

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



You Own The Power

Rosemary Altea

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ALSO BY ROSEMARY ALTEA

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POSTSCRIPT

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The Eagle and the Rose
Give the Gift of Healing
Proud Spirit

You Own the Power



Stories and Exercises to Inspire and
Unleash the Force Within

Rosemary Altea



RIDER

LONDON · SYDNEY · AUCKLAND · JOHANNESBURG

Author's Note

THIS BOOK AND the exercises contained within are not a substitute for medical advice. If you have or suspect you have a medical problem, see your doctor or a professional health-care provider. In addition, the author is in no way responsible for the effects that come from following the exercises.

I am but one small voice . . . hoping to rock the world, just as God rocked my world.

I am but one little human being . . . trying, in faith, to show to others the light Christ showed me.

I am but a student . . . striving to bring to the world the wonderful teachings of my guide, Grey Eagle.

I am merely a mother . . . grateful beyond words for the miracle of my child, who loves me enough to mother me, too.

My gratitude is endless . . . my cup is truly overflowing.

PREFACE

Are You at Home Today?

THE ROOM WAS easily fifty feet long by about thirty feet wide. Empty save for those of us gathered together at one end. Empty, bare, polished wood floors, no furniture, drapeless high windows, empty, save for the lone figure sitting in the tubular steel chair, in the middle, at the far end of the room.

Everything about her was odd, strange, unfathomable, even from a distance. The way she sat, upright and unmoving. The way she had removed herself, used the space and coldness of the room as an invisible wall that she sat behind.

“You go.”

“No, I don’t want to go.”

“Well, you go, then.”

“Oh no, not me.”

And it was I who said, “I’ll go, I’ll go,” and with my heart beating wildly in my chest, I began the long walk down the room to where she sat.

It seems strange, odd perhaps, that I should begin this new book with a story taken from my first book, *The Eagle and the Rose*, but Grey Eagle guides my pen, my thoughts, and I must follow.

I was only fifteen years old, and in many ways young for my age, although my instincts were good. My instincts have always been good.

The psychiatric hospital we were at, my school friends and I, was the one my mother had always threatened I would one day end up in. Well, here I was, so it might seem she was right, although my mother was sure I would be here as

an inmate, when in fact I had come with my drama class to entertain the patients. Now we were having tea, and my friends and I had been instructed by our drama teachers to do our best to make sure everyone had plenty to eat and drink.

Offering tea and sandwiches to our audience was easy, as most were friendly and wanted to chat. One young woman cried a lot, and in later years, looking back, I realized she must have been suffering some kind of depression, which was probably why she was there.

The walk down the room seemed endless. I was afraid. Something about her made me afraid, and as I drew close, my heart was thudding so loudly my ears were pulsing, and my throat became dry.

It is hard to describe how still she sat, the cigarette burned down almost to her fingers, the ash as long as the cigarette had been. I gazed at it in amazement.

Her hair, black, streaked with gray, was cut short and as if someone had placed a pudding basin on her head, cut straight around. The dress she wore was navy blue with small white flowers on it. My memory of her is vivid. My feelings as I recall them are easily remembered. My smallness, my humanness, my inability to communicate with her, to her, for her, are stark memories in my mind.

Timidly I asked, "Can I get something for you? A cup of tea? A sandwich?" She didn't move. Not a flicker, or a blink of an eyelid to show she had heard me. The ash on the cigarette held still, intact.

"Perhaps a glass of water . . . or tea . . . or . . . ?" My voice faltered, but still I had to try.

The thumping in my chest had eased a little, the hammering of my heart was not so fierce. The fear I had first felt had gone and in its place was a mixture of feelings I did not yet understand. Except the feeling of sorrow, and I knew that feeling well.

I was about to try again when a nurse came up behind me and, tapping me on the shoulder, said gently, "It's all right, dear, don't you worry, she's not at home today."

• • •

I wish, I wish, I wish.

I wish I had been older and wiser.

I wish I had known then, as I do now, that you don't need words to communicate.

