

DATING THE MESSENGER

The Untold Story of a Clairvoyant

Chapter 1 Preview



BY K & DR. MICHAEL TAYLOR

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By K and Dr. Michael Taylor

McDuffie Publishing

If you have a medical issue or illness, consult a qualified physician.

The material contained in this book is not intended as medical advice.

In order to ensure the privacy of the individuals mentioned in this book, their names, circumstances, and other identifying details have been changed.

A Connect with Spirit... Book

DATING THE MESSENGER: The Untold Story of a Clairvoyant

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This book is dedicated

To those

Who, despite the evidence,

Choose not to

Believe.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to thank God, Spirit, and the angels, for choosing me and believing in me to deliver your work.

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Finally, may God bless the unbelievers ... for one day He will have them too.

DATING THE MESSENGER

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By K and Dr. Michael Taylor

INVITATIONS

First, to those that are gifted or *different* in the way that I am,

The world needs you to come out of hiding,

To set aside your fears, develop a deep and

Lasting relationship with Spirit, and

To show the world

Who you really

are.

Second,

And importantly,

Everyone is invited ...

To have a relationship with Spirit!

Finally, for those who do not understand their

Inborn blessings and gifts to communicate with Spirit,

Spirit awaits your discovery ... and acceptance of their invitation.

INTRODUCTION

This is a work of non-fiction, a true story of K's life and those who shaped it. This is a very personal story, as K struggled to know herself most of her life. Her story is about being *different* ... about hating to be *different* ... and ultimately, about loving to be *different*. K did not choose to be different. She was born that way. Fortunately, and it is worth noting, that there are so many individuals in the world who are also different, just like K, in the way she perceives "reality." It is our hope that they have not struggled in being different, but have embraced being different.

Actually, there are billions of humans who are very different because of: race, creed, skin color, religion, wealth, hair color, intellect, size, shape, handedness, birth class or order, and sexual preference. Moreover, there are those who are different in their beliefs, their peace, their passions, their ability to reason or argue, their greed, their ability to express themselves, their manual dexterity or sportsmanship, the depth of their envy, jealousy or lust, their productivity and laziness, their craftsmanship, or their capacity to give and receive love. The list goes on. But, do human differences include the ability to perceive the invisible?

Everyone is different because of their genetics and the influence of their local environments. And oddly, no one can escape – being different – even "identical" twins. On the one hand, all societies love that which is different. And on the other, certain individuals or even whole groups blame, curse, threaten, fear, and destroy that which is different. Most often, without taking the time to develop the understanding of one's preconceived prejudices, biases, or hatreds. Who taught us these behaviors and should we still live them? Are they simply lies that we have uncovered for our own improvement and growth? If we are not discriminating of our own behaviors to alter them and evolve, then who will show us? The evolving world around us continually challenges us to adapt regardless.

We thrive in a world of change and difference and our senses have developed to the point of such fine discrimination as to notice subtle changes in pressure, temperature, touch, smell, taste, and color. We can also tell when another's non-verbal communication or attitude changes, or when someone invades "our space."

Yet, with what sensory organ do we perceive those changes?

In the world of art, humans have much to celebrate in the expressions of differences; in the world of music, such incredible differences and nuances of mood infuse the astounding variety of musical expression. The incredible *infinity* of expression is all around us in nature too. Such difference is beauty, and demands our perception, and as a result ... requires our preference. Yes, I said, *preference*. Our organic bodies are difference-and-preference machines. We cannot escape difference or preference any more than our living tissues can survive for long without oxygen. Don't people get bored with routines and sameness, eventually?

People must choose what to love and what to prefer. Our world continually presents individuals with an infinite variety of difference to choose from, and in the process, a person discovers the universe's law of duality. That is, there is a continuum of expression from one polar opposite to another. For example, in our solar system there is the deep, unimaginable cold of space to the unbearable radiant heat of our sun. There are many examples of polar opposites everywhere: light-dark, large-small, compassion-suffering, and so on.

Yet, could it be possible that all of this infinite variety is ours – to enjoy? Ours to play with? Ours to explore? Or, is it possible that all of the infinite difference is our classroom? Our environment for learning? Furthermore, is it possible that there is a set of physical laws governing the cohesive forces that binds all matter and energy and makes everything “stable” in its ever-changing way? If so, what would that force be? Does it have intelligence? After all, our universe is expanding in a *predictable* way.

What miraculous-coincidences have others discovered, or have we discovered for ourselves? And, how many of life's riddles or seeming paradoxes await further discovery? Are humans more than we think we are? Do we possess abilities beyond those science can explain? Are humans destined to become more than we are – just by the process of evolution itself? And, since the four base-pairs of the genetic code are so beautifully simple, yet so infinitely and functionally complex, is it possible that it was designed, not by nature, but by “a force” beyond our comprehension? A force so large and infinitely complex as to defy our ability to even define it? Some would say, yes, and some would say, no. However, we will not presume to know the answer

– for you. After reading this book, you will know how we would answer some of these questions. And, perhaps in the process, you may discover your own truths and your own understandings while reflecting on yourself, your family members, and the special people in your life. Maybe they will resemble the ones we have discussed on the following pages. Maybe not.

Why did we write this book? We wrote this book because we were asked, not by physical people, but by *Spirit*. Well, who is Spirit? This question has many answers. Spirit is for some, the Holy Spirit, the invisible aspect of God that connects us to our Source. For others, Spirit is itself, the invisible God, the I Am, the Mother Earth-Father Sky, The Almighty Himself (or Herself) – The Supreme Ruler of the Universe. Incidentally, God has many names and you may substitute any of them here (e.g., The Creator, Source, The Great Spirit, Allah, Jehovah, Yahweh, Shangdi, Shen, Tian, Tengri, or any of the Hindu, Olympian, Egyptian, or any of the other culture's past or present, polytheistic or monotheistic Gods or Goddesses). For still others, Spirit represents his or her invisible multi-dimensional higher self, their invisible guardian angels, the invisible deceased loved ones or ancestors, or their invisible spirit guides. For yet another group, the term Spirit refers to the Ascended Masters who have walked the Earth, like Jesus, the Apostles, Mother Mary, Mother Teresa or any of the Saints, or those who preached enlightenment through non-theism, like the Buddha. *However, this is not a book on comparative religions or religious studies. And, this absolutely is not a book on converting an individual to any religion, nor do we advocate the reader to abandon his or her particular faith or change his or her beliefs. Instead, we ask the reader to consider this book with its emphasis on getting to know and love oneself as a reminder to learn to trust the signals that all individuals receive from Source to direct our paths for our highest good. We accept the difference in perspectives among individuals and trust that the reader can also allow another to maintain his or her beliefs.*

To continue, we broadly define *Spirit* as all of those etheric beings of light, which are invisible to most people, with whom we have a relationship. Most of who we call Spirit are our personal spirit guides and our guardian angels, but some of Spirit with whom we have a relationship are the Archangels, the Ascended Masters, God, the animal spirits, and the deceased loved ones of our clients and associates. These individuals with whom we have a relationship – and we love them – are collectively

referred to as *Spirit*.

This book is about K's relationship with Spirit and how that made her *different*. However, when it came to finding love through the same dating hazards and pitfalls that every woman experiences, she was no different than any other person. When Spirit has spoken through K, and it was important enough to know, we have shared Spirit's identity. Yet, understand this: the higher one rises in the realms of Spirit, where ALL questions and ALL answers are known and understood, there is little need for names or labels. In our many discussions with Spirit, often they did not or would not say who was speaking. There was no need. Additionally, Spirit most commonly spoke to us in our minds and hearts, and they still do. To illustrate this, Spirit's words throughout the book are in *bold italics*. And, we have tried to clearly differentiate Spirit's words from K's thoughts that are also in *italics*. We hope that Spirit speaks to you personally in the words of the upcoming pages.

There were challenges with this book. To write an autobiography requires compromise – first, to maintain some personal privacy, while second, to preserve the truth. Furthermore, you may ask why is K called, “K?” Again, this was not K's birth name or surname. Spirit assigned her and told her several years ago to use that single letter-name, K, because of who K is to Spirit – a leader who, *in Spirit's opinion*, required a unique way to identify her. Accordingly, we did what we were asked, because Spirit merely wished the story to be told.

Furthermore, as we were guided by Spirit, and in an effort to be light hearted, fair, and respectful, we have chosen to protect K's clients and associates by calling them a species of animal. We tried, as writers, to first protect the identities of individuals by using false names. But, Spirit said instead to use animal names. So, we did. Thus, we have referred to most of the people in this book as K's personal interaction with an animal, rather than a person, while trying to maintain the accuracy of the interaction. And Spirit suggested, in each case, the actual animal names to us. Our intention is a very honorable and respectful one. We have not intended to be derogatory or insulting, and if there are any who use the animal names to refer to another

in that manner, and we sincerely hope you do not, we apologize. To attack another, without meeting and exploring who they are, is to deny them, and you, their *mystery*. Each person is a mysterious, unique human being – *with feelings* – feelings that deserve respect.

This is not some clever satire to identify people as animals, to mock society, nor an attempt to be funny in most of the cases, although, some names you will probably find funny. Instead, the animal names were chosen by Spirit to reflect the everyday expression used in language, and animal names that made sense from the interaction. We, and Spirit, have chosen to express our differences – our differences that uniquely define us – to help you perceive yourself and our present culture of rapid growth and rapid change. We believe that the rapid change in modern society is what is creating significant unrest among individuals.

And, while change and entropy is inevitable in every system, is progress? Perhaps in your lifetime, you will be guided to be the agent of that progress. We sincerely hope that you are, or have become, what you feel you should be in this life. If not, we believe you can still change your life for the better. But, do you have the courage? We hope you have the courage to do so.

Perhaps also, some will hear his or her own personal story of being unique or *different* within this one. If we have achieved that, then the seed that Spirit has planted has indeed sprouted and taken root. After all, the interesting phenomenon of most plants is that they grow – in opposite directions. While absorbing what they need from what is available, they always reach for the light.

Blessings,

K and Dr. Michael

February 2010

Waterford, QLD Australia

CHAPTER 1

DIFFERENT PERSPECTIVE

MAGIC

“Come on! Aren’t you coming? I told you we would have to be quick. You want to see the horse with the wings, don’t you?”

When they heard the word, horse, the children stopped what they were doing and started to gather around.

“Where is it? Where is it?” Annette asked.

“No silly, the magical horse with wings won’t come until we work the magic ... Now, I need you to get all the other kids away from the sand pit where the monkey bars are. We have to round up all the other children in the playground to form a circle and get them to wish for magic around us.”

The Wheeler Heights school playground in New South Wales was busy with the first through fifth graders on the playground. All were playing games, running,

laughing, and talking to each other. Every girl had on her blue-and-white checked school uniform with white socks and black school shoes. The boys were running around in their gray shorts and blue short-sleeved shirts with their white socks and black shoes. The monkey bars had more than a dozen children playing on and around them. That spring day, there were no traffic noises; only the sounds of the children could be heard. Near the monkey bars, one little girl's pigtails had light blue ribbons in the straight blonde hair that hung past her shoulders. People always commented on how cute she was with her big blue eyes and long eyelashes. She was five, but every adult said she acted much older, especially the ones on the town bus. Little Miss Independent, she was, and she knew what she was doing. She always seemed to have a purpose.

More kids joined the group of about 20; they yelled, "Hey, where is the horse? Is he going to fly?"

