

Excerpt One (1130 words) Chapter 1

Late one particular morning, I was home gardening in the backyard while the kids were at school. I was all alone—or so I thought—when an unusual feeling came over me. I felt compelled to walk in the back woods to the very large and oddly shaped evergreen tree—the same one the boys would ride their ATV around and where they had built a tree fort. Due to all the poison ivy there, I usually avoided this area of the woods.

It was as if a voice called to me, yet there was no one around. As I said, the kids were at school and I was alone. I could hear the voice, and feel a sense within that said, “Come back here.”

It was sort of eerie to me, but I made my way back toward the tree because this was the area where it felt like the voice was strongest. When I made my way back there and leaned against the tree, within a moment, I suddenly felt as if I were in another time — another reality — as if I were dreaming while still awake—like being in a movie but unfamiliar with the scenery.

I immediately thought to myself, *“How could this be? What is happening to me? How did I get here?”*

As this dream-like state unfolded, I found myself in a sort of funeral setting mourning over a hundred people who had died suddenly. I wondered, *“Who are all of these people and what am I doing here? I don’t know any of them,”* yet I could feel all of their sorrow for those they had lost. *“How can this be?”*

The feeling overwhelmed and perplexed me. I had so many questions...I didn’t understand any of this.

As a few more moments passed, the scene continued to unfold. This experience was like a movie playing out on a screen, but the screen was inside my head. For a moment, I thought maybe this was a movie I had watched on TV and I wasn’t really experiencing this at all. Then, I realized it wasn’t something I had seen before in a movie or anything I had read—this was really happening to me.

I was experiencing a time in the past that appeared to be in the 1800’s. It was late at night, and a small group of Native American people (a war party) crept into a village where another tribe slept. The war party began attacking and killing the sleeping tribe. Those who had been sleeping and were able to escape, now ran from their homes

screaming and wailing, but many were dead. The scene was so horrible—vivid—and I witnessed it all right in front of me—in my mind. People ran everywhere, and then as quickly as it had begun; it was all over. The war party left—leaving behind death and destruction.

I experienced this deeply within my whole self, as if I had been a part of the entire happening. The moans of those in sorrow over their lost loved ones penetrated my heart. I felt as if I had sucked it all into me at once—I felt extreme pain and clenched at my heart. I didn't know what to do with all of it and I certainly didn't understand it.

“How did I get here?”

I sobbed hard for all of these people. Their grief overpowered me and appeared to transcend time. Even as I write this now, I vividly recall the pain. It was like being at a funeral for a hundred people, not personally knowing anyone yet feeling their sorrow and anger.

I left the tree and ran back to my house. In that moment, I realized I had come out of this dream, like when you are suddenly awakened and startled from sleep.

What did all of this mean? Oh, I'm so confused, I thought. What do I do with these feelings I'm experiencing – they're not mine or are they? Who can I talk to about this? I don't know anyone that would even understand what I've just experienced or know how to explain this.

I went on with my day but in a sort of stupor, as if in a state of fog.

For a while after, I didn't mention this to anyone for fear they would think I was crazy. Frankly, I felt a little like I was. Even more than that, I experienced this intense sadness, which didn't feel like mine, and yet somehow now it was.

Over the next few days, I heard a man's voice several times. Then one day I had a vision along with the voice. It was of an older Native American male. He was dressed in skins with braided hair and a beautiful large feather in a headband he wore around his head. He had a weathered yet kind face and looked as if he was a very important person the native culture. I felt it imperative to communicate with him. Although I was somewhat fearful, I asked his name and he replied, *“Two Feather.”* He went on to tell me, *“You have built your house on sacred land and intruded on a burial ground. Grandmother (he was referring to the voice at the tree) is the carrier of this information and played this in a kind of dream for you, so you will understand. There are many souls*

that are stuck in this between realm, after death, that are wandering and need to be freed. Would you help them cross over?"

