

How it all began...

Ever since I can remember, I knew that I was here to support the awakening of those around me. As a very young child, the language was, I am here to help them feel love and remember to love one another. Early in grade school, I simply did not comprehend why my peers would belittle each other or fight. Didn't they recognize that EVERYONE is perfect and beautiful? I would go home and cry because other children were being made fun of or treated poorly. I was crying for both the 'victims' and the 'perpetrators' because I knew both parties were sad and hurting and lost. As I got older, I began more and more to use my love and light to create change in my peers...to promote more care and compassion.

Also during my grade school years, I was having regular experiences of rapture and communion with Spirit. I could not understand the why other kids would talk in church. Didn't they know that this was sacred...couldn't they feel the Divine Love streaming toward them while they were in the church? I was fortunate to attend a Catholic grade school where there was plenty talk of saints having mystical experiences like the ones that were part of my normal reality – being woken in the night by a presence or Divine dream, hearing 'God' talk to me, knowing things that I hadn't been taught, being clearly guided into particular actions, etc. At the time, I somehow knew not to speak about these things much, but it also never occurred to me that this was not the 'common' experience of my peers, lay teachers, the nuns, or even the priests who were guiding me. When there were talks about holy orders, which in the Catholic tradition means being 'married' to God or devoting your life to the pursuit of the Sacred, I knew that this was my calling. I was just confused about how this would look, because I knew I was not to be a nun, and in third grade that was the only model in my sphere of awareness.

As I reached my junior high and high school years, my connection to the Divine was expanding and I felt an amazing power moving through my hands as I would spread my arms and turn my palms up to pray. I knew this was Jesus, God, The Holy Spirit, Creative Source moving into my body, loving me. In turn, my Soul would move out of my body to love them right back in deep devotion to and gratitude of magnificent Love that had been given.

On a retreat when I was sixteen, we were taking turns going up the priests and nuns who would say prayers over us and lay their hands on us to facilitate what they called 'resting in the Spirit', which was characterized by states of Rapture, Communion, Peace, Ananda, Bliss. People would stand behind the person that was being blessed with this beauty as they would often fall to the ground from the sheer power of Love and Light that would pour over them. When it was my turn, I approached in the state of love, devotion, and bliss that was characteristic of my experiences in church. I placed my hands in the hands of the nun in front of me and she began to fall as though I had pushed her over. Everyone ran from

behind me to catch her. When she was ready, they helped her to her feet. I didn't know what had just happened, but when she was standing again she said to me with awe, wonder and gratitude in her eyes and voice, "when you touched me, you made ME 'rest in the Spirit', thank you," and then she hugged me. One year later, while deep in prayer for my grandmother who was in pain with a broken back, I was guided to put holy oil on my palm and stretch my hand in the direction of her house (about three miles away). So much (energy) was pouring from my fiery chest out my palm toward her. I sat like this for what seemed like hours, tears streaming down my face, a fire like I had never felt burning in my chest, love surrounding me. At some point it felt complete; only twenty or so minutes had passed. I went to the mirror to see what was happening to my chest, wondering if there was something visible...it was bright red in a big circle. I was still in awe of what had occurred and as I sat down on the bed again, I heard a voice, a big, loud, voice of God say, "You are to use your hands to heal."

To Be Continued...soon...

What is a Mystic?

From the Movie *In One Voice*:

"In every generation there are a few people who reach out beyond the cultural and religious boundaries of their time and even beyond the limits of their own thoughts. Searching for answers to life's deepest mysteries. We call these seekers Mystics. Not always religious in traditional ways, Mystics seek spiritual awareness by exploring their own intimate connection with the Divine. Their journey stems from the heart and love is it's driving force. Mystics dedicate their lives to experiencing the reality that the mind cannot grasp and language cannot explain. Although they may each travel different pathways they all share the same vision of this ultimate reality."