"Shh! everyone, we have to get ready," the little blonde-haired girl explained. "No one must stand inside the circle but me. The rest of you hold hands."

"No," Nathan yelled, "I am not doing this. I'll get girl's germs ... Girl's germs are not for me."

The little blonde-haired girl folded her arms and said, "The magic won't come if you don't do what I ask ... Go play with someone else and leave us alone. We don't need you. Go away from here."

"I'm telling on you," Nathan whined. "You're stupid, and I'm gonna see the Miss. She will make you stand in the corner of the back room, and we will all laugh at you, because you'll look silly."

"I don't care. Go away you horrible boy. Magic won't come while you are here."

The little blonde-haired girl turned back to the group that now numbered about 30. She seemed pleased as she got everyone to hush.

"Okay everybody, hold hands tight ... see what I have in my hand?" The little blonde-haired girl asked. "I am holding a magic coin, and this will make the horse

with the wings come ... Remember, everybody be happy now, and while we hold hands, start walking around in a circle together”

All the gathered children held hands and began to walk around in a circle with the blonde-haired girl in the center. Some smiled and some laughed, while others from outside the circle stopped what they were doing to look on. “What was this? A new game?” a few asked from outside the circle. They stayed to watch.

“... Magic, magic, come to me ... bring the horse with wings for all to see,” chanted the little blonde-haired girl. “... Now, everybody keep being happy. It’s really important so they hear you and me”

The little blonde-haired girl closed her eyes and began to spin in the center of the circle, around-and-around, faster-and-faster. She could hear the children giggle and have fun. All of a sudden, she felt giddy and the air seemed very hot. The children’s faces were turning red. The little blonde-haired girl watched them as they swayed side-to-side while trying to continue to walk clockwise around in the circle for her.

“... Come to me, oh magic horse with the wings, please,” the little blonde-haired girl chanted.

After several long moments of spinning, one-by-one, the children began falling down unhurt onto the sand. Laughter and giggling was coming from everywhere around the circle. And, the little blonde-haired girl was dizzy, just like all the rest.

“That was great,” one child said.

Another said, “Hey, I saw the horse with wings.”

Where am I? wondered the little blonde-haired girl as she tried to stand without falling. “Hey wow! I saw the horse too.”

“I didn’t – you tricked us,” another child commented.

The crowd dispersed in giggles, as they tried to walk unsuccessfully at first, falling back down to the ground. When the children recovered, they went about

playing again on the monkey bars in the sand pit and running and chasing each other. But, after only five minutes of further play, the bell rang to signal the end of the recess. The children went inside and returned to their classrooms.

That afternoon, thunder clapped, and the sky grew dark. The little blonde-haired girl had already begun another of her lessons when she was summoned to a different class. A fifth-grade teacher wanted to see her. The little blonde-haired girl hurried off with the older boy who came to get her to see the teacher.

The little blonde-haired girl asked, “Am I in trouble?”

“No.” he said, looking bored. “She just wants to see your magic.”

Oh, she thought to herself, *my magic trick must be what she is talking about*. In her pocket, she carried her plastic four-leaf clover that her grandfather had given her a few weeks ago. He taught her the trick to stick the four-leaf clover on her forehead without licking it.

As she walked, she began to wonder if she was in trouble. Her mind wandered to the fifth graders. *Were some of them mad at me? Some of the kids were mad for not being able to see the horse with the wings*. The more she thought, the more she scared herself. Plus, she was headed for the big kids’ class and some of them made sure the younger kids knew they were not welcome to play with them. The thunder clapped again, closer this time, loud enough to startle some of the children as the lights in the building flickered briefly. The school building was awash with the sounds of “whoa,” just as they arrived at the fifth grade classroom. The fifth-grade boy and the little blonde-haired girl entered and greeted the teacher who was expecting them. The boy was asked to return to his seat as the teacher turned her attention to the little blonde-haired girl. She could tell the little girl felt like she was in trouble and she smiled and reassured her that everything was okay, but that she would like to ask her some questions.

“Yes, Miss,” the little blonde-haired girl said with a sigh of relief.

The fifth-grade teacher inquired of her gently. “Now little one, I hear

you are full of magic.”

The innocent little blonde-haired girl started to tell the fifth-grade teacher of her magic trick. She showed her the trick with the four-leaf clover. As a child, you never really knew how things worked. All the little blonde-haired girl was doing was pressing the plastic four-leaf clover onto her forehead and it would stay there, purely with the oil and moisture from her skin. But at age 5, she did not know that is how it worked. To her, *it was magic*.

The teacher feigned interest by smiling and saying, “Amazing ... but, I heard something about a horse in the sand pit at play lunch. I really wanted to know more about what you did on the playground.”

“Well Miss, I made a circle with the kids – we all have magic in us, don’t you know? – I was just ...”



Brrrrrr-brrrp-brrr. A noise came in through the open front window from a truck that sounded like it was braking and downshifting; it startled me. I found myself back at the small dining room in my home, idly shuffling my card deck while I waited for my next client. The year was 2004. The tea light candle was burning softly next to me, yet the room was much warmer than usual this afternoon. The air was still, without any breeze, which made me notice the incense stick that was halfway finished burning to freshen the stuffy air. The musky smell of its smoke curled and floated upwards. I only used it because it helped my clients relax. I took a slow drink of water from the glass off to my left and put my cards down. I took comfort that the residents of the small town of Waterford in South Brisbane were quietly ignoring my average brick home with the average, 4-door, white Mazda parked in front. As I never advertised my services publicly, my neighbors never knew I gave psychic card readings from my home. I liked my privacy and I gave them no reason to suspect I was anything other than ... *average*.

I sat there at my table I recounted that day as a child. ... *That’s right, I remember now ... before going outside, my class sat on our mats in the classroom while the teacher was talking*

*to the class. As I sat there, that is when this image of the winged horse and knowledge of how to bring him came. Then, I had this burning desire to share this with all of the children. It was not until I was in my early 30's that I understood any connection between the conjuring of sorcery and my childhood magic. It has been forty years since that schoolyard day, and periodically, I still go back to that vision where I tried to summon Pegasus. It was so real. The horse with the wings did not physically appear in the circle I created, but I saw Pegasus anyway. Regardless, the vortex had the children falling down and filled with laughter. It was fun. Yet, no child seemed to be overly upset with me for promising them to see a horse with the wings and not delivering one. Instead, they thought it was fun how I made them feel, all silly-in-the-head and with butterflies in their belly. Some said that when they closed their eyes they did see the horse with the wings. Even my friend, Annette. *Of course they did, I thought at the time. But, why did some not see the horse as I did? Were they not trying? It's funny now . . . I remember some were mad that there was no real horse with wings, but others grabbed hold of me and said, "Do more!"**

THE BULL & THE FLYING CARDS

Ding-Ding, Ding-Ding. The old sailors' bell, hanging by my front door, pierced the humid air announcing my client's arrival. The sound shocked me back to noticing the angel cards in my hand. I put them down to answer the door.

This early afternoon client said she was so desperate to see me. She had heard from a former client in a health spa that I would tell her where her soul mate was. I greeted the medium framed, smartly dressed woman in her late forties. Later, Spirit suggested I refer to her as the Bull. She had blonde hair with brown highlights that framed her smiling face, nicely. Only a sole bracelet jingled as she moved gracefully into my home. Her nails appeared freshly manicured and painted. We sat down at my table after quick introductions and wasted little time getting to her clairvoyant reading.

I turned over the cards. With the first three Spirit showed me, ***There is no***

soul mate here. There is some work to do first.

I said further from Spirit, “You need to clean up your act first, respect yourself much more, and deal with your finances, before you will have a mate.”

“What do you mean?” The Bull bristled.

“Well, Spirit tells me your last several boyfriends used you, and you used them. You are unhappy, because you want someone to blame or to share the responsibility. But, I see, you own your own home now. So first, you have to clean up the social, financial, and emotional mess in your life.”

The Bull sat back, folded her arms, and glared at me. Her attitude changed and the energy from her was tense and thick.

“What good are you,” the Bull fumed, “if you can’t tell me when my man is coming?”

Spirit spoke to me again through the cards ...“It is still eighteen months away,” which I repeated, standing my ground.

“Not good enough,” The Bull huffed.

I listed the things from Spirit, one-by-one, that must be sorted through first. But, she was not having it. None of it. She expected her new man to fix and fill everything in her life, and right now.

“No,” Spirit said through me. “Stand strong and clean up your mess. Then, when he comes, you will accept him and he will accept you, and your love will be great.”

She was not happy with this. She told me how much she had done for other men, and that now it was her turn to have a man do for her.

In response, Spirit spoke through me to her about compromise and for her to understand her past faults with those deeds.

The Bull snorted, “Find me a date! Find me a time when my man will be here!”

At this time, I had been giving clairvoyant readings on my dining room table, which was a small, plain, four-seater made of finished pine. Yet, always my home was neat and tidy. To my right, I had two decks of cards that I used in my readings, and a small poker deck. The poker deck was only used occasionally. And yes, I was surprised to find I could read from a poker deck, or any card deck for that matter, as long as I asked Spirit for the answers. The candles burned on my left, next to my glass of water, and the incense burned quietly in the background on the hutch as I continued with her reading.

Now, as this client asked me for the third time, “*When will he be here?*” I heard Spirit grumble in my mind, “*All right! ... HERE!*”

And in that instant, the little poker deck that had been sitting there quietly next to me, that neither of us had touched, *flew across the table at her.*

The Bull sat there stunned, and asked, “Did you do that?”

“No. Not me! That was *Spirit*, ... because they are fed up with you asking.”

She sat there quietly and obviously a little scared. I too was amazed, as that had never happened before in any of my readings. There still was no breeze in the room and the fan was off. The wisps of incense smoke curled quietly upwards as before.

Interestingly, there was just one card that turned over, right side up from that poker deck ... the nine of clubs.

“The nine,” Spirit spoke through me as I looked at the card and instantly knew what it represented, “means if you clean up your act, the man will be here in 9 months. The clubs represent ... your spirit guides wish to club you over the head for your failure to listen.”

However, I knew the clubs from Tarot cards when giving a reading represented fire,

activity, energy, movement, business, and work; even though I did not read Tarot cards, the information was known to me from others who did. The Tarot interpretation would have also confirmed what I just told her within the last hour, namely, *Get on with it, and clean up your act.*

After the reading, I felt the Bull was not really satisfied with what I said from Spirit. Yet, she did seem very impressed with the flying cards – all thanks to Spirit. I was so busy with readings after that. The people continually booked in – all wanted to see the cards fly again.

They never did.

Three months later, I noticed the Bull arrived at the same health spa as me a few minutes later. She sat down next to me in the waiting area in the only seat available. It was obvious from her body language that she was not happy to be sitting near me.

I asked her, “Have you done the work Spirit asked of you?”

All she could say, mocking our last interaction, was, “I have a boyfriend now.”

I smiled and questioned, “And, how is that going for you?” knowing from Spirit that it wasn’t.

She glared at me and said defiantly, “He isn’t the one. But, I make my choices – for me.”

I told the Bull, “That’s okay. However, the quicker you move through the things you need to, the quicker the perfect one will be in your life.”

I actually heard her voice in her head say, *Yeah? What do you know?*

The conversation dropped when our masseuses escorted us to our rooms for our massages. Her session was finished just minutes before mine. Spirit told me then that the Bull had her next appointment booked at the same time as mine. When she discovered my simultaneous appointment, she changed her appointment before she left in order to not run into me again, Spirit said. I silently laughed to

myself at what was happening because I knew, Spirit would deal with her somehow.