I was surprised to hear this but kind of relieved to at least know what had happened and why. I didn't quite understand all of this, but I knew we shouldn't have disturbed their sacred land. It made me so upset to think we had disrupted the energy here although it was clear I could help in some way.

To cross over after death means to enter a spiritual realm before incarnating again—a space in time and reality, after a person reaches their Earthly death and their spirit leaves their physical body. This soul part that has left the body will transition to unite with its Higher Spirit self, the pure soul self-originated in Source or God.

I didn't know anything about this or how to even do it. You see, I was raised Catholic and unsure about life after death at this time in my life. I was willing to try to help them because they were wandering, lost and stuck somewhere. After all, I disturbed their resting place and needed to make this right — but I would need guidance on how to proceed.

"How am I to do this and where do I find someone that will understand?"

Excerpt Two (1953 words) Chapter 3

Whether it is emotion or intuition, there is something to be learned. It's difficult to always discern between these two aspects within a person. Ask yourself, "*Where does this come from?*" Give yourself a moment to listen for the answer – it's important to hear the internal response – you might be surprised; discernment is key.

If it's emotion, be honest with yourself. This is a hard one. We sometimes don't want to be completely truthful with ourselves—at times we prefer avoidance (taking the easy road) and don't want to be accountable. Face it – take responsibility for who you are. It's you – it's ok, there is no such thing as perfect. Learn something – be accountable - grow. This is who you are—accept, understand, and modify. You may need to wrestle awhile until you can accept what you uncover. Every day is a blank canvas. We all know that our deep emotions take time to adjust and heal. This is why we reincarnate over and over — to learn until we get it. Wisdom isn't born overnight.

Now, if its intuition...ahhh...again pay attention! There's a gift in this for you from your helpers, guides, teachers or Higher Self ... they're calling to you. There is much

learning here in the classroom of Earth school. At any given moment you are either the student or teacher — can you look and see through both pairs of glasses.

The following is a little, but powerful, story—one that exemplifies these points. It is one I'll never forget and that continues to teach me.

My husband, Bob, and I planned a few days of summer fun one long August weekend. Through the internet, Bob had set up a tour to visit one of the mysterious energy vortexes (vortices). A very powerful energy is said to emanate from the red rocks in Sedona, Arizona.

A vortex is thought to be a swirling center of energy that are conducive to healing, meditation and self-exploration. This area in Arizona is known to be especially alive with this energy and reputed to create great inspiration that leaves you recharged and uplifted. Since we are both very adventurous and neither had ever been there, we were very excited to go.

I had been especially sensitive to energy for many years and was looking forward to working with my clair senses. In much the same way that we use our five physical senses for seeing, hearing, touching, tasting and smelling, we all also have the potential to experience psychic sensitivity corresponding to the sense.

Clairvoyance: clear vision - to reach into another vibrational frequency and visually perceive “within the mind’s eye” - something existing in that real, A clairvoyant is one who receives extrasensory impressions, and symbols in the form of “inner sight” or mental images which are perceived without the aid of the physical eyes and beyond the limitations of ordinary time and space.

Clairaudience: clear audio/hearing – to perceive sounds or words and extrasensory noise, from sources, broadcast from spiritual or ethereal realm in the form of “inner ear” or mental tone, which are perceived without the aid of the physical ear.

Clairsentience: clear sensation or feeling – to perceive information by a “feeling” within the whole body, without any outer stimuli related to the feeling or information.

Clairience: clear smelling – to smell a fragrance/odor of substance or food which is not in one’s surroundings. These odors are perceived without the aide of the physical nose.

Clair kinesthesia: clear physically touching/sensing – more commonly known as psychometry. To handle an object or touch an area and perceive through the palms of one's hands information about the article or its owner, or history that was not previously known by the person.

Claircognizance: clear knowing – the ability to know something without really knowing how you know it. Think about something such as a question and receive answers internally within the mind.

We arrived at the office of the company that was to take us out early Friday morning, excited and prepared for this energy adventure. It was already warm early this morning and we knew it was going to be hot in the desert — little did we know how “hot” it would really get that day.

