This book is dedicated to my husband
Beloved Ron Ascended
You may ask - what exactly is a Twin Soul and, who are Twin Souls or even ‘why’ are there Twin Souls at all? It's also reasonable to ask, as I did, where the idea of Twin Souls came from in the first place and why don’t we know more about them than we do now? These are all important questions and ones where the answers will lead you to places that you never expected to go. I know this because I’ve been there and it’s changed my life in the most incredibly wonderful way as a result. In the past there have been many attempts to adequately define this illusive and mysterious aspect of our existence but due to the very nature of the subject itself it has been difficult to put into words in any meaningful way. Until now that is.

There are very few guidelines which can be applied to something which appears almost as though it exists solely in the angelic realms although this is actually not the case at all. Throughout our history there have been many references to this subtly compelling dynamic of our individual existence, where various terms have been applied to this state of being which implies that we are somehow separate from an unspecified ‘something’. A state of existing outside of a spiritual law which appears to assert that you are an important part of something else; a completeness. An eternal Oneness that you are an integral half of or an essential element of; a ‘total loving being’ which is much more than the sum of who you already are while just being you.

A certain uniquely indefinable something which you have an inexplicable longing to be re-united with but which is unknown or unknowable to you until that moment when you blissfully discover its long forgotten magic. A state which speaks to you in hushed tones of a deeply intimate togetherness where a part of you listens with interest although not fully understanding why. That part of you which has deliberately chosen not to remember in order that you can live out certain stages of the life which you have elected to experience so that you are able to evolve in the most beneficial spiritual way possible. But what is this ‘something’ which is missing? It surely is a paradox which has remained hidden from the forefront of mankind’s collective consciousness for a very long time.

Some people refer to it as ‘my other half’, ‘my soul mate’, ‘my one true love’ or ‘my twin flame’ where even as far back as the times of Plato he made references in his writings to a ‘split apart’. You may say, but what does this mean in terms that I can understand? What was he referring to and who was I before I became less than that which I had been or who I am now?

Plato was a philosopher who had always been deeply interested in the origins of humanity and the mysteries of the universe, so there must have...
been a good reason for him to refer to the individual as being split apart from a certain something; a previous state of some other preferred way to exist. Maybe he knew what that certain state of ‘being’ had been before the ‘dividing’ by whatever it was that split it apart. Unfortunately, mankind has had to stumble blindly on through the ages without any true understanding of just exactly what Plato had gained an insightful awareness of; until now that is.

In this respect it’s quite natural to ask ... Am I a ‘split apart’ and do I have a Twin Soul and, if so, how do I go about finding him or her if he or she exists? Is it important for me to go looking for my twin soul if she or he is present in this world now? Or maybe more importantly ... what am I missing through being without my ‘Other Half’ and how do I know when or if I’ve actually found him or her?

These are all questions which have answers but which have had very little in the way of information published on the subject or even hinting at the concept for that matter. Until recently, precious little was known about this most fascinating aspect of our humanity as there were only very few to tell their stories or to even give advice and guidance in any meaningful way.

There has been a reason for this, so I have discovered, in that the consciousness of mankind in general has been such that it has not been receptive to the finer vibrations of what constitutes the energy of a twin soul. Now, the world is experiencing a new energy transformation in which all of our vibrations are being raised and so, at this point on our journey, we can begin to discern in a much more self aware manner the truly Divine nature of ourselves.

Through understanding twin souls then you will find your way much closer to a deeper appreciation of this aspect of yourself. What you are about to read will not only address the captivating issue of twin souls but it will also help you to get a much better and more complete insight into many aspects of your life which you may not have been aware of before now. More than this, you will hopefully gain a greater awareness of matters which extend far beyond this life that you are leading. In so doing you will be gently guided to a new and exciting appreciation of a life without limitations. It will hopefully be a very freeing experience for you and one which I am certain that you will find quite compelling.

My amazing journey through this life, and what I have discovered through living it, has given me the most wonderful appreciation for so many things but the most magical of all was to discover my twin soul. How I achieved this resulted in my also learning about how to follow my heart and then trusting to what I felt intuitively guided by, even in the face of a social environment which didn’t fully support what I instinctively believed. There were many challenging twists and turns along my journey but I persevered to find my true love and in so doing I found a heavenly happiness which exceeded even my most heartfelt wishes in the process. What happened to
me, what I did and what I discovered along the way is what I want to share with you.

This is the story of Janet and Ron who found each other not only in this life but across time as well. We were to learn that time is no barrier to love and that eternity is not long enough to erase or even undermine this most enduring of life-giving energies. Ron is no longer with me on this physical plane as he has gone ahead to prepare for things that he can only attend to from a different dimension. He is my protector and my guide while surrounding me with his amazing love which I feel so acutely present each and every moment that I draw breath. I would like to share with you one of the many uplifting messages that I have received from him. These words of wisdom are his way of leading me on towards the time when I make yet another transformational change on my journey. A gentle transition back to the place where I will know a Oneness which transcends the limits of any humanly imagined state of being. When it eventually arrives then I will be ‘home’ once more with my love and I will be complete yet again.

Ron speaks from the other side of the veil:

Loving anchors must be placed around the world. Love is the only answer. I know that to be so from being over here. People need to be told so they can find that love within themselves and then search out and find their twin soul, because that’s the only thing that makes sense.

The energy of the twin soul is very high and sometimes the beings disagree and the energy can become explosive. They even fight but through it all they know they are inseparable. Those types of twins need to calm down and use that power to change the world.

This is a powerful time that we are living through. It is important that the energy that is put forth is of the light and full of love. That will bring heaven on earth for everyone and even the most tortured soul will heal. God truly is love.

On this planet at this time, if you are thinking or hearing about twin souls at lectures, or such, then your twin soul is out there. If that is not the case then you would have been shielded from ever hearing the message.

If you are thinking about twin souls then you are at the level of evolvement or work where you can handle issues which this would bring up. In fourth dimensional consciousness your true mate, your other half can be drawn to you magnetically as surely as a compass turns toward the north.
He is saying that, simply because you are reading these words then this means that you are already able to appreciate, at the level you need to, the twin soul vibration which is calling to you from your twin flame. You may actually have found your ‘other half’ already and not fully appreciated it or you may have recognised that feeling in your heart which is leading you forward on your search. Whatever your situation is then, as Ron says, let love guide your footsteps to a greater understanding and awareness. Let your mind take a back seat while you journey to a place which can be as close as the other side of the bed where your loved one sleeps, or to another part of the world where you feel drawn to go. Any other state in between will be brought to your attention if only you set the firm intent to allow the process to unfold.

Whatever else you do then be sure to allow love to be the paramount force which influences your journey. The distracting energies of fear will only result in your continued confusion which is a state that you have suffered over many incarnations. Now is the time to set yourself free and so, if you are looking for clues about where to start, then read my story and see what strikes a chord in your wonderful heart. Listen to the melody of this Divine chord and then let it carry you to that sublime place of bliss which it has been encouraging you to remember for more lifetimes than you can possibly imagine.
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THE

TIMELESS LOVE
OF
TWIN SOULS

A Spectacular Journey into the Innate Memory of a Deeper Understanding that Love Truly is Eternal
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls
Chapter 1

My Sense of Incompleteness

Long before I became aware of what the true meaning of love really is, I was absolutely certain that it existed. From the very moment of my somewhat dramatic entrance into this world I needed to look no further than my family for unequivocal proof of love’s enduring presence in my life. In fact, for quite some time it was actually pretty difficult for me to fully recognise something which had always been such a completely natural part of my growing up. In those early times of exploring the world around me I gladly accepted the happiness of a home that had always been overflowing with tender-heartedness and a gently nurturing atmosphere. While still being very young and filled with an enthusiastic fascination for so many things which captured my imagination, I assumed that everyone else was part of a similarly loving family as well.

I knew no different at that time and couldn’t imagine life as being any other way than I experienced it to be in those blissful days of my childhood innocence. To me it seemed perfectly normal that I should be so happy and contented within the idyllically affectionate bond of our familial ‘togetherness’. From the somewhat limited perspective of my early upbringing it also felt completely okay to me that I should view everyone else as being very much as we were.

It wasn’t until I started to become more aware of the world around me that I began to really appreciate how I had lived my life in comparison to that of others. Even before my age approached double figures I was somehow able to get a sense of something very special about the circumstances of my home environment. Of course, I could have no idea at that time of my upbringing of just how important an impact it was to have on me. It would take very many years until the wisdom of age allowed me to look back on those times with an appreciation for just exactly what my parents’ had created and how it would shape my life. Their wonderful gift to me lives long within the depths of my very grateful heart and it was this which enabled me to travel the pathway of all my amazing experiences. It proved to be a journey which would inevitably take me to an understanding of the truly mysterious nature and power of that most compelling of all universal forces which we call love.

From how I see things now, it’s easy for me to appreciate that I must have come into this life with a certain degree of sensitivity which made it possible for me to be keenly aware of my feelings. I clearly recall that my
view of life was a very happy one and that I had never been in any doubt whatsoever about how my parents’ felt about me. In this respect I can see why I assumed that it was the same for everyone else but I’m not sure if it could have been because I wished for things to be this way or whether I had been trying to shut out what I didn’t want to see. My sensitivity may well have been confusing to me and so it was easier to take the view from the high ground where everything in the valley always looked rosy. However, I do acknowledge that there were occasions when I could appreciate that it certainly did appear as though other people around me might not have been quite as happy as I was.

For some reason, whenever these moments of youthful insight occurred, I seemed to be drawn to observe their circumstances while feeling quite unsettled by what I saw at the time. Apparently there existed in me a certain need to understand more fully what was wrong, as I saw it, while also having a sense of a compelling desire to somehow put it right. This caused me even more consternation in not having a clue as to how I would go about doing it as well as feeling powerless through being so young. All the while these emotions were present in me at those times, I remember how it would very often cause me to experience a kind of inexplicable fear but I had absolutely no idea as to why.

What I did know was that I didn’t like it at all in the respect that this feeling ran so contrary to how I experienced my life as being but, despite my misgivings, something kept urging me to pay attention to it. This was all very puzzling and difficult for me to understand although, it seems to me now that my budding sense of ‘self’, or my identity, must have been trying to establish itself from very early on in my childhood. Through my perceptiveness I began seeing myself partly as a reflection of how I viewed my world and what felt right in it. Whenever I noticed something that upset me then I became more aware of what attracted my attention while making me wonder just why it was that I felt as I did about it. I didn’t appreciate, while being so young, that I needed the contrast in my life so as to enable me to find my way towards a true ‘completeness’ of being. Neither did I have any kind of understanding for the fact of just how keen my perceptiveness actually was or, more importantly, what an impact this aspect of my personality would have on my life through the awareness which it afforded me.

I’m sure that what came to me as a result of being this way proved to be largely responsible for setting me off on the pathway of thinking about the whole subject of love; even though my views were still very much in their formative stage. Love wasn’t even a word to me at that age but much more like a strong feeling which represented a sense of security and a refuge from within which to explore and retreat to whenever it proved necessary. To me, love was tangible and while it touched my heart I could touch it back where it would almost speak to me in a language that I understood. It was ‘known’ to me and it had a certain ‘form’ which I somehow recognised the absolute
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

truth of although I had no explanation of how I had come to appreciate this. I just knew what love should be but, again, how I came by this knowledge I had no idea.

Later in life, whenever I attempted to wrestle with this most elusive concept, in having taken it so much for granted from such a young age, I would have to ask myself how I really viewed it in the respect of what it actually meant to me. Being raised in such a supportive family environment, and to have been afforded such a wonderful start in life, it allowed me to experience first hand one very important and sustaining aspect of ‘love in action’. To feel myself as being so much a cherished part of the loving ‘nest’, which my parents’ Lee and Helen Parks, had created for my brother Leonard Dean (LD) and I, was such an enduring gift that I am eternally grateful for.

Not only was it so beneficially nurturing for me in my formative years but it also provided me with a kind of enduring ‘standard’ which greatly helped to reassure and support my own feelings about how I viewed things. My family gave me a kind of validation for who I felt myself to be even though I wasn’t conscious of having any need to trust the guidance which was coming from some sort of inner ‘knowing’. As a result of what they had created for me I always had a point of reference or an idealised expectation from which to view other areas of my life as well as something to aspire to in whatever I did. Their example not only provided me with an inspirational constancy on which to build my own life but it also proved to contain an enigmatic dimension that touched something buried deep inside me. Whenever it did then I found myself being presented with an emotional dilemma that took me many years to resolve.

During those times when I would look back from within the clarity of having the degree of wisdom that a lifetime of experience has provided me with then I could appreciate why I felt as I did. On the one hand I had a certain awareness that my home life was something that I could never imagine being without. On the other hand, however, there seemed to be another part of me that, as I grew up, began to appreciate that all was not as perfect as I assumed it to be. I can see now that the ‘future’ kept making its presence felt in my consciousness and, as I became increasingly more concerned about the message that it seemed to be bringing me, then it didn’t appear to be anywhere near as comforting a prospect as how my life had been up to that point in time.

My view of life beyond my home environment appeared to be fraught with increasing apprehensions about what my emotions were giving me an insight into but I was much too young to appreciate what this could be. Certainty began to show signs of fracturing despite my best efforts to convince myself otherwise. This growing doubt then began to cast a small shadow onto the peaceful meadow of my otherwise idyllic existence where, surely but slowly, the clouds of a gathering storm came ever closer so as to infuse the horizon of my anticipated future with its anxious energies.
Chapter 1

It seems to me now that I already possessed an intuitive awareness of the fact that there was undoubtedly a certain ‘more’ to an aspect of my life and myself that I knew precious little about. From quite early on in my childhood I can remember catching fleeting glimpses of the inexplicable feeling that something was missing but I couldn’t even really guess at what it might possibly be. At that age it didn’t seem to make any sense to me at all but, no matter what I did, I just couldn’t do anything to put the thought out of my mind. This unresolved awareness began to puzzle me more and more as time went on and so, despite my experiences of being surrounded by such a lovingly protective family, my mind and my feelings began to create the increasing sense of a highly mysterious ‘longing’ within me. This I found incrementally confusingly and progressively more unsettling as the years went by.

What proved to be especially disconcerting for me, when pondering all this, was the fact that my parents’ left no doubt in my mind whatsoever about how much they constantly cherished and cared for me. In being able to easily appreciate this fact then I couldn’t help but wonder what it was that I could consider as being ‘wrong’ while in the midst of such apparently perfect ‘rightness’. All that happened when I tried to figure it out was that I ended up feeling somewhat guilty at even considering the possibility that something, anything, could perhaps be missing from my life. It made me seem so ungrateful but I just couldn’t deny this questioning part of me which, as I got older, contributed more and more to my sense of incompleteness.

I found myself encountering occasions of quite intense reflection which would often result in my entering a state of acute unease that felt incredibly uncomfortable and very threatening. Whenever this happened then it seemed to urge me to pose a recurring question that appeared to have no straightforward answer. This was quite a scary prospect in itself as I had been completely unaccustomed to feeling insecure about my family life or myself in any way whatsoever. Not only that, but I realised at some level that it was a question which I didn’t even know how to ask or who to ask it of as I had no understanding of the language in which it had been proposed. This I regarded as being an unwanted ripple on the surface of the otherwise tranquil and idyllic lagoon of my young existence.

However much I tried to ignore these thoughts and feelings I just couldn’t seem to find a place of peace at the level which I felt the need to. It wasn’t until much later in my life that I was to discover just what these anxious feelings were and where they had come from but, most importantly of all, I got to appreciate why they were there at all. This revelation proved to be a very important discovery for me and one which would lead me in a direction that I’d never dreamed of.
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

Early Perspectives of USA Post War Life

My childhood days were filled with all sorts of magic which gave me a lasting fascination for the world that I grew up in. My attitudes and beliefs were very much influenced by the post war era of the 1940s and early 1950s North American cultural society which I inhabited. The atmosphere of the city, and what it had to offer, appealed to me very much although a good deal of it seemed to be beyond my ability to comprehend in any meaningful way. I could see that there was a lot that I wanted to do but I somehow lacked the key to open the important doors which would allow me access into the depths of its tantalisingly hidden mysteries.

From very early on I had a feeling that there was much more to ‘grown up’ life, and the world in general, than I could possibly appreciate at that time but I had absolutely no idea how to go about discovering what I felt the need to know. I was, however, smart enough to realise that the horizons for a girl in those days were quite limited where we were taught that only boys got to have adventures while delving into the ‘unknown’ and doing ‘man’ stuff. Girls just didn’t do those kind of things unless they were invited along for the ride and then they were always expected to look feminine. I wanted to do both!

In those days there was little in the way of influence from TV and movies in contrast to how our modern-day, twenty-first century society is inundated with information and iconic imagery coming at us from just about every direction imaginable. All we had to judge our world by at that time essentially came from whatever we saw on advertising billboards and in magazines; where things were much less than lifelike and dull by comparison. Even so, they still looked pretty good to me and so there existed an increasing longing in me to experience more, but again, I had no idea where this feeling came from or even what it was that I wanted to find out about.

I could see how my father played his part as the head of our family where my elder brother, my mother and I would follow his lead when it came to taking trips to new places, attending special occasions or doing anything important. He showed me that I was growing up in a man’s world where women only got to do things when they had a man who took them places that they were not supposed to go on their own. Even my brother got to do more than me but in being more than nine years older I guessed that age had something to do with freedom as well.

My awareness allowed me to appreciate that my mother had her ‘man’ but through observing how her life had turned out as a result then I became more and more conscious of the need to have one of my own when I got to be old enough. More importantly, however, was the aspect of my getting to realise through studying her relationship with my father that a great deal of her happiness came from having the ‘right’ man. This only served to cause
me even more consternation as I didn’t have a clue as to how I would go about finding the necessary right one for me.

All I knew for sure was that if I wanted to achieve the same level of happily married life as she obviously had then I would have to find love outside of my family. This seemed to excite me in one way but it also filled me with a kind of petrifying dread and anxiety in another. It proved to be frustrating in the sense that I could so clearly see marital love in action and I could also feel love being given to me as a daughter but I really didn’t know, in the way that I felt a strong need to, just exactly what love was. I just had to find out; but how?

That presented me with another question altogether. My young inexperienced mind tried in vain to apply its lamentably limited logic to unravelling the greatest mystery of all time. Unfortunately for me, all that came from my deliberations were more seemingly unanswerable questions the most perplexing of which was - how could I possibly find what it was that I wanted when I obviously needed a man to take me to the places where I might discover it? My reasoning told me that when I found it then I would surely have been led to my man, my ‘Mr Right’, but in order to get to him then I needed a man first. It was all so confusing while leaving me feeling as though I had been given a huge ball of mental fog to untangle.

It was also quite scary to appreciate how limited my options were while wondering how I would ever be able to survive later in life without someone to protect me. A strong and loving man just like my father but how would I ever be able to find someone like him? I dared not even contemplate never finding this Mr ‘must-be-absolutely-perfect-just-like-my-dad’ who surely had to exist. He had to; he absolutely must! But what if he didn’t? Or, even worse, what if he was living in some distant land that I could never get to? Somehow I just wouldn’t accept this as being so but very often the dark cloud of this most unthinkable prospect came to cast its shadow over my otherwise very happy little existence.

Whatever else that may have plagued the highly fertile corners of my youthful mind I knew for certain that I was truly and unconditionally loved. This surely was the sustaining aspect of my life which allowed me to probe the rather fragile areas of my personality which, in the process, could prove to be more than a little uncomfortable. However, it wasn’t until I got to be old enough to appreciate just how much I was loved, and why, that I got to see the Divine hand at work in my life. In time I began to realise that so much of what had happened to me, in the respect of how my home environment served to support me, was to prove so meaningful in how my life turned out. Through this awareness I came to a true appreciation of the wisdom which states that everything has its place in how the gloriously rich tapestry of any journey is constructed.

My own amazingly colourful ‘adventure’ unfolded in ways that go far beyond the limits of imagination which taught me to take particular notice of
many other factors outside of my immediate experience. There were many examples to illustrate this. One of the more memorable involved my mother when, at an early point in her childhood and being only four years of age, she almost came to an abrupt end of her own journey. At this highly impressionable stage of her life she became traumatised through being involved in an unfortunate incident when she was run over by a horse and buggy.

I can only guess at how close she came to complete disaster in a tragedy which could so easily have ended her life while never giving me a chance to experience mine. She had been badly hurt while suffering injuries to her pelvic bone and abdominal area which, at that young age, were still in their formative stages of development. Through compassionate care and a long period of recuperation she did manage to make a remarkable recovery but the consequences of her misfortune were to follow her for the remainder of her days. There was only so much that her young frame could completely heal from and which nearly prevented me from being born at all.

When my mother got to childbearing age she was told that as a result of her injuries, and the subsequent lasting damage, then it would probably prove very difficult for her to become pregnant and to bear children in a natural way. This must have come as a shock to her but my mother had tremendous faith in a power much greater than herself which sustained her through many years of doubt. She had an irrepresible determination that absolutely nothing would be allowed to prevent her from having her own children even if it meant going through yet more pain and discomfort in the process.

I can’t begin to imagine how she must have felt in those days of the early twentieth century when medical science was still in its infancy. Living in a remotely situated small township where there were virtually no emergency facilities for miles around must have been incredibly scary for such a young girl. In that year of 1916 the world was still gripped in the equally painful throes of war where basic drugs, even if they were available, were probably in short supply. I don’t even want to think of how she suffered as a result of her injuries while being deprived of proper medication. You certainly had to be tough in those days.

There is a saying which asserts that ‘what doesn’t kill you makes you stronger’ and this, to my way of thinking, must have definitely applied to my mother. To have survived all that she did only to be told later on that there were doubts about her being able to have children was something that I have no idea how I would have coped with. Fortunately for her, my mother had an indomitable spirit which gave her the most remarkable faith in her life’s purpose as well as her own abilities. I say fortunately for her but, of course, it was obviously very fortunate for my brother and me as well. We are both eternally grateful to her for her courage, her determination and her amazing gift of love.
Chapter 1

Despite all of her many trials and in the face of gloomy warnings from her medical advisors she did eventually become pregnant with my brother who was born in the spring of 1931 and delivered by Caesarean section. His arrival had undoubtedly been viewed by my mother as being something over and above the ordinary ‘miracle’ of bringing a new life into this world. To her it had been a complete vindication of what love-in-action could produce when presented with even the most daunting of hurdles. Here was her proof and, having demonstrated herself capable of doing what she most wanted to do, it wasn’t long before the thought of having a second child became foremost in her mind. But there was yet another problem to be taken into account.

Having already had one Caesarean then this left her with only one more chance to successfully bear a child as this limitation had been imposed on having babies born in this manner at that time. My mother was absolutely set on giving another soul the opportunity to come into this world so as to share in all the love which my parents’ had to offer and so they tried again; but their efforts were to be tested for the depths of their sincerity and commitment. Time held its breath for what must have seemed to them like an eternity.

Finally the moment did arrive where the result of my mother and my father’s determination, I’m very pleased to say, was my appearance in their life. However, they had to wait over nine anxiety-filled years after my brother was born for me to finally make my joyful entrance as the newest, and last, member of the family. I can only guess at how apprehensive all this must have made my father as well as what my mother must have gone through in order to bring me into this world. Is it any wonder that I love my parents so much as well as being so grateful to my mother for being as determined and brave as she was? What an amazing woman and what an inspiration she has been to me.

To be born into this world while knowing for certain just how very much wanted and cherished you are is a feeling that absolutely everyone should know in at least one lifetime. It really is the most incredible experience. I was delivered in the same manner as my elder brother but I had been the one who closed the door to the possibility of anyone ever following me. So it came to be that I found myself being especially treasured by my mother and father in the poignant knowledge of their gift. They considered me to be their little miracle of life in miniature, as was my brother when he first appeared, and so he and I grew up being showered with the love from two eternally grateful parents.

It proved to be the most wonderful start to my life and, from living through the incredible magic of its gently nurturing introduction into my social environment, I learned the true value of raising children in this way. From the time I realised that I wished to have a family of my own I was in no doubt about how I wanted to bring them up and in what kind of atmosphere.
Again this caused me confusion and anxiety because I appreciated that in order to do so then I would need someone just like my father. A really special man who would love me in the way of being my true companion and partner but who would also love and treasure our children to the same degree.

I knew exactly what I wanted but just how to go about getting it seemed to be an overwhelming task given my dilemma with feeling as I did about myself in this respect. What gave me the determination to follow my dream was the example set by the two people who I loved most dear in all the world. I figured that if they could do it then, somehow, so could I.

The Big City and Me

Growing up in the relatively modest metropolitan areas of Lansing, the state capital city of Michigan, I began to see and interact with a world of people who were generally friendly and kind. The city had been built around government institutions, education establishments and manufacturing industries where the making of cars played a big part in our heritage as well as the city’s economy. Lansing also had a diverse cultural basis which actively encouraged the performing arts so I got exposed to music and dancing from very early on and, to this day, it still plays an important role in my life; I just love to dance. This aspect was also instrumental, in every sense of the word, in bringing me to a place on my journey which would ultimately change my life forever.

Fashions of that time were something that I also had access to where I could readily express and indulge my outgoing and flirtatious nature especially in those years of finding my way towards maturing into the kind of woman that I imagined myself to be. The commercial areas of the city and its many stores, filled with all manner of things I couldn’t imagine living without, offered me lots of opportunities to go shopping. I loved to buy the things which made me feel special while also being accepted into my social world of friends.

Much of what I bought also helped me to express my identity as I began to gain a certain level of confidence in who I was becoming but, again, it somehow didn’t bring me the kind of satisfaction which I felt that it ought to. This proved to be yet another frustrating puzzle that I couldn’t figure out at the time and one which probably accounted for my fears over feeling that I didn’t really fit in or that somehow I wasn’t accepted for being who I truly considered myself to be. This, I discovered later, was all connected with my enduring sense of not being whole; that indescribable state of being less than the person I saw looking back at me each day in my make-up mirror. I wanted to ‘paint’ her into existence but I just didn’t seem to know how. Where was this ‘me’ that I appeared to be on a never ending quest to find.
and why wasn’t I this illusive ‘her’? Questions, so many questions but there didn’t appear to be anyone in my world at that time who could give me answers of the kind which would in any way satisfy my innate curiosity or my unrelenting neediness.

My parents were wonderful role models for me as they represented just about everything which I felt that life had to offer in the way of an ideal ‘togetherness’. They so obviously enjoyed a loving relationship with each other as well as sharing a journey through life where it seemed as though one would never be complete without the other. I knew that I wanted the same as what they had when I grew up as it had become impossible for me to imagine living any other way but, in truth, I had little or no concept of parents being in any way unlike how mine were. I was so happy to be able to receive so much love and encouragement from them, in the respect of how they raised me, although I didn’t fully appreciate their extraordinary gift to me until I had progressed well into experiencing the joys of being a parent myself.

From all that I saw around me as I grew up then I figured that my elder brother and I were part of the ‘perfect’ family; the dream that I saw advertised in the magazines and shown on TV but, even so, I just couldn’t shake the ‘knowing’ that there was something missing. Something truly special but evidently completely illusive to the degree that finding it seemed to be almost an impossibility; unfortunately this feeling would haunt me for a long while until I eventually did find what I had been searching for.

For all of the time of my growing up through those early years of my teens and beyond, I really had no way of knowing what it was that I sensed to be missing from my life. Through this lack of understanding I had precious little to guide me when it came to judging whether or not I enjoyed a truly happy existence. Everything I did, when it came to the subject of relationships and affairs of the heart, was always compared to how things were between my mother and my father. It almost seems now, when I look back, as though I chose my parents so that they would be a constant reminder to me of what it was that I wanted and which kept me searching for it until I eventually found it. They were such an inspiration for me and I am so grateful for their wonderful presence in my life. I miss them both very much but I draw comfort from the fact that I know without doubt that they watch over me and, when my time comes to make the transition, I will once more be with them in a place where I will be able to fully share all the love that I have for them.

Living under the quite compelling influences of a progressive and vibrant city suited me well in certain respects in that I got to see life as being an adventure much like Alice in Wonderland. There had always been so much to do and to see where I could explore what it was that I felt attracted to. I liked to discover things and to see how other people did what they did and then learn how to do it myself if I couldn’t get anyone to show me. I
particularly enjoyed doing anything which made me feel special and that would get me attention. Looking back I can see that growing up in a big city taught me that if you wanted to get noticed then you had to stand out in a crowd. It certainly had been a lesson which had come with mixed blessings though.

Like most every other young girl of my era I always knew that I was expected to get married and then raise a family by the time I’d reached a certain age. I didn’t mind at all as I felt this to be exactly what I wanted to do, as well as what I hoped for, although I seemed to have little or no idea what my heart was telling me when it came to the subject of men and romance. This caused me a lot of problems from early on where I had doubts about many things and even when I first married it was with a certain degree of hesitation on my part although I knew that love did play an important part in our relationship.