I wish I had understood and had the confidence to reach out to hold her hand, to kneel beside her, to touch her gently.

Because I did not know, I turned away, and headed slowly back to where the others were.

It is almost forty years ago, yet I remember as if it were yesterday.

"She's not at home today."

As I write the words I hear them spoken as clearly as I heard them that day. I remember the hurt, the frustration, the feeling of being powerless, disabled, inadequate. All those same feelings that those in the spirit world must feel when they try to get through to us, when we are "Not at Home."

I've often pondered this thought. How must they feel? They, our loved ones who have died and are now living in another place.

When they call out to us and we do not hear, or when they touch us, stroke our hair, our cheek, and we do not feel. Or when they stand, arms waving to attract our attention, right in front of us, and we do not see. It must seem to them, as it did to me all those years ago with the lady in the blue dress with white flowers, whose name I never knew, it must seem that "we are not at home today."

But I want to be at home. I want to be aware when someone comes knocking on my door, I want to be there to

open the door, to welcome in all who want to visit. When the spirit world comes calling, I want to be home. Don't you?

Did it ever occur to you that in those moments when you wish your loved ones in spirit could communicate with you in some small way, that you have to be home, and ready to receive your visitors? Did it ever occur to you that it is you who must oil the locks, turn the key, open the door, and let them in?

As we begin our journey, it is important that we "be at home today," but it is also important that we strive to "be at home" every day.

I can show you how to oil the locks, to turn the key, to open the door. As I write, I will try to be attentive to your needs and wants. I will "be at home" for you. In turn, you have to be attentive, attentive to the needs of others, your friends, your family, neighbors and strangers alike. You have to learn to be "at home" for them. You also have to be attentive to your own needs and wants, to the needs of your soul . . . to be "at home" for yourself. And through this, as the locks begin to turn, the door to open wide, as you become more attentive to the needs and wants of the spirit world, you will discover that you are "at home today" and every day, and that "home" is a very good place to be.

CHAPTER 1

Releasing Stress and Finding Peace



*We have met the enemy,
and he is us.*

WALT KELLY

A BRIEF FLASH, like a movie, rolled before my eyes, fast but very clear. This was all I had, but it was enough to tell me that someone was waiting to deliver a message.

As I watched the “film,” the vision, I heard shouting and saw a young man, taken at gunpoint by two youths and forced into a car. For now, this was all I saw and heard.

Who was he? Who were they? I knew it was my job to find out.

I was in New York, giving a lecture, my audience of more than twelve hundred all wanting something special from me. My larger audience, those in the spirit world, trusting me. Trusting that I would do my best.

Michelle and Ken Martin were there that night. Their anticipation and desperation for a message was great, as their eldest son had been tragically murdered.

Neither of them had been to such an event before, and they had no idea what to expect. Having heard of me,

having read my first book, Michelle had felt a desperate urgency to find me, and the couple had traveled from Colorado to New York with the single hope of somehow contacting their son. Theirs was the first boy I connected with, but it took me a while to figure it out, as you will see.

“My name is David . . . Michael . . . Michael . . . David.” I heard the voice, but I was confused. Was he saying he was Michael David, or was he David Michael, or more confusing, did I have two young men in the spirit world trying to communicate? I tried again, and this time I saw a young man about eighteen or nineteen years old.

“Ha, good for you,” I said, sending my encouragement as I went into my audience. “I’m hearing the name David Michael,” I said, and was stunned at the amount of hands that went up throughout the crowd. “In his late teens, early twenties, he died very tragically.”

Most of the hands stayed up, so I knew I had my work cut out for me. This could be tough. So many people wanting messages, and I had to discover who it was that David or Michael, or both, wanted to speak to.

“My son’s name is David, he died two years ago,” called out one woman. “His brother is Michael.”

“My son’s name is Michael David,” called out a man from the back row. “He died three months ago.”

A couple to my left, clutching each other, crying, called, “Our son is David, he was killed just a few weeks ago.”