Now, I just want to mention at this point that we had already paid in advance for this very pricey tour – some things you just have to do... Upon walking into the office, we sat down at the guide's desk, noting his name was Carl. Within five minutes of him mapping out “the three-hour tour,” there was a very loud crash. Several ceiling tiles fell down in front of our chairs on top of his desk! If it is true and there are no accidents, I took this as a sign to expect the unexpected. I won't say “to expect the worst”, as that's a matter of perspective. This was to be an impactful learning for both Bob and I, although, regarding whatever was to happen, I wasn't getting a good vibe! Nevertheless, shortly after listening to Carl—even though my feelings weren't exactly warm and fuzzy—I decided to give it a go anyway, a sort of benefit of the doubt. Now as hindsight is 20/20, I usually rethink such thoughts.

As Carl stepped into the jeep, I walked around the other side to get in— along with Bob. I whispered in Bob's ear, “Do we really need to do this tour with him, I don't have a good vibe?”

Bob replied, “Well, we did pay already so we should see what this is all about.”

I must admit I felt a bit hesitant to continue, but I went along the way not wanting to rock the boat. I listened to what Carl said, taking it all in because I didn't really know much about the area, and relied on him to guide us. I began noticing how Carl would speak primarily to Bob rather than addressing both of us. I figured he simply connected better with men than women and shrugged it off.

As we began our trek into the desert, very shortly after walking along the trail, Carl exclaimed, "Watch out there's a vortex, stand back!" Then a few moments later, again "There's another one!"

I'll admit I didn't see or feel anything at this point, but I'm not sure I was actually expecting to with this type of energy. Anyhow, we were careful to watch our steps along the way.

After another ten minutes Carl shouted, "There's another vortex!"

I began to wonder what this guy was talking about because I was not feeling these vibes. In any case, we walked along for a bit longer and he shouts again, "Shaaa, there's another one!"

By now, I started thinking that Carl didn't know what he was talking about for a few reasons. One, I wasn't connecting to what he was saying. And, two, I didn't think that a vortex experience would be this way, although I remained open minded.

I began feeling taken advantage of – which then made me angry. I thought, "*This guy took our money and I wasn't getting the kind of experience I thought this to be.*"

Another few minutes went by and he exclaims, "There's another one – another vortex. Don't you see it?"

Well, I had about had enough at this point and said to Carl, "I think we'd like to end this excursion and we'd like our money returned to us."

He replied, "No, that's not possible at this time because there are no refunds once you've paid, therefore you might as well finish the trip".

By this point, our excursion had progressed for about an hour. I tried to pull my husband aside, although it was difficult because Carl refused to leave his side.

"This guy definitely has some problems," I thought.

I said to Bob, "I really don't believe he knows what he's talking about and think we should cut our losses and end the trip, I think he's crazy and I don't trust him."

Bob replied, "Let's just stick it out as we're paid in full, we might experience something soon."

Knowing my husband as I do, I figured he would say this because he's a peace maker and never likes to ruffle feathers. Besides, he really thought we might still get an experience. I decided to give it a bit more time, bite my tongue and go along with it.

As you can imagine, this continued to go on for a bit longer and, as my anger intensified, I wanted to put an end to his nonsense.

Simultaneously, Carl decided to make this journey easier on himself by trying to separate my husband from me. He said to Bob, "Why don't you come with me and Laurie you go that way and we'll meet up at the end in about an hour?"

I truly think he had had enough of me and my comments. By now, I didn't know where we were or how to get back to the road because he had taken us off the path. I was really angry!

Carl then said, "The trip must go on" *so he thought!*...

We went only about twenty steps further—I was extremely hot and very tired by now – and feeling incredibly drained. So, I found a great spot to rest under a tree in the shade, which is not one of those abundant happenings in the desert. As I leaned up against this tree, ready to quit this madness, I heard a woman's voice.

The voice said in a kind and calm tone but with authority, much like a wise grandmother might sound, "*Are you going to let him take your power?*"

I wasn't completely certain but felt this wasn't my mind speaking. I knew it was coming from somewhere else, but where?

