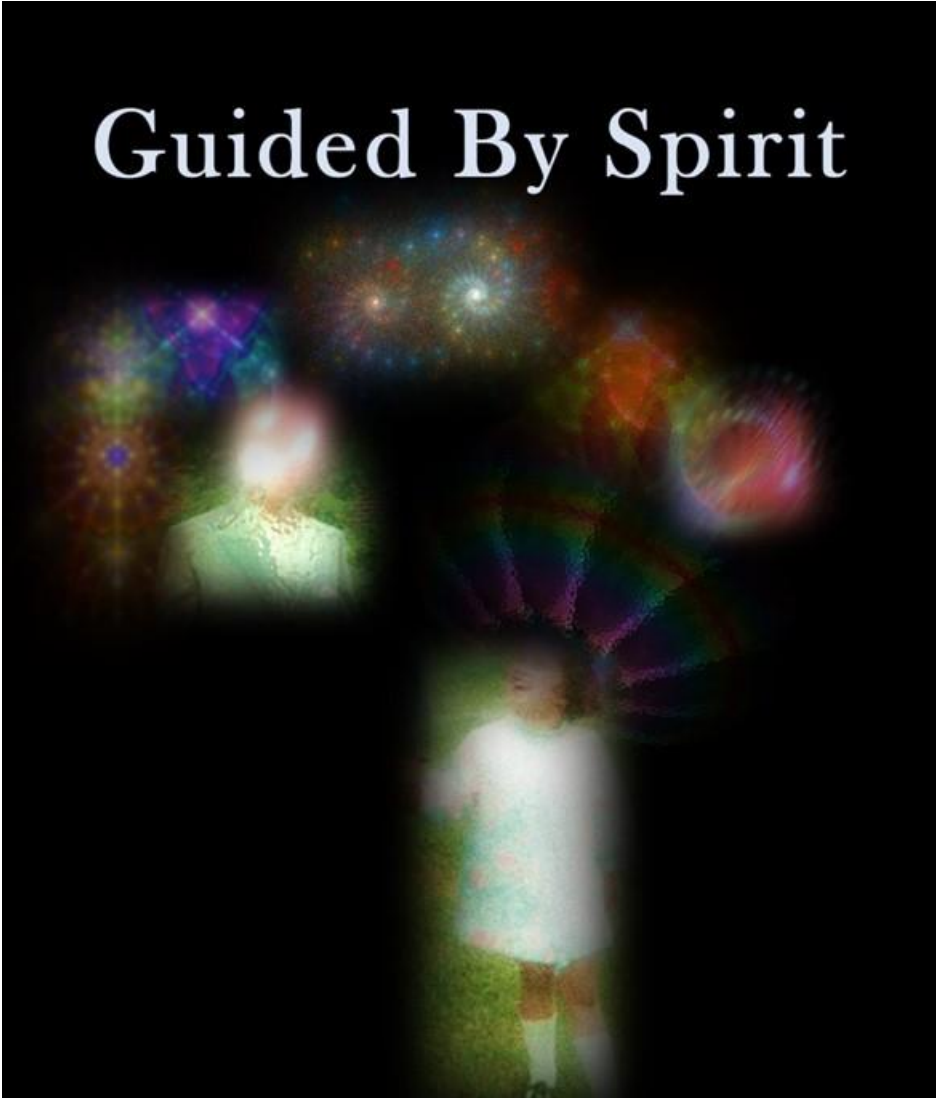


GUIDED BY SPIRIT

Guided By Spirit



A Healing Journey
Through Breast Cancer & Mediumship

Elfriede Erzen

"*Guided By Spirit* is a powerful story of Elfriede's recovery and transformation — a treasure box that is fascinating, compelling, and moving . . . a heroic narrative of her deep curiosity about the mediumistic world of Spirit, connecting and leading her to total healing. Such healing is here for all of us when we welcome it, and Elfriede is here to share how she found it."

~ Tara Samuel ~ Actor, writer, producer, filmmaker
www.wildprairierosethemovie.com

"Once mediumship enters your life you realize how healing it is; it becomes hard to imagine your life without this holistic, soul-exploring activity. *Guided by Spirit* maps one woman's introduction into mediumship and healing."

Chris Johnson ~ Ontario Experimental Group (OEG)

"Everyone should read this, for one is never navigating their life on their own. A story of the power of our souls and the guidance of the Spirit World."

~ Julie Adreani ~ Trance healer, Evidential and Physical Medium
www.julieadreanispiritmedium.com

"This is a living work because it's about life, and more life, never-ending. Elfriede gifts us with insights that unfold directly from her courageous explorations into the highest of spiritual journeys through fear, pain, hope and ever-growing joys."

August Goforth, author, *The Risen Books*
www.therisenbooks.com



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A Healing Journey
Through Breast Cancer
and Mediumship

Elfriede Erzen

Colour Edition

Foreword by Tara Samuel

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my boys Devin and Sebastian.
May you always feel the love and support of Spirit, guiding you.

Thank you to Dave and Viv for your friendship and support.

Thank you to Julie for your loving nature and generosity.

Thank you to Chris for inspiring me and for joining me in my spirit world explorations.

Thank you to August for all your advice and encouragement from the beginning; for all your editing of the text and beautiful book design, including the cover. This book could not have manifested without you.

Thank you to Tara for being my “writing sculptor” —.your infectious enthusiasm, talent and hard slogging through my scribblings was truly a joyous collaboration.

Thank you, Karen, for always giving so much, offering the book your time and eagle eye.

And to all my friends, family and guides on the other side of the veil.

Thank you for all, for you have blessed me with so much!





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“... One must have chaos in oneself to give birth to a dancing star.”
~ *Friedrich Nietzsche* ~



Everyone needs to read this book. As a single mom myself, I know the struggles Elfriede has experienced. To then be diagnosed with breast cancer during Covid isolations while single-parenting — this was an extra challenge. Elfriede became determined to use this time to go deeper within herself. This book tells a story of healing that inspires us to connect to our soul's power. It is a reminder of how important it is, to listen to our intuitive voice within. My wish as a medium is that you realize what wonderful beings you are. You are not alone. You all have powerful spirit teams and loved ones on the other side of life, listening and connecting you to where you need to be. This book provides much evidence of this truth.

Julie Adreani
Trance Healer, Evidential & Physical Medium
www.julieadreanispiritmedium.com

FOREWORD

Tara Samuel

A few lifetimes ago, I stumbled into a wonderful and terrifying new experience: I was cast in an independent, comedy science fiction TV series called *Flashback*. The auspicious bonus of this new job: I was to work alongside this warm, hilarious, and magnetic new friend, Elfriede Erzen. Orbiting each other even before this gig, Elfriede and I had both graduated from the same theatre school in Toronto, she only slightly ahead of me. Elfriede and her circle were all esteemed, celebrated Toronto writer-actors I admired from afar and sought to emulate. Now on set with her, I was seeing first-hand that she was a great actor. “What is she doing that I need to do,” I thought. I had only just met her, and already she was inspiring me to be better and wiser. From day one, I was learning from her.

After acting together in this zany, joyous project, Elfriede and I were then invited to join *Flashback* creators Ed Sinclair and Michael Balser on their trip to the Banff Media Festival, in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. This was a life-changing adventure. I felt surrounded by pros like Elfriede and wanted to be as accomplished as they all were. Then we all said farewell and headed out into our own horizons. I had no idea then, that Elf and I would find each other again, twenty-five years later.

Spring 2022, out of the blue, I received a FB message from Elfriede! All these years later! I was surprised and elated. What a gift to then read her book and discover that she too was on a path of healing and continuous self-expansion, like I was. She, too, was insatiably curious and hungry for ongoing personal and spiritual discovery and awakening. Here again was another chance for me to learn from Elfriede.

This book is found treasure. *Guided By Spirit* is a moving, entertaining, and instructive story of resilience, repair, power, and lift-off. This book is for everyone who has been diagnosed with breast cancer. It is an invaluable, indisputable source of support, comfort, and empowerment, to anyone experiencing the emotional and physical challenges, fears, questions, pain and loneliness of breast cancer diagnosis and treatment, from chemo, to radiation, to post-radiation, to healing, to new life and new self. You are not alone. You can heal. Elfriede has lived this and will show you the way.

Anyone curious about physical mediumship will find this to be an enlightening experience. As a newcomer to these realms myself, I was fascinated to read of Elfriede's experiences. She was my perfect guide as she led me through her discoveries of all that the universe of Spirit seeks to offer us. This work demonstrates first-hand the many wonders of physical mediumship. There are worlds and worlds of love and healing all around us. As I read of Elfriede's enlightening encounters, I, too, was enlightened.

This book is also for everyone who is on a path of healing, which is all of us — detailed and raw, humorous and utterly illuminating. How brilliant that along our search for maximum peace and joy, we find a book that opens these very doorways to us!

Ultimately, *Guided By Spirit* is a profound and magnificent exploration of the physical vs the spiritual: Each one of us is a precious physical being who is experiencing the very dense realities of being human — including all the visceral feelings of grief, pain, fear, rage, shame, sadness — along with the challenge of living with and through and then moving beyond physical challenges and diseases.

At the same time, we are all innately drawn to healing, and to freeing ourselves from living merely in the physical alone. Through our acknowledgment and welcoming dimensions beyond, via the expansion of our thoughts, we can experience spiritual healing, joy, and elation. This is the most important and amazing message of this book. Elfriede embraces — in real life, right before us — that her life is so much *more* than the physical. We are *all* so much more than the physical.

Upon reading Elfriede's words, we are filled with the healing energies of awe, light, laughter and love, which emanate from all souls still with us on this Earth; as well as from those who have transitioned beyond this earthly life. *Guided By Spirit* is a direct source of healing for all who read it.

Tara Samuel
Award-winning actor, writer and director.
yourwritingchampion.com



PREFACE

“Nourishment comes in some form of energy and promotes growth
and change — which is life and more life.”

August Goforth, *The Risen: A Companion to Grief*



In many ways this feels like coming-out-of-the-spiritual-closet kind of book. I know many people do not believe in the afterlife and will think I have lost my marbles. Some friends have heard drips and dribbles about my experience. Others have no idea of my secret double life as an explorer of Spirit communication. Still, I feel drawn to join the many others who have come to realize that bringing this work into the forefront is of utmost importance. While it tells the story of my cancer journey, that experience is only one part of my far greater story of self discovery, which continues to expand. I am sure I will be chasing spirits until the day I die. And then, I am sure I will begin work on the other side, too. There is no death, just a transformation and continuation of our soul. Knowing this helped me during my Covid year in Cancerville. My hope for all readers of this book is that you take from it what your soul is seeking.

INTRODUCTION

SONNENSCHEN

When I was a little girl, my aunt would visit us, from Germany. Tante Elfriede. She would call me “*Sonnenschein*” — which means sunshine — because I was always smiling. As I grew up, my smiles seemed to stay. I smiled a lot, in fact. But while these smiles reflected a deep joy in me, they also masked a dark side of my childhood that was not spoken about.

I was an only child and spent much of my time by myself. This led to lots of imaginative play. One got used to oneself for amusement. Our street reminded me of a 1970s sitcom. Middle-class homes; kids in groups playing outside all of the time. This was Burlington, Ontario, before we moved to the countryside of Sutton West, Ontario.

I distinctly thought God called my name one day on the back porch. I looked up. It sounded so clear. Like from the sky but also in my ear. Of course, I had an active imaginary life. “Did I really hear that?” I felt calm though and a sense of wonder, like someone was watching over me. It is a vague memory now, as though I perhaps ignored it then, and squashed it down. But this voice did make me ponder: could God or spirits could talk directly to me? Maybe they were around me, in nature. Nature was as real to me as any of my friend groups. I spent many hours outside in my own company and with the trees.

When we moved to Sutton West, we lived a few blocks from the lake. There were plenty of fields and wild areas where I’d get lost in imaginative play. The world of childhood was so close to Spirit. It was like the world of Nature: it had its own language. To be walking and playing in it was to be part of it.

I remember getting lost in the woods near my babysitter’s place. I felt the energy of the trees communing with me and sensed the unseen spirits that guided me back to the house. While these presences reassured me, they kind of frightened me, too. There really wasn’t anyone encouraging us as children to talk to spirits, other than in church. So, these energies felt like something I should be afraid of.

I think back to these times of innocence, and they remind me how far one can stray, from the beautiful power and spirit of Nature. I love that I was called *Sonnenschein* as a girl. We are all shining rays of the sun. This story is of my journey back to the wonder of Source, God, Universe; back to the glorious rays of light from which we all come.



CHAPTER ONE

HISTORY

“If you cannot get rid of the family skeleton,
you may as well make it dance.”

George Bernard Shaw

FAMILY LIFE

My story begins with my mother, Hilde, whose life has seen many hardships. I often see her story as a World War II screenplay in which she is the heroine who ended up in many unfortunate relationships.

My mother’s mother was called Oma, my German grandmother. I can remember Oma in her white apron and her hair in a bun with bobby pins. Her hands were often stained with beets and her house had an old musky smell. I see her moving around the table. When my grandfather died, Oma saw him at the edge of her bed one morning but later said it must have been a dream because that sort of thing was forbidden or evil. I remember visiting Germany one summer, and Oma went to have a nap in the guest room at my aunt’s house. I am not sure if it was the anniversary of Opa’s passing, or a celebration for Oma. I walked into the room, looking for Oma, and saw Opa standing in the corner. I fled the room immediately and then re-entered. He was gone. It must have been my imagination, but now I always wonder.

Oma could be bubbly and laugh a lot. She knew all the neighbours and they all knew each other’s business. But I knew that as a mother, she was a fierce criticizer, which she passed down to Hilde, who I think fled Germany to get away from her control.

I could smell the history in that house. I could feel the wartime and adversity. When we would leave, Oma would stand in the middle of the road, wave and cry.



(Leni, Hilde, Elfriede and Oma)

Hilde was the eldest of four daughters, to Magdalena and George. There was a ten-year age difference between her and her youngest sister Leni. Hilde was the workhorse. She cleaned up after my Oma and wished she could play more. But my grandmother would always call her in. She was fourteen when the war ended and had a savings-and-scarcity mentality. The other

sisters didn't. It was like she was Cinderella. She would always stay home, while they would go out to the ball in fancy new clothes. The other sisters seemed so carefree compared to my mother.

Marianna, only two years younger than Hilde, was born with a hole in her heart. It made her very thin, fragile, and unable to participate in life. She was Oma's right-hand daughter too, and never left home. She was like Beth from Little Women. She died at the age of thirty. That day, my mom left the garden and went on an errand. She might have been living in the other building. Oma called out that Marianna was asking for her. My mom said she would be right back. When she came back Marianna had died. It is a regret my mother carries to this day.



Marianna

Elfriede was seven years Hilde's junior and was an Elizabeth Taylor lookalike — dark hair, blue eyes — and pampered by Oma.

Leni was the baby. She had red hair that Oma was ashamed of. You were a witch if you had red hair. Hilde would take her out in the stroller and make sure to cover her hair. Leni was the wild child and always said she took after Opa. Mom would tell me she was boy-crazy and would sneak out. There was something about her that would make men wolf-whistle at her. She had a playful tomboy spirit that I always enjoyed. Elfriede ended up sounding like

Oma to me: often scolding everyone and bitter at the younger generation. I loved Leni. I thought Leni lived her life with a carefree spirit.

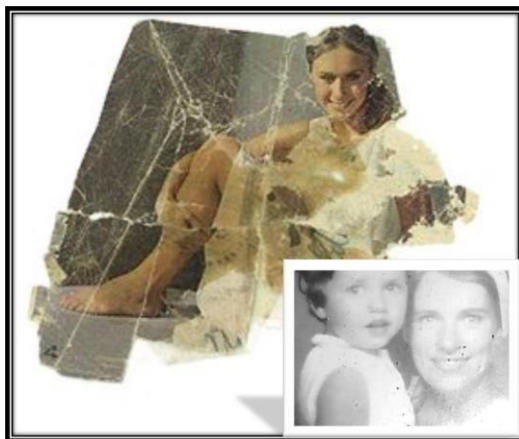
Sometimes my mother would live in the village, Ainhofen, with her aunt and extended family. During the war she would sometimes bike from Munchen to Ainhofen, delivering eggs or valued possessions. Her cousin was the same age, and they were close like sisters. Hilde preferred living there but they put her to work also. One day a concerned friend told Oma to bring her back to Munchen because they were working her so hard.

My mom had so many stories of the war. It boggles my mind to hear her say she had never seen a black man until the American victory parade through the village. Also, the soldiers stole watches. My mom recalls seeing a soldier showing off all these watches up his arm like the triumphant winners that they were. But she also remembers they gave out chocolate bars which was a huge treat. There was an inbred fear in her though. What would happen to them now? The losers. Being the losers of the war deeply affected her for the rest of her life, I think. She shied away from speaking too fondly of her homeland for fear of ridicule. "Why don't you go back then?" quipped a fellow work colleague decades later, when mom would talk about Germany. She learned to assimilate; be small and obedient. You stayed out of trouble that way.

She fell in love with an American soldier named Greer Thomas and broke Oma's heart. Hilde remembers hearing Oma cry for weeks because she decided to marry him, then flee to New York City. In fact, they lived on Long Island. My mom must have had an adventurous streak. But while there, something happened in their marriage that she never fully explained. He was Protestant, she was Catholic; in her mind the breakup had something to do with this, but that full story remains a mystery to me. She had some kind of nervous breakdown, their marriage was annulled, and she returned to Germany.

As an adult, I came across his love letters to her. Greer Thomas wrote to my mom every day for a year. I think he was even remarried at that time. Years later when I was born in Canada and my father had abandoned us, my registration said, "Baby Girl Thomas." To my mom, this English name was better than her German last name. She was protecting us from German prejudice against us. But I am ahead of myself...

Back in Germany after ending her short marriage, my mom looks sullen and depressed in the 1950s photos of her. She had various jobs such as cleaning and sewing in a factory. I have a beautiful picture of her modelling for them. She was a stunner but never would accept a compliment. Even in her 90s she glows with her sharp blue eyes but scoffs at the mention of how beautiful she is. “I never was.” I feel my mom never valued herself.



Disheartened in Germany, she decided to get sponsored by a friend in Newfoundland, Canada. She took a long ship journey there and began work as a cashier in a grocery store. After a time, she moved to Toronto to do the same thing.

In an English language class, she met my father, Carmen. They dated and saw each other on weekends for two years. Many jovial pictures of dances and car rides. He looks like a very well-dressed man with receding hair and a big grin. He looks so fun and full of life. Very Italian. And my mom looks happy with him. It is not the mom I grew up with.

She got pregnant at age thirty-six. This was a very late pregnancy at that time. I guess he wanted to arrange for an abortion. She didn't want to. That was the end of that. I think she contacted him to tell him he now had a baby daughter, but I never knew of this — or him — until I was eighteen.

So, she had me all alone in Canada. She never told her family in Germany, and I was born premature and put in an incubator, nuns surrounding me, in St Joseph's Hospital. Five days after my cousin Fritz was born, she finally telephoned Germany to say that I had arrived. I'm fairly certain my mom did not want to upstage the birth of her sister's child. Fritz was the first boy in the family. Oma and Opa were delighted. I was the questionable surprise that followed him. I always felt that my Oma favoured him. Oma was loving, but sometimes a hurtful comment would escape her lips. This affected my confidence early on, I think. Fritz was the Golden boy, while I was second class: a girl *and* a Canadian.

A friend of Hilde's said she knew an Austrian widower whom she might be interested in named William. He turned out to be a sociopathic pedophile. But when they first met just after I was born, he charmed my mom for only a few months before they got married. My mom used to say that she never knew a man could behave as horrendously as William did, because her own father was so kind and lovely.

William was seventeen years older and always said she could never leave him. What would people say? That was the era when you just stayed in your tortuous marriage. And he did torture her. It was an ongoing cycle, their marital madness. You knew if there wasn't a big blowout from him in two weeks, it would happen soon.

In short, he beat down her spirit until she was always resorting to keeping the peace, at any cost. She had to tiptoe around him. I remember we once went to the police station because he beat her, but there was no protection for us back then.

I never got a physical beating. Maybe a smack for my shoes being out of place, or writing in my journal to say things didn't happen as I wrote them; maybe to throw the bathroom door open and bark at me, "Why are you closing the door?" Maybe to put his hands around my throat to threaten to strangle me.

Sometimes he would say that I was a Jew. He hated them. Apparently, he was an ex-SS man. Mom vaguely told me that when I was an adult, he was supposedly in jail for two years before a US relative of his then-wife sponsored him to Canada. He and his first wife worked for a Jewish family on their land. Very ironic.

And yes, he sexually molested me from an early age. I didn't tell my mother until my thirties. When I was growing up, I didn't think her Catholic mind could imagine this being possible. Or accept this fact about the man she was letting raise her daughter. There was too much at stake. Security was everything to her and oh, "He never drank."

But she should have questioned a man who beat her, and was a walking, hateful time bomb to all. When I was five years old, we arrived home to find the neighbourhood kids with their moms, in our driveway, with buckets of soapy water. They were scrubbing off crayon marks that were all over his car.

At eleven, I recall standing on the upstairs steps as she was about to leave for her Saturday grocery store clerk shift. "Please don't leave me with him," I whispered. She stopped for a moment. I remember the way she looked at

me. Like a moment of fear and confusion. She may have asked “Why?” I never said. She went to work and downstairs he would come with the dish cloth. My cartoons would end, and my little dog Trixie would watch.

Still, I felt I had to take care of my parents somehow. I understood their mixed-up selves. On the one hand, my mom could be a very judgmental Catholic, forcing me to go to church until I was seventeen and not letting me go to the grade seven dance. On the other hand, she was married to a non-churchgoing, verbally and physically abusive, child-molesting man. Sadly, she needed to defend him to keep the illusion of stability going. She could never leave him. My poor mom spent a lot of time in the garden.

It is funny how family history can repeat itself. My mother Hilde never knew her own biological father. He was of some wealth and position and getting Oma pregnant was not in the plan. Oma was bought off with a small plot in the suburbs of Munchen. Many farms in the area at that time. Not long afterward, a friend of Oma’s asked to introduce her to a gentleman called “George.” A meeting was set. Oma had a baby already, but some fine property as well. The hope for this meeting was an arranged marriage, a new life together. Well, George thought, “I want to see this woman first!” So before the meeting, he got off the train and went down the path behind the house. He hid in the trees until he could see her. When he did, he was pleased, and that was that. They were the picture of happiness. She, the boss, and he, the easy-going one. Both my mom and I never knew our fathers.



Oma and Opa

Childhood turned to teenage angst, but I found salvation in the drama club and our yearly performances. This pull I felt toward the theatre first tugged at me when I was very young. I remember being in kindergarten and going into the gymnasium with a buddy student to watch a Christmas play. Somehow, I knew I wanted to be on the stage. I instinctively felt that being on the stage in front of people was a calling. Maybe this was a premonition.

During high school, I watched as others went on dates and did normal teen things. I was rarely allowed. I obediently stayed at home and only recall

a few sleepovers at my girlfriend's, where I would finally have the chance to let loose. Acting in the high school plays was my source of joy during those years. I felt I could transcend my feelings of inadequacy by taking on these characters and feeling their spirits.

I followed the crowd to university, where I took Psychology. I then switched to a B.A in both Psychology and Drama. I couldn't shake my love of the theatre. I graduated, then to my thrill was accepted into a Theatre School in Toronto. It was an ecstatic moment followed by a joyful time of my life.

But the angst in me was still brewing. I wrote a monologue for the beginning of second year. I was letting some steam come to the surface. In the office the directors of the school commented in my term review that maybe I was not such a good girl from the suburbs. There was a burning spark of passion and rage in me. Good observation. There definitely was a wall around me that concealed a deep grief and anger. I did develop a friendship with a sensitive guy in my class named Craig. While we seemed like the odd couple, we fell in love and got married. I felt safe with him, and he was caring. For ten years I had a bohemian lifestyle of actor friends, dinner parties, taking classes and any role that came my way, while mostly waiting on tables. However, over time my husband Craig and I grew apart. Then I wrote my first play for the Toronto Fringe Festival with a man named Frank, and my marriage exploded. Lots of wine and an early midlife crisis, I think. Frank was fun, attentive and ignited something in me that I wasn't feeling with my husband. This new flirtation was exciting for a girl who had married her first boyfriend.

This new whirlwind relationship, however, would end my marriage to Craig. I would eventually remarry Frank and begin a fifteen-year long, life-changing, heartbreaking journey. A journey that would ultimately force me to look at myself and my self-worth. But I am getting ahead of myself. Back to Carmen, my biological father.

CARMEN

I found out that William wasn't my father one day at the kitchen table. His explosions every two weeks were usually triggered by nothing more than a look sometimes. On this occasion, his outburst peaked with his venomous blurt to me: "I am not your father." Some unspoken oath had been broken.

How my mother left the table is a blur. I do remember her silence; like a knife went through her. In a fog, she went upstairs.

I think I recall finding her lying in her bed crying. This is the only time I remember seeing my mom cry. My mother told me later in life that somehow, she could not cry anymore. On this day of drama, I may have tried to approach her, but I think we all just went silent and not a word was spoken of this for a long time. I do remember feeling relief. I did not have his genes, I thought. I was not related to him.

While my mother was driving me to school one day, she said she had photos of my actual dad and wanted to start a conversation. I wasn't ready for that. I didn't glance at or take the photos. It wasn't until years later — when William was far away in Cuba — that I sat down with my mom to hear the whole story. The photos were priceless to me. We looked alike. I remember wanting to find him so badly. But there was no Ancestry.com back then. There was no way of knowing where he lived. Mom thought he would have returned to Italy. She had never planned to tell me that William wasn't my father. I only knew because he blurted it out. This angered me. I had a right to know my past.

One weekend during university, I filled out some form from the Salvation Army in downtown Toronto. I had no clear last name. *Pecherriloy*, *Fechherley*? My mom always acted like she didn't know. Though she had showed me photos of him, she wanted me to leave any search for him alone. It seemed a very difficult and sad time for her to talk about. Her way of dealing with things was to ignore and forget.

In 2021 after my cancer treatment, a piece of paper slipped out of a book just a few weeks after I decided to explore Ancestry.com. I recognized William's handwriting immediately. On the piece of paper was dad's name. It looked like "Carman Vecchiarelli." I wondered why William had written his name down. I recalled seeing my birth dad's name years ago in an old address book of William's that I can no longer find. I wondered then, how William got a hold of Carmen's address. Finding that paper felt like more secret drama.

But now I had the name. Perfect for the little girl in me who wanted a daddy; someone to love and protect her. But over time, after failed relationships, this desire in me for a loving father figure faded. I came to realize that this love for my inner little girl needed to come from myself.

Flash Forward to 2021: A Trance Mediumship Reading

In a group session led by Elaine Thorpe, a voice comes through unexpectedly: “Elfy.”

“Can anyone understand that?” asks Jonathan the Spirit Guide.

“That’s me. That’s my nickname.” Nobody there would have known that.

The Spirit elaborates a bit — “*It is a father figure.*”

“Which one?” I ask with a laugh. “Carmen or William?”

Then a different bubbly spirit voice overlaps eagerly: “*Carmen. —my girl...*” he says with such emotion and joy. “*Happy Birthday.*”

I freeze. My birthday was coming up.

“*I love you. I am always here if you need.*”

Tears. The words I wanted to hear for decades, and it happened. An instant rush of healing. What a gift!



THE LITTLE GIRL AND RELIGION

As a very small child, I would go into the spare bedroom and open a drawer which had 8x10 pictures of a blonde Jesus. Like in the musical Jesus Christ Superstar. I would stare at them. I felt a strong bond with these pictures. I felt the essence of every Bible story was a loving message: treat others as you would yourself — and forgive.

It disturbed me to see the hypocritical adults around me professing to uphold this message. So many seemed critical and hateful to others. My grandmother criticized other nationalities. Lots of relatives had cruel and ignorant views. I knew early on that religion was a problem.

In grade thirteen I loved learning about other religions. In my World Religions class, I wished I was Jewish. I felt more akin to them and their culture, even as I was daily exposed to William's hatred of them.

I remember driving on the highway and getting a teaching on how to spot a Jew by the look of their noses. Wonderful lessons. I would remain quiet and know that William was ill. Somehow his vileness was just evidence of all that I knew was right and wrong. I knew the message. These adults didn't. Sometimes I would look over the church community and feel that so many were attending just for show. I quickly found I did not want to go to church. It felt like a dead ritual. Still, my mother dragged me there, until the day I moved out. Ironically, years later, and after much debate, I put my own two boys in a Catholic school. It was in a different neighborhood even. But it was the better school. Somehow, I would teach them discernment, and to take only the messages that were good and uplifting. Better to give them something to reject than nothing at all, I thought.

My two sons were baptized when Devin, the oldest, was four or five, so they could be accepted into the school. All those babies around us. When the priest asked the congregation, "Who will take Jesus into their heart?" or some such thing, my little son piped up very loudly "I do." It was a funny moment and somehow leaning them over the water to be anointed was a very moving moment for me. Somewhere deep inside of me, I believed in God and the power of Spirit.

Funnily, I have come to appreciate Jesus now. But back when my boys joined the Catholic school, having religious dogma in my life again was uncomfortable at first. Then years later, when I attended my first séance, my whole perspective changed.



CHAPTER TWO

THE SPIRIT WORLD CALLS: HOW IT ALL BEGAN

While I did believe in the afterlife, I never dreamed I would ever be invited to a séance. I didn't know anything for certain about séances. I thought people likely sat around a table in the dark while spirits and loved ones made themselves known via tapping sounds, or words spelled out on a Ouija board. I think I'd heard about table tipping. This is where people sit around a table and lightly place their hands on the table. Then with their group energy, along with energy from the world of Spirit and often a developed medium, the table rises or rocks. But the séances I was about to participate in would challenge and expand my views about life and death. These séances involved physical mediumship. This is a rare form of mediumship where the medium goes into trance and physical phenomena is witnessed by all attending. As I experienced these séances, I realized the more questions I asked, the more questions I had. My hunger for the truth of the universe was ignited.

I need to backtrack to three turning-point events in my life, that influenced my desire to connect with the Spirit world on a whole new level. Firstly, my second marriage and relationship with Frank — which scratched and crawled its way along as Frank and I struggled to make it work — finally came to an end. Frank eventually agreed to a divorce. Secondly and thirdly, my two most-cherished theatre school friends Liz and Patrick passed away during my struggling relationship with Frank, within five years of each other. These three powerful events culminated in an unshakeable hunger in me, for “something more.”