Sure enough, one month later, my next spa appointment came and . . . there she was – sitting next to me! *How did this happen?* I asked Spirit. But, before they could answer, it occurred to me. *Duh! It was obvious to me now. Last week, I could not make my scheduled appointment due to a conflict, so I had to change it to this one. Spirit orchestrated this meeting, of course!* Yet, the Bull and I never spoke that day. I think Spirit made her see me to help her realize that her mistakes cost her plenty, and that her stubbornness did not serve her. And, I also learned from Spirit that her journey took longer than it should have, because she compromised herself repeatedly. She changed her path to a much longer one, because she was unwilling to do what Spirit asked of her to have the great love that she wished. *Why do people do this to themselves?* I wondered, *when they have all the necessary information from Spirit? It never made sense. Was it just about feeling in control? Although, I suppose, it did take me time to give in to Spirit's way of doing things.*

As I drove home from the health spa, a delivery truck nearly cut me off when he changed lanes quickly. I thought that was odd, as there did not seem to be any traffic reason to change lanes so suddenly. As I recovered from the truck's sudden lane change, it took me another moment to realize why that had happened. Spirit brought my attention to the slogan on the back of the truck . . . it read, *"WE WORK FOR YOU! Thanks for choosing us!"*

DREAMS & LIES

Growing up was not easy for me. I came from a good family, but I was “different” than most people. I knew I was different and they did too. One of my differences was I had strict rules for how I liked things in my life. Some would say that I had a kind of Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD), before they had even invented the word. But, I didn't have to compulsively count things or do hand-washing rituals like those with medically-diagnosed OCD. I just liked structure, order, and routine in my life. It made me feel peaceful. Some of my rules were about how I did things in a certain way. I would hang up my clothes in order, grouping them into the same colors and styles, from light to dark. Also, I did not like clutter, so I organized my toys and things

into nice piles and groups, and from small to large. My shoes had to be placed neatly together in the cupboard. All of my dolls had to have pairs or be in pairs too. I had lots of dolls, from many different countries, all organized into their own color-coded countries. My grandmother gave me wonderful dolls from: Japan, India, Switzerland, China, Germany, England, and Papua New Guinea. And, I really did not like it when my mum or sisters would change or interfere with my things. For example, I set my room for my playmates so that everyone had their place. Or, should I say, *invisible* playmates? Nobody else seemed to see them. My guides, angels, and fairies were all there, but as a child, I did not know about the invisible realms of Spirit as I did today. You see, the dolls that I had – *talked with me. My dolls were alive.* I did not know why other kids' dolls did not talk to them. For some reason, my parents could never hear them. When I told other kids my dolls talked to me, they did not believe me and made fun of me. One might think that I had a very active childhood imagination. But, my ability to perceive that my dolls were alive also extended to seeing people and things that others could not see, like seeing auras – the rainbow colors of energy around people.

For as long as I can remember, I have been very feeling-sensitive and I easily felt and read the energy or moods from others; I always understood what animals were feeling too. I did not like to be around angry adults or children or people with bad energy. I often got scared when I was around people like that. And, I often could tell when someone was ill, hurt, sad or upset, even when I was not around the person, just when someone mentioned that person's name. I occasionally saw young people as old people and old people as young people, as if they grew old or young right before my eyes, and then a moment later, they were themselves again. When my cat, Benji, ran away when I was five, my mum told me he was gone and had run away. I knew that to be true, but I also knew that he died not long after running away and was hit by a car. When I cried to my mum about this the day I found out, she said, "How can you know that? He just ran away; that's all." But, I knew. I *knew*. This made me very different.

I grew up the oldest of three girls. And, we did the normal things that little girls do. We were healthy and came from a normal middle-class family. I was a good girl, honest. But I had difficulty "going unnoticed" with people; and, when I was noticed to be different, I was often ignored or left alone. I got along well

with teachers and the other children. But, I almost always felt like the odd one out. When I was a young child, I seemed to know what other kids were thinking and often finished their sentences for them. They would then get upset that I answered them before they asked their question. When I would tell the others what they were thinking, I was told I was silly and they called me a liar. I felt these children were mean. Many times, they did not listen to me or care what I wanted to do; they only wanted to play their way and they often would not share, but I always did.

As I grew into my teens, I felt ostracized because I *did* my homework and attended class. I was called the teacher's pet. Actually, I preferred the company of the teachers, because I did things before they asked and because I understood what they were going to say. Often, I was harassed for doing a good job. I had my homework stolen many times so others could cheat from my work. And, I had my lunch bag stolen many times too, because my mum made wonderful, homemade desserts and sandwiches, and some kids wanted them enough to steal from me. I do not know when I resigned myself to getting on with life despite what I perceived as repeated unfairness. But, I certainly learned to rely on myself and the invisible people in my life; the people that I could see and no one else could. But, no physical person really understood who I was. Yet, I still had to follow their rules at home or at school, or I would get punished. And, I *hated* getting punished. I learned to watch closely those around me for a change in their energy and behavior. I did my chores quickly and my assignments, as I preferred to spend my time playing. And, I still found lots of time to have fun. If I seemed in any way erratic to some people, including my parents, it was because the world around me was erratic and unpredictable.

When I was six, one summer evening I was violently ill with fever and the doctor had to be called to the house. It was a big thing in those days if the doctor came to your house. My mum privately tolerated my behavior with my room and my dolls. But when she realized that the doctor was on his way, she quickly rearranged my room so the doctor did not think I was strange. You see, I had a little table and chairs for everyone, and the setting on the table was set for everybody. My dolls and sculptures all had a place, and I knew who got along

with each other and who did not. I was feeling sick to start with and that made me worse by having to watch my mum collect all of my dolls and throw them in the cupboard! I was beside myself. *How would they cope?* And, after my tearful and pitiful outburst, my mum thought I was much sicker than she first realized.

I wrestled both with the doctor and my parents. I cried, cried, and carried on. Little did the grown-ups suspect that I didn't care about being sick I just wanted to be into the cupboard to sort things out with my friends. *They needed me.* My mum told me the next day, "You were being silly about the toys and all."

If only she knew. I had to fix everything the next day back to the way it was, otherwise the dolls would not get along and they would not talk to me. They told me they did not like it the other way. It took me a long time to have mum in my room again. I would cringe in fear that she would take away my friends. My mum never knew this of me. Nor did she know of the dreams I had at night where I would watch people being killed and the stories of how they died. I would lie awake, bright-eyed, hoping that if I did not close my eyes, then I would not see those awful things. In 1970, we did not watch TV and movies with frightening images and stories like we can today. And, I never watched anything on TV or at the movies as vivid or scary as the images in my dreams. Yes, I saw very bad things in my dreams – I had nightmares of people I never met. It was awful. I became tired and moody from lack of sleep and what I witnessed. But, I never told my parents of these visions and dreams. My parents already thought I did not behave like the other children. I did not want to get into any more trouble for being who I was, so I never told them. Finally, after several months these visions stopped, because one day I prayed, "God, Please take them away." And so He did. Over the years, I learned that you only have to ask to receive.

THE SCORPION & THE SEVEN COMMANDMENTS

It was now two weeks after seeing the Bull. I began my day in my usual way. After a quick breakfast of Vegemite on toast and a cup of coffee with

cream, I walked every morning for an hour. Then, I swam in the pool to cool off and relax for another hour. Afterwards, I sat and prayed for the people and clients in my life. And after that, I meditated for about 30 minutes on the people who were coming to see me that day. My structured routine usually allowed me to do a few errands before lunch if I needed. But I did not have to go anywhere this morning, so I took longer with my meditations. I got all the information from Spirit before my clients came.

The first two clients were about relationships. One had to get her life back on track after choosing to leave home at age 15. I had to hand it to her. She was a resourceful woman and had three of her own successful businesses by the age of 23! She was good at quick business decisions, but unfortunately, not very good at picking men. The last man cost her dearly. Spirit helped her get back on track and showed where she had gone wrong by not trusting her intuition. She expected men to be users and takers and that is exactly what she got from this last man. Spirit said, *Her expectations are driving her outcomes*. She knew positive thoughts worked for her success in business, and somehow, she overlooked that she could do the same with picking good life partners. I wished her well and sent her on her way.

The second client was an older gentleman in his 60's that lost his wife to a battle with breast cancer. He heard of me and that I was able to channel the deceased. He wished to hear from his wife again. After a tearful, heart-moving session, he left with peace in his heart. Although he never doubted his wife loved him, he finally was able to tell her how much he loved and missed her. During their whole married life he seldom said the three most important words to his life partner, words all want and need to hear from time-to-time, *I Love You*. It took the lesson of losing his wife for him to realize what was important to him and what he cherished. When she spoke through me, he recognized her words and her way of kidding him that only he knew. She did give him a hard time for not being more loving, but she loved him still from where she was. He realized that he did not grow up hearing the words of love, so he did not feel he had to say them. What a lesson to learn *after* a loved one was gone.

My last client of the day was a woman in her mid-20's with dyed, jet black hair.

She sat down quickly and wanted to get straight to her reading. Spirit later referred to her as the Scorpion. All the Scorpion wanted to know about was one man – that is, the one man she slept with for one night. I learned from Spirit during the reading, through her encouragement, all he had to do was say he loved her, and she allowed him intimate access to her. So, he did. He got what he wanted. Sex. Not surprisingly afterwards, early in the morning, he disappeared, and left her to awaken by herself. Over the next few days, the Scorpion tracked him down only to find he was married, and happily. It should have ended there, but it did not. Rather than leave things alone, in her bitter disappointment, she took a day off work, went to his unit apartment, climbed up the drainpipe, and smashed the sliding door on his balcony with a brick. Once she got into his apartment, she began smashing and destroying his things. I was appalled by her story as I sat there, listening to her and the calm voice of Spirit in my mind.

Then, she urgently asked me, “Will he get his karma? And, when will I get the restraining order taken off me, so we can be together? *Soon?*”

Spirit and I both had an answer for that one. “*No!*”

Spirit told the Scorpion through me what would happen next, but she was not happy. After all, I was not telling her what she wanted to hear. When people refused to hear what an advisor recommends, they shop around until they hear what they want to hear. I suppose it was the same for all professions. *People should use common sense before asking Spirit to tell them who had the problem here. I was gobsmacked that the Scorpion could even think this would have a happy ending.*

Spirit said to me privately during our session, ***Much karma lies with her.*** I told Spirit silently, *He was stupid to tell her he loved her. Did he really love her after meeting her once? I doubt it. Is this the only way you can have sex, by telling someone you love them? Why does a woman need to hear that a perfect stranger loves her after the first meeting? Are women that insecure? Why does property destruction have to come into the equation? Getting clear on the effects of one's own actions would have been a better idea.* Spirit agreed with me.