My parents had come from a small township many miles north of Lansing where it had been easy for me to see how they could have met while finding that special someone which each of them had probably longed for just as I did. But, by comparison, the city that I lived in was huge and filled with a great many people which left me wondering, on many occasions, just how I would go about achieving what my parents’ had. It seemed a daunting prospect to find my Mr Right in among a veritable sea of cosmopolitan humanity and so when Bob came along, when I was fourteen and in high school, then I kind of grabbed onto him.

I did this while naively anticipating that it would work out the same for me as it had done for my parents. After all, what more did I have to go on? As did any other girl of my age in those days. There had been precious little in the way of information on the subject where romance novels of the time really didn’t help much. So it was to be a journey towards the altar filled with hope and expectation which led me to believe that all my doubts and fears would be dispelled while I got to recreate all that my parents had, and more.

The city, however, had planted yet another doubt in my mind when it came to figuring out just what love is. Lansing presented me with so many attractions not the least of which was the aspect of there being a lot of boys that got my attention. Quite a few looked really cute and so it made me wonder if my mother had found my father just as cute when he was a teenager and whether or not it had anything to do with the love that they shared. I found myself wondering if love and attraction were one and the same thing as it seemed reasonable to me, at that impressionable age, to assume that they were. It all felt very much like an unfathomable mystery but I had found Bob and he seemed to fit into my ideal of what romance and life as a couple ought be so I guessed that I had found love just like my mother had.

So many influences of city life conspired to convince me that I had made the right choice and that my destiny seemed assured in that I would enjoy
the kind of family life that I had experienced at home; only this time it would be of my own creating instead. For a while I did enjoy a certain level of happiness but as time went on I kept feeling more uncertain about how my life was turning out as the emotion of incompleteness made itself more evident. I just couldn’t shake it off, the result of which was that I became increasingly unhappy in my marriage. My awareness that there was still something wanting in my life just seemed to keep getting stronger but the problem remained that I had no idea of what exactly I wanted; thankfully, all of that changed on the arrival of one joyously memorable day. This was the day when I met the man who would answer not only the calling of my heart but who would also provide me with the answer to my ‘big question’ as well.

Ron proved to be my knight in shining armour who, in true ‘Prince Charming’ fashion, came to rescue me from a life which, up to that point, had felt very much as though it had remained unfulfilled despite my having three wonderful children. Until his appearance I had no idea as to the true depths of my sense of ‘loss’ but I was soon to learn much more about not only the unfathomable healing capabilities of true love but also the eternal qualities of something that few get to experience in countless lifetimes. Ron would lead me into a highly eventful journey the like of which nothing or no one could have ever prepared me for.

With my twin soul by my side I encountered a great deal that I found thrilling as much as I found challenging but that ‘ride’ took me to places that I most surely would never have gone without him. The whole amazing experience allowed me to travel to the most far reaching point in my personal universe. That truly sacred place, the one which we are all in the process of searching for, where the Divine essence of our true self resides. It has been, and is, a journey which I am extremely happy to have made and one which I would be so grateful to share with you in the hope that you too will benefit in a most uplifting way.
Chapter 2
Parallels in Time and Heartspace

To me, the name Pennsylvania Avenue conjures up a completely different image to that which it does for very many others in my country. My own Michigan based ‘Pennsylvania Avenue’ is not quite as wide or as ostentatious as its illustrious counterpart but its presence in my life is nonetheless important to me. The place where it led me still holds a lot of precious memories due to the influences which it exerted over me but, these were not altogether dissimilar from what our iconic symbol of classic American tradition holds for so many in my country.

The famous mini-highway in Washington DC, part of which spans the long mile that separates the US capitol and the White House, carries more than just traffic. To a significant percentage of our population it represents the union of trusted authority with the meeting of educated minds where the evolutionary determination and cultural direction for the future of our society is debated and decided. More than this, the wide tree-lined route also serves to symbolise the direct link between two aspects of our nation’s soul which resides in the heart of a metropolis that had been designed to inspire by its example.

This crucible core of our society blends together all aspects of human endeavour in its often faltering attempts to make each of us better than we were yesterday while striving to visualise where we are heading tomorrow. The ‘highway of many emotions’ which links the two major buildings of high office, shows us that our journey is to walk the enlightened course of true intent, the straight and narrow causeway of purposeful self-realisation. To tread our current pathway with unimpeded vision in our constant search for wisdom while recognising that we can choose to see the route created by our footsteps as one of celebration or that of remorse; or anywhere in between.

The famous avenue in DC has witnessed every human emotion which we are capable of expressing since its inception in the mid 1800s. It has a great deal to say to those who would take the time to listen to its enduring story and is a constant reminder of the very spirit which underpins our existence. Celebrations and tragedies come and go while the avenue continues confidently on while offering its dispassionate service to all who are transported by its material presence. No one is the greater or the lesser for having been taken to a different place of awareness by virtue of its design where it treats all as equal while echoing the basic tenet of our constitution.
The road to freedom is as short or as long as we wish to make it. We as individuals make that choice even though many others may help to illuminate the signposts which guide us to our destination.

Alongside another Pennsylvania Avenue, in Lansing Michigan, is the stately old building of Eastern High School. It’s nowhere near as grand as those two famous buildings in DC but, in its own way, it represents the same principles and aspires to the same goals as does the two hallmarks which constitute the seat of our democratic government. Eastern High is the oldest senior school in Lansing and one which had been built, no doubt, with the same aims in mind with regard to helping shape the future of our country through influencing the generations which would contribute to its growth. I became one of their number in my freshman year of 1954 and it was with a certain degree of trepidation that I entered into its somewhat hallowed halls.

Eastern had been my initiation into the world of adulthood where, for the first time, I felt as though a new era of my life had truly begun. Even the somewhat classy neighbourhood in which the building was located made it seem as though I had moved into an atmosphere where I could really explore myself in the way that I felt the need to. Just like the historic halls of power in Washington DC, Eastern had its own imposing structure which, to me at that impressionable age, led me to imagine myself moving in the midst of the grandiose cultural aspirations from a different time.

In 1928, when it had been built just before the onset of the great depression, the architectural influences of large imposing structures were still in full flow and so Eastern High had been constructed to reflect this. Like a fledgling adult, that is oftentimes over enthusiastic about asserting its new found confidence, the style of its creation spoke of a pretention which suggested an intimate knowledge of perfection. A regal ‘rightness’ which didn’t invite any kind of contradiction or inquiry as to its reason for existence; it simply ‘was’ and needed no one to defend its imposing personality or that of anyone who chose to become a subject of its influence. It had been designed to mould and shape through being the instrument of its creator’s intent and so I became a willing student in a world which stimulated not only my imagination but my innate sensitivity as well.

I remember when I first saw the quite amazing large auditorium and the beautiful wood of the lavish foyer, which appeared to be something straight out of a novel that I’d once read. It just didn’t seem real but there I was standing in the midst of its imposing presence along with many others who I’m sure were affected to one degree or another by the impressive spectacle of their new surroundings. I could feel that this was indeed a building which surely wanted to make its mark on everyone that it touched but I had no idea just how much it would influence my life in the years that followed.

Just as my parents’ had been my anchor into a past which allowed me to find my way towards the future, so Eastern would provide me with a similar experience. As I journeyed along the somewhat uncertain path which would
lead me to my independence I was once again surrounded by the reassurance of an environment which had absolute confidence in its purpose. It was similarly protective and nurturing while allowing me to discover more about myself but this time there were many more chances of finding the answers that I had been searching for. The diversity of opportunity which it offered me to explore the uncharted regions of my personality and my identity also helped me to continue my implacable quest to understand love. One of the more memorable opportunities came in way that I had least expected.

**The Perils of Rampant Religion**

My best friend Susie also went to Eastern and it was through my close relationship with her that I got to attend the Sunday school where her mother taught. It had a wonderfully friendly atmosphere and somewhere that I really liked to go as it also gave me the opportunity to gently find my way back into religion after the quite off-putting encounters that I had come across before that time. Susie’s mother was always very kind and would often ask us to help out which got me even more involved in the atmosphere of the place and also helped me to overcome my apprehensions.

This proved to be a very healing experience for me as my first exposure to organised religion had left me quite emotionally scarred. In those uninformed times of the late forties and early fifties there existed the culture of bible thumping religion which was all too commonplace. Unfortunately, to a sensitive and impressionable soul such as myself, this had a big impact on me where one particular encounter nearly ended my desire to attend church ever again.

I grew up thinking, like so many others, that God was some white bearded old man who lived above the clouds while looking down on us all as he pulled the strings of our lives. The religious teachings that I had heard up to that point in time encouraged me to believe that this almighty old man had to be kept continually happy otherwise unimaginable things would happen to those who upset him. The vision I got from all that I heard was that we were like helpless puppets where he got to pull the strings while we mindlessly danced our lives out for him.

This resulted in my becoming somewhat superstitious through not really understanding just exactly what I found myself being asked to believe. To add to my confusion I had to reconcile the fact that, as much as a part of me felt this way, another part of me existed which seemed to have a strong sense of some powerful force that would protect me from anything really bad. Looking back from my current perspective I can see that I really did have a highly sustaining concept of what God truly meant to me. Unfortunately, at that period of my life, I was still too easily intimidated by
those who I considered were in authority to voice my opinions. Somehow I sensed that the love which my parents’ showed me had something to do with God. Of course I had no idea how I knew this but with so much else that people were trying to convince me of then it created a kind of conflict in me which no doubt resulted in my superstition. It was probably my way of hedging my bets at that age.

I remember on the many occasions that whenever I would walk along a rail then I would be wary of falling off. I tried my best to balance all the way along it and a lot of times I was successful but, if ever I did fall then I convinced myself that I would flunk a grade in school or something else of that nature would go wrong for me. It seems crazy to have thought that way now but those were very different times when our society was ruled much more by gossip than by television or other forms of mass media information. It’s amazing to look back at those days and then think about how far we have come in such a relatively short space of time.

Even though in one way it kind of scared me to know what other people perceived God to be, there was a part of me which absolutely would not accept the misleading ‘truth’ of this popularised notion. Unfortunately for me the society in which I lived at the time didn’t give me any help in understanding my feelings when it came to questioning the words of others. At that time there was no one around in my life like Susie’s mother who would listen to my point of view or even take the time to explain things more clearly to me. My parents’ were always very encouraging but I felt the need to have someone outside of my family environment to talk to so as to bring a balance to what I felt others were trying to get me to believe.

Throughout that era of my life the Second World War was still fresh in everyone’s memories and had left many people in a fearful state as my country attempted to get back on its feet once more in the hope of a better life to come. In this energy of fear, along with times of great uncertainty, many people naturally turned to religion for guidance and reassurance. It was an ideal opportunity for those in power, or any sphere of influence, to assert their authority and to drive the message home in whatever way they saw fit. Religious leaders were often given to asserting their own liberal interpretations of the scriptures in their attempts to ensure their places in society. I was to remember one of these more dramatic and fear inducing instances for the rest of my life.

My parents’ were not churchgoers in the traditional sense so I found myself joining in with the neighbourhood kids and just following along while they went to their local church. At that time I had no idea which kind of church it was because in my state of innocence I believed that every church was the same. After all, there was only one God so why did you need more than one type of church to go see Him in? This was my youthful reasoning anyway. My companions didn’t seem to have any different ideas on the subject either and I felt safe in their company so it always gave me a lot of
pleasure to hang out with them. They made it fun and I really liked the singing as well as the prayers but I wasn’t at all keen on some of the sermons particularly when the message turned out to be a scary one. I especially didn’t like the occasions which appeared to challenge my limited views of God by reinforcing beliefs which I found myself being an unwilling subscriber to.

I did, however, love riding on the bus with my neighbourhood friends which always felt like some kind of magical adventure that I was setting out on. I liked to imagine that our destination was a very special one where some mystical power had been acting to draw me irresistibly towards it. The bus would be the special carriage which took me to see someone grand who lived in a huge, beautifully decorated house where lots of people came to visit because he was the one who looked after them. I felt so excited to be one of the ones who got to be invited into his home.

Arriving at the church seemed like stepping into a completely different world to me and so you can imagine how thrilled I was when, on one very memorable day, I got invited to join the choir. How incredible was that!? At first I felt so nervous but it didn’t take me long to appreciate that I had been given the opportunity to sing my little heart out; which I proudly did. This always made me feel absolutely wonderful as well as giving me the idea that I was actually involved in doing something which meant a lot to not only me but everyone else around me as well.

I soon found that I could produce my singing from a really special place deep within my soul which allowed me to express my true feelings for someone who I felt must surely be somewhere close by. At those times when I was in full flow I just didn’t know how there could possibly be a God who would be anything other than kind. Because, to my way of thinking, if anyone like that existed then no one would ever have wanted to make up such wonderful songs and then sing them to Him. This was my reasoning and it felt perfectly right to me to look at it in this way even though I didn’t have the courage to say so to anyone else.

Whenever I sang the words ‘Jesus loves me’ it always made me feel so special and somehow, as they flowed enthusiastically out of me, I knew without doubt that he really did; and still does. Sometimes when I hit a certain note it had the effect of making me tingle all over which made me even more convinced of being right about what my heart wanted to tell me about God. My singing always enabled me to make a connection with a higher power but it was also a way for me to get more deeply in touch with a part of myself that I needed to trust in. The words that I sang echoed so much of what I wanted to express while allowing me to connect with my own innate sense of ‘rightness’. It wasn’t until I got to the part where I had to listen to sermons that my uncertainties began to surface once again where I would be confronted by those who insisted on asserting their unenlightened authority over me.
Chapter 2

Unfortunately, on one such occasion, I found myself listening to a passage being quoted from the Bible which the minister had been delivering with a great deal of passion. His captive audience was, in his view, no doubt in need of a strong dose of unadulterated moralising which he was in the somewhat overzealous process of obliging them with. He threw himself into his ‘mission’ with a great deal of arrogant gusto and with what seemed to me like a quite threatening tone in his voice. No one spoke during the whole of his riveting admonishment from the pulpit and many, like me, were wide-eyed with fear at what was being said. I found myself feeling very upset as a result.

I remember listening transfixed as the fearsome minister painted a quite startling picture in all of our highly captivated minds. He sternly filled every attentive ear with a grim story about some mighty figure ominously descending out of the clouds on a big white horse. His arms flailed the air as he described this heavenly apparition landing in the midst of a great crowd of people; who were no doubt just as terrified as me. As though the drama of the story wasn’t enough he thumped his bible for added effect when he got to that part about the horse trampling all the sinners under its mighty hooves. There were a few moments of wordless drama which followed while he allowed the full effect of his ‘message’ to sink in as everyone contemplated the obvious implications of this part of his sermon. There was not even a murmur from the traumatised audience and no one moved a muscle; no one dared hardly breathe, especially me.

I will never forget the look of pleading anguish on his face when he delivered the fiery passage which told us all of how the ‘saved’ ones frantically rushed to hang onto the horse’s mane and were then mercifully carried off. To where and to what wasn’t made clear at the time although I may have missed that part as a result of my brain being totally frozen up in abject fear. I’m sure that I wasn’t the only one not to have taken in much after the stunning climax of his performance which only the most robust of souls could have failed to have been affected by.

He made it all sound so real while impressing on the congregation that it was indeed a truth which would surely come again in one form or another. With the recent traumas and consequences of a world at war still relatively fresh in everyone’s memories he seemed to have no trouble at all in convincing people of this fact. Unfortunately I was far too young to appreciate just how manipulative and dreadfully deceitful his actions were but I’m sure that my feelings were echoed by many others. I have no doubt that those in the congregation who were equally as impressionable as me, and who succumbed to the power of his zealous rhetoric, had the same overwhelming reaction.

I can so clearly remember feeling myself trembling at the horror of such a vision but I just couldn’t stop thinking about the scene that he had painted so graphically in all of our minds. Whatever I did in my attempts to make it go
away then I just couldn’t seem to get it out of my head. It was as though his
dreadful story kept insisting on confirming what I didn’t want to feel but I seemed powerless to resist it. Unfortunately there were further repercussions which added an extra disturbing dimension to my encounter with this poor misguided man which had a further and deeper impact on me.

In retrospect I can see that his theatrical performance had the effect of making me feel very insecure while being present in the sanctuary of an environment which I considered was intended to cheer people up and not scare them half to death. This did nothing to alleviate the battle between my heart and mind which continued unabated as a result. There was a part of me that just couldn’t accept that what he had tried so hard to convince me as being the ‘truth’ could be so; even though his words had affected me so emotionally. Unfortunately I couldn’t stop myself thinking about how I felt or what he had implied in his ‘sermon from hell’. He appeared to have pushed open a little wider, the door to a place within myself that I didn’t want to look closer into even though I had to admit that it was there.

As a direct result of my encounter with this man’s doom-laden tales of wrath and vengeance I had the most awful nightmares which often needed my mother’s gentle, self-assured presence to comfort me. When she found out what had happened she wasted no time at all in calling the church to tell the, no doubt, ‘unmoved’ minister that I wouldn’t be attending his dubious ‘house of God’ ever again. I never did but, more importantly, it left me feeling that I never wanted to go to church again until, that was, I thankfully met Susie and then her wonderful mother.

She came to my rescue as a result of my entering the highly fertile teen-filled ‘ecosphere’ of Eastern High and I am so grateful to her and the Divine hand which guided me there. Pennsylvania Avenue, Michigan, led me to a gateway of education not all of which could be found between the pages of any text books however eloquently they may have been crafted. My particular avenue took me to a kind of freedom that, for me, rivalled any which could ever have been formulated on Capitol Hill. Lincoln would have been proud.

Susie was my little angel sent by God to bring me back into the sight of his loving care while her mother’s gentle understanding and kindness helped me find the confidence to not only acknowledge but really trust in my own intuitive feelings as well. Maybe I needed to go through that period of feeling so disconnected from a deeper understanding in order to get back to a place where I would be more firmly anchored to the truth which I intuitively felt in my heart. Whatever the reason may have been, or the real extent of the lesson that I learned, I was certainly very glad to have stepped out from under the dark dispiriting cloud that this poor deluded man had thrown over me. I can only bring myself to bless him now for the valuable gift which he had actually given me.
Chapter 2

The Dawning of Awareness with the Coming of Age

Whenever I look back on how things were for me when I was young then I am able to see little reminders and indications of how I must have had a strong sense of my spiritual nature even though I wasn’t aware of it. Signs and symbols were important to me in that they were a constant reminder of something close to my heart in those frenetic action-filled days of the rush towards adulthood and self determination. Those often hectic days when there had been so much to take in and so little time in which to do it while endless distractions continually kept popping out of the woodwork. Aahh, how wonderful it was to grow up but where on earth did all that time go?

I clearly remember one stage in my life when I longed to have a pretty necklace with a nice shiny cross. Something beautiful to wear but also a precious piece of jewellery which I felt would bring me a kind of reassuring comfort. I had no conscious idea as to why I should have wanted it to do this for me but a part of me must have been trying to guide my attention to an emotional issue which needed to be resolved. I was too young to appreciate this at the time and only had my emotional compass to steer by. In this particular instance the needle had been pointing towards the image of a jewellery store but the sign on the door said ‘closed’. I clearly recall being very frustrated by this.

The necklace was in itself a relatively simple thing but it did mean a lot to me although I had been under the false impression that you had to be a Catholic to wear one. I thought that I had only ever seen them worn by people who belonged to this religion so I assumed that no one else had the right to have one. I didn’t know what to do to get one or even why it felt so important for me to possess something so apparently unattainable but I was certainly conscious that I wanted to wear a cross for much more than merely making a fashion statement. It got to the point where I wanted it so badly that I could almost imagine how it would look while I was wearing it. Sometimes, without thinking, I would raise my hand to my neck and just gently pat it while feeling the sense of comfort and reassurance that it would give me. It seemed to bring me closer to something or someone but I had no idea of what or who it could be at the time.

Before moving to the ‘big city’, my parents had originally lived in a town nearly ninety miles north of Lansing called Weidman. This meant that I had relations still living there and so I used to go visit them whenever we had family outings. On one particular occasion the town was hosting something they called Weidman Day where they held what could be described as being a fair which formed a colourful part of the celebrations. Naturally I went along to join in the fun and while trying my luck at one of the stalls I was amazed and really pleased when I won a prize. To my absolute delight I got a
cross which thrilled me beyond measure and meant the whole world to me at the time. I never gave a thought to the fact that I had wanted it so badly and that it had so miraculously come into my life as I was too busy being excited about finally having something so precious in my possession.

That proved to be a very memorable day for me and one which I keep dear to my heart. The most important thing about it was that I gained an appreciation for the power of intent and what can be created as a result of it. My cross had been a wonderful gift but by coming into my life it showed me what I was capable of if I listened to my intuition while remaining true to myself. Owning my necklace brought up feelings which helped me get more deeply in touch with my true self but it took me some time to appreciate that this aspect of me already existed while just waiting to be discovered.

It wasn’t until much later in life, when I looked back on those formative years, that I realised just how much I must have had an innate understanding of something which I later came to appreciate was my intuitive connection to a higher power. It seems highly significant to me now that I chose to grow up in a time where there existed little or no understanding of God’s eternal love. An era of our evolution when people were happy to accept whatever anyone gave them in the way of much needed guidance; especially if they looked to be an authority figure. I feel now that I must have known from very early on what this love truly was and is, but, because I had been so immersed in a society which had little or no true connection to it then, inevitably, I was destined to be confused.

However, within the midst of my uncertainty there was to emerge a great clarity and strength of purpose which would make itself known to me through the process of my consistently being asked to walk the truth of my heart. The pathway which I followed as a result of this repeated request proved to be one that I have come to acknowledge as being an integral part of the Divine ‘plan’. In my opinion this ‘way of the heart’, which patiently waits for each of us to inevitably discover its beneficial presence in our lives, is indescribably magnificent in its eternal mystery and infinite wisdom.

When Pandora had let all of the evils and ills out of her box and into the world at large then what remained after they had all gone was the beacon-bright light of eternal hope. One of the consequences to the deprivations and sustained discouragement, which a world at war had produced, was that hope had become a much sought after commodity and in apparently very short supply. People from all walks of life were in great need of seeing and becoming reacquainted with the ‘light’ in their hearts after struggling so resolutely through the long darkness of human conflict.

Sadly, as I had learned to my cost, some of those sources who people turned to for comfort were quite evidently in great need of illumination themselves. A new era was being born where the foundations of the previous one were no longer sufficient to support our needs or to carry us forward into the new dawn. The teachings of the past seemed outdated and
misplaced which left many in the position of having to find their own way while trusting to themselves for guidance and direction. I found myself being one of their number although I had been much too young to appreciate exactly what was happening to me or taking place all around me in the social environment which comprised my world at that time.

Those were indeed testing times but I seemed to have a sense that hope was never far from anyone’s reach while always being ready to come rushing forward whenever it was called upon to do so. My parents were a constant in my life whose supporting presence showed me what love could do to keep the flame of hope alive and burning brightly in the hearts of all who allowed love to guide their footsteps. My family was my rock and my anchor in a life where many around me were temporarily adrift on the turbulent sea of an uncertain destiny after the passing of the storm. It seemed that there were so many things to be contended with in every aspect of life at that time. However, I realise now that this also corresponded with the existence of a whole raft of opportunities. They awaited anyone and everyone who cared to take advantage of them in order to grow and evolve into a more spiritual and aware ‘us’.

Those times were like riding the roller coaster of life while experiencing much of what it had to offer; the highs and the lows, in varying proportions. As a result my experiences were both shocking and uplifting while making equally strong impressions on me but what I see as important now is how I made my choices to accept one and not the other. By knowing what I didn’t want, and wouldn’t accept, then I began to find my way towards what I did want and what I would accept. Even in the face of such stern authority figures and being as unsure about certain aspects of my life as I was, it seemed as though I had the ability to draw on something, some force, more powerful than little Alice who could already see Wonderland much more clearly than many others.

I knew that life existed to be enjoyed as much as possible and that to do nice things for myself, as well as others, was always what gave me the greatest pleasure. There seemed to be a need in me to heal others through my actions but I had always been aware, to one degree or another, that first of all it was necessary to heal myself. Singing beautiful songs to God, who was forever in my heart and who knew me better that I knew myself, certainly felt like much more fun than listening to some poor lost soul who thought that he would find safety in the neediness of those he sought to instil fear in. How empty a life was that? Certainly not one that I would ever want to lead.

Winning my beautiful little cross made my heart soar as though I had been lifted up into the clouds by a pair of gentle hands while being surrounded by the sensation of an unconditionally sublime love. A quite spectacular love which appeared to be so familiar to me even though it seemed to have such an exquisite quality to its nature that simply took my
breath away. It came rushing irresistibly in from an indefinable place which appeared to be situated far beyond the capabilities of my understanding. I seemed to have no concept of just why this should be or where it had arisen but a wise and quietly influential part of me existed which encouraged my letting go of the need to achieve any kind of a ‘knowing’. I think that this was my first meaningful encounter with the Divine concept that it’s okay not to know while simply ‘allowing’.

Having my nightmares, after being subjected to that highly memorable sermon at a most impressionable time of my life, actually resulted in something very positive for me. Through experiencing the terror of my imagination running wild, while fuelled by the darkness of my benighted bedroom, I also got to feel the protective power and gentle comforting love of my mother. This helped me to appreciate that love always triumphs over everything, however scary it may appear, although it took me a while to be able to see this for absolute certain.

At those times of being so young and easily influenced, as I struggled to erase the upsetting images and chilling impressions of what had been so graphically described to me, I also found myself wrestling with my inner ‘truths’. Even at that tender age I could appreciate that while all this was happening to me then I had also got to encounter and feel first hand the compelling healing power of love. This was what had struck the most powerful chord within me which no doubt underpinned my unconscious choice to reject what a religious authority figure had demanded that I believe. I just knew deep down inside the very heart of who I felt myself to be that his truth wasn’t mine however hard he had tried to make it so.

I just couldn’t accept what he had so vigorously asserted even though the era in which I was growing up had been steeped in the time-honoured tradition of having children believe unquestioningly all they were taught. This needed to be done while simultaneously respecting their elders in the process; especially if they were authority figures who dressed themselves up to look different and set themselves apart from everyone else. Evidently I was not an ordinary young girl and certainly not one who had been prepared to just go along meekly with anything that anyone cared to say to me that is. This strength of character and trust in my innate wisdom proved to be of great service to me in the years to come when even greater challenges were to present themselves to me. I had no idea of this when I was growing up but I can see now that it turned out to be an important preparation that I had needed in order to find what was already in my heart and waiting for me to discover; once again.

In many other ways I was a child of my times and I enjoyed my innocence while letting it have as much free rein as my parents’ allowed me to get away with. I did everything I possibly could to express myself and one particularly enjoyable way of doing this came about through my being able to go dancing. My city encouraged both music and dance and so it was, in
this most creative of atmospheres, that I let my feelings lift my heart above the limitations of how others wanted me to see the world. Dancing set me free just as much then as it does now. Music speaks to my heart and as it does so then it lifts me up into a place of eternal happiness. I used to feel this each time when I would up-end the clothes hamper, much to the annoyance of my very patient mother, where I tap-danced in the clouds while being caressed by the music of the eternal winds. I was literally in heaven and I felt even closer to God whenever it took me there.

I often asked my father if I could have tap-dancing lessons but he told me that it sounded like a silly idea as I would grow up and then get married so as to raise a family which would mean that the money would be wasted. Such was the mood and consciousness of the times where women were depicted in society as only ever being suitable for marriage and bearing children. The war had decimated nearly an entire generation of males and so good breeding stocks were considered essential, or so we were encouraged to believe.

Undaunted and undeterred I would go to the roller rink and there I would watch other children having dancing lessons and then secretly practice all the moves and steps that appealed to me. As a result of this my up-ended clothes hamper performances improved I’m quite sure but, even though my techniques may have changed, that feeling of being in heaven never did. To me it was my platform of self expression which took me to a place where I could be myself while feeling all the joy that wanted to come bursting out of my heart. Whenever I would perform my ‘routine’ high up in the sky then I could almost see God smiling at me while I loved Him right back each time He did. Any time I look at a clothes hamper now I remember those wonderful feelings so well.

Surrounded with the love of my family, being able to dance and sing in the clouds while feeling that magical lightness in my heart, allowed me to keep the harshness of life’s trials at bay while I searched for that illusive completeness which I so longed for. It was to come but there were many more experiences that I had to go through before I found it.

In this respect, my childhood and the situation that I grew up in proved to be absolutely invaluable to me in many more ways than I could ever have imagined. Life has been, and is, a never ending source of magic and mystery to me but it’s also something that I have come to appreciate has many more layers to it than just the purely physical; or even the dimensional. It appears that time is no barrier when it comes to the subject of love but never did I hear anything of this nature mentioned to me by anyone in organised religion when I was young. This I had to find out for myself. It had to be this way otherwise I would never have believed it for sure.

It made me realise that life is very much this way for everyone in that we have a need to experience things before we accept the truth of whatever they may bring to us. This awareness has served to explain much to me
about why it is that many of us choose lives with so many challenges when others appear to sail along on calm seas. I often wondered what these people knew that I didn’t but, since travelling the path that I have, it appears to me that the richness of my experience has changed me because of what I have been able to come to a true appreciation of. In a sense, it’s made life more understandable to me where I no longer look at the highs and lows as being good or bad, desirable or otherwise.