Frank became more and more of an alcoholic over the years that we were together. He had likely been addicted when we first met, but I was blind to this truth for a long time. Years. The reality of this enmeshed drinking story is that I was there drinking with Frank right from the beginning. I created this situation to live through. We shared a creativity together at the beginning. We worked together at a pub. At that time, I began writing my first play,

“*Looped*” for the Toronto Fringe Festival. I asked Frank to help me. We collaborated. This felt euphoric. Only Frank moved back to Ireland before the play opened. I felt confused by my own heart. To my great shock I wanted to follow him.

I finally broke up with my theatre school husband, Craig. It was awful. I felt sick and free at the same time. He came home from work that evening to find me waiting in the living room. “We need to talk,” I said. “Are you having an affair?” he asked. I felt confused and I agonized. “No, but I kissed him,” I replied. That was the end of Craig and me. I felt tormented that I could end it so abruptly this way-but I also felt relief. I wanted kids. He didn’t. Happily, he went to travel the world and do things he never could have done with me, as I was ready for babies.

After I broke up with Craig, I lived on people’s living room floors and couches that summer. I also visited Frank in Ireland for a week, which was bliss. We drank every night, but Frank reassured me: he could tone it back to a few glasses a night. That sounded reasonable. Great. I asked him: “If we are together after a year, would you want kids?” My clock was ticking. He said yes. So, it was a go. Not too irrational or impulsive, right? I packed up my Toronto things and moved to Ireland two months later. After a few months there, we moved to Edinburgh, Scotland to write plays.

I felt I was going down this new path because it was destined. Still, I drank a bottle of wine every night. I went to therapy in Edinburgh because I couldn’t deal with how suddenly I had left Craig behind. I still felt so connected to him. The grief of losing him haunted me for a very long time.

I remember coming home from a waitering shift and thinking, “Do not buy a bottle of wine tonight.” I suddenly didn’t want to. I sensed I would be in trouble if this didn’t stop. Also, while we worked in Edinburgh there was no writing. That was a joke.

I had so many red flag moments that first year in Ireland and Scotland. All along, the thought “*Go home*” screamed in my head. But where to? What job? Going to my parents’ wasn’t an option. But I had no confidence that I could find a way on my own. Then Frank would say something encouraging and I believed all would be okay. I still loved him. I would just hope that things would turn around. I did convince Frank that I needed to go back to Toronto. I missed my life there. So, we returned to Canada, and I curbed my drinking. Then I got pregnant and quit alcohol completely, but Frank never did. The situation escalated, then slowly, insidiously, alcohol took hold of him.

Back in Canada we had two boys: Devin in 2004 and Sebastian in 2006. We were struggling financially. Frank had an unstable carpentry job. The family in Ireland said there was work there and found us a big house to rent, on a field in County Wexford. I thought maybe this was what we needed, with children now. A life in the countryside. Reliable work for Frank and to be near his large family for support. We would go back and try again.

But before we left Toronto, my dear friend Liz was diagnosed with ovarian cancer. I wanted to support Liz through her illness before we moved back to Ireland. I called her frequently. I asked her to be Godmother to Sebastian, my second child, still in my belly. Sadly, she never met Sebastian. She passed away in 2007 while my children, Frank and I were overseas.

In years to come, Liz would make herself known to me through many mediums. My other close friend, Patrick, who had been in my school's theatre class, also developed cancer a few years later and died in 2012. They were both in their forties when they passed, and it seemed too soon. Their passings left a huge hole in me. They were both a pivotal part of my creative coming-of-age years. They were both deeply close to my heart.

It was perhaps the abrupt way that I learned of Liz's passing, that shook me in my heart and made this loss the very deep turning-point moment for me that it was. While in Ireland, she and I were on the phone together one day, and she announced she was in remission. Happy day! But we were in a small Irish village. We didn't have a computer in our place. I would sometimes drive into town to check email, but this was infrequent. Somehow, with the baby, toddler and life, I let time go by. When I next talked to her on the phone it didn't sound good. She kept saying "I'm sorry." Little did I know this would be our last conversation. A month or so later I received a call from a mutual friend to say that she had passed. I was struck with shock. I had not wanted to believe she would die. She would get better. I was stunned that nobody had warned me that she was nearing her death, so I could talk to her before she passed. My guilt and sadness overwhelmed me.

My dream that first night she was gone, was of Liz coming to me during one of our theatre school shows. Somehow, I was directed to a trunk. When I lifted the lid, I saw the beautiful, white sheer scarf with the purple and green jewels that she had given to me for my fortieth birthday one year earlier. It



Liz

felt so real. It felt like she was speaking to me and giving this gift to me again, in my grief.

Months later, Frank and I decided to have a Justice of The Peace ceremony, followed by a party at the house. Somehow it seemed sensible to get married now that we had two children. I was looking for a dress to wear. A friend lent me her beautiful, velvet burgundy gown. I wanted something else, though, and one day, looking through my suitcases, the white scarf from the Liz dream appeared. I forgot I had packed it in my personal belongings to take to

Ireland. The dream and this moment seemed very connected.

This powerful communication from Liz reminded me of another vivid dream that happened when my grandmother passed away, during my youth. My grandmother was in a nursing home in Germany, and we always thought the end would come soon but it took years. One late night or early in the morning we were all sleeping, and the phone rang. I had been dreaming of my mother, grandmother and myself. In the dream we were caught up in some sort of relationship turmoil that bound us together. As soon as the phone rang, I bolted up and knew she had passed. I began crying before they answered the phone. I could tangibly feel her presence in my room.

Shortly after Liz passed, I felt I could no longer ignore our situation. It turned out that work was scarce in the countryside of Wexford. We had to get rental assistance from the government. Red flags about Frank were always popping up. Liquor bottles thrown onto the field around our house. It was beautiful there and we had many happy moments, but I felt I would die if I stayed any longer. Again, a voice in my head said, “Use up all your savings and get back to Canada.” We had been in Ireland a year.

It didn’t get better in Canada. There was a hopeful time when Frank got a company job through a friend. But his stress and what I see now as consuming anxiety became too much for him to handle. The cracks in our marriage got larger and more alarming. I went to a therapist again and she said, “This is not good for the children or yourself. If I or anyone hears any more stories you need to seriously acknowledge that Children’s Aid could be informed.” Still mom would say, “But you can’t leave him,” and a part of me believed her. She most certainly would never have left. I felt trapped.

This was after I found out about Patrick’s cancer diagnosis, after Liz had passed away. Patrick had lived across the street from me for a decade after

theatre school and I considered him and his husband Andy as our extended family. At the time, we all shared an artist-lifestyle. This was one of the happiest chapters of my life. I immediately begged the Universe, "Please don't take Patrick, too." He was a charismatic, warm, fierce and talented man with immense concern for the environment and society. He did not suffer fools well, was loved by everyone and impacted so many. As we were back living in Toronto, I saw his decline straight through to the end and it tormented me. But when I went to visit him during Halloween 2012, again, as with Liz, I didn't think it would be the last time I would speak to him. Andy prepared me as I walked up the steps: Patrick was having a bad day. As I turned the corner, I saw him on the couch in a blanket, frail and weak. He reached for my hand which was cold from being outside. "My dear, you must wear some gloves." His hands were skeleton-thin, like an old, withered woman. I couldn't believe how drastically his appearance had changed since the recent summer visit. But I was not going to be pessimistic. He needed hope and strength for the next round of the fight. The results from his recent, second chemo session would be in a few days.

Andy asked if I would like a drink and I stammered, "Maybe some water." He left the room and I looked at Patrick. "You must be so exhausted, mentally, physically and spiritually," I whispered, thinking he needed some affirmation of his feelings. I knew he was scared. He burst into tears as did I and then holding his hand we cried. He kept saying, "I'm sorry." Then we composed ourselves as Andy returned down the hall. I showed him pictures of Devin in his St. Michael's Choir uniform. I expressed how I would like for him to see Devin sing at the Massey Hall Christmas concert. "Yes, I would like that very much." I knew that wasn't going to be physically possible.

We tried to chit chat, Andy acting as the hopeful voice of reason while I enthusiastically supported him. I felt Patrick was tired, though, and that I should go, but would come again soon. I held Patrick's hand, then hugged him. I felt his big blue eyes pierce me. I was not going to let this be the last goodbye. He would get better. I vaguely remember hugging Andy at the stairs and reminiscing about his Christmas gingerbread house of last year. He joked that I could do the gingerbread house this coming Christmas. We both knew there would not be a Christmas party.

A month later, a mass email arrived from Andy. There was nothing the doctors could do anymore, and it was time to let nature run its course. Patrick's body was winding down. I imagine their phone was maxed out with messages. They had many friends. But there were no more email updates

after that, other than one more from Andy saying he couldn't read them anymore; too much was going on for a visit. This was the most difficult time: wondering at night how Patrick was doing.



Then one night I had a dream. One of those vivid dreams again that felt real. I was outside at a bus terminal, with all of Patrick's friends sitting on the ground, everyone circled around me. Patrick came through the circle to me, healthy and strong. He was smiling. "It's okay for me to go now," he said. I had read somewhere that near death, the spirit often hovers between the two worlds, often visiting those who are thinking of them. I think Patrick came to comfort me, to let him go. I woke up almost in a panic and slightly shaking at how

real it was. I knew I had to call Andy in the morning. I wanted to see Patrick again.

Thankfully Andy was allowing loved ones to come and say goodbye. As I climbed the very long steps again to their apartment, the apartment we hung out at in theatre school, Andy warned me to brace myself. He had said on the phone: "No tears." I was prepared and calm. Yet the horror of seeing my dear friend reduced to a skeleton shell, breathing that death rattle, did shock my soul.

Then came the time to say goodbye. A privilege, yet something I really didn't want to face. I am not sure if I whispered, "Goodbye", "I love you", or both. Andy could see I was having trouble leaving. "I have so much respect for you, Andy."

I said, "Not many people could do what you have done."

"You'd do the same," he replied. Then we hugged and he said, "It's okay for him to go now."

Patrick passed away a few days later, December 7, 2012. I was angry that he was taken away from us so early.

After Patrick's memorial, I saw the play *Dinner at 7:30*. It was a remount of a show Patrick had been in, a decade prior. Many of the original actors

were in it including a mutual friend of ours, Viv. I had missed the original production, but seeing this recreation stirred in me even more feelings of loss. I couldn't accept that he was really gone. Afterward, Viv's husband Dave came up to me at the bar. I definitely needed a drink after that performance.

Somehow my conversation with Dave shifted to spiritual things. He and Viv were exploring this realm more now. This sparked my curiosity. Dave mentioned they were sponsoring a medium from England.

"What do you mean by a medium?" I asked. Dave explained they had met a famous medium, Keith Reinhart, thirty-five years prior, who eventually died. It wasn't until recently that they heard about another medium, Warren Caylor, in England. They traveled to see Warren in the UK, and again when he came to Canada, at a Spiritualist Church. One thing led to another, and Dave and Viv hosted Warren that summer. He was to visit again, in four weeks.

Dave proceeded to show me pictures on YouTube of apports and ectoplasm. These were all things I had no idea about. He told me of different spirits speaking through Warren, while he was in trance. I remember asking why spirits would do this. His response was, "To help us." Our conversation ended with me asking if I could be put on the guest list.

The next day I happened to have someone take the boys for a few hours. Still feeling sad and thinking of Patrick I thought: "If this man can communicate with the afterworld, why couldn't I try as well?" I laid down on the bed. The house was so quiet. I called in all spirits to give me a sign. After a while I felt energized but there was no communication. In my mind I kept asking for something, some sign. The answer formed in my thoughts, "Look up Warren on the internet."

So, a few minutes later I typed in his name and found his site. A kind face in his photo, looking up to the sky. A father. He didn't seem eccentric, just a normal English bloke. I found the link for his email address. I wrote him a brief letter asking if I could be put on the list and explained how I knew Dave and Viv for years but never knew of their interest in these things. His response was that it was not for everyone and that he would put me on the list.

An hour later, still having the house to myself, I was on Facebook and a pop-up comment arrived: "I know that woman"— meaning Viv, who was in a photo of mine at my backyard memorial for Patrick. Then came a slew of messages between Viv and Warren and I.

Viv: *Warren meet Elfy. Elfy meet Warren.*

I got a cold shiver which I then mentioned.

Warren: *That would be Luther.*

Me: *Luther?*

Warren: *Yes, he is an Egyptian Nubian.*

Gulp. In my head “What?”

Me: *Viv, can we have coffee?*

While meeting with Dave and Viv for coffee, they explained more about spiritualism and gave me additional information about the séances. It was still so “out there” to my mind. Dave mentioned that at one séance, Archangel Michael came through and he said he would be back when the circumstance was right. Now that seemed to be pushing it to me. And he mentioned extraterrestrials. I tried to remain open.

Later he gave me a book to read *Life Is Forever. Get Used To It*, by Marilou McIntrye. A great introduction and I devoured it. This was an account of a woman and her connections to Reverend Keith Milton Rhinehart who founded the Aquarian foundation. It tells of his experiences around the world. It blew my mind. Dave also told me about precipitated spirit paintings from Lily Dale. “We’ll go there one day,” Dave said. “Do you kind of sense that I am on a mission?” I did and part of me wanted in on it, too. Little did I yet understand of the immensity of the world I was uncovering.

A few weeks later, Dave went to Switzerland to see Warren at another séance. At this point, I was so intrigued by Warren. I wanted a copy of his book, but it wasn’t available in Canada. I emailed Viv. She said she would text Dave in Switzerland. Lo and behold three days later, Dave came back and I had a signed copy.

I read the book in less than twenty-four hours. I read it on my lunch, on the subway and after the boys were asleep. I was fascinated by Warren’s story of having a spirit follow him home from school and nobody else seeing it. He stifled these sights as it got him into trouble at school. His father appeared at his bed after he died in a car race, wearing the helmet. Later in life, Warren saw his mom standing nearby, watching her own funeral. He went to a séance for the first time in his early thirties and was told by a spirit that he had a gift. He was invited back the following week and sat in the cabinet. A cabinet is an enclosed space, often with curtains as the door. (This cabinet is where the

medium sits and goes into trance. It can be a handmade structure, tent, or curtained- off area of the room.)

According to his book, when Warren first sat in the cabinet, he felt that a few minutes had gone by when in fact a whole hour had passed while numerous spirits came through him. Warren and his Spirit team developed an ectoplasm voice box for direct voice communication from Spirit. This ectoplasm enables any voice from Spirit to be heard outside the cabinet in the séance room, separate from Warren's voice box. While reading this book, I learned that other auditory phenomena often occur during Warren's séances. There were a few witness accounts. Some visitors heard the sound of little children's feet running around. Physical/tactile phenomena would also occur at Warren's gatherings: Spirit would manifest their shape in the room, through the same ectoplasm, and attendees would sometimes feel the touch of a spirit. I was riveted by this book.

From there, things snowballed. I couldn't wait to meet Warren Caylor. Plus, I was going to get a one-on-one reading. I wasn't sure the reading would be all good news, but I knew I needed to hear it.

MEETING WARREN

READING, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE SEANCES, NOVEMBER, 2013

On a cold Saturday in November 2013, I dropped the boys off at a friend's house and stood at the bus stop to go to the West end. I was on my way to my reading with Warren at Dave and Viv's home, before our group séance with Warren at another location, later that same night. It was freezing and I must have just missed a bus. I became more and more impatient. I just wanted to get there for my reading at 3 pm. It was my first reading like this, ever. I felt I could run there; I was filled with so much anticipation and excitement. Of course, the bus took forever, and I could feel my anxiety rising. When I finally made it to their door an hour later, I was so hyper, I think I just spoke gibberish at the door. Viv greeted me, we talked about their house which I had never seen and in the background, Dave was hovering with a tall, large man. Dave said something like, "Hurry up, there is someone here who wants to hug you." I know I was tense. He was, after all, someone with special gifts. That in itself was kind of spooky. He hugged me a great big bear hug and put me at ease. He sat in the red chair across from me and shortly after, Dave and Viv retired to the basement. I got my reading.

I was feeling emotional with nerves. He explained how it would work. He would call on his Spirit team. He might have mentioned the name Tommy. Then after a few minutes, the spirits who wanted to speak to me would line up. He said it had to be that way, or it would get to be too much. He saw them. I remember him saying that there were lots of spirits around me who wanted to work with me, but I had so much that was happening in my life.

The reading began.

There was mention of a leak in our house and that needed attending to or it would get worse. Indeed, the kitchen sink kept leaking and causing flooding on our floors. Later in the winter after the ice storm melt, there was leaking through our walls.

He asked if I knew Elizabeth. He asked it twice because I just sat there frozen in disbelief. Remember, I was approaching this reading with a healthy dose of skepticism. How did he know about Liz? I had made no mention of her on Facebook that I recalled. He said, “She says she has no pain anymore.” How could he have known? Liz had chronic arthritis most of her adult life.

There were others around me, he told me. A tall Ed. Perhaps my dad’s brother. The feeling was that something gloomy was going to occur and that they were surrounding me. Interestingly, my father passed away two months later.

Other personal messages came in that were very heavy. I thought these messages meant invariable hospitalization for my then-husband Frank, because they said that he had cirrhosis of the liver, which wasn’t reversible. Warren had trouble pronouncing this word like he didn’t know what it was. But the immediate warning was that of William’s sudden illness after Christmas. Later, Frank’s alcoholism indeed began to seriously affect his body. Maybe the messages were for both of their livers?

I believe one of the first things Warren said to me was that I was a healer. Me? A healer? I did reflexology for a while but then I went back to school for medical administration, a job that was draining me in many ways. Many years later, in 2016, after leaving Frank, I went back to school to become a massage therapist. So maybe....? Apparently, I was a healer and I seemed to attract a lot of “characters.” Something about how I am with men. Hmmmm.... Food for thought. Yes. Characters. I always felt inclined towards saving others.

They also said — and this was not something I could digest very quickly or easily— “In a year from now, after the ringing in your ear stops, you will

hear voices.” What’s interesting is that I had no ringing in my ears until the day after that first meeting and séance with Warren. As I write this in 2021, the ringing in my ears still has not stopped and is a constant hum, like the sound of an amplifier.

During that first reading with Warren, he looked toward the side of my head, taken aback. I can still recall the expression of surprise on his face. I think of this moment as perhaps a spirit that Warren was seeing, working on my ear. Maybe there are still many spirits trying to communicate with me, but my frequency and vibration are not high enough to hear them. This is still a mystery. Years later, I went to a hearing specialist who said that I have lost so much hearing in that ear that I could use a hearing aid. I never did anything about it, and another reading a year or so later revealed that the hum is from Spirit and not to worry.

Back to the reading. Warren said, “You have too many tears in your life right now.” Yes, a turbulent marriage with an alcoholic. I kept trying to make that relationship work and it was a crazy, head-banging experience. I was told to speak more often with my mother, as she was worried about me. I was also told I wasn’t voicing myself! Warren said that my voice chakra was not moving, whatever that meant. I would become ill if I didn’t address these issues. It was true that for many years — really, for my entire life up until this first reading-I kept many things to myself. He told me to eat more red foods. Warren seemed confused by this information. “I don’t know what this means. Eat an apple.”

The reading continued. A part of the reading that I always felt was evidence of Spirit guidance from the other side was that “a drummer’s mom was to pass.” Not long afterward, I heard that the mother of Liz’s old drummer boyfriend Mike had passed. Mike was the only drummer I knew.

Warren also said that someone on my mother’s side, maybe my great-grandmother, was a medium. He said that I would make more money in six to seven months. Well, that came true six years later. I have come to learn that predictions of time must be taken with discernment as the spirit world does not operate on our timelines and they often seem to be not-the-most-accurate with earthly time.

At the end of the reading, I was extremely shaken and needed to go upstairs to their meditation room to compose myself. It wasn’t the kind of reading you come out of feeling great. He commented in a nice way, “Sorry. I hope you don’t feel like curling up in a ball after that.” I lay down upstairs and tried to absorb the reading. How was I going to pull myself together to

go to the séance after it with this heavy heart? I put my feelings aside and went downstairs.

One last memory was that before my reading, Warren explained auras to me. He drew a picture on the ground even. I was in awe, and he seemed so down to earth. He then got me to stand up in the hallway to read my aura. He kept stepping further and further back, while sighing. All he said casually afterwards was, “Yes, I like your energy and would like to work with you.”

MY FIRST PUBLIC SÉANCE

After my reading and some brief chats between the four of us, we loaded the car for the big public séance. Well, they loaded the car with their checklist, and I watched. Stereo, trumpets, tape, thread, curtain, toys, CD player etc....

I wondered how Warren felt. Even though I had read his book the skeptic in me was analyzing every moment. Could it all be true? I believed in an after world but reading and imagining are entirely different things from seeing and experiencing.

We arrived at the community hall, a dance studio up a fire escape off Queen Street West in Toronto. As the facilitators of that night’s event, Viv and Dave proceeded to set up blackout tape on all the windows and doors. I helped with this as we had another hour before the guests arrived. I was starting to feel a little nervous. We were going to be in complete darkness. I knew Dave and Viv for fifteen years. They were well-established teachers, artists and dancers in the community. They were grounded, salt-of-the-earth friends. “I trust you guys, 100 percent,” I mumbled feebly. But part of my brain kept asking questions. Is this for real? Will spirits really be able to come out into the room and communicate with us?

The people started to arrive. Some had been before. I stood back and observed. When it was time to get started, Warren seated us. I think there were about eleven of us. How did he remember all of our names? It seemed like Spirit was directing him. I sat beside a lovely young woman and her mother. She had been once before. She knew them through McMaster University and dance. Her name was Laura. There was also Olivia, who danced and had gone to McMaster too. Dave had taught kinesiology there. Interesting that Viv also taught there, and I had attended when I was eighteen. We would all soon join a wonderful little home circle (private séance group).

This night at the dance space, Dave and Viv introduced themselves and told us how they met Warren. Then Warren took the floor. He explained how the ectoplasm was formed from his intestine to create the voice box and how the spirits used that to talk through. He encouraged us to sing enthusiastically to the music to raise our vibrations. If we didn't know the words, then he invited us to hum. He said not to sit glumly in our chairs. This gathering was to be like a party and if we were to sit in a corner with our arms folded with a sour look on our faces, who would want to engage with us? Also, do not touch any spirit. This was very important. If you touched a spirit without its permission, ectoplasm would rush back into Warren's body at such a rapid speed it could seriously harm and burn him. Mediums of the past had died this way. "This was not a game." he said.

We then checked his body to make sure there were no hidden objects on him. A sitter, (guest) checked the cabinet for trap doors etc. Warren was strapped to the chair with zip ties, gagged, and had a pillowcase over his head. Lightbulbs were taken out of light fixtures. The room would be pitch black, though candles were sometimes lit upon instruction from the spirits. Music was going to be played on the CD player which Viv was to operate. It was all uplifting music like the Beatles and ABBA, that Warren had compiled. Viv controlled the volume or would pause the music when needed. The first song was to help get Warren into trance, and we were to remain silent. Viv blew out the candle beside her. Opening prayer. I later realized this is a staple ritual of every séance. This prayer usually includes the words "May only love and light enter our circle" and "Please surround us in the white light and violet flame."

When the opening prayer was complete, excitement and some fear rumbled in me. I told myself to relax. The opening music was beautiful and transporting. I felt lift-off. It was so transformative. The next song came on and we started to sing. All I could see was blackness. Nothing. After what seemed like five minutes some very large bangs were heard on the walls and ceiling. It could be felt as well. The vibrating. Then there came that initially terrifying sound of ectoplasm being drawn out of his body. Like the sound of loud suctioning.



A voice came out of the air. It was one of his spirit guides, Tommy. He had a mischievous-sounding voice literally like Golum, and he was laughing. Tommy immediately put us all at ease. He said hi to Dave

and Viv who casually answered, “Hi Tommy,” like old friends. Throughout the evening, other spirit voices came through Warren, all distinctly different.

Yellow Feather, a Native American, told someone they would perform psychic surgery in one year and approached her to give a physical healing.

Then suddenly, the pillowcase that was on Warren’s head landed on the lap of a person beside me. Then items that were glow-taped were seen to be flying around the room. At times, we saw little lights in the air.

At one point Tommy took out the CD that was playing, threw it on the ground and unplugged the cord from the outlet. We then had to sing songs without music. It was a rather funny moment.

We then heard this thunderous voice who called himself Luther, who felt like a giant of a being. Then a little girl, Jessica, came out to say hello. She had a very meek and soft voice. Later Yellow Feather announced that the Spirits would dematerialize the zip ties, then put them back on. Viv was asked by Yellow Feather to light the candle, while Dave pulled back the curtains to show us the ties were still on. Someone was invited to inspect them. Then Dave closed the curtains, Viv counted to ten, then she was permitted to open them again. The zip ties were no longer on Warren’s wrists. Viv closed the curtains and the séance continued. Later, we noticed that the ties were back on. During future séances with Warren, I learned that the spirits do incredible things with the ties, such as roll them up in a ball or materialize them in Warren’s mouth.

Another event that occurred at this séance was the chance to feel the ectoplasm-materialized hand of Yellow Feather. There was a glow-taped plaque lying on top of a small table in the middle of the circle and one by one some sitters were called to move to the table to feel it. In my head I was not ready for this. I kept saying to myself, “I don’t want to go up.” (I eventually did, at another séance.) We could hear people pat the hand, then we would call them back to their chair in the dark when they were finished. During this entire séance I was filled with peace, joy and wonder.

Our séance abruptly ended when Tommy told us there was a sliver of light coming through a crack in the front door and they needed to end the séance. The light can be dangerous to the medium.



Heading home on the subway with Olivia that night, my mind kept going over everything, especially how the spirits dematerialized and materialized the cable ties on Warren’s wrists. We were shown this in candlelight, but my mind couldn’t yet comprehend what I saw. Soon though, my perceptions and beliefs would expand immensely during the dozens of séances I would experience over the years.

MY FIRST HOME CIRCLE

Two days later I was invited to Dave and Viv’s to experience my first home circle. This is a private circle and not open to the public. It is with specifically invited individuals only, for the development of the medium and the circle. The home circle was held in the basement of Dave and Viv’s home. I had been feeling very worried about my reading which suggested someone was ill with cirrhosis of the liver. At the entrance, Viv, with kind concern on her warm face, whispered to me, “Would you like to speak to Warren before?” I said “No.” It seemed a little much, I thought, right before a séance. The six of us gathered in Dave and Viv’s living room. We discussed the fact that small home circle séances often have more specific messages - or provide the opportunity to ask the spirits questions.

We proceeded to the basement that was so tiny it literally fit only our chairs. I felt Warren’s energy and was excited, yet slightly apprehensive as well, about how intense this séance might be. Warren was behind the black curtain. Opening prayer. Lights out. Warren’s first trance song came on then shortly thereafter, the séance began. When the lights were out, the room felt much larger than its actual size. I was in for an unforgettable experience.

A relative of Viv came forward. We could hear this being in the dark, moving toward her. “Vivian,” he bellowed. I believe it was a great-uncle. We were told he would return at another visit. Tommy asked Dave to prepare the group as St. Michael might come. He informed us that the temperature might shift — and so it did. The room became very cold and there was a swoosh from the curtains. It felt windy. There was a gasping sound of “*haaaahhhh*” from an enormous presence with the sound of the curtains rapidly moving with the wind. Tears rolled down my face. Everything felt like a scene from

some Biblical story. It all felt divine. The small voice of Jessica whispered to me, “Michael is going to come home with you for the protection of your family. Listen for the angel voices.” Angel voices? I felt transported and humbled.

When the séance finished, we all went upstairs to sit and talk in the living room. After a few minutes it was obvious something was occurring, like Warren was about to regurgitate something. Viv told someone to get him some water. A glass was brought, and he drank. Viv brought a bowl under his chin. Suddenly, he started to spew about a dozen small gems, rapidly from his mouth. We had the sense to film it. The video can be found on YouTube via a search for “Apports post séance, Toronto 2013.” It might feel doubtful to some, this physical apparition of objects. But after seeing what I saw, many times over several years, I have come to see and feel the utter truth of these materializations.

This was the beginning for me. I was to witness some incredible phenomena in the next few years. Incidents like apports materializing out of nowhere, the physical touch from spirits, visits from great beings like Winston Churchill, encounters with previous mediums, relatives and guides with wise words for us personally and for our planet.

LAST PUBLIC SÉANCE IN NOVEMBER 2013

I didn’t have any money, so I messaged Dave that I wouldn’t be able to attend a late 2013 séance. That evening the phone rang. I heard Warren’s voice:

“Hi, this is God calling. You’re not going to heaven.”

“I thought as much,” I replied. We shared a laugh. He has a fun sense of humor.

“You are to come as my guest.” How kind.

At the next séance, I was told that someone wanted to come through to see me. “A grandmother,” Tommy said. “She says you’ll figure it out.”

Arthur Conan Doyle, who wrote *Sherlock Holmes*, also had a beautiful message for me. I did not know until later that in life he attended and investigated séances.

At the end of the evening, I said goodbye to Dave, Viv and Warren. I gave them some homemade cookies and to Warren, a small Christmas

booklet for his children. As I looked at Warren, I noticed his eyes seemed enormous and glazed over a bit. Other-worldly. They had changed. He gave me a hug and said, “You’ll be okay.”

As I ended my week of three séances I got to my car and felt emotional. Sad. I was becoming attached to those wonderful spirit guides of Warren and didn’t want to leave them. As I drove away and onto Bathurst off Queen Street, I almost hit a streetcar, then turned into a one-way street! But something veered me into safety. After this first week, I knew I would never again be the same. I knew that I was on a journey that was going to be transformative. I went home and prayed I could be of service to the spirit world. I hadn’t prayed in a long time.

Those first three séances shifted my perspective of reality and life. Things started to change for me emotionally and spiritually, and it wasn’t always a smooth ride. I immediately noticed that I no longer had the urge for my Friday night wine ritual. What I was getting out of that escape was now replaced with the wonder of a Source energy and something bigger than me. Maybe even a plan for us. Maybe that all we experience is only part of something larger. Maybe we all have a choice to expand ourselves further. I certainly didn’t have the answers, but I began to delve heartily into the topic of physical mediumship.