After she left, I had errands to run before the stores closed. So, I quickly cleaned up my cards and snuffed out the candle beside me. As I got in my car, I still could not

get out of my mind what damage she did to his things and his life. *Do people really behave this way? ... Was she angrier with him for his lies, or angrier with herself for being played? Regardless, she will have to pay for her actions too. Karma is real. You reap what you sow.* What I know from Spirit, what I have heard repeatedly through my readings is, *we are responsible for our own actions. We must not rely on another to serve us or fill a void. We must know first who we are before wanting to know others. And, many people are in too much of a hurry to get somewhere, when they do not even know where they are going in the first place.*

I felt that I had learned a lot in this past year from my many clients and my own trials. I thanked Spirit for bringing me the people that I could help, and direct to a better or safer path. I often found myself praying for people that needed extra help. I even prayed for the ones who did not take Spirit's advice – *and then blamed me for what did not happen in their lives.* Spirit only promised what would happen *if* they did their part. It was never my fault for how they lived their lives. I was not responsible for their actions; they were. After all, I was just the clairvoyant. And, there were times when I resented that role. Because, I had feelings too; yet few seemed to notice or care.

The more I thought about it, the more upset I was at what people had become. This was a common issue of our society, and especially of the younger generation: *she has this or that, or she has the latest thing. "I want to be like her."* I had asked my clients, *Why? Are they happy? Who are their role models in this world? Is this Hollywood's or the media's doing? Are they worthy of this role model title? Do people even have a good role model at home? Was the client's mother a kind woman? Did her father treat her mother well?* It sounded like such a cliché, but it was true: *good role models must be present at home. When we learned from others growing up, did we receive the proper role model for that behavior? And, who was to say what was the right behavior?* There seemed to be no end to such upsetting thoughts for me.

Right then, God and Spirit had something to say to me about the way it should be, somewhat emphatically:

- ***Honor your father and your mother.***
- ***You shall not murder.***
- ***You shall not commit adultery.***

- *You shall not steal.*
- *You shall not bear false witness against your neighbor.*
- *You shall not covet your neighbor's house.*
- *You shall not covet your neighbor's wife, nor his belongings.*

What? This sounds like part of the Ten Commandments, I thought.

Spirit stressed to me, *This is what you were to live by ... to practice these simple rules for living together. Your world with its billions of people would never have such problems, as it does today, if people heeded these Commandments*

Hmm. I always thought they were rules for living together. Millions want the ideal partner when they themselves are not first ready to become the ideal person ... worthy of such an ideal partner. Perhaps, that's why they settle ...

.... But, part of what you are here for, Spirit continued, is to teach each other to live together, harmoniously.

So, ... I guess ... that is why non-ideal partners meet and have families. And, that is what causes them to look at their own issues. Hmm. Interesting, Spirit. But, if they were true to themselves and revealed their true selves, they would have far fewer problems when getting together in the first place.

But, it was too late. Spirit stopped answering me. They often did that – gave me something to think about, and then left me with it.

THE MULE

Clairvoyant readings were often similar. Clients almost always wanted to know, in one way or another, about love, money, career, and health. But, what made each reading different was the specific details that only Spirit could have known, or the specific advice from Spirit about how to deal with that aspect of their lives. I have read for clients who had work and cultural backgrounds

of which I had no prior knowledge or experience. But, it would not matter. Spirit would still show me their situation, or tell me how to say what I saw in a way that made sense to them.

The following week, after many clients, one stood out from the rest – a short, stocky woman with wavy-blond hair, whom I will refer to as the Mule. She came to me on referral from another and received a reading from Spirit. The Mule sat down, folded her arms and crossed her legs, turning partially away from me, and stayed that way for the entire reading. And, Spirit delivered. They specifically advised her about the things she must change in her life to receive her next partner:

“Fix your finances.” Spirit said through me.

The Mule responded with, “No, he has to be rich.”

“Dress more suited to your body shape,” I saw in the cards.

The Mule said, “I can wear whatever I want.”

“Let go of the friends around you that are leading you astray.”

Again, the Mule replied, “My friends would do anything for me.”

“You will need to mend your relationship with your family as your next partner values family and harmony.”

The Mule emphasized, “No, mum is a bitch, and I hate dad’s guts!”

Spirit’s reply after getting nowhere with the Mule was, “Enjoy your loneliness, for these are the things you need to address to create a great love for you. If you do not wish this, then stay miserable, and *enjoy* your bitter life.”

That was a long session for me, yet it did not take more than the scheduled time. Nor, did I get any referrals from the Mule. Actually, I was hardly surprised. Spirit confronted her issues directly. But in her case, they were trying to move the unwilling with their advice. For some, being that direct was offensive or off

putting, but Spirit was never unkind. Never. They wanted the best for us and they tried to help my clients get what they wanted. Nevertheless, I heard from Spirit while writing this, *She is still miserable, right where she was five years ago.*

As I reflected on her, I could not tell whether the thoughts in my mind were purely my own. *People have to look at what they want and find out how to get it. We have to see the faults in ourselves first, and correct them. We have to understand more about ourselves before attempting to understand others. God does not ask us to be perfect, He knows we cannot be perfect on Earth, as we are human and we chose this world for free will. Yes, that is right. We signed our earth contracts quickly and said, "Yes, please." "As much ice cream as I can eat." Yippee! "As much sex as I want." I can't wait! "As much money I can spend." Fantastic!!*

I sat for a few minutes more in thought. *Surprisingly, with all of this free will, our world can be a kind of Hell. Too much ice cream makes you fat. Sex becomes perverted, instead of a beautiful, loving, sensual act. And, spending money can put you so severely in debt that you wind up flat broke. That did not seem like Heaven, it seemed like Hell – all with the free will to choose more wisely the next time. Furthermore, by allowing another to use you, you have fooled yourself to fill a void. A person must first know what he or she really wants.*

I stopped there to think about my life. *Does everything serve me in my life? Am I happy with the way it serves me?* Fortunately, I could answer yes to all but one, but it was not always this way. I had come a long way in a short time. Like Spirit taught me, if I had answered no to these two simple questions, then I would have had to take a good look at my relationship with *everything* in my life, not only what I wanted in a partner. That was right. I did not have a partner at this time. I was single and I was ready for a partner. But, my needs had to wait; what was worse, Spirit kept giving me clients with serious relationship issues. And, no matter how many clients I assisted, I still did not understand what made a person refuse Spirit's advice. The Mule had certain things she needed to change. Spirit provided achievable solutions. But, "NO!" She refused. Yet, if she had applied her energy to change herself, her life would have changed for the better. *And, most never saw it that way.* She would have been ready to accept the beautiful gift of a relationship that Spirit said she would receive: a man that loved her and who would give his

heart to her. *Which is why she came to me in the first place! "Where is my man?" she demanded. "I want my soul mate! I deserve more in my life."*

From my experiences, men and women are equally to blame for this. Spirit has shown me repeatedly the examples of those who ask for solutions, but are not willing to change any aspect of their lives. My sorrow was because I know that some people have gone without, because they chose not to change themselves or to create the movement that was necessary to bring about change. *When would they learn, Spirit? It was they who must change, not the other. If it was not for example-after-example, I might have missed this understanding. Further, it was interesting how Spirit almost always gave them simple tasks to change everything. For some reason, people would not remember this easy-but-not-so-obvious fact: each day that we live in this world, we could change, not the world around us, but ourselves. And, we have so many paths we could take, including happiness regardless of the outcome. We were blessed with all the opportunities that were presented to us. Yet, we insisted on staying on the merry-go-round, until we were sick ... sick within ... sick of family and friends ... sick of work ... and sick of life.*

Not everybody was like this, I know. But, after this much thought on the subject, I *prayed* silently to Spirit – my friends above who always listened and cared ... *Thank you to those that truly know who they are, and welcome change into their lives with adventure, courage, and ease ... Where would I be without you, Spirit, my dear friends?*

THE SWAN

It was two weeks later when a woman called for an urgent reading. Fortunately, I had an opening in my schedule because of a cancellation. She was a beautiful woman of about 28, but was dressed down and very plainly, wearing no make up; she did not seem to notice that her dirty blonde hair hung in her face covering one of her hazel eyes. After she arrived, I realized she was another who had come regarding her failed relationships and her unsatisfactory sexual experiences.

Spirit said to me shortly into her reading, ***Work with her: Create a list.***

What list? I asked of Spirit in my mind.

And, Spirit said. *You'll be doing this too, since you insist on embarking on this dating ...* The words from Spirit continued after a pause. *... This woman needs to discover who she really is. The topics for her are: fears, inadequacies, lack of worthiness, sexual failures, emotions, and strengths.*

I shared with the Swan what Spirit said.

The Swan asked, "How is this going to help?"

Spirit's reply through me was, "When it is in black and white, you will see the truths. Then, the healing can begin and your life will go forward."

The Swan, like most clients, was hoping for a quick fix; but I managed to persuade her to complete her lists. And, within two weeks, she was back again to sit in front of me. But, she sat before me a very different woman to when I first met her. This time she had her hair pulled back, wore makeup, and was smartly dressed. She was stunning.

The Swan handed me a thick manila folder and said, "Hurray! ... K, I am free. Thank you. I am now – *FREE!*" she said with outstretched arms.

She glowed. That manila folder held forty pages of her answers to the topics set by Spirit. She had seen in black-and-white the errors she had created in her life. She became her own counselor and claimed her own personal victory, *all within two weeks*. Everything on paper answered everything she needed to hear, and gave her what she needed to pursue a successful life.

After those two weeks, and within this first year of transformation, she met a wonderful new partner. She had her first baby, and was looking forward to the next. The Swan kept in contact with me for another two years after we first met. Her emails were always positive and full of life, stating how balanced she was and how happy she was. She finally took responsibility for herself. *I wished all of my clients were like this*. She considered me a great counselor. Yet, it was Spirit who was the counselor; they got all of the credit, I was just the clairvoyant, delivering their

advice. They guided me the whole way during her transformation. The pen-and-paper method often gave people their own proof. And, Spirit used this technique with many of the clients that I have worked with over the years to remove the blocks in their life. Unfortunately, there were many who would not do the work Spirit recommended.

DELIVERING THE BOMB

I was not excluded. I too, had blocks that needed removing. Fortunately, Spirit helped me. In my early twenties, I was married to a very good, compatible man. He was tall with brown hair, but without facial hair. He was lean, but strong, and his muscles were covered by skin that was always tanned brown from the harsh Australian sun. We came from different backgrounds, but we loved each other. We had only minor issues as couples do. What led to our marriage falling apart was my spirituality and a communication breakdown between us – in terms of who we both were and what we wanted out of life for and from ourselves and for and from each other. But, I know that now, through the luxury of hindsight.

When we got married, as many do, we expected to settle down and have a family. But, I had trouble coping. After leaving home, I found it hard to look after me, let alone another person. There would have been the added pressure of children if I had become pregnant. Fortunately, I did not. The thought of it was too much. And, as long as I kept everything the same as when we met, life was good. At least, so my husband thought. He did not want to change or compromise. So, if I was going to stay married, if I was going to cope, *I* had to change. One of my biggest problems was I was falling out of love with *me* – with who I was becoming as a married woman. I liked structure and rules and he liked a lifestyle that was more flexible. I did not feel as if I was living the life I was meant to live. Yet, I learned something valuable. Out of my upset, I realized that every person has to love himself or herself. This was not vanity and pathological narcissism. This was the basic love of who the person was to

himself or herself. A person's identity was who they are. They cannot escape being themselves. Most people who do not love themselves do bad things to themselves and to the people in their lives, because of that unhappiness with themselves. That was why they needed to first love themselves and to always be truthful with themselves.