Then others began to call out, and for a moment there was utter confusion as desperate parents called out for their children, hoping against hope for a message.

It took a while to sort things out, as first I had to calm everyone down. Finally, we had quiet while I tried to see where I must go.

“Okay,” I said, “I need to speak to anyone who has lost a Michael or a David, in his late teens, who is the parent of that boy.” I was sure that this would narrow it down, but I was mistaken, as about ten couples raised their hands. This

was time to call for Grey Eagle. He'll know what to do, I thought.

"Where should I go?" I asked him, confident that he would show me, and to my surprise, he said, "You speak to all of them." They are all here, all sons, waiting to talk with their parents.

"But what if I get them mixed up?" I asked, a little confused, yet knowing even as I voiced the question that I would have help sorting things out. I was right, of course, and it was easier than I thought it would be, for as I asked the parents to step up onto the stage, I could see each of their sons quite clearly standing beside them.

"I'm David. I was killed in a car accident," said one, and as he spoke, I witnessed the accident as he described it to me, saw the car skid around a bend in the road, watched as it turned over and rolled down the bank. "It was very sudden, very quick," he said. "Tell my mom and dad, Rosemary, that I felt no pain. Please give my love to my brother Michael, and tell him I watch over him. That I'm with him always."

David's parents, nodding, held on to each other, tears raining down their faces, a little peace entering their hearts.

Then the next boy. "I'm Michael David, I was killed on a motorbike." And again, a flash, an insight, as I saw the bike spinning off to the side of the road. Saw as it hit the tree.

"I'm Michael, my dad's name is David," said another. "I died from a brain tumor." Another flash, and I saw the boy as he lay in the hospital bed before he died.

"I'm David, I want to speak to my dad," came from yet another of the boys.

On and on it went, until all the boys had given messages, messages of hope and love, and clear evidence of their survival.

My audience was riveted. So was I, and each time one of my communicators spoke, I saw a flash, a film, some kind of playback, as if I were present at the scene of their passing and their lives here on earth. Sometimes one message

overflowed into another, and I had to ask the Davids and Michaels to try not to interrupt each other. “It’s difficult enough”—I laughed at them—“without you making it more confusing. Please just speak to me one at a time, if you can, and try not to butt in on each other’s conversations.” But it was hard for them. They were excited, and they all had so much they wanted to say.

One boy, in his early twenties, described to us what his last weeks on earth were like, and as he spoke to me, I did my best to fine-tune all of my senses. Not just my sixth sense, but my hearing, my sight, touch, taste, and smell. Who knew which of these senses would give me my clearest impressions? I needed them all.

“Terrible, it was terrible,” I heard him say. “I had AIDS and was in a hospice. All my bodily functions were out of control, I was wearing diapers, and I was in a place where there were others, just like me, some even worse than me.”

I watched and saw, and yes, I saw him in his hospital bed. But also I could smell that hospital smell. I could feel the despair as it touched my senses. I could see and hear and even taste what the place was like. Then he began to cry: “All I wanted was to go home, to leave the hospice, but who would possibly be able to take care of me? I knew it was hopeless, I was a mess, and would only get worse.” I watched and saw his tears run down his face, into his mouth, and as he spoke, I tasted their saltiness. “Then, one day, in walked my dad. He’s not my real dad, but he adopted me when I was in my early teens. Anyway, in walked my dad. He strode up to my bed, lifted me up into his arms, and said, ‘I’m taking you home, son, I’m taking you home with me.’”

I saw, I watched, seeing everything, all my senses alert, I saw the boy as he had looked just before he died. Emaciated, lost, and seeing him that way, I was heartbroken, even knowing that now he was okay.

As I recounted this story, my audience was spellbound, not a dry eye anywhere, and David's father was openly sobbing, remembering back to that terrible time.

"He looked after me, and I died in his arms," continued David, "and he gave me the most precious gift of love a man could ever receive. Tell him I love him, Rosemary, tell him I'm safe, and that I will always be near to him, I'll always be there, just as he was always there for me."