In coming to this life with my fears, doubts, apprehensions and insecurities then I faced my challenges only to find a deeper and stronger connection to my faith as well as my trust. By facing my shortcomings while seeing what happened when they influenced my choices then I got to appreciate what it was that I really believed in; through doing so I also found my true self along the way. The whole incredibly complex process of my life has led me to a point of awareness where I can fully appreciate the extent to which I really do value myself. It has also taken me to a place in my heart where I have a wonderful sense of peacefulness which goes way beyond anything that can be achieved through any other process.

I used to see people who had a great deal of money as being without problems but now I realise that they too have to cope with life’s challenges just as I do. They have problems but theirs are simply different ones although none the less valid than mine in leading them to a similar position of self awareness and self respect. Their life journeys are planned to reflect those qualities which they come into this incarnation with while giving them the greatest opportunities to achieve exactly what I have but via a route which best suits their needs.

Through my awareness of this I have come to understand that we each have the same opportunities no matter what our particular circumstances may be. The only difference being that we approach our true selves through charting a course which is determined solely by the choices we make according to the situations that we find ourselves in. We are all very much like ships that are navigating across storm scattered oceans while reaching our home ports via unique routes that will have involved many diverse challenges. Each encounter which brings us ever closer to our objective will be completely relevant to the nature of our journey and what we need to experience on the way.

Our vessels are all afloat on an ocean of human existence where, to reach our destination successfully, we must make our own way wisely while being guided by what we feel most drawn towards. In this respect it is absolutely vital that we search for the right ‘star’ with which to steer by while making absolutely sure that it’s the one that is truly reflected in our heart. Thankfully I have found that particular star within the realms of my personal firmament and so it is my sincere wish that you will find yours too. Maybe you already have. Hopefully, what you will read in the forthcoming chapters will enable you to confirm your feelings on this subject or it may even lead
you to a better understanding of your true direction in life. Whatever else it will provide you with a way to gain a valuable insight into how brightly your own star shines while illuminating what it is that you will discover in the process. Everyone has their own personal star but precious few take the time to look for it while many are not even conscious of its existence. Fortunately for you this awareness has already been awakened and so I trust that by the end of this book you will have been able to see things even more clearly.
Although Ron and I had no conscious idea as to the nature of our very special connection before we met, we had both chosen our life pathways to provide us with a deeper insight into love’s mysterious magnetism. Ron’s childhood experiences allowed him to see love expressed in ways which he considered to be unfulfilling while I witnessed a display of loving togetherness that I desperately wanted for myself. As a result, our individual journeys proved to be the catalysts which inspired our search to attain that missing essential ‘completeness’ which we felt eluded us. In our ‘aloneness’ we each sensed an attraction towards something so real that it almost appeared as if we could touch it. Neither of us had any kind of awareness as to what it was that seemed to call so insistently to us and which kept on motivating us to find it even though in doing so then what we eventually found was each other.

Ours turned out to be a kind of happy ending story because we never stopped following the breadcrumb trail through the maze even though much of the time neither of us had any idea that we were doing it. Each of us made important choices for reasons that we didn’t fully understand until one day we eventually arrived at a strangely familiar place where our ‘prize’ was revealed in all its glory. For both of us it had been a completely unexpected discovery which came bursting into view when we had least expected it to. In so doing it took us quite a while to recognise just exactly what it was that we had been led to an awareness of and just how incredibly precious it actually was to us. I don’t think that either Ron or I could believe that we had really found what we had been searching for or, more precisely, that either of us even appreciated that we had been searching at all until that moment.

Such had been the disorientating nature of our journeys, with all the twists and turns that they had taken along the way, where our minds had got so caught up in a variety of distractions and diversions that they had somehow almost ‘lost the plot’. Our hearts, of course, were well aware of just exactly where we should be heading but, as is the constant dilemma of human existence, we so often didn’t take the time to listen as carefully as we should have. Little did we appreciate, however, the amazing persistence and compelling power of a flame which only ever wishes to illuminate our true course through even the most deceptively testing parts of the labyrinth which life presents us with.
Mine was a relatively straightforward route in comparison to Ron’s but it certainly did have its own fair share of un-signposted crossroads and dispiriting dead-ends. Whichever way we chose to view the journeys which we made towards our ‘completeness’ then they unquestionably were eventfully challenging ones. In the course of their unfolding we definitely got the opportunity to take in a lot of very interesting, and sometimes dramatic, scenery along the way until we finally realised our destination. Nevertheless we did arrive, albeit a little careworn and frayed around the edges but certainly a lot wiser for the trip.

Orientation to our new situation proved to be another challenge but one which we were happy to take on board while trying to appreciate where we actually were without having a clue as to how we had got there. As a result of this we both spent quite some time cautiously unwrapping our gift just to make sure that it was real; which of course it was. Neither of us could quite take it all in at first as it felt almost like hearing our lottery numbers being called out on the TV while sitting in a dream-like state and waiting for someone to tell us that it was true. At first there were fleeting moments of tension where I could imagine holding a priceless gem in my hand while wondering if the jewellery sales assistant would suddenly ask to put it back in the display case.

The only thing that I can compare the experience with is that feeling which comes at the moment when you first hold your new born child. Those precious few seconds where your mind just can’t seem to take in the indescribable magic of creation, while trying to understand that you have been a major part of the process. Then to suddenly realise that an amazing soul has chosen to come into this world while honouring you with its presence; this gift is completely beyond words but it’s a similar depth of feeling that I had for Ron. At times like these you get to appreciate that language has severe limitations when it comes to conveying the true impact which love can have on your emotional state of being.

So much of the time prior to our finding each other was taken up in the pursuit of exploring our various levels of happiness, which we felt had already been achieved, that we had been quite unprepared to look any further. At that point on our journey it seemed as though our respective lives were very much settled in that we both had our family ties and commitments. In consequence of this we had naturally assumed that these responsibilities would very likely keep us chugging along that same predictable track well into the future. Little did we expect things to change so abruptly.

Apart from the immediate physical attraction that my beloved and I felt for each other, there were signs that started popping up early on in our courtship which let us know that what we had found was something, and someone, quite extraordinary. Ron couldn’t seem to get over the fact that I always appeared to be genuinely interested in all that he had to say just as I
was flattered by his attentive manner while I told him all about my life and myself. As a result we shared a great deal with each other, during our wonderfully cosy times at the restaurant and anywhere else we could find to meet, which I have no doubt provided both of us with some very much needed healing.

I could tell that Ron was really pleased to finally have someone who he could confide in and who would listen to the tales of his childhood while being genuinely interested in what he had gone through. I would like to think that my compassionate support helped him come to terms with so much of what he had experienced while having the benefit of my concerned and sympathetic input; which, I'm very happy to say, he respected. Talking brought us ever closer together while feeling that it was the most natural thing in the world for us to do. Sometimes, in the very early stages of our getting to know each other, I used to get the strangest feeling as we were talking that we had done something similar on very many previous occasions. It wasn’t until much later that I got to appreciate just why I felt this way as well as what it implied when I happened to meet up with a very gifted psychic while I was in Florida.

In this way of our being together I got to the opportunity to share my life and my ‘troubles’ with him as well. I just found it so easy to talk to him and before long I found myself telling him things that I hadn’t shared with anyone for a long time; and certainly not a man. Of course, he would often give me his take on whatever the subject was which inevitably gave me a lot to think about in those early days. Being that we were both parents and having the same number of children, albeit that mine were a few years older, we found even more common ground when it came to the subject of parenting.

So we talked and talked as often as we could while simply enjoying the thoroughly disarming familiarity and fascination with each other’s company which tore down so many barriers in an incredibly short space of time. Things just seemed to flow between us where, as I look back now, it feels as though we were playing catch-up. I imagined us as being two very best friends who were keen to tell each other absolutely everything that had happened to them since they were last together. There was a kind of instant rapport between us which quickly broke through so many years of our social conditioning where it was easy to imagine us as having been that way forever.

I clearly recall that on many occasions it appeared as though several lifetimes had passed us by where the hours seemed to have disappeared in a haze of blissfully rapt togetherness which felt so completely familiar to both of us. Those really treasured times were so important to us through their providing a kind of emotional oasis which we were so much in need of at that stage of our journey. To me it gives a lot of credence to the spiritual wisdom which states that there are no such things as coincidences. I have
learned that life is anything but haphazard where everything that happens to us and around us is present in our lives for a very good reason. The down side of all that arose out of my finding Ron was that it threw quite a few of the remaining aspects of our lives into comparatively lacklustre perspective where it became increasingly difficult to sustain the ‘unacceptable’. The lives which, up to that point, we had considered as being what we had strived so hard to achieve suddenly appeared as though they hadn’t lived up to our heartfelt expectations. This certainly did cause us problems and a lot of soul searching, especially on Ron’s part in that he had no thoughts of ever breaking up his marriage before he met me. I, on the other hand, was already somewhat disenchanted with my marital situation but, even so, we both had to consider the well being of our children in whatever we decided to do in the future. As a result it certainly turned out to be one spectacularly memorable rollercoaster ride.

**Misperceptions about Utopia**

You may be surprised to learn that twin souls seldom experience the enduring Mills and Boon type of romantic earthly encounter which many people, especially women, fantasise about. This can sometimes form a part of the journey which twin flames choose to embark upon but the totality is often much different. The spiritual ‘magic’, however, is always present in whatever situations arise no matter what the external circumstances may persuade the observer to believe otherwise. Indeed, the breathtaking beauty of what evolves from the potential of this truly heavenly ‘togetherness’ is often difficult to comprehend from a third dimensional perspective.

My own journey with Ron was to teach me the depth of awareness which is to be gained from walking through this adventure we call life with your twin soul. There is something completely indescribable about sharing this earthly existence with your eternal other half while being able to explore aspects of your individuality which would otherwise go unnoticed. This divine flame, which burns brightly in each and every one of us, reaches a spectacular new intensity when in close proximity to its immortal counterpart. When this happens then the light produced by the boundless energy of transcendent love will penetrate into even the darkest recesses of your true self. Oftentimes it takes great courage to look at what is revealed on these occasions as absolutely nothing is hidden from view.

The precious closeness that I was able to share in this lifetime with my beloved twin flame allowed me to explore so many things about myself where his gift to me remains just as powerful now as when he was here on this earth plane. Through his presence in my current life I have been able to experience not only the truly magical energies of a deep and abiding love but also the challenges which arise as a consequence of our mortality. Life, I
came to appreciate, has a multitude of facets each of which reflects an aspect of our ‘self’ that, at one point or another, we must acknowledge and address in order to evolve. Ron taught me that even suffering and death, when regarded from a higher perspective, are actually opportunities to grow and learn from; in the respect of what is presented to each soul at the time.

From what I have been able to understand then I can appreciate that the degree of challenge encountered on a twin soul’s journey is quite specific to whatever is essential to be learned. It also depends on the level to which the individual is capable of progressing along his or her spiritual path. Take comfort from the fact that there is never any situation or circumstance which arises that is beyond the limits of anyone’s abilities to cope with; this is also true for every other journey we make as well. Each and every opportunity which is offered during our time of incarnation only ever arises for the benefit of moving our consciousness even closer towards a deeper and more meaningful understanding; while existing solely for the highest good of the soul.

Twin flames are gifted with the ability, while being incarnated together, to gain a level of awareness which would otherwise have required countless lifetimes to arrive at. They provide each other with the opportunity to achieve, in one or two lifetimes, what it would be very difficult to learn from any other situation or through being with anyone else however spiritually gifted or enlightened they may be. Inevitably it is always possible to gain certain valuable insights, as is the case with any earthly experience, but corresponding twin flame energies on an earth-bound path bring with them an extra dimension of possibilities. A potential that, when it occurs, allows us to touch another dimension of ourselves; this in turn accelerates our spiritual progress while bringing with it an ever deepening sense of fulfilment and inner happiness.

I had often read that the occasions of twin souls actually incarnating together were once considered to be quite rare but now, fortunately, this is no longer the case. Apparently, the rapid evolution of humankind’s spiritual awareness over the past few decades has made it possible for many more souls to benefit from meeting up with their other half. It is, however, still far from a common occurrence so imagine my surprise when I discovered that Ron and I had got to share not only this lifetime together but at least one other incarnation that we are aware of. The one before this present lifetime you will read much more about in the following chapters as well as Ron’s amazing story from a different dimension which is his gift to you. His amazing insights which come from a truly fascinating journey will guide you towards an appreciation for many things that will hopefully bring a greater depth of understanding and happiness to your life. Along with this you may well experience a more peaceful sense of contentment to how you view your present situation as well as how you deal with your future challenges. I sincerely hope that this is the case.
Whatever the circumstances of our lives may be then the lesson is always the same. Love is encouraged to be the sustaining force which brings about the healing and happiness which will result in the raising of individual vibrations. Along the pathway of a shared physical relationship not only do the twin flames themselves experience the benefits but so do those who are in close proximity to their powerful energies. Twin souls are like blazing beacons who do much more than just bring healing and evolvement to themselves. They are instrumental in moving others farther along their journey and towards an understanding that would have been considerably more difficult to achieve without their illuminating presence. The combining of their bright flames makes the overall light more intense and so all who come into its sphere of influence are able to benefit whether they are aware of it or not.

The manifest energy of twin souls, however, can oftentimes create varying degrees of discord between them which runs contrary to the popular notion of blissfully never ending physical attraction where each walks around on cloud nine all day. Twin souls, you may be interested to know, can actually be brother and sister or mother and son or any other combination as well as two apparent strangers who meet across the illusion of distance. It’s also quite possible for them to dislike each other intensely which may result in bitter arguments and feuds but within every circumstance which presents itself in the physical dimension there is only ever one creative force at work. This is the sublime energy of love.

Love is everywhere you look and is behind every circumstance that you encounter. This may come as something of a revelation to you as well as being somewhat difficult to comprehend at first but, as you will come to appreciate later in what you read here, it really is a fundamental truth.

The Questions I Had to Ask Myself

From the moment I met Ron then it was obvious to me that he was very different from anyone that I had ever come across before that time in my life. In those days, when things weren’t working out with my marriage in the way that I had hoped they would, then I needed to be cautious. Or so I thought. I could feel that it would be all too easy just to throw myself into a relationship so as to escape what my married life had turned out to be. So I had to ask myself, in my quiet times, just exactly what it was that I had let myself in for as well as why I felt as I did.

My head was often in a spin where little or nothing made sense as I tried to figure out what had happened as well as how it would affect my future. At that point in my life I had nothing else to go on except what I had heard that every woman goes through when faced with the potential of entering into an
all consuming affair. Is this real and what are my true feelings about the situation? This is promptly followed by the big question - what will come of it and will I get hurt?

From all that I understood the world to have taught me during my many years as a wife and mother then I was probably indulging myself in some sort of infatuation which allowed me to escape into my fantasies. As a result, my head kept coming up with all manner of excuses 'why not' but my heart constantly leapt forward so as to cause me to feel otherwise. It was such a difficult time emotionally in that I had a strong sense that what I felt for Ron went way beyond anything that I had ever experienced before. But how to stop my mind labelling it as simply pandering to my vanity, while satisfying my unrequited passionate nature, was another matter altogether.

Something deep within my very being kept telling me to ignore my conscience while allowing myself to abandon any and all reservations as I let Ron see the person I truly knew myself to be. Somehow I knew it was right to let my barriers down while allowing matters to take their natural course and then seeing what came as a result. It helped me to do this by how I felt Ron responding through his openness and sincerity towards me. Never once did I detect any hidden agenda where I felt that he was trying to take advantage of me by manipulating the situation. He just wasn’t that sort of man and somehow I knew this to be true.

We seemed to be just as I remembered my parents being when they were expressing their togetherness and I had so often watched while longing for what they had. Suddenly, miraculously out of the blue, I seemed to have found it but there was no point in hoping that my mind could rationalise it because that wasn’t ever going to happen. I didn’t appreciate it at the time but I had really been functioning on purely intuition although I had a strong sense that it was absolutely the right thing to do. I also had no idea about how strong and motivating the energy of twin flames are; oh how easy life would be with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight.

From what Ron shared with me then I’m sure that he experienced a similar battle with his conscience while also following the dictates of his heart. If we both had known then what we later came to appreciate about twin souls, and our reason for incarnating together, things would undoubtedly have been much more straightforward; but then, if they had been, what would we have learned? This is the somewhat frustrating paradox of life itself in how it’s necessary for us to grow through experiencing the consequences of our choices. We are each born with free will and so we can choose as we wish but life teaches us to make those choices wisely.

To be forearmed with reasons, outcomes and a general ‘map of the future’ is to fast-forward to the destination where there is nothing to be gained at all in having skipped over the pathway of uncharted possibilities. Many say that the convenience of modern day travel has ruined the charm
of distance and I tend to agree. There is something especially inspiring about any journey that offers the opportunity for adventure and unpredictability which makes the arrival all the more meaningful when you eventually get there; and so it is with life.

It didn’t take me long to appreciate that my getting together with Ron was for much more of an important purpose than merely satisfying my long held desire to find my Mr Right; my fulfilment of womanhood and my statement to the world that I was loved. Our deep need to be reunited, however it had expressed itself along our journeys, caused us to have to deal with lots of different issues that were necessary for us to learn and grow from. Similarly with our becoming ever closer; we both needed to explore parts of our true selves so as to understand more fully just exactly who we were in how we perceived ourselves to be. In order to have a life together then both of us had to work through issues which were quite difficult and which sometimes even challenged our faith in not only ourselves but many other aspects of our beliefs as well.

From the point in time that Ron and I found each other to the time that we successfully sorted out our lives in order to allow us to marry, it took a total of nine years. During that period we found it necessary to lean on our ‘other half’ quite a few times in order to get through what we did but there was never any doubt as to how we felt about one another or what we really wanted. We did, however, get to appreciate that life has a way of throwing curved balls at you when you least expect them and, in this respect, there were plenty of trials which tested our ability to stand firmly within the courage of our convictions and our love. Listening to our hearts at those times was absolutely essential but it really is amazing how the mind comes rushing forward to insist that it knows best. The wise and enlightened spiritual traveller is not at all impressed by its insistence and has learned how to tame it; or even ignore it. For us mere mortals it’s not so easy.

After more than fourteen years of marriage and raising three wonderful children I found that facing my ideal future required me to question very many things which had become the norm for that era of the early 70s. First there was the issue of standing before a minister while promising in front of a congregation of witnesses that I would love, honour and obey etc until death us do part. I had never been one to make promises lightly and neither was I in a mind to have God on my case for having decided to opt out of my commitments despite the fact that the other party had abandoned his a long time ago.

In that period of humanity’s gradual evolution towards greater awareness we were only just coming out of the era when people would stay married for the sake of the children and where divorce was often frowned upon. Somehow, to me, it always seemed as though ending a marriage reflect badly on the woman in that she was frequently judged as having failed in her duties as a supportive and successful wife. Those times, and the lamentably
puritan attitudes which prevailed, were very much different from how they are now. In the space of just a handful of decades we have come to regard things so much more liberally and with a greater degree of tolerance but I’m not convinced that the benefits entirely outweigh the disadvantages. It seems that in the process we may have lost something of our sense of responsibility to not only others, and the world in which we live, but to ourselves as well.

Secondly there was the issue of having matured while leaving behind my childhood notions but then suddenly being reunited with them and having to almost reconcile the two very different eras of my life. My time as wife and mother had made me more pragmatic in order to deal with the demands of everyday life but Ron’s appearance propelled me back into the heart of that little girl who envied her mother’s closeness to her father. My mind had asserted its need to be listened to but there I was doing a one hundred and eighty degree turn on the fast-track to middle age while feeling that my life had started over again. It was all very seductive and had come at a stage on my journey where I felt myself to be more than a little susceptible.

The universe had appeared to put the ultimate temptation firmly in my way where all the ingredients were presented in such a way as to ensure my unconditional surrender to it. Or at least this is what my mind wished me to believe as I allowed myself to be guided by a totally different part of me which didn’t have any intention of debating the subject at all. It almost seemed as though I had gone through all that I had and got to the point of being caught up so much in my mind when I was suddenly faced with the greatest challenge of needing to listen solely to my heart. It would have been so easy not to, but something about Ron’s presence kept pulling me forward in a way which gave me the confidence to rise above my doubts.

My adult conscience wanted to know just how much I had been allowing some childhood yearning to influence my judgement and whether I was being wholly irrational in continuing to see this man. It insisted on knowing whether I had considered the consequences of what the future may hold but when Ron and I were together then I just knew in my heart that everything would be alright. With him in my life I was certain that whatever may come in the future, or even the next moment, we would be able to deal with it together.

Come what may, something assured me from a place which resonated deeply within me that he and I would rise above any challenge where we would prevail over whatever circumstance, however difficult it may be. Such was my confidence in him, but more than that there existed a kind of knowing in me about the scope and power of our capabilities almost like we had been through some very difficult times together before. It wasn’t until much later that I was to find out just exactly what we had been through and how our trials, especially Ron’s, had actually played a significant part in our country’s history. That really turned out to be a huge revelation.
Chapter 7

For the time being I had little to go on but my strong sense of faith in my feminine intuition as well as my overwhelming feelings of rightness. Whatever my mind wished to question and undermine, it could never get past the sentinel of ‘sureness’ which emanated from a place within me which had always been unassailable. My resolve was absolute although I readily admit that there were occasions where my nerve certainly benefited from the reassurance of our physical closeness. It most definitely was a highly memorable and eventful trip.

**Being Brave through Difficult Times**

Our journey to the altar was also a somewhat faltering one in the respect that our pathways to the church were anything but direct. Ron had a lot more to deal with than I did but, being conscientious souls, we very often put the needs of others, who we loved and cared for, in front of what either of us wanted; however important it may have appeared to us at the time. It just wasn’t our way to be completely self-centred and so there needed to be periods in both our lives, prior to us being able to marry, where adjustments had to be made so as to give support and consideration wherever we felt it was necessary.

There were, I’m pleased to say, many very happy times that duly compensated us for the frustrations which we felt along the way. Finding ourselves as a family of eight, on those occasions where we brought our children together with us, proved to be an absolute delight which gave all of us some wonderful memories. Sharing our children seemed just as though it was a natural extension of sharing ourselves but there also appeared to be something which felt very familiar about being part of a large family. We both fell into the roll of parenting a ‘team’ of children like it was a perfect way for us to be. When we were all together then there seemed to be a strong sense of ‘rightness’ about this way of being as well as a kind of wonderfully comforting familiarity.

I don’t think that either of us consciously gave it any specific attention at the time but it certainly was a factor in allowing us to feel our togetherness much more keenly. The fact that Ron’s children accepted me while mine got along well with him made things a whole lot easier for us especially as we were both so keen to protect their emotional well being. After everything that Ron had been through in his childhood then he was very tuned in to the needs of his own children who he wanted only the very best for in the way of their upbringing. This was one of his many qualities which reminded me so much of my father’s wonderful sensitivity.

There were also very many little things that happened which, when viewed individually, didn’t seem to amount to much in comparison to some
of the hurdles that we had to overcome. But whenever I look back at so
much of how things were in those times then I can see how important these
little ‘starry signposts’ really were. Those little sparks of brightness on even
the gloomiest of days were actually a real blessing in how they kept
couraging us both to make those all important choices which moved us
ever closer to the state of happiness which we longed for. If either of us had
looked up then we would have seen the canopy of stars above us as they
twinkled away while watching over us and smiling at everything we did out
of a purely loving motivation. Such was their gift to us.

Finally we did make it to the church and, while stood in front of the most
beautiful stained glass window with the light pouring through it, we made the
sincerest of vows to each other. I remember the portrait of the figure in the
big circular window so well as he knelt in a humble pose of gratitude while
expressing just exactly what was in my heart that I wanted to say. His
sentiment said more than I could ever express as that little anxious girl in the
back seat of her parents’ car finally found her completeness. Her prayer had
been answered and no matter what life would hold from that moment on she
knew that it could never be as scary as being without her twin soul. She had
found her home at last.

Even while being caught up as much as I was in the ceremony, while
immersed in the captivating atmosphere of the beautiful little church, there
were precious moments where I had the distinct feeling of déjà vu. For an
instant, when it first happened, I considered it as being a reminder of my
marriage back when I had only just turned eighteen. The next time it hit me,
however, I was able to appreciate that the feelings of familiarity were coming
from something quite different as though they weren’t a part of my present
lifetime. With all that I needed to concentrate on I didn’t have time to ponder
whatever I had sensed so strongly. As the ceremony progressed, then Ron
and I standing together in front of the altar in a lovely church began to feel
more and more like a replay of another almost identical occasion. I would
clearly remember these feelings later on in our journey at the point when we
were told about our time together as Nathanael and Kitty. When we did learn
about it then I had no doubts whatsoever about the truth of what we were
told.

The ceremony and the atmosphere which surrounded me were all that I
could have ever hoped for where whatever doubts and misgivings my mind
may have wished to present me with before that moment then they were
banished forever. At the instant I stepped through the doorway of the church
I absolutely knew that I was doing the right thing and, more than that, it was
something which I realised had actually been waiting for me to do it; that
certainly felt very special indeed. Ron was there, our children and friends
were there, what more could I have wanted than for them all to create a truly
magical moment in my life the memory of which I will treasure for all time. I
am so grateful to have been granted the opportunity to have experienced
such intense love in a wonderful situation and then to have enjoyed that same love throughout each and every day which followed.

And so it was that we entered married togetherness after what had seemed like an epic journey over some fairly demanding terrain. The destination had certainly been worth it while the lessons along the way often came from some quite unexpected directions. But there was always the presence of our twin flame which kept us focused on what our hearts’ most sincerely wanted even when things got pretty confusing. Everything which we had encountered along our pathway towards that time proved to be invaluable in what it was necessary for us to face in the years to come. Neither of us had any idea of how much more of a journey we would need to make in that it would turn out to be a very challenging one which waited to bring us experiences that we had no way of anticipating. As it turned out, the pathway which we shared would be a long and eventually mountainous one where our twin flames certainly were needed to burn their brightest. Their powerful light would blaze the way forward through all of the forthcoming dark areas that we were to face in the dense forests.

Only just three short years into our marriage Ron was diagnosed with M.S. In the years that followed this completely unexpected news we needed to face very many challenges in our search for a possible cure as his condition progressively worsened. I’m sure that my twin flame presence in his life provided him with an extra dimension of fortitude which sustained him in the most trying of his times when he needed every ounce of strength to stay positive and determined. It certainly wasn’t what I had envisaged as being the outcome of our finally getting together but he was my man and whatever came to pass then we would face it together.

His protracted battle with the many debilitating and often demeaning phases of a terminal illness, along with his eventual passing, was a huge challenge for both of us. It took great courage on both our parts to do what we did as there were very many aspects of both the physical and emotional trauma which we had to come to terms with. Being so incredibly close as we were, Ron and I shared everything at a level of intimacy which goes way beyond the intellectual or emotional. I really can’t begin to describe just exactly how strong this sensation is but I can assure you that once you experience this same feeling then you will know it instantly. It will be as though you have forgotten something quite precious that has just been remembered but, more importantly, you will immediately know it to be a truth that is beyond question. You won’t know why you are so sure, or even be able to explain it to others, but there will be a part of you that has total confidence in your conviction about the depth of your belief.

Given this insight into the realm of powerful emotions then I’m sure you are able to appreciate how Ron’s parting was the ultimate test for me even after twenty eight years of our being together as man and wife. Nevertheless, it had been something which he helped prepare me for through teaching me
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

how to look at it from a higher perspective. It was an act of absolute love through which he gave me the opportunity to expand my awareness while enabling me to grow as an evolving soul. He had been and always will be my soul ‘companion in love’ as well as my twin flame although the two energies are almost indistinguishable in their alignment.

Ron took me with him on his journey through romance and physical attraction to the dizzying heights of enduring passion and ultimate fulfilment. On many occasions I found it difficult to know where he actually ended and I began as we appeared to be ‘one’ in all but our physical forms. He was, and forever is, my most adored other half but I had to learn to let him go so that I could gain an understanding of love’s enduring dynamic in this third dimensional reality.

This would not have been possible for me to do in any other way unless I had lived through many more incarnations to achieve it little by little. Ron taught me to do it in one giant step. It hurt like hell at the time but his resolute love, which constantly surrounds me, has enabled me to heal and to move on in the way that I needed to. It has been a truly remarkable process and one which I sincerely hope that you encounter; albeit in a way which benefits you through providing whatever you most earnestly need to propel your footsteps further along the pathway of your ultimate spiritual happiness.

Twin souls bring each other an intensity of ‘being’ which allows them to make great leaps in their progress back to the source. It’s where we are all headed and where we all want to go but to get there then we have to remember who we are and what the purpose of our existence is. Ron showed me this. Our purpose is to be the love that we are and to anchor that love on this planet. We are beings of light where withholding this aspect of ourselves only results in discord and disease (dis-ease). When we all step into our Divinity then all the ills of the world will vanish and there will be no more need for Pandora to keep hope locked up in her box so as to counter all that she let loose in the first place.

