach them to be confident and show them how to live in truth—especially by being truthful to themselves. They need to understand that each and every soul on earth has a special purpose, and that no matter how tiny their contribution is towards healing the world, it is vital.*

*‘This is the generation that may well stop the spread of AIDS. They will rule countries, teach children, be parents, make new laws, perhaps turn around the fact that elderly folk and street children are not really cared for, learn to share and stop starvation, expand on the knowledge of natural healing, and take better care of the environment. We have started the ball rolling to meet most of the worldly needs, but this is only the beginning of changes to come. Most of all, they need to learn to love themselves for who they are and be allowed to follow their own dreams—not those we feel they should follow, like the wishes of their parents or society.*

*‘Teenagers are discovering their adulthood, and they should all be treated according to their own characters and natures. A family with three children would have five different individuals in the home, all with their own individual and emotional needs. It is a time to guide, but not to restrict their individuality. They are opening like flowers. They are discovering and showing their true colors.*

*‘Guide and love them. Watch over them carefully—we have never before seen so many depressed and lost children as now. God bless all families!’*

*‘Thanks, Sananda. I love you.’*

### **Meditation: Emotions affecting your life choices**

For this meditation I found myself sitting on a wooden bench in a garden filled with the brightest flowers imaginable. Sananda appeared to me wearing a blue robe.

*‘Morning, Sananda, I have a topic for you to discuss this morning. It’s about the way every moment of our lives gives us a choice to make, and each choice creates our future. Why do we make so many wrong choices, even when we know the choice could be destructive?’*

*‘That is an easy one, Verna.*

*‘I begin this discussion by saying that your emotions and what you feel about yourself at the time are connected to your choices. As a car runs on gas, you run on emotions. When you*

*are in love, especially when a new love is in its early stages, the sky could fall down and you probably wouldn't give a hoot. That is the power of the emotion called love. If you could love and honor yourself that much, you would sail through life.*

*'Unfortunately this is extremely difficult to do because mankind is created to feel all emotions from love to hate. The time from your birth to the age you are now has created a backpack of the past for you to unpack and get into perspective.*

*'Let us make a scale of emotions and release the burdens you carry with you. Draw a line like the equator and list all that you believe are positive emotions above this line, and then list the negative emotions below the line. You will notice that you are only capable of listing those emotions you have already felt. Those above your equator line support you, and those below the line teach you. Begin with the first emotion below your equator line and relate an event, person or incident that created that emotion within you. Use the emotions above the line, like love, forgiveness and all the goodness within, to turn that negative into a positive. Now move that emotion above your line since it has taught you something and therefore transforms itself into a positive.*

*'By now I hope you have realized that there is no such thing as a negative emotion. Each one has its purpose in your life. Your choices and all choices made with love will be made with no fear attached to them. But we are repeating ourselves since we have already covered negative and positive, so I will continue with choices.*

*'Your choices are made according to your past influences, your pattern of thought and belief at a given time. Never make a choice in anger or when you are filled with fear or hate.*

*'Be quiet, be still, meditate and allow your higher self, your guardian angels and most of all God to enter your being. Remember that your soul already knows the how, what, when and why of your life, so in faith, let go of the past and move forward from the now.*

*'In stillness imagine your choices as two roads. The first choice would be one road. Imagine you are walking down that road. What would or could take place, and how does it make you feel? Do the same with the second road and feel if there are better or worse options or opportunities on this road. Use your mental and feeling body to sense direction.*

*'Universal signposts are there to give you direction, but only with awareness will you notice them. How often have you made a wrong choice and later stated that you knew you should not have taken that road?*

*'Every moment of your life is a choice, right down to should you make a cup of tea or coffee or have that glass of water. Most smokers know they should not smoke, most gamblers know they should not gamble, alcoholics know they cannot have that one drink, so wrong choices are often made knowingly with excuses in mind.*

*'One important fact to remember is that you have made your choices, right from choosing your parents to now, so there is no reason to blame others for your life. Your life is up to you and you alone!*

*'To make a choice in love is easy—there should be no doubt!'*

*'Thank you, Sananda. I think we need constant reminding of the fact that we are first and foremost souls on earth and taking part in one hectic, huge lesson.*

*'God bless you.'*

### **Meditation: Family and marriage**

I was sitting at my meditation lake, thanking God for my happy and healthy family, when Sananda arrived to chat to me about family life and marriage.