On and on it went, with more and more messages, just as clear, just as strong, more hope and more love, an outpouring of love. Then it came time to speak to Michelle and Ken Martin, to speak to the boy I had seen right at the beginning. Again, I could see him clearly. Young and handsome, a certain sparkle in his eyes, his arms around both his mom and his dad as he stood firmly between them both. He told of his tragic death, of his murder, and how his passing had affected his family, especially his mother.

"She won't eat, can hardly sleep, and until she read your book, Rosemary, she had been unable to speak. For months now, nearly a year, she has been unable to speak one word."

All of this was true, and the Martins understood every word. Michelle, David's mother, had been seeing a therapist since her son's death, but was showing no signs of improvement, and everyone was worried.

Then one day, on one of her visits, not knowing what else to do, Michelle's therapist handed her a book, saying she felt Michelle might benefit from reading it. Looking at the cover, Michelle's heart leaped into her throat as she saw The Eagle and The Rose. These were the very symbols she and her husband had had engraved on David's tombstone. This was the sign Michelle had been waiting for, a sign from her son.

She began to read, first by herself, then asking her young son Daniel to read with her. Everything they read made sense, gave her hope; she began to speak again, and

determined that whatever it took, she would find and speak to the author. This was the way to find her son again, of that she was sure.

As David spoke, giving clear evidence of his survival after death, Michelle stood, her husband's arms about her, and also her son's, even though she could not see, silently, painfully crying. Tears of sadness, tears of joy.

"Tell them I'm safe," said David, "that I am with God. Tell my dad I was with him in the dentist's chair." He chuckled. "And Rosemary," he added, "send them my love."

All the Davids, and all the Michaels, and all the confusion. The result was that oh so many parents left my lecture that night feeling more at peace than they had in a long time. And not just the ones who had been given a personal message, but, too, all those who had suffered a loss and who had witnessed a very special evening.

• • •

We move on now, away from New York and from that wonderful lecture. We move on to another time, another place, and another lecture, this one in Boulder, Colorado. It was a smaller event, held in a bookstore, with probably five to six hundred people, crammed, a little like sardines, into a small area of the shop. A makeshift stage had been erected, which was perfect, and my microphone and drinking water had been placed on a small table to one side.

Less than five minutes into the lecture, I noticed, as I was speaking, a young boy, about eleven years old, wearing a baseball cap. What caught my attention, or so I thought, was the intensity of his expression as he listened to what I was saying. Smiling at him, I continued my introduction, and then began to give messages to my audience from the spirit world. An hour passed, then for no apparent reason, none that I could see anyway, I went forward to the front row,

took hold of the boy's hand, and invited him to step up onto the stage.

"What's your name?" I asked, giving him the microphone.

"Daniel," the boy replied, with a small grin. Instantly we had a rapport.

"Are you going to take your cap off, Daniel?" I asked mischievously. "I wouldn't mind owning a hat like that."

"Oh, no," said Daniel shyly, "I always wear this hat, it's my favorite."

"Did you come with someone tonight, Daniel, or are you by yourself?" was my next question, but as I asked this, as if in answer, I heard, behind me, a loud rustling noise.

"I'm with my parents, they're a few rows back from me. I wanted a front-row seat," Daniel said, but although I heard Daniel's reply, I was much more interested now in what or who was on the stage with us. I turned my head, and instantly saw the light. I heard a voice, not of this world, yet at the same time, very much with us. "I'm his angel," I heard my visitor whisper. "I'm his angel, and I've spoken to you, Rosemary, before."

I needed Daniel's parents. If I were to pursue this connection, I needed permission from Daniel's parents, for I felt that Daniel was too young and vulnerable to do this on his own. It would not be right.

"We're here," they called, from about the third row, as I asked if they would stand. "I have someone trying to communicate," I said. "He tells me that he is Daniel's angel, and he gives me the name David."

"That's our son," said Daniel's mother. "We lost him over a year ago."