Discordant twin souls who fight and argue are allowing themselves the opportunity to appreciate that all the negative qualities expressed by humanity are simply calls for love to be given in response. Those who call are in actuality offering the opportunity for others to give and in so doing love is recognised at every instance. To not appreciate this is to walk blindly through an experience which offers us the greatest potential for learning than any other place in the universe. Here, in this physical dimension, we can see love in action at its most polarised which makes it visible to even the newest awakened perceptions of spiritual ‘eyes’.

Twin souls blaze their uplifting light not only to all those around them but also into the collective consciousness of humanity as well. This precious gift enables many others to become aware that the opportunity exists to learn valuable spiritual lessons while working with twin flame energies. This expanded understanding may then result in their choosing to incarnate
another time where a twin flame encounter of their own will be experienced. From this will come ever greater illumination which then brings with it more awareness whereupon other similar opportunities will be created; and so the process expands exponentially.

If you imagine twin flames dotted all over the surface of the earth and then each instance of them shooting out brilliant white sparks then it’s easy to see the outcome. Sparks ignite to become other flames which in turn create sparks of their own and before long you have a light spreading all over which holds out a challenge to the sun in its brightness. Twin flames serve to illuminate as does each and every soul on earth, to one degree or another. Some burn so dimly that they appear to have almost no light at all but there is never any instance where the God spark of a soul is completely extinguished. Even the tiniest of embers can be fanned back into a flame of the most compelling intensity within the blink of an eye. Twin flames are the light of the world and can set the universe ablaze. This is exactly what they will do.

**A Time of Previous Togetherness**

From all that we learned along the way, it appears as though Ron and I were blessed with at least one other opportunity to offer our combined light to this world. During our quest for a cure to his physical dilemma we came across a very gifted psychic in Florida called Mary Pompeo. She was able to tell us that we had been together over two hundred years previously where our lives had been well documented and could be researched. We did just that and found a great deal to interest us and much which seemed to explain what we had experienced in this current lifetime. It turns out that Ron had picked two quite testing journeys although his previous one was a challenge of a much different nature. In those times we were known as Nathanael and Kitty. Our story is fascinating and one which I would like to share with you now.
Chapter 8

War ~ The Unlikely Link across Time

In order to more fully understand the true nature of our enduring twin soul love, and that of love in general, I would like to take you quite far back to a time which was very much different from the one that we know at present. This particular era had been a period in my country’s history when there was much unrest and where feelings of love appeared to be in lamentably short supply. These were the days of the 1760s when the aspirations of our citizens were so harshly limited by what many regarded as being an occupying force from another land. Dark clouds were slowly gathering on the political horizon as people began objecting to increasingly unfair laws which were passed by a remotely situated government that had no apparent interest in the welfare of its ‘colonists’ or even had any representation from them.

The final straw came for many with the passing of the Stamp Act of 1765 which enraged the British American colonists while resulting in protesters increasingly taking to the streets from places as far apart as New England and Georgia, some thousand miles to the South. This unjust tax was imposed by a heavily indebted British government in order to help pay for the highly expensive seven year war which had been waged against the French and the Indians. The British felt justified in making demands that the colonists contribute towards what they saw as being a gainful enterprise which had been undertaken for their ultimate benefit. Unfortunately it was an ill conceived attitude and onerous tax which created a financial imposition that many increasingly felt to be unreasonably penalising and intolerable.

The upshot of all this was a sharp rise in the level of discontent to the point where action gradually began to replace heated words of collective dissent and anger. Out of this transition towards active rebellion was born a movement which called themselves The Sons of Liberty. From within this somewhat secretive organisation there emerged ever more violent and destructive demonstrations that inevitably paved the blood-thirsting road towards armed conflict and outright war. The most memorable of these pre-war violent outbursts was the much reported Boston Tea Party which proved to be the tipping point that garnered popular colonial opinion firmly against the rule of British forces and government.

Over the period of a few short years the American colonists saw fit to respond to what they saw as grossly unfair and unjust British rule by establishing their own governmental institutions in each of the thirteen major
colonies. The forming of the Continental Congress in 1774 was the prelude to the American people making a momentous stand against what they considered to be a flagrant violation of their birthright. In the full knowledge that they were almost certain to engage in a war which threatened to tear their country apart, brave men and women elected to stand against intolerable subjugation, as they saw it. Sedition became the byword of the times where huge numbers would be called upon to follow their passions in pursuit of justice and the right to self governance.

In the process of striving to achieve this end, people of all ages, especially our young men, were encouraged to set themselves against an unwanted oppressor or even, God help us, one another. Men and women from all walks of life would soon find themselves needing to be called on to act upon the convictions of their beliefs while, in many cases, discovering levels of courage, perseverance and resourcefulness which they had never expected to find hidden away within them. The newly emerging American political and cultural society would need many such brave men and women to champion their cause while untold numbers would forfeit their lives in the bitter and protracted struggle.

In spite of those terribly gloomy times, there were still opportunities for love to flourish among many who would not allow the fullness of their true feelings to be subjugated to the darkness of an approaching era that was destined never to be forgotten. This whole traumatic period served to highlight many whose names would eventually be deemed noteworthy while their unique contributions and inspired actions found their way into the history books for all to read. The most memorable of these would be men and women who had clearly demonstrated the many enduring and beneficial aspects of human nature which have enabled and engendered mankind to evolve and prosper over the centuries.

One such person was born into a society that had little or no time for any thoughts or aspirations in the direction of political empire building or promoting civil uprisings that would ultimately lead to aggression. His would be a name to remember by those who were to draw a great deal of inspiration from his example.

Born in 1742, Nathanael Greene was the son of a Quaker farmer and smith whose religious sect did very little to encourage the modern education of its children. Nathanael, being naturally bright and astute, grew up being inquisitive while soon finding the narrowness of his upbringing much too inadequate for his needs. Determined to rise above the academically lowly and restricted status which he felt himself to be bound by, Nathanael soon took matters into his own hands. He decided that there would be a need for him to expand his education far beyond what his immediate society offered him and so he schooled himself in the subjects of his ‘time’; mathematics and law. Even at an early age he sought a certain freedom from the restrictions of
a way of life that appeared to be, in certain respects, unreasonable and irrational to him.

His ‘weapon’ of that era in his life was education and this he used as a means to escape an existence of limited potential through having no other options than to work in his father’s various enterprises. Nathanael had a great interest in books which is where he gained the majority of his worldly knowledge but there was one particular book which he drew on for his inspiration and much of his spiritual support. His love of reading the Bible was to be his mainstay in the years to come where living and quoting its fundamental principles would endear him to a great many in positions of community influence and power.

His upbringing in the Spartan and somewhat restrictive world of the Quakers, and his wish to rise above its limitations, was to set the scene for much of how his adult life unfolded; given the quite momentous events that were to come. Nathanael was a man of his time in that he had a vision of a more independent way of living where people were free to express themselves without having others impose their will on them. His strong sense of self-determination very much reflected the growing spirit of his era while representing an ‘ideal’ that he, and very many others like him, would feel the need to fight for in either word or deed.

And so, inevitably, there was to be an intense period of great upheaval the like and scope of which had never been seen or even envisaged by a fledgling country that desperately sought to discover its own identity. It would be a birthing cycle which inescapably entailed an often perilous as well as tempestuous emergence into a notional maturity which involved the vigorous flexing of its wings. The outcome of these seismically historical events would be the recording of a dramatic reshaping which affected more than just political boundaries. The evolutionary ‘growing pains’ of a united sense of sovereign purpose was to change not only Nathanael’s own life, but also that of the national consciousness as well. This new ethos, this consensus of patriotic spirit and mind, would have a substantial impact on the very nature of the world in which he lived where nothing would ever be the same again.

At that point in his young life he was completely unaware of the active and decisive role that he would play on the stage of provincial as well as national politics and how history would judge him as a result. His studious times alone in his bedroom, while immersed in his books on military heroes and religion, were born out of a fascination for many things which would later prove essential to his survival and that of his family. Little did he appreciate that so much of what influenced and inspired him at that time would also have a profound impact on many others who would come to depend on him for his astute guidance, his wise counsel and compassionate support; such was to be his contribution to society.
The Greene family were among the earliest settlers in Rhode Island and were instrumental in helping to establish the colony in that relatively small state on the North East coast of America. In 1770 Nathanael moved the relatively short distance from Warwick to nearby Coventry in order to take over the running of his father’s foundry. There, he was the first to urge the establishment of a public school and, in that same year, he was chosen as a member of the Rhode Island General Assembly; to which he was re-elected in 1771, 72 and again in 75. He sympathised strongly with the ‘Whig’, or Patriot, element among the colonists which led to his helping organise a local militia in 74 in anticipation of the inevitable war that was to come.

At this time he began to acquire many expensive volumes on military tactics while setting about teaching himself the art of war, even though he had absolutely no idea of the physical and mental horrors involved. It would not be long until he found out first hand. Coincident with this he was also serving as a member of a committee which had been appointed by the Assembly to revise the militia laws. This drew him ever deeper into the preparatory stages of conflict but his chosen path of following the road to war went very much against the societal principles of his upbringing and his roots. It is thought that his passion for attending to his ever increasing military duties led to his expulsion from the Quakers in 1773.

It was just a year after this happened, while still in Coventry, that he married the daughter of a long term family acquaintance although she was nearly twelve years his junior. Catherine Littlefield Greene, as she became known, didn’t catch her future husband’s admiring eye until she began to blossom attractively in her late teens. At the same time that he began turning his attention to her then she found herself being drawn to his mature masculinity and wisdom; a mutual attraction which culminated in their marriage. Their first meaningful romantic encounter took place at a dance where Nathanael experienced another type of passion that was to sustain him for the remainder of his life. Catharine appeared to be everything he could ever have wished for in a woman while she in turn viewed him as her perfect ‘knight in shining armour’.

Nathanael’s tall and strong male appearance noticeably contrasted her relatively small and somewhat delicate feminine form although she was blessed with a quite disarmingly enthusiastic nature as well as an engagingly flirtatious aspect to her character. The combination of her striking personality, her soft complexion and alluring figure made her irresistible to Nathanael who very quickly fell deeply in love with her just as she did with him. Even the quite frightening spectre of a looming war was not a powerful enough deterrent to make any impact on their dreams of happiness together as they embarked on their journey as man and wife. Little did they know that the depths of their love would be tested by what the historians would come to record as a momentous episode along the evolutionary path of an emerging nation.
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

Not only were children to be born to Nathanael and ‘Kitty’, as he affectionately called her, but a struggling new world would also be gripped in the throes of similar labour pains at the very same time. In the meantime they both took advantage of every opportunity to enjoy their social activities within their extensive circle of many influential friends and acquaintances. This also was to prove valuable to them in the years to come when relationships and special bonds of affection and mutual understanding would be called upon to bring a healing to a damaged society that was in great need of support and guidance. Even though men of great influence held ultimate sway in a world which did not encourage or invite the opinions of women, the quiet female voice of support behind each of them would be invaluable in shaping the social fabric of their emergent world. Kitty was certainly one to willingly and enthusiastically play her part this respect.

In the very same year as Nathanael and Kitty were married, the landmark meeting of the First Continental Congress also took place. It was an occasion of great significance which would later be regarded and noted by historians as representing the deep desire for independence which pervaded the atmosphere of the land. The joining of two people in a spirit of mutual love and affection corresponded to that of the joining of minds which, even though contemplating the unthinkable, were intent on acting out of a mutual love for their country. The national mood of the moment was surely one of great love which could be seen in retrospect as having appeared in its many obvious forms as well as its various often misinterpreted guises.

Nathanael was certainly a passionate man who made no secret of his love for his new wife as well as that of his dream for a bright and happy future which he held very dear to his heart. He was typical of very many of his countrymen who also felt the urge to express their independence of not only thought but their heartfelt wish to self governance as well as self determination. He epitomised the spirit of his time and recognised in his wife those very special qualities which so aptly complimented his own. His was a valiant dream in which they would raise their children in a land filled with opportunity where freedom of expression and the right to live in harmony would be the guiding force to a better way of life. A greatly liberated way of living which would allow them, and every other like-minded countryman, to achieve their ultimate happiness within the expression of a deep and abiding love for one another. Time would provide the irrefutable evidence that he was not dreaming alone.

Kitty proved to be his enduring inspiration with her vivaciousness and enthusiasm for life where, between them, it appeared as though no battle could ever be too great for their powerful love to overcome. She was his twin flame who had come to be re-united with her counterpart while being unaware that the ultimate test of their infectiously magnetic attraction was soon to appear. Precious little time would be afforded them in which to enjoy the undisturbed bliss of their married life while the momentum of an
impending storm carried the dark battle-crested waves of disruption swiftly towards them. It would be a long and oppressive storm where the bright lights of incandescent twin flames were very much needed to burn unalteringly intensely in the face of such desperate times.

Love Prevails over Conflict

Shortly after a year into their marriage, the Revolutionary War of Independence broke out as the escalating skirmishes of various militia groups turned sharply in the direction of organised battle. On May 8, 1775, Nathanael was promoted from that of a lowly private in the militia to the exalted rank of Brigadier General in the Rhode Island Army of Observation formed in response to the siege of Boston. He was appointed a Brigadier of the Continental Army by the Continental Congress in June of 1775. George Washington, on recognising his skills and leadership abilities, assigned him the command of the city of Boston after it was evacuated in March of the following year. All that Nathanael had planned for in preparing himself for battle, even from a time when he could have absolutely no idea of what the future held for him, had come to fruition. His years of studying the tactics of war meant that he was now a vital link in the chain of command which would inevitably bind him to the campaign trail while being parted from his young wife.

It surely is impossible to imagine how he must have felt in following a cause which so deeply inspired his patriotic heart while having to leave behind his dearest love and eternally treasured other half. His only consolation could be drawn from the belief that he was fighting for a better future for them both where, hopefully if they were to be blessed in such a way, their children would grow up never knowing the oppression which he had experienced. Such were the aspirations of his heartfelt dream but he could have had no way of anticipating what measure of sacrifice he would be asked to make in order to achieve it.

As the historians would record, Nathanael would often be absent from his home for long periods of time while he moved ever farther down through the north eastern states with each successive battle. There was very little time to return to his native Rhode Island state and house in Coventry while the fortunes of war constantly shifted; as did the political situation at the seat of government where his presence was often requested. This same pattern persisted for nearly eight exhaustingly long and bloody years while one campaign after another proved to be just one small, but very costly, step towards ultimate victory. At each pivotal point along the way his contribution was essential where not only his military skills were required by his troops but his inspirational presence as well.
Married life, in the traditional sense, was virtually non-existent as he travelled great distances across the Eastern states from Rhode Island to South Carolina while fighting the British forces. Kitty suffered greatly as a result of his absence and would often make arduous journeys through the most dangerous of situations just to get to visit him at his camp, wherever it was located. Her wonderfully determined spirit had always been identical to his own in that her flame burned just as brightly and equally as passionately in her need to support him. In consequence of this she would not let her ambitions or her love be thwarted by any force which offered any opposition however perilous it might have appeared.

Circumstances were no obstacle to her desire to be with her beloved husband where her legendary courage and determination undoubtedly proved inspirational to very many who were in great need of holding fast to their own. Against seemingly impossible odds she had seven pregnancies which resulted in the birth of six children only five of which survived past infancy. One pregnancy was a miscarriage and one child died as an infant. In those days of limited medical knowledge, and the arduous conditions which she had no other choice but to endure, it was unquestionably no small miracle that any of them were able to enter this life in the first place. After their children were born, and they were all able to travel with her, Kitty would often take them on her trips to visit Nathanael. This was very often his only opportunity to see his children growing up and to create an atmosphere of family togetherness as much as it was humanly possible under the prevailing conditions.

Raising children in the midst of an army encampment on the edge of a battlefront had surely not been factored into his dream but, no matter what the circumstances, both Nathanael and Kitty were determined to do the best for their loved ones. Whenever it was considered too hazardous or too arduous a journey to take the children with her then Kitty would reluctantly leave them with family or friends. She would very often go to the ends of the earth in order to be with her precious husband where no battlefield was too daunting a prospect for her to be so close to. Bearing in mind the rudimentary transport and the nature of what was then huge expanses of wilderness and undeveloped land, journeys of a few hundred miles could often take several gruelling days in very basic horse-drawn transport.

No foe, of whatever nature or however powerful, could ever be any kind of match for the strength of love which they shared as their twin flames lit up everything around them. Nathanael longed for her visits while spending many lonely nights in the makeshift camps at the edge of the ‘firing line’ or when his army had laid siege to a fortified town. Even so, he would never be one to dwell on the impositions of his office and the traumas of war. Not only to bolster his own spirits but to ensure that he kept up the morale of his men, there was very often some form of entertainment to be enjoyed even if it was
only listening to the tales of a skilled raconteur or a fiddle playing a simple melody.

Quite often, whenever the opportunity presented itself, there was fun and dancing to be found at the camps and never better an occasion arose than when Kitty came to be with Nathanael for a while. This always proved to be most enjoyable as it allowed her to be near her beloved husband in a way that reminded her of how they were together in the time of peace. Nathanael’s style of command was not one of being a remote and dispassionate authoritarian but someone who would lead by example and that included dancing with his wife in the midst of a large and happy gathering of his men. As a result, their public displays of ‘togetherness’ soon earned them the affectionate title of the ‘bride and groom’ where the lasting allure of their love was obvious to all who witnessed their example.

In the latter stages of the war, when circumstances became treacherous or too dangerous for visits, they endured their enforced separation in the hope that there would soon be an end to the hostilities. The resulting pressures were hard on both of them as Nathanael struggled with the remaining crucial battles as Kitty did likewise with her domestic duties while raising their five children. Letters were their only salvation in the way of being able to communicate with each other but nothing could undermine the love which they had for their beloved other half. It was a truly testing time for each of them in their own ways where being apart felt so unnatural and unwanted although neither of them ever had a moment’s doubt as to how they felt towards one another.

**The Detrimental Legacy of War**

When the dark days of conflict did finally come to an end, Nathanael was able to be reunited with his family where he immediately set about creating the togetherness that he had always hoped for. Kitty was so pleased to finally have her husband home safe from the rigors of the long war but she was also concerned by all that he had so obviously endured in his effort to prevail over the opposing forces. The effect which many years of bitter struggle had levied on him seemed to have taken such an ageing toll on the comparatively young and vigorous man who she had married just a short time before the onset. It must have saddened her greatly to have appreciated that so much had been taken from them where her husband had aged far greater than his years in the process.

The long years of conflict had oftentimes seemed interminable especially towards the end where, at certain seemingly intractable stages, it looked as though victory was anything but assured. However, Kitty never gave up hope of having Nathanael back while not once allowing herself to believe that she may lose him permanently to the war effort. His return was a
blessed relief in so many ways not the least of which was the security which she felt in having his confident male presence so permanently close after the dragging years of his absence. She was also very thankful for his much needed help while sharing the responsibilities of bringing up their fast growing family; the task that she had faced alone for so long. At times it seemed as though they had both been doing the same thing whereas Nathanael had now swapped a large army of fighting men for a small army of often rebellious offspring. In this respect she was also glad to have a much needed fatherly influence for their dearly loved children.

At last it seemed as though they could put all the years of conflict and personal deprivation behind them while the biggest challenge in front of them was the adjustment to a new world of uncertainty. Gone were the dark clouds from the horizon but the smoke from the fires of intense confrontation were still rising to cast many shadows across the land. Those fires would burn for many a long year as the after-effects of large scale armed conflict stayed etched on the memories of all those concerned. The repercussions of those decisive battles and times of ultimate struggle in his country’s formative history would ripple on for quite some while into the future. Unfortunately, Nathanael was to feel the debilitating effects of this quite substantially as well as that of his unceasing efforts to bring about victory.

Although he had no further obligations to his country in any military sense, he did have a personal liability which he felt duty-bound to honour. In the lead up to the battle of Valley Forge he had taken on the responsibility of a substantial financial commitment to feed and clothe his men in the absence of any support from a dithering Congress administration. It was during the long encampment in the valley, at which time he was made Quartermaster General by George Washington, that he encountered severe supply problems with respect to basic essentials for his men who faced long exposure to winter conditions while being totally unprepared for them. The army he commanded was continually plagued with shortages of food, clothing and equipment while his soldiers were forced to rely on both their home states and on the totally inept Continental Congress for these basic necessities. Unfortunately, poor organisation and obstructions caused by Congress, a shortage of wagoners, lack of forage for the horses, the devaluation of the Continental currency, spoilage, and captured supplies by the British all contributed to prevent critical provisions and materials from arriving at camp.

Nathanael’s naturally inspirational nature coupled with that of his innate compassion kept him constantly motivated to ensure that the morale of his men was always kept at its highest level possible. Even in the face of the most appalling conditions and severe deprivation he worked tirelessly to petition on behalf of his troops. In one memorable letter to George Washington he wrote of their predicament ‘God grant we may never be brought to such a wretched condition again.’ Had it not been for Nathanael’s
timely personal intervention in providing a solution to their dire situation then the course of the war may well have been very much different. In order to secure suitable winter clothing and food for his men, Nathanael agreed to personally guarantee many thousands of dollars to Charleston merchants in order to support and equip his soldiers during the unusually harsh winter of 77 to 78.

Unfortunately for him he had chosen to conduct his business dealings through an unscrupulous agent who systematically defrauded the chosen suppliers which meant that, after the war had ended, Nathanael was held personally responsible for all the debts. Due to his protracted absence from his businesses, and the difficulties faced by so many during the harsh conditions and privations of war, he found himself without sufficient funds to meet the increasing demands of the merchants. His appeals and petitions to Congress for financial compensation fell on intractably deaf ears in those turbulent political times which immediately followed the cessation of hostilities and the establishment of a precarious peacetime.

The result of this was that his and Kitty’s dream of a happy life filled with family togetherness, and leisurely times spent in a home which they loved, seemed to be in grave danger of collapsing. Only one option remained open to them and that was to sell everything they had while relocating to Savannah where they would attempt to build a new life for themselves. There the family would take up residence on a property that had been gifted to Nathanael by the Georgia legislature in gratitude for his services during the war. Mulberry Grove is situated close to the Savannah River and had been previously owned by a wealthy merchant, John Graham, who had chosen to abandon the property at the outset of the war after crossing swords with members of the Sons of Liberty. During his period of occupation, however, Graham had shrewdly developed it into a large plantation which included not only, what Nathanael termed, a magnificent house along with a coach house and stables but many hundreds of acres to grow crops as well.

Two hundred and fifty of these acres were tidal which the entrepreneurial Mr Graham had turned to his advantage in successfully growing rice crops. Along with rice production, the Mulberry Grove estate yielded many other saleable commodities such as timber and various kinds of fruits. All this came as a welcome surprise to Nathanael and Kitty but it also meant that the land would have to be worked in order to provide them with the income they needed. This could only be achieved by the raising of another type of ‘army’ in order to provide the necessary labour for working the fields, the orchards and the forests.

Nathanael’s plan was to pay off his debts by cultivating the rice and other cash crops while selling their Rhode Island properties when the markets appeared favourable. His strategy proved to be a much more difficult and daunting prospect than he had anticipated and one which would challenge his already weakened resolve given all that the war effort had taken out of
him. Added to this he had to cope with the fact that his beloved wife would undoubtedly be required to pitch in and help as well. This was something he had not wished for but he needed all of his family to work together as a team if there was ever to be any likely hope of securing a successful future family home in those lean years of post-war peacetime. This move certainly took its toll on Kitty in that it not only required her to work on the plantation but also meant that she had to leave behind their many friends and allies in the North.

Along with the loss of her social life she also had to contend with being deprived of the very supportive connection which she had enjoyed with her family. They still lived in the small close-knit community of Block Island which is situated just a few miles off the south coast of Rhode Island and where she was born. Now she found herself hundreds of miles away while being relatively isolated in a state so far removed from what she had been used to. Added to this she had to somehow cope with raising her family while caring for her hard working husband and then learning all that she could about farming while helping him in the fields. It surely was a very challenging uphill struggle which must have seemed completely overwhelming to her at the beginning through having had so much to get used to. Only a strong-spirited woman of pioneering stock could have handled such an apparently insurmountable prospect without crumbling under the sheer weight of her impending responsibilities and the consequences of not succeeding.

To add yet more stress to this already formidable burden she could also see how the struggles of the long war, and the enormous personal debt which had been incurred as a result of it, had taken so much out of her beloved husband. He was certainly not the same man of vigour and vitality who had marched up so confidently to join the Continental militia while feeling that he could overcome any adversary with ease. Kitty could see that a different kind of campaign awaited him at Mulberry Grove where she was resolved to do everything in her power to help him make their life together a success. More than anything she wanted to experience the loving togetherness of family life which they had both dreamed of but her aspirations were to be short lived.

Life on the plantation was lonely and intense at first where so many things necessitated the whole family adjusting quickly to them while the process of creating a new home for themselves got rapidly underway. After all the long years of arduous conflict it was rest that Nathanael really needed but crops wouldn’t wait to be planted or harvested while the seasons made their inexorable march across each page of the calendar. From the very first day of their arrival at Mulberry Grove the byword at the start of every morning became ‘toil’.

As though their already unenviable burden wasn’t enough, there was the constant battle with Nathanael’s creditors to cope with as well. Despite his
best efforts they became increasingly impatient where, eventually, one by one they started taking him to court. Every merchant wanted payment in respect of the food, clothing and materials supplied for the campaign at Valley Forge which his duplicitous agent, for reasons best known to himself, had seen fit not to pay. Repeated entreaties, both personal and by representation to the newly formed Congress, fell on continually deaf and stubbornly dismissive ears. No sense of relief seemed to be forthcoming in the shape of any compensation which Nathanael considered he was rightly owed. The family struggled on while not knowing whether any kind of secure future awaited them which must have been an impossibly heavy strain on his already depleted emotional state of health.

Having fought nearly eight long years to be free of an unwanted and unacceptable subjugation it must have appeared to him as though he had only achieved exchanging one kind of yoke for another. All that he had ever wanted was the right to live in the secure knowledge of a freedom that would allow a man and his family to prosper while not fearing the tyranny of another. Slowly he was beginning to appreciate that oppression can come in many forms, as well as misleading guises, where the ‘enemy’ often turns out to be one who had once been seen as a supportive friend and ally.

In those early days on the plantation it must have seemed to him that his life and beliefs were to be held in question as his Congressional overlords continued to bicker and argue while casually dismissing his financial problems. Having won the battle for the survival of his newly democratised country he was immediately faced with yet another battle of a different kind where this particular one would determine the very survival of his family. This time the enemy turned out to be impending poverty but it was one which fought a guerrilla campaign from the shadows; from there it exploited every weakness imaginable. It was a formidable opponent and one which took its toll on an already very weary Nathanael Greene.

Despite all that stood in their way, the Greene family did indeed adjust to life in the labour-intensive crucible of the Georgia wetlands. No task seemed to be too daunting as the months and years rolled by while the crops were sold and the family fortunes steadily re-established. Their hard work paid off but, just four short years into their time at Savannah, tragedy struck. It came most unexpectedly after Nathanael had spent quite some time on his plantation one day while looking over a rice paddy in the intense heat of the day. Through not taking adequate precautions against the incessant pounding from the noonday sun he quickly succumbed to the effects of his exposure and died suddenly of sunstroke on June 19, 1786. He was just forty four years old. It was a devastating blow which seemed so unfair after his having come through eight years of armed conflict relatively unharmed.

Once again Kitty suddenly found herself being both mother and father to her children but this time she also had the added responsibility of taking on the management of the plantation finances and welfare. This presented her
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

with an immense challenge while at the same time she was deeply gripped in the process of grieving the loss of her beloved husband. It must have seemed like an absolutely impossible task to her at that period in her life where any other less able woman would have surely perished under the sheer weight of her huge burden. Nevertheless, her twin flame spirit was undiminished even though Nathanael had made his untimely transition to the other side.

With this aspect still burning brightly within her saddened heart she bravely faced all that she had to cope with while managing to run the plantation with a surprisingly good degree of success. Not only did she do this but Kitty also attended to the upbringing of her children as well as continuing her husband’s assault on Congress. She was not without influence and called upon her many friends who helped her personally present a petition to Congress to recover Nathanael’s debt. Eventually her efforts proved successful and on April 27, 1792 President George Washington signed an act which indemnified the Greene Estate against all claims from those who had supplied food and materials to the war effort at Quartermaster Brigadier Greene’s request.