Slowly, I began to have a different perspective on my draining work environment as a patient information clerk. It didn’t always change the difficulty of going into that job each morning. We had a tyrannical manager. It felt as if the task of middle management in the hospital was to put pressure on us, the lowest rung in the ladder: the clerks in our busy fracture clinic. There were many manipulation tactics and a climate of fear. At this point in my journey, it had only been five months after my first round of séances in November 2013. In March 2014, several upsetting work conflicts had occurred, and I needed a mental health day. Truthfully, I wasn’t sure how I was going to face the workplace with this particular manager, one minute more. I rested on my bed and prayed to God that somehow I didn’t have to continue in this situation. The next morning, to my great surprise, I arrived at work to discover that the manager had been escorted out of the building. We were elated and enjoyed a brief break from the previous environment of stress. Soon however, the next manager made me decide that I could not do this job anymore. After that first round of séances, I seemed to know that when I finished paying some karmic duty, my job would just dissolve and something new would present itself. Eventually that is exactly how it

happened. With this fresh perspective, my new goal was to meet life with a bigger awareness.

That winter, I delved into all things séance with a new fire ignited in me. I learned about Gordon Higginson, Leslie Flint, the Fox sisters, and how Winston Churchill was involved with spiritualism. I read a book about Doris Stokes' clairaudience and demonstrations called "*Voices*" which fascinated me.

My husband Frank and I were drifting further apart but that had been a long time in the works. It didn't help that I was finding myself and he didn't get it. Everything that was wrong in our relationship was coming to the forefront and it couldn't be ignored much longer. The séances escalated the gulf between us, and he was not in a space to really accept or believe any of it. Truthfully, most people would find what I was experiencing hard to believe. I stopped talking to him about the séances. Change was brewing and it was turbulent

From 2013—2018 I experienced dozens of private and public circles. In 2014, the Toronto Home Circle even drove together to New York State, as Warren was invited to demonstrate a séance there for the very first time. Things were opening up for him, and a subsequent road trip we took to Florida was another wonderful highlight. My experiences of wisdom, love and HEALING in all the séances, instilled in me an awe that I can never fully describe.





CHAPTER THREE

A LIST OF MEDIUMSHIP TERMS

Along my journey I discovered there are many types of mediums. Physical mediumship seems to be the least well-known type most people are unfamiliar with. The human ability to communicate with spirits can be traced back thousands of years. Ancient tribes, shamans and indigenous peoples have their own ceremonies for connecting across dimensions. In the 18th century, there were many documented cases of communications with the dead at the forefront of the spiritualist movement. For example, the Fox Sisters were two young girls who became famous for the regular knocking and tapping sounds that would occur in their presence.

Another example — from the time of World War II — was the famous Scottish physical medium Helen Duncan who was arrested for information that was leaked during her séances. Psychic investigator Alan Crossley said, “During World War II servicemen killed in action were regularly manifesting at her séances. Relatives of these men were startled when their sons told them that they were killed at such and such a place...or sailors named the ship on which they had died ... The Admiralty didn’t release such information for as long as three months. They were alarmed that through Mrs. Duncan’s mediumship, the men were manifesting and telling the world about it within hours of the tragedy.”

Mental Mediumship. This is the type that most people may be familiar with. This is the medium who stands in a crowd and says, “I have a man here who was a father. His name is John. Can anyone understand this?” The mental medium may then channel more evidence from the spirit to the receiving person, so the receiver can truly know this spirit to be a passed-on loved one.

Mental mediumship covers such phenomena as *clairvoyance*, *clairaudience*, *clairsentience*, *claircognizance*, and *clairgustance*. In layman’s terms, these words mean that the medium can see, hear, smell, feel or just know things — *beyond* the sights, sounds, smells, objects or information that the majority of humans perceive.

Physical Mediumship. This is a whole other kettle of fish. Physical mediumship is the least well-known. Many ancient tribes, shamans and indigenous peoples all have had ceremonies that connected physical and spiritual dimensions. In the 19th century there were many documented cases of communications with the dead at the forefront of the Spiritualist movement. For example, the Fox Sisters, two young girls from Hydesville, New York, became famous because the regular knocking and rapping sounds that would occur in their presence. One way of explaining the difference is that mental mediumship is subjective, while physical mediumship is objective. In other words, during a physical mediumship séance, everyone can see, hear and even tangibly feel what might be occurring. For example, sitters witness physical — or materialized — phenomena. Levitations, apports, materializations, temperature changes, ectoplasm, rappings and independent voice are all types of physical phenomena.

Chris, of the Ontario Experimental Group (OEG) offers this explanation of physical mediumship:

“Many people learn to become mediums, practice tarot, develop the skills required to program a downing tool such as a pendulum, give readings to friends and even clients, however fewer dedicate their time and their space to explore the psychic possibilities of group mediumship, one of the greatest being physical mediumship.

“Physical mediumship is a group activity that can rarely be performed by an individual, as it requires much psychic energy to have a noticeable effect on the surroundings once the critical mass of energy is achieved.

“After many months of gathering, a group could expect minor interference with electronics, temperature drops, flashes of light, and gentle breezes in their dedicated space.

“After many years this group could expect light touches on the legs or shoulders, loud knocks or raps on surfaces found in the room, objects levitating or vibrating, cold breezes, objects going missing in the room, and noticeable disturbances to electronics.”

Trance. This describes the mental state of a medium when their mind is taken over to a greater or lesser degree by the controlling spirit. In the “greater degree” scenario, the medium has zero control over their body and doesn’t remember anything. In “lighter degrees” of trance, a medium can be aware that spirit is speaking. Each medium is very unique.

Ectoplasm. This term comes from Greek *ektos* and *plasm*, meaning “exteriorized substance” and was first coined by Professor Charles Richet (1850-1935) in 1894. A substance that varies in color, often white, emerges from the medium’s body

during a séance. It can manifest through the nose, eyes, ears and mouth as well as genital orifices. Spirits may use this substance to form a voice box that is usually suspended in the air while still connected to the medium with a “rod” of ectoplasm. Thus, ectoplasm can also be extended from the medium’s body to support a séance trumpet or levitate objects during the séance.

Séance. This is the sitting together of a group of people with the goal of connecting with the Spirit world. There is usually a medium and the people attending the séance are referred to as “sitters.” The medium is the channel through which spirits communicate.

It can be said that healing is the main purpose of every séance, and this healing is brought about by:

- ‡ Apports
- ‡ Providing evidence of life after death
- ‡ Contact with ectoplasm
- ‡ Messages from loved ones

Apports. These are objects brought into the séance room by Spirit. Sometimes an object appears as if “out of thin air,” falls onto the floor or table or into a sitter’s hand, manifests directly from the medium’s body, or emerges from the séance trumpet. There are various theories about such phenomena. One explanation suggests that the object has been dematerialized, teleported and then rematerialized into the séance room. Another posits that some apports are somehow created anew from the atomic energy substance that exists everywhere.

Apports can be common objects such as jewelry, feathers, activation stones and crystals, or more personal objects that belonged to transitioned loved one, such as a ring, and even from animals, such as a pet’s favorite toy.

Often an individual will get an activation stone that is programmed for the individual for their mediumship, healing, or for whatever they particularly need. I like to think of apports as a way of connecting people around the globe with a matrix of light and love.

Levitation. This is the raising of objects into the air without visible means and contrary to the law of gravity, often attributed to the “ectoplasmic rods” mentioned earlier.

Materialization. This is the changing from one form to another. For example, ectoplasm may materialize into the form of a human hand or in rare instances, an entire human form; also, a physical object might materialize through a medium's previously empty mouth, and in some instances, from tear ducts of the eyes.

Open Séance. This is a mediumistic sitting available to anyone who wants to attend without any weekly commitment.

Closed Circle or Home Circle. This particular kind of sitting is closed to the public, and for only a selection of committed sitters for the development of the medium and the circle, who meet at set regular times.

Spirit Cabinet. This denotes an enclosed, dark space where the medium sits. It can be a handmade structure or tent or simply a curtained-off area of the room. Usually a fairly small space, it condenses energy for the séance room manifestations.

Singing and Music in the Séance. The energy and vibration of the music helps bring the spirits in. The best music is songs everyone likes. The words are not that important. The spirits seem to like the "boom" of the music with a steady beat. Singing on key is not important, but rather, vibration of one's energy in the body helps bring the spirits in. Singing raises the vibrations of the body and of the room.

Spirit Team. A devoted group of Spirits that assist with development of the medium, keep the medium safe, and organize and conduct the session for the sitters.

Direct or Independent Voice. This is where the spirit will speak through an external voice box usually made of ectoplasmic energy. The voice of the Spirit is produced without using the medium's vocal cords.

Indirect Voice. Spirit will speak by utilizing the medium's voice box and so sometimes will sound like the medium's own voice.

Darkness. Essentially, Spirits work best in darkness. When mediums are working with ectoplasm, the introduction of sudden light may cause the highly sensitive ectoplasm to instantly retract from the medium's body. Mediums have been known to be harmed from the shock when a light source is suddenly turned on during a session. Typically, Spirits will indicate when it is safe to turn on a dim red light or other safe light source in ectoplasm-based séances.

This was just a very brief overview of séance phenomena. There are many more comprehensive beginner guides on what a séance is and how to start a home circle.

The Scole Experiment

This well-known and documented group used energy as opposed to ectoplasm and achieved incredible authenticated phenomena. For anyone who wants to investigate their many experiments, I highly recommend Robin Foy's book, *Witnessing the Impossible* and also *The Scole Experiment*, by Grant Solomon.

Of the outstanding public physical mediums alive at the time of this writing, I have had personal experiences with the following:

Kai Muegge

Mychael Shane

Warren Caylor

Julie Adreani

Trance Mediums.

Janine Lane, who channels "Richard"

Elaine Thorpe, who- channels "Jonathan"

Spirit Artists.

Sandra Ingham. Channels "Leo" and reproduces drawings of loved ones and spirit guides with uncanny accuracy.

Emma L. Mathers. An English medium who also does extraordinary spirit art and readings with her mother Yvonne Parry.

Reverend Hoyt Robinette. Produced precipitated spirit art, which is very rare these days and extremely evidential. It has been described as art which appears on the canvas without the use of human hands via a process best described as pigment drawn from the air and other nearby sources, and "precipitated" — like a gentle dusting of snow, onto paper or canvas.

Mediums who Have Transitioned.

Rev. Keith Milton Reinhart. Medium of the 1950's. American. Also known as Master Kumara. He was one of the most developed materialization mediums of his time and produced full body materializations in light. He was told he would be a great medium at the age of ten and at nineteen he founded The Aquarian Foundation in Seattle. He could produce hundreds of apports from his nose, ears, and eyes, in one sitting. He would channel hour-long lectures from a well-known Spirit Guide, St. Germaine, on a wide variety of topics.

Also:

Colin Fry
Gordon Higginson
Leslie Flint
Arthur Findlay
The Bang Sisters

The Davenport Brothers
Ethel Post Parrish
Alex Harris
Helen Duncan
Rudi Schneider

Recommend Reading Materials

Surgeon from Another World – George Chapman and Roy Stemman.

Live Is Forever-Get Used To It – Marilou McIntyre.

The Risen-Dialogues of Love, Grief & Survival Beyond Death – August Goforth and Timothy Gray.

Séance – Shannon Taggart —wonderful photos of séances and mediums of our time.

The Phenomena of Spirit Materialization – N. Riley Heagerty. He has a collection of books on my recommend read list. An absolutely fabulous resource on the history of mediums. Read any of these important works.

A Guide to Spirit Healing – Harry Edwards.

The Edgar Cayce Handbook for Creating Your Future – Mark Thurston, Ph.D and Christopher Fazel.

Voices – Doris Stokes.

Opening To Channel – How To Connect With Your Guide Sanaya Roman and Duane Packer.

There is a River – The Story of Edgar Cayce Thomas Sugrue.

Life And Teaching Of The Masters Of The Far East – Baird T. Spalding.





CHAPTER FOUR

CANCER CALLS

2016—2020

There is a saying, “It’s always darkest before the dawn.” The breakup with Frank felt almost impossible to get through. His drinking would escalate, and then he couldn’t understand why I wanted a divorce. He thought all this spiritual stuff was the reason but would never go to a séance with me. We lived legally separated in our home for a year. He slept downstairs. But the tension grew and grew, and it was hard to hide from it in that tiny house. Thank God I had the joy of home circles and séances to look forward to.

I remember when my son Devin was almost twelve. He came out of his bedroom at night after hearing some fighting. He gave me a kiss on the forehead. “It is enough already, mom.” It was. One day Frank spontaneously agreed that we could sell our house — I found a place immediately and was the first listing that I came across. So what if I had to use the laundry and dryer machines as a counter-top because they were in the kitchen? So what if we were crammed in? I could afford it.

The interesting thing about getting that apartment, is that I believe Spirit helped. Warren messaged me one day out of the blue. He knew that I had been looking for a new place. The message read “You’re going to get a call soon.” He meant that I would soon hear back about the apartment I wanted. An hour later while I was at my desk, a call came in from the landlord to say he would let us have the place although there were many people interested. Warren’s guides had told him I would get this phone call from the landlord.

Meanwhile, Frank seemed to be having trouble doing simple things for himself. I didn’t realize that anxiety was an issue for him, too. I had to help him find an apartment, do his banking, find him referrals. It was chaotic and I took it on because of the boys.

I then decided to train as a Registered Massage Therapist (RMT). For a field of practice in the health sector, the program consisted of a heavy course load with stressful time demands. It was all too much for a single parent raising two young children. A half hour of TV each week was a treat for me at that time. I started having panic attacks before some practical exams. Looking back, I wish I had invested in some self-care. All I would do was rush home, feed the boys, and lock myself in my room for hours to study. There was no balance. I wound myself up.

The day of the first-week anatomy quiz was a day I will never forget. Even when it came to something as simple as this introductory, “welcome test,” I was too spun-out to concentrate. I failed. I headed into another panic. How was I going to get through this program while dealing with Frank? I went to the locker room upset about my test. Just then, I received a call from a hallucinating Frank. He was confused and angry, and asking, “Why are Ned and the family here? They won’t go.”

His brother and family were in fact living in Dublin. I kept begging him on the phone, “Please, borrow some change from someone in the building and get on the streetcar to CAMH (Centre for Addition and Mental Health). You are seeing things. They are not there.” I was still entangled in this toxic relationship. I leaned against my locker in a frantic meltdown and called Frank’s brother in Ireland.

More darkness happened before the far-away dawn, a few months later during the Spring of 2017, the Toronto Home Circle ended. This was an unexpected blow. Looking back, my friendship with Warren had become unbalanced. I had put him on a pedestal, yet he was human with flaws like the rest of us. I had started out idealizing him and his mediumship and then realized he wasn’t the special, perfect spiritual person I wanted him to be. “Believe the message but not always the messenger,” seems to have been my lesson. Do not give your power away; find the Source within you. This became a repeating theme of mine.

The disbanding of the Home Circle shattered me. Dave and Viv took me for coffee during my school lunch break and said that the circles’ ending was nothing personal. The public séances would continue, and I was always welcome. I remember going into the RMT school bathroom and crying, right before my class. The intimacy of my communication with the Spirit world was gone now. I had given all my power to this circle and Warren. They were my refuge, my connection to awe, guidance, hope, healing, and unbelievable wonder. I had thought the sacredness of our circle was indestructible. I had to go within myself, to find my own power and the divine in the everyday.

While I would still go to the public séances, I felt lost for a long time. Then in March 2018, I travelled to Connecticut, U.S.A. to see Warren who was doing a series of séances in a private home there. We were still on good, speaking terms. This visit was a highlight in my searching days for all things physical mediumship, outside the Home Circle. Seeing Warren again was a true gift, even though the circle had ended. He was offering rare one-on-one trance sessions with Winston Churchill, one of his guides — I had to attend. During my session, Warren's other guides, Tommy and Yellow Feather, also spoke. All three were overlapping with each other at the beginning, which was joyous.

This one-on-one session and my reading of the *The Scole Experiment* encouraged me to continue my pursuit of communication for myself. I went back to Toronto and felt a deep desire to build a cabinet in my own room. Maybe I would learn trance. Maybe I would just sit and meditate and talk to Spirit myself. I am forever grateful to Warren for this session which he allowed me to record. The wisdom, insights, and predictions of Winston ring in my ears today.

Here is an excerpt:

Elfriede: I feel in one way when it ended [Home Circle] I was left to face myself, find my strength without turning to you as I always had. A lesson.

Winston: It might have been a harsh lesson but, my dear, you have faced one of the biggest demons in life that everyone must face. Confronting yourself. Looking in the mirror and seeing what makes you work, what is your true intent. And seeing that you are connected to the universe and all realms of the universe.

What is inside of you, the eternal violet flame of light that fires up your soul, the same thing that gives you a lump in your throat, a gut feeling — it comes from the same place, the same source. You don't always need that direct contact with a Home Circle. There are other things in motion to show that we are far closer than you can imagine.

(Pause)

Winston: May I ask? What is this bird that keeps coming into your form, your dreams? In your energy how does it make you feel?

Elfriede: Did you say the bird?

Winston: Have you not received the bird?

Elfriede: I have been painting birds.

Winston: Well, that is what I am talking about. The bird is an important image. What does it mean to you?

Elfriede: I was trying to make a painting to connect to Native Spirits. One was a gift for my friend Danny because he was given a name by Spirit. I thought of the bird.

Winston: Why do you think you were given the bird in the first place? Look at history. Go back. World War. Germans. Look at ancient artifacts of history and look at everything, lifestyle...The bird itself, eagle or sparrow, is a symbol of flight, grace and altitude, justice and purity; free will.

Ebb and flow. That is the energy you will be using if you wish, in the artistic realms. And through the artistic realms, over time in fact you will look back and one day think, and pardon my French — but we are friends here — shit did I really do that?

That my dear is when you have cracked open the greatest acorn of your life. Realize that your potential is still coming from the Source, that Source is you, not us. We simply stir it up and give you a mix of your pot. Think of us as the spoon in your cooking. The more you move it and stir it the better it tastes.

Elfriede: You are all so wise and have the key I think to what so many of us from this side of life are seeking.

Winston: It is because the existence from our side of life, the ethereal realms which you call Spirit world, is multi-dimensional. There are many levels. There is a Spirit world within the Spirit world. A parallel world with your physical existence. All these things are there. It is only more recently that your scientific community have confirmed there is an afterlife. Thought vibration. Once here, there are many doors ways which we can explore. It is multidimensional shift of existence.

Elfriede: I just want to always be connected with you. It's magical. It's love.



In January 2019, for the first time in a long while, I was finally feeling grounded in our new apartment, balancing single parenting with being a massage therapist, and loving it. My rent was half my income but that is life, right? Then out of left field, Covid hit. To boot, my ninety-year-old mother was deteriorating at a rapid pace. In a matter of days, I had to quickly arrange long-term care for her. I got her into a home a week before lockdown, then couldn't see her for six months. I began to pack up her place to sell it during a pandemic. The stress crept back in again. In response to the stress, I became a tsunami whirlwind of non-stop movement. On the plus side, my mom told us to use the sale of her condo to buy one for ourselves. This felt amazing, learning there would be some new financial relief for us.

Then came the phone call. The last thing I expected the week I was moving into our new home, was a cancer diagnosis. Maybe this storm had been brewing for a while.

Facebook Post: October 21, 2020

I struggle with making this public, but it saves me messaging everyone dear individually. My friends are often what I consider my soul family. A few angel ones talked me down the last few days.

I was diagnosed with breast cancer this week and decided to wake up fighting today. I have so many special healer friends and people who have so many resources. I am asking that my friends visualize the tumours shrinking in the next few weeks to nothing. I am in for a proposed 8 months of treatment but would love to wow them with a significant shift. Books, shamanic treatments, meditations and all things positive welcome.

I will never say no to hats or food either. I got this with my two rocks Devin and Sebastian by my side. "We will do everything for you mom and you are strong." Just another hurdle in life's adventure. Love to you all.



One wise friend responded with:

"Sometimes, or often, rest of mind and body is very powerful rather than trying to solve the problem. Less is more. Rest is the

Great Healer. We send you light-filled thought energies of calm, soothing, restful healing energies. Love, August & Tim”



Before I got the official diagnosis, I had my check-up with my family doctor. I had already missed a physical because of Covid, earlier in the year. When I did see her, she said that it had been a while since I had any tests or bloodwork. She said I needed to get a mammogram as soon as possible! In my mind I thought I had had one just recently. Surely, I hadn't missed one, but it turns out I had missed many years. I went back to school in 2016 and in those years, I barely had time to make sure the kids had dinner each night let alone remember to have a check-up.

The day before my mammogram, I was packing for our move to a new home and lifting lots of boxes. I felt a lump in the shower. It was the size of a grape. A jolt of fear went through me. When did this appear? Could it be a bump from banging myself with boxes? The mammogram staff played it down but said that because of the size they would refer me to Princess Margaret Cancer Hospital. They told me not to worry. It was probably nothing but a bump from moving, they reassured me. They did want me to bring my results directly to the hospital. That was a surreal moment. I remember walking into the lobby of that hospital and feeling defensive right away. This was not the place for me. I was not a cancer patient. I had to go directly to work afterward and started to feel nervous.



A few days later I got the call to have a biopsy. I wanted to be in denial but started to break apart. At work I held it in but as soon as I left work that day, I phoned my friend Paul in a panic. He tried to calm me down. “Nothing you can do until then and it’s probably nothing.”

The week of my biopsy was approaching. It was scheduled the same week as my birthday, as well as our moving day—my two boys, two cats, and me. What a week. The weekend leading up to all of it, I took my boys walking on some trails. It was my birthday walk. I was smiling on the outside, but anxiety began to build again.

My friend, Darla Anderson, who had gone through breast cancer, warned me about the biopsy, but I was nonchalant going into it. I would be out soon and back to packing. Then during the procedure, I looked up at the monitor and saw lots of highlighted areas. My heart sank. “Fuck,” I blurted out loud. Was this happening to me?

While the doctor was working, tears started streaming down my face. I had to go back to the first room and do a second mammogram of the other breast. I was bleeding from the biopsy incision, then I started to get cold and shake. The nurse took me to another room where someone would talk to me.

“No, I am fine. I have to go. I am moving tomorrow. I have to bring the cats to the new place.” The nurse held my hand and we talked. She couldn’t officially tell me until the day after my move, but I pleaded with her.

“Just tell me,” I whispered.

“It is concerning,” she answered.

Then a pause. She said, “It looks like cancer, but you need to wait for the formal diagnosis from a technician.” I got the message. I can’t remember much of what she said afterward, but I squeezed her hand. “I am not afraid of dying, but my boys. I can’t leave my boys right now.”

I stumbled onto the street, very sore and began to sob on the sidewalk. I called my friend Viv who talked me down and I took the subway home. I had been feeling so emotional since this whole thing started and the fear at night was getting very wearisome. I couldn’t live like this. With this fear.

The night before my biopsy, I received a message from a medium, Emma Mathers, who had given me an amazing spiritual reading and artwork of my guides many months earlier. I didn’t know her except from that initial reading, but she was checking in on me because she sensed something was wrong that night. Her guides had directed her to inquire with me. She reassured me that everything would be alright and after my diagnosis sent me

some videos of Bruce Lipton and the power of our positive thoughts.

After my post-biopsy meltdown that day, I made a decision. I was not going to let this situation overcome me. I was not going to let fear rule. No matter what.

“The pessimist sees difficulty in every opportunity.
The optimist sees opportunity in every difficulty.”
Winston Churchill

I was reminded of part of my reading with Winston:

Winston: Much to unfold. Embrace it. You are sharing knowledge whether you like it or not, in your forms and prayers. Knowledge is being shared.

Elfriede: My thoughts?

Winston: Yes, my dear. Did you think the thought process is strictly within your own realm? Every thought, every desire, every wish in some way informs another form of energy activated in your mind and will eventually be known to many on our side.

Journal: October 22, 2020

Two days after my biopsy, I was to go back into the hospital to get the official diagnosis. I was ready. I listened to some drum music in the car on the way to the hospital. I was going to fight my fears and be positive. I was turning my negative thought pattern around. I was told it was between stages 2 and 3 breast cancer. They said that there would be more tests, including a bone and MRI scan, to determine if it had spread, then eight months of treatment. Almost a full-term pregnancy. I would give birth to myself at the end, I decided. I would love this child in me until she was whole again. I would *be* love.

I was determined to ask this cancer to leave because it was not a welcome guest in my house. I would demand that it return to the ethers. I committed to myself that day that I would write about this process, and reach other people through the process. My healing would involve the melding of my spirit, body, and soul, through work with mediums and through my connection with Spirit.

Ultimately, I committed to healing myself as we all can do, because we are all part of Source.

Creators of our destiny
The Light
God
Love Eternal.

When we face our true reflection and our body falls away, we are able to witness our own light and beauty.

All its power.

And we experience the divine, for that is what we are.

Journal: October 29, 2020

Today: free reading with Janine's trance guides Richard and Alice. They spoke about the cells communicating to one another then changing, through the Subconscious. The healing from Richard was profound:

“Imagine a Church. Imagine kneeling in front of an altar and seeing a mirror in front of me. Feel and see the white light of God around me and see that light in the reflection of myself. See that love and light in me and how special I am, stripped of the body.”

Later today I spoke to the building superintendent, Paul, about when to return the keys and do the mandatory apartment inspection. We had a dalliance develop in Covid lockdowns. It seemed fun at first but my pattern of devaluing myself reared its ugly head again. I still hadn't learned the lesson of valuing myself. Goodbye is hard and leaving that apartment and embarking on this new journey feels like I am letting go of many things. Many unhealthy things.

Meeting Karin Anne Nischer

It's amazing the way each person you meet leads you to the next person you are supposed to know. I could never have predicted that I would meet a lovely Healer Woman I would need for my journey: an 80-year-old German lady, right here in Canada.

And there were others. So many angels eager to help me and my boys. The outpouring was so moving. So many came out of the woodwork.

There was a whole circle of friends I met at the astounding séances of Kai Muegge in Cassadaga, New York. in October 2019. So many of the people I

met there became good friends and a huge source of support. There was Tamar, with whom I would later sit in online circles. Big hearted woman. Love her.

There were Marie and Varina, whom I had met previously at a séance of Warren Caylor in Connecticut. During these séances with Kai, his control guide would call a few people forward to sit in front of him. To my astonishment I was called forth. I was honoured with kind words and a Ganesh statue, apported from Kai's hand. It is the "Overcomer of Obstacles," I was told. Sitting on the floor before Kai, I burst into tears. My emotion was palpable throughout the room. This healing struck me in my solar plexus, in my heart and in my soul.

At those same séances, I also met my friend Julie Adreani. On one evening she received a huge clear healing crystal apport, to help with her activation. She was already a well-known psychic medium in the United States. Little did we know, we would become fast friends in the future when I contacted her for a reading months later. I joined her online Windy City Circle for her physical mediumship development. She had been experiencing physical phenomena since she was a child. My time in her circle was immensely illuminating.

During this time, I also met a lovely gentleman, August Goforth. He is also a medium and author of the insightful books *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief, & Survival beyond Death* and also *The Risen: A Companion to Grief*. To our wonder, his recently transitioned cat, McHenry, began to materialize before us. It wasn't able to fully form as it manifested from the ectoplasm but was able to quickly morph itself into what was clearly a Siamese cat. There were several others there who knew McHenry and recognized him immediately, but it took my eyes a few moments to adjust to what was occurring. I had never seen an animal materialize like that before. It was a breathtaking gift. August reached out to me after my cancer diagnosis. My talks with him helped me enormously.

Also, at these séances, I met Chris again, who had come to a 2018 Toronto public séance of Warren Caylor. He arrived in Cassadaga for an added séance with Kai Muegge. We started talking about *The Scole Experiment* and the book *Witnessing the Impossible* by Robin Foy. I felt an instant kinship with him. Someone else who had read the book! Our stimulating conversations about mediumship would uplift me throughout my treatment. All these people were so influential in the upcoming year. So many connections were made that weekend.

On the second night of the Cassadaga séances, Marie also received a similar type of statue, and Varina, an activation stone. This time I sat in between them when their names were called. It was an honour to experience this moment again – this time, through them. It felt like we were all bonded.

Marie psychically helps lost pets find their way home and I knew she was into healing and alchemy. So, after my Facebook post about breast cancer, she recommended a healer friend she works with. Her name was Karin, an 80-year-old German lady living in Canada. I jumped at the chance to meet her.

Healings

Sessions with Karin Anne Nikischer: Spiritual healer, restores energy to body, mind, soul, people and animals. Searches for missing pets.

Upon my initial contact with Karin Anne Nikischer, I knew there was a synchronicity and reason for everything. She worked over the telephone and had a lovely accent which reminded me of an old friend of my mother. She talked a lot which felt stressful at first. I was still in an anxious state about my cancer and wished we could cut to the chase.

She talked about her husband who had cancer and was given four months to live but survived an extra five years to the month that Spirit had told her. I felt encouraged. She spoke of a little dog that she had adopted. It was sweet but I was feeling impatient. “Please get to me,” I kept thinking. Finally, we began to talk of how she worked. The conversation lasted for two hours. She worked through clearing my chakras and centre before healing. I slept for an hour after our conversation.

On the next telephone conversation, (also two hours) she went through each of my chakra centres with what her spirit guides told her, to determine what was blocked, underactive or overactive, and then realigned them. I laid on my bed with my phone on my shoulder and fell into a lovely deep conversation with her. She informed me that she would make a chart and send me more healing that evening as well.

As I watched TV later, I felt a heat in my ears. That night I had the best sleep ever. She had a firmness and clear instructional way for me. “SLOW. GO SLOW,” she advised I had been operating in turmoil, like a tornado, for so long. Everything was shutting down. I was to monitor my negative thoughts and to let go of all the past hurts. She picked up on childhood abuse and said it subconsciously had not yet been cleared.

I made a pact with myself to follow her instructions. When negative emotions came up, I would not let them poison or contaminate me but instead throw them into a visualized fire with love.

She went through a very moving process of how to do a visualization. She asked me to see a silver cord above my head and to cut the cord, to release all my trauma. A calm came over me after working with her. She said she would work on me before my bone and MRI scans too. We arranged that I would text her when I was done with the test and she would clear me, my car and home before I returned that evening.

As they gave me the call bell and I started to roll into the MRI machine, its cord got caught and someone shouted, “Wait! Wait!” I laughed and released some energy and anxiety. Then the MRI ride began again. Noisy, yes! Lots of banging around too. I imagined an alien abduction. The banging was like a rhythm, like drums. I chuckled inside. I would turn every test and procedure into a joyous occurrence as much as I could. I would alter my cells. I would shrink the tumours until they disappeared. I would choose love and a higher vibration, over fear. Fear was not an option that I would allow, from now on. I was not afraid of dying. But I still had my boys to raise, and missions to accomplish.