Again I heard a rustling sound, and looking behind me, I saw the most incredible sight. An angel, filled with light, so bright I could hardly see, for the light was almost blinding. A sound, a voice, seeming to emanate from its center. "I'm his angel, I'm his angel."

I was so wrapped up in what I was seeing that for a moment my audience was forgotten. Turning again to face them, I was even more amazed, for all around the room stood angels of light. My eyes welled up with tears, I couldn't help myself, and I stood pointing, sure that the crowd before me could see what I could see. How could they not?

Another movement, this time a gentle yet firm hand on my arm; I looked and saw Grey Eagle, reminding me that I had work to do.

Pulling myself together, taking a deep breath, I remembered David, Daniel's brother, and looking now to where he stood, next to my guide, I asked David what he would like to say. A flash, more than a picture, more than a film being played over, I heard them shouting, saw a young man taken at gunpoint and forced into a car. Then I heard David's voice clearly: "I was shot. My head. Bang, bang. They came, four of them, and dragged me from the house, into the car. I knew they were going to kill me and I was terrified. Nothing I could do. My head hurt for a brief moment. Then I went home . . . my angels came for me, and carried me home."

Without realizing it, as David had begun to speak, I had taken hold of Daniel's hand. Now I put my arm around the boy as he told me that David was his brother and what I had said was right.

The evening was over, more messages had been given, and I had finished signing books. It was time for a rest and dinner, and I was ready for both. But first I had to say goodbye to Daniel. He was standing by the signing table, and as I turned and waved, he came over, bringing his parents with him. They couldn't thank me enough, and told me how wonderful it made them feel to hear their son again, speaking through me.

"Of course," said Daniel's mother, "the first time was more of a shock; it was hard to take it all in. This time we

wanted David to come through just for Daniel, and he did.”

“The first time?” I asked. “Has David communicated with you before then?”

“Oh, you won’t remember, you speak to thousands of people, so you won’t remember my husband and me. We were at your New York lecture earlier this year. You know, when all the Davids and Michaels were present. You told my husband about his teeth, and you told us how David had died. We went home full of it, and told Daniel everything that had happened. He was so upset that he had missed seeing you, but here you are in Boulder, and we knew we just had to come.”

It was true, I didn’t remember the Martins. I see so many people, talk to so many in the spirit world, and I have a terrible memory for faces and names.

But I did remember the evening in New York. How special and wonderful it was that so many children had been reunited with their parents. That is something I will never forget.

The Martin family joined us that night for dinner—us being my editor, Joann, and I. And Daniel was able to ask his thousand questions about where his brother was and what he was doing.

“Does he still snowboard?” young Daniel innocently asked, just before we left the restaurant. I smiled, thinking what a cute question it was. David was ready with his answer. “Tell Daniel that no, I don’t snowboard anymore. I do something much more fun. Tell him I ‘cloudboard’. . . skating from one cloud to another, right across God’s skies. Tell him also, please, Rosemary, that I am his own personal angel, here to guide him for all of his life.”

I heard a rustling sound, felt a small breeze float across my face. The light behind Daniel was dazzling bright, and almost blinding. Did I really see those feathered wings? I know I heard David, sending Daniel his love.

• • •

I can hear. And I can see, and feel and sense. “But how,” asked Michelle Martin one day, “how can I? What can I do to help me connect with my son?”

It is not an easy question to answer, except to say that we all have to begin somewhere. And it really is best to begin at the beginning. Slowly and carefully, and with patience and discipline. But the human being is generally impatient, undisciplined, and often careless, especially with regard to the soul.

The idea of connecting with our soul, with our spiritual force, sounds too hard, too difficult a task. Very few of us want to spend the time and expend the energy that it takes. But what if we could take baby steps? What if we could begin with easy steps and progress slowly to the more demanding ones? What then? Sounds boring, frustrating. What about a miracle, an easier way? There isn't one, and you know there isn't, there simply isn't.

But what is the power?

What is the power we talk of owning?