At last she had achieved the justice which she had fought so exhaustingly hard to attain but this freedom from Nathanael’s final burden proved to be something of a hollow victory. The rewards of his and Kitty’s long fight were to be savoured only by his grieving widow who would willingly have given the earth just to have had her beloved husband with her so as to see out their remaining years together. Even so, she was obviously very much relieved when this long awaited decision and act was agreed to and then endorsed by the President as her letter to a close friend Nat Pendleton clearly shows. In it she says:

‘I can tell you my dear friend that I am in good health and spirits and feel as saucy as you please not only because I am independent, but because I have gained a complete triumph over some of my friends who did not wish me success and others who doubted my judgement in managing the business and constantly tormented me to death to give up my obstinacy, as it was called; they are now mute as mice. Not a word they dare utter. Oh how sweet is revenge’

Her remaining years without her beloved husband were filled with attending to the business of running the plantation while being as much a mother to her children as she possibly could be. In fourteen short years of married life, almost eight of them had been filled with the struggle and deprivations of the war effort. During that time her beloved twin flame had helped form what eventually came to be known as the United States of America while history would note his contribution as being second in command to the man who later became the country’s first president, George Washington.
Chapter 8

An Unexpected Ending Creates a Path to Re-UNITing

Nathanael’s sudden and unexpected passing came as no less a shock to Kitty as it did to the people who he had so valiantly fought for. The measure of his impact on their new found society was such that all business was suspended for a short while as the nation mourned his untimely loss. Such was the lasting impression that he’d had on very many people while having the reputation of being a loyal and trustworthy man who would always stand firm in the convictions of his heart. This he would do while selflessly defending the cause of equal rights for all free men and women who only ever wished to pursue a fulfilling and enjoyable life. His true and enduring legacy was one which not so much exemplified the struggle that every conscientious man and woman aspires to but the love which he demonstrated for his dream of the right to live in a liberated world.

No one would truly know what the pursuit of this dream had really cost him and what it would lead him towards in a way that much of humanity can only speculate on. Nathanael was a brave and committed soldier but he was also still the sensitive young Quaker boy inside who had spent much of his sheltered youth discovering the world through reading his precious books in the safety of his bedroom. Nothing, however graphically portrayed, could have prepared him for the indescribable horrors of war which caused him untold anguish as he watched many close friends, and those who he sought to protect, forfeit their lives.

This certainly must have caused him, in his times of quiet contemplation, to search within for answers to the age-old questions which very many still ask to this day. No doubt his Bible studies were a great comfort to him but, having faced in eight long years more than most souls face in many different lifetimes, he experienced much emotional and spiritual distress. As a result, Nathanael acquired scars which were not evident to the naked eye and neither would many of them heal on this side of the veil. It would take something very special to happen for him in order that he could overcome many things which his consciousness could not reconcile in his time as Nathanael. It would require another lifetime while assuming a different identity and embarking on a quite remarkable journey to do what was needed.

Undoubtedly the time which he was able to spend with Kitty and his children, after the cessation of hostilities, did a lot to restore some of his emotional balance. The handful of years he spent at Mulberry Grove, where everyone worked so closely as a team, must have been very healing for him as he strove to carve their future out of the land. It may have been a short-lived togetherness but it surely was one which gave him the opportunity to sample many important steps towards the fulfilment of his dreams. Kitty and
Nathanael had been parted for so long in a war that had not been of their choosing when suddenly she lost him when she least expected to. It seemed so unfair after all that they had been through.

Their love, however, was as enduring as the words which were penned by many a scribe who would commit the acts of a brave and conscientious man to the annals of a great country’s birthing. Nathanael and Kitty were a light so bright that the illusory shroud of death could neither separate them nor keep their presence from influencing others. They were, and still are, twin souls who came together in the same lifetime to experience challenging circumstances on a journey through an era which would help them both with their spiritual evolvement and progress. Their twin flame energies were an inspiration to them both as they encountered many of the extremes which this life can offer.

Nathanael lived an intense existence after having experienced the sheltered and often introvert world of the Quakers of his childhood days to then encountering the frantic insanity of brutal human conflict in his adult life. In the midst of all this he was supported by the love of his life who gave him six adorable children one of whom was only with them for a very brief time. His was a journey of extremes in every sense of the word and one which would have been almost impossible to survive, while keeping body and soul together, without the close presence and support of his twin soul.

Even with the supporting love of his other half, Nathanael suffered greatly in not being able to come to terms with what he had been exposed to during his times as commanding officer. Many issues which appeared to conflict greatly with his religious beliefs posed profound questions that went unanswered while matters of his family survival needed to be attended to. On top of his spiritual and emotional dilemma, Nathanael must have been further demoralised through witnessing an apparent abandonment by those who he had assumed would support him in his time of need after he had willingly come rushing to theirs. Being as sensitive as he was, Nathanael took all this as a reflection of his character insomuch as the failures and consequences he presumed were his in the light of no clearer or meaningful understanding being available to him.

As bright as Kitty’s twin flame love was, and still is for him, it proved to be incapable of penetrating the dark areas of doubt, self-reproachment and guilt which had accumulated in Nathanael’s conscience. These had all come about as a result of those traumatic times where he considered that he had either caused his men to endure suffering or he had ordered them, especially close friends and boys, to their death. This was a challenge too far for him but there are forces which are beyond our comprehension which are constantly watching over each one of us where Nathanael’s plight was well understood. In this respect, another opportunity was created and devised so as to allow him to experience circumstances which would help a greater understanding of all that still troubled him after his transition. Before he
could take advantage of this gift, however, it was necessary for him to seek the counsel of wise beings who would offer their guidance in a manner which he could best understand.

What you will read next is his story of how the whole extraordinary process unfolded and what truly amazing things he experienced before returning to this life as my beloved Ron, my eternal twin flame. Kitty and Nathanael were to be re-united so that many things which they had needed to sacrifice for the good of a common cause could once more be experienced in a more beneficial and meaningful way. Their love would once again transcend time while giving them the opportunity to discover not only each other but a great deal more about themselves as well. In doing so they would come to appreciate at a much greater depth the unfathomable mysteries which lie behind this most astonishing journey we call life.
Chapter 12

Of All the Restaurants in All the World

From the very moment I walked into the restaurant and caught sight of that irresistibly cute smiling face looking in my direction then I knew for sure that I was in trouble. I have no idea of exactly what caused me to be so certain in such a short space of time but I will never forget the feeling of something powerful, within the very depths of my being, which came rushing up to swiftly saturate my senses. It just seemed to burst into my conscious world while almost making me shiver in a most delightful way through experiencing the sheer energy of it. For what must have been a few seconds or more I almost froze to the spot where I stood but in that tiny fragment of eternity I seemed to relive many lifetimes of memories which I had no idea even existed until that actual instant.

Being a married man with a family, I had never been one to ‘play away from home’ but I could tell without doubt that if I took one more step into the restaurant then I would inevitably have to act upon what I found myself feeling when I looked at her. There was just no way that I could ignore the intensity of my emotions, although I did get the idea that I might possibly be able to play it cool while somehow resisting a level of temptation which almost overwhelmed me. On the other hand I found myself also needing to deal with an accompanying feeling of guilt but I didn’t even want to go there. So, for better or worse, I chose to ignore it as much as I possibly could under the circumstances although I had the distinct impression that it wasn’t about to go quietly without first having its say.

Before I had time to stumble blindly into this whole moral bear trap of an unscripted drama, I did however manage to appreciate that I would not be in the least bit successful in denying the strength of feeling I had for this lady even if I had wanted to. For a brief panic-filled instant, which lasted less than an adrenaline charged heartbeat, I actually considered turning back to the door and then running away as fast as I possibly could. My feet, however, were not in any kind of mood to listen to such a completely nonsensical reaction and stayed firmly planted on the ground like they’d suddenly taken root. Apparently they weren’t paying any attention whatsoever to my overanxious thoughts but, instead, they were heeding the urgings of my enchanted heart which seemed to be taking over complete control of the whole situation. My heart was telling me, in the most compelling persuasiveness of its irresistible language, that it wanted me to get to know this strikingly attractive lady who had so quickly captured its full attention.
As a consequence I found myself facing a dilemma where there appeared to be only one course of action which would satisfy the needs of my innermost feelings to the exclusion of everything else. I didn’t seem to have any option other than to jump feet first into the ‘deep end’ while trusting to what I felt most strongly motivated to do. After all, what did I stand to lose by doing it?

From how I viewed my situation at that moment there certainly appeared to be quite a lot which could actually be gained. As this intriguing idea settled into my consciousness I realised that I was more than a little excited by the prospect of stepping into an adventure that would very probably lead me towards a part of my unexplored self that I had not been in touch with before. Not only that, but it would also more than likely bring me much closer to an answer which a dormant question had been asking for quite some time. I had a shrewd idea that the outcome may force me into making a decision about where my true affections lay but I found myself flinching slightly at the prospect of what I might discover in the process.

As this thought swept through the shuttered corners of my over-analytical mind, I sensed a very bright flame burn in response which seemed to illuminate much more than I felt able to fully comprehend. My emotional lava stream appeared to be in desperate need of reaching the soft caresses of the sea so as to cool it off and then settle into a state of comfortable solidity once more.

Time seemed to stop still as I became acutely aware of my surroundings and just exactly what I was about to step into. As strange as it may seem I couldn’t help noticing how very peaceful this moment presented itself as being in that nothing I had ever encountered before could compare with it. While completely wrapped up within its captivating effect then all I could seem to see was the glowing face of an angel. This heavenly vision, which had suddenly and unexpectedly enriched my life, appeared to be one that I never wanted to be absent from after having been exposed to its magic. I couldn’t even bring myself to contemplate the prospect of it not being in my life now that I had discovered it.

The lightness in my heart which came from experiencing her radiance, and feeling my instant attraction to it, was just so incredibly refreshing. So nurturing to a part of me which desperately wanted to be filled with a type a sustenance that I wasn’t about to discover on any menu which I would find on my chosen table. Until that moment of realisation I had no idea of just how hungry I felt or that only one person on the planet appeared capable of satisfying my needs both physical and metaphysical.

At least, I hoped to God that she would otherwise I was most certainly going to be lost into the void of unimaginable yearning and interminable emptiness; a permanent wanting of something very precious. Never before that moment had I appreciated the existence of such a burning desire within me which needed to be fulfilled. I just couldn’t bring myself to contemplate
continuing in that state even though I hadn’t been aware of any kind of lack or urgent need before that time.

Out of that thought arose an instant of acute anxiety where my resolve almost seemed to be in danger of wavering until I caught sight of a wonderfully appealing glint in her eye. Immediately my apprehensions evaporated as I was suddenly captivated by her presence and especially the softness of her hair which seemed to accentuate the delicate shape of her neck. Besides my finding this aspect of her femininity so appealing there also seemed to be a certain familiarity to its influence which encouraged me to walk directly up and touch her; to embrace her in the manner of a long lost love. It seemed such a natural thing to want to do but somehow I resisted the temptation as my mind raced in to intervene while wanting to know if I had suddenly taken leave of my senses.

Something irrepressible inside of me felt compelled to tell it, in a manner of the utmost certainty and peacefulness, that I most sincerely had and that it was such a delightfully pleasing state to be in that I hoped never to return from it. My mind was not in the least bit impressed while trying to pretend that it didn’t know me. I felt it wander off into a dark corner so as to sulk and pout but I just didn’t care. I had been far too taken up with indulging myself in this totally new sensation to even consider pandering to the tantrums of my petulant mind.

I knew instinctively that what had been presented to me was actually the opportunity to choose my destiny anew; a chance to change my life to truly suit myself after having lived it for so long while accommodating others in the way that I had been conditioned to believe was necessary. In front of me I could see a tantalising opening onto the pathway of passionately expressive freedom but, through being so unaccustomed to experiencing it, I felt the need to hang on to something vaguely familiar for reassurance. My mind was still in the midst of a deep sulk and had no intention whatsoever of offering any helpful insights, suggestions or advice. It was totally unused to not being listened to while threatening never to return in the process. I decided to ignore it.

For the very first time in my entire existence I felt as though I was about to do something that I, me as myself, Ronald Phillip Darling wanted to do for no other reason than because it made me feel incredibly good to do so. The fact that it made no sense whatsoever, while even threatening to upset just about everything which I had worked so hard to achieve, seemed totally inconsequential at that moment. There was no denying the incredible excitement which I felt at the prospect of what may come by doing just what my intuition told me would be right to do. I experienced such a heady feeling which completely defied all logic but looking at my waitress angel I just knew that everything would be absolutely perfect if she agreed to become a significant part of my life. It was so unbelievably crazy to feel this way but I wasn’t about to deny an emotion that had become so important to me in
such a short space of time. It felt very much as if I would be doing a huge injustice to myself if I simply ignored my feelings and so I resolved not to. There was no turning back for me from that moment on.

Whatever my choice would bring me, then so be it. I was anxious to find out what would happen next. My immediate destiny awaited me where all that appeared necessary for it to be fulfilled was simply walking across to sit at a table and then waiting to be served. In doing so I would be allowing the Divine plan to unfold as unseen forces in the Universe rushed in to shape my future according to my wishes. It had to be. It was my time to be myself and to allow true love, if that’s what would come from my choosing, to finally find a place in my heart which so needed it to return in the degree that I desperately wanted it to. I was thirsty for a passion that had almost been forgotten to me but it was obviously present in some mysterious part of my makeup which could somehow influence my decisions. I listened. I drew a deep breath and smiled at my angel. I was ready.

I wanted to eat but much more than this I needed the nourishment that only she could provide. I headed for my table while saying a silent prayer. Please God let this all work out right for me. Someone was listening as, in far off places beyond my imaginings, forces began to move which would bring about all that I had ever asked for and more. I had no way to know what would come and neither should I have known as this would only have altered how life expresses its incredible magic.

If there had been a way for me to have been granted advanced knowledge of what my decision to enter the restaurant would cause to happen, then I might well have chosen not to go there in the first place. This would have meant abandoning my opportunity to find true love and probably missing out on it altogether in this lifetime. Without being able to experience the amazing sensations that had lifted me up into another level of consciousness at seeing my angel, then how could I have known what to expect and how it would have enabled me to alter my perception so radically. Trying to imagine it beforehand would not have been even remotely like how it proved to be in reality; being completely absorbed in the experience allowed me to make choices in a way that just thinking about it could never hope to replace. For the first time I could really appreciate why life is all about really ‘living’ what it brings us in the respect of showing us so much of what we very often can’t see as being who we really are.

I would later come to learn a good deal about how this amazing process works with regards to how our choices really need to be made from the heart while allowing ourselves to experience the consequences in the fullness of how they are presented to us. This would prove to be a very important lesson for me and one which would require my letting go of the need to ‘think’ in my usual logical way. In the process of getting to better understand how to do this I would also learn about how important it is to accept whatever consequences come from the choices we make; to see them
as simply being the outcome of our actions without wishing to apportion blame, or anything of that nature, to anyone else. By truly owning our experiences we have the most to gain by doing so while we strive to fully appreciate the valuable lessons which they bring us in the process.

Right at that very moment all I knew was that I just wanted to be as close to my angel as possible and for as long as I possibly could be. Exactly how this would happen I had absolutely no thoughts about at all as my mind just didn’t seem to understand what on earth was going on. The cosmic kitchen was now open while waiting for me to place my order according to the most sincere desires of my heart. I watched in a kind of breathless way as she moved gracefully towards my table while a little bolt of lightning shot through me. In that same instant I was in heaven and excitedly anxious about the prospect of my angel coming to serve me. This meal would be absolutely the most memorable ever as well as being worth every penny of whatever it may cost me.

**Dazed Reflections after the Lightning Strike**

Sitting at that table and waiting for my meal to arrive seemed to be the slowest that time had ever passed in my entire life. While picturing the city landscape in my mind’s eye, I found myself wondering how on earth I had ever managed to end up here in the first place. After my seemingly never ending trek across Canada and America, which had culminated in my arrival at Lansing, how was it that I came to pick this roadside restaurant out of all the others on the planet. I mused over how circumstances of unimaginable complexity had conspired to lead my footsteps to this special place at this particular point in time. I couldn’t begin to fathom how one small change along the route may well have taken me in a completely different direction. This, to me summed up the sheer magic and mystery of life which I always found so fascinating.

From my altered point of view at that stage of my journey it seemed like another lifetime ago that I had been uprooted from my home on so many occasions while longing for a place to finally settle while being accepted into the midst of a stimulating social community. Suddenly none of it seemed real any more where all of my many experiences felt as though they were out of some kind of dream. One that I had just woken up from while sat around thinking about all the strange happenings that had occurred to me. It settled really oddly into my consciousness but somehow I knew that this was my reality although I couldn’t for the life of me seem to work out what I’d done while living it or even why. Everything, at that moment, appeared to be open to question. Suddenly I was inexplicably drawn into examining a whole host of very vivid memories.
One of the more emotive ones concerned the time that I had spent at Sexton High School which had turned out to be the first period in my life that I ever remembered being anywhere long enough to make any real friends. It seemed such a lonely existence to have gone all that time beforehand without having anyone special in my life while not growing up doing the things that ‘ordinary’ kids did; but then there was my music. God alone knows where I would have been without that! Fortunately for me it was my passport to being accepted wherever I lived and I surely did have a good time being in my band and performing in front of others. That, admittedly, was one thing which I appreciated that not very many other kids got to do.

I couldn’t help thinking that High school had been an altogether different experience in the run up to launching myself in the world at large where I had needed to earn a good living in order to get married. Meeting Nina at Sexton had changed my whole outlook on very many things as I had never been able to have a steady girlfriend before that time in the way that she and I were. It seemed only natural that we should get married after we left school but, when I looked back on that whole period of my latter adolescence, then I had to wonder about quite a lot of my feelings at that time of my life when so many things were competing for my attention.

No sooner had I started to reflect on this quite intense journey into adulthood than almost immediately I posed myself a telling question. Had I ever really known love in the way that a man and a woman can experience it when the ‘chemistry’ is right and working its powerful magic? Moreover, and more importantly, how could I be expected to know or recognise the spectacular depths of timeless true love having never encountered it before? I was still young and life was an uncharted adventure waiting to happen but I really wasn’t prepared for the journey as I had no map to guide me, or so I assumed.

After feeling the way I did at that moment of entering the restaurant, I just had to ask myself what it was that had motivated me to do all that I had done up to that point in my life and if it was what I really wanted. When it came to the question of my three children then there could be no doubt at all in my mind that they were an essential part of my life and one which I never wanted to be separated from. They meant the whole world to me but there was also a part of me which had been awakened that day to what my heart had really wanted me to become aware of. So much had seemed to change in me at the very moment when I felt that I had found something very precious which I hadn’t even appreciated was missing from my life. In finding it I got the oddest notion that a major piece of my life’s puzzle had suddenly fallen into place but at the very same instant my whole world had been turned upside down in the process.

I sipped tentatively at my soothing Manhattan as though I was sampling an unknown future while trying to make some sort of sense out of my past. I watched people walking by as well as viewing others around me while
considering whether any of them had ever been faced with a similar dilemma to mine. If so, I wondered if it had come upon them as quickly as my situation had and then, if this was the case, I wanted to know if they had ever experienced any doubts or regrets about their choices which they had made as a result? If they did have any doubts I felt the need to understand how compelling they had been and if they had given into those feelings and why. So many questions but the most enigmatic of all was the need to know how their lives had turned out if they had actually given in to their doubts. Suddenly I became aware of my need to anticipate the future and how this was not a wise thing to do.

Then I found myself wondering about how I was feeling and if any of them had ever needed to think about it like I was doing. I kept asking myself what they would have done if they had found themselves unexpectedly thrown into a complete quandary after meeting someone who had made them look at things so differently. All of a sudden there appeared to be many more questions in my mind than there were customers in the restaurant which made things seem quite claustrophobic in a way which made me feel quite breathless.

That was the point when a quite disturbing thought came barging its way into my already flustered state while adding an unwanted extra dimension to my moral dilemma. It wanted to know, did people even stop to consider the possibility of making drastic changes in their lives or did they just act impulsively while saying to hell with the consequences in the process. This was not my way of doing things and, at that moment, I found myself being somewhat envious of those who could simply follow their instincts without ever questioning why. It seemed to be a really great way to approach life but I didn’t much like the idea of throwing myself off the diving board without at least first checking to see if the pool was full of water. I had already gathered enough cuts and bruises up to that point of my journey to last me a lifetime; or so it seemed.

I kept thinking about my family and my responsibilities as well as how it had felt for me when I was growing up. A nice stable home life and a comfortable environment where I considered my lot in this world to be a reasonably happy one and where a satisfying love certainly did appear to exist. Or so I had assumed up to the time when I opened the door to the restaurant; but what now? I couldn’t un-know what I had become aware of and neither could I silence all the questions that had come swarming in from the cloud of doubt that had moved into position just over my head. My emotions seemed to be in turmoil as I so much wanted to just be surrounded by the sensations that I felt when looking into the sparkling eyes of my earthbound angel. What in heaven’s name was I going to do?

At the moment of my deepest reservations about my whole situation and at the point of feeling so needy, my meal arrived. I looked up to see that
wonderful smile being aimed in my direction when something just seemed to melt inside me. At the instant it did then somehow I knew that everything was going to work out but I also strongly suspected that my life would never be the same again from that point on. Yet another change awaited my footsteps along an already haphazard pathway but this time, unlike at so many other junctures in my life, this change felt as if it was actually very much welcomed. I had a strong sense of this new direction almost certainly taking me somewhere that I really did want to go and, as selfish as it may have appeared to anyone else, I suddenly didn’t feel in the least bit guilty about it.

Something inside me kept encouraging me to just go with my feelings and to follow what I felt inspired to do. Logic didn’t come into it and no amount of meticulous planning that I could ever come up with seemed to be appropriate or even necessary. I searched for a way to express what I was trying to get myself to appreciate and, as though in response to my predicament, one single word popped magically into my head. I thought about it for a moment and then it really hit home to me. In my mind I could almost see the word emblazoned across the rooftops of the city and it was then that I became aware of the fact that I’d never fully understood its meaning before. ‘Trust’.

Only five letters in a quite deceptively simple word but to me it suddenly seemed huge by virtue of its implications. I needed to trust. My mind prepared itself to become analytical but I ignored it. Trust had come to find a home in my heart and I felt so pleased to be able to welcome it in with open arms. For the very first time in my life I knew what it was to have faith in a mysteriously instinctive process that my mind could not conceive of. My mental abilities had served me very well up to that point on my journey but here I was just about to abandon all that so as to allow something to happen which apparently made absolutely no sense at all; and yet, oddly enough, it kind of did.

The woman standing in front of me seemed to be able to shine a light deeply into my soul which, for the very first time, allowed me to see who I really was. It quite stunned me to discover so much of what had previously been hidden from my view and to also appreciate the value of what I had found. No more was there to be any concealing my incompleteness in the darkness of the barren hold within my ship of indeterminate destiny. Now I could see that it was possible for me to be the captain so I wasn’t about to give that opportunity up after having been gifted with it. I wanted to take control but this time the compass that I would steer by was the one which had always resided securely in the very core of my heart. It had always been unerring but I hadn’t seen it as being so before that time where my biological computer had previously always calculated the various courses on my chart to a contrived destination of insubstantial happiness.
I had settled for a mental ideal but now I could so clearly see the shallowness of it all. This had to change and it would. I had come alive after so long of being in my sleepwalking state but there were consequences that would need to be addressed as a result of what had happened on that trip. My children were so important to me and I was only too aware of what disruptions to a stable home life could do to a child after all that I had encountered with my parents. I didn’t want any of them to go through even a fraction of what I had endured so I just had to trust that things were going to be okay. There was nothing else to do.

Learning to Trust ~ When the Need Arises

After everything that I had achieved in my life I appeared to have arrived at the quite stunning realisation that all the knowledge in the world didn’t amount to a hill of beans if there was no wisdom with which to guide it. Being the owner of a successful medial equipment company I was living the American dream after working hard for many years to make my own way in the world of business. I had always been a good provider, just as my father had been for my mother and me, but it wasn’t difficult for me to appreciate that I was recreating just the same family environment as he did.

I tried not to beat myself up over it as I could see that I didn’t really have any other environment to base my choices on. I had met my wife at high school and then done all the expected things where we had ended up with a nice ‘standard’ family while ostensibly being happily married. To look back while viewing this as being a mistake was not something that I wanted to consider. In the light of my new feelings, however, I found myself having to reluctantly acknowledge that my previous choices hadn’t brought me the happiness that I now felt I needed. There could be no doubt about the depth of love which I had for my children and, in a way, I really did love my wife but now I knew there was more. This ‘more’ proved to be something that I quite urgently required in order to fulfil a completeness which, to me, could only come from one woman and I was sitting close within her presence at that very time. I did not want this to change. I just couldn’t allow it to, no matter what.

The urge which pulsed so deeply from within my desire to fulfil this newly awakened yearning was actually providing me with the ability to experience a level of trust that I had not previously encountered. I wasn’t fully aware of this fact at the time as all that filled up my emotional panorama was the blossoming image of something which almost came with a certain sense of familiarity. This was also accompanied by a comforting sense of ‘rightness’ which imbued me with a degree of reassurance that I had never achieved before that time. I didn’t stop to think about the hows, the whys or
the wherefores as it didn’t seem appropriate in the context of appreciating that I had no intention of letting my mind get in the way.

All I knew was that having been guided to this restaurant, by whatever means the universe had provided for me to take advantage of, then I wasn’t about to throw away my golden opportunity by thinking myself into some kind of remorseful guilt trip. However, on the other hand, there was a niggling feeling in me which kept trying to get its foot wedged in the crack of the opening doorway to ‘doubt city’. It wanted to know if this was just some kind of hormone-driven infatuation which would burn brightly in the benighted flames of mutually fulfilled passion only to ebb quietly away into the cold light of the dawn; into the daybreak of deception and potential heartbreak where, inevitably, there lurked the risk of being found out. This would then lead to the inevitable fiery procession straight towards the battlefield of recriminations.

The issue of trust had ostensibly made an appearance in a slightly different guise and was gnawing at my conscience while trying to get my attention. However hard I tried, I couldn’t deny that this appeared to be yet another facet to the apparently precious gem of trust that I’d just brought to the surface. What to do? I began to wonder if I was about to do the right thing while ignoring any possible consequences. I set off slowly along that storm-swept meandering pathway to nowhere when I caught myself stepping into a mind-trap. I just couldn’t let this happen. I wanted to remain completely true to my feelings insomuch as I had become aware that something was surely very different about them. To me, their quite amazing energies were not only really fascinating but highly persuasive as well.

This certainly wasn’t some adolescent infatuation and neither was it something that I would allow to be diminished in any kind of mental recriminatory process which would deny me from focusing on my new found sense of trust. This emotion was far too strong in me even though I hadn’t a clue where it had come from or why I had been so drawn to take so much notice of it. It felt good, but more than this it appeared to be a special kind of intensely personal feeling that I actually ‘owned’ which made feel very happy to do so.

In retrospect there seemed to be so much of my life that had influenced me when it came to making decisions and important choices. From how I could see things at that moment then I could appreciate that I had very rarely made my way in life through acting on what I sensed was right for me. Truly right for me; but then, how could I have known? How does anyone know for that matter and how do we get to learn? No sooner had this question been posed than it was answered. They get to feel what it’s like to really trust in something and then everything else naturally flows from that point on. You will know it when you know it, just as I found myself doing at that moment.

For the very first time I could appreciate that to truly trust in yourself, first and foremost, is the foundation from which absolute trust flows in all
your relationships as well as all your dealings with the world at large. Within that wonderful atmosphere of self motivating trust, not to be mistaken with the misleading diversions caused by arrogant ego, then complimentary trust will always be fostered. What you give out is what you get back. This is a wonderful adage that I was to learn the timeless wisdom of as my life progressed on its new pathway.

I couldn’t help wishing that I could somehow rewind the clock and go back to some distant point in my past and then start again. It would have been a wonderful luxury to have blessed myself with in being able to restructure my life with 20/20 hindsight. How different it would have been where what I was about to do now would have been done without any encumbrances; no emotional baggage – but then, life isn’t perfect and nor are we. In fact, I got to see that we are all perfectly imperfect and that’s what gives life its infinite varieties, its incomparable richness, whereby we can sample the extremes that this existence has to offer or any point in between.

My life had turned out perfectly just as it was because of all the things that I had ever done, all the decisions and choices that I had ever made, every mistake and miscalculation that I had ever acted upon. These had led me unerringly to this particular seat in this wonderful restaurant and into the world of my angel. How could I ever consider regretting anything when looking at it in this way? Any circumstances other than what I had experienced would have meant never finding this place and then wandering through the remainder of my life never knowing how profoundly I could really feel about so many different things. I simply had to have complete faith in the power of ‘trust’ and then to follow where it would lead me. I was ready for whatever may come. I had bought my ticket and now the fairground car was moving steadily towards the first steep incline of the roller-coaster track. What would it be like? How exhilarating would it be? I was about to find out.