The next trance medium to whom I reached out explained this new awareness even more fully.

Session with Janine Lane

Janine is a trance medium in England. Her trance guide—who speaks through her—is called Richard. She is a dedicated and giving medium who sat in meditation for 10 years to develop her mediumship. A while back, I had learned of Janine through Julie Adreani and took an online introductory trance course with her. A year later, I contacted Janine again. She offered me a free trance reading.

This is what I jotted down:

grandmother, white rose, white energy

My questions: Greater reason? Can you help me shrink the lump?

-higher communication, communicate with your higher vibration

molecule of energy-communication

-Trance work for me?

I would write a **book**

I would write a 2nd book — a book of experiences

Free will as to whether I would publish

Write, release the emotions, inspiration

Emotional healing, genetics, change the route maps

Shamanic work

Nun is around me, restore

An aunty to establish connection

REBIRTH: nurturing the child inside

Art: creating the faces

Healing: path

To empower myself

breaking free of control of the past

Lessons in cancer

Close to me: **Angels**

MOTHER MARY

Jesus: healer

Once you have changed your EMOTIONAL REACTION...

Liver, kidney: store emotional trauma held in those organs

Emotional healing

SUN: vibration of energy

Mother Earth: Vit D

Lower back: root chakra holding

WORK WITH MY INNER CHILD

Calm NS down: lymph

Keep an eye on thyroid in future

WHITE EAGLE: gifts-feather in house-old style of writing

Release it to paper to VOICE IT: will raise vibration of molecules

CONNECT — GUIDE

Comfort my own child, treat myself. What do I want?

INNER CHILD

Soul always in children/spirit

Physical body just older but we are still children

SPEAK TRUTH OF HOW YOU FEEL

Name Marcus might mean something in the future

PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP

Love within me

SELF LOVE

This world is an illusion

STARSEED ENERGY- different dimension of time, same time?

CALLING — form of consciousness of cells talking to each other . . .

genetics

Change the vibration

Change the communication of the cells. Change the way cells communicate in your body through consciousness.

Feel the energy to release it and bring it to the forefront

EXPRESS!

Journal: November 1, 2020

Yesterday was Saturday, a full moon Hallowe'en. Three full moons this month. I finally returned the keys to Paul as we did a walk-through inspection. I like his funny voice and Romanian accent. He really has that Eastern European sensibility. I enjoyed the time living there and said goodbye out loud to the apartment with the incredible view of trees and ravine. "Goodbye apartment. It very brief, but it was an adventure." We had only lived there a year. I think I moved about fifteen times in eighteen years. I started to giggle. Paul had taken off his mask though I kept mine on. Then at some point I took mine off. Face to face I wanted, for even a moment.

We casually talked and took the elevator down, where he went into his apartment. I felt numb remembering our carefree nights of sneaking down to his door. He wanted to return my pie dish. I had given him some pulled pork one day, when my car wouldn't start. He had come out that day and had driven me to Loblaws to find some liquid smoke. Nowhere to be found. They discontinued that product. Looking back, that stuff doesn't seem healthy. Cutting that out now. Who craves liquid smoke? But there in his hallway, he came back out. His dishes weren't out of the dishwasher. "Keep it," I said. "Make a pie." "I don't make pies." He discreetly pulled a handful of Hallowe'en chocolates from his pockets and put them into my hand. "Look at you," I laughed, "Mr. Hallowe'en." He reached into the other pocket and gave me more.

As we stood there at the front entrance, I wanted to say goodbye fast. "Well, I hope all your dreams come true," I murmured. He rolled his eyes, "Ahhh, now come on..." "South America!" I gleefully blurted. His dream to head south. He chuckled. Then I quietly said, "In a month from now I will be bald." Pause. I was quietly reflective. "I can't imagine." He reassured me, "You will get better. I know it."

I changed my tone to one of playfulness. "I am going to rock the scarf look." We laughed. Then I said, "Goodbye my friend," and reached for his hand. We had a quick squeeze then I turned and headed for the car. I waited until I turned off the street and then started to cry. Things ahead of me, things behind me.

He texted me that night with the name of a movie I had inquired about. We chatted a bit more about me smashing a bottle of wine and rushing too much with my groceries. Always rushing, with my head in the clouds. So, I guess we were still friends of a sort. I told him I would send a picture of my bald head.

I look back on those drunken few weeks in August staying up until 6 am — which I never do — with nostalgia. Will I ever feel feminine again? Will there ever be anyone who finds me attractive again? I somehow feel a great loss of my body, my breasts, at this moment. They won't be the same to anyone. Please God let me keep one.

But now I enter a reflective period of chamomile tea, rest, and healing. Time to focus on me.

"Time to focus on me or the topless lady here," just popped into my head.



Journal: November 1, 2020

Today I was testy. Sebastian (my son who was turning fourteen) asked for a sleepover while already at his friend's house. (Not a simple request during a pandemic.) I was not happy, spoke to the mom, but regardless we still said "okay." They really are in our circle, this family, but part of me just wants the whole city to close down.

The thought of either of my boys catching a cold makes me get panicky. Sebastian always gets a bad cough in the winter, sometimes a few times, and last year was terrible. We ended up going for acupuncture.

Now, going for an appointment requires screening at the door of the hospital. Nate's mom offered to take them if they should ever get sick, so that I stay safe. Maybe I will wear a mask at home like the hygienist did. Oh God! Paranoia. Covid land and cancer. An interesting mix.

Hard to feel reassured though, as cases are rising to 1,000 today. I visited my mom in her long-term care home today. I told her it would be our last time together for a while, as I was about to head into four months of chemo treatment, with no in-person contact permitted. At least we would be allowed to have window visits.

Her memory is going, and she seems to forget that I have cancer until I mention it again and then we go round and round the same conversation. That is hard. While visiting her, I tried to keep it light. We gave each other a pretend hug and I took a selfie with PPE on. What a winter it will be. But we are strong. Everyone is going through something. "As long as you are okay, I am okay," she says. How naive that only a few weeks ago I was thinking it would be nice to have her here for Christmas in our new home.

I feel numb. Like I need to focus. This pandemic is just another hurdle in this challenge of a year. Only now, my short-lived return to massage has ended. Again. This feels like a cruel joke from the Universe. I just want the full diagnosis Tuesday. They will tell whether the cancer has spread or not. Two days away. Just want this cancer to be over and a distant memory.

Journal: November 2, 2020

Windy, howling. November came in cold. I drove to pick up the kids from school today. I took my son Devin to soccer practice this evening. Errands in between. A mild, building anxiety day, as tomorrow I will meet my designated oncologist for the first time. Sometimes, I feel like I am soaring above it all, armed with of spirits guiding me, knowing I will get through this

and tell the tale. But then the face of illness pops up and tells me that it will be a ride I am not expecting.

Am I ready?

Am I ready to shave my head?

I kept looking at my hair today. This is the longest I have ever grown it. I always wanted very long hair, but when I was an actor, I had to have that certain “thirties look” to be versatile, so it was a bob length.

When Krysten shaves my head, there will be no hiding that I am probably mostly grey now. I feel anxious about all that I am about to go through. But even more intense is my rising fear of Covid — or the boys catching a cold — while I am in chemo. The prospect terrifies me. Should I wear a mask around the house? How serious and how restrictive should I get with them? It will be winter and there will be no more socializing for them except during very controlled soccer practices of 7–10 players. Will I be able to keep driving them? I will wake up tomorrow, determined to face this journey with calmness and positivity. Otherwise, this worry is a runaway train of fear and doubt. I must commit to not buying the train ticket to negative thoughts.

I must send these negative thoughts off. I hear my friend Julie say: “*Alt/Delete.*”



Medium Julie Adreani tailored a little individual prayer for me to calm my nerves:

Divine light clears my cellular fear. Divine love completely heals me.

Dear Great Spirit and Archangel Raphael, please light up my mind, body and soul with emerald green divine light frequency and healing power.

I allow the light to enter my cellular system to help correct any dysfunctions in my energetic and physical body for my greatest good.

Please guide my consciousness to realign with my perfect original DNA divine design. I am ready to completely heal by resolving and correcting my energy balances and graciously accept divine healing now in God’s perfect way. Thank you. Amen. It is done.



Facebook Post: November 3, 2020

Can't watch the TV. Let's get things started. Wasn't so bad! See you in the morning Krysten Weber. GI Elfy coming soon.

Journal: Tuesday, November 3, 2020

U.S elections. We keep a close watch on our neighbours south of the border. Even though I knew everything will be alright, I need to hear it officially. Today I got the news from the team at the hospital.

"It has not spread."

I couldn't be happier! I was calm and smiley. Four hours in Princess Margaret today.

Bloodwork.

Nurse prep.

Application to Trillium.

More appts. scheduled.

I hope there is rest, with chemo. I hope there are not so many appointments.

Back home after my diagnosis, I joined an online séance development group, created by Julie. It's called The Windy City Circle. (I will explain more about this circle later.) I felt a little distant tonight but am always honoured to be a part of it.

Facebook Post: November 4, 2020



No hiding the grey now. One week to chemo. Getting ready and things are looking very positive. Thank you, dear friends, for all the outpouring of



support. 1 in 8 women apparently. Really. Don't miss a mammogram!

Journal: November 4, 2020

Sebastian's fourteenth birthday was overshadowed by my cancer even though Frank came over for him. Modest gifts and cake. The boys and I don't speak much about my treatment at the moment. It's all new territory. This morning at 9am Krysten shaved my hair. "G.I. Elfy" I termed myself. My friend who went through cancer says everyone gets called this. I knew it would be grey roots that I would see. Armour stripped away. When it was done and I looked in disbelief at this person staring back. She looked almost like an old monk. But a cancer patient came to mind. Krysten and I both teared up for a moment and then bounced back. Then Krysten started a Meal Train for me on Facebook. So strange to be accepting cooked meals from people when I feel so well.

I have been positive but today my thoughts trailed off a bit. The high of yesterday's good news that it hasn't spread has given way to the sobering reality of the next eight months. Tired now. Follow-up with the surgeon tomorrow.

Journal: November 5, 2020

I met with the surgeon. It was a repeat of what the oncologist said but there was an emphasis on "mastectomy" surgery — not a lumpectomy, as my calcium deposits are large. Is that what he said? I felt numb and politely nodded at the doctor. Technical talk flew over me, and no one was allowed to accompany me into the hospital, to help me retain information. Part of my brain just wanted to do the steps without questioning any of them. I felt calm and logical in this way, right now. Only, I didn't feel ready to address the actual type of breast cancer I have (which is Stage 2/3 Estrogen positive HER2.) They have told me it is aggressive. Touching my breast with the lump is something I am avoiding. Thank God for my friend and former Sutherland-Chan massage clinic teacher, Darla, who said I can reach out to her with any concerns, as she went through this process a year prior. I am so grateful for my frank talks with her. She understands the feeling that my own body has betrayed me. For now, I can't face any more medical terms.

After my appointment today, I drove home wearing my mom's old painting kerchief. Some kids pointed and gave me the thumbs up. I was confused. Later, my boys laughed. Apparently, the gangsters wear different coloured headbands. So, I am gangster mamma. Not sure which tribe the blue kerchiefs represent, but that's me.

Tired...

Journal: November 6, 2020

Journaling at night has its pitfalls as I yawn and yawn.

Just had a full yell-at-Frank session. Not proud that I let myself get riled up. All the old anger came to the surface. Somehow, I was triggered into a meltdown, and know this is not good for my mental state. I try to be compassionate with him but sometimes I slip.

It is Friday night, and so ends two weeks of tests. CT, MRI, bone scan, heart scan, Covid test, Trillium application. I felt weary going there again today. Glad I have two days now with no obligations. So much to juggle and organize. My poor mom called me. She said she could cry all day wishing I didn't have to go through all this. She is 91. Hard for her to understand chemo and everything. I tell her not to worry. It is treatable. I tell her worry doesn't help, and I am being positive because it is the only way to be. Exhausted now. Boys will want to stay up. I want to sleep. Billet readings tomorrow. So excited! (Sitters at a séance first write the name of a transitioned loved one whom they wish to contact on a slip of paper, which is then folded into a "billet." Using psychic ability, the medium holds each still-folded billet and then relays a message relating to the loved one.)

Journal: November 7, 2020

Tonight, I participated in a "billet reading and precipitated art" Zoom session. I loved it. I wonder if Sebastian could hear me gasping and laughing from the living room. The boys are well-used to mom shutting the bedroom door during her spiritual, do-not-disturb-me Zoom sessions.

The medium was Hoyt Robinette. His mediumship is quite rare, which manifests precipitated art. He sat in meditation every day for approximately ten years, to develop this phenomenon. He always uses an enclosed box the size of a shoe box and puts in coloured pencils, markers, felt pens and blank cue cards. Apparently, he stopped doing this publicly, but is resuming it tonight for his first-ever Zoom session, as well as some future online gatherings, during Covid. Reverend Kevin Lee organized the session, and it was truly one of the most evidential and moving types of mediumship I have witnessed.

Hoyt's clairaudience is incredible too. With twenty participants, while blindfolded, he gave readings to each individual, then told us the name of the spirit that would be portrayed on each of our cards. He explained that it is spirit who dematerializes the ink and uses it where they need it on the blank

cue cards. Before tonight's event, we had each sent in three names of deceased people we know, to his facilitator. We also submitted a question we wanted answered. During the reading, when he named those deceased people, we each knew it was our reading that was beginning.

Alone in my room, in front of my laptop staring at Hoyt with fascination, I watched him tape his eyes shut and sing "Rainbow Connection". Then the readings started. Movingly, he was listening to spirit as he gave each of us our reading. And the messages were coming at a rapid speed.

"Churchill," he said

"It's for me," I chirped. It was my turn. I had sent in the name Winston Churchill who was a regular spirit guide of Warren Caylor.

"Dr. Pehr Henrik Ling," Hoyt continued. "He helps you with your manipulations." I assumed he was referring to my massage practice? "Dr. William Fitz. Something will be on the card." He means that this person will be the illustration on the front.

As for my question. The answer is "It will be good. Coming to you in April/May..." I feel a flood of joy. Then Hoyt adds that Winston says that I have a lack of patience. I have a chill. This is not the first time I have had this message from Winston and I am suddenly very moved with emotion.

After going through all the participants, he opened the shoe box on the ledge behind him. *Voila!* All the cue cards that were blank now had gorgeous artwork of everyone's guides. Through the course of the session the Spirit world produced these incredible renderings of each of our spirit guides, along with their names-and the names of loved ones on the other side.

That evening we were shown our guide cards. Then he later sent the cards to us, laminated. When I received my card in the mail, I looked up the names written on the back of my card and the spirit guide on the front. To my surprise I discovered many were founders in my massage profession:

Pehr Henrik Ling: father of physical therapy, seed of Swedish massage, educator of massage.

Eunice Ingham, who wrote *Stories the Feet Can Tell* method of reflexology.

William Fitzgerald: Zone therapy- relieving pain.

Black Bear: symbolizes healer in Native way.

Sir Charles Tupper: physician, Prime Minister, premier of Nova Scotia, led Nova Scotia into Confederation for a 10-week term. My goodness. What is he doing with me?





CHAPTER FIVE

TREATMENT BEGINS

“Yesterday I was clever, so I wanted to change the world.
Today I am wise so I am changing myself.”

Rumi

CHEMO

Facebook Post: November 10, 2020

I have been assigned eight rounds of chemo. It will take four months. So, I decided to tap into my inner gypsy/fortune teller with the scarf look. My mom's scarf wrapped around me. The gypsy tells me it may be a bitter medicine but the love around is far sweeter. The boys and I thank you all. My heart is cracked open with all the loving support. ❤️



Journal: November 11, 2020

Chemo Round #1

First chemo treatment today. We had a moment of anxiety when Frank offered to drive me. I was explaining to Frank the delicacy of starting my mom's old 1995 with my key. I got him to try it and then it wouldn't start. We both were stunned. He was like “Now what are we supposed to do?” Then

after a minute it released and started. Holy panic. A little adrenaline today. We were cutting it close as it was! He dropped me off on Murray Street where the entrance is, to Princess Margaret Cancer hospital. He gave me a hug and said, "I love you." I realized that having cancer was probably more emotional for the people around me than myself. Everyone's fear of death rises to the surface. I walked inside. But I could still hear him honk the horn while driving by. Smiling, I motioned with my hands to go on already.

My first session was actually a very pleasant experience. I had a wonderful nurse who took her time explaining so much to me. The side effects drill is always nerve-wracking to me. Sitting there with her, I realized that in many ways I was on autopilot and blindly moving forward. I would look up everything she was saying and take it more seriously. All the nurse's warnings about getting a fever and infection are worrisome. But one day at a time.

Back home now. Rather tired. It's 9 pm. The GoFundMe that my friend Karen Pace started to help me pay bills while I'm off work is unbelievable to me, and yesterday I was crying with each thank you I wrote.

Today someone we don't know donated \$800. I am now officially numb to all the donations. We have almost raised \$5,000 in 4 days.

Journal: November 12, 2020

Woke up feeling great. My stomach is grumbling. I have an appetite. I will have a coffee and think about eliminating it from my diet soon. Oatmeal mmmm...

My morning haze of being in bed is full of inspiration. I think about all the showering of love, the Meal Train, the GoFundMe, and all my friends offering support in so many ways. It is like a floodgate of light and love showering over me.

It is as Richard (Janine's guide) demonstrated in his healing session with me. He took me to an altar and had me kneel in front of it. "Imagine the light of the Divine Source, its glow growing in front of you." Then he told me to see a mirror and in that mirror was me and the light and the Source of Love. It washed over me and filled me. He said, "SEE HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE!"

I think this cancer is a journey into LOVE.

LOVING MYSELF.

LOVING MY CELLS.

Talking to them and realigning how they talk to each other.

We are all energy.

I say to my cells, "I love all of you."

I am here for you.

I fill you with the divine source of love which we all are.

I align with love, Source, and healing connections. Synapses reorganize, new healthy cells grow, and they encompass the tumours, the hurts, blockages, and mutant growths. Then lift them, dissolve them to God who will transform them to a safe place.

I feed my cells with new information, health, love, youth, regeneration, and green healing throughout my system.

Every negative, unloving thought is deleted and thrown into the fire of the ethers with love, to exit my body.

I even do this unconsciously. And every time a poisonous thought enters my mind even though I don't catch it, I ask the spirits to delete it, to redirect it out of my body.

I cradle and nurture you, my cells, so we may transform on this journey. We have a mission, and it starts with us working together.

LOVE.

Let us only channel love.

Dear small, frightened girl, I feel you nestled up in the crook of my arm. Feel safe now. I have you. If you want to cry or need attention it is okay to ask for it.

This is a journey of self-love.

Thank you, God, Universe!

Journal: November 12, 2020

Today I had a healing session with my friend Julie. Here is my little backstory with her:

As mentioned before, I met Julie at a Kai Muegge séance in Cassadaga in 2019. Julie received a large clear activation stone. I received the Ganesh statue that apparently represents "Overcomer of Obstacles." Everyone at the séance received an apport as well.

Back at her home, Julie noticed faces in her stone. If you look closely, can you see the two people facing each other in prayer? Julie felt that this activation gift helped boost her physical mediumship.

I kept in touch with Julie after this séance. I took a few classes with her and then she asked me to sit with her in an online physical development circle,



(L) Two people facing each other in above stone.
(R) Kai Muegge séance 2019. Julie's activation stone in the middle. My gift of the Ganesha statue at lower right.

Tuesday nights. She called the circle The Windy City Circle. We were invited to sing songs while she went into a trance. Tuesdays became the night for experimental sitting and the group grew, with trusted friends of hers. It was experimental because we were not sitting in complete darkness nor were we physically together in the room. We started witnessing phenomena as a group such as face transfigurations, interruptions in the music, static sounds coming through the music with speed or breaks, and the room would often go quite dark and then bright.

Sometimes when I wasn't feeling very well, I would ask Julie if it was okay for me to participate with my energy being so low. She always replied with "Yes, absolutely." Most of the time I would feel rejuvenated after our sessions. I don't think I missed more than two Tuesdays throughout my cancer treatment.

Julie likes to explain that The Windy City Circle is a healing and teaching Circle. Invited guests are all learning and developing, as spirits work behind the scenes. During my Tuesdays with Julie, each week had a different energy and in fact we could it swirling around her, while she was in trance. We each began taking notes on what we would witness, then submitted our notes to our Facebook group afterward, to see the similarities. As time went on, Jane,

one of Julie's guides, began to speak wonderful healing messages through Julie.



Julie Adreani

This Tuesday night group gave me focus and joy through my cancer/Covid lockdown, and Julie continues to be a wonderful support and mentor.

Here are my notes on her November 12, 2020, Energy Healing Session with me via Zoom. She emphasized that many healers have been practicing these techniques, over thousands of years now. Julie is not claiming them as her own.

Shared Energy Healing Techniques that Julie practices and gives out freely:

SMILE

Hands for healing and energy

Meridians - rivers that connect structure

Weblike healing energy pathways

DNA signature all have these pathways

We are 99 percent energy, living vibration of your being

Self-healing

Soul is your best healing tool

Mind/Body/Spirit

Energy into harmony

Everything else flourishes

Habit of using energy centres

We can move energy with our hands

Hands as magnetic energy

Think of hands like a magnet, like acupuncture

Life force

Body vessels for our souls

Soul will lead you to the right modalities

COLOUR has vibrations

Wear colours that make you feel good

Where your heart goes, your energy goes

CRYSTALS

If you were to have just one crystal: Selenite Wands

Wand it up your meridians, through fingers, clearing the gates

Clear quartz can clean your selenite

THOUGHTS ARE THINGS

Good habits:

1. The Zipper.

High vibration and low vibration. These increase your vibration:

Loving

Nature

Gratitude

Pets

Joy

Exercise

Singing

Zipping yourself up

Passion

Dominant hand starts at pubic bone. Use side of hand, run hand up central meridian to neck and chin-off at lip. Shake it off 3 X. Feel the pull of the energy

2. **Grief**

Loss hits us in lung and heart

Breathe in

Then hands on sternum, rack it out laterally

Pull it out

Acknowledge emotions

3. **Anxiety and Stress**

Deep breath. Pull them up to shoulder

Open *UP HEART CHAKRA*

Give yourself a Hug

Blood flows down. When there is not enough blood flow, we instinctively put hands to head

Dominant hand to forehead

2 hands and thumb on temple

Pulls blood flow up to head

Or 1 hand on forehead

For STRESS:

✚ Make two fists. Bring to heart Centre, bring close to chest ❖

Breathe in overhead with arms and fists

✚ Exhale. Bring arms down to release, blowing out all that negativity

✚ Our souls know how to heal ourselves. We are all strong healers.

How can we raise our vibrations?

Always love ourselves

You can have an abundance of love

Vibration of love

Highest vibration

Transform yourself

Look for the beauty

Try and see the beautiful things

Look inside yourself

We are all that is

I AM ALL THAT IS (note to self: Would make a good tattoo)

Habit to love yourself

4. FEAR

How to release fear? Literally pull yourself together

With both hands make a prayer position in heart centre

Left side - rational side; Right side - creative side

Bring both hemispheres together and sit with it

“Delete, delete, delete” every time you have a fearful thought or as soon as you worry

Or “Control/Alt/Delete.” Say it three times

Something about the trinity centers you!

5. Thumbs or Taps

A. Tap gently under your collar bone. It is an activation and cleansing

3X deep breath in and out: activates thymus gland

Cleansing of aura activates healing in your body

B. Sides of both hands under your underwire

If healing someone, rub hands together and shake off

SMILE: sending love strengthens energy flow

For **ANGER:**

From corner of eyes massage your temples

Massage or hold or press -connects to fight or flight

Hold pressure

Feel yourself relaxing as it inhibits your fight or flight response

For **WORRY**:

Tap on cheekbones and under eyes

Take a deep breath and then hands back down in prayer and heart space

Also selenite stone is good to hold to heart space

EMPATHS

- ‡ Figure 8 in front of body
- ‡ Clear your aura from other people's energy
- ‡ Wand yourself all over
- ‡ Sleep with it under your bed
- ‡ Good for pets
- ‡ Energy gates located in between fingers
- ‡ Detoxes your system; rejuvenates, clears your gates
- ‡ Everyone who works with public
- ‡ Clear your crystals on a full moon or burn some sage and clear that way

Journal: November 13, 2020

I woke up this morning thinking of the mysterious "MW" who donated \$800 on the GoFundMe page. Somehow, she must know me. Was she a medium whose name I didn't recognize? Was she a stranger who happened upon this GoFundMe page and decided to donate here?

For some reason I hadn't thought of this before: I would look her up on Facebook. I started with my high school friend Kelly, found her page, and looked at her Facebook friends. Yes, there she was: "MW." No picture. This woman from high school was not a close friend but was in a circle of friends with whom I was close. She was a firecracker. I hadn't seen her since a high school reunion a few years ago. I messaged MW (Marg), very emotional. She messaged me back. The same bubbly person, she let me know that it was the

left-over money from that high school reunion fundraiser. A committee of women I knew decided to donate it to me. Marg, Charlotte, Beth and Kelly.

Over the course of a year, the generosity from these women was always so beautiful and helpful. It is not something I will ever forget. I was moved by far more than just the money. Their kindness and messages cracked me open to the POWER of GIVING. How deeply this power can affect another person. Then later I found out another person from high school donated an enormous amount as well. Yet another woman who is a friend of a friend donated \$20 from Ireland. In Covid times. This was as moving and profound to me as all the others. All these gifts created a crying fest for me.

This bright shining light of love beams at me. It is like the Universe showing me the abundance and love that we all are. The connection.

I vow to pay it forward. To help others.

Journal: November 13, 2020

Two days after chemo. I feel great. Still no bowel movement so will take Senokot tonight.

I had a nurse come by yesterday to give me my first Lapelga shot to my stomach. It is to be administered 24 hours after each round of chemo. It helps the bone marrow produce white blood cells, which help the body fight infection. Her goal was to teach me to inject this into myself on my own, but I need her to come again. I can't see jabbing a needle into myself. It was painless though. I might ask Shannon (my nurse friend) to administer it if she can.

Looks like some snow dusting today. Need to walk to pick up the car from the auto shop. Boys will have to bike to school.

Journal: November 14, 2020

We are now in the Red Zone. (New Covid terms here in Ontario.) Boys are still playing soccer and going to school, two-three mornings a week. I took a laxative last night. Small bowel movement. Yay. Probably should drink prune juice, probably should get my healthy diet on, probably should cut out bad carbs.

Woke up anticipating these joint aches I am supposed to be getting but am alright so far. I do feel groggy and a little anxious. I have never been a good

patient. But I am brewing coffee (yes, I should eliminate it) and will have some goals today: Meditate (need to start to do regularly).

Exercise every day.

Pray. Write.

Laugh. Go online and order Xmas cards.

Journal: November 15, 2020

Felt a little winded yesterday. I got a burst of energy mid-afternoon and started doing laundry and organizing. Felt great. Until the crash a few hours later.

Jen from work came by with a gift from the clinic. An envelope of money and bags of healthy snacks for the boys. I could never afford them in the past. Devin even loves them. Earth Balance Cheddar Flavour Puffs, Prana Organic Matcha Magic Chocolate, Lesser Evil Organic Popcorn, Kale chips. Well, nobody touched the Kale chips. Homemade carrot and ginger soup. Unfortunately, Sebastian wasn't impressed with soup that had ginger. Yep, so we ordered pizza. I am doing a great job at maintaining healthy balances. When the craved pizza arrived, it had no flavour for me. That sucked. It tasted like cardboard. Maybe I will try Jerk Chicken next time. Anyway, so many gifts. I feel so supported. Wow!

Karen, who organized the GoFundMe, is a dynamo and about a third of her friends made donations. How does one thank people enough? I will just have to pay it forward. Devin even commented on how amazing it is when people come together. He recognizes this. It is true. So much can be accomplished when people work together. This morning is a rainy day. Lazy Sunday.

Automatic Writing to Myself:

Your purpose. Your soul knows its journey and course. You need not think so much. As you have been told, just REST.

Rest your mind, rest your emotions, rest your cells. Infuse them with the vibration of Source which they are all a part of.

Set it in front of you if this helps. A picture of glowing light drawing into you. Yes, that is you.

So, your purpose is not really the question you wish to ask.

You want reassurance that all will be well.

I say to you, my dear, you already know this but get taken off the rails by what others project. You latch on for a moment. I say immediately fling this off and throw it into the eternal flame of the Universe.

Keep yourself enshrouded in this circle of calm, a cocoon of divine light.

There is only love and fear is the opposite.

You need not try so hard to visualize your cells aligning and healing.

There, you have activated it.

So be it.

It is done.

Be gentle and kind and loving as a mother to a child in every thought and deed. There is no wrong here. You have your mission, your life's purpose that is inside you. You know you will fulfill it.

Walk with humility. Show your humility and know we walk beside you, around you, and lift you when you call.

This is indeed an opportunity to go in and embrace the beauty of God, the Source, the Love that makes all things so.

Amen.

So be it.

Go forth and be happy today.

Journal: November 16, 2020

Thoughts of my breasts today. What will the scar look like? What will it feel like? I took a look on Google, and this was probably not a good idea. To me it was a horrific glance at butchered women. I tell myself it is one step at a time. At this point my surgery is something in the future, so I do not want to focus on it much right now.

However, today the thought occurred that I will not be able to wear my favorite orange tank top again. How silly that this should give me a moment of sorrow. There are only a few tops that make me feel feminine when often I feel out of shape. This was one of them. Now it will be gone. But perhaps a new, one-breasted line of clothing will be invented, to replace it. Maybe I will

invent this new line. I fantasize about a one-cupped, Wonder Woman type of top, that will be socially appealing and dazzling.

Of course, the thought crept in, “How will I ever be attractive to a man again?” as I cannot stand to look at pictures of mastectomies. Serious questions about my self-worth. What makes me a woman? What makes me beautiful? When I think of my breast cancer, I most definitely have not dealt with the mastectomy yet. It is another hurdle to jump after chemo. I have a friend who went through the process. She says she finds her scar beautiful now. It was a process though.

Right now, I cannot look at these pictures without wincing, feeling pain and butchery. I must admit to myself that feelings of loss will come up.