1. Your own inner self.
2. Knowing the rules.
3. Having faith.
4. Believing in the impossible.
5. Magic.
6. Accepting, acknowledging our primitive or instinctive feelings.
7. A force that makes all things possible.

When we normally think of power, or of powerful people, we think of a force that is available only to a certain few or under certain circumstances. Most of us see ourselves as powerless to affect anything other than those situations that are part of our own small world, and we often feel powerless

even in that realm. It is also the case that the very word “power” is often connected to ideas of aggression, control, rule. The power of the president, the principal, the one “in charge,” the power of the king to make his subjects subservient. In the presence of powerful people we can feel intimidated, undermined. A council may rule that we are evicted from our homes. We are powerless to stop the eviction. Does this mean then that we have no power? No, it does not.

A king may have the power to force us to kneel before him. Does this make us powerless? No, it does not.

Life deals us a bad hand. Should we presume that we are powerless to change it? No, we should not.

Michelle and the countless others who have been forced to face their cruel reality have more reason, it seems, than most of us, to try, to work at life, and to enhance their spiritual connections, to be “at home” to the spirit world. The road is difficult, but they see their potential rewards as great . . . and they are.

Some people come to a book containing exercises and instructions with the expectation of finding instant knowledge, or at least an easy way to discover it. “If I follow exercises one, two, and four, this will be my expected result.” This is how many view the learning process, and after all, this is the way we are often taught in school. The “no pain, no gain” philosophy is not really taken too seriously, and as with most teaching manuals, some kind of time frame is expected. You know that question—“How long does it take?”—requires an answer.

Those who come to me as their teacher, expecting the norm, the usual teacher/student relationship, the standard pat answers, and the ever-present, instant miracles of enlightenment that many would expect to see scattered throughout this book, those of you looking for the norm, for the pattern you may have followed throughout your lives, will surely be disappointed with my work, with my writings,

and with my lessons. But though I am truly saddened by your failed expectations of me, I can only be myself.

This is a book that is more than just a manual, more than the many true accounts of mine and others' experiences. It is meant to be a book of enlightenment, but the kind of enlightenment that you must earn, struggle for, work for, strive toward. This is a book that is strewn throughout with many miracles, miracles that are yours, for any one of you who wishes to find them. This is a book that is somewhat akin to one of those picture puzzles—you know the kind, you look and see a house and trees and a garden, and really nothing more. Then you read the caption underneath that asks, How many birds, how many animals can you find in this picture? You look again, seeing only the house, the trees and garden, but because the caption tells you there is more to see, you look harder. See the bird hidden in the swirl of the gable end, the squirrel in the lines of the branch of that tree on the left, and the spider hidden in the folds of the rose petals. The more you look, the more you see that you did not see before. And if you get tired of looking, you can, of course, look in the back of the book for the answers.

This is not a book of instant anything, but a work designed to teach, to enlighten, in a way that you will remember. And if you didn't want that much in the way of enlightenment, still you may find excitement and emotional growth through the many stories that are told. A work of hidden wealth and beauty, and that which is hidden, if you look hard enough, if you seek it out, will unleash that which is hidden in you. Your power.

None of the exercises is wrapped in mystery, and they will sometimes seem too simple, too easy to be considered in any way magical. Yet they work. Tried and tested over many, many years, I have watched my students blossom with each small and uncomplicated step. More than magical, each exercise is a tiny miracle of light, helping us find our way.

Of course, there is no expected time frame of learning. Each individual decides for his or her own self how much effort to put in, how much hard work, how much time and energy. As your teacher I would encourage each of you to go at your own speed, not mine or anyone else's. When you are ready, you will find the lesson that is right for you. I encourage you to trust your own process, your own instincts, and to use what little I have written as a guide only to your learning process.

Each of us is a work-in-progress. No matter how slowly, no matter how much we stumble, we do indeed progress, if that is what we want.

When I think of the exercises I have used here, I am reminded of Arthur Conan Doyle, who wrote, "You know my method. It is founded upon the observance of trifles."