The future that I had chosen to embark upon in those few emotionally turbulent moments after entering the restaurant would take me into an adventure the like of which I could not have prepared myself for. My life was about to change in ways that I had no way to predict but the journey was one which I would look back on with gratitude for having been able to make. It was to live up to all that I had been promised in the way that it afforded me incomparable opportunities to evolve both emotionally and spiritually while in the company of my beloved twin soul. Through walking in absolute trust along the course of my new pathway I would only ever be able to glimpse the sheer wonder of it all while sharing the deep and abiding love of my other half. It proved to be the ultimate leap of faith for me where so much of what I had come to rely on was challenged in the way that I needed to discover aspects of myself which I had no idea existed. Love, truly inspirational love, has a way that when allowed to work its indescribably incredible magic, brings gifts which transcend even the wildest of dreams and aspirations.
Chapter 12

To fully understand all that happened to me in the years which followed that memorable moment in the restaurant, it would take an even more spectacular journey with a very wise companion who would show me things that I could never have figured out for myself. In the revealing I would gain an appreciation for a dimension of our earthly existence which I could not so easily have achieved had it not been for all that I experienced with my twin flame. This truly incredible and highly personal journey I would be very honoured to share with you now.
Chapter 13

Conversations at the Lakeside

There didn’t seem to be much in the way of any discernable movement to the surface of the water although I could plainly see the strikingly multi-coloured fish swimming about beneath the crystal clear covering of the lake. I was pleasantly mesmerised for what seemed like quite a while as I reflected on not only the vision of such appealing tranquillity and beauty but also on the sensing of a wonderfully comforting peace which had settled so deeply within my heart. This spiritually uplifting sensation appeared to come from my vividly recalling how exciting it was to be so happy and so in love in those early days. The emotions which these treasured memories stirred up in my soul were quite magical as well as being so apparently fresh in my mind.

I found myself regarding them to be very much in harmony with what I observed taking place within the almost translucent waters of the lake. Here I could see that wherever I looked then nothing could be hidden where even at the greatest depth there came an immediate comprehending of all that was happening as well as a knowing of exactly ‘why’. For some reason I began to experience a certain degree of envy in appreciating how simple life would be in an environment such as this. Oh that it had been so clear to me back then, when I had started out on my venture while allowing my footsteps to tread the pathway of a new found trust.

But, supposing that it actually had been that clear, what would life have been like then? And, even more perplexing, what if I had known how things would turn out in the way that they did? What then? Would it have been the same if I had been able to see the whole of my journey, and where it would take me, as well as what I would be led to ‘discover’ along the way? For the fish in the lake there were no secrets or mysteries about where they would be going or what awaited them when they got there. Everything was known by virtue of the carefree and trusting unity which they enjoyed with their surroundings. Each element of their microcosmic, self-contained, lake-bound world contributed to its overall uniqueness while becoming one within the uncomplicated and predictable ‘All’. The fish were part of that totality where nothing existed outside of the present moment for them and where no journey ever needed assessing or reviewing. Life just ‘was’ and required no judgement. Without judgement there could be no guilt. No guilt, no recriminations and no stress. How wonderful must that be?
My slowly evolving, but somewhat insightful, appreciation for the relative simplicity of their way of life seemed to suddenly throw mine into a sharper perspective. By comparison I began to think that so much of what had happened as a result of my choices had inevitably led me to a kind of predictable outcome. It was so easy for me to see things in this way now but back then, in my time of emotional intuitiveness, when heartfelt trust had been my only compass to navigate by, then it wasn’t at all easy. At that time there did appear to have been a certain new found clarity but I was so unaccustomed to viewing things in this way that it took a great deal of courage and determination to act upon what I felt that I could see in front of me. Where this motivation actually came from I couldn’t be sure but I had no doubt that something very powerful kept propelling me in the direction towards doing what I felt to be right for me.

Momentarily I took my attention away from the underwater world in front of me and looked up at my wise companion. I was hoping that I might somehow get a little clarification on my need to better understand those times but he just smiled as though encouraging me to keep trying to find the answer myself. I knew he was right but at that precise moment it felt as though I just didn’t have the ability to figure it all out on my own. My life had trained me to understand that if I didn’t have the answer to a problem then I would go look it up or find someone who I could ask. Success in business had depended on knowing things or knowing people who could help whenever needed. Now it was different. I needed to find my own answers but it felt like being back at school again where there was so much to learn.

I returned to studying the magic of the aquatic world within the peacefulness of the lake and watched in fascination while two quite large gold and white coloured fish swam past me. They moved effortlessly and in perfect harmony as though some sort of invisible force existed which joined them together. It was such a delight to see how they appeared to know one another’s thoughts and moods as well as where they were heading. They were so gracefully and lovingly together where I could appreciate that neither of them had any intention of ever being parted from the other; I knew this feeling so well. It immediately brought to mind many occasions in those early days when I would eagerly go to the restaurant so that I could get to be as near to my ‘dream girl’ as possible. Love was the ever present teacher and I proved to be a more than willing student who couldn’t wait to attend class. It made me feel young again where life’s purpose was renewed and re-invigorated. I watched the two fish intently while almost envying them their closeness but very much hoping that they could feel even a fraction of what I did in my togetherness with Janet.

While being so completely absorbed in the emotions of that time, I also began to recall how nervous I had been in the beginning when it came to the subject of how best to approach her. Right from the very start I had made up my mind to take it as slowly as I possibly could under the circumstances. I
felt the need to be conscious of allowing things to develop at their own pace so that I would be sure not to scare her off. I remembered how important it was to me that I didn’t come across as being pushy in any way. At first I found this almost impossible to do as I so much wanted to monopolise her time where each moment proved to be absolutely precious while we chatted about everything and anything. I especially recalled being very pleasantly intrigued, and more than a little flattered, by the fact that she seemed to genuinely find whatever I talked about so thoroughly interesting. Just as I did when she told me so many things about herself and her life as well as what she was interested in.

As my mind became inundated with a whole host of priceless memories I began to appreciate what a wonderful gift it was in being able to once again live so many of those euphoric days. Those exciting times of mutual discovery and fascination where I had spent as many hours as possible just being in her company. To me, every encounter was thoroughly cherished in what seemed like the timelessness of a long forgotten intimacy which we both wanted so much to renew. In so doing we were also becoming ever closer in our hearts. We had touched the spark of an eternal happiness that seemed delightfully familiar and, as it ignited into a dazzlingly bright flame, we both realised how very much longed for it was in wanting to be reunited with it. It had all been incredibly magical and such a blessing for both of us although we were blissfully unaware of just how much of a godsend it really was at that time.

For what seemed like quite a while I allowed myself to become totally engrossed in all that I was feeling about my life and how a great many things had turned out for me up to that point on my journey. While doing this I got to appreciate that those thoroughly stimulating times with my uniformed angel were also offering me the gift of a unique view from within an extra dimension of previously inaccessible wisdom. It was as though my experiences were holding up a mirror while allowing me to gain a different perspective on not only how I viewed my life in general but also on how I felt about myself as well. This took me a little by surprise at first but the more I thought about it then the more I found myself being immersed in the wonderful atmosphere of our swiftly budding romance.

I smiled as I remembered the way in which I had listened intently to whatever she said as though it was such a natural thing for me to do in how we were so quickly able to confide in one another; just like we had been doing it forever. Some of our conversations I could almost recall word for word as, for some reason, things just came back to me as well as the atmosphere at the time when we were so totally lost in our conversations. In one respect it felt as if I had been with her just yesterday as I could even picture how she was dressed and how she wore her hair. Many things were remarkably clear to me just as was the water of the lake which I found myself looking so deeply into.
In the midst of my reminiscing, I quite unexpectedly found myself feeling an increasing urge to get a more complete understanding of just why it was that I found it so easy to talk to her. What was it, I wondered, that caused me to feel like we had been very close friends since before time was even invented? I hadn’t ever experienced such a feeling before that point in my life so how could I have been so sure about it? I certainly was happy to be that way and there was no denying it! But why? Where did this ‘knowing’, this sensing of a kindred spirit, come from and what was it about Janet that was so different? It was fascinating but also frustrating in not being able to understand it. I felt the need to seek the wise counsel of my companion again but I knew what his advice would be so I continued on with hoping that some kind of illuminating thoughts would suddenly pop into my head. Sadly, all I seemed to get were more questions.

One of the more insistent was the need to know why I had so swiftly felt the somewhat soul-baring need to open up to her in a way that I had never even considered doing with anyone else before that time. I seemed to have done it with almost indecent haste in my eagerness for her to be aware of just about everything there was to know about me. It had all seemed so natural in the way that things were between us right from the very start where each of our together times came to represent the highlight of our day. I remembered how I had really looked forward to them and I know that Janet did too. Everything was tinged with an indescribable element of magic which I really longed to know much more about. I wanted to hold it in my hands and then examine it but the very prospect of doing so led me to feeling like I actually wanted it to remain just out of reach. It was such an odd way to view it but somehow the mystery made it all the more attractive.

In my daydreaming state I gazed long and hard into the crystal clear waters of the lake as those precious times continued flowing through my physical, emotional and mental bodies; just as though I had lived them only a few heartbeats ago. They were incredibly ‘freeing’ and so uncomplicated but, in appreciating this aspect of our togetherness, I began to examine the true depth of that ‘naturalness’ in the light of everything else that I had experienced; which began to appear much less so by comparison. Whenever I was with Janet then the world seemed to be a much brighter and far more exciting place to be a part of but, more importantly, I found myself feeling so refreshingly different with respect to my place in it.

Whenever I was with her then I somehow became a ‘complete’ person who no longer sensed the need to keep any part of himself hidden. I wholeheartedly experienced being the ‘me’ who I felt in the very depths of my sensitive soul that I wanted to be; deserved to be; needed to be. Whilst in my angel’s magical presence I could actually be the ‘me’ who I somehow instinctively knew that I had always been but who, for some inexplicable reason, I could never seem to express so completely before that point in my life. It was such an amazingly fulfilling experience as well as being a very
satisfying one at a level that I hadn’t even appreciated I could ever achieve before having met her.

Sitting so comfortably in such pleasant surroundings, I gave heartfelt thanks for having been granted the opportunity to be freed of so many inhibitions. Through doing so I had been able to find myself within the enfoldment of a wonderfully healing completeness. Reliving that precious period of my life once again was enormously uplifting for me in so many ways. As I continued to watch the two inseparable fishes swim slowly out of view, so much of the emotions from my together times with Janet seemed to wrap me up in its captivating energy.

While recalling one particular occasion of our chatting so cosily in the restaurant, at the point where our first date was imminent, I could feel so strongly how I had been viewing my world at that time. Thinking about myself while in that era of revealing my true persona, I could really see that my opinions certainly had been shaped by a mix of quite influential emotions. It was quite surprising to appreciate that some of them battled with others for dominance in my conscience which was a process that went on without my actually being aware of it. As a result there were many things that I appeared to be unsure of when it came to considering what I had worked so hard to put together at that stage of my life; and then there was the subject of Janet’s life as well. I didn’t even want to get into that area of our relationship but I couldn’t ignore it in the way that I felt towards her.

I guess that it was just my protective instinct coming out as that was such a natural part of me. So many unknowns but in the midst of them all was a certain indefinable quality, a kind of sureness of purpose, which kept me pursuing our relationship. It felt right to do so but there were many contrary arguments jostling for attention in my otherwise preoccupied mind. Somehow I managed to keep them at bay although sometimes it took a not insubstantial amount of self control to achieve. Again, as I sat quite still while deep in reflective thought, I couldn’t help but wonder where I had found the depth of confidence and strength of will to do what I did. After all, I was a relatively happily married man with three lovely children, Leslie, Phillip and Mark, and a comfortable home life that many would envy. But, in spite of this, there I was pursuing a relationship with another woman albeit that in my heart I felt a very strong bond with her in a way which quite mystified me. I had never experienced anything like that sort of feeling before then.

So what could it have been that I found to be so special about her, and our developing relationship, given that it was still early days and we were very much getting to know each other? Even having said this, it appears so inadequate now as right from the very start it felt to me as though I had known her all my life. She was like my, well, like my ... for some reason I just couldn’t seem to find the right words to describe the feeling of familiarity that I had about her even though it appeared to be so powerful. It was at that moment of feeling lost in the confusion of wanting to understand more
clearly that my companion came to my rescue. I listened intently as I heard him telling me about how our twin flame energies were inspiring us both to follow our hearts while trusting that what we were doing was what made us the happiest. He went on to say that it had been our greatest joy in being able to be so close to one another and from within this strong desire came the courage to follow that passion to the place where we felt that it most wanted to take us.

Even though I didn’t fully understand all that he had said I did however feel a certain ‘rightness’ in his words while applying them to all that I could remember about my feelings while living that part of my life. For what seemed like a long while I found myself reflecting on what I had just heard while turning my attention back to the view of the lake. As I gazed deeply into the crystal clear waters in front of me then I seemed to be drawn completely into one memorable occasion of our togetherness while chatting so cosily with Janet at the restaurant. Very quickly I became thoroughly immersed in what I was seeing of our special time together. In doing so I could clearly remember how it felt to be ‘walking on air’ as I began to get caught up in the blissful intimacy of that occasion. It was the same every time we revealed more and more of our true selves to one another while feeling that each morsel of ‘confidential’ information was being offered in the way of a treasured gift.

While in the midst of this highly absorbing reminiscing, once again I began to get a strong sense of the fact that there seemed to be a certain very special quality of timelessness which surrounded our togetherness. Whenever we were wrapped up and getting lost in each others company, then nothing else appeared to be wrong with the world or whatever happened to be going on in our lives. That mysterious ‘rightness’ seemed to spread out like a huge wave which swept all the chaos away while leaving a feeling of peace and tranquillity in its wake. Time stood silently and motionlessly observing as it did. The world stopped spinning while my dream girl and I chatted about anything and everything; we just didn’t care where our conversation took us as long as we could be together. It was so incredibly wonderful at that time but, for me, it felt to be equally so in being able to re-live those moments so vividly. My heart suddenly seemed as though it was as light as air while my spirit soared in sheer delight.

Being able to reconnect so strongly with that powerful energy helped me to appreciate that we must have both had a kind of knowing, an inner sensing of something of great importance to us which served to heighten our mutual attraction. Neither of us had any knowledge whatsoever of twin flame energies at that point on our journey but somewhere deep within us there must have been an understanding of their presence. Somehow, without us being aware of it, they were leading us towards faithfully following our hearts and, fortunately, both of us were listening. This in turn encouraged each of us
to open up so disarmingly to one another while we quickly fell very deeply in love.

It was a truly spectacular love which we both knew instinctively to be so ‘right’ although neither of us had any conscious understanding of this and neither did we have any concept of how that special love came to be. It just ‘was’ and so we gratefully accepted it for being that way. To us it had been like the very first time that we had known it. It seemed to have a wonderful freshness to it and was so compelling as well as being something so precious that we handled it like a new born baby; a little miracle that was going to grow in our care while we nurtured it at every opportunity. Just like that intangible magnetism which is so characteristic of a tiny new life, it was an energetic bond that weaved its uplifting magic into every fibre of our being. It did so while filling up that place of longing in each of us which we had searched so long for in our deep seated need to be made whole. My surprisingly lucid memories of this precious affectionate time were taking me further into the emotions which had exerted their powerful influence over me. Without appreciating it, I was now staring more intently at the surface of the lake while avidly observing the delicate tapestry of our courtship unfold in the richness of its loving intimacy.

Everywhere I looked then I could see so many different aspects of how things were at the time of our getting to know one another. Each meeting seemed to have its own unique quality but under it all was the transparency of a flow; a motion, a constant current which swept us along on a journey of natural togetherness. Within this stream of sustaining energy we were being encouraged to remember and to trust as the tide of life gathered us up into its loving embrace while we offered little or no resistance to its wisdom. We just went gratefully and appreciatively with the flow as our journey gradually unfolded.

By now I had become thoroughly lost in my reminiscences to such a degree that I was almost wishing to fully live those moments all over again. It would have been so easy to have gone back to that period so as to savour once more the discovery of what had eluded me for such a long time previously; although I had not been aware of it until I’d met Janet. All I had wanted from that point on was to completely fill my life up with her closeness, her tenderness and her bright light of femininity. The powerful light of love, which shone so attractively from her, seemed to permeate into every shadowy corner of my being; even though I wasn’t aware that many of them were actually there.

Not only had I found her but I had also miraculously begun to find myself in the process. Within that quite breathtaking revealing I experienced a level of joy that was decidedly more than a little addictive. It did make me think, however, about just what this addiction really meant to me and if it could have been inspired by a purely physical need. Thankfully this silly notion lasted only a few cheerless seconds in the more remote recesses of my mind.
How, I wondered, could I ever have considered that what I was setting my heart on pursuing could possibly be compared to some kind of hormone-fuelled infatuation; how crazy was that? Even to think in those terms seemed to me to be disrespectful of such a precious gift.

As though to endorse my heartfelt affirmation, a fish suddenly leapt effortlessly out of the water and then plunged gracefully back into it again while casting shimmering ripples out across the entire surface of the lake. Everywhere in the now sparkling tapestry of this once tranquil world appeared to have responded to its leap of joy while sending me the message that I would do well not to bring any thoughts of a disruptive nature into the peacefulness of such loving recollections. Its timely gesture was not lost on me as once again I settled myself into the comforting nostalgia which had drawn me so deeply into not only their magic, but also into their infinite mystery as well.

Even as this was happening then I became aware of the serenity quickly returning once more to the surface of the lake as my sense of happiness filled me up to almost overflowing. Eventually all became still and again I watched in fascination as the captivating underwater ballet continued as though it had been rehearsed and performed for my sole benefit. For a brief moment I thought I heard my companion mutter under his breath that it was actually being staged for the benefit of my soul. I smiled at his wry sense of humour. I had come to have great respect for this patient font of much wisdom who had so kindly chosen to be my close and much valued companion. He was my gracious guide in a mysterious place which held so much fascination for me as well as being one which never ceased to surprise me.

Another fish jumped but this time it almost seemed as though it was a leap of confirmation of what I had been thinking. I smiled even more at the prospect of having what appeared to be a special connection with a creature that inhabited a different world than the one I existed in. To feel that closeness brought with it a mystical sensation of being ‘as One’ with Nature which in turn allowed me to connect with a much needed deeper understanding of myself. What a wonderful gift this was and what a privilege to be in the midst of an oasis that did so much to restore a sense of the most profound peacefulness within the very depths of my soul. It was just impossible not to be happy in the presence of such indescribably beautiful surroundings and inspiring company. I felt as though I just wanted to stay by the lake forever. Suddenly, out of the blue, I remembered a phrase which seemed very appropriate to what I was feeling.

The words almost spoke themselves to me ... *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my Soul* ... Almost as soon as these precious words came into mind I suddenly had an understanding of them the like of which I’d never appreciated before that moment. I couldn’t help thinking how incredibly influential and inspiring they were while considering what they truly meant to me. This very moving
revelation made me feel as though someone extremely loving and very powerful was breathing into the deepest reaches of my innermost being.

Gratefully the entirety of my eternal ‘self’ responded like a delicate bud that had been patiently waiting for the first warming rays of a summer sun to encourage it into full bloom. Immediately I experienced a sensation of the most sublime happiness that I can possibly describe. For what seemed like an eternity I allowed myself to simply bask in the sheer ecstasy of that heavenly feeling as I appreciated that it was one which I would have been happy to become completely lost in forever. I seemed to lose all track of time as I drifted along in what felt like the womb of the Universe. It was absolutely wonderful.

Slowly, very slowly, as my attention returned to what I could see going on all around me, I began to become aware of the fact that I could hear the distant sounds of bells. They were the most delicate of musical harmonies that I’d ever heard but there was a kind of pealing, rhythmic quality to them which seemed quite familiar. I turned to look at where they were coming from and then noticed a really picturesque church way off in the distance. It was set into a hillside and overlooking a wooded valley that appeared to extend out from the far side of the meadow. I could see no other buildings near the church but there did seem to be some activity in the grounds by the front entrance. I became intrigued and felt the urge to discover more about what was going on so I got up to set out on the long walk towards the direction of where I thought the road that led up to it would be.

I had no idea what I might find there or even why I was so interested in travelling all the way up to it in the first place. The bells seemed to be calling me onwards so without even stopping to consider the reason for my curiosity I set course in the direction of the woods as my companion got up to follow me. The sweetness of the air filled my body with its refreshing fragrance as I made my noiseless progress across the soft grassy canvas of the meadow. Within just the space of a few short steps I had reached the area of the garden where I could see that everything was in full bloom. I found it very tempting just to stop for a while so as to take in the sheer magic of its loveliness but something urged me to press on towards my destination.

I was just about to turn away when out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of a slight movement and, when I turned to focus on what it could be, my mind took a little while to play catch-up. Almost obscured by a large sycamore tree I could see that there was a couple sat very close together on what seemed like a very comfortably upholstered double seat. It took me a few moments to realise that they appeared to be thoroughly lost in the most passionate of embraces while kissing in a very expressively tender manner. Their arms were tightly holding one another while they looked to be completely oblivious to the world around them. It seemed as if absolutely nothing else mattered to them at that point in time where, to them, the only other person who existed was the one that they were kissing.
While watching how they were together, as they basked in the radiant warmth of love’s passionate embrace, I found myself suddenly being filled with the most compelling emotions that came flooding back in a very stimulating way. Along with these feelings came vivid memories which quite overwhelmed me in how clear they were and how evocative the imagery was. These, I quickly realised, were all born out of my recollections of similar times when I too had been very happy to lose myself so completely in the heady realms of impassioned abandon. Happily I took the opportunity for a stroll down memory lane while feeling very pleased to have been reminded of those very special romantic interludes in my life. It was while appreciating the truly magical intimacy of those times that I became aware of what the couple on the seat must be feeling which then made me want to look away. Somehow I felt a little awkward in watching them as they so fervently expressed their love for one another but, even though I wanted to give them their privacy, I just couldn’t help but feel so much of what they were feeling. The intensity of their world-excluding ardour was obvious to me but more than that I could sense their deep love for one another as well as their yearning for the kind of closeness that only physical intimacy brings. I knew well that level of neediness and how it felt to have discovered it for the first time in my life. Once found it was accompanied by a sensation that bordered on panic whenever the thought of not being able to be reunited with it after the moment of separating occurred.

Looking at how the woman was holding her man I intuitively sensed her sincere love for him in the way that she quite obviously didn’t ever want to be parted from his side. That mysteriously magnetic, but incredibly intimate, sensation had formed such a significant part of my romantic experiences that I was in danger of becoming irretrievably lost in my recollections of those early passionate days with Janet. As a result of feeling this then it seemed to stimulate a whole stream of cherished memories which came pouring into my mind. Like a river in full flood they were continually sweeping through my head and heart where I almost seemed to recapture the entirety of that impetuous time with my twin soul on our journey through courtship.

It was the most emotionally captivating review of those wonderful occasions when we would spend our days looking forward to whatever time we could find to be together. I remember so well how difficult it had been for both of us in the beginning but somehow we managed as there seemed to be nothing that could keep us apart. In the midst of all this it was also apparent that I had to wrestle with my feelings about making excuses to be away from my family and my wife at that time. Being deceitful was not something that came naturally to me but the need to be with my dream girl helped me to overcome any feelings of guilt. Seeing as much as I found myself being able to through my new perspective, while almost reliving so much of what we went through, then it was fascinating to see how obviously determined we both were in our efforts to be together no matter what. When I came to
analyse it then I had little or no idea of what it was that compelled us both to keep seeing each other while wanting nothing more than to be as close as we possibly could be.

In those times I remember that I kept worrying that I might lose her through my expressions of an obvious need but it seemed that the more I showed my true feelings then the more she responded in a positive way. This was such a different and refreshing experience for me and not at all what I had come to expect from a relationship. Once found, I knew that I could never give it up. Just as I was about to lose myself once more in my visions of the past then the couple on the bench seat stopped kissing. For a moment they gazed longingly into each other’s eyes and then fell into an even closer embrace. At the instant they did then I felt a little ripple of the most thrilling electric energy shoot up from under my feet as it passed right through me and then seemed to leap out of the top of my head. All of the tiny hairs on the back of my neck stood up and I shivered a little as they did. I seemed to be able to actually feel the intense emotions that had been generated by such a passion-filled gesture which made me smile while being so firmly wrapped up in its wonderful warmth.

I studied the lady’s face as she rested her chin comfortably on her man’s shoulder while he pressed his cheek closely to hers. It was such a seemingly ordinary thing to do but the way that they did it, with such love and affection, was simply magical and so deliciously intimate. I felt my arm stiffen slightly as it would have done had it been holding my beloved Janet. I would have wanted to give her a reassuring squeeze at that point in a similarly intimate embrace so as to emphasise my feelings for her. I could almost feel how she would have responded had I done so and I treasured the fact that I had been able to get to know her so well.

Their tender caresses served to bring up such a strong feeling in me where, almost immediately, I wanted to urge him to whisper in her ear those words that I knew she was longing to hear. Almost before this thought had fully matured in my mind the man actually did say something in a very soft voice although I couldn’t make out exactly what he was saying. “You were right.” I heard my companion say. At which point, in my completely absorbed state, I managed to remember that there was actually someone else with me. “Thank you.” came the dry response to my having acknowledged his presence.

I smiled a little but then somehow got the idea that he was about to ask me to do something or point something out to me even though I was obviously still very much caught up in all that had been happening to me. For some reason I just couldn’t take my eyes off the couple as they embraced each other so lovingly. When I saw the way that he held her so firmly, while almost breathing her in, I found myself being immediately transported back into a memorable situation which was forever captured in my heart. I knew exactly what his feelings were as he revelled in the touch of
her softness while trying to absorb every wonderful sensation which the sheer closeness of her femininity inspired in him. It was as though his heart were taking detailed notes on something, a state of perfect joy, a level of intimate connection that it never wanted to forget. More than that, he seemed to be experiencing something that wasn’t possible to appreciate without her. A kind of longed for familiarity but from where this emotion could have come from I wasn’t able to fathom out at that time.

“Look closely at what surrounds them.” I heard my companion say and so I immediately did as I was asked in the hope that it would make things clearer for me. Unfortunately it didn’t. I could see nothing but the two of them embracing and the background of the lovely garden which they were silhouetted against, but nothing else. In truth, I didn’t even understand what I was supposed to be looking for so it proved to be a little frustrating for me as I felt a real desire to understand. I did, however, get the idea that maybe my own emotions were still getting in the way while not allowing me to be some sort of dispassionate observer.

“Don’t worry about being dispassionate or detached in any way, just allow yourself to feel the energy of such intense love while allowing it to show you what it wants you to become aware of. Allow yourself to be thoroughly absorbed in the emotions of similar times with your twin flame and how you were feeling about yourself and life in general as a result. Immerse yourself in the desire to bring about what you felt so strongly in your heart the need to create. Search within for a clue as to where that determination came from while relaxing your focus on the couple in front of you. Let go and feel. Let that energy within you direct your vision and then see what comes as a result.”

I was about to ask for a further explanation of a concept I found totally confusing but just as I had almost gathered together some suitable words of inquiry in my mind I suddenly felt the lightest of breezes brush gently around me. It was as if a large flock of tiny birds had passed close by and then encircled me but there was nothing to be seen. No leaves moved discernibly on the trees and none of the plants or flowers gave any indication of being influenced by anything of that nature although I could definitely still feel the effect. However, the lady’s long blond hair certainly did appear to move just a little which was enough to make her man bring his hand up to caress it. As soon as he did this then I suddenly noticed a slight change at the edges of their outline which was when I started to appreciate that there seemed to be a subtle difference in the quality of the light all around them. “Look closer,” my companion urged and so I began to focus on the entirety of the scene and not just the two of them. After a few moments of bewildered fascination I was sure that I could see some kind of flowing movement all around their bodies where each of them appeared to have a sort of glow that had merged with the other.
At first I told myself that it must be just a trick of the light but the way I was feeling seemed to encourage me to accept what I could see as being important while allowing it to settle firmly into my awareness. This I did while simply observing the movement of the light while remaining very closely connected to the emotions of similar times with my Janet. The more I did this then the easier it became to see clearly the quite amazing movement of what I can only describe as light energy enveloping them both. It was quite breathtaking to observe as well as almost too much to comprehend.

“All love in action my good friend, all love in action. You are starting to become aware of the twin flame energy in the way that it looks when reunited with its counterpart. The physical and emotional attraction which they feel so strongly is the result of their being so connected within the mutual attraction of their twin soul energies. They are responding to the call of their other half. The completeness which they feel actually comes from the reuniting of a bond that was broken a very long time ago; as you see time that is.

It became separated in order that they may experience life in the many various depths and ways that they wanted to. Now they have come together again and so they will have more experiences while being as one. What you can see around them is a physical representation of the powerful force which underpins the very structure of the Universe. All is love my good friend. Love is All.”

My mind raced while trying to take in the quite revelationary implications of what I had heard as well as what I was seeing. I had no idea of anything so subtle and yet so powerful when it came to relationships although I certainly could acknowledge how this could be so after my own experiences with my beloved Janney Kay. I had no doubts at all that she was my twin soul but, until this moment, I had no idea of what it really meant. I still didn’t fully understand but things were certainly starting to add up in the way that I was becoming more aware of why I had done all that I had with Janet. As for stretching my mind into the infinite dimensions of a Universe and then making the leap of consciousness required to apply the energy of love to something so vast, well, that was quite a different matter altogether.