I wondered, "*What am I hearing and where out here is this coming from?*" I waited and listened, but that is all the voice said to me. After a moment, I thought, "*This is a wise spirit guiding me again.*"

I began to really think about what she had said as I rested a few more minutes. I thought, "*She's right, why get angry? It's not going to solve anything?*"

I was angry when I believed I didn't have a choice, until I realized I **did** have a choice. The choice not to be angry from this point, to change the circumstance, and take action for what I thought best. Finally, I realized that the angrier I became, the more I surrendered my power as well as my ability to reason and act clearly—anger wasn't solving anything.

I left the shade of the tree and walked a few more feet away. Then, I turned to my husband and said, "I'm choosing to be finished with this and to find my way back to the road – do you want to come along with me?"

I'll just say at this moment, this was a hard decision. I didn't want to ruffle feathers between my husband and myself. I really had wanted him to come with me, but however it turned out, I was done with all of this madness and had made my decision.

Bob thought for a moment and said, "I agree, I'm done too, let's go back". We then turned to Carl and said, "we are finished, this is where we part ways!" and left, without any refund, although it really didn't matter at that point.

It took a while to find our way out because we had veered off the path. Fortunately, we had great guidance and Bob has a good sense of direction. We made it back, very parched but safe.

Excerpt Three (612 words)Chapter 11

On Earth, we mostly communicate through speaking. I've come to understand that my soul's home does not communicate in this manner. We use telepathy, communication through thoughts without speaking out loud. As I understand more about myself, this assists me in understanding my capabilities, my Dharma I brought and why I'm able to read energy the way I do... it is innate.

All souls are reawakening, becoming a part of the entire circuitry to expand consciousness. It's like being in another country, you are different from the implanting of that culture into you and you implanting into it. This is how we pour into the greater consciousness to expand.

So, as we're all a part of a massive grid system of energy, a hologram of light, some entities' consciousness who exist outside the Earth grid are so massive that they cannot fit into our smaller consciousness here on Earth. Some of these entities present as orbs, a light shape with no form, which is only a very miniscule part of their energy. They are of a high vibration, having evolved into this aspect.

As I was channeling one day, I heard from one of the entities that is a guide for me. Its name, Megalythicon, is from another world in which it is twelve entities combined, each having their separate character but acting as one. I believe this happens more as we elevate to a higher consciousness. It is of the *Emissary of Light*, a counsel and

guardians of the galaxy – it is everywhere. It tells me it is just light; it offers guidance and information for me to share with others.

When I asked it, *“why am I here, what is my purpose?”* It responded, *“You are a scout, one who brings information and will return to us with information. You were chosen as you are well suited for this task. We have given you a gift to do your work. You will feel the energy in your hands, they will radiate. You cannot see it but feel it. It’s connected to your mind through your third eye. This energy is a direct connection to you. This is not to be misused and not given to everyone, it is to be used in the proper way. It is to be used for others to understand, to learn, to guide, and share information. This is about perceiving, hearing and knowing the truth. It is like a radio wave, you will see the signals come into your hands, then to the brain. You will know how to use this as it expands like energy frequencies, for healing. It is your decision what you choose to do with your gift. This gift comes from the council.”*

It further stated, *“This energy can heal, and the energy can change on a dime, in a moment, in a millisecond. It can change frequencies and there is knowledge in it.”* Megalythicon further stated, *“On Earth you don’t have this type of technology. You must be open to listen to it, as your mind blocks it on Earth. You need to receive it, even if you don’t understand. Earth beings filter through their egos and brain, put this part of the mind aside to receive. The mind wants to put reason to everything. Allow the energy to enter your whole being.”*

When I channel this magnificent entity, I feel completely loved. The energy I’m filled with is hard to express in words. It is an experience that I want all to share. All can have this experience by connecting and merging with your Higher Self. When we feel our magnificence, we realize all else is our own illusions.