Some of you may consider my methods of teaching, my suggested exercises, mere trifles compared with the wonders and magic of the universe. But like Arthur Conan Doyle—and we know his method worked—the less complex I can make your progress, the less confused you will be, and the more likely it is that you will stay on your path toward discovery. I believe we should not complicate, or make more complex, a subject that is already complicated enough.

My agent and good friend when first reading the manuscript was disappointed, as much of what she read, she said, seemed trifling. She asked of one exercise in particular, an exercise in Chapter Three, where I suggest making lists of our positive and negative natures, "Surely this is just psychology? What is the point?" I could answer in the words of Lewis Carroll: "Begin at the beginning . . . and go on till you come to the end: then stop." For I know that if she simply worked on the exercise, looked at herself in a way she had not done before, if she took on trust what I suggest all my students do in the beginning, which is to steadily work their way through the exercise, then she would not need to ask what the point is. She would discover

the point and, in doing so, would discover a part of herself that is as yet hidden.

We want the instant miracle, the instant answer. But when dealing with our spiritual growth, we must take no shortcuts. Indeed, there are no shortcuts to take. So I have tried to keep the exercises as simple and easy to understand as possible.

It is a simple truth that man is energy. It is a simple truth that the power of the mind, the power of thought, is the most powerful energy that man possesses. It is a simple truth that man can learn to use his energy, to control his power, and to become more powerful, the more he uses his energy. Simply put, so that we all can understand, all of us, from the educated to the uneducated, simplicity is a key to knowledge.

We know what willpower is, but by some misguided conception, many of us believe we have to be a certain type of person, strong, determined, extroverted, to be able to be willful, to exercise willpower. Not so. We all have it and just don't know how to use it.

We all have the power to direct our thoughts, meaning that we all are capable of willpower, willing our power by a process of thought energy, but we either don't believe ourselves to be strong enough or don't believe ourselves to be good enough.

We own the power of thought, of thought energy.

We own the power of the universe, and the universe within.

We own the power of the earth, the sea and stones, of mountains.

We own the power of the soul, for the soul chooses.

We own the power of dreams, of our sleep state.

We own the power of experience.

We own the power of our knowing, our instinctive self. The knowledge we were born with, within us.

We own the power of our inner power, our faith, our belief, our spirit.

We own the power of collective consciousness, collective thought energy.

We own the power of will, of our willpower.

How do we access it? We believe. We trust. We wish. We make possible. We dare to be good enough. We dare to will it to be so. For if you think it, then it becomes so. You own the power.

How do we make it grow? We ask for the right things. We ask nurture for our souls. We ask for love. For gentleness. For strength. For energy. We ask only for those things that our soul needs. That our spirit needs. For if we ask these things, then we are given what we need, all things become as they should be. You own the power.

A simple person will find it easy to see God, is always at home to him, for his mind is uncluttered by the whys and hows of life. I have seen this simple truth a thousand times.

Connecting with our soul, finding out what kind of soul we are, learning to connect in some way with those souls who are in the spirit world. Why would we want to? What's in it for us? Can we really be bothered? We have to be. We just have to be. Those of us who want a better and more tolerant world, with kinder, gentler, more understanding people in it, we just have to care enough to try. So, in the words of Lewis Carroll, "Let's begin at the beginning, and don't stop until we come to the end."

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There are countless reasons why we begin the journey, and it is, for many of us, the result of a personal tragedy, or a life-changing and traumatic event that leads us to pose the question "What is it all about?" The "it," of course, is life. Then there is that more personal question: "What is my life

all about?” That’s when the search begins, and we take our first steps toward spiritual enlightenment.

I have been working as a spiritual medium and healer for more than nineteen years, and run a healing organization in England. Over the last two decades I have had hundreds of students pass through my hands, and without exception, their initial reason for seeking me out as their teacher was a direct result of a life-changing trauma—either an emotional or a physical injury severe enough to arrest, or change, what used to be “normal” thinking. The loss of a loved one. The loss of a child. The breakdown of a marriage. The termination of a job. A serious accident, eviction, major health problems, and so on. These are a few of life’s tragedies that will stop us in our tracks and force us to ask the question “What is life all about?” Just as it did for the Martin family.