We sat on the edge of my lake with our feet dangling in the water. 'Sananda,' I said, 'I am seeing a tremendous number of clients with marital problems lately.'

Sananda said, *'I love the tradition of the bride and groom each lighting their own candle, then using their individual candles to light one single candle. Marriage is the energy of two*



*becoming one, but each with their own light. It is vitally important that each soul remains on its individual path and keeps its identity. It is a pledge to respect, trust, love and enhance each other.*

*'Sadly, however, most marriages take place without the personal growth having taken its course. Marriage commitment is the biggest test to mankind. Only true love between souls with an equal amount of understanding, give and take, will withstand the traumas of life. There actually is no need for marriage; it is a man-made law, but a beautiful and powerful way to pledge to your partner and to share your joining of souls with the rest of the world.*

*'Imagine a business partnership. Your company would go under if there was no communication between the two of you. Both partners would have their responsibilities in the business and they would, if they were smart, encourage rather than demean each other if something was amiss. There would need to be trust and respect in the partnership and together they would hold meetings to solve all problems. If their customers were their children they would respect them, treat them properly and do what they could to earn their respect.*

*'Marriage, like a business partnership, is an institution that one has to work at. But it seems that signed piece of paper allows advantage to be taken or brings with it a fear of communicating one's true feelings!*

*'Never before in all of earth's time have there been so many self-help books, seminars and support groups encouraging people to raise their self-awareness, to set their targets higher, to refuse to accept negative treatment, and to increase confidence and self-esteem. They are in great demand due to an energy change. Most of you heard your grandparents say: "In my day there was no such thing as divorce!" And there was no such thing! Some suffered horrible marriages, some become complacent with their lot and some were lucky and love blossomed.*

*'Today there is a changed energy. The biggest problem we see from the change is that marriages are breaking up fast and furiously. Women are becoming strong in their role of single parent, breadwinner and home-maker rolled into one package, so the change is resulting in extremely powerful women. These strong women remarry with caution, and the old-fashioned role of the man as the leader in the family is null and void.*

*'We notice that very few men can handle the knowledge that their wives don't need them financially, when in fact this makes for a good partnership—your wife is staying with you because she wants to, not because she financially needs to.*

*'I can see that I am getting into hot water here, so let us continue in another way.'*

*'What about families? I also seem to be coming across a lot of family upheavals. A young client of mine is taking drugs and his mother is drowning in self-pity. She feels it is all about what he is doing to her rather than what he is going through!'*

*Sananda smiled at this. 'That is indeed sad, but human. The ego is a terrible burden to any soul. I would say that she feels she has given all that she can and regards this as a bad return of energy. The mind works in mysterious ways and we cannot judge—only she and her son know the depth of their relationship.*

*'They say you can choose your friends but not your family. They are wrong—you have chosen your family! It is all lessons within lessons, and often it takes a death in the family for them to realize the error of their ways. A home is filled with a number of different individuals, each with their own energy field and belief systems. The home is an excellent place to learn acceptance. Each family member has to look deeper into each soul, and only with forgiveness, understanding, acceptance without judgment and love can their home be built into a happy environment. A tall order, to say the least!*

*'Children are growing up like DVDs in fast-forward mode. The older generation think back to their childhood and remember the family evenings and family gatherings that are*

now almost extinct. It seems to us that there are now two groups—the children of the house and the adults of the house—rather than a family with everyone doing their own thing and very little being done as a family.