But here is Wonder Woman with a mastectomy. She could care less about silly old tank tops.



Journal: November 17, 2020

I don't feel like writing much today. It is the evening, and The Windy City séance group is coming up at 8pm. I have spent the day watching “The Crown” and feel quite lazy. My stomach feels better though, and we had a beautiful meal delivered by a man and his family — a client of hairdresser Krysten. This man recovered from a brain tumour. He heard about me and offered to cook meals for my boys and me, through the Meal Train. The meal was delicious. Chicken, sausages, caramelized squash, red cabbage, brussels sprouts and bacon, plus an amazing cake. I cannot express what it feels like to have meals cooked for us. It is very humbling to accept these gifts from strangers. I feel quite spoiled and guilty at times. Maybe I am not used to receiving so much.

I really should clean my place. Day 7 is tomorrow, and they say I should monitor myself for any adverse signs. White blood cells will be at their lowest. I feel like I am neglecting my boys. Hiding in my room. Sleeping a lot. I went for a five-minute walk to take the garbage bins outside. I need to force myself to prioritize fresh air and exercise.

Spoke with my mom on the phone. It is hard when it is Groundhog Day with her about my cancer because of her short-term memory loss. I got testy which is not fair to her but part of me wants my old mom to be there for me.

Karin gave me a distant healing the other night. I felt emotionally better afterward.

Facebook Post: November 18, 2020

I have lots of great plans to write and meditate daily. Then the driving to school and back seems to consume my energy in the morning. First round of chemo had no crazy side effects, though I find myself somewhat grumpy when my body just wants to lie down. Sleeping so much. So many amazing meals delivered to boys and me. So much love in many forms.

I decided to go to the beach today, which is by Devin's school, and wait for him early there. Medicine in nature. Need to go outside more.

If I don't respond immediately to all personal messages, it means I am learning to rest and will get back to you soon. Thank you for all the love. Experiencing this has been transformative.

Journal: November 18, 2020

I posted on Facebook how transformational this experience has been. The love. I think if anyone has been on the receiving end of such an outpouring of support, there can be no mistake about the power of love. It is like an avalanche of light coming at you. What I imagine crossing over is like.

Blinding, encompassing warmth and expansion of love and light. The HEART CRACKS open and one recognizes that one is part of this light that one sees.

And in this awareness, the years of love *denied* to oneself become evident.

This love within is our true core. This love is who we are. To cut oneself off from this light is to deny ourselves our connection to Source. It is to deny ourselves the self-love we need.

This journey is about LOVE.

LOVE myself.

Acceptance and care of myself. The cancer is a partial symptom of not loving myself and the cells communicating in a mutant way.

So, I say to your cells: Realign with the light, whether you call it God, Universe or Source.

I say, speak to each other in this love vibration. Let no poison in.

Say:

I release all poison and toxic thoughts to the heavens, to transform. The Universe heals me and all dimensions of pain. For, standing in the light of the God-Source, I know I am love and I am perfect.

Journal: November 21, 2020

Long messaging morning with Julie Adreani. She mentioned that she is starting a beginner mediumship course next year. I have decided to do it.

Journal: November 22, 2020

Meeting with my friend August Goforth this morning. He is such a gentle, kind, wise soul. Just sitting across from him (well, virtually) was healing. He is a calming friend and offers to talk to me whenever I feel I need to work out some thoughts and feelings.

Some bits I wrote down, while talking to him:

Anxiety— it goes into our system, and through it, before it exits.

Anger is good. It tells us our boundaries—this is August's answer to my suggestion that I want to expel such thoughts.

August spoke of energy and emotion constantly in motion as opposed to thinking of clearing out the past.

I spoke about making the decision to choose joy with each treatment, test and process. I refuse to let fear rule. I see this as an opportunity to grow, paint, write, rest, nurture myself.

His concept is to always be:

1. CURIOUS
2. UNBIASED
3. UNAFRAID

PAIN has a pulse to it, a cycle to it.

Focus on the *feeling better* part. Rewire the brain to experience and focus on the *better*.

I choose to feel better, use my mind. O.K is the new mantra.

I feel this and it is O.K. Chilling out.

Norman Cousins and laughter therapy.

August recommended Heather Macauley Noël's narration of *The Golden Key*, by Emmett Fox, on YouTube: https://youtu.be/wbK4_yMFIQc

A free pdf of Emmett Fox's writing, *The Golden Key*:

<https://www.scribd.com/document/24284486/Emmet-Fox-The-Golden-Key-to-Prayer>

Journal: November 24, 2020

Today was my bloodwork day, before my chemo. All clear for Round #2. Dr. Bedard measured my tumour and to my delight it had gone down from 6 cm to 4.3 cm. This is pretty amazing to me. I can still feel the lymph nodes under my armpit, but they feel smaller. Yay! It is all working.

Such joy shooting through me.

Shrinking. Power of God. Chemo. Power of my belief. All the well wishes and prayers. I truly feel nothing but positivity.

Feeling my energy and appetite back as this second week of chemo comes to an end. Psyching myself up for the next round and looking forward to healing energy throughout my body, clearing all cancer cells away.

I lovingly ask you to leave my body now. God and Source will transform you and give you a good home. You must pack up and leave my residence. You were a good lesson, but we now say goodbye.

You are already gone. Only a remnant of you remains in this 3D physical world, leaving traces for the humans to think you are real. So, soften and fade away.

Up to the heavens.

Never to return.

I feel only health, happiness and joy. I now spread this joy for the rest of my life, until my time to go home. Not now. I say, at least 30 years from now, please.

Journal: November 24, 2020

Windy City Circle Zoom

Before we began, some members asked how I was. I said great and told them how supported I felt. My computer had been turned off, but the printer turned on and printed a blank page!

Journal: November 25, 2020

Yesterday, I volunteered to be a recipient of a reading. A woman named Kay was learning psychic readings and mediumship and needed someone to practice on. Kay actually lives in Ontario, and she phoned me yesterday. It was a sensational reading.

Kay Pollock Truscott

She said felt a friend of mine with us. I knew immediately that it was Liz. Kay said this woman went straight for her breast. This is where Kay felt Liz directing her. Wow. She said she thought she died of cancer. Another piece of evidence for me. She knew everything about Liz's beautiful soul. Then Kay said something about me journaling. I have been asking Liz and Patrick to help me write a book. Richard, Janine Lane's guide, also told me I would write two books. Come to think of it, Emma said something about me writing as well. Two? Two books?

Kay then reminded me that Liz is just a whisper away. I was very moved.

Facebook Post: November 26, 2020

This morning I completed Round #2 of chemo. Chugging along. My hair is coming out when I pull at it. In little clumps like a cat. My thoughts tonight.

At least now I can physically remove all unsightly grey. No more hair dye.

The gypsy look is getting weathered. I feel more like Darth Vader when Luke removes the mask and he sees a bald, shrunken head. But luckily, I have scarves. Many, many scarves!

The boys and I have never had so many meals cooked for us. How do we go back to my cooking?

I am rocking the stretchy, athletic trousers. Really, who is there to impress at this point? Though I might start wearing a Santa hat.

And beautiful gifts keep coming. This morning after picking up the boys from school. I realized that the old cassette tape of my deceased friend, Liz, was still in the back seat of my car. Miscellaneous stuff from our move that I had not taken out. The boys were always complaining that there was no room back there. Well, I have a tape deck in this 1995 Ford. So, I grabbed the case and popped in the tape, on our way home. It was a recording of her practicing.

It was the beginning of a song, and her voice was always so incredibly powerful and full of vibrato. Her song seemed familiar, and I realized it was the Amanda McBroom song, "The Rose" made famous by Bette Midler in the movie of the same name. As we pulled into our parking space, the song ended as if on cue. She was so close. I felt her beside me in the car. I remembered a wise woman telling me that our loved ones are just a whisper away. And the last few lines of the song echoed in my ear.

*"Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose."*



Journal: November 26, 2020

Chemo: Round #2

Orange Pod

The pod seemed larger this time, than the one I sat in last time. This one was pod 16. I noticed many other people around. I had the same nurse as last time and it was comforting. She is so great at explaining things. So far, the pod rooms I counted were red, blue, orange, yellow. And at least a hundred people at a time getting chemo. Crazy.

I wondered what their cancers were. A beautiful young woman came in. Why does everyone else still have hair? She got a probe inserted into her chest. Maybe not chemo. Maybe people are wearing wigs, too. She asked to have a picture taken of her on her phone, and then went to work on her computer. I forgot my coat somewhere. It was found and returned. A little scattered. I wear goggles in the hospital now that Covid is here.

I walked to Sullivan Street afterward, where a friend of a friend lets me park in their alleyway. I love the feel of McCaul St. Then I passed a pub that always reminds me of someone I dated for a few months last year. We had a meal there. He is now posting "I have found the one" all over FB, along with a photo of his new girlfriend. Why does it bother me? We weren't a match at all even though at first, I thought that because he did artwork, that we might be similar, as far as being open and creative. But we were very

different. He was much more set in his ways than I am. But I wanted safe and nice at the time. Yep. The Universe responded. Safe and nice but we weren't really a match.

Everyone wants to be someone's One. Reminds me of my inner child wanting to be the apple of her daddy's eyes. I know by now that nobody is going to save me but myself. Patting myself on the back. Standing on my own two feet.

Superintendent Paul texted and asked how I was feeling. Is he actually a friend or just curious about my cancer? A friend would have asked a long time ago if there was anything he could do. But these thoughts are pointless. We have nothing. A fleeting friendship. Never going to be serious. So let go. I am glad I moved right when I found out I had cancer. New start. No distractions.

In some ways, I hope he never texts again. I cried last time. It does make me sad. At the emotional turmoil I allowed to impact my body last summer. The pain was palpable in my heart when I would cry. The confusion. It reminded me of being emotionally toyed-with. I know that too well. But I do know he had a good heart and as he once said to me, "Don't expect so much and you won't get so disappointed."

One saving grace is that I am still friends with Frank, as challenging as it is. Still, I have to look out for him, and it is worrying how he constantly digs himself into holes. An ongoing concern. I think I still have to work on my boundaries there.

But back to happy thoughts. I will get myself a Christmas tree this weekend. Christmas will never be cancelled.

Journal: November 27, 2020

Right after lunch an email from August arrived. He said that Spirit guided him to this YouTube piece for me, and to listen to it as often or as little as I like, but hopefully more often.

It was Abraham Hicks channeling "Rampage on Self Love." I began listening, and the printer turned on and printed a blank page, again! *What is going on with my printer? Are spirits playing with my electronics?*

Journal: November 28, 2020

Crash day. But I got out some paints. Very therapeutic, though I was nauseous most of the day, so mostly in bed.

At the end of the day, I got myself up and drove to pick up shepherd's pie and blueberry scones from a friend. Oh, the best blueberry scones I have ever had. And Frank went and got us a tree. That was nice of him.

Decided to pluck my hair in the shower and then I decided to shape it like a mohawk. Lol. Feels very prickly now. I shall do more tomorrow and maybe put on lipstick.

Lots of reaction to my post with Liz's song. So much love for her. It is so shocking to hear a deceased person's voice. I cried for a few days.

Today, I decided to join another public Janine Lane trance healing, on Zoom. Richard came through again and gave his usual, powerful healings. I asked for another healing for my breast cancer. It reinforced our last talk.

The talking to our cells. The spirit and the body. The mutant cells not knowing what to do and the power of light. I think that with everyone I am working with, I realize the message is one of connecting to my spirit soul. It is to connect with the divine Source, which is in us, and that when realized, we must give it up to God.

Go cancer cells.

Go to the Source, the Universe, and you will be transmuted there.

Journal: November 30, 2020

Today, I registered the boys for the e-learning option for school. Effective immediately they will no longer have to be in their classroom. The Vice Principal called me Sunday night. Someone in Devin's cohort might be testing positive for Covid. Oh God. Now Devin has to take a PCR test. But on the upside, it is such a relief that Devin and Sebastian won't be going back to school. I know that learning at home will be hard on my boys, but it is the right decision for us. Now that I am undergoing chemo, I feel super paranoid and worried about them being asymptomatic around me, without any of us realizing it. So, they are wearing masks around me now, until Devin's test comes back. Insane and probably illogical as we share a home, but it calms me down. Nobody is arguing with the cancer lady. Sebastian quietly asks me today if we could start the tree as it has been sitting here for days. I feel guilty. I am the absent mom so often now.

Luckily, I am coming out of my two "squashed by a Mack truck" days. The ache and bruise-like feelings are always very debilitating, but finally I am not so nauseous. Really need to stop eating the desserts people keep bringing

over, too. No sugar. Why is that so hard? Guess it is comfort food at the moment.

At around 4pm today, Sebastian and I decided to put the lights our tree. Finally, the tree has her ornaments. It is our yearly tradition. Feeling a rush of normality wash over me. I feel like I can breathe again. The thought of six more rounds has been excruciating to me. I must admit, my thoughts have been sinking into despair. But now this day has lifted me up again. I hope I am not a bedridden bundle of misery for Christmas. Six more rounds of chemo, here I come...

Covid and cancer, you can't stop Christmas. IT WILL COME AND ALL THE WHOS IN WHOVILLE WILL SING.

Journal: December 1, 2020

Officially grumpy and annoyed today at this constant stomach discomfort.

Trying to rise above it. Food is just tasteless. This is hard. It makes me depressed when lovely food is brought yet I know there is no pleasure in even eating. I have always eaten for emotional comfort and now I no longer have this. Though chocolate still tastes mildly good. Lol.

Six more rounds. I refuse to buy into this negativity, but I am letting myself feel slovenly today. Everything seems a mess and takes all my energy to do anything. So, I give myself a few tasks on these days and try to be kind to myself.

Journal: December 2, 2020

Well, my first spiritual reading with spirit artist and medium Sandy Ingham was today, through Skype.

I instantly felt she was a dear friend—a wise, calm older woman. She revealed that she was in her 70s but looked decades younger. Stylish and classic with a light sweater and scarf, she sat in her armchair, in Cornwall.

She immediately launched into the reading. While trying to explain to me how she worked, she was interrupted, because so many wanted to get through. She had initials for me, which meant nothing to me. H and K and L. Then she started to form them on her lips.

“Karl? Kar?” I shook my head no. Then a William. Clearly William was adamant about coming through. This annoyed me as I didn't want to hear from him right now. “A father?” I asked. “He is not my biological father though he was my legal, adoptive father.” So, we had a confusing start, with

me explaining that my real father was Italian, and this might get complicated as I don't know any relatives on his side.

So back to William. Yes, he wanted to come through, and admitted he wasn't the best person to be around children. And that he was not great.

Sandra could tell that I had my back up while William was coming through. She went on to explain that when we cross over, we review our life and come to see it all in a more conscious perspective.

Yes, yes, I know that. At some point I said, "I forgive you" to William, but I also confirmed to Sandra that he was abusive to my mom and myself.

Then we came back to the name with a hard K sound. The other father. "Is he passed?" It seemed so. I gave her the name Carman. She lit up. That's the name she was trying to formulate. Then she witnessed Carman's death, right there as I watched her. It was an accident, a blow to the head, she said. She saw a river beside him. She saw him fall down. I felt numb to these facts. I had figured he had passed. So, there was some closure.

I can't remember his exact message to me, but it was something like, "They are all here in full support at this time."

She made a motion to her heart, tapping. "Is there an illness going on?" I revealed that I had breast cancer and she said, "OH, they made me feel it."

Then Marianna, my mom's sister, came through and then Oma (my grandmother). Sandy kept saying "Tant" and "Maria". I then realized that *Tante* is an aunt in German. Maria, I believe, is the great aunt who died of breast cancer. She hadn't wanted to go to the doctor and her tumour kept growing. Eventually she was operated on and lived another five years, according to my mom's account.

Sandra talks of Oma and how she was into herbs and healing herself with plants and that old knowledge. Oma snapped Sandra's hand and Sandra says, "Stop that," and laughs.

Then for some reason we veered off into talk of my diet and CBD oil. "The Sacred Plant." Then she mentioned Chris Wark, who healed cancer through food. I told her that I knew that I needed to change my diet. I felt like I needed to give up sugar, dairy and red meat.

She went on about that and the real importance of me taking charge, so the cancer doesn't come back. "You will get through this, but for the future you will really need to take charge."

“Marianna is telling me she wants to help with your sweet tooth,” Sandy said with a mischievous grin. She mentioned lavender essential oils and sounds that heal cancer.

Then she saw many things. A little girl. A miscarriage? Yes, I had had a miscarriage.

But she saw a shaman-like man in the jungle preparing a plant. The leaf. Taking the vine of the leaf and crushing it with the leaf, not the stem. He was helping me.

Other Italian names came through.

Joe

Giuseppe

Lucia

Ali or Alex

“What was in November? A birthday?” (My son, Sebastian’s.)

Then she mentioned March 26. “Note this relevant date,” she said. “You will turn a corner.”

Sandra has a Facebook page where all her trance artwork is posted. She began public demonstrations in 2007. Never drew anything before 2007. Leonardo DaVinci channels through her hands. “Leo” she calls him. The evidence of accurate depictions of loved ones are incredible.

She told me of a guide that Leo painted for her, who is now framed and on her wall. The painting took Leo two years to complete. He would continually go back and do a little more. Sandra finally framed it and said, “That’s it, it’s done now.” She hopes she doesn’t have to take it back out of the frame.

Days after the reading, she emailed me a photo of the drawing of my shaman guide. I instantly felt wise, loving eyes gazing upon me. She told me his name was Ezekiel or Zak. She had put a shirt on him which made me laugh. His eyes looked calm and healing. Sandra said my guide and I would have a wonderful relationship.

Journal: Friday December 4, 2020

A book that I had ordered arrived, *Surgeon From Another World*, by George Chapman and Roy Stemman. I love it. It is about healer and gifted trance medium George Chapman. In trance he would surrender his identity to a

deceased surgeon, William Lang. Channelling Dr. Lang, Chapman brought many cures to people as he travelled the world. George Chapman wrote, "The real purpose of Dr Lang's spirit return, I am convinced, is not solely to cure people. It is to touch the soul and to give us new convincing insight and understanding of the spiritual reality which surrounds us."

Journal: December 5, 2020

I emailed August for another talk soon. *A Guide to Spirit Healing* by Harry Edwards also arrived. It is a book August came across and I ordered it. I am fascinated by the many ways healing can be accomplished. This book addresses this and is another gift to feed my soul.

Facebook Post: December 10, 2020

Thank you for comedies. Keep them coming. We are doing great. Tumour has shrunk so much with first two rounds. I am happy! I woke up last night before the beginning of my third round, thinking of all the support from friends and strangers. As I can't work for eight months, and don't qualify for EI or CRB now, your gifts have helped us immensely. As Devin noticed at the beginning, "It's amazing when people come together." A big thank you to Krysten Weber for starting the Meal Train page and to Karen Pace, for the GoFundMe page. A lot of work and they have to talk to me so much! Also, thank you to Sacred Heart high school. The reunion committee and certain individuals (you know who you are) have blown me away with a generosity I can never repay. Some individuals I haven't seen since I was 18. And to all my friends. Messages, private donations. It's all a powerful force that Covid and cancer have no chance against, and I am changed forever because of it.

It is not Christmas yet, but it is every day. I feel like George Bailey at the end of the movie. Enjoy the day.

It's a Wonderful Life!

For those not familiar with the chemo process:

For my particular treatment, each round of chemo would usually take a few hours. I would go into Princess Margaret Hospital (PMH) and get assigned to a chemo room. Each different room, filled with dozens of people, is called a “pod”.



I would then be attached to an IV bag of chemo drugs. Everyone has a different cocktail. Before my treatment began, I was told that the side effects of my first four rounds would be nausea. There were many more side effects. Rounds #5-8 would affect my joints and nerves more, the nurses said, and each round would wear me down more and more. The wear on the body is cumulative.

There were two weeks in between each chemo round for me. This time frame was designed to give me time to recover and hopefully be ready for the next round. The day of chemo, I would go in a few hours early to give blood, and they would make sure my blood counts were adequate to have the treatment that day. Twenty hours after receiving chemo, I would drive to a friend’s house to get her to administer the Lapelga shot. This was to stimulate the growth of my new white blood cells. I chose the skin by my stomach. This is what I would start to dread. Not the needle injection itself but the side effects that would hit, about a day later. With each round, the side effects seemed to worsen.

After the crash — usually three days after chemo — I would slowly feel better each day. But as the two weeks would come to an end, I would become anxious for the next round. You know you have to go back into the ring again! Maybe that’s why they call it a round. Like a boxing ring. And with each round you get knocked around some more. At PMH, ringing a bell at the end of chemotherapy is a long-standing tradition to celebrate completion of treatment. Thus, chemo treatment becomes a huge mental challenge as much as it is a physical challenge!

Journal: December 11, 2020

Chemo Round #3

The thought of the oncoming chemo rounds that I need to do has brought me to tears today. Being in bed for the better part of two days does not make me feel like an involved mom. Luckily, we have the food from families here. Still, while I try to taste some of it, all food makes me feel turned off and sick right now. Ironically my need to be comforted by food is thwarted. Overall, Round #3 doesn't seem as bad as Round #2, so far. Maybe because I anticipated and dreaded it last time. Interesting how my thoughts can really shape my experience.

I was starting to feel better and I had a good week experimenting with vegan recipes (to the horror of my boys.) "I'm not eating that," they exclaimed. But each day closer to Round #4, I find myself getting a little more anxious. It's more like I don't want this normal feeling to go away.

But I realized, I've been stubborn. I have anti-nausea pills and the oncologist said to take Tylenol for the ache in the bones. So, I just did. I watched a cool animation called "Klaus" with Sebastian. The Christmas tree in the background. Sucker for that.

I framed my four spirit guide drawings from medium Emma Mathers. They are in one column on my wall, looking down at me on my bed: Acturian, Sirian, Gypsy and Healer.

There is also my incredible precipitated spirit art from Hoyt Robinette. William Fitzgerald on the front of the card and on the back, names from accomplished doctors and reflexologists. Such a privilege. I don't know who "Penny" is though, unless that is my childhood friend. This perplexes me.

I wait for Sandra Ingham's spiritual drawing, "The Shaman" to arrive in the mail. Upon arrival, it will go on the other wall.

Journal: December 12, 2020

My relationship with my left breast is interesting. Sometimes I feel afraid to touch it in the shower or to feel the lump. It is shrinking significantly but it feels alive, and I do not want to disturb or anger it as though my touch might set it off.

I sometimes stop the cats from kneading my breast area, as they have taken to snuggling in my left armpit. But then I hear them purr and I feel this healing energy from their mysterious spirits giving me a treatment. Sometimes I

employ reiki treatment with my hands to wash any negative energy out of my body. This feels good again.

Oh, for some reason I remembered my TV turning on last night in my room. A light seemed to glow as I slept, and I awoke to the TV screen on.

I must start writing all my journal notes into my computer. I may get Paul's extra desk. Yes, I did message him a few days ago. I know it may stir up emotions in me, but I also think it would be sad not to be friends. So, friends but not much contact. That would be healthiest.

I love looking at my guide paintings. This room is taking on a lovely energy.

Journal: December 13, 2020

Write down the hard parts. It is easy to be positive when you're feeling good or when the brutal parts lift. Not so easy when a crash hits. I am not a martyr. It sucks. For example, the dread and anticipation that was lurking before my third round, hit hardest with what I call the Lapelga crash. I felt hit by a vehicle. My joints were sore, and I felt covered in bruises. Add to all this my brain fog, my upset stomach, the weird taste in my mouth and the frustrating sense that I couldn't get my mouth to stop feeling dry.

My need to be comforted by food becomes important. My attempts at veganism have gone out the window. Butter on a toasted bagel with jam seems to be what I can taste. Or a cookie that Devin made. So sweet. So much for no sugar. I can taste it, and it is comforting. As I rant, I feel fat and bald in my pajamas. Somehow, I thought chemo would help me lose a few pounds. Ughhh, I seem to be gaining. They give me steroids in my chemo cocktail. I hope I wake up tomorrow with a little more energy and feel a little better.

I am sad for Christmas as I have chemo on Dec 24th. And it's Covid. Really not going to want to cook that day. I guess I will cook something ahead for them. But no big Christmas dinner with Frank joining. I have decided he can come by with a mask and sit in a rocking chair but that we can't share a meal because of Covid. Bloody cancer. Time to put them both to bed.

Darla. Thanx for that call on my chemo day. That was so nice. Just didn't want to talk at that moment, you know? It's like the chat about "how I'm doing" puts focus on cancer when I am in a good moment and not wanting to go into that conversation.

The Lapelga crash was the worst this weekend. Maybe I am developing a dread of it and making the experience worse. The good news is it passed. I felt normal today.

But it reminds me of childbirth. When you are in it, it is another world and when it ends you don't want to remember. Unfortunately, with cancer I have to repeat it five more times, every two weeks. It's like being released from jail knowing you have to go back in.

Darla was an incredible support having gone through it herself, checking up on me and phoning regularly. I know I could be my worst with her. She was someone who understood.

Me: Just feeling sorry for myself because the thought of Christmas and wanting to vomit at all the food kind of sucks. Might make a big dinner 23/24 and they can nibble and fend for themselves. Just needed to vent. God, I don't even pay attention to the Covid news now. Too much fear. Just living in my cancer bubble. I am just truly becoming a fat ass who doesn't go out much.

Facebook Post: December 14, 2020

Dipping my toes into the vegan world, one recipe at a time. I want to eliminate dairy and sugar and am cutting back on the meat. Red meat to go for sure. It's a slow process.

I started a vanilla, vegan ice cream. The boys groan in the background! No ice cream maker but it is starting to form. It is yummy. Cashew and coconut based.

Your favourite vegetable/vegan recipes always welcome.

Scribbles from my talk with August Goforth:

PRE-PAVE

Set your intention. SEGMENT intending.

Wouldn't it be nice if ...

Alignment

Peace

Suggestions to yourself

Orchestration

Looking for ways to utilize your subconscious

Give it up to God Power

Emotional GPS

A sculpture — truth looks different from different angles (I love this in terms of what I will look like after surgery)

Take care of your own feelings

Change the way we feel first

My feelings first — we need to feel our feelings -Sad

Then feel your way out of it

FEELINGS ARE ALWAYS MOVING

Anger is good — As an emotion of strength, it reveals boundaries

1. Reaction

2. Response: How do I want to respond?

EVERYTHING IS OK

Repetition

Select a new thought

Going to think words that make me feel better

Ease, fun, play

Stop thinking ... I would like to relax the thinking

GO GENERAL. Start: peace, tranquility, ease

Recreate a memory of a favorite spot

Meditation tape

ASK FOR HELP FROM YOUR GUIDES

Asking not a question

I AM READY FOR YOUR HELP NOW

Wouldn't it be nice to remember a favorite spot?

Journal: December 19, 2020

On Thursday I went to pick up that desk that Paul recently offered me. I found a parking spot outside my old building and messaged him I was there. I saw

him pass through the foyer rushing somewhere and could see the small bald patch on his head. He usually shaves his head. Anyway, seeing him from behind I smiled. I remembered why I found him so attractive. I waited. What was he doing? Finally, he emerged with a huge, long box. The desk.

I got out of the car. “Hello. How are you? OMG. It is so big,” I said, as we began the process of trying to get it in the backseat of my car.

It was easy, fun and he wasn’t wearing his mask. He has such a gentle aura about him. Quite sweet. I giggled a lot. Then paranoia hit me. I put my mask on. “Move away from me,” I laughed, “I don’t have an immune system.” Then my glasses fogged up and I took my mask down.

We finally got the desk diagonally into the front seat, of course blocking my entire front window. He said, “For anyone else, I would charge.” He was smiling and laughing. He then asked me to wait and ran back to his apartment. He returned with a bag. My Tupperware and pie pan from all the food I had shared with him.

I was going to my driver’s side and forgot my key in the lock on the other side. Typical scatterbrain. My forgetfulness and losing keys were big themes for me while we lived in that apartment.

“Merry Christmas. I hope you feel better,” Paul said.

“If you don’t hear from me, it’s because I got into an accident on the way home,” I joked, alluding to my klutziness.

His advice was, “Just make left turns.”

“It’s okay,” I joked. “I never use my mirrors anyways.”

“It seems most people here don’t,” was his jab at Canadians.

Last night I texted him to say that the boys assembled the desk and found instructions for the assembly of a Christmas tree inside. He said he had gotten a deal on a Christmas tree and lights, which surprised me because he always said he had no need for plants. I thought if he had a tree, he must have a girl.

Then, Paul sent me a 30-second clip of his new tree. A fancy, spirally, mini tree with amazing flashing lights, with his techno music playing in the background. It looked like the sound and lights were dancing. It was so brilliant. I laughed so hard. I miss our little talks.

“I am glad we are friends,” I thought to myself. I need to let him go completely, and I wonder if messaging him keeps me a little connected.

Seeing him made me happy. But I know he is just a passing friend, in my life only momentarily, to teach me something. When I am healed and have processed everything, someone aligned will appear. I am forever hopeful. And maybe I will get to a place where I am enough for me. This will be the sweet spot. I have a lot of healing and work to do until then.

Journal: December 20, 2020

It's really mild here right now. No snow. 4 degrees. This morning I said, "Sebastian let's go for a walk." I really didn't know where we would end up. Going around the block loses its appeal and trails are dull and muddy at this time of year. So, we drove to the Bluffs which is close. Sebastian found a different path, so he led the way. It was really lovely. We walked past the reeds and across a little brook; the cliffs were to the right of us. A glorious tree appeared -- it was gnarly and full of character with huge roots running from its base. I immediately gasped at its beauty and approached it. Sebastian took some photos. I took off my hat and did a power pose to the heavens.

A healer/psychic animal rescuer friend commented on the photo. She said: "There are many spirit animals around you." I asked where? She replied by privately sending me some close-ups with circled areas. To my amazement I could clearly see the head figures of a bear and another one with a bear and a pup. This is a form of spirit communication. She said there were other

animals too. One was a donkey or deer, and I was able to see that one eventually as well.

The astonishing thing about the bears is that my Hoyt spirit card had "Black Bear" printed on the back. This was a curious coincidence. Maybe I have the bear itself as a guide. I had forgotten about animal spirits.



Apparently, the bear symbolizes healing, and this resonates with me.

I am so happy to have seen these beautiful images of the bear around me. They are so comforting. My own cats nestle and follow me, perching and positioning themselves around my bed. They go to my left armpit and want to knead. Their purring is soothing, healing energy. Animals are wonderful healers.