After a few years of a mediocre marriage, our relationship dissolved dramatically. A kinesiology session changed my life. A kinesiologist is a person who uses muscle testing, and his or her knowledge of how the energy moves within the body, to determine the body's unconscious, agreeable or disagreeable reaction to its environment. I had never been to a kinesiologist before. But, I was working as a personal assistant at the time, and my boss suggested I have a kinesiology session to help me deal with the ongoing changes in my life. She referred me to a woman she knew. And, I went. But, it wasn't the kinesiology session, per se, that changed my life. You see, prior to booking the session, I was not aware of my kinesiologist's *other talent*. So, I went naively to meet this woman and had a session.

As she worked over my body, the kinesiologist inquired, "How do you like being a clairvoyant? ... Wow, you know you do not have much time now ... you must get on with your true path."

"*What?*" I asked her, completely confused by what she told me.

The kinesiologist said further that she was a clairvoyant herself and proceeded to tell me what I was here to do on this planet. And, she talked to me about *me* being a clairvoyant too! She explained why I knew things and saw dead people and dreamed of things that would and ultimately did happen. My head spun with all the details about my past and my future. Yet during the session, it helped me immensely because things finally started to make *sense*. I was so grateful to Spirit for sending me to her. I never expected this one session to change my life completely. But, it did. I was so numb with the new information; yet, I did not feel I could share this with my husband until I knew more. And now, all I had was more questions.

As I was searching for answers over the following few weeks, I kept getting sick with gall bladder issues. As a result, an associate, who was concerned with helping me to get well made me an appointment to see a prominent, Sydney naturopath and numerologist. The appointment could not come fast enough.

The naturopath and numerologist, a sharp, confident, professional appearing woman wearing a corporate suit, told me, “You have a huge path to walk, and you have to change your name to something shorter to help with the vibration of your marriage. This will help you with your work too. And, you need to be true to yourself, and know who you are. You have much to learn, young lady.”

Well, you can imagine that when I got home and told my husband of these new discoveries about me and my new life plans, it did not go over well. When I arrived, my husband was already there, home early from work as a landscape gardener, and was still wearing his work clothes. He was standing on the back patio, watering the plants with the garden hose, when I greeted him and gave him the news.

“I am changing my name, and I finally found out who I am,” I said. “I am a clairvoyant psychic, and I have out-of-body experiences. That is why I know stuff and I can check in on our friends all the time.”

I still remember the blank look on his face as he said nothing. He dropped the hose, turned off the water, and went inside to get a beer. He sat on the kitchen stool, opened the beer, and quietly sat there, dumbfounded.

You see, at night I would astrally travel and visit the people that were in my life. I traveled not by car, but in my dreams and visions. I knew if our friends were fighting, or getting along. Even if I had never been there, I knew what their homes looked like and what events were happening. I would call to verify this the same day or the next, but they thought I was “weird,” *even if I was right about what was happening*. During our marriage, I only told my husband a tiny fraction of what I witnessed and what I knew of the others in our lives from my astral travels. In the following days, after the revelations from both the kinesiologist and the naturopath-numerologist of who I truly was, I

became filled with pure delight. Finally, there was a name for all the things I did and felt. *I was liberated and free! My life was finally making sense!* Unfortunately, my husband did not feel the same way. He was scared and confused.

He stated that, “If you go on with this foolishness, they will take you away in a white straight-jacket.”

I joked to lighten the situation, “No, white doesn’t suit me ... it will have to be pink.” Pink was my favorite color at the time.

Joking did not seem to help. But, I was not deterred. I knew what I had to do. My life now had meaning. My husband stared blankly, and almost wept in disbelief; like a wrecking ball to a house, his future and his entire social-life were being demolished by his own imagination. It scared him to imagine me speaking about what I knew and what I could do to his friends.

Then, he muttered these words, “I can’t be married to a mad woman ... What will my friends say? ... What will they think of me?”

I felt sorry for him. I knew I had dropped a bomb on him. But, I also was surprised to notice something else; *he had no concern for me in what I was going through and how this affected me.* Nevertheless, I still cared for him. I explained to him that we could both come along this journey. He could learn about Spirit and my abilities with me. When I offered this he turned me down. And, I had remembered what my spirit guides told me during the kinesiology session; we would separate and both move on. He was devastated, overwhelmed, and depressed. How could I blame him? He liked his life uncomplicated.

“You can’t rely on something that isn’t real,” he said.

“Yes, I can,” I insisted. “Because in my heart, I know this is true.”

I was tired of living like an outsider. I wanted to claim *me* back. I wanted to live, *the way I should – with Spirit.* I was like a child again and willing to learn because of my new understanding of who I was. And, that was when my working apprenticeship began with Spirit. They became my teachers. But

I was unaware of what was to come. Life was already tough for me, and although my path was clearer, life suddenly became tougher.

SHADOWS & ERROL

At the age of six, I spent some time with my grandparents staying overnight at their house. It was a beautiful old house, in the area of Turrumurra, in NSW. When we visited, I was supposed to sleep in the room upstairs, down the long hall in the back room. I was scared to sleep in this room at night. In fact, I did not even like being in that room during the day either. Because, I remember seeing and feeling – the shadow in the back room – knowing somehow it was a woman standing there looking at me. I never saw her face, but I knew it was a woman wearing a light blue dress. I could tell she was an old woman too.

The room was small with just a single Queen Anne bed, a Queen Anne side table and an old fashion lamp. All of our grandparents had these kinds of things in their bedrooms. The curtains were always drawn and you did not go into this back room, *unless you had a purpose*, as I had been curtly told many times by my Grandmother, *my Nana*. The back room was somewhat dusty and it smelled – well, *old and stale to me*. But, it wasn't the furnishings or the smell that upset me. I was scared to sleep in that room; it did not feel right. I would make my grandmother leave the hall light on which beamed straight from the opening of the beautiful filigree staircase. I frequently imagined running quickly to the staircase, if I needed to get away in a hurry.

Incidentally, that was the same staircase that I jumped off – *to fly* – a year earlier, when I was five. I just knew I would fly, because I flew in my dreams all of the time. So, when I closed my eyes and jumped off the staircase a year earlier ... and fell to the floor, I was confused for an instant. I had the wind knocked out of me so I could not breathe at first. My parents were alarmed and had to call the doctor to the house to examine me and make sure I was all right. But, I had no broken bones. In fact, after I recovered my breath, I was not hurt at all. My

parents could not believe I was not hurt. I told them, “*I flew! It was great!*” They scolded me and scoffed, “You did *not* fly. You fell.” They were wrong. In my mind, *I saw myself flying* – just as I did in my dreams. It was wonderful. And, I also saw the angel that suddenly appeared out of nowhere, reached its arms and wings around me, and broke my fall. Then, abruptly the vision changed to all white. When I could see again, I was on the ground at the bottom of the stairs struggling to breathe. Yet, I could not convince them what really happened. *It was real.* I know it happened. My parents were always telling me different explanations for things that happened to me. I do not know when I stopped telling them everything, but I gradually told them less and less of what I saw so as not to be called a liar; it was so confusing as a child. I was not a liar.

Anyway, the door to Nana’s back room opened directly to the bed, so as I lay there with my head turned to the overhead light fixture, I could see what was going on down the hall. But, this night, something was wrong. *The shadow stood at the foot of the bed.*

“Nana?” I called, without taking my eyes off the shadow. “Something ... is in here ... I am scared.”

The shadow did not, or would not leave.

My Nana came quickly to me and knelt by the bed. “Hush child,” she said reassuringly. “No one is here.”

She stroked my head softly, as she often did when I was upset. Sometimes, she even sang to me when I was afraid. She thought it put me to sleep, but I was just tricking her with my eyes closed. The shadow lingered a little while longer before leaving, but I did not tell my Nana she was gone. I wanted my Nana here with me, in case she came back. But, after a time, my Nana left me alone in the stale, back room, lying awake on the stiff mattress. When morning came, I could not wait to jump into my Nana’s bed. *Ab! I was safe now,* I thought as I cuddled up next to her. The morning light that streamed into the room was bright and warm. *Now, maybe I could get some rest.*

I found out many years later that the back room that I had to sleep in was

my Nana's mother-in-law's room; and, even though she died elsewhere, she came back to visit her family, and her room.

When I asked my Nana about her mother-in-law, she told me with mild annoyance, "She had everything her way."

My hairs stood on the back of my neck when we talked about her. Then, to my Nana, I described the old woman that stood by the bed – the shadow. At first, she was patient. Then, she got out her old photos to show me her mother-in-law. But it must have been something I said, because her attitude abruptly changed before she pulled open the dusty album with the leather cover.

"There she is. That is your great-grandmother, my husband's mum."

"You see, *I was right! Even about her dress.*"

"That's silly," my Nana said. "How could you know? You were too little to remember her before she died."

Even though my Nana died many years ago, she still visits me. I often see her in my parent's home too. I have often seen her with her white hair, standing in her favorite blue dress with a string of pearls around her neck, as she waves goodbye to me from the front porch, standing beside my parents who were unaware of her presence. She always appears to me that way every time she visits. She has a calming presence and was usually full of advice. However, not all Spirits are pleasant. Sometimes when shadows have walked by me, I have felt scared. I even said to one a few years ago, "Excuse me," as I walked down my hallway on my way to the toilet; I nearly bumped into him before I realized it was a Spirit and not a living person. Fortunately, as an adult, they did not bother me the way they used to when I was young. As I grew older, I noticed that some spirit guides would live with me for a while. In the last few years, one spirit guide threw my cat across the room, because my cat, Sasha, was sitting in *Errol's chair*. That's right. The spirit guide told me his name was Errol and he claimed my chair as his own.

When I first saw Errol, he strolled into the room as a tall English aristocrat,

dressed in a dinner jacket of velvet green, wearing long black pants, and a paisley cravat. His hair was salt-and-pepper gray that danced in waves all over his head. He stood there contentedly smoking a pipe. My old Chesterfield Chair that formerly belonged to my parents was positioned by the phone in the sunroom. Errol would sit there for ages, looking through the large window and allowing the sun to warm his bones, so he said. That became Errol's chair. But, that was where my cat loved to sit also. Poor Sasha. She would get disturbed quickly if Errol wanted his place. A friend of mine even witnessed poor Sasha flying through the air. We both saw my cat get picked up and held in mid-air, and then was tossed, as if she was of no use. Errol did not like cats, and it did not take long for Sasha to realize she did not like him; it was as simple as that. If Errol entered a room, Sasha would awaken immediately and look at Errol. If she had time, she would scurry. So many times, without initially noticing Errol, I would find she very quickly wished to get out of the house. Sometimes, she refused to come back in. Errol would just laugh his hearty, snide, aristocratic laugh. He was happy with his position of importance within my home. Other people who have visited my house noticed the odd dent in the chair or the smell of Errol's pipe. When they questioned me, I answered, "Oh, that's just Errol. He is my spirit guide." Most thought that was a bit too spooky. But, I liked Errol and he liked me. He came from time to time to keep me company, and he was good at moving things around in the house. Not all Spirits, in my experience, did that.