A friend of mine was recently diagnosed with cancer, and given a fifty-fifty chance of recovery. Not great odds, but in the scheme of things, not bad odds either. An operation was advised, to be performed as soon as possible, within three weeks.

She came to me immediately, seeking my help, not just as a healer, but also as a friend and counselor. Scared, uncertain, her life rocked to its very foundations, she asked, “What is it all about? In God’s name, tell me. What is life all about?”

She was a doctor, and had for many many years been dealing with life and death and dying. That, you might think, should have given her more insight, more awareness and knowledge of what life is all about. But it had never touched her personally, and so when it came to herself, when she was faced with her own vulnerability, she was unprepared and just as confused and afraid as the rest of us would be.

So what could I do? As a friend, a healer, the all-knowing and all-seeing, the one with all the right answers. What could I do?

Every time someone asks for my help, which can be several times in a day, certainly in a week, I feel that I am being asked for a miracle. Sometimes a small one, often a bigger one. Like the magician who is expected to pull the rabbit out of the hat, I am expected to know, to have the right answers. This is when I feel my vulnerability as a human being.

As a friend, as a healer, and definitely not all-knowing and all-seeing, I often feel so inadequate, so small and frail. It is at these times that I look to God, to Christ, to Grey Eagle. It is at these times that I might feel my guide's hand, gentle, reassuring, laid on my shoulder, and it is at these times that I take a deep breath, remembering that I may be just one little person, but I have a good team working with me. I'm not alone.

So when my doctor friend came seeking my help, I did not say smoothly, "We're here to learn and grow, or we're here for life's lessons, etc." Those answers sound so glib and out of place, given the circumstances. Anyway, she knows that. Her real question, one she could not force herself to ask out loud, was "Why me, why is this happening to me?" And the answer to that question, she already also knew, was "Why not to you?" After all, what makes any one of us so special, so different, that we should be exempt from pain, from trauma?

So what did I do?

First of all I listened, as she talked to me, told me of her fears, her hopes and aspirations for a future she might not have. When she cried I gave her tissues and the comfort of my arms around her. So far, I had done no more or less than any friend would do.

As a healer, I suggested that she have healing, on a regular daily basis. She had already experienced healing, was familiar with the process, and had read and done most of the exercises in *Give the Gift of Healing*. So far the

healing process was straightforward. So far, as a healer I had done no more or less than any other healer might do.

Could I do more? Should I do more? I had exercised my role as a friend. I had exercised my role as a healer. But what of my role as a teacher? Should I, could I, exercise or escape my role as a teacher, a spiritual teacher? And what, after all, is that role? I smile, knowing that there is no escape, nor, if an escape route was presented to me, would I take it. My task is clear. For my friend I must be friend, healer, and teacher. For the purpose of this book I must be the same: friend, healer, and teacher. And for all who come seeking my help, I must be the same. Friend, healer, and teacher.

The role of a spiritual teacher is not just to bring light and enlightenment, not just to talk about or to demonstrate what she knows, but to bring empowerment to her students—knowledge of the personal power that each of us was born with. So what more did I do?

I began by placing in my friend's hands certain tools, various exercises, with which she could begin to mold her attitude, change her perspective on life, be more positive, give healing to herself. In doing this, I gave her back the control over her life that her disease had momentarily robbed her of. Encouraged to believe in herself, in her own capabilities, and working on her exercises, she found the strength she needed. Her operation was successful, the cancer eliminated. It could easily have gone the other way. I did not give her the big miracle. I did not cure her cancer. Only God makes these decisions. But I did, in my own small way, encourage her to take control of her life, of her emotions, of the way in which she now approaches life. I showed her, as her spiritual teacher, that she, and she alone, owns her own power. And I taught her how to use that power.

I taught her slowly and carefully, always mindful of my great responsibility to ensure, as much as I could, that she