Facebook Post: December 24, 2020

Chemo Round #4

I promise I won't post after each chemo round, but I am halfway through my rounds today. It's Christmas Eve and I am feeling so thankful. Saw a friend here today at the hospital. Cookies made by a friend's daughter, left at my door. I drove by Danny Wilson's place and he, too, made me cookies! And he has never made cookies. He said it was a lot of work and won't be doing that again. Lol. I appreciate them so much, Danny. Tara Lynn Hall, whom I haven't seen in over a decade, found me and drove over with some stockings for me from her online business called *Wunderkind*. She is definitely wonderful and kind.

Merry Christmas and *Frohe Weihnachten* to my family in Germany. Especially Fritz. *Du bist eine Engel*. And Lisa Staeblein.

What a year for the world! But I believe in the power of thought. So much love around to harness for everyone and our beautiful planet earth.

Two sayings that I like are “When the going gets tough, the tough keep going” and “My thoughts are like seeds: they can only produce their own kind.” Think this last one is from August Goforth.

It’s a Wonderful Life!

Merry Christmas and peace, joy, and love to all of you.



Also, Christmas miracle. I still have eyebrows.



Journal: December 29,2020

Today I felt a little blue. The upstairs neighbour's small children kept us up after 2am. Out of control. They run all day which is no problem but the bangs and screams until 2am was too much. Must be because of Covid and holidays. I rang their doorbell this morning and asked that they keep the noise down after 11pm.

I must go outside. I need the sun and to go to the bank. It was nice seeing my family on Zoom in Germany yesterday. We will do this next Monday with mom. Need a little burst of joy today. I think the lack of sleep and the situation with my neighbour has me stressed.

I feel like releasing and crying and not being so strong. I should let myself feel. Covid and Cancer. Many added stresses but I will persevere. Don't feel like cooking or shopping online but I should. Going to have a cry and get on with it now!

Facebook Post: December 31, 2020

Happy New Year all! So much to be thankful for.



January 4, 2021.

I love this picture because it is on a trail I used to take often with my friend, Anna S., whom I no longer see due to her addiction issues. I would always take my purse on trails and it would seem ridiculous to Anna. There was the time when the boys, myself and her family were hiking and I slipped, trying to balance my coffee and purse. It resulted in me mud-sliding down a hill. We couldn't stop laughing. Moments of uncontrolled giggling with Anna are precious memories now. Joyous times. There is healing



for me in this picture. Healing from hugging the tree and feeling its energy. Healing from seeing my purse stick out from behind the tree and remembering beautiful moments. This is how I have a little fun now. Laughter and nature are helping me on my journey.

Journal: January 5, 2021

Round #5 of chemo in two days. Taxol is the new chemo drug for the next four rounds

- Did an online Zumba with Jayna. Loved it but I felt like an old bald woman hobbling around with two left feet. It was wonderful to try some exercise like this, but I only got through half the class.
- Soles of feet sore lately - tender to walk.
- I was relieved when the nurse told me that the side effects of this next chemo cocktail will not be predominantly nausea. Of course, there may be neuropathy, skin rash and other surprises.

I do feel a little more tired today.

I was triggered on the weekend by an old friend who had previously hurt me with deceit. Spoke about it with Julie. I feel like letting it go is part of my healing. Wrote the person's name on a piece of paper and burned it, outside. Felt better. Asked the angels and God to take away any negativity in my thoughts.

She is giving me another healing tomorrow.

"Forgiveness is not an occasional act, it is a constant attitude."

Martin Luther King

Journal: January 6, 2021

Julie's healing:

We did it over the phone. I lay on my bed, and her soothing voice took me through the chakras. As she spoke, I envisioned colouring in my chakras. It was very easy to relax.

Then she said she was going to go into trance. While in trance, she let her guides do the healing. She went silent and I could hear her music. But then I would hear some interruptions in the music. The sound of static electricity. It came in and out of the music. Followed by a few beats of music- but then another interference. A soothing, vacuum sound.

I drifted off, then came to later, with my cat at my side. The electricity sounds and suctioning sounds continued and when Julie came back, I told her I had gone to sleep. She said, "They took you away." I mentioned the sounds to her, but she had no recollection of them. Maybe Spirit wanted me to know they were working on me. I felt dreamy and light and very grateful for the healing.



Facebook post: January 7, 2021

Happy Thursday. In other bright green, healthy news: A version of Shakshuka. It has leeks, garlic, beans, peas, spinach, dill, mint, parsley, and a Lebanese spice *Za'atar*, that I hadn't ever used before today. Not always so easy to experiment when grocery pickups are limited.

However today, the steroids must be kicking in because I came home, immediately wanted to try making a few vegan side dishes, and it's been a few hours now! Going vegan will be a gradual process for me. The boys want meat, so they had burgers. Still, they are forced to try my experiments. Devin eats everything. Sebastian will have a teaspoon — try with a bribe.

Limiting news to essential information. Threats of cancelling cancer surgeries on the news. Not a word of this has been suggested to me by any doctor. Trying to feed myself good thoughts and good food. Don't drink the fear Kool Aid. Fear is poison.

Peace. Love. Now I crash.



Journal: January 7, 2021

Chem: Round # 5 New cocktail Taxol (Paclitaxol)

This particular chemo session took hours. This was because the first hour was the Benadryl drip, ensuring I wouldn't have an allergic reaction. I started to drift off at some point. I went to the bathroom a few times with the IV pole and got some urine splash on my pants from trying to squat. Great. I felt so undignified. I started to dread Friday. Chemo is always on a Thursday, and I know the Lapelga awaits me Friday. Couldn't wait to go home.

Saturday and Sunday after Round #5 and the Lapelga were a deep blur, a hole of pain. The aftereffects were unexpectedly extreme. Way more intense than after any of my previous rounds of chemo.

Devin watched a documentary with me. I think he knew I really needed a distraction and some company, after this round. It was a documentary series on Netflix, called *Life after Death*, which felt comforting to me. I am so passionate about this topic. Devin seemed to be watching it begrudgingly at times but when I would sense this and fast forward it, he would say "Why are you doing that?" No point in that. I was surprised, wondering if he was maybe, in fact, really interested. The documentary featured an interview with the physical medium Nicole de Haas. I tried explaining to Devin that she was similar to Kai and Warren. We then had an interesting discussion on reincarnation, and I felt like Devin helped me get through the initial stage of the "crash" that was beginning.

In the middle of the night, I was groaning in bed, in the fetal position. The bone pain felt intense in my ankles, feet, abdomen, and pelvis. This was new and somehow a shock even though I had been warned. It was a struggle to walk to the bathroom. I would roll over in bed like a 90-year-old, shuffle when I walked, fearing I might fall. I thought Sebastian heard me from the next room and I tried breathing exercises. Not much helped. Tylenol and Claritin seemed useless.

Sunday was not much better. In the evening, I called Darla. I burst into tears. Part of me was worried that the back pain was a serious side effect, and that I should be phoning the hospital. I was a little frightened. She talked me down. She explained that she went through the same thing and suggested that I request some stronger pain meds like Percocet. "Oh, and save me any you don't use," she said. I laughed. Her humour is always greatly welcomed. A total, merciful relief for me.

I got hold of a nurse today. The pain has subsided, and I am functional, but I still want some stronger drugs. Covid is apparently raging all over in Ontario and Mayor Ford is probably going to call another state of emergency tomorrow. But this doesn't change how I am living at the moment. I just go to the PC Express grocery pickup, and then make hospital visits. The boys go for walks with their dad. We are living as simply as we can.

Facebook Post: January 15, 2021

In between rounds. On my good week as I say. Still, I made a soup this morning and went back to bed at 9:30 am. But yesterday I had an urge to paint a blue lady angel. Artists: don't laugh at it, but I think my play with colour is an energetic, soothing expression to myself. Takes me to a calm place. Art of any kind heals.



Blue Angel Lady: January 16, 2021

I woke up this morning thinking of her, as she looked at me from the corner of my room. I was filled with the feeling that I needed to add some paint to her. I brought her closer to my bed. It was very early. I stared at her for some insight. A simple thought popped into my head: Our connection with Spirit is about healing; bridging the gap between this world and the next. She feels like Mother Mary energy for me. I feel she is an inspired gift for me.

Thank you, Angel lady.

Journal: January 20, 2021

Ramblings:

I am not a medium. I have been told some very specific things may transpire in the future, but I take everything with a grain of salt. One must always

have some discernment with Spirit communication. Plus, there is free will in our world and everything is a probability. Still, I believe that all these abilities are in each of us, though they are often squashed and lie dormant. I have been privileged to follow and participate with some of the world's most renowned and genuine mediums through séance and trance work. These experiences have led me to wish to communicate with Spirit for myself and understand more about the Universe and our purpose here. I want to cut out the middleman.

Journal: January 22, 2021

Chemo Round #6

Yesterday, I drove to my free parking spot a few blocks from Princess Margaret Hospital. I walked to the hospital and proceeded to ascend the stairs to the 4th floor. I was out of breath going up. I stopped on the 2nd floor and sat on a bench. Then, I stubbornly resumed climbing the stairs even though I was having heart palpitations and feeling dizzy. At registration I braced myself on the counter. The clerk asked if I needed a wheelchair or something. I said "No, I am fine."

At the chemo pod, the nurse inserted the needle and began preparations for my IV infusions. She checked my blood pressure, and it was a low 67. I told her I was not feeling so well. Finally, I had to admit I was feeling out of sorts. My forehead got sweaty. I took off my scarf. She leaned in close to me and asked, "Are you on any blood thinners?" Then I felt like I just drifted off.

When I regained consciousness, I thought I had fallen asleep. I felt like I had been dreaming. The nurse said she lost me for a few seconds. The whole team came to investigate. My eyesight was blurry.

They got me to lie down on a bed. My blood pressure came back. Dr. Bedard came by after the bloodwork and said he felt it was vasovagal syncope. Basically, I fainted. He said he felt we could continue if I felt like it. Guess my buildup of dread manifested a fainting spell this round, but I agreed to continue the chemo. Power of the mind. Watched Bruce Lipton on Gaia last night. First episode. Patients with dire prognoses curing themselves with their thoughts.

Facebook Post: January 21, 2021

Chemo Round #6

This is what Round #6 looks like for me: Flat out on a bed. So, if you think I am breezing through, this is not so. Wonder Woman is getting tired. This is okay. Though I am not a good patient.

My thoughts aren't always positive. I fueled the fire on this one. Really was resisting and dreading this new chemo. Worked myself into a negative state of mind. The mental side of this is real. Power of the mind is strong. But now fine. Chemo continuing. Morphine pills for weekend.

Think Uber rides from now on. Back on track.

Next chemo picture will be me ringing the bell. The bell that means this ride of chemo is over. I count the weeks. End of rant.

“If you are going through Hell keep going.”

Winston Churchill

Journal: January 22,2021

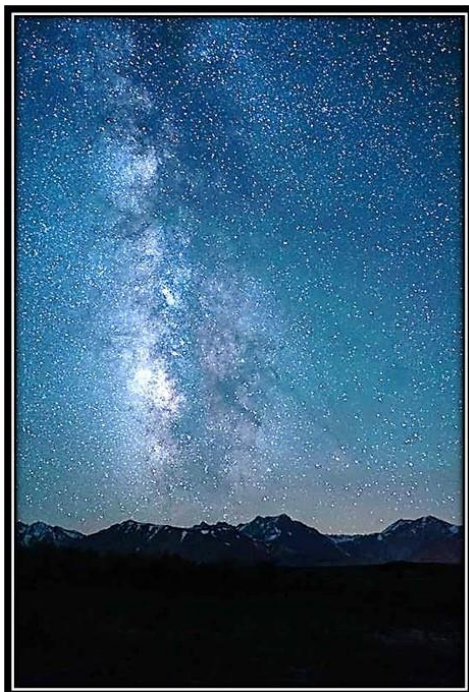
Last night I noticed on Facebook Julie and Kim's cut-off sign-up date for the mediumship course they are offering. I decided to go for it. There are many reasons for my meeting Julie and me being in the Windy City Circle. One is to have a mentor. I felt a shift after this decision. I messaged her after I signed up. We are excited. I said she was my Mr. Miyagi from The Karate Kid. Then I drifted off into a nap and had a visualization. I told her about it later. She said it was a visit.

My visualization:

As I relaxed on my bed to begin my nap, I decided to call on Jesus. I figure he is a top love vibration being, right? I said, “Jesus please come to me. It has been a while since I connected with you. Please come to me any time a negative thought arises, or I feel resentment toward anyone. Please fill me with your energy of love and forgiveness.” And then I felt a great light come to me and fill me. I imagined him touching my forehead with healing. Then I envisioned someone who hurt me and encircled him with love. I placed my hand on his head. We are good. I then drifted back into this light and came back to the room.

**Facebook Post by August Goforth January 28, 2021
(Reprinted with permission)**

When I try to apply the old way of *thinking my thoughts* to my *new* understanding about thoughts and thinking, disharmony manifests, and feelings of imbalance arise. The old way used repetitive worry to try to control an outcome, yet all I really want at the end of it all is to feel better, and I previously had a belief that worry would make me feel better. I now have a different belief that no longer includes the necessity of worry. This is the new understanding, which means I have ceased to include the idea of limitations in my conception of the Orchestration of Source.



The new understanding has literally forgotten that such a thing as worry exists – or at least is beginning to allow me to forget. Without worry around to disturb the waters of my mind, peace, calmness and tranquility are restored. And as the One Great Mind of Creative Source now gazes upon me, upon my ocean of consciousness, It sees only Its reflection, which I then see as I gaze back, which then becomes my experience of life and as a living being living life, and being life. Thoughts then arise naturally out of the Mind of Creative Source which I then allow to also become my thoughts. If worry should begin to disturb the surface of the ocean of my mind, I need only speak my own words of Self Authority, “Be still and know I am Source.” And then, I relax, I float, I flow, I rest.

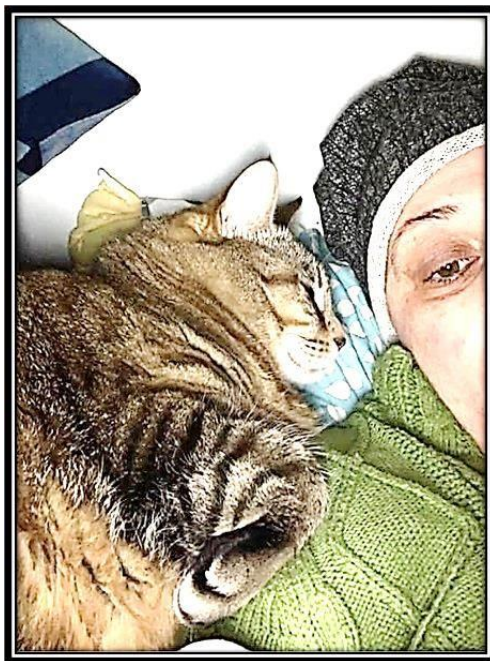
Journal: February 8, 2021

Chemo Round #7

The morphine pills have helped. I think I took four over the weekend. My feet and ankles were buzzing so I added an Advil. I felt a little down this morning. I should go for a walk but it is freezing. Devin was sweet when he woke up. He saw me come out of the bedroom hobbling. “Go lie down. It is your bad day. You are so stubborn.”

I actually feel relatively great compared to Round #5 and feel lazy when I don’t go out. I should be motivating myself to get some exercise, but I am still in bed.

The sun finally made it to my south-facing window. I rested my eyes and basked in it.



Mom video call at 3pm and grocery-pick up at 5pm.

And a beautiful, hand-painted candle vase arrived in the mail from Marg, my high school friend. It was so generous and considerate. It lifted me up.

Journal: February 17, 2021

Well, I haven’t been keeping up with my journal lately. Round #7 brought more fatigue and it is surreal that my last chemo is tomorrow. My friend Sarah has offered to pick me up. We’ll see if it snows heavily. Old-fashioned snowstorm dump.

Thinking about surgery now. I am required to meet the surgeon an hour before this last chemo session tomorrow. I’d better write down my questions. My brain is very scattered these days. Need to make lists to remember to do stuff. Chemo brain. I started looking up different kinds of breast reconstructions. I had not thought about this much, until now. The whole reconstruction surgery combined with mastectomy makes for an

extremely long surgery. Reconstruction was never a real option offered to me by my surgeon. I feel a little unnerved. Maybe it's because of my lymph node dissection. Reconstructive surgery is discussed as something I can revisit with them in a few years. Maybe I will just be happy with my flat chest and scar.

Facebook Post: February 18, 2021

Chemo Round #8

Today was break up with chemo day. Sometimes breakups don't go smoothly. Due to an error, I waited 2 hours to start chemo and needed Kleenex. But time to say goodbye, chemo. 4 months, 8 rounds. A dance I don't need again.

Back in November, a nurse told me 150 people can go through these rooms, every single day. Lots of people. There was one person left at the end of the day, to hear me ring "The Bravery Bell" as I closed the purple pod down. I think of all the people who have gone through this, my friends ahead of me (Liz's scarf around me) and some friends waiting to ring the bell in the next few weeks.



I hope a few angels get their wings. Can't resist. I rang that bell a few times. Click on the photo.

It's a Wonderful Life.

Princess Margaret Cancer Hospital.

Next....



Thank you, friends! No words for your support.

Journal: February 18, 2021

I was wiped out by Round #8. Jacky was in the Red Pod, and I requested that one so we could sit together. That might have delayed things. The staff realized this shift was not possible and there was a specific medical reason I needed to go to the purple pod. Hours went by and Jacky came to say hi and then later, goodbye. I became a little anxious. First because I had been waiting so long, then because I was fearing an allergic reaction like the previous time.

I reached the Purple Pod two hours later, frazzled. I began to tear up. I didn't expect to have a meltdown on my last day but suddenly, I became overwhelmed and tired with waiting so long. It was supposed to be a joyous occurrence. But it was five hours before I finished the IV drip that day. And dark outside. Most people were gone. When I rang "The Bravery Bell" one of the last patients walked by me and said, "You are lucky."

I replied naively, "I hope your turn is soon." He looked defeated. "I will never be finished chemo." My heart sank. Why had I said that? He walked out the door. I proceeded through the hospital to the downstairs exit with a feeling that I needed to run to my ride waiting outside. Frank had borrowed my car to pick me up. I suddenly became euphoric like a runner at the finish line. When I got in the car, I shouted gleefully like a child, "I am done!" I never want to rerun that marathon.

Just 24 hours after my final round, I knew I was going to need to take some pain killers. Then Sunday, three days after chemo, I got a call from an acquaintance looking for the phone number of Anna S.'s mom. Anna had been a close family friend to us since before the boys were born. Devin actually got the call on his phone and passed it to me. Lots of confusion. I had taken a morphine pill and I was slow to react. She was frantic.

I heard her say "Anna is dead."

"What?" I stammered.

"It just happened. A few minutes ago."

A feeling of dread was sinking into my gut. She tried to explain, "I got a call from the person Anna was with. She hadn't been feeling well and he got her some soup. She just collapsed and died."

This is the call everyone dreads to hear when their loved one struggles with addiction. Devin was still standing in my bedroom doorway looking stunned. Everything was in slow motion. The morphine's effect on my brain

was keeping me from emotionally absorbing this information. Devin left the doorframe. I gave her Anna's mom's phone number.

Afterward, I walked into the living room. The boys were sitting still and silent on the couch. I can't remember what I said but I knew I wasn't in my body. I needed something to do. An action. I found a candle, lit it, started pacing and kept talking to them in a rather rambling manner. I think we hugged each other but it was all surreal. I am not sure I was much help to them. I would reach out to the family tomorrow.

At some point, drained, we all went to bed silently, me in a drug-induced haze. An hour later, Sebastian received a text from Anna's son giving him the news that his mother had died. Sebastian called out to me. He didn't know how to respond. I silently gasped from the other room. Something was sinking in. Through the morphine-numbness, my heart rattled a little. Then I got up to give him some words of comfort.

It took a few days to truly accept what had happened. Anna had lost her kids, job and home due to alcoholism. Ultimately, it had killed her. I had lots of conversations with mutual friends. They helped each of us process and grieve in our own, individual ways. She had been such dear friend. She had counselled me through many rough spots with Frank. It was tragic and cruel that addiction would grasp her too. I hadn't talked to her in two years. She had cut people off. I had to learn about my own boundaries as well. I felt like I had already lost her then.

Just a couple months earlier — over Christmas — I decided to send her a text. I was thinking of her as I passed an old trail we had walked together. I had a very strong urge to contact her. It was the holidays. Life was short. I had cancer. I thought about asking her to join me on my walk but knew that probably wasn't going to happen. So, I texted her. We chatted like old times, though I knew things were not better, not good. I also knew I couldn't rescue her. I had tried to help in the past. We talked about me trying to go vegan and other non-significant things. It was a short but sweet conversation. I wasn't sure when I was going to see her next. Before we ended the chat, I said "I love you."

"I love you too" she replied. That was my last communication with her.

Journal: February 27, 2021

During my MRI on Saturday, Feb 27, I went on a meditative journey. I decided to let my mind wander off. At one point, I found myself kayaking on Clear Lake, around Flamingo Island, and then down a stream, through

the forest. The dream then took me to the night Anna and I sat out on the deck at her summer cottage. The stars were bright above us. While in the MRI, I could hear her voice laughing and being silly about all the “MRI music” a.k.a. the bangs and shakes. She told me to release her and be happy. My MRI journey felt like a lovely trance, a shamanic journey. I was happy to be reminded of some good times and her bright spirit. Back home, I flipped through some old photos. Time seemed unreal. Life seemed like a dream.

Journal: February 28, 2021

It’s been one week since Anna’s passing. This morning I decided to go for a walk, and emotion flooded to the surface as I left the house. I cried on the street, recalling memories of my old friend, not the addict of the last few years. It was good to remember this true Anna self. It had been so long since I missed her like that.

Back home in my bed afterward, I thought of sending Marly (her close friend) some flowers with a note from Anna. I hesitated. “Just do it,” I heard Anna say in my head. So I added this note to the daisies (Anna’s Wedding flowers) that I found:

Marly, I love you so much. Remember I am just a
whisper away. Love, Anna
P.S. Stop trying to make cardinals do tricks. Tiring. Lol.

Journal: March 1, 2021

I waited all afternoon for Marly to receive the flowers. When she called, she was clearly moved. I was so happy. I truly felt Anna wanted to send her love. Marly had done so much for her.

After a long conversation with Marly, I checked Facebook and noticed Sandy Ingham had posted a drawing of a woman in a headscarf. My thought was that it looked like a gypsy— and sort of like me — or maybe like my guide? But this was egotistical of me to think, wasn’t it? Or perhaps I was right, and it *was* me?

Sandy was looking for the person with whom this drawing was meant to connect but asked that people please not make



comments as this may be a sensitive situation. Some still made comments and wrote that they didn't feel the woman had passed on to the other side. They said she seemed sick and commented on her eyes.

Later that night Marie, who had seen the Facebook post, messaged me. She said that she had messaged Sandy that the drawing was me, explained to her who I was, and told her that many of us had met in New York at Kai's séance and received gifts.

I knew Sandy wouldn't immediately remember me because she would have given dozens of readings since last November. According to Marie, I was to contact Sandy and then she would be able to get a message to me. Leo (Sandy's guide) must have something to say, I thought. When I finally got a hold of Sandy, she said, "Yes, this drawing is you," and that indeed she hadn't recognized me at first.

It was a message of encouragement. To keep on the path of taking my health and diet in my own hands and to reassure me that my family in Spirit is around. It was also a great sign. I had been asking for a sign from Anna at the same time that Sandy was drawing the face.



Another message of encouragement in the form of a charming image that August Goforth sent to me around this time.



CHAPTER SIX

SURGERY: I AM NOT THIS BODY

Facebook Post: March 10, 2021

Getting ready to plant some seeds and begin a vegetable plant oasis on my terrace. The past week has seen me regain some energy. I have a new sense of gratitude for all things normal in our daily lives.

Friends are starting to message and inquire if I am finished with treatment. This is where I gulp at being so public. But the beautiful aspect of sharing is that I have been showered with so much support and let's face it...I have some extraordinary friends!

So, I don't regret sharing this on Facebook. Today a beautiful soul reminded me that everything is about our expansion. So, my goal is to keep positive, aligning with trust and looking at this experience as a growing opportunity.

No, I am not finished treatment. Surgery is on March 22nd. Left breast mastectomy. It is hard to say that. I'd be lying if I said I am feeling great about it. I will get to the warrior woman later.

Radiation comes afterward. So, May or June is the finish line. Thanx dear friends. To quote you, Jacky, "It's going to be fine." Sticking to that.

Journal: March 12, 2021

I participated in a Zoom call with a nurse from PMH to help some of us patients get prepared for post-op.

We were previously given a hand-out, with instructions on how to care for the "drains" that will need to be cleared out daily. Basically, we will be nursing ourselves after surgery. Discharge will be a few hours after the operation. A nurse in the hospital will make sure I know what to do. I will need to get up in the middle of the night to "milk" the



drains that run from my armpit and record how much fluid is coming out each time. It sounds like I will have to be both farmer and cow, at the same time. I will have to go to a nearby clinic to have the surgery looked at, and then again, a week or so later, when the drains need to be removed.

Dollie

So many people and incidents that didn't appear in my journal notes, but Dollie is a friend whom I must include here. She also had a left breast mastectomy, many years ago. She calls me from time to time to help me with this leg of the journey. She is at peace with her surgery now and loving her new body. This acceptance seems worlds away at the moment. But I want to acknowledge Dollie for answering all my questions about bras and scars and for just being there as someone who went through this odyssey. There are always wise words from Dollie, even though I can't fully absorb them sometimes.

Coaching Session with Kim Conway March 17, 2021

Kim and I spoke this morning of my feelings around my upcoming mastectomy. I have been in denial and now as the day approaches, some fear and grief are surfacing.

We talked for a while and what I got from her was the advice to nurture myself. She said to acknowledge the adjustment I will be going through. This body has been my body since puberty. It was alright to grieve. Value myself. Love myself.

She suggested that I ask Spirit what I want from it, in exchange. As in, "Spirit what can I get, coming out of this treatment?" Interesting. Yes, I want lots of good things to sprout from this cancer process. Kim was so nurturing. I needed a feminine voice. She was so generous. Thank you.

Notes from a talk with August, March 18, 2021, a few days pre-surgery:

- Sit on the bench.
- Sit in between the signs.
- One sign to Shitville and the other sign to Happyville. Which way do I want to go?

I love this so much! What thoughts will lead me where? What train do I want to go on? The Shitville train or the Happyville train? August asked me to think about the words "feel better."

He reminded me of the pain cycle. Even in this, there is a moment where it gets better. There is an ebb and flow. The ebb and flow of in the current of emotion— better or worse. Which would you prefer to focus on? Most of us choose to focus on the pain. Focus instead on the better-feeling moment and it will become better.

Eye on the Prize!

Visualization.

Standing in the middle of a field, envision the end destination. Other people are on the side, near you, cheering you on. Even if you can't see your destination clearly, take it step by step until it unfolds.

It's okay and even if it's not okay, it's OKAY.

My session with August was uplifting and aligning. I mentioned talking to someone who had a mastectomy. They said it was really an amputation. He said they should amputate her head and we laughed. That really helped me.

It is a choice, how I experience this. If you want to go to Shitville, you can think the thoughts that lead there. Or think the thoughts that lead to a better experience. Just sit on the bench in between the two signs and contemplate. BE.

I loved that August mentioned a story about Jesus healing a person. Immediately upon healing, he sent them off with instructions not to speak to anyone about it.

"I don't remember that," I said. "Why did he do that?"

August replied, "Because if they were to talk to another person, that person would likely try to talk them out of their healing."

This strikes a chord with me. He later suggested to stay off social media for a week or so after surgery. Yes. I need to be still within myself.

Need to protect and insulate myself. Let the healing hold and grow.

GO LIVE. No need to talk.

We discussed how there is a surreal feeling to all this. Like the Twilight Zone. I am okay with that. We spoke of the GRATITUDE piece. Look around and be grateful for the instruments that someone invented or the surgical rooms so well-planned or the doctor and all his sacrifices... Even writing this, I am shifting how I will experience what's to come.

Visualize my surgery day. Here are the segments as I see them:

- The cab ride there.
- The check-in.
- The room. Getting ready.
- Being wheeled in.
- Waking up.
- Recovery room.
- Go down to meet Dave and Viv.
- My first evening home after surgery.
- Emptying the drain.
- Finding different words for thoughts. If you think something is “ugly” find a synonym.

Journal: March 22, 2021, Surgery Day!

I got up at 5:30am and ordered an Uber at 6:00am. I was standing on the 18th floor, the Same Day Surgery floor, at 6:30am. Even though my appointment was for 7am, it seemed like I was way too early. Nobody was there.

Two nurses strolled in at 6:45am and looked at me. It was a look of annoyance like, “She is way too early.”

“It will be a few minutes”, one of them said, deadpan.

Great. I am an eager knob. I am like one of those people standing outside a home on Garage Sale Day, an hour before the start-time. Before the organizers have even had coffee. I wasn’t off to a positive start with my internal attitude as I was shown to my room. I knew that I wanted to be friendly to my nurse and so slowly I started to express my gratitude. She told me there would be another patient beside me. The nurse started to warm up to me.

I sat by the window and watched the sky turn from darkness to a beautiful uniform blue. It was a mystical blue colour. Like watching a film, I witnessed the magical transition between night and day. On the 18th floor, I could see the lights of downtown offices fade out of focus and the sun slowly materialize and illuminate the horizon.

Shortly after, the same nurse came in. I had my blood pressure taken and was given a gown. It was almost 8am now, but I still had an hour to wait.

Meanwhile, the lady beside me was apparently late and I could sense that the nurse was annoyed. The patient arrived saying that her streetcar was late. “Come on, this is your mastectomy day, lady,” I was thinking. The nurse was

rushing her and then noticed she had nail polish on. She said, "I am going to give you some nail polish remover, to take the polish off one finger. They need to see your fingernails to see if they change colour during surgery." Before I knew it, she was being escorted to the operating room.

Finally, my time arrived. I said goodbye to my nurse at the station and off I walked with the attendant to the elevator. Usually, one thinks of being wheeled to surgery. This was weird. Like going to a dentist for a tooth abstraction.