THE COCKATOO

After my marriage ended, I began a spiritual journey. On top of that, I searched for a new life partner and had many dates with men. But, they did not always turn out the way I hoped. In fact, even before I began my dating journey, Spirit told me to go out, take up all invitations, and circulate. I did. I rose to the occasion and circulated, but nothing impressive seemed to change with my social life. Even so, I felt as though there was a little amused reaction coming from Spirit, however I did not feel they would ever tease or hurt me. *This left me wondering, why? What were they up to?*

I was invited to parties, dinner, coffees, clubs and other places just to hang out. And, I went. Sometimes, I had a great time, and others, not so. But, there was one kind of invitation that I never forgot. The invitation to an event where I knew no one, or I was the only single person there, and there was this extra chair squeezed in for me at the end of the table. How embarrassing that was. I felt like a loser. Oh, yes. It seemed, everyone knew I was the odd one out at those events whether they said it or not. How awful. If the men paid more attention to me, their partners sat smiling but sent invisible daggers my way. The outing would be exhausting, as I would have to use Archangel Michael continually to help me deal with these people. He was my knight in shining armor when I was in a difficult situation, or when it felt too hot to handle, or when I needed some extra energy or protection to help me along the way. Like everyone else, I only had to ask him for help and he was standing by my side. I thought, *if only everyone could see him, the way I did*. He was gorgeous, tall with flowing blonde hair, and great abdominal muscles ... and his amazingly deep, blue aura; it was dazzling. Sometimes he carried his flaming sword and shield, and other times he did not. The first time I saw Archangel Michael, I was smitten. I asked him, *are you my new partner?*

He laughed at me and said, ***No, dear one.***

I said, *Darn, too bad!*

Nevertheless, on many of the outings, Archangel Michael and my guardian angels heard from me. *Boy, did they*. There were many times in my head I screamed, *Oh God, please bring my soul mate, now! So, I don't have to go through this any longer!* But, still I persisted. I kept accepting invites when I really did not want to go, or I went to places to be with people with whom I really did not have anything in common. It took me a while to realize this was a lesson I was learning. Now, I am sure. At the time, it felt like Spirit was setting me up for something. *Was this for a fall or was this a big, life lesson that I needed to learn? I could not tell.*

It was in the late 1990's, yet I remember my first attempt at dating after I separated from my husband like it was yesterday. The Hen planned to introduce me to my date. She was a thin woman with short-blond hair

whose tiny nose seemed a bit too small for her face. And, the date that she arranged should have been perfect. After all, I thought the Hen knew me well enough to know what kind of man I wanted to date. Plus, I had shared with her Spirit's messages to me about Spirit bringing me my soul mate and what his characteristics were. But, she did not believe that I would meet my man as a result of Spirit.

The Hen laughed in her slightly nasal voice, "That doesn't happen in the real world. If you don't do it yourself, you never will get anywhere"

Unbeknownst to me, a week earlier, the Hen had decided upon a different man for me. But, apparently, because I believed in God, this man did not want to meet me. So, she had gone back to the drawing board.

".... My brother-in-law would be perfect for you." The Hen said, "He has been away in the Navy, and now is home. I am still good friends with him even though he divorced my sister. He wants to settle down and have a family."

That sounds great. But, wait ... the Hen thought it sounded great. *Hmm. I will have to ask Spirit.*

And before I could ask Spirit anything, the Hen reminded me, "You should not be too choosy. After all, beggars can't be choosers," she quoted.

To me, this meant that she thought I was a beggar and I did not have a choice. *I am not a beggar, and of course, I get to choose what kind of a man I want to date! Was she helping me or insulting me?* I should have guessed what would happen next. Unfortunately, I left Spirit out of this altogether. *Well, what harm could there be?* I reasoned. *A date was a date. A dinner party, good food, great company, and perhaps another date to follow up this one. Why not?*

The party was the next night. I changed outfits six times. I even re-showered because I got myself in such a sweaty, nervous mess. *Woman, do this!* I thought to myself. I am not usually the nervous type. But, most people want to do his or her

best and present themselves in the best way when dating.

Finally, I did it. I got the right outfit! ... This one makes me look slim. There is a little cleavage showing. My hair is perfect. My smile is on. I am ready.

Oh, yeah ... I got there way too early.

Not to worry, I shrugged on my arrival. *Oh. Great. I get to help out in the kitchen as my reward for getting there too early.* Wow, the kitchen was hot. I was quickly getting sweaty again, and kitchen's humidity was making my hair fall limp. I had no apron. *Err!* Now, a little splash of tomato sauce landed on my top. *Oh, darn. Now what?* I asked myself. *Not – to – worry*, I mumbled, as I wiped it off well enough to not notice. By this time, I was feeling a bit rung out, just like the damp dishcloth in my hand. I did not even get much of a rest before ...

Ding–Dong, the Hen's doorbell rang.

My heart stopped suddenly. *Could this be it?* I asked. *Spirit, help me relax!*

No? Wbaw. It was not him. I had to relax and get ready again. Seven more times that doorbell rang, yet he never walked through it. So, I mingled at the dinner party, all by myself, with the couples that had arrived, who were all silently feeling sorry for me. I could hear their thoughts in my head.

Two other women who knew why I was there alone were trying to reassure me with ... “Don't give up. I just know he will be here.”

The main course was served. We were halfway through eating it when the doorbell rang. My heart jumped. I panicked also in my head, *was my lipstick still on?*

“How do I look?” I asked another female guest.

“Fine,” she said. “All is well.”

I turned around, flashed my famous smile ... There he was ...

The Cockatoo, the tall, fair-skinned, rough-looking man. And, standing next to

the Cockatoo ... was the woman that he brought with him, his date – the redhead with the red leather skirt that was too short and tight for her apple bottom; the half-unbuttoned cream blouse with her bra showing made her look way too top heavy.

The – WOMAN – he – brought? I could not believe what I was seeing.

All of a sudden, I did not exist. Actually, I wished I could have vanished into thin air. No attention was given to me. I was not introduced. I was ignored. My plastic smile hid my true feelings.

The Hen after greeting the new arrivals had just returned from the kitchen to ask me, “Would you mind giving up your chair so they could sit down together? We will get you another.”

What was happening? A small kitchen stool, not a chair, appeared out of nowhere and was handed to me by the Hen’s husband. It was not as comfortable as the other chairs. Hey, I was *already* short. Now, I was feeling like one of Snow White’s Seven Dwarfs – *Dopey!* Then, the party seemed to go into slow motion. I was barely aware that no one said to me, “sorry that this happened this way.” Instead, all attention was on the Cockatoo and his date. I sat there quietly, feigning interest. But, I could not muster another smile. When, I recovered enough to ask in my mind of Spirit, *Why am I here?* I received no reply.

With this redhead on his arm, I watched the Cockatoo light up a cigarette, crack open one of the six-pack cans of beer that he brought, and let the foam dribble down his chin. I couldn’t help but notice that his cigarette was cradled by his well-worn, filthy hands, covered in grease – complete with the dark greasy lines under his untrimmed fingernails. And, that wonderful comb-over of thin brown hair that he had! *Hmm. Lovely.* His speech, as he continued to smoke, drink and interact was rough and foul too. His date either did not seem to notice that he was this way, or did not care. She did not do much of the talking; his date just would nod occasionally while trying to look like she was paying attention. Ironically, I began to feel a sense of gratitude that I was ignored totally. I was lost in thought. *How could she pick her brother-in-law for me?* I don’t smoke, I slowly murmured in disbelief to myself. *Surely, the Hen knew that about me.* I also thought,

Weren't military guys supposed to be a bit more clean cut? And gradually, my feeling of gratitude dissolved.

I left the dinner party early and cried most of my way home in the car. As I drove, I considered what had happened. *I went there because she knew me and I kept an open mind. But, relying on friends to pick dates for me obviously isn't the way to go.* Actually, at first, I did not know whether to cry because of a no-go situation with a man, or that *my friend, the Hen, obviously did not really know me! The Cockatoo certainly was not my type.*

At home, I decided to wash the days' events off in the bathtub. I put in some bubble bath and lit a candle in the bathroom. After the tub was filled, I got in and relaxed in the warm, silky water. Feeling sorry for myself, I started to complain to Spirit about what happened to me, before realizing that Spirit did not even get a chance to give me some input; I never asked Spirit. So I gave up feeling betrayed. My mind wandered back to thinking about what happened. *She said I did not fit in with her people. You know what? She's right. I need to be around spiritual people – people who understand me.*

As I eased into the water and began to relax, it wasn't long before I forgot about the date and the Hen. As the silky water dripped from the sponge in my hand, I started to think about how rain drops off a leaf after an afternoon shower ... and having a quiet and peaceful place for meditation. *I really need to get back to meditation some day. It would help me to relax when I need it.* By the time I got out of the tub, I felt refreshed. After the long soak, I finished the night by writing in my journal.

Although I saw the Hen once more after the party, she never mentioned the night again. Neither did I. Our paths never crossed again. *Oh, well. Easy come, easy go.* I had numerous ways to keep busy, and Spirit kept bringing me clients to help them to deal with their issues.

TRAVELING IN SILENCE

The first three weeks in February 2004 were uneventful. Today, all was the

same with my morning routine; I was looking forward to working with Spirit giving readings. I only had two afternoon clients. The first woman arrived looking a bit frazzled. All she wanted to know was how to have more money in her life and if I could pick the lottery numbers for her from Spirit. I told her that I would ask Spirit, but not to hold her breath on that one. Not everyone had a contract to be rich and win the lottery.

It was just as I suspected. Spirit did not have lottery numbers for her. Instead, I told her first about her children and her need to be a better parent. The rest of the reading did not seem to matter to this client. No amount of advice from Spirit, unless it was a quick fix for her finances, mattered to her at all. Spirit said to her that the main reason she had problems in her life was that she was a liar. She was deceitful with money and her family members did not trust her. It did not matter that I told her the name of her main Spirit guide and how her guides wanted her to have less stress in her life. Spirit guided her to eat better, quit smoking, stop drinking alcohol and stop trying to control everything and everybody. Her life was in a shambles and she did not want to fix it. She was a habitual liar and she did not even remember what the real truth was about what she really liked and did not like. Spirit tried, but I do not believe Spirit had much success with her changing her ways.

When the door closed, I said to Spirit, *people won't change unless they see the need to change. That is why natural consequences are the only way that they will get the message. If you lie, you will get found out. Eventually, everyone has to pay the price.* I waited for a few minutes, as I was not sure Spirit was listening. Then came Spirit's only reply, ***All actions are a person's responsibility. We cannot change a person. They must do it. Only the individual can change themselves.***

I had a few hours of downtime between clients, so I quickly finished up a few kitchen and cooking chores. When I finished, I relaxed in my lounge room with a glass of lemon-lime-and-bitters on ice. What Spirit had to say to the last client got me thinking about change, the need for all individuals to change, and how Spirit had led me to change my life for the better through meditation some years previous.



In the late 1990's, after I divorced my husband, I moved to Waterford, Queensland, about half-way between Brisbane and the Gold Coast. I was in my early thirties and I was trying to make sense of my new life. It was then that Spirit said to me I needed to learn to meditate. So I tried. I sat on my bed, closed my eyes, and for fifteen minutes, nothing happened. I was not very successful. My mind was too busy. But, being the persistent person that I am, I tried again. However, I was surprised when Spirit interrupted me five minutes into my second attempt.

Spirit said, *Learn to meditate in another way.*

Meditate? What other way? Why do I need that? I asked.

The voice within my head said, *To relax you, so you can travel with us in the silence.*

I pondered that for a moment. *Travel with us in silence? What does this mean?*

But, there was no reply.

The next day, I received a call from a friend, the Raccoon. This woman always questioned my connection with Spirit and wondered was I really hearing from the spirit world. However, she was pleasant company otherwise and I made a point not to talk too much about Spirit with her. She just did not like going places by herself and would frequently ask me to go do things with her.

The Raccoon said, "You need to get out of the house. I am taking you out on Saturday. Don't ask questions, just be ready and I will drive."