The highly intriguing subject of twin souls I could handle, kind of, but what could that possibly have to do with something so seemingly unconnected as the galaxies and the stars. “Later my dear friend.” I heard him say quietly with more than a little encouragement in his voice. The instant I registered his familiar tone I suddenly found myself wondering what on earth could come next but then appreciated that my wise companion always seemed to have a knack of coming up with things that were often quite exciting as well as stimulating. I felt a little thrill of anticipation shoot through me as I became eager to know just exactly what it was that he had in mind. Things certainly were getting very interesting.
Negotiating My Way through an Unexpected Detour

Reluctantly I tore myself away from the scene of the passionately embracing couple but not before I gave myself one last chance to really study the fascinating light around them. It was a joy to see it in action as well as actually being able to feel it for myself. In doing so I found that I could get a much better understanding of what was going on. I also felt very privileged to have been able to share in the experience which it created, so much so that I imagined that I would probably never tire of watching it. There was something so attractive about it and, in a way, something so very familiar in its magnetic quality as well. The very sight of its presence seemed to cause certain stirrings in me at a level that I hadn’t previously been aware of. When I first became conscious of this sensation I didn’t quite know what to make of it.

My mind wanted to come charging in so as to analyse it but for some reason I just seemed to ‘go inside’ myself in a way which felt very satisfying and wonderfully calming as well. By doing this I discovered that I could get in touch with a part of me that I didn’t even know had been present. It felt as though there was some sort of ancient place within the very make-up of my being which predated antiquity where a storehouse of ‘knowingness’ lay waiting for me to rediscover it. It was a very moving experience for me and one which brought with it a kind of sureness but of what I couldn’t exactly say. It did feel good though and so I decided that looking further into it would be an excellent idea. This felt like the time for me to do so but, like the Russian dolls where you open one only to discover that there is yet another one nestled inside of it, I quickly realised that I had only been experiencing the top level of something which probably ran quite deep within me.

It was at this moment when I got the idea that there was undoubtedly much more that I needed to be aware of. “Top marks for perspicacity!” I heard my companion say. Again I smiled but this time my face must have betrayed a sense of puzzlement which prompted my companion to indicate that we should move on. I was sincerely hoping that wherever we were moving on to would lead me towards a place of a much better understanding. My companion smiled as he placed his hand reassuringly on my shoulder. It was a very familiar gesture which said so much and one which I had learned to interpret as meaning ‘trust me’. I did and so I started walking in the direction he seemed to be wanting me to go.

The bells from the church continued to ring out while their enchanting tones seemed to wrap me up as the melodies swirled invitingly all around me. It was the most magical experience where it sometimes proved to be difficult to distinguish a direction of the musical chimes. If I hadn’t known where the church was located then I could have believed that the entire
atmosphere had been made up of the most exquisite metallic vibrations from invisible bells. Even though their sounds were the epitome of delicate softness there seemed to be an energy to them which appeared to be very powerful indeed. At least it felt that way to me.

I realised that I had become fully immersed in that state of appreciation when I found myself also wondering whether or not I could possibly be the only one who heard them. My companion appeared to be unmoved while the courting couple on the bench seat obviously had other things on their minds. I continued to listen as I noticed that the day appeared to be brighter than I remembered it being just a short while ago although I had no concept of time or even what day it actually was. No matter, time didn’t seem to be important and neither did anything else apart from getting to the church so as to find out what was going on and why. From somewhere in the deep recesses of my mind I got the notion that I knew what I would find when I eventually got there and that even the sounds of the bells had a poignant familiarity. However, I didn’t stop to think too much about it as the highly active portion of my mind was still very busy processing the many lingering images of the couple’s loving embrace.

My companion stepped nimbly up beside me as we made our way towards the wooded area and up across the sloping ground which led us to it. I just seemed to be one walking whirlwind of emotions at that moment but it felt to me as though there could possibly be some kind of resolution, and maybe even some answers, where I appeared to be headed. Even as I made my way towards the crest of the hill I had no idea of just how spectacularly these answers would come.
Chapter 14

The Landscape of My Heart ~ The Valley of My Mind

My mind was still filled with the many wonderful images and treasured memories of so much that I had experienced with Janet during those breathtakingly romantic times when we had first met. They had made such a lasting impression on me to the degree that I was quite convinced that eternity would never be long enough to erase even the merest fraction of them. As I immersed myself in the surprisingly fresh emotions of those occasions I listened to the sound of the most stirring music which seemed to be coming from within the depths of my very grateful heart. The crystal clear bells which were casting their delightful enchantment all across the land had the effect of seeming to celebrate every enduring detail of my vivid reminiscences. They also appeared to remind me of the twin flame energy vision that I had become aware of through the insightful words and gentle guidance of my wise companion.

Visualising those flames burning so brightly in my mind’s eye, set me thinking about just how much we had ignited our mutual desire to follow the path of true happiness. That state of newly discovered blissfulness which we had felt the urgent need to express while revelling in our ‘completeness’. I closed my eyes while allowing myself to fully savour the moment of that treasured step onto the pathway of a new found way of being. As a consequence of this I felt a definite lightness in my every footstep as my smiling guide and I walked more purposefully up the grassy slope. For some reason, that I hadn’t been aware of until that very instant, it seemed to be much steeper than I remembered it being before setting out on it. I then realised that I had actually paid very little attention to this aspect of my route towards the church. Before I could give it any more thought, I opened my eyes and immediately found myself quickly looking up at something which had suddenly come into view above me. It took a few seconds before my mind could fully grasp just exactly what it could be that I suddenly found myself beginning to study so intently.

I watched in fascination as the image of what I can only describe as being a big bird of prey swept across a beautiful clear blue sky while gliding effortlessly above me. At first it was difficult for me to assess its true size as there was nothing anywhere nearby which I could compare it with. By virtue of the way in which it moved so majestically smoothly, I got the idea that it was probably much larger than anything I’d ever come across before. Its wings appeared to be very much like those of the kind that I’d seen on eagles.
when in soaring flight but these had a sort of fascinatingly bright golden sheen which made them look almost mystical. I also noticed that the big bird had the characteristic ‘finger’ design at the tip of its wings but, rather than being feathers, these were actually shining very brightly almost like crystals which refracted the light. They gave off the most remarkable sparkling effect which I found to be very attractive indeed.

What proved to be even more interesting was the fact that this particular bird, if that’s indeed what it was, had the most striking colouring some of which seemed to trail behind it as its magnificent body and outstretched wings moved gracefully through the air. I watched in wordless awe as it occasionally circled on rising warm air currents. In doing so it began painting the most stunning violets, purples, pinks and corals, with many other shades in between so as to give the impression of never ending sunsets appearing in different parts of the sky. It was so impressive to see such a display of creative power from this winged artist; and especially one who apparently had the ability to decorate the heavens in such a breathtaking manner, for no other reason than simply the sheer pleasure of doing it.

I was so taken with its state of obvious joy at producing its masterpieces that I quite forgot about my encounters with the courting couple and my memories of my similar times with Janet. I walked happily along with my companion while craning my neck to see ever more of the spectacle directly above me. Before I knew it, we had reached the crest of the hill where I felt as though I wanted to stop for a while so as to take in the total wonder of this most fascinating aerial display. Almost immediately I sensed my companion come to stand close beside me and, without thinking, I turned away from gazing upwards so as to say something to him. I really wanted to know if he was enjoying the spectacle as much as I was but in doing this I chanced to look at the view from the top of the hill. This was the point where my mind momentarily froze when, for the first time, I realised just exactly what was in front of me.

I felt something cold on my chin which must have been the result of my jaw hitting the ground beneath my feet. My eyes opened wide at the very same instant as I tried to take in the totality of precisely what it was that I found myself looking at. Mere words could not do justice to what my mind was trying to process as a result of all that my highly active visual senses were passing to it. Stretched out in front of me was what I can only describe as a loch, just like those I'd seen in pictures of Scotland’s wonderful landscapes. It was a huge expanse of water which seemed to stretch for many miles where each side was bordered by quite steeply wooded mountains. I found myself stood completely still while trying to take in the enormity of the scene as well as the absolutely breathtaking scope of Mother Nature’s handiwork.

In being so close to such a magnificent example of what our beautiful earth has to offer, I felt somehow humbled when I gazed at the high
mountain peaks and the vastness of a body of water whose depths I had no possible way to imagine. I couldn’t help but wonder at what had caused all of this to come into being in the first place whereupon my mind began to wander into the timeless question of how anything, including myself, came to be created and by whom. I dared not even contemplate the question of ‘why’. Then, I felt a chill run through me as the ruthlessly diminishing spectre of ‘insignificance’ came to stand close beside me. As it did so then I seemed to instantly lose myself in the incomprehensible vastness of eternity while being sucked into the void. Coincident with this happening, my sense of completeness evaporated as a result of being faced with such an expanse of imposing emptiness which appeared to be nothing less than the gateway into the unimaginable. I stood quite still in momentarily not knowing who I was or just what to do. I wanted to ‘be’ and not to be all at the same instant. I didn’t feel fearful as much as I tried not to ‘think’ as I had no idea what my next thought might reveal to me.

To my immense relief, I felt my companion gently place his hand on the area of my back just over my heart. I cannot begin to describe to you the sense of reassurance and comfort which this gave me. Just to reconnect with another kindred spirit was a feeling of immense value which allowed me to remember that I was not alone. I felt such a sense of deep gratitude that it made my legs go weak and for a moment I sensed the need to just hang on to him. Quickly I recovered myself as I experienced the grounding familiarity of his steadfast and loving companionship. In doing so I was once again swept up in the familiar vitality of that intense flame which I had discovered with Janet. For a brief moment I foolishly thought that it had gone but, in truth, I realised that it was never really any less than it ever had been. All that had happened was that I had allowed my frantic mind to distract me while it sought to contemplate and defend its existence.

While clearly recalling those few intense seconds of mental impotence, I found myself being able to glimpse the constant battle of the human condition. This subconscious state which wrestles with ignoring the limited assertions of a one dimensional mind that constantly attempts to dominate the infinitely wise dimensions of spirit. My mind had no way to comprehend what it was being presented with when viewing the landscape and beyond which was in front of it; but my spirit was very much in touch with the potential of creation which it knew itself to be an integral and valuable part of. My confounded mind could only embrace isolation, impending annihilation and confusion but I had escaped its delusion by choosing to listen to the still small voice of my inner self; and once again my completeness had returned in all its glory. I was so grateful.

I had no doubt that my companion was fully aware of my quite unsettling experience and so I turned to look at him only to be greeted by that wonderful smile which expressed more in the way of encouragement than any amount of fine words could ever communicate. He patted me gently as I
returned his smile and then once again I began studying the view in front of me, only this time I felt quite differently about it. The entire outlook was truly inspiring and, rather than the profound loneliness which it had so recently caused me to feel, I began to get a sense of something else. Something which I couldn’t find a way to describe but which made me wonder about the whole subject of creation. My mind had no way to comprehend or even categorise it, but somewhere inside me I had a knowing which needed no explanation or even invited any incisive examination. It just ‘was’ and I accepted myself as being a grateful part of that highly mysterious but eminently fascinating state. Gradually, I found myself studying every absorbing detail of the landscape while allowing as much of a connection within me to emerge with whatever it was that I happened to be looking at. This I did in the sincere hope that it would reveal more of its secrets to me in the process.

Some way along the left hand side of the ‘loch’ I noticed that there appeared to be a quite large gap in one particularly steeply inclined area of the mountains; although I couldn’t make out where it could be leading to. The reason for this was that right where the break occurred, a lot of mist seemed to be rising up from the surface of the water which completely covered the gap; in certain areas some if it then spread out across the woods as well as above them. I could see that it also looked to be rolling over the top of the mountains in the most mysterious way while endowing them with an almost surreal quality. The water of the lake appeared to be quite choppy, giving the impression of it being a very windy day, but oddly enough, there was not a breath of air to be felt at the point where I was standing. If there had been a lot of wind then the mist surely wouldn’t have existed.

This really puzzled me, among very many other things which I found myself still avidly trying to absorb into my consciousness; but I quickly settled into a state of acceptance while taking in the awesome wonder of the sights. It seemed easier that way as there were so many fascinating and attractive aspects to the landscape which I really wanted to feel a much closer connection with. I figured that in the grand scheme of things then it didn’t seem important to figure out why there were waves when there was no wind to cause them to be there. To me, they were exceptionally pretty and seemed to need no particular reason to exist other than simply that of their obvious enthusiasm for doing so. How could I even begin to question that?

While looking out across the water, I couldn’t help but marvel at the sheer beauty which it presented me with. Virtually all the wavelets had shimmering golden crests to them which, at times would make certain areas of the surface look like one huge sheet of rippling gold. The underlying blueness of the water merged with it to create the most stunning effect and was nothing like I had ever seen before or even imagined possible in my
wildest of dreams. I was thoroughly captivated by it but I found my attention being quickly drawn to something which my mind couldn’t process at all.

What I’d spotted a little way off in the distance was what looked very much like the spire of a church poking up through the surface of the water. At least that’s what I thought it was but there appeared to be something wrong with it. To me it seemed to be kind of tilted off at an angle where I felt that it was almost in danger of crashing down into the golden tipped wavelets and then disappearing beneath them. I studied it for a while, half expecting it to topple over at any moment. At the same time my practical mind was attempting to visualise what held it up and what the rest of the building must look like given the depth of the lake at that point. Nothing made any sense, so I began to wonder if it might be some kind of prehistoric monster which had a head like a crooked stone-built church steeple. Evidently my thought processes were playing tricks on me and I probably needed to get some sleep sometime soon; this felt like it might be a good plan.

To add to my confusion, I could also see beyond the ‘monster’ that there was the most beautiful avenue of trees but, most bizarrely, they appeared to be right in the middle of the lake. I just didn’t understand this at all but there again, there was so much for my mind to take in about the entirety of what I was seeing that a tree lined avenue situated in the middle of a lake seemed to be the least of my problems. I was just about to turn to my companion to ask for some kind of explanation for everything, or at the very least some words of wisdom that would put my mind at rest, when I spotted the lovely church in the woods.

I could see it more clearly now. It was situated a little way up on the right hand side of the lake and once again I became fully aware of the sound of its delightfully pealing bells. Now that I could see the building in more detail then it became quite noticeable to me that the wooded area which I had seen from the meadow was actually part of the large forest on that side of the mountain. The trees stretched down almost to the water’s edge but there was a kind of plateau jutting out from the rock surface which made a natural clearing in that area of the woods. This flat patch of land, which looked as though it had been specially prepared for it, was where the church nestled in such complimentary harmony with the landscape. To me it almost looked as though some divine hand had intended that this beautiful building, and the delightful grounds around it, should have been created on that very spot. Everything seemed to blend in with such an inspired naturalness which gave the impression of there being a certain quality of ‘rightness’ about it, a synergy of purpose where any one aspect complimented and supported the others.

It really was a thoroughly picturesque setting that I would love to have taken a photograph of so that I could have framed it and then placed somewhere in a favourite part of my house; a very special spot where, as I would pass by it each day, I could look at it whenever I felt myself to be in
need of cheering up. I thought about how I could achieve this but while I continued to take in more of the view I suddenly noticed something else. Running alongside the lake, in the direction of the church, was a wide pathway which seemed to be made up of some sort of white glistening material. Its effect was made more apparent through being contrasted with the backdrop of the deep greens of the trees where the pathway looked as though someone had literally painted it into the landscape.

Almost parallel to where I was standing there seemed to be someone on the pathway and for a moment I thought that I could see some other smaller figures accompanying what looked like a woman. I couldn’t be certain but I did see that this lady, if it was indeed a lady, seemed to be moving off along the pathway while heading in the direction of the church. I quickly became intrigued by this and began to study her movement as well as the direction she appeared to be heading in. At this point I was even more eager to find out what was going on but the abrupt appearance of this notion in me corresponded to the precise moment when I felt a tug on my arm. This, I quickly realised, came about as a result of my companion attempting to lead me off in a slightly different direction. For an instant I almost resisted as I felt the strongest of urges to walk along the edge of the lake.

I wanted to go across to the pathway so as to pursue what I felt sure was someone I recognised and possibly get to know who the others were who were with her. I just felt that it was really important for me to discover her identity and also that I wanted very much to meet up with her but I just didn’t understand why I should be even thinking this way. While attempting to process this emotion I felt a more insistent tug and so I turned to see where I was being encouraged to go. Once more a complete surprise awaited me when I did. I had no idea why I hadn’t noticed the boat moored at the jetty by the edge of the lake before that time as it was by far the most ornate looking waterborne craft that I’d ever seen. It looked incredibly grand while the workmanship was something to be admired even from the distance that I was away from it. It looked quite long and slender with a beautiful highly polished, dark wooden cabin situated right in the middle of it where a gleaming silver smokestack had been set on top of it.

The shape somewhat resembled that of a gondola but this vessel was far larger. It was fitted with handrails and cute little portholes along the side while the cabin had pretty curtains set up in the big windows. Overall I would have to say that it was a rather odd looking vessel but in its uniqueness it also had a quite charming air about it. Even so, I had to admit that there was no mistaking its capability in being able to navigate its way in all but the most inclement of conditions that it may ever encounter on the lake. At least I very much hoped that this was the case.

I corralled my fascinations for all that I found myself looking at while attempting to pay attention to what my companion wanted me to do – which I soon realised was to board the vessel. This prospect delighted me greatly
and so I eagerly made my way to the walkway which led along to the small jetty. The imminent promise of setting out on the lake in such a charismatic steam-driven boat made my heart beat a little faster. In the back of my mind however, I found myself still wondering about the identity of the lady who I had seen on the pathway that led to the church in the woodlands. So many things seemed to be fighting for my attentions but the moment I heard the little steam engine burst into life then I found that I had been presented with something else which needed to be carefully observed, examined and admired.

What an absolute delight it proved to be. A pure fantasy of mechanical wizardry which whirred and purred as it powered the little propellers while we slowly pulled away from the jetty. For a moment or two I indulged myself in its magic as I slowly made my way into the cabin while following my companion. I was still studying the gleaming engine and its pristine looking polished wooden compartment when I stepped over the mahogany bounded threshold and into the upper deck viewing area. I looked around while taking in every detail of its design and decoration while delighting in what was obviously a masterpiece of craftsmanship that would have made any owner extremely proud. I was first impressed by the wonderfully cosy atmosphere that had been created by the way it had been skilfully crafted and furnished. Even being as big as it was, there seemed to be an air of subtle luxury about it which made me feel safe as well as being very welcomed into its midst. I loved all the superbly carved woodwork which seemed to be everywhere and even the furniture appeared to be fashioned and upholstered to match.

The big windows made everything seem so light and airy while allowing an almost unhindered view out onto the lake. I moved further into the cabin while making my way to a comfortable looking seat which I had unconsciously selected while looking forward to settling into it. There was such a feeling of contentment which the cabin evoked in me that I immediately felt at home as soon as I felt the sumptuous support of my very plush and incredibly comfortable seat. I exhaled in sheer delight as my grateful body settled back into the marshmallow enfoldment of a wonderfully relaxing feeling. This was absolutely heaven.

After a few moments of savouring my sense of bliss I noticed that we were already making our way out onto the lake. Quickly I looked around to take in the sights from a new perspective but then found myself glancing across to see if I could catch a glimpse of the pathway and the mysterious lady. For a second or two I became concerned through realising that I couldn’t immediately see her but, just as I was about to ask my companion, I spotted some movement behind a small group of trees and then realised that it must be her. As soon as I focused on the lady then I felt sure that I could see more figures moving along the pathway with her. It proved to be quite difficult to tell, given the movement of the vessel and the slowly changing view through the tress, but I hoped that my assumptions were correct. I
seemed contented in not having lost visual contact with her and so I turned my attention to look in the direction that we were headed.

It really was a breathtaking sight and one which filled me with an amazing degree of excitement as well. Being actually on them gave me the impression that the waters of the lake stretched out forever as the contours of the ‘Loch’ weaved and twisted their way towards an indeterminate horizon. I looked once more at the waves moving swiftly past the vessel and then noticed that the rippling golden wavelets in front of us would often break across the bow and sometimes send showers of blue and gold spray up over the cabin. It was quite incredible to watch this highly unusual but completely mesmerising performance. Combined with the constant display of the huge bird above us then it made the whole panorama one which defied even the most gifted of artists to have captured it faithfully on any canvas. It really was utterly remarkable, totally absorbing and quite the most thrilling journey that I had ever made.

“You’ve already made it.” I heard my companion say which mystified me greatly as I tried to take in the implications of his statement. I just couldn’t understand what he could mean by this but I didn’t have long to indulge myself in any misconceptions or conundrums before he spoke again. “Look there!” he said as if I might learn something highly beneficial when I did as he asked. I turned to see what he wanted me to be aware of but instead of him gesturing out of the window, as I had anticipated, he was pointing directly at the floor.

For a moment I couldn’t imagine what could possibly be so interesting about a floor given that there was so much magic to indulge my visual senses in everywhere I looked outside of the vessel. Not wanting to seem ungrateful I honoured his request and so I glanced down at my feet but in doing so, for the second time, my mouth opened just as wide as my eyes at what I was seeing beneath me. In an instant of complete mental confusion it appeared to me as though there was no floor at all to support me. I was horrified and my heart began to race at what I saw rather than what I had hoped to see. My instinctive reaction was to climb onto my seat in search of safety because of what I suddenly found myself looking at which presented a direct challenge to how I perceived my world to be constructed. Nothing made any sense to me in that the view below me seemed to be much larger than the floor of the vessel. It almost appeared as though it would have to be wider than the lake in order for me to be able to see what was beneath me. But what seemed to be even more disorientating, to my progressively overworked mind, was that there appeared to be another world flowing slowly underneath my feet. This made me feel as though I was flying rather than sailing across the surface of a long lake. However much this realisation startled me I just couldn’t seem to take my eyes of what I was seeing while attempting to adjust to a quite incomprehensible situation. What’s more, and even more puzzling, was that the world which I appeared to be slowly ‘flying’
over also seemed to me to be highly recognisable although I had no idea why this should be. This new revelation once again made me inhale quite deeply so as to stop my head spinning completely off its perch.

For a fraction of a second I half expected someone to come into my bedroom so as to wake me up but I knew full well that I had never had a dream of this nature before. Dreams had a different feel to them where it was always possible to separate illusion from reality by the difference in textures. This, however, didn’t fall into either of those categories in that it seemed to be totally beyond real. This went way above 3D real and almost into fourth dimensional reality, if I even knew what that would be like! This was some voyage.

“*Yes it most certainly was.*” my enigmatic companion said with almost the hint of a smile on his compassionate face.

“What do you mean – it ‘was’?” I heard myself say without realising that I had actually spoken the words. No answer appeared to be forthcoming, only the maintaining of an inscrutable smile so I pursued my plea for clarification.

“There you go again with that past tense thing like I’ve done this all before. What do you mean by that exactly?”

“You’ll see.” came the cryptically economic reply. He was never one to waste words.

**A New Perspective on What had Already Come to Pass**

To say that I was totally confused would have been a complete understatement as to the nature of my situation. I didn’t know whether to look up, down or out as either direction stimulated an endless stream of questions in my mind which appeared to have no logical answers. My companion stayed smiling while seeming to urge me towards taking notice of what was passing underneath the vessel. I guessed that this was as good a place to start in trying to make sense of what was happening to me given the apparent lack of any other helpful explanation. I looked down once more and then began to make out very familiar scenes from places that I appeared to know quite well. Not only that but in viewing them I also experienced certain accompanying emotions which quite took me by surprise.

At this point in the proceedings I didn’t think that anything was capable of producing more surprises for me but the day was yet young and I had given up on not wanting any more puzzles to solve. I refocused my attention on the view beneath my feet in an effort to get a foothold in some kind of familiarity that would bring with it a modicum of reassurance. I began to make out landmarks which were quite recognisable and in doing so I was reminded of times past when my life had been shaped by the many different
environments in which I had lived. Some of them weren’t especially inspiring but others certainly did have a marked affect on me.

Then one particular building came into view which I had no trouble identifying or relating to as I could see the road that it was situated alongside. It looked to be a highway that I knew the layout of very well indeed and one which I had travelled many times in the past. I realised that I was looking down on the restaurant where I had first met Janet and I could have sworn that a little way off in the distance I could even see my car in the parking lot. I studied the view much closer and then became more convinced than ever that it was indeed my old car. Strangely, however, it actually appeared to be quite new in how I could see it at this time. ‘Weird or what?’ was the phrase which popped into my head.

"Depends how you look at it.” came the reply from a very familiar voice. I felt like I was getting in over my head and I wasn’t even in the water yet.

“So don’t struggle. Just float.” was the only wisdom that came to alleviate my dilemma. I think that this turned out to be the point at which my mind just shut off and went on vacation for a while. I was tempted to follow its example.

“Let’s go out on deck for a moment and just enjoy the scenery, there’s plenty of time to do what you need to.”

I looked up and into the immensely kind eyes of my companion while wondering what he meant by me needing to do something. I wasn’t aware of anything that was necessary for me to do with the possible exception of finding out who the lady on the pathway could be and what was happening at the church.

“There are other more important things which will become clearer as we make our progress across the lake.”

I felt myself to be on the verge of asking another question when, for the first time, I began to realise that I hadn’t actually said anything to my companion and yet he was able to answer my unspoken thoughts. I drew a breath in preparation for expressing my curiosity but instead I just let it out in an attitude of resignation at what was simply beyond my ability to understand.

"Nothing is beyond your comprehension my good friend; just allow things to come to you as they will while accepting any and all explanations without judgement. Place no conditions on your desire to fit anything into the narrow confines of preconceived ideas. The lake is encouraging you to become aware of the fact that there is a certain flow to everything and within that energetic condition then all things are made clear while life unfolds in the most natural way. Simply allow and accept while acknowledging that there is always another way to view things."
Each and every thing which you see all around you challenges a letting go of whatever it is that you feel ‘must be’ in order to satisfy the conditioning of your mind. This is the time to move beyond the confines of its limited ability. What you are experiencing is not of the mind but of the heart. Listen, observe, contemplate, appreciate and accept; then integrate it into your awareness if you so desire. Nothing else is required or expected of you.”

Without my realising it, my mind rushed into analyse every word that I had just heard but in the instant that it did then I began to see a little of what it was that I had been told. I stopped myself immediately while feeling that I didn’t want to ‘think’ about anything and could almost feel the instant protestations from a part of me which demanded that it needed to ‘know’. I wasn’t impressed and began moving towards the area of the deck where my companion had suggested that we retreat to. He followed me out onto the open aft area of the deck space where immediately I found myself being surrounded by the sensation of a smell that I apparently hadn’t noticed before that moment.

The air seemed so fresh and what’s more there appeared to be a certain quality to it which gave me the impression of newly mown grass. It was very subtle but undoubtedly present, the effect of which was to make me feel very relaxed like I had just walked into the garden of my home while preparing to unwind after a long day at the office. I could almost get a sense that someone may even light up the barbeque while some highly pleasant refreshments might appear in one form or another. My whole body seemed to respond to this notion in preparation for the quiet time to come. Suddenly I began to feel much more comfortable with my surroundings where everything just felt better as I let myself … “Go with the flow?” my companion completed my emotional statement to the world at large and I agreed with it wholeheartedly. It was my turn to smile.

Somehow, I had no problems at all in recognising the timeless wisdom of his statement and what he had been trying to get me to see; and so I allowed myself to just accept my environment while being a grateful part of it. After all, what was there to be concerned about? Being surrounded by such beauty and mystery proved to be captivating and fascinating in equal measure whereas, being overwhelmed and obsessively curious didn’t change a thing. All it did was to distract me from truly appreciating the amazing beauty of what I had suddenly become so much a part of. Going with the flow sounded like a good plan to me and so that’s what I promised myself that I would do.

No sooner had this resolve precipitated in my awareness than there was the most amazing call from the sky. I looked up immediately to see the huge bird performing some breathtakingly graceful aerobatic manoeuvres while painting even more spectacular designs on the backdrop to the heavens. It seemed as though it was calling out to me in heartfelt support of what I had
chosen to do; but it could just as easily have been coincidental in consideration of everything else that appeared to be going on around me. Somehow I felt myself being encouraged to think that it had actually been a form of communication that I was meant to hear. Just to underline my reasoning, there was another similar sound which came drifting down to me on the most gentle of breezes which brushed lightly across my face.

That action in itself seemed to stir long forgotten memories and once again I found myself scanning the shoreline while looking for the woman on the white pathway. It didn’t take me long to spot her and to realise that she appeared to be making good progress along the route towards the church. I started to work out how far it would be before she actually got to the entrance to the grounds when I noticed the long zigzagging part of the pathway. This seemed to wind its lazy way up to the plateau where the church and its grounds were situated. It did, however, seem like a bit of a steep climb and so I began wondering whether it may be too much for her but there was a way to go yet before she reached that point so I just let my concerns rest for the moment.

All was quiet where everything seemed so peaceful. It took me a little while for my mind to register the fact that the steam engine had stopped and that we were now motionless in the water. Our progress, to wherever we were heading, had momentarily halted while we bobbed around on the wavelets as they played all across the surface of the lake. Turning from the view of the path I began studying the range of mountains on the left of the lake where my attention was being drawn to the mist covered gap in them. The scenery was so thoroughly absorbing that I could have studied it all day while feeling so relaxed in the process. Even so, I couldn’t help but wonder what it could be that gave rise to the large area of mist as there didn’t seem to be an explanation as to why it should be present.