My stomach had been upset. Now I just felt like I wasn't in my body. I was put on a stretcher outside the waiting room. I was asked a million questions about anesthesia and if I had any loose crowns, etc. then the IV was inserted into my arm. It brought back memories of chemo. As I lay there, I reminded myself of all the things to be grateful for, curious, and open about. Some tears started welling up and a nurse gave me a Kleenex. God, I tear up a lot. I told myself to keep it together.

Soon after, I saw more staff congregate and then my surgeon, Dr. Leong, arrived. He talked and smiled with others. How nonchalant they were. How many times had my doctor done this? He would be cutting off my breast in a few minutes.

He sat by me and explained the safety protocols of going home the same day and pain meds, etc. I really didn't care and wasn't that focused on his spiel. When it was time to be wheeled in, a person started joking about the luxury ride at PMH. I think I must have said how fancy the room was. I was back on the gratitude train.

The lights on the ceiling for the operating table were beaming on me. It felt like a movie. Oh shit. This was happening now. I turned to the surgeon. I think I said something ridiculous like, "I will take this over chemo any day. And thank you. You have an incredible job."

So many people were there to take care of me. People prodding my head. Then on with the oxygen mask. The smell of something. The anesthetic. "Just take a deep breath. Fill your lungs," someone instructed me I was breathing but not feeling myself drift off. Why was it taking so long? The lovely woman beside me spoke softly, "Just take deep breaths. That's how the anesthetic works." I felt like I might hyperventilate. I needed to calm down. "Just imagine yourself at your favorite place. The beach or the sand."

"Anywhere without Covid." I joked. The oxygen mask went on again. Then I was gone.

A voice beside me said, “Your surgery is over. All went well.”

My mind said, “No, I haven’t had surgery yet. But what a vivid, weird dream about having surgery.”

Such clear images flashed through me, of the dream. The images are gone from my memory now, but I remember that was my thought when I woke up. My next thought was, “I must tell August what a lucid dream I had.”

Then I asked the surgeon what day it was. He said, “Monday.” My mind began turning, trying to comprehend if this made sense while piecing together what I could remember. Slowly I realized I had had the surgery. I instantly felt that August had been with me, travelling with the unseen Spirits whom I had called in so often.

Dr. Leong called my contact person, Viv, to report that the surgery went well. He handed me the phone and I heard her soothing voice on the other end. My voice cracked and I said I would text her in a few hours when they discharged me.

At first, I refused more pain meds, but then immediately regretted this decision. Why am I so stubborn? Luckily, the nurse was close by. There was a sensation as if my chest was being crushed under a heavy weight. It was sharp. I was administered something and then felt the weight ease.

The day progressed and I felt okay, actually relief. I had woken up! I would see my boys again! This caused me great happiness. No lost breast could take that away. I am not this body! I was still me!

But when the nurse came by my bed to teach me how to clear the drains, I stopped for a moment before I had to do it myself. I looked down at my chest, bandaged and wearing an ugly white cotton surgery mastectomy camisole. “There’s nothing there,” I realized. I looked at the nurse, frightened all of a sudden. “It’s so flat,” I half whispered to her. She was very practical and said something like, “Yes, it’s an adjustment.”

My thought then, was “How could she really understand this moment unless she had come out of a mastectomy.” But her job was to be my nurse, not my therapist. Then we resumed my lesson on how to drain the bloody fluid.

When it was discharging time, I walked myself to the elevator and waited at the entrance. I felt very disheveled in the oversized coat that was draped over me. I was also wearing an extra-large, button-front shirt for men, to cover the camisole, bandages and drains that were pinned to my side. Dave and Viv were waiting for me to get discharged and I texted them that I was ready. Suddenly, Viv came through the front door as if on cue. Then the front clerk

told her she couldn't use the bathroom! I remember being pissed-off that she wasn't permitted to use the facilities, simply because of Covid.

"Just let her use it!" I thought. "She has a mask on, and the bathroom is right there." No go. We left promptly, like refugees fleeing an unsafe war zone. Life seemed to be turning into a bad science fiction novel. I felt like an injured zombie, as if I were in a bizarre movie about the undead.

Viv helped me into the car and gave me a pillow to put under my seat belt, so it didn't press against my chest. Viv suggested they would be quiet on the way home, to give me rest. "Viv, I'm all drugged up. I want to catch up," I chirped. So, we chatted about Covid and other things, and about Ethel, Viv's 102-year-old-mom. I loved this social time. So rare in Covid times, with cancer to boot. Loved it so much. Love them.

When I got home, they escorted me to the door with a bag of gifts. The boys greeted us at the door and Dave and Viv said their goodbyes. The boys helped me in and propped me up on the couch in the living room. They indulged me by saying yes to watching a Star Wars movie. I told them they were my heroes and Devin said, "You are the hero, mom." Then I took the hydromorphone and the heat and drowsiness come over me like a fog as we watched the movie. I thought of the "milking." I would have to wake myself up at 3am every night to do this. Milking a side of me that has no boob. Seemed suddenly ridiculously funny. At least I still had my warped sense of humour.

Journal: March 25, 2021

"Milking" the drains has been manageable. And slowly, over the past few days, I have been awakening to the beautiful lesson coming out of this. Fat belly, bald and one boob down, I was the same soul inside as always. My body didn't matter. I thought of my coaching session with Kim Conway a few days before surgery.

"WHAT DOES LOVING YOURSELF MEAN TO YOU?" she asked me. Well, I think it means that I will love myself no matter what my body does or is, or what I do to disappoint myself. I love myself despite any fears or weaknesses.

And so, something seems to have shifted in me this side of my mastectomy, only a few days after surgery. All the angst and buildup of anxiety leading to surgery is gone. I remembered Sandy Ingham's reading. She said that on March 26, I would turn a corner. She was right. I feel closer to the finish line.

Journal: March 29, 2021

It's the seventh night I've been home since surgery. I still have the tubes. But finally, by the end of the day today, my fluid level went below 30 millilitres. The goal is to have less than 30 ml in 24 hours, for two days in a row. That is when the nurse will remove the drains. I want these out by the end of the week. I can't imagine going through two more operations to reconstruct. I popped two more Tylenol a few hours ago. I don't think I have been taking enough.

I'm on the second evening of my online Mediumship course. I never knew Zoom would add so much to my life. We did a meditation and then explored what colour we saw as our soul colour. I had streaks of green come out of my heart and then my mind envisioned a purple hue around me. I saw Hans from Kai's séance and experienced that euphoric feeling of being with Spirit. Interestingly, the pain over my chest went away. I was so moved that I told the group.

Not much else to say today. I have been wearing a few men's shirts repeatedly. I look forward to nice clothes and my hair returning. Today the boys noticed it growing in. Grey fuzz. Exciting.

Facebook Post: April 1, 2021

Another lockdown for us in Ontario. Nothing has changed for the boys and I, who have been on a continual, housebound, hermit, shelter-in-place, since last year. But my plants are sprouting and so is my hair. If you look really closely.



Looking forward to new beginnings. Happy Spring. Happy Easter weekend for everyone.

Journal: Good Friday, April 2, 2021

Today the drains are to come out. I hope. Nervous about the pain. I took two extra-strength Tylenol today (this morning) to keep on top of the pain. I should try and have a bath.

I spoke with mom on the phone this morning. Her memory appears to continue to diminish, as she repeated questions over and over. When I told her I am doing fine and getting better after surgery, she said: "Oh, what has happened? I don't know anything. Did they take one? The left? Just like my aunt." I really should stop telling her about the cancer. She asked about the boys half a dozen times throughout. I think that it soothes her when she does this. She likes to remind me that she still has all her marbles. "I am not that far gone," she says. But it is clear her memory is deteriorating.

I felt a lot of discomfort while talking on the phone. I started feeling emotional as I explained about the surgery and not wanting to look at the incision. Somehow, she snapped into being my mom and said, "Go ahead and take the pain medication and it will get better." Of course, it was interspersed with. "Oh, I worry so much, and I can't do anything. I feel so terrible."

But somehow, I needed to confide in my mom and for her to still be there for me in a caregiver capacity. The little girl wanted a mom to comfort her. I guess this is also part of my lesson along this journey. I need to self-comfort. I need to self-soothe. This cancer has taught me the importance of complete, unconditional love towards myself. Post-mastectomy, I must love my new body as it is. No matter how it looks and feels. I am still me.

Facebook Post: April 11, 2021

More acts of kindness. Everyone I know has blown me away more than you can know. But there is something about a stranger catching you off guard that makes me want to share this. I finally found a chair on FB marketplace to start my garden oasis. At a price I could justify spending on a non-essential item. \$25. I asked if it could be delivered because I am not driving now, since having surgery. When it arrived, the woman placed it outside and started back to her car. I ran to the mailbox. "You forgot the money," I called. She shook her head no. "You just get well and take care."



So, there I stood, stunned in the hallway, and said to Devin “It’s too much. I am fine. She didn’t have to do that.”

“Mom, people are just kind.” He hugged me and said, “You have a lot of paying it forward to do.”

Crying and laughing, I agreed.

“A LOT!” We went back outside in time to wave to the lady driving away. I

really need to cover my bald head up more. Regardless, my chair awaits an outdoor visit this summer from any friends who can. I want to make tea and cookies and thank you all in person for this lesson on the power of kindness.

Journal: April 14, 2021

The drains didn’t come out that Friday, April 2nd. They came out Easter Monday. The procedure didn’t hurt at all, but I felt the removal regressed me to an increase of pain in the area. Over the next two days, I was very sore and didn’t do my exercises or take my Steri-Strips off. Just did the sponge bathing which I know is not ideal and a shower would have made me feel better. Somehow having a shower without assistance frightens me. I saw Dr. Leong eight days later. He scolded me for not having more mobility. He said even if a person didn’t have surgery and kept their arm to their side, they would develop stiffness and mobility issues. Of course, as an RMT, I know what to do but when it is yourself it is different. Like the carpenter who neglects to fix his own things around the house. I felt rather embarrassed and upset that there had been so much pain. My eyes started to water, and he piped up, “No, no, you haven’t done anything wrong. We do need you to be able to move your arm over your head though, or radiation may be delayed.”

I inquired about the surgical outcome, and he explained that there was “some disease cell residual” and that “15 out of 24 lymph nodes had been infected.”

A ping of dread came over me. It wasn't the complete reassurance I was looking for and it left me feeling some fear, like my bubble was burst a little. I wanted a linear healing. Chemo, successful surgery, radiation, and the final assurance that all cancer had exited my body.

Frank drove me home and I didn't want to talk too much about it. The realization that the doctors didn't say, "You are cancer free!" left my confidence a little shaken. Then Frank did something quite wonderful. Frank drove me to Sheridan Nursery. I was in heaven buying plants and pots. This snapped me back into the moment. I was now going to create a summer oasis of flowers and vegetables. Starting today.

Facebook Post: April 20, 2021

My little spaces. Getting ready for the spring season and excited to see how I can transform my patio.

I really want a blueberry bush, and an apple or peach tree. I need land! Who has a corner of land they want to rent or sell? Just enough for my two trees and blueberries. Maybe I could plant behind this church, and they won't notice. Full of ideas and dreams today. One is to be in the countryside on my own property. Gotta dream. I may attempt to drive today. The little joys and freedoms during our continual Toronto isolation.

Journal: April 21, 2021

Two days ago, I had a virtual meeting with the radiology doctor. The purpose of the appointment was to introduce me to the process. But suddenly she asked me, "So the surgeon went over your results?"

"Yes." Hadn't she read the clinic notes? She should've known the surgeon went over the results with me. I started to feel uncomfortable. "Did your oncologist mention the suggestion of more chemo for you?" she asked.

"No." I stopped breathing.

"Oh, okay. I will email him, and you can have that discussion with him on Tuesday."

My mind was reeling. What did she mean? Was there a change of plan that I wasn't aware of, or was this her idea? Or was this just a routine question?

Should she be frightening me this way, without being certain of the plan? We finished talking about the upcoming radiation treatment and I asked what kind of chemo was being recommended. She mentioned that it would be a different type of chemo. That was all the information she gave me. I was calm but after the meeting ended, I sat frozen on the hallway bench.

For the rest of the day, waves of emotion came. The thought of going through chemo at this point knocked me down. The finish line had been in sight. My hair was growing back. I wanted to exercise, get my health back, to see my mom and maybe go outside to a park with her. With an immunocompromised system, everything would be on hold again if I did chemo.

I called the oncologist's office the next day, still very upset. A nurse called me back and explained a little more. Coincidentally, the radiologist doctor called me back to inquire about my participation in a survey. This gave me the chance to tell her that I was confused. I asked if it was her suggestion to the oncologist that I do more chemo? Her answer seemed vague, and I was still left worried.

Regardless, I agreed to the survey as it was about the possible benefit of having a navigator through this whole cancer treatment process. God, yes. I was glad to give my input somewhere as I believe this kind of assistance would be beneficial to cancer patients.

I visited mom today, knowing I may have to pause our time together again. This is hard to accept. Though I have been to her home at Bendale Long Term Care twice this past April, I wasn't able to visit my mom any other month since last November. My mom is so understanding but my heart breaks that she is in there. It is like a jail, and she is always sleeping. I wish it wasn't this way and hope we can all share some joy together when this Covid and cancer ends.

Journal: April 22, 2021, Earth Day

Took off the last of the Steri-Strips, from under my arm. They covered the drain incision. I still haven't looked fully at myself in the mirror. I have had quick glances at the scar but then turned away. I feel like a coward. It looks raw. But the protective armour is off now. Getting there. One day I will gaze upon myself topless and embrace this look and myself as all beautiful. It is not today.

Facebook Post: April 26, 2021

Two months post chemo. I am in a sweet spot as I start to feel my best since chemo and surgery. I will find out tomorrow if I need more chemo after radiation. I am praying that I am spared. I will not let it crush me. I say this but I am consumed with worry.

Journal: April 26, 2021

Mobility in my arm is thankfully progressing and the colour in my cheeks is returning. I had a meeting with August at 4:30pm today. Since he told me to look over the Golden Key, I feel better. I am aligning myself. To go back to chemo seems cruel at this point. I will remain strong and positive.

The Golden Key

There is no power but God.

I am the child of God filled and surrounded by the perfect peace of God.

God is love.

God is guiding me now.

God is with me.

Journal: April 28, 2021

Yesterday brought good news. The oncologist said no more chemo! The other doctor must have been “confused.” That is a nice word for it. I really don’t want to curse and swear here, but to put it mildly, that was a pins-and-needles week. A kind of a tormented week to be honest. Actually, an emotional rollercoaster hell. Doctors aren’t perfect.

The boys are my rock through everything. Sebastian doesn’t say much. He seems to roll with everything. Devin takes on a supportive coach role at times: “You can do this mom. You got this.” (It wasn’t until after cancer treatment that he told me it was the worst year of his life.)

Next hurdle: *Radiation.*





CHAPTER SEVEN

RADIATION

Journal: May 13, 2021 — Hurry Up Summer

This month, we have noticed Frank acting very odd and incoherent with us during his late-night phone calls. I asked Devin if he thought Frank was drinking again. He replied abruptly, “No.” We met him in the park for Mother’s Day because I had asked Frank to buy flowers for them to give to me. I do the same and buy the boys something to give to him on Father’s Day, too.

As he came walking across the park, I knew something was up. His hand flicked and his eyes were bloodshot. He looked terrible and seemed depressed. A jolt of fear went through me. I pleaded with him to get help. “Call the doctor, get some counseling. If you’ve had a drink, you need to get back to rehab.” He admitted that he sits for hours on the bench at the beach. We said goodbye and left.

I called his brother in Ireland. It seemed Frank confided to his sister that he had recently smoked some pot. I texted Frank to ask if this was true. He said no. Of course, he confessed later that he bought two joints. None of his stories ever add up. He broke his sobriety but denied that this was the case.

The next day, May 10th, was my first treatment of radiation. Worrisome thoughts of Frank played over and over in my mind. “The boys and I can’t witness this again,” I thought. I lay there with my eyes closed as the machine was being adjusted above me.

The procedure involved a breathing device through the mouth with my nose plugged. I was to hold my breath, which apparently pushes the heart back. This helps the radiation beam avoid my heart. I felt shaken today. I shouldn’t have been thinking about Frank. Then the thought of radiation beams began to freak me out. I started to sing in my head “Don’t stop me now,” by Freddy Mercury and I felt calm again.

Thankfully, radiation is only a 15-minute procedure. Simple really, compared to everything I have gone through. Skin side effects are not expected until the second week. I have to go in every day. I am now on day three of radiation. As the days progress, the routine seems to get easier.

Every day I go in, I see the gong by the elevators. I am counting down and praying that no blisters develop. My mobility is “not optimal” under my arm, and I am worried that possible blisters will take away my motivation to do my exercises.

The night after my first radiation treatment, I joined an online development circle for mediums, who practice giving readings to others. It is another group that Julie runs for free. Unexpectedly, Frank’s nephew, who passed away, came through Julie, to say he and others in Spirit on the other side were helping Frank. Gratitude washed over me.

Journal: May 15, 2021

Mychael Shane — Billet Reading

Today, I participated in a live online Zoom event that Julie organized with Mychael Shane. She was there with Mychael in person and set up the computer so that everyone in their homes could clearly witness the events. There were two parts to the event.

First, there was a blindfolded billet reading. (A “billet” refers to a card upon which a question is written.) Previously, we had emailed his assistant a number we chose and a question we would like to ask. At the event, they were all written on cue cards and put in a basket. Blindfolded, Mychael picked a card one at a time, and with 100% accuracy, he called out each number. Every time, the owner of each card claimed their number, and Mychael then gave the answer to her/his question. A facilitator held the question cards. At the end of each answer that Mychael gave, the facilitator then ready to us what the question was on the card. When he read my number, I became nervous and excited. “That’s my card!” I exclaimed.

Mychael sat still and paused for a while. Then he very respectfully inquired, “Who is this, and do you really want me to answer it in front of everybody?”

Me: Yes, that’s fine. (Cancer has wiped out such self-consciousness.)

Mychael: You should use Babaji and the Black Flame. Also get a 9-inch copper singing bowl. You will want to do a Black Flame meditation. Back in 2012, I was diagnosed with a tumour in my liver the size of a grapefruit. Once I did this meditation the tumour went away within a couple of months.

Of course, my doctor was saying “Don’t get too excited. It may come back.” But work with that.

Focus, focus, focus. And as you focus, use two energies — the Yellow Flame and the Violet Flame.

The Yellow Flame is the flame that helps you intensify the mind or the brain. The Violet Flame helps open up your focus, spiritual awareness and protection around you, while you are doing this. The Black Flame comes from your heart chakra outward, then into that which you are focused on. Does she understand?

Me: Thank you. Yes. Thank you very much.

Then the facilitator read my question written on a cue card out loud for everyone: “Would Master Jesus or any of the Ascended Masters please help me heal my breast cancer?”

I was moved and shaken. I didn’t know what a Black Flame meditation was, but I would ask Julie for some information.

After all the billet readings were finished, Mychael gave an apportionment séance in full light. On the Zoom call, we witnessed him being gagged. He went into the cabinet and let the energy build for a few minutes. Then Mychael re-emerged from the cabinet as two people opened the curtains. Some participants who were there in person held out a white cloth in front of him. His gag was taken off and to our amazement gems started to spew from his mouth. All different shapes and colours. 145 stones were counted.

We were each given a gem. Some received many. I received a small pink gem from Master Emil. Mychael said it was to help with love. It was so perfect and uplifting in this moment. The apports were mailed to each of us afterward. I look forward to going to an actual in-person, dark séance with him one day. Apparently, they are incredible.



Facebook Post: May 19, 2021

Eye on the prize! Waiting to gong myself outta here! Halfway through daily radiation treatments. Becoming friends with the machine. Sometimes I imagine a NASA lift off. Arms back in arm rests. Nose plug and breathing device are on. I have small blue tattooed dots on my chest for the radiation beams. On the table there are machine readjustments, measurements. "Face clearance, shield clearance. All clear." It only lasts about 15 minutes, so it is the easiest of all the treatments so far. I have restricted mobility. The RMT who needs to kick up her exercises and self-massage.



Mostly, my thoughts go to road trips around Ontario this summer. Tobermory is my daily vision. A boat tour around Flowerpot Island with my boys. So close and so excited, dear friends.



Journal: May 19, 2021

I love synchronicities. A few people have mentioned the significance of the Tibetan singing bowl to me this month. I have one from my twenties, all cracked now from moving it dozens of times. I decided to order a new one and then a class on how to use it popped up on FB. I did an introductory session today with Ardelia Ince. Afterward, I came out into the living room to see my son sitting with the singing bowl I had ordered on his lap. It had arrived in the mail during my class! I made a meditation corner for it in my bedroom.



I think the summer points to a quieting of the mind.

Facebook Post: June 3, 2021

Gong Day. End of Radiation.

I walked to the Bluffs yesterday, after my final treatment. So much fragrance. Seemed like dozens of birds chirping and flying around. It was a magical feeling of spring and rebirth. Very restoring, grounding and healing. I feel like I am stepping back into life. It is synchronistic that Lockdown #3 is lifting, as my treatment ends. I was back in a grocery store for the first time. Weird. Saw mom and took her to the terrace. I need more of all of this.



Thank you PMH and your inspiring staff. Thank you to everyone for your support. I am so grateful to everyone who connected with me. You made such a difference with every meal, donation, kind word and cool conversation. You showed me how we



really are a web of LOVE. It seems so many bad things happen to people by others, but I believe our true nature is love. I had so much help to keep positive. An ongoing lesson. A wise friend would remind me from time to time, "What you focus on magnifies." And so, I envision a summer of joy, laughter, and love for all of us. Lastly, I must acknowledge my boys. You are my heroes through every journey. My grounding force. Thank you for your love.



Every day with you is a gift. Have a happy summer everyone!



CHAPTER EIGHT

REFLECTIONS & LOOKING FORWARD

Journal: June 5, 2021

Yesterday, part of our old Toronto Home Circle had a garden meeting. It was the first time in three years we were all together at the same time. It was beautiful. I felt strengthened. During our last home circle together, one of the messages was that Spirit would keep us connected by a thread. After gathering in the garden, we went to the basement, which I like to call the portal room. The energy is still there. All the memories. I touched the curtains, thanking Spirit for letting me in the room again.

Facebook Post: June 11, 2021

Follow-up appointments are now subsiding. I feel free, with a tinge of vulnerability. Still will be getting Zoledronic acid infusions every six months to help my bones, due to meds I have to take. So, I get to sit in the chemo pod every so often and be humbled by the souls sitting there next to me. Because I am a massage therapist, I will have a pause before I can return to work. It will be a while before I can raise my arm fully and the surgeon says the swelling near my ribs can come and go for years. I am scheduled to get a lymph drainage tutorial, to help move the fluid. I will also be given a physiotherapist. I am also trying to embrace the notion of Just Being and Not Needing to Do.

Journal: June 15, 2021

Two days ago, Devin turned seventeen. I felt quite emotional. Time is flying and life is going by quickly. So grateful to see this birthday and each one is so precious. It's two weeks post-radiation. I can't say it's been comfortable. I am a bit weary of waking up every day with tightness and swelling around my arm and ribs. Still, I am improving daily.

I have an appointment for a bra and prosthesis fitting today. The doctor said it might be too uncomfortable to wear for a few weeks, but I just want to have it.

I am planning a trip to the cottage. Very indulgent of me. Part of my healing is that I am making daily goals for myself to feel forward momentum. I booked a consultation with the Naturopathic Cancer Care School. I have a Tibetan singing bowl class tomorrow and I want to start sitting in the physical mediumship circle again on Wednesday nights, with Craig Hogan. Soccer for the boys is starting up. It's like everything is opening up again with the oncoming summer and easing of Covid.

People often say that when cancer treatment ends, you are left hanging. Like, "Now what?" You are no longer using all your energy to get through treatment. The processing of all that has happened starts to occur. My plan is to do less and be more.

Journal: June 16, 2021

I am not sure who I am anymore or what I want the rest of my life to look like. I am a bit lost. But I am honing it. It looks like this:

PEACE, CALM, JOY, LOVE, ALIGNMENT, HELPING OTHERS
CONNECT TO THEIR SOUL and COMMUNICATING WITH SPIRIT

People who have had cancer are constantly reaching out to others for support. For example, I reached out to a massage therapist (like me) who also went through breast cancer. I had a question about recovery and work. She had wise words:

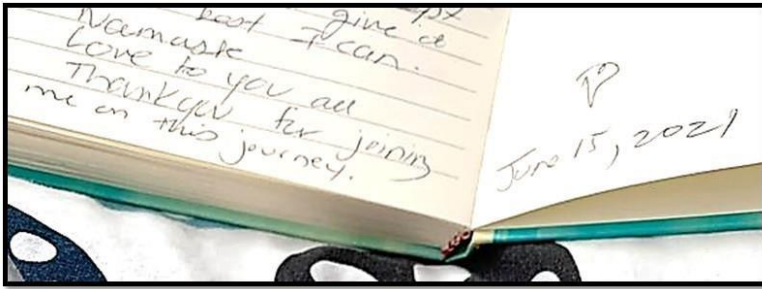
"I stopped pressuring myself to be productive and just enjoyed "being" for a time, which was helpful for my healing. I am navigating life as a different person now, if that makes sense, so for me the healing process is still ongoing."

Facebook Post: June 15, 2021

I came to the last page of my journal this morning. I have tried to document experiences from the last eight months.

Part of my "being" may be to write a little book. And I got a .

And I need to get a new journal now...



Facebook Post: June 17, 2021

Laugh of the day. Experiment in chemical-free hair dyeing. Cheap and smells good, too.

Coconut oil, beet juice and a baster. I may never go back. 😊

Now we make dinner and wait. Think this will give me a little "pop."



Journal: June 18, 2021

I notice the old Elfriede creeping back, impatient with my hair growth, putting myself down for being overweight, looking like a grey-haired monk.

Someone in my Facebook post asked, why not just go grey? I guess I got very triggered. I realized that I had some issues around the control of my body. My response was, "Going grey is not in my chemo, crew cut look." During my bra fitting, the sales lady told me to "not cover up the grey." She said, "You're alive." That was not helpful. I am very grateful and aware that I am

alive. She was trying to be complimentary saying it was such a nice colour but inside, I was defensive.

I will be grey on my own terms. It has something to do with body changes being forced upon me as opposed to my choice. Cancer and not being able to move as I did before, has left me feeling old now and not at my best. So, I may dye it a teeny-bopper pink now and love it.

Yes, grey is beautiful. It's just not what I want now. Always said I would grow it out long and grey but not today.

So, I kind of ranted at my friend, but apologized afterward. She seemed to understand.



Post treatment pictures:

June 21, 2021

Well, this just happened. Welcome Summer.



Journal: June 24, 2021

One in eight women gets breast cancer. Many factors can contribute to it but there is always something proactive that can be done. Our lifestyle, genes, stress and emotions can all contribute to any unhealthy manifestation. I found a book, *The Complete Natural Medicine Guide to Breast Cancer*, and it is a



great resource for me. It covers everything from conventional medicine, to meditation, diet, and herbs.

For my own ongoing healing and health, I am going to start with diet changes, regular exercise, and consultations with the Cancer Clinic at the Canadian College of Naturopathic College, as they have many therapies under one roof.

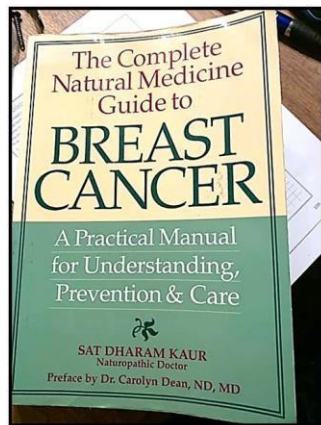
I am not a doctor or advocate of replacing any traditional ways of treating breast cancer. But for me, diet just seems like a good enhancement to health.

14-Day Dietary Routine Worksheet

Over a two-week period, assess how well you are maintaining a breast health/cancer prevention diet. Aim for an increased number of check marks over time. Be patient. Change takes time. Some of us may be able to make a diet transition in a few weeks, others of us will do a little more each year. Respect your pace while making your best effort. If you are in a group, share your successes, difficulties and recipes with other women. Repeat this assessment every three months or more to help you stay on track.

From (date) _____ to _____

Daily Food (Check Daily)	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Vegetarian Diet														
Organic Food: 80% in what %														
Plant Food: 50% or more														
Brown Sprouts (2 x weekly)														
Mung Bean Sprouts (2 x weekly)														
Red Clover Sprouts (2 x weekly)														
Dandelion in season (2 x weekly)														
Vegetable Juice: 2 or more														
Cabbage: 1/2, sliced and raw														
Tomato Products (2 x weekly)														
Fruits: 2 or more														
Citrus Juice: organic (2 x weekly)														
Vegetables: 4 or more servings														
Brussels Sprouts: 1 cup														
Onion: 1														
Garlic: 2 cloves, raw is better														
Sea Vegetables: 1/2 cup														
Shiitake Mushrooms (2 x weekly)														
Low-Salt High Potassium														
< 15% saturated fat/total calories														
Flaxseed Oil: 2 or more tbsp														
Oil: 10 for cooking, low heat														
Fiber: 30g														
Whole Grains: 1 cup														
Beans: 1-2 cups daily														
Flaxseeds: 2-4 tbsp, ground														
Pumpkin Seeds: 2 tbsp, raw														
Wheat Bran: 1 tbsp														
Protein: 30-55g daily														
Soy: 1/2 cup														
Soy Milk: 1 cup														
Miso: 1 tbsp (2 x weekly)														
Citrus Peel: 1 tsp organic, grated														
Turmeric: 1-2 tsp powder														
Rosemary, Sage, Thyme, Ginger														
Water: 8 glasses filtered														
Alcoholic Drinks: < 2 /week														
Coffee: none														
Sugar: none														
Canard or Processed Food: none														
Dairy: none														



Journal: June 30, 2021

I planned a trip to Tobermory for the boys and me. It's only been three weeks since radiation, but I want to feel normal again. I am still tired during the day and my skin irritation seems heightened, post radiation. But I want "normal" now.