I did not argue. I was glad to be out of the house. Fortunately, I did not have any clients that weekend. Saturday came, she picked me up, and off we went. We were still in the local area of Brisbane, however, we drove for nearly an hour before we took a turn into a section of town where I had not been before. The road was windy and lined with the Australian bush. I sat there in the car wondering, *What has she gotten me into?* So, I spoke to break the silence.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

“Stop asking questions.” The Raccoon said. “We are nearly there.”

It was a lazy afternoon. So, I shrugged my shoulders and waited. We drove slowly up to the large gates and I couldn't see anything else until we drove past them. There was a large temple in front of us. The gardens were well manicured and filled with Chinese statues. Everything was inlaid with gold and red. The temple sat up high on the hill with a long staircase in front of it. I was confused, and then I panicked. *What was the Raccoon doing bringing me here? Could this be a mental hospital and was this my intervention? Others really did judge me quickly. She better not be. Perhaps, the Raccoon was not sure about me and what I did as a clairvoyant, so this was an intervention to “fix me.”* Talk about paranoid; I couldn't get those thoughts out of my head.

“Come on,” the Raccoon said excitedly. “You won't believe what I have in store for you.”

In a flash, I felt the blood drain from me. I was a bit dizzy and clammy. *What was happening?* The odd feeling gradually left as we walked up the stairs. A Chinese monk, dressed in orange robes greeted us with a bow.

The Raccoon smiled at him and asked, “Are we okay to go in now?”

The monk did not reply, he just nodded once and moved his hand to a corridor. We were to go down that way to the left. The large bell in the quadrangle was gonging loudly its low, but brassy, metallic sound. Yet, even with that sound, the place was quiet. Very quiet.

All of a sudden, the large double doors were flung open and there was another monk dressed in orange robes to greet us at the door. *Enter*, he motioned by his hand gesture and head tilt; no words were spoken. I felt the need to be silent, that somehow this room did not allow normal conversation. The room was large and empty with wooden benches around the walls. The carpet and walls were orange, and sitting in the middle at the back of the room was a huge statue of a golden Buddha.

The Raccoon pointed to me to sit on the floor next to her. We sat cross-legged, something I did not do very well at the best of times.

The Raccoon smiled at me and whispered, “This will be great. You’ll love it.”

I sat there trying to read the energy of the room. For some reason, I could not; and this made me even more nervous. From behind me, I heard other hushed voices and I turned to see what was happening. More people had turned up; we were not alone anymore.

I sat there thinking to myself, *Well, either they are all like me and we are being collected, or I am totally ignorant of the purpose intended for me.*

A door at the side of the room opened and a third monk came forward. He raised both of his arms to let us know it was time to stand. Still silent, he bowed at us all.

Then, he said, “Sit ...”

We did.

Then, he waited until no one made a sound and he said, “... Stand ...”

We stood in silence.

Then, he said, “... Sit.”

So, we did. *What is this all about?*

“Good, ... Now, I know – you do – what I tell you,” he said in his broken English. He sat down and began to instruct us. “You here to meditate,” he said. “Going within – is essential to happy mind, body, and soul. You must relax. Do not force – what I teach you. Simply, allow.”

Well, what a relief this was. I am safe and Spirit is sneaky. I am going to meditate just like they said. After more instruction, he asked us to rise.

He insisted, “You all ducks – you need to walk and follow. Clockwise, please! Get in line.”

We all scrambled into a circle. From everywhere around the room the music began with a single, soft, wood flute in the background. The lights were dimmed and we began walking. Out of nowhere, this same monk was now holding a stick. I did not see him come in with it. He beat it against the ground; and soon, we all began to walk in time to his beat. *Thump – Thump – Thump – Thump*. If some slipped back, he would nudge them with this stick.

“Chop-chop, too slow,” he would tap-tap us on the back of the shoulder with his stick.

Yes, I was one of the people he did this to more than once. But, quickly I fell into rhythm with everyone else.

Thump – Thump – Thump – Thump.

Everyone walked in time to his stick. After a short while, I began to feel giddy, my thoughts were not mine anymore, and the room became a blur. I was not sick or nauseated, but I did not feel quite like myself any longer. I felt light and spacey; it was pleasant.

Then, his command came, “Stop. Find position on bench around room. Cross-legged, please. If you cannot, then sit properly with legs bent in front of you with feet on ground.”

The Raccoon and I quietly went over and sat on the bench seat behind us and to the left, along with the others who found similar seats around the room. I never could cross my legs very well, and my feet did not touch the ground because I was short, but I did my best.

The room went dark and the lead monk said, “Now, breathe. That is all ... just breathe.”

I floated in the darkness without thought. All I could see was darkness, yet my

mind was clear. I felt I could think if I wanted to, but I did not want to think. I was vaguely aware of the others' energy in the room and the slight sound of their breathing, but my attention was on the emptiness. I just enjoyed the quietness, the emptiness, and the stillness. We sat this way for what seemed like 15 to 30 minutes. I could not tell. I lost track of time. This was my first experience of sitting in the "nothingness." It was awesome and such a simple process to get results, without much teaching. *No wonder the monks have peace*, I thought. *They just make it so easy.* The lights came on and the lead monk was now prepared to let us share what we had experienced. Many said nothing.

Then, there was one person who asked, "When will we learn to see our spirit guides?"

The monk spoke sharply, "When you recognize – you are a guide. You go within – you find answers. Count your heartbeat, then your breath ... Silence is not your enemy."

Wow, such wisdom the monk had. I would like to be like that, I thought.

And then, I heard a voice in my head say, ***You will. Just trust us.***

The Raccoon could see that I enjoyed myself and she was glad that this was a true gift for me. It was, and I acknowledged her and Spirit for it. I was grateful to have been guided here to experience the monks.



Ring-a-ding-da-ding-ding-dong-dong. My mobile phone rang with its standard ringtone, the same one it came with when I bought it. I don't know why I never got around to changing it to something else. I got up off the lounge to answer the phone. It was another client asking for a reading. After scheduling her for the following week, I went about making a shopping list for the few things I needed from the store. I was waiting for my last client of the day and had just enough time to go to the shops and the post office. As I drove to the post office, the traffic was light and I started to think again about meditation and how I had changed over the last ten years. *I worked on meditation after that for only a short time, unfortunately, as I had so many diverse interests. I took other spiritual classes, studied aura reading, learned psychometry (reading the energy of personal objects),*

flower reading (similar to psychometry, but with the flowers as the temporarily held objects), and many other things. There was always something that interested me. I would have done more, but I wanted to experience a full life and that required that I keep working to earn money. I worked in many different jobs: hair dressing, secretarial work, factory work ... I really loved the variety and meeting new people, and different jobs meant different people and places. And, every job taught me something different. I met so many people. Hey, come to think of it ... Oh, my God ... A chill ran through me. As I stood in the post office, I froze and turned away. I hope he did not see me. Please do not let it be him ... I slowly turned my head to look over my shoulder ... Oh, okay. When! It wasn't him. Thank God! The new postal clerk reminded me of the Gorilla, a guy I had dated in Sydney. It was awful. *For a minute there, I thought it was him. When! I have had an easy time with meeting men, but no date in the last ten years had been as bad as the one with the Gorilla.* While I stood there in line, the memory of what happened with him and how it began played like a movie in my mind ...



THE GORILLA

About a month after my meditation experience with the monks, after a long day of working two jobs, and while getting ready for bed one night, I remarked to myself that *I wish I wasn't alone.* I could not help but feel it would be special to snuggle up with someone right then. As I laid there hugging my other pillow, suddenly, I smiled. *Some of my previous dates were nice and others were ... oh well.* I drifted off to sleep imagining a man who would hold me in his arms and sweep me off my feet.

The very next day, an old boss's wife of mine, the Bat, arranged for me a date with the Gorilla. She thought she was helping me. This thin woman, with narrow eyes, dark hair and prominent chin, suggested that I date her tenant. He was single. She said he loved to dance and that he had a quiet side to him, as well as being funny. So, I said, yes. When the Gorilla phoned, neither of us had time for much more than brief small talk. Accordingly, we set a time for the date. Actually, I was eager. *Dancing? Yes, please! I love to dance. This will be great,* I thought.

I used to ballroom dance in the early 90's. I really enjoyed it. I met wonderful

people who loved the art of the dance. It was very physical and demanding on my body, but I felt elegant, completely free, as I floated across the room, like a beautiful woman. Dancing was a great way to meet people, be physical, and graceful, all at the same time.

The Gorilla phoned and asked me, “Do you like Chinese food?”

“Very much so,” I said. He wanted to drive and pick me up. *Hang on*, I thought, *I don't even know him*. I said, “No, that's fine. I will drive over to you and we can go from there.”

I wanted to see my old boss and the Bat anyway, so I thought that this would start the night off well. I arrived feeling great, looking good, and confident. It was great to catch up with friendly faces and meet a new one. My old boss, his wife, and I chatted for about 10 minutes, catching up on events; I pretended like I had all the time in the world, but inside, I was curious to know what the Gorilla looked like and did he like what he saw of me. I first saw the Gorilla when he came up from the downstairs apartment. He was cute. He had sandy-brown, wavy hair, and he was about 6 inches taller than me. He was dressed casually, but smart for a date, clean-shaven and had on a nice smelling cologne. I thought, *Okay, at least the outward appearance is good*. The Gorilla found it difficult at first to look at me. *Was he shy, with his head down like that?* My boss and his wife held most of the conversation. I sat there wondering, *Will this date get better or worse?*

The Bat suggested, “Isn't it time? You should go.”

“Yes, yes,” he said. “I have made the booking.”

The restaurant was not far from where they lived. He insisted on being a gentleman and driving. *Well okay, I guess. It was not far.*

I looked at my old boss and his wife, and the Bat gave me the nod.

“It was good to see you again. Enjoy yourself,” the Bat said, as she and my old boss hugged me goodbye.

The Gorilla opened the car door for me, I thought, *this is a good start*. He drove in a good manner and before we knew it, we were there. Great, I thought. *I am hungry and I hope we could eat soon*.

The restaurant was beautiful, with its all red and gold décor and black furniture. I hardly noticed the other patrons at their tables. All staff that worked there were Asian and my date seemed to know them personally. *That was another good point to the evening. This would make it very comfortable for both of us. I was an easy person to get along with, and it was always nice when you knew the people who owned the restaurant. They really looked after you, and I appreciated that*.

We were seated at the table where there was a single red rose, wrapped beautifully. There was a card there waiting for us too.

The card read, *To whatever comes next*.

Oh, how sweet. I was feeling all gooey inside. This date was looking good. *When did he have time to do this? He must have had help*. From an earlier phone conversation, the Gorilla knew all the things I would like to eat. So, he had taken the liberty to choose the appetizers for us, but wished me to pick from the chef's suggestions for my main dish. I was feeling safe with a man who was treating me well and being very courteous to me.

The food came. It was divine. Our conversation flowed easily. He managed to look at me more often while speaking to me which created a nice energy between us.

The Gorilla told me, "You are even more beautiful than how my landlord described you. Your eyes are amazing and your smile just makes me light up."

He scored well here, I thought. *His points are adding up and things are looking good for him*. I was interested to see what came next in this evening. It was unlike me, but I had not checked in with Spirit on this date. It was all going so well, and so I thought, this was something to pursue. I began to ask him about the dancing.

"Were we going somewhere else – to dance?"

