

Robin's Treasure Your Soul's Wisdom *Song*



"Robin has waited a lifetime to let her song be heard. Her book shows that she has lived what many people can only imagine. She brings to us a revelation of such beauty, courage and utter clarity; our lives will be changed forever."

-Darlene Montgomery

Robin Alexis

ROBIN'S SONG

TREASURE YOUR SOUL'S WISDOM

BY ROBIN ALEXIS

DEDICATION

To the Experience of Divine Family Life

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I thank the Creator/Creatress within us all. Without them, we would not be here.

I would especially like to thank my parents. You are extraordinary role models. You showed me the true meaning of commitment. I bow to you.

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And thanks to myself for finding the treasure of my own soul's wisdom. It is my most heartfelt intention that this book will help you find yours.

INTRODUCTION

There is one thing in this world, which you must never forget to do. Human beings come into this world to do particular work. That work is their purpose, and each is specific to the person. If you forget everything else and not this, there's nothing to worry about. If you remember everything else and forget your true work, then you will have done nothing in your life.

--Rumi

I was born ten minutes before April 1st, barely avoiding the dreaded April Fool's birthday. On a frigid morning in central New Hampshire, as my mother lay in her hospital bed holding me in her arms, she was suddenly startled to see a robin on the windowsill so early in the spring season. My mother, who has not been telepathic since that time, claims that she heard the bird say, "Name her Robin."

Prior to my birth, my maternal grandmother had persuaded my parents that if the baby turned out to be a girl, she would be named Matilda Viola – the middle names of both my grandmothers. My mother was certain I would be a boy and she wouldn't have to saddle me with that horrible name! Now, braving her mother's wrath, she named me Robin.

Legend has it that when Jesus was dying on the cross, the robin, then simply brown in color, flew to his side and sang into his ear in order to comfort him in his pain. The blood from his wounds stained the robin's breast, and thereafter all robins bore the mark of Christ's blood upon them.

From the age of two and a half, when I had my first near-death experience (NDE), I have had a mystical relationship with Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene. However, it would not be until my adult years that I would discover how normal I was in my response to a childhood near-death experience. Until then I would attempt to be normal by society's rules. I would deny my own *knowing* as I tried to fit into family, school, and society in any kind of

fulfilling manner. I would remember my pre-birth experiences and more. I would make my mother very uncomfortable with my knowledge of things I shouldn't know. I would be told that I had an over-active imagination—the worst way to “handle” a child who has had a mystical experience. But my parents didn't know that. Research on childhood NDEs would not begin until 1980 when I was already 25 years old. I grew up terrified that I was on the fast track straight to hell, so I vowed that I would never tell anyone about my psychic encounters.

All I ever wanted was to be “normal” and lead a “normal” life. I wanted to be a “good” daughter, wife, and mother. And I tried, really I did. I attempted to shut down my intuition, dreams, visions, and other demonstrations of my “sixth sense.” I spent the first 35 years of my life learning to cope with and squelch my clairvoyant, clairsentient, and clairaudient abilities, but the more I tried, the more I realized that the metaphysical is a normal, everyday occurrence.

Now I am ready to sing this Robin's song.

Robins, as with many thrushes, have a beautiful, complex, and almost continuous song, which varies regionally and by time of day. American robins will often be among the last songbirds singing as evening sets in. They have a variety of calls, used to communicate specific information: a warning call when a ground predator approaches, another for when a nest is being directly threatened, a high-pitched sound when a hawk or other bird of prey is in the vicinity, and another call that is heard in flocks. I, too, have a variety of voices – the young child terrified of her psychic experiences, the confused hormonal voice of the teenager, the harried young wife, the grieving mother. But beyond all the songs this Robin has sung is the long, sustained note of my relationship to the divine.

Listen carefully, and you may hear the sound of your own connection to the sacred.

LISTEN LISTEN LISTEN

To your soul's song

It will never betray you

It will never forsake you

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To your soul's song

ROBIN'S SONG

1

It is Easter Sunday, 1959. My mother and father are twenty-six years old. I am four, the youngest of three children. My brother Cliff is seven. My sister Julie is six, eleven months younger than Cliff. That is a BIG DEAL to my mother.

We are attending the United Methodist Church in Conway, New Hampshire. My grandmother, my mother's mother, had taken us shopping for our Easter clothes. It is the only day of the year I don't wear hand-me-downs from my big sister.

This is not the first time I am aware that appearance is far more important than physical comfort. It doesn't matter that my petticoat has so much starch in it I can barely sit down. Or that my sister cried for fifteen minutes because she had to stand submissively in front of my mother while getting her hair brushed hard so it would shine. I am told I look like my mother, and my hair is chopped off as short as possible in a pixie cut. My sister is always told she is "the pretty one." My brother wears a suit and bow tie. If he weren't my brother, I would have to admit that he looks pretty cute. We three kids are all very polished looking. We look like the perfect All-American Family on Easter Sunday.

The family is packed into our clean car and we drive in strained silence. At the door of the church we stand in line with smiles pasted on our faces like proper little Christians,

waiting to be greeted by the church ushers. What a grand spectacle! You would have thought we had been invited to the royal Second Coming of Christ.

I am self-conscious as our family is led to sit in the front row. Do I look pretty enough? As other people are ushered in, I turn around to watch. My mother says that is rude behavior. I ask my mother, “Who made up these rules?”

She thinks I am rude for asking the question. She says, “They do.”

“Who are *they*?”

She gives me one of her looks to let me know I am about to be disowned.

During the minister’s teaching, I feel the presence of Jesus. Spirit calls me to stand up in the pew and look to the back of the church. Pointing with my chubby finger, I scream in delight, “Mommy, there’s Jesus! He’s already back! He’s standing in the back of the church! Look!”

No one is delighted. The proper people around us cover the smirks on their faces as my mother, embarrassed again by my “imagination,” grabs my arm and pulls me down into the seat next to her. My inappropriate outburst clearly broke the RULES. My legs slap down hard onto the wooden pew and the material from my clothes scratches. Mother fumbles in her purse and gives me an orange Lifesaver. I am humiliated by what the people think of me and sorry that I have made my mother angry.

As I suck on the Lifesaver, I desperately want to turn around again and see the glorious Spirit of the Christ, but I know better than to incur the wrath of the world. Here, a sugary treat is the sweetness of life, not the Holy Spirit.

No wonder I hadn't wanted to be born.

I remember being in my mother's tummy. I didn't want to be coming back into matter. *Whatever have I gotten myself into? A fetus? Why did I choose to come here again? Where are my soul parents? Why have I been entrusted to earthly parents? What lessons did we agree to? I hate not knowing!*

I heard the woman who housed my soul talking about me, so I bi-located outside my fetal form to see what was going on. At six months' gestation, not yet limited by human restrictions, I was eavesdropping. The scenario confirmed that, indeed, I was attached to a fetus. My thoughts were dire: *I am developing into a human being again. I will forget that I am a being of love. I will forget that the purpose of the universe is the creation of love, that the purpose of being is the secretion of love.*

I screamed in agony. I felt punished, not privileged. *Why? Why did I choose to come again? Was there a cancellation clause? The family situation I was witnessing triggered memories of past lives into my developing cells. I knew I would forget all that I already knew. I spent the next three months in the swing between worlds trying to convince the Lords of Karma that I had no