*‘If children are ignored during the good times, they will create bad times to grab your attention! Your attention would then be negative but to them it would nevertheless be attention. This also builds up a belief within them that very little goodness is around for them to build on.*

*‘Emotions rise out of each individual. This affects the entire household. At first the adults are in charge while they discipline the children with guidance. Then they have to change as the new generation reaches the teenage stage and knows it all (and mostly they do!). This is the time to allow each individual to shine in his or her own way and to begin their independence.*

*‘When a child is thirteen your parenting is complete and their decision-making is up to them. Parents are now only a back-up system. Remember I said that no soul on earth can tell another soul what to do. The final choice is always freely made.*

*‘Parents have to walk the roads their children are building or they will get left behind. Youth teaches us many things, the most important being to grow with the times.*

*‘Then comes the time to let go of the souls God gave to the parents to guide, shape and form into their own personalities—allowing them to live their dreams and not those of the parents. Before you know it, the parents are becoming in-laws and grandparents. This is an entirely different ball game, but with the same rules applying. Accept your children’s choices, do your utmost to be learn from them rather than trying to mold them into your old ways. They become parents and will call on you if and when they need you. Respect from your adult children, in fact all children, has to be earned. The notion of “respect your elders” is antiquated.*

*‘Bitterness, resentment, guilt and self-pity dwell within all of us. To release ourselves of these emotions we often hurt those we love. This starts the ugly wheel turning, and father stops talking to son and vice versa. How sad, but true!*

*‘What is sadder is if father dies and son realizes too late that he should have made an effort to heal the ongoing pain—because painful it is!*

*‘Evolve!’*

### **Meditation: Life on earth**

For this meditation I found myself sitting on a beach. The waves were lapping at my feet. I sensed Sananda sitting by my side.

*‘Hi, Sananda,’ I said in my normal, cheerful, so-happy-to-be-with-you greeting.*

*‘Hi, the sea is beautiful, is it not?’ he greeted me in return. ‘Look at the waves and think about life. Today the sea is calm; the waves silent in their gentle breaking, and the white foam is scarce. Peaceful and tranquil in all its glory. See the waves slowly building up, swelling, then folding as they seem to be running towards you to lap at your feet. Did you know that the waves are an illusion and the sea is not coming towards the beach? It is continuously rising and falling, as if it is taking huge, deep breaths.’*

*‘Yes, I knew that. The sea as it is now is beautiful, peaceful and healing.’*

*‘Let us take a look how the sea can change—just like life. One day all is calm, and the next all hell breaks loose.’* As he said those words, the sea in meditation was shown to me as cruel and vicious.

*‘See the waves crashing down with a thunderous jolt. Churning white foam has gathered with the force of the giant waves. The wind is blowing and the sea is no longer blue. Like a chameleon, it has changed in color. The energy given by the sea and life when this occurs is invigorating and exciting rather than healing.’*

‘The feelings within me have changed, Sananda.’

*‘Exactly. Take note that the sea is being what it is due to circumstances surrounding and influencing it. Its mood has changed as it shows its power.’*

*‘This is how life is.’*

*‘Your mood depends on your own personal surroundings and influences. Peaceful one day, and attacked by life the next. I ask you this—which day would you recall later on in life, and which day would give you your power? My bet is that the bad days create a lasting impression within your mind while the peaceful days slip by almost unnoticed. Is it not a fact that most people love to see a good storm brewing in the sky, with lightning bolts and pouring rain?’*

‘Sananda, the peaceful sea made me want to run into it and become a part of it, but the rough sea made me afraid. Although I wanted to watch it, I felt it would overpower me.’

*‘Your power, your growth and your natural sense of survival come from the negative experiences in life. It is human nature to remember the bad and forget the good, so I remind you all now to make an effort to remember the good. Those who were old enough remember what they were wearing and what they were doing when President Kennedy was shot. Most of you remember what you were doing when you heard the tragic news of those planes flying into the Twin Towers in America, and the tsunami tragedy. Newspapers and television broadcast bad news to get your attention—and they do. Good news and wonderful glorious news of miracles occurring is quickly forgotten. Mankind loves bad news. Why do you think that is?’*

‘I’m not sure, Sananda. Maybe we are more powerfully affected by bad news because it gets our adrenaline going and reminds us to be grateful, whereas good news touches our hearts and life goes on.’