I am now doing my grocery shops at the organic supermarket Carrot Common. Very helpful as I am trying hard to eat as much organic food as possible. The store has the first hour of the day dedicated to shoppers who are immunocompromised. This morning, I threw on one of the three long-sleeved men's shirts that I rotate through and made my way there as I do



each week. I am supposed to cover up this summer. In the store, I always wonder about the people I see there. The aisles are narrow. Today, I realized I was blocking a woman in front of me. She looked like she might be a cancer patient, thin and a little jaundiced. Suddenly I realized it was my friend Uli. We first befriended each other when she discovered on Facebook that I had cancer. She was my son's elementary music teacher and had already been going through years of fighting a rare sarcoma herself. She said the treatments were only keeping her going as the cancer had spread but she was hopeful. Over the past year, we often walked together. Her dignity and positive outlook were incredible. But standing there in the grocery store this morning, I realized that it had been months since I had seen her.

In the store she told me that they were going to try some more chemo and see how it went. I told her I was finished with radiation and apologized for my clothes and appearance. She asked me my size and said she would give me one of her UV shirts. Uli has been through so much. She is dealing with a cancer that is much more aggressive than mine. But here is what stunned me today: this afternoon, Uli showed up at my door with a huge herb plant and her UV shirt. This blew me away. She is so ill. Devin came out to say hello and it was bittersweet. She smiled at him with a look that told me she may likely never see him again. But with Uli, we always keep things in the present. Today she told us that she is excited to have a summer trip up north with her family.

Journal: July 27, 2021

That UV top was a staple of my summer trip. When the boys and I took a boat ride around the lake, I was in heaven. It was so freeing. I will never forget the wind on my face and the laughter as a thunderstorm poured down on us near the end. I treasured this so much more than I ever would have before. Uli taught me so much, along her journey. When she knew that she was facing death in the foreseeable future, she didn't let it crush her. While she did vent about things, she always reverted to the positive. She said the trees in her backyard helped her. And she always wore her pearls, too.

Journal: August 24, 2021

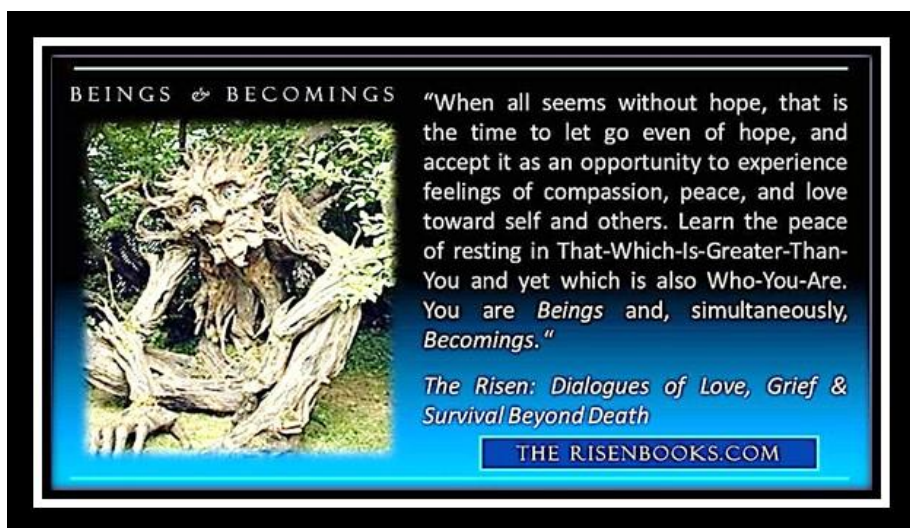
Yesterday, my weekly six-month online mediumship course with Julie Adreani and Kim Conway ended. I really felt like a fish out of water at the start of the course. There were many people who were clearly clairvoyant, and some had already done readings for people. But a few of us were new. I had never tried to give a psychic reading to anyone. But the course gave us exercises and group practices and during the last few weeks I built up some courage. I decided to jump in and try to give a reading to someone. I said to myself, "Just say the first impressions that come to mind, without censoring." I read for two different people and when I connected with Spirit, I noticed that my body would rock a little. A flood of information came in that was evidential. I identified black and white family photos in the top drawer of a dresser for one woman. She confirmed that her family had just acquired some photos and that's where she had put them. For another woman, I felt her deceased father was around her and asked if there was any significance to an old watch I was seeing. Apparently, this daughter had literally picked up her father's watch that day from a repair shop. While these may seem like small bits of evidence, I was shaken. I had clairvoyant impressions of others as well, that resonated with them too.

In a different class, led by Ardelia Ince —the medium with the singing bowls — she asked us to try practicing a reading on her German friend who was sitting with us via Zoom, in Germany. The friend spoke English, but German was her first language. All I remember is a word repeating over and over in my head "knoblauch." It was a familiar word from childhood, but I couldn't remember the meaning of it. I knew it was a vegetable. A cabbage? I asked the woman "What does knoblauch mean? I keep hearing this word."

“It means garlic,” she responded. “My father loved garlic. He used to plant huge gardens full of it.”

This was evidential for me because it was a random word in German that I had forgotten. As small as this evidence was, trusting what “dropped in” seemed to be the lesson.

With practice, this psychic ability could be strengthened. Julie used to say to us, “Mediumship development is personal development.” Now I can see that, through the year, this exploration helped me heal and grow. Perhaps in the future I will continue to explore my own mediumship potentials.



BEINGS & BECOMINGS

“When all seems without hope, that is the time to let go even of hope, and accept it as an opportunity to experience feelings of compassion, peace, and love toward self and others. Learn the peace of resting in That-Which-Is-Greater-Than-You and yet which is also Who-You-Are. You are *Beings* and, simultaneously, *Becomings*.”

The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief & Survival Beyond Death

THE RISENBOOKS.COM



CHAPTER NINE

FULL CIRCLE

Facebook Post: October 11, 2021

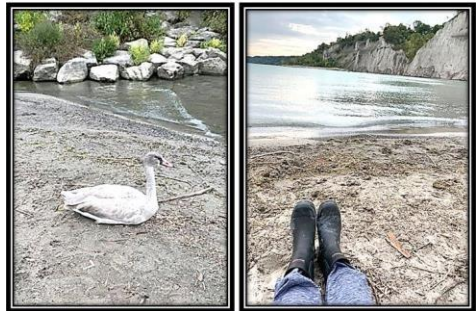
I love October. Navigating in a new way this year. Learning to let go of a previous life of constant franticness. One massage today. It's okay. The animals lead by example. Just going to BE for a while and realize I deserve that. Have a wonderful Thanksgiving Weekend. Thankful for each day!



Facebook Post: October 20, 2021

Full Circle — One year from diagnosis

Oh my gosh! All the birthday messages. So wonderful! Thank you. It is a full and sunny day. Discharged from rehab. The rest of the work is up to me. Sitting in PMH waiting for the surgeon follow up. A year ago, I was waiting for the diagnosis. Sent off a rough copy of my journal/book of this year to a writer friend yesterday. Walked to Kensington in between appointments. Had a taco, bought a hat, and sat in the park which reinforced how lucky I am. My boys are healthy. I have lost 17 pounds and am still going. Dentist and soccer tryouts to end the day.



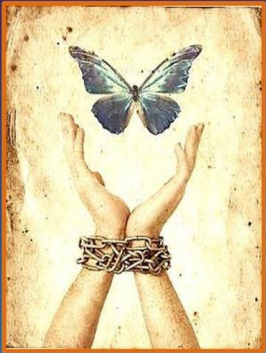
Thank you for lifting me up, dear friends. Here's to another turn around the sun.



Beautiful Facebook Post from August on this same day. I feel it offers a fitting end to this little journey of my cancer treatment.

Their change changes us.

Their change changes us.



Like the caterpillar that is investigating life on the ground, our life is already in some beginning stage of metamorphosis while still on the Earth. Life is always transforming itself during and then even after the transition of our loved ones. Their change also changes us.

My life will metamorphose depending on how I transform my consciousness through awareness. Awareness is a key element to feeling rejoined with a Risen Loved One. Until I change certain beliefs I have and hold, they will be the foundation of how an experience and my awareness of it unfolds. My life will get better only if I believe that it will get better, and then I must unfold and open my wings in acceptance of all that is good. Or my life will seem to get worse because I continue to feed my mind with thoughts that things are getting worse.

THE RISENBOOKS.COM

The Risen: A Companion to Grief by August Goforth

#Transformation #Metamorphosis #Transition #Death

Journal: October 24, 2021

So, while it seems as if this year's long journey is ending, another phase seems to be beginning. There is a nagging drive to keep journaling. Writing and expressing myself has been a big part of healing.

During a discussion with August, he suggested that this book may include more than just the journals that I shared with him. He said that it feels like it wants to be more than just a one-year story. "Keep writing," he encouraged me. Gulp. What is this story, anyway? Do I have the courage to share this story publicly?

A quote on a fridge calendar stares at me:

"If your dreams do not scare you, they are not big enough."

Ellen Johnson Sirleaf





CHAPTER TEN

FIRST YOU HAVE TO END THINGS

NEW BEGINNINGS

Journal: November 1, 2021

I had a 45-minute client last week. I noticed the next morning that I couldn't move my thumb joint, and the rest of my hand was stiff. It got better as the day progressed, but there soon seemed to be a clicking sound. This situation will definitely be aggravated if I continue my massage work, so I may have to pause my practice for now. The letrozole, which I must take daily, has joint side effects. This may be the cause. Perhaps my hand will be helped by the infusion of the Zoledronic acid I must now receive? Breathe. Universe where are you taking me?

Journal: November 14, 2021

It is hard to go through a new door if you have left a few doors of the past open.

Last week, the Universe closed and locked a door for me. Caught me off guard. Frank hit rock bottom. He phoned me from a payphone to say that he had lost his phone and missed his flight home to Ireland to visit his family. He also revealed to me that he hadn't been working and had received an eviction notice under his door. I tried to get him on a flight the next day, but he was in rough shape and in no state to fly. It meant a week of me rescuing him, providing him with food, smokes, all the covid tests and paperwork necessary for travelling and yes, some beer to stop his withdrawal symptoms so that he would be presentable to fly. He agreed to go to 3 three months of rehab in Ireland. My wish is that he stays in Ireland where he has family support, to help him heal. The boys and I need the rollercoaster to end, and it seems that the Universe has provided it.

I tried to go back to his apartment because I couldn't find Sebastian's running medals last time I had been there. (I had been trying to throw out

garbage and salvage valuables, too. Tears and loss.) The boys will have a lot to process. But the door was locked. By law, I was not to enter. I started to sob at the door. Why was I trying to clean up his messes? We have been separated for five years. The trauma of clearing through his stuff and the pain of his situation suddenly hit me. The door was now locked. I wanted a sign from the Universe, and they gave me a strong one. The message was “ENOUGH.” The Universe removed something to which I had been unhealthily attached to far too long. Last week at the airport, I looked back at him with the thought that I might not ever see him again for a very long time. It had been such a stressful week of pulling him together to be functional for that plane ride. He hugged me at the departure gate, thanked me for everything and said he loved me. I know that he appreciated everything I had done but I couldn’t say it back. Part of me was enraged and just needed him to go. I was emotionally exhausted. Inside I was screaming, “I cannot do this anymore, on any level. Please get away from me. Please be someone else’s problem now.” I pretty much bolted to my car.

Sometimes these things are blessings. Maybe the message is to focus on me now. There is more space. Focus on the work that I really want to do. Clear away distractions and trust that the Universe has my back. Of course, emotions do surface, and I am still learning about boundaries. When do the lessons end, huh? Letting go of things that no longer serve us isn’t always easy. This healing seems to be an ongoing process.

New Beginnings

The end of my cancer treatment led me to a collaboration with my friend Chris: a dream of creating our own home circle. We had been talking since we first met at Cassadaga in 2019, for Kai Muegge’s séance. This past summer, he and I decided to form the Ontario Experimental Group (OEG). It is just us two (for now) and the Universe miraculously found us a space to rent in London, Ontario, immediately. Now, since I am not



working at the moment, I have lots of time on my hands to spend the day driving there and back. The space is over an hour outside of Toronto, where I live.

Estrogen blockers causing joint issues still prevail. But I see this next adventure as a blessing; a new path my soul really wants to follow. Exploring communication with the Spirit world. Since my first séance in 2013, I knew that I wanted to be of service in this capacity.

After months of experimenting with Chris, we have decided to try the energy techniques of The Scole Group. This is where the dome collects energy from the earth, the sitters, and the Spirit world, to create phenomena.

No ectoplasm is involved, and it is safe. I eagerly await our first time around the table with this method. We will see where we are directed. Even if a year from now we have no phenomena, I know that we are sitting to honour our connections with Spirit. They are around us, helping and developing us, regardless. My new dream is to demonstrate to others that there is life after death. This means that I would be honoured to deliver love, wisdom or gifts from the other side, to a beloved on this side. If I help one person, I will feel successful.

I conclude this chapter with two stories . . .



GIFT OF THE ROSE

I had three online group sessions, with trance medium Elaine Thorpe and her guide Jonathan, between October and November 2021. During each sitting, every person was invited to ask Jonathan one question. Amazingly, the cost of each session was only 10 pounds. My first session was an unexpected surprise. A voice came through calling “Elfy.” Apparently, a father figure. I wasn’t clear on which one. My biological father, Carmen came through with words of love and he mentioned my birthday which was around then. Other information was given in relation to mediumship with me.

In the second session, a voice came through with an Irish accent. It was Frank’s nephew, who had struggled with addiction before he passed on in his early thirties. It was timely, with Frank going into rehab.

The third opportunity for me to attend an online group session. Someone couldn't do it because in their time zone it was 3:30 am. So I was invited at the last minute to that session. I thought I would use this third invitation to ask a personal question. I got up at 5:30 am and logged on. I felt like a frequent flyer and wondered if I was being greedy. A spirit-monger. But nobody else wanted this session.

I asked my question, was given some reassurance, and then a little lady voice came through. "Who is that?" I asked. "Grandma," she answered. She wished me Happy Birthday to which I replied, "Thank you. Yes, it was a few weeks ago." And then she said, "A gift is coming to you. A rose." I smiled and thanked the Spirit and thought well, maybe Spirit is off this time. Nobody was going to give me a rose. My birthday had passed. Was I going to paint a rose or buy myself a rose? I felt a little disappointed with this reading. Well, they can't always be on. I just tucked the thought away that week.

Then after our third OEG session in London, my circle partner Chris was measuring some windows and asked me, "Do you ever use your voice recorder?" I thought he was gently hinting at a way for me to improve my organizational skills. I said no and he went on to use his cell phone voice recorder to capture that session.

Three days later, I was invited to a Zoom meditation offered by Beate of the Torcal group, which is a branch of The Scole group from the 1990s. I was honoured to be included as a Canadian representative, at their Spiritual Science Foundation (SSFA). My reaction was "What is going on? Incredible!" The meditation of Beate was beautiful and served to connect each of us with our own guides. I definitely felt them there, and also imagined my theatre school friends Pat and Liz standing on the side with all my guides.

After the meditation I thought it would be lovely to create a meditation like this for my friend Chris. I heard his voice in my head asking about the voice recorder the other day. I never would have thought of using my voice recorder had he not mentioned it. I went to my phone and opened it up. I would make a similar guided meditation like the one I just heard.

When I opened the voice recorder app, to my surprise I found a saved 4-minute message that I'd clearly forgotten about. It had been recorded exactly one year ago, November 2020, the same month I began my cancer treatment. I wondered, what did I record? I couldn't recall.

I pressed play, and emotion began flooding through me. I had recorded my deceased friend Liz's tape of her singing "The Rose."

THE ROSE ¹

Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed
Some say love, it is a razor
That leaves your soul to bleed
Some say love, it is a hunger
An endless aching need
I say love, it is a flower
And you, its only seed
It's the heart, afraid of breaking That never learns to dance
It's the dream, afraid of waking That never takes the chance
It's the one who won't be taken
Who cannot seem to give
And the soul, afraid of dying
That never learns to live
When the night has been too lonely
And the road has been too long
And you think that love is only
For the lucky and the strong
Just remember in the winter
Far beneath the bitter snows
Lies the seed that with the sun's love
In the spring becomes the rose

It was a beautiful song of hope, as I was entering chemo that winter. Hope that I would emerge and blossom into a new self when it was over.

And now a year later, I was hearing the same song again. I had come full circle. I was out of cancer treatment, and slowly feeling healthy again. I felt spirit around me as Liz sang. I joined in with her. I began to cry for so many

1. Songwriter: Amanda McBroom. *The Rose* lyrics © Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp., Third Story Music, Inc.

reasons. It was a release. It was a healing. This was the gift Spirit was referring to in the reading with Jonathan. What a beautiful surprise. THE ROSE.

I immediately messaged my friend Chris, and he was also amazed. He said it was weird that he had said that comment about the recorder. He had felt like it was a thought that came out of nowhere that he felt prompted to say, as if I needed to hear it.

For me, it was another confirmation that Spirit is always there, always guiding us. If we ask and we pay attention, the signs and answers reveal themselves. We are all on a sacred journey. The way through the veil to the other dimensions is closer than we can imagine. Our loved ones are always around.

LOVE is what prevails. Love is the greatest force there is. Tapping into love heals all.

ULI AND THE SUMMERLAND

Journal: December 7, 2021

Something told me to message Uli today. I knew she had a doctor's appointment sometime this week to see if the metastases had grown. To my surprise, when she read my text she was in the waiting room, about to go in.

Me: Hi Uli. I have been thinking of you so much. How are you? I hope the meeting with the doctor went well.

Uli: Just waiting for that meeting...your timing is incredible.

Me: Oh my. Sending you lots of love and strength. Let's talk soon.

Journal: December 17, 2021

Uli messaged yesterday, to say the cancer has spread. She told me that there are some treatment options, but that she and her family are prepared to accept a new path and stop treatment now. I felt immediately that I should visit her before the new year. I had an impromptu desire to deliver her some homemade German Christmas cookies. It is getting colder out, and I know that walks might not be possible this January if she's not feeling well.

I arrived at her doorstep today and heard other voices inside. After a time, she came to the door. She looked jaundiced and thin but with her signature pearls on and a big smile for me. It was a quick hand off and later she texted

that maybe we could go for a very short walk soon. But the pain was getting worse now, she said. This week, I received a wonderful family Christmas card from Uli, with pictures of her family at the cottage. Her husband wrote a touching letter with an update on their children, who were now in their early twenties. He announced that her cancer treatment would no longer be continuing.

On one of our walks that previous September, we had talked of life after death. I explained some of my experiences. She had a light bulb moment, and exclaimed, “You make sense to me now!” I laughed. It was true. I don’t think I always make sense to people or just don’t seem to fit in. Uli then mentioned something important. She said: “There is often guilt for people diagnosed with a terminal cancer. It is like they should have somehow been able to heal themselves but failed.” I stood there in silence for a moment and then a reply came to me. “But Uli, I think we also have our life mission here on earth and when that is complete, perhaps that is our planned time to move on. I don’t know the answer and maybe some things we just can’t fully know until it’s our time. I do believe it so beautiful on the other side. And I know you will still get to watch your family and be with them.” After our candid talks about life beyond death, she always seemed to have a more peaceful aura about her.

Journal: January 14, 2022

I texted Uli last night to check in. I felt inspired to send her the song “The Rose,” sung by Liz. “Thank you. It’s beautiful,” she responded. I was sick with a mild case of Covid and although I felt fine, we couldn’t do our usual walk we had planned for that afternoon. In her generosity, she asked: “Is there anything you need and what can I do?”

Journal: January 23, 2022

Another week has gone by, and I haven’t had a response from Uli. As I have had no word from her, I suspect things have advanced. There is nothing to do.

Journal: January 26, 2022

Last night I had one of those dreams I’ve had in the past when people I know are passing. It was a vivid dream in vibrant colour. I entered Uli’s house to find it full of people in a party setting. Uli glided through the crowd and escorted me to a table to sit. Her lipstick shade had an otherworldly design imprinted on it. I noticed we were holding extremely tall champagne glasses. It was a celebration with an altered-dimensional sense to it.

Then suddenly I bolted awake. I instantly felt that she must be in a “bardo state,” between both worlds. Maybe she was in a coma. I had no personal contact with her husband. My feeling was that she was leaving or had left our world. Full body chills run down my back even as I write these sentences. I never had my final goodbye. She seems suddenly snatched away.

Journal: January 28, 2022

As the days go by, I am waiting for the announcement of Uli’s passing. As I am waiting, I find myself sitting in front of my computer, staring at what I think is the ending of this book. My thoughts go to the Summerland. I had never heard the afterlife described this way, until I read *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief and Survival Beyond Death*, written by August, in communication with his deceased partner, Tim Gray. The Summerland conjures up a magical dimension that is more real than here. A place where we can instantly manifest our thoughts.

I see birth and death as very similar. When we are born on Earth there is someone to catch us. A world of family and history awaits us. So, too, in the Summerland, our Spirit family, friends, and guides are waiting to catch us. I believe the Summerland is our true home. I imagine Uli entering the Summerland and shedding her earthly skin and the illness that deteriorated her body. She steps into the *sonnenschien*, the sunshine, and the rays of the Spirit world.

Journal: February 11, 2012

I received news that Uli passed away on January 29th, a few days after my dream. There was a Facebook post about her funeral. A pang of sorrow went through me. My heart goes out to her family. I remember Uli saying that she had been knitting and making gifts for future generations. I decided to go to the open casket viewing at the funeral home and pay my respects.

As I walked in, I saw that only her children and husband were there. I paused and wondered if I was ready for this. There are still Covid restrictions, I reminded myself. Visitors are required to make an appointment. I decided to go in anyway. One son remembered Devin and I from elementary school.

“Oh, Devin!” He had a great big laugh with this recollection. When Devin was about five or six, he used to shout out Uli’s name across the playground when he would see her. Uli loved telling this story. Devin adored her and her athletic sons. I started to crack. I began speaking with

Uli's husband, about how much she gave me. The son handed me a Kleenex. My God, they were all so composed, and I was falling apart.

How did I think I could visit Uli and her family here in this place, with ease? I walked to the open coffin. It was painful to see her like this, even though her presence around me was palpable. I whispered in my head, "Uli, I love you. Thank you for everything. Please blaze the trail ahead and find us a good hiking path for our next walk." I turned to her children, told them how proudly she spoke of them, squeezed her son's hand, and left.

Flashback: Facebook Post -- September 14, 2021

I was at a friend's home, yesterday. She reminded me that all we ever have is the moment, this now. So, while walking home, I stopped and enjoyed the beautiful September flowers greeting me. It was a wonderful moment visiting with you, Uli.



A DAY IN THE LIFE

I am back into the swing of my life, and busy with my teenage boys, enjoying the everyday small occurrences. If I were to pick a perfect day, it might seem quite ordinary to most people. Nothing fascinating to write about. Some days I am frazzled and catch myself complaining. It doesn't last too long, though. I won't let it. There is so much joy in life, in being able to participate in the beauty of daily rituals.

Journal: February 26, 2022

I get up in the morning and putter around to have lunch ready before the boys and I leave. Going to be a whirlwind day of driving Devin and his friends to soccer practice. They have been chosen to play a tournament in Italy. I have months of carpooling ahead of me. Haven't had this kind of opportunity to drive a group of kids in a very long time.

Rush to the store. Come back. Try to clean up. How did the time fly by? *Shoot*, I need gas before we collect his friends. Have to leave Sebastian home, which is fine. It is a two-hour practice in Ajax, a 45-minute drive away. Devin is high in energy. "No, don't play your rap song, Devin!" His friends and I groan. "How long until we are there?" I drop them off and Devin gives me a kiss on the cheek in front of his friends. "Love you, Mom. Thanks." Well, it doesn't get much better than that.

What will I do in this town? Maybe a hike — but it is cold. I end up in Walmart, trying on clothes like it is a luxurious excursion and a fancy treat for myself. I find a bra that is sporty, with small straps and padding. I can do something with this and put a bra insert into my left side. I may be able to wear some fun summer tops. This brings more joy than you can imagine. I embrace all the little pleasures. I come across a planter's seedling kit. Yay! March is next month, and I can start planting some seeds again. Spring is around the corner. Always new beginnings and new adventures.



I realize that I need to get the boys. It is dark out and I can't find the car in the parking lot. It is annoying as I endlessly circle with my heavy bags. I find an empty cart as this could take a while. Then I laugh at how humorous this is. Being scattered hasn't changed.

The boys are loud on the way home. Then Devin has 20 minutes to rush and find what he needs before he is out the door again. I have eaten half a bag of chocolate-covered pretzels from Walmart. Not great but it is Saturday night.

I have time to make Devin a leftover burrito and then ask, "Want a peanut butter and jam sandwich too?" I really should have cooked more ahead. Sebastian has gone off and I am trying to locate him via text. I clean the bathroom and throw a load of laundry in. How did it get to be 10:30 pm? I plunk down on the couch. What Netflix movie haven't I watched? My cat Pepper jumps up beside me. Her sister Ginger passed away at the beginning of the week and I feel her presence.

Just then an email arrives from August. "Here is the first draft." I stare at the unopened email and sit in silence for a minute, cherishing this moment. He offered to format my book for me and design the cover, to see if my scribblings come together as a book. Here it is. This is really happening. I am grateful for the generosity of this talented man. Grateful for the chance to see this dream of a book that I have written actually manifest before my eyes. Most importantly, I am grateful to be appreciating all that is around me in a much deeper way. I feel that love is in all the complex webs between people, connecting us.

I take a breath. I open the email to read it.



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

During my treatment, online Zoom events kept me growing and letting me delve further into my interest in mediumship.

Many mediums helped me with their own unique gifts and gave me free sessions. I have not detailed all of them in this book, but I do want to acknowledge some.

Kai Muegge — He is one of the kindest mediums I have met and full of integrity. Thank you for your beautiful healing meditation that you gifted me, and for talking to me when I needed guidance. Thank you to your wife Julia as well, for all her support.



Kai and Julia, Cassadaga séance, October 2019

Mychael Shane — I had the chance to witness this talented medium give an apportation séance online, with much healing and evidence in his messages to me. A kind and humble man.

Craig Hogan and **Rob Blackburn** — At the beginning of chemo, I was referred to an online circle with these two mediums. Craig is the founder of the organization called Afterlife Research. Rob Blackburn is a developing physical medium. Together they run a physical medium circle where each of us sits in the dark in our own locations while we sing to a playlist that Craig

shares. Some people have been sitting for years and have experienced phenomenon in their locations, such as spirit lights, taps, cold chills, and other occurrences. Some Wednesdays I was exhausted, but I persisted and believe those séances helped in my healings as did all of my spiritual interactions.

Ardelia Ince — She is a medium who encouraged me to jump in and try giving some readings. She shared her knowledge freely and with great generosity. All her sessions — from her singing bowls to her meditations — have lifted me up.

Emma L Mathers — She is a lovely young medium and Spirit artist who messaged me out of the blue before I got my cancer diagnosis. It gave me strength. A year previously, she had given me a beautiful in-depth reading and pictures of my guides. This is my gypsy guide.



Sandy Ingham -- Her guides gave me much hope about the future. I also have them on my wall.



Janine Lane — Another generous medium who was so influential giving me hope, healing and a free trance reading.

Dr. Neal Rzepkowski — This man needs to be acknowledged for all his great service to Spirit. He opens his home for medium demonstrations and provides so much light to people. During cancer treatment, he gave me kind advice. Also, I attended an amazing Zoom session with him on nutrition and healing, based on the teachings of Edgar Cayce.

The Toronto Home Circle — Of course, if I hadn't experienced the years of the Toronto Home Circle, I wouldn't be writing any of this book. The experiences and phenomena with Spirit in those sessions changed me forever. Thank you, Warren, Dave and Viv.

Windy City Circle — Acknowledged in the Zammit Report and affiliated with the Spiritual Founders Association. Thank you, Julie, for always being so generous and supportive. It's been a joyous privilege to sit in this circle. Your development continues to grow. In 2021, the trumpet levitated for all of us to see in The Windy City Circle. In 2022, Julie sat in her first public séances with Mychael Shane. There were many witness accounts of spirits in the room, direct voice, messages and her first apportation of coins, gems and jewelry.



Séance in Cassadaga 2022

Julie Adreani & Mychael Shane

No doubt, there will be more healing and miraculous development from Julie. I hope to work with Julie on mediumship for years to com.
www.julieadreanispiritmedium.com

August Goforth — A licensed psychotherapist, intuitive mental and spirit medium. Author of *The Risen: Dialogues of Love, Grief & Survival Beyond Death: 21st Century Reports from the Afterlife Through Contemplative, Intuitive, and Physical Mediumship*. Thank you for encouraging and realigning me so often and for your help making this book a reality. Your writings continue to inspire me. www.therisenbooks.com

Tara Samuel — An award-winning actor, writer, producer, Tara is a ball of light and talent. I think she is a natural intuitive with her creative gifts. Thank you for going above and beyond, as my writing champion. You had your work cut out for you and it was definitely divine intervention to have you reappear in my life. This woman would send me edits while on vacation in a tent, and after numerous nights of putting her own small children to bed. Warrior Woman. Working on this book with you was a joyful and inspirational collaboration.
www.yourwritingchampion.com

Devin and Sebastian — I need to acknowledge the influence of my boys. Thank you for teaching me more than I could ever teach you. You are the greatest blessings in my life. Your love is all healing. You are my heroes. May you experience the miracles of the Spirit world as I have.



And of course, all my love and gratitude for my mom. You are sunshine.



Elfriede ☺ Hilde

"If ever there is tomorrow when we're not together ... there is something you must always remember. You are braver than you believe, stronger than you seem, and smarter than you think.



But the most important thing is,
even if we're apart ...
I'll always be with you."
~ A. A. Milne: Winnie the Pooh ~

THE RISENBOOKS.COM

Most modern books on grief tend towards simplicity, which makes sense because an active grief experience often overwhelms us to a state of disability, and I do not want to make it harder or more complicated. This book in your hands is complex but not complicated, and can guide you toward a deeper, deepening experience of your states of grief, based on the spiritual knowing that we are all, as Dear Pooh reminds us, vastly stronger, smarter, and braver than we may have been led to believe..

The Risen: A Companion to Grief ~ August Goforth

THE AUTHORSHIP

Elfriede Erzen is a proud mom of two sons. She was an actress in her younger years and wrote, produced and acted in two Toronto Fringe Festival plays, *Chaired* and *Looped*. She enjoyed a decade of working in theatre, commercials and many experimental videos and films. With motherhood, she retrained to work as a clerk at Toronto's Sick Children's Hospital. She followed a calling to do healing work and is now a reflexologist and massage therapist.



Guided by Spirit is her first book. She continues to explore the mysteries of the Spirit world. She hopes that something in her journey resonates with you and that you take from this book what your soul needs.

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