The Gorilla began to fidget and the next thing his arm went up in the air. The next thing, just flat out ... floored me. The lights went down low, music began to play, and the Gorilla got up from his chair and came to me with his hand offered.

“Madam. Would you like this dance please?” the Gorilla asked. Accepting, I put my hand in his to stand.

Well, now I can relax! My dinner was safe. I was safe. And now, I was going to dance in a Chinese restaurant. That would be a first for me.

“Where are we going to dance?” I asked, smiling at the attention.

There was no dance floor, just a missing table in the corner of the room. And, that is where he led me. All of the Asian waiters and waitresses with their matching white shirts and black pants were at the bar watching us. This was a little embarrassing, but a bit of fun at the same time. The restaurant was not full. However, all eyes were on us.

The music was a waltz and the Gorilla took me in the proper hold to begin. That very moment I thought, *Wow. Romantic. Funny. Prepared ahead of time, and a gentleman who can dance. There is a God ... and thank you!*

And then, as the needle scratched across the record, I was pulled along by my ungraceful lead. Immediately, my toes were stepped on, and I was in a twirl that was not needed, nor in time with the music that was playing. I was literally thrown out of the circle that was opened up for this dance, fell into a chair, and almost ended up face down on the floor. The Gorilla rushed to me, and grabbed me by the arm.

“Let go,” I said. “Let me be. I need to get my footing ...” Everybody was looking at us. We sat down at the table and I asked, puzzled by what just happened, “... You said you could dance. What was that?”

“Come on. Give a bloke an E – for effort ... for trying,” he said.

“Do you know how to dance at all?”

“No, but I am willing to learn. We could go together,” the Gorilla said.

I was rattled. My energy was out and I needed to sort this in my head as to what had just happened. *Okay, so he tried to impress, but I would have preferred him to be more honest about the dancing. If I had known, perhaps I could have been the lead. So much for dancing tonight.*

We came back to our table and started to finish our meal. Still, I said nothing about what work I did, nor who I really was. He was asking a lot of small talk questions, but mainly so the night would still flow. When we were done, the waiter came over and whispered something in his ear. I was trying to tune in as to what the next surprise may be. *Was it going to hurt?* I thought sarcastically.

After a moment, the dessert was brought out ... *a Bombe Alaska* – made especially for me.

“Oh. Thank you,” I said with a smile. But inside my head I was thinking, *I do not really want this, but I will have to be polite and eat some of it just to make him happy.*

The waiter had already lit the rum. As we looked closer at the glowing dessert, the tiny light blue flame leapt up suddenly, and now we had a full-blown, two-foot-tall fire in the middle of the table. We jumped back and the staff ran to us. I quickly checked my hair and eyebrows. Luckily, they were not singed. Now, I was definitely not sure how to react to this guy and this whole evening.

“Okay,” I said. “That is enough for me. Perhaps we should call it a night. I thank you for all the entertainment,” I said. “The food was beautiful and it’s been great meeting you.”

His reply was, “The night is still young. We can go to a place where there is dancing. It will be great. You’ll see.”

“Thank you, but no thank you. Perhaps another time ...” Then, I actually

said, "... Maybe a movie."

That just came straight out of my mouth! Why did I say that? It certainly was not what I was thinking a moment ago. He had impressed me with everything else, but the dancing fiasco and the fire that almost ... well ... I suppose I could give him another go, I told myself.

He paid the bill and led us out. We had parked underneath the restaurant, and by now, it was quite dark without much lighting in the parking lot. He opened the car door and asked if he could steal a kiss. *Okay*. I leaned to him, gave a peck on the cheek, and stepped straight to the passenger side of the car. He quickly went around to his side and got in.

As I buckled up my seat belt, the doors were locked by the driver's automatic switch. Instantly, I felt the energy change in the car. The Gorilla lunged across at me and tried to undo my seat belt.

"What are you doing?" I asked. "What's going on? Don't you think we better get going?"

"Come on," the Gorilla pleaded. "You know what I want now. I paid for dinner. Now, it's your turn to repay me."

His hands and arms were all over me. I was forced up against my door. His hand moved up my thigh and he was trying to kiss me.

"Stop," I said. "No! This is not going to happen. Leave me alone, please!"

There in the darkness, the Gorilla pushed me up against the very door I was trying to open to get out.

"*AHHH!*" I screamed for help, which scared him.

The Gorilla told me, "You are being silly. All the girls know this is how the night ends," as he came in closer.

"Well!" I yelled at him while I was still struggling to get out of the hold the

Gorilla had on me. “THIS GIRL does not end a night like this!”

Again, the Gorilla complained, “I paid for dinner. You have to give me something in return. Don’t be a spoil sport,” as he was trying to spread my legs and move on top of me.

Then, out of nowhere, came a car. The headlights shined brightly on us and it startled him to pause for a moment and he pulled back from me. *Were they my guardian angels? They must be. I just KNEW my angels would help me!* The lights became brighter, almost to the extent where you could not see anything, just the bright lights. A car horn sounded, and so I reached over and pushed his car horn in reply. *HOONNNK!*

I yelled, “Let me out of this car, NOW!”

The horn from the other car sounded again, and I heard the release of the automatic locks on the doors. I pushed against my door and was able to get out. I ran.

I looked back at his car and saw that there was no other car to be seen. There was no moving car anywhere; the lot was nearly empty to begin with. I kept looking for the other car that saved me. But, there were no lights, no car. *I know that was no dream. We both saw it and heard it! Oh, thank you, Spirit!* I beamed. *Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!* I kept repeating in my mind.

I ran to the road and hailed a taxi. The driver dropped me off safely where my car was parked. Thankfully, the Gorilla was nowhere in sight. When I arrived, there was a bunch of flowers on my windshield. I threw them to the curb, got in my car, and took off. I did not go in to tell my old boss what had happened. I just wanted to go home.

The next day I could not get the events out of my mind. I shuddered every time I thought about it. *How lucky was I?*

The phone rang before noon.

It was the Bat, not the Gorilla, who screeched at me, “What have you done to my tenant?”

“Me?” I said, “Didn’t the Gorilla tell you that he nearly raped me?”

The Bat was not going to hear any of that. He had already given his version of the night to her. Consequently, she saw me as a tease and a user. *How dare she? Didn't she hear what I said?*

“You know me better than that,” I stated.

“Do I really?” the Bat doubted.

The Gorilla had twisted everything around and I began to weep. She had no sympathy for me and told *me* not to contact *her* again. *I knew what happened that night. But, it was his word against mine. Even the court system did not always take the woman's side in cases like these. What was wrong with people? No meant no.*

My days afterwards were filled with “What-ifs?” *What if only he took things slowly? Would I have gone out with him again? Was he really a gentleman? Or, did he just switch on the gentleman mode for a moment to get what he wanted? What if he was a liar the whole time? Could he really be decent?* There were several other what-ifs I just could not bear to ask myself.

The answers from Spirit came, although I did not know they were listening. *This is how others live. The expectations of humans must be sorted out so these situations do not begin. So many are false, using love to hide behind. He knew how to act; yet, there were no truths within him. Even the landlords are unaware of what he is truly capable of.*

I sat on my lounge knowing now, why so many females did not report rape and sexual assault. Shame! Embarrassment and shame. But more so, they felt let down that no one would believe them about how the event took place. The Bat did not believe me. There seemed to be no concern from her as to how I was feeling in all of this. She actually said to me, “You should raise your bar and be a better person.” *Wow! Are you kidding!* I was perplexed at just how much she really did not know about me. My bar was raised plenty. That was why he did not get sex in the car. I would have been happy to pay for my own dinner, with my money,

not my *body*. Yet, he never hesitated to pay the bill, as many males did when the bill came.

This situation continued to rock me for weeks. I felt let down by my old boss's wife who obviously thought she knew me well enough to set me up on a date. *Or, was she trying to do herself a favor somehow?* The Bat called me a couple of weeks later on his behalf. She wanted to know if I was interested in a second chance with him.

"Did you not hear me the last time?" I asked hotly. "He attempted to rape me."

"Yes, well," the Bat said. "That was a misunderstanding. He likes you, and he needs a date."

Now, I was dumbfounded. *Where was the sisterhood relationship here? You know, the one where women look out for each other.*

My answer was, "NO WAY," as I hung up the phone.

So, I made a new dating rule: No getting picked up in the man's car. But, after a moment, that thought made me sad. *What about the wonderful men out there that would never do that? If I retaliated by being standoffish, then each of them would have a cloud over them, as if they were untrustworthy. Were they going to be a gentleman? Would they behave? It would be unfair, I thought, for a man who would never act like that. Women all over the world had this same issue, and I was not getting anywhere closer to solving this one for them or me. Now, I can see why dating is such a hard task. If any woman has experienced this behavior before from a man, and still seeks a chance for a better outcome, how weak was she? Or, was she the strong one? I could not be sure. The energy of a date was set improperly whenever a man or woman had this in mind and did not respect the other or the word, "no." It was wrong to begin a date, or any relationship for that matter, without respect.*

So, I began thinking about having good dating rules. *Did anybody know what the rules should be? And again, I say this situation showed me that my old boss's wife did not really know who I was, even though we had been friends for years. I do not think she knew what I stood for, nor did I suspect she knew what her tenant's character was like either. Either way, I*

believe she must have thought poorly of me. All she seemed to be interested in was getting him a date. Again, I ask, why? What motivation did she have? If he was stalking or coming on to her, I prayed for her. If she was confused as to what normal boundaries should be, then I prayed for her to learn. Spirit, please help her see the errors of her ways. I had already prayed for him.



“Next,” the familiar-looking postal clerk said. It was my turn. I approached the counter and let him weigh and affix the proper postage to the parcels.

The clerk even had hands like the Gorilla. Yuk. This episode with the Gorilla helped me understand more about dating. People needed to ask more questions of their friends and to share more about themselves with their friends. We needed to tell the others who might be helping us find a date, just who we really were, and what we wanted and expected. All parties needed better communication. I vowed I would not make that mistake again.

I finished with my errands and made it home just in time to finish getting ready. I had unloaded the bags from my car and freshened up, just as the knock on the door came from my last client of the day.

DATING THE MESSENGER

The Untold Story of a Clairvoyant

"K's story is funny and witty, yet captivating, as finding true love is something that we all strive to find. Her insightful way proves that we are guided through life and that opportunities will present themselves to us, but only when we are ready to receive them. This is a truly inspiring book and one we should all read to help us understand the ups and downs of love, life, and friendships."

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"I reflected on the Ancient One's words. He called me "the one." He said I was "Spirit's messenger" now. This journey, I realized, was far more than I could ever have imagined and I could not wait to see what was next."

The narrative takes place in Waterford, a small suburban town in Queensland, Australia. This is a thought provoking and fascinating love quest as told by K, who struggles to know herself and discovers the difficulties of finding a suitable partner through Internet dating. In this true story, K, a gifted clairvoyant with the ability to see and converse with invisible beings, shares her extraordinary insights and experiences with Spirit, her invisible companions who guide K and her clients to a better life. K's lonely journey into deep despair and back, to ultimately find and love herself, will have you laughing and crying as you meet the "animals" in her life.



Authors K & Dr. Michael of Connect with Spirit are two of Australia's most impressive clairvoyant healers, meditation teachers, and spiritual advisors, with several celebrity clients to their credit. You can find them channeling messages and sharing spiritual truths directly from Source during their highly sought-after private sessions and workshops.



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