On such a cloudless sunny day then mist rising up over a mountain didn’t make any sense at all but as soon as this element of doubt crept into my mind I was prompted to recall the words of my wise companion. So I just accepted it without attempting to make it fit into any predefined ideas. After all, nothing else did so why should a very pretty wall of sparkling mist be anything worthy of special consideration. It was while in the middle of coming to this state of resignation that I became aware of a sound coming from the direction of the mist. This had the quality of a low rumbling noise and seemed to be quite different to anything that I’d heard before that point in time. It was especially evident now that the masking sounds from the engine had stopped and appeared to be quite powerful in a way that I couldn’t begin to connect with something so delicate as lighter-than-air mist.

I began studying the surface of the water in the region of where this phenomenon was occurring and it was then that I noticed the golden crested wavelets racing towards the opening in the mountains. It seemed odd at first but something in my mind was able to connect the dots although I couldn’t
quite see the picture as yet. “Think ‘cascade!’” my companion said but instead of making my appreciation clearer, my mind just froze. I had no idea what he could be referring to as I looked at the rising spectacle of the sparkling mist.

“Energy my dear friend, think in terms of energy and separation.”

I must have done a convincing impression of an owl at that moment as I stared at him blankly while not being able to grasp in the slightest what he was saying to me or in getting my fuddled brain to comprehend what it needed to.Quickly and most mercifully he came to my rescue.

“Think about it. What could cause something to rise by doing the opposite? What could go in one direction while a part of it went in another?”

My eyes remained fixed in ‘owl mode’ while I frantically tried to figure out not only what I was seeing but what more he wanted me to become aware of with respect to this part of the landscape.

“What does the sound tell you?”

Without thinking about it I sat down on a very comfortable deck seat that seemed to caress every needy part of my body. I sank into its luxurious comfort as my attention became fully focused on the mist, the scenery in front of me and the sound coming from it. I knew that I should be able to see the answer but however hard I tried then it eluded me. It seemed impossible for me to consider anything going downwards so whatever he was getting at didn’t figure in my mind at all.

“Let go of what you need to see while allowing things to be as they are. Suspend judgement and then let your mind accept a different perspective which does not conform to any kind of conditioning. Give up and let go my dear friend.”

I smiled in a somewhat enigmatic manner which reflected my apparent inability to do as he asked but there was a determination in me to at least try. I stared at the gap in the landscape while asking my mind to accept the possibility of something descending. A light went on in a dark place and I smiled again but this time it was as a result of feeling pleased with myself.

“See! It was easy wasn’t it? What prevented you from realising that there is a large waterfall just under the mist is the same conditioned ‘need’ which stops you from appreciating many other things that would have otherwise been as clear to you.”

All at once I understood to the degree that even the noise that I could hear seemed obvious when I thought of it coming from a large body of water falling into a big chasm on the other side. Of course! That must be where the mist was coming from as well. It was then that I began to wonder what had stopped me from deducing something so obvious before that moment.
“Your mind wouldn’t allow you to accept that there could be a cataract in the middle of a mountain range; but why not? Where’s the problem? The difficulty has only ever been in what you will accept as being that which fits into your preconceived notions of how things ought to be. Is this not so?”

I had to agree with him but it proved to be a little tricky in taking on board a somewhat simple statement which obviously had quite far reaching implications. In agreeing to his wisdom then I automatically accepted that there were almost certainly many other things that I hadn’t been fully aware of in my life up to that point either. Scary concept!

My attention was still fixed on the scene of the rising mist but, being very conscious of what had just been said to me, I got the idea that there was probably still a lot more to this aspect of my surroundings than I had been able to positively identify up to now.

“And what could that possibly be my good friend? What more could there be that you need to bring to your awareness in all that you are seeing? To achieve a deeper understanding then allow yourself to feel the true nature of what it is that fills your visual and aural senses. Go beyond these limitations while becoming an integral part of Mother Nature’s mysterious ways. Allow her to speak to you in a language as yet unknown to your mind. Let your heart be your guide as you become as ‘One’ with your world.”

For an instant I experienced a tinge of frustration at feeling an inability to do what was being asked of me but then I found myself wishing very much that it could be possible. I had a feeling that many more things would become clear to me and, even though I had no idea of where this notion came from, I did actually get a sense that it could very possibly be somewhere that I had been before. A place, a point of knowing, a state of awareness that was not unfamiliar to me but how I knew this could prove to be the greatest mystery of all.

Whatever else, my mind really did register that what I had been asked to do was very important for me to concentrate on and so I set about focusing on nothing but the beautiful scenery while just enjoying its thoroughly captivating spectacle. I felt the urge to become lost in its serenely magnetic presence but more than that I dearly wanted to share in whatever secrets it had to offer me. I relaxed back against the solidly reassuring bench seat which formed part of the tree that I had been sitting under while I breathed in the emotive smell of new mown grass. The view ahead of me had gained my undivided attention which subsequently filled me with anticipation as well as a certain degree of excitement. I just didn’t know what I would find or even what would happen to me. It had completely escaped my notice that something already had.
THE

TIMELESS LOVE
OF
TWIN SOULS

There is a Plan
Trust Children to Always Tell the Truth

Teacher to 9 year old pupil:

Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn’t have ten years ago?

Winnie’s immediate answer:

Me!
Chapter 23

What Does it Mean for Me? Suggestions and Plans

After having read all that you have about twin souls, and how we are so beneficially affected by this mysteriously compelling energy which is ever present within us, you may be wondering how you would go about finding your other half; your twin flame. Many people ask this question but it’s one which has no straightforward answer in that all life is a complex dynamic, a unique process which unfolds in a way which is specific to each individual. Circumstances are different for everyone but there are things that you can do so as to gain a much better and deeper understanding of a way forward which will enable you to move closer towards your twin soul; or even recognise their existence in your life. If Ron’s and my story has struck a chord within you which has left you feeling intrigued by the very idea of your own twin soul energy, and you really feel inspired to find out more about this fascinating aspect of yourself, then I have included this chapter to give you certain helpful tips and personal ‘strategies’ to practice which hopefully you will find very useful.

In your busy everyday life it’s often difficult to find the time or even the inclination to do something other than to cope with all the pressures of modern day living. Your twin soul energy, as you will have no doubt gathered by now, is very powerful but also illusively subtle unless you allow yourself the mental and emotional space in which to be aware of what it shows you. Being ever vigilant while listening out for the quiet messages which are always present, as well as cultivating an attitude of peaceful anticipation within yourself, is essential. Many spiritual teachers or gurus will encourage periods of quiet meditation so as to connect with your inner self in order to achieve this but it’s not always practical to do so. It certainly is a very beneficial thing in many respects to include in your life if you have the time and the space to practice this but there are also other ways to help yourself. For me, meditation has been a way of life since as far back as I can remember and I would certainly encourage you to think about doing it in the near future if you don’t do it as yet. So, to help you in the interim I have put together a kind of twelve step plan which you can easily work into the daily routine of your busy life. If you follow my advice and practice each step then you will be able to find your way into a greater awareness of what will guide you on towards your ultimate happiness.

Each step of my plan will only take up as much time as you are willing to allow them to but please remember that, as with all things in life, the more
you practice then the greater will be the rewards. There are some steps which you may find that you can easily include in many different circumstances that you find yourself in where you are able to just focus your attention on your inner self for a few minutes or more. Even when you are doing something so mundane as standing in line at the supermarket checkout you can still use that time to reflect on your own stuff instead of worrying about what will happen next. Many such opportunities exist for you to devote time to yourself, it’s just a matter of appreciating that your needs are important and that it’s more beneficial to practice a step of my plan instead of worrying about something which is out of your control. The only thing which you have control of in your life is your thoughts, words and deeds; to believe anything else is possible is just an illusion. If you want to change your world then first change yourself.

By just making a statement to yourself that you intend to change how your life is at present then you will have set yourself on the path towards finding out more about your twin flame and yourself in the process. The plan which I am offering you is one which you can choose as much or as little from and then apply it to your life as you feel it to be appropriate. In doing so then always be conscious of the fact that anything you do in this respect will be very valuable to you as just one small positive intention will start moving you in a much more beneficial direction. Also be aware that while reading these deceptively powerful steps then anything that you experience a noticeably negative reaction towards is an indication of something which you really do need to work on. Always trust your intuitive feelings while making sure to appreciate the difference between this aspect of yourself and your emotions; they are not the same!

Janet’s ‘12 Step Plan’ for Discovering Your Pathway to Greater Happiness

(Inspired by Ron)

#1 – Change who you think you are

The first thing I think of when I say how to change who you think you are is to also say, “and who others think you are”. We are programmed from the beginning from ancestral beliefs to family members labelling who they believe you are. We all buy into this and it limits us all in knowing who we really are. It produces the feeling of lack and fear. Look into your mirror and say – ‘I am more than I see, or what others think they see or know about me’.
As you will have read, while Ron was being guided by his wise companion, this life we lead is one where the opinions and influences of others greatly impact our everyday lives. We make so many choices based on what others think of us or what they have conditioned us to believe about ourselves. In so doing we often fail to appreciate why we make the decisions to act in the way that we do or to say what we do. Whenever we make choices, while under the influence of others, then we are simply acting out other people’s lives and the way they view the world while denying our true selves in the process.

The realisation of exactly why we do something is the first step towards changing who we think we are, or more specifically, changing who we have been taught to believe that we are. No one knows you in the way that you do but since the time you were born you have been bombarded by the opinions of a great many influential people who think they know you better as well as what’s best for you. In order to find yourself again it’s crucial that you begin to appreciate and accept your true nature. Finding yourself first will open up other doors which will eventually lead you on towards an even better and deeper understanding of many important aspects of the ‘real’ you.

Don’t be afraid of finding this person who you consider in your times of greatest uncertainty that you might be. If I were to say to you “If I show you who I really am and you reject me then I have nothing else to offer” then how would you react? Would this be a statement that you could apply to yourself? Do you fear the prospect of revealing your true self to others in case you are considered unacceptable? If you do feel this way then it’s a good indication of how much you allow the opinions of others to rule your life. This, I’m sure you will agree, needs to change. It takes courage to stand up while being your true self but at the end of the day your feelings about yourself are much more important than those of others who are only ever crossing the course of your present journey. Walk your path with your head up and be proud to be you! What’s to be gained by doing otherwise?

#2 – Get lost in your thoughts

You may say I don’t know how or I don’t even have the time to sit around while allowing myself to daydream or taking time out in meditation. I say - No problem. Simply take advantage of your time when your mind is at ease and you are at ‘one’ with the task you are doing. You could be folding clothes, doing dishes, walking in the park, washing the car, gardening, decorating or anything that doesn’t require your full attention like driving your car. In those special moments let your dream mind talk to you.
People often complain about being bored while doing something which is either repetitive or uninteresting. Try turning these times into an opportunity for yourself through benefiting from controlling your thoughts. Practice detachment by letting your mind focus lightly on what you are doing while also allowing the cares of the day to subside. When you find yourself fretting about what will happen next, or something that may possibly happen sometime in the future, then bring yourself fully into the moment while appreciating your ‘presence’ in the world. To be able to find your twin soul you must first have a lasting awareness of yourself. If you can’t do this then it will be almost impossible for you to be conscious of, or alert to the presence of your other half.

Even the most boring task or the emptiest of times can be turned into an opportunity which will allow you to get in touch with yourself while cultivating the awareness of what makes you who you are. Don’t just drift through life while letting the tide of events carry you on, take control by first appreciating your circumstances and then asking if they reflect who you truly consider yourself to be. This is the first step to cultivating a sense of ‘presence’ as well as an important shift in the direction of your path towards finding your twin soul. This will naturally lead you into the next step.

#3 - Feel what’s really right for you

When sitting in your favourite chair then settle in. What comes to mind when you do so, then let it go into your heart and sense how it feels. If it feels right then it’s real. It’s not about the physical; it’s about your spirit and your heartfelt responses which are eternal and real. Open your heart to Love. God is in every act that comes from love; when the heart is peaceful about a decision then this means that it has ultimately come from love.

Be kind to yourself first and foremost. At first this can appear to be a deceptively simple statement and one which is very much misunderstood in the context of how important it is to show yourself the kind of love which you deserve. If you can’t be loving of yourself then you will have difficulty in expressing love to others. Love is the natural language of the twin soul and, like learning any language, you just have to appreciate how to speak it while understanding what’s said to you in return. Fortunately, unlike foreign languages, you already know the language of love but you have simply not practiced speaking it often enough as more important things demanded your attention as you grew up. You came into this world knowing full well how to communicate in this way so all that you have to do now is to allow yourself to remember. The first step towards this is to feel what’s right for you which
is actually your way of expressing love to yourself. Rehearse the phrases, practice them every day. Here’s how to do it.

Whatever doesn’t feel right to you then move away from it as quickly as you can. Not necessarily physically but in the way that you view things. Stop looking at anything which you don’t like while focusing more firmly on the things that you do. Give up saying things which don’t make you feel good and start saying things that do while ignoring what others tell you about yourself in the process. This is allowing love to express itself and in so doing you will get to see the truly wonderful gift which is in your heart to share with not only yourself but everyone else around you.

#4 – Ask for guidance and take notes

As you are resting before drifting off to sleep for the night, ask to be shown in your dreams clues to who you really are. Keep a journal of your dreams; over time they may well tell a story. It’s beneficial to journal your negative and positive thoughts and activities of the day. By doing this you will be aware of what underlies your thoughts and actions which in turn will lead you towards a more positive life.

Don’t be afraid to ask for what you feel yourself to be most in need of. Life is a huge mystery the true nature of which is completely beyond the capability of any human mind to even remotely comprehend. There are very many things which are not understood but we have been given the ability to find our way through the ‘maze’ by asking for guidance. Use this gift wisely and as often as you can so that you will get more familiar with hearing the answers which will then move you ever closer to your ultimate happiness. The way in which the answers come to us are many and various while being of a nature that modern science has no concept of at all. We cannot know where anything comes from but we surely do know that it does come. You only have to be aware of your thoughts to confirm this. After all, where do thoughts come from in the first place? Do you think them or do they think you? It surely is an enigmatic conundrum which has given many a philosopher sleepless nights throughout each and every century that mankind has existed.

Our thoughts are important as they tell us so much about who we are, but just as with the language of love, we have to learn to listen while becoming aware of the hidden messages. I would encourage you to pay much more attention to what and how you think while using your journal to confide your innermost feelings and visions to. Keep this very private as to let others offer their opinions and interpretations is to dilute and distort the information which you discover. Your messages are created specifically for you whether you believe this to be true or not. No one else will understand
them in the same meaningful way as you do. Just remember that even if your mind can’t often make sense of them, there is a part of you which always can. Trust this aspect of yourself while getting to know it better while you journal.

#5 – Make every effort to be at peace with yourself

When your heart is open you can draw your twin soul’s energy to you. If you are already together in some way then it can help you to better understand that your love of each other is a part of the Father/Mother God love of creation.

Who is the best at beating you up; you or everyone else in your world? Who is the most critical of what you do or how you act or what you say or anything else which is particular to you and how you express yourself. Remember the timeless wisdom which states - What you Give out is What you Get Back. If you are criticised then it’s because you are critical of those around you and that’s what you get back. This is like fighting a never ending battle where the constant attrition will eventually wear you down. Give it up! It’s useless and a total waste of time.

So what if people or things around you are not how you’d wish them to be. Who cares! You are far more important but specifically your attitude of mind is more important. While you are being critical of your surroundings (or judgemental – because that’s what criticism is) or being critical of others in your life then you can’t find the necessary state of being at peace with yourself. This is essential to you if you are to walk the path towards your ultimate happiness. Criticism is an energy which is directly opposed to that of love. You cannot be critical or negative in any way and express love at the same time. Only one energy can exist within your emotional state so it’s up to you, your choice, as to which you express.

In every battle there has to be someone who eventually decides to quit. Looking back over the course of history then tell me what good has ever come of war? Was it all worth it? The same goes for you. Why fight, even if it’s just being negative about something (which is only your way of wanting to be right) – give it up and be at peace with yourself. Give the world a chance to reflect its true beauty to you by allowing the peace of love to un-cloud your vision. Make the choice to look at life in a positive way while allowing it to reflect back to you what it wants you to see. Take a flower to the soldier while asking him to put down his gun. Let peace come to make a home in your heart and then shine the light which comes out of it onto everyone else. Some may not see it but that doesn’t matter to you. Finally you will have heard the message which you are now sending out.
#6 - Set an Intention and then Stick to It

When looking for love you don’t give up. You keep calling for it until you find it.

Living day to day is an effort in itself but what we set our intentions on while navigating our way in this world is very important. If you were to set out on a river journey then you’d be nuts to just drift aimlessly along with the current without at least having some sort of idea as to what you wanted to do along the way. Sometimes it’s very beneficial just to go with the flow but you didn’t come into this world simply to float along with the tides until they carry you off across the eternal horizon into the land of happily-ever-after.

Your will is important and that’s your gift from the Creator. We all have free will but how we use it is what determines whether we experience the placid lake or the rapids or anywhere in between. Choosing to find love is a statement of intent which you make but one which is not like a letter to Santa at Christmas. You don’t get given love through being a good person; you are already showered with more love than you can ever hope to appreciate. By setting the intention to find it then you hold firmly to an agreement that you wish to recognise it not only in someone else but in yourself as well. Make a commitment to do this and then stick to it each and every day. Write a note to yourself to this effect. You’ll never fail to get a reply and it’s the best Christmas present you will ever have.

#7 - Value yourself (you’re worth it)

Don’t ever settle for less love than you deserve. This you do through experiencing the pain from your past which your soul is constantly bringing into the present. This state of being totally confuse the energy of creation. Ask yourself “would I want to spend eternity with this person or in this situation?” and then, if you have any doubts at all, let it go quickly and move on.

We learn through pain just as we do through experiencing joy and happiness. Pain is the feeling we get by removing ourselves so far away from the state of being joyful (filled with joy to the exclusion of every other emotion) that we erect our last line of defence. Pain is our reminder that we have lost our way while wandering into the forest and getting drawn ever deeper into the darkness. Pain stops us falling into the ravine and being consumed by oblivion. We take notice of pain but very rarely do we listen to
the important message which it brings us. While reading about Ron’s journey to the restaurant, where he first met me, you may have got the impression that I just happened to have been there for some time while waiting patiently for him to suddenly appear in my life. In actual fact my journey to this restaurant was just as inspired as his but when I eventually made the move to take the job it was literally a few heartbeats before he showed up. At that time in my life I was deeply caught up in figuring out a way to patch up my ailing marriage, which certainly was causing me a good deal of emotional pain.

This very difficult situation motivated me to do something positive although I had no real idea about why I chose to leave a job and environment that I enjoyed so much just to go somewhere completely different where I initially felt so out of place. My reasoning and thoughts, at that precarious stage of my life, were that my new job would allow me the opportunity to spend a lot more time with my husband and my children. This, I prayed in my darkest of moments, would hopefully help me turn things around in a home life which I felt thoroughly dissatisfied with. I also had a strong sense that I deserved far better and I very much wanted the same for my children.

My nurturing instincts seemed to be providing me with an extra level of determination which made me want to create a more loving environment for them to grow up in. Needless to say I had reached a very unhappy and fraught point on my journey but I really thought that my dilemma was all to do with my marital situation and nothing else. Little did I know that something subtly powerful was gradually moving me in a direction which I needed to go. Thankfully I had the presence of mind to pay attention to those urgings which then helped me make a very reluctant decision to leave a company of wonderful people who were all like family to me. At that time I remember that there was a part of me which kept telling me that it seemed like a totally crazy thing to do but I was desperate to make a positive change in my situation.

So, one fateful day, I threw caution to the wind and began working at a restaurant which I had no idea sat right in the middle of the crossroads to a happiness that I’d so longed for. I never dreamt for one second that there was someone walking along his pathway to meet me and that something would happen, very soon after I started, which would change my life forever. But some part of me must have known this or been aware of what I needed to do otherwise I would never have left somewhere that I at least got to enjoy a certain degree of happiness while working there. After all, that was what I felt I wanted so why would I have decided to move away from the one place which provided me with it when there seemed to be so little else going for me at that time? There had to be something which was strong enough to prize me away from that little oasis in an otherwise barren landscape of joy.
The Timeless Love of Twin Souls

When I look back on the circumstances which surrounded my change of employment I can see now how things conspired so cleverly to put me directly in Ron’s path while ensuring that he would find me. I remember so well how easily I could have chosen differently where one single change in what I felt that I needed to do would have meant me missing my other half at that point in time. I may well have met him another way at a later date but the situation of the restaurant provided us with the perfect setting which then allowed us the space to quickly get to know each other; given the way things were for both of us at that stage of our journey.

The important thing which comes to me now is that I remember feeling so strongly that I deserved better. Undoubtedly it was my acute anguish which initially got my attention but as a result of its presence I began listening to that quiet voice which then guided me forward even though my choices seemed to be at odds with what I longed for. All I knew at that point on my pathway was that I just wanted to be much happier than I was then and that life must have more to offer me in this respect. So I made my choices from listening to my heart and then following where it led me, the result of which was unbelievably more than I could have ever hoped for in my wildest of dreams.

You deserve to be happy too. It’s your natural state of being but life allows us to experience other states of existence so that we can explore all of what being human has to offer. While you feel pain then you shut out the possibility of appreciating love. While learning lessons there is little advantage in prolonging them as nothing of any value can be gained by not getting the message quickly. The answer will be nonetheless meaningful by living a life of lingering pain and suffering; but what do you think that this will achieve? If you pick up something which is hot then you put it down again and move away from it so why not do the same thing in your life when it comes to the subject of pain and suffering. You choose not to be burned because you reason that you’re not worthy of being treated in this way so why not do the same thing with other aspects of your life. Be happy while giving unconditional love to yourself. You’re worth it but you need to make a conscious choice to do this as its no one else’s responsibility but yours. Make this choice now - this very moment and stick to it!

#8 – Be aware that you are never alone

If your twin soul is presently in another dimension, not being in the physical with you in this incarnation or they have passed over, you can still reach them. Your twin flame energies are never truly separated in the way in which we view earthly separation. Twin souls transcend time and space while being eternal. As your awareness of your true self becomes more fully developed then your concept of time will change. As it does then it will become
easier to appreciate that ‘aloneness’ is simply a state of mind which you can choose to see differently.

Aloneness is an illusion albeit one which we perpetuate in order to learn more about ourselves. Through experiencing our feelings of isolation and being lost or abandoned we make choices which result in consequences. While dealing with all the emotional fallout which inevitably comes from this creative process we get to see what it is that we want and what we reject. In so doing we find our true self. It’s like the sculptor who keeps chipping away at the rock while the form is revealed. Michelangelo once said that all he was doing was removing the surplus marble in order to get to the figure which he could already see inside.

We are no different except that we choose to extract ourselves from the rough hewn material which we were sent here to fashion. This we do by the process of using our emotions as tools to chip away at what confines us until we are eventually freed. Escaping from our ‘cell’ in the process is one of the achievements which always gives us great pleasure. There’s nothing like a good escape to stir the soul; go to watch any adventure movie so as to verify this assertion. We just love to see the good guy rescue the damsel in distress but really it’s only a reflection of our deep seated need to rescue ourselves.

Good news! There’s no need. You are already rescued and your twin soul is right there with you to share in the celebrations so why not give them a big hug! On many occasions when I go to sleep or I’m enjoying my dance classes I feel Ron’s presence so strongly that he takes me right out of the body. The freedom which I experience on these wonderful occasions is amazing as he lifts me up like Superman and whisks me off into the ether so that we can dance together in the clouds. Even though I appreciate that he is not here with me in the physical any more, I know without question that he is never truly apart from me; twin soul energies know nothing of distance. We are eternally together in our energies and, at those precious times when he takes me ‘flying’, then I can see past the veil of this three dimensional existence and into the world which is our true home. The level of happiness that I am able to feel when I am with him, and the lightness of spirit which I experience, lifts my heart into a connection with a higher power that allows me a glimpse of the twin flame source. Always trust, like me, that you never ever walk this earthly pathway alone. In your quiet times allow yourself to let that special connective energy touch your heart while listening to what it guides you towards an appreciation of. Let your spirit soar like I do while trusting to a process which your mind has no concept of whatsoever.
#9 - Share yourself while always showing kindness

Keep your heart open for those around you also. Your love for others is also felt by your twin soul.

When you speak or act in love then you are also speaking to your twin soul. It doesn’t matter whether they are with you on the physical plane or not, they can still ‘hear’ you. Speaking love is not just about saying the words but sincerely feeling that love at the deepest level within you. Light travels at 186 thousand miles per second but the speed of love is very much faster. It travels huge distances in an instant where absolutely nothing gets in its way while everything is affected by it.

At its circumference the earth is roughly 40,000 miles so if your twin soul is located somewhere on the planet they will feel your love the very same instant that you express it. This will be your way of influencing their compass needle in the same manner that they will influence yours. Even in the midst of a huge crowd, your twin soul will recognise the love which you give out. It will be your unique beacon which will be unmistakable to your other half and will be visible even if they are on the other side of the galaxy. Keep this beacon burning brightly so as to give your other half a constant star to steer by just as they will be doing for you. Distance is no obstacle to the energy of love.

#10 - Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative

Stay in joy, peace, and harmony. Negativity in you extends itself to your other half. To find the love you are looking for you must first find it in yourself. You have to know who you are before you can recognise your other half.

After following these steps, or even a few of them, you will be getting into the frame of mind which will be guiding your footsteps onto a different path. You will already be aware of when negative energies either affect you or are being created by you. Moving away from these is always beneficial. Always! Nothing is ever to be gained by remaining in or near them. Your ability to discriminate one from the other while being conscious of their presence will enable you to ‘see’ much more clearly. You will not be able to easily find your twin soul if you constantly bury their light in the darkness of negative
emotions, thoughts, or deeds whether they be of your own making or anyone else’s.

Make a point of choosing to walk in peace and harmony every day of your life from now on. Even if you’re not completely successful then just the intention of doing it will make the changes which you need. It doesn’t matter where you start either. If you want to clear out your house then you can pick any room as eventually you will have done all that you needed to while making the necessary changes along the way. Always remember to throw away, or give away, what’s not needed any longer so that new and more beneficial things can come to you. If you are to find your twin soul then there needs to be space in your life and your heart to accommodate them. Staying positive as much as humanly possible is a great way to achieve this. Or would you rather be miserable and stay locked up in the darkness? Hhhmmmm, it’s what I’ve heard people aptly refer to as ‘no-brainer’. Wouldn’t you agree?

#11 – Be faithful to yourself

Work your way back as much as possible to the real you. The way it was in the garden of Eden before we were separated from our knowledge of the oneness with God and each other. This was before we judged each other.

As you put into practice what you have come to appreciate here then you will inevitably be drawn to an understanding of just how important you are to yourself. Words of timeless wisdom come out of the past to encourage you to make a sincere promise to yourself – *To Thine Own Self be True*. First and foremost you must, and I mean ‘must’, honour and respect yourself while being faithful to who you have come to appreciate yourself to be. Stand firmly in your truth while not allowing the opinions or judgements of others to undermine your new found sense of self.

You are a sovereign being who has been blessed with the gift of free choice where you can change the way in which you perceive things at any given stage on your journey. As this voyage of discovery leads you ever more into areas of yourself which you find increasingly pleasing then cultivate demonstrating the courage of your convictions by expressing who you consider yourself to be. Don’t strive to achieve this by judging others or making yourself right through making others wrong. Simply state who you are at any appropriate opportunity while celebrating the fact that you have found the way into the deepest inner recesses of your wonderful heart. Then always be faithful to it. In this way you are actually being faithful to your twin soul as well.
#12 – Resist feeling separate

The more you tap into the oneness the more light you send out to your twin soul, others, and to God.

From all that you have read thus far I hope now that you appreciate, or are at least willing to acknowledge, that you are most certainly not alone. You are in actuality One with everything there is but in your quiet times, or whenever you have a moment to get lost in yourself and your thoughts, then allow yourself to really feel the closeness of your twin flame. That energy is always waiting for you to acknowledge it no matter where your other half may be in this world or the universe. Make a determined effort to move beyond the limitations of your mind which only ever sees everything in terms of physicality; individualness and apartness. You must be aware by now that to view things in this way is far too limited and only serves to restrict you in your quest to find your ultimate happiness; it does this through severely limiting your horizons. Expand your ability to achieve your intentions while fulfilling your dreams by letting yourself feel the intimate closeness of your other half. The very act of moving towards this awareness will take you ever closer to the point of achieving your greatest joy while banishing all thoughts of separation from that which you feel so abandoned by.

Move as quickly as you can beyond the conditioning of your mind which only wants to influence your emotions while in doing so it creates unfulfilling dramas that eventually you tire of. They achieve absolutely nothing while simply delaying your entry into the garden. Go play in the pasture. Why wait? There are many wonderful things to be discovered when you do. Be happy, be loved but most importantly of all remember to love yourself first.

With much love from me to you

- Janet -