*‘We hear comments like: “How could God allow a tsunami, an earthquake or tornados?” We ask you: “How can you kill just as many souls by causing war or allowing the weak to starve?” Mother earth will constantly change and will no doubt go back to the ice age at this rate.’*

*‘I hear you asking me why. Well, everything is energy! What mankind is putting into the atmosphere, both in chemicals and in behavior, creates an energy field for mother earth—remember she is alive, she has a vibration like a heartbeat and she reacts to energy.’*

*‘Back to negative and positive. Negative always releases a positive energy. The more negativity one experiences, the more powerful the positive effects become. Take the birth of a child. It is the most quickly forgotten pain because the end result is so powerfully Godly and so filled with love. Only those who have suffered pain understand the peace of no pain, so mankind is built to absorb the pain and challenges of life more readily to enable a greater contrast of no pain and inner peace. You are on earth for a purpose. If you are to recognize and fulfill that purpose, only constant change and comparison can show you the way.’*

To close, I ask that you come to a realization that life is God and therefore, even if it is impossible to believe at times, it is all God’s will. You are miraculous, unique, and God’s creation. Live accordingly!

God bless you all.

## **SIXTY YEARS OF FUN—SO FAR**

*(All since meeting Geoff 26 years ago)*

Las Vegas (three times) ~ Riding the world's biggest wooden roller coaster (USA) ~ Flying in a Tiger Moth plane on the morning of our wedding day ~ Flying in a Russian fighter jet (when I was 59) ~ Mauritius ~ Cruise to Mozambique ~ A weekend with Shan in Jersey (no sleep for about 36 hours!) ~ New York to London on the Concorde – Valentine's evening on the Orient Express ~ Earthquake in Taiwan ~ Earthquake in LA (big scary one—everything falling off the walls; our desks and chairs falling over; walls caving in) ~ Floods in Thailand ~ Monsoon in Chang Mai ~ Disneyland ~ Disney World ~ Stone crabs in Orlando ~ Charged by an elephant (three times) ~ Zimbabwe house boat holiday ~ Holiday on Turkish Gullet ~ Greece ~ 8,000 kilometer trip through Africa ~ Dubai Wild Wally (going down highest waterslide in the world) ~ Egypt (thanks to Manuel) ~ Gambia ~ Taiwan ~ New York ~ Pattaya ~ Parasailing in Thailand (nearly landing on a huge rusty anchor!) ~ Hot air ballooning ~ Sinking in a boat among hippos and crocs ~ Microlight flight ~ Gary and Mikki's wedding ~ Granddaughter Erin born September 5, 2002 ~ Drinking fifteen margueritas in Munich and sliding off my bar stool (yep, that was me!) ~ Mykonos (eating largest crab I have ever seen) ~ Universal Studios ~ Dubai (with Shan, Rita and Madhavi) ~ Hollywood ~ The Grand Canyon ~ Hoover Dam ~ Taiwan moon festival ~ QE2 ~ Our beautiful grandson Zak's arrival on December 22, 2005 ~ Zanzibar ~ And some I cannot mention!

***Thank you, Geoff. This pensioner is ready to make many more memories, but could we skip the earthquakes, floods, being charged by elephants and any sinking of boats!***

## FINAL MESSAGE

I have seen many spiritually aware souls become almost holier than thou—or even break up their marriages because their spouses do not believe as they do. Nobody on earth will ever have all the answers, but some behave as if they do. You are on earth to live your life with souls crossing your path and signposts of guidance continually showing you the way. It is not *which* religion you believe in or that you are spiritually aware that matters in life, but rather how you live your life. Live with an awareness of compassion, kindness, truth and love.

Walking along the road of spiritual enlightenment is not easy. It is peaceful and rewarding, for all the world's troubles seem easier to handle. It is also the easiest thing to get lost in to escape from life. Remain aware of your physical and your soul, combine the two at all times, and life becomes easier to bear.

There is no university in the world that could teach you what life teaches you—if you make the choice to use it to your advantage. Many of my clients are like the breathing dead when they come to see me. Life owes us nothing—nothing at all! We owe it to ourselves to take up the challenge and not become victims. I urge you to take responsibility for your own life line. During immense tragedy and heartbreak we feel we cannot survive, but this is the recipe of life, and we do survive and slowly heal in God's light and love.

May you be filled with love, courage and strength and find it within yourself to remain humble.

God bless you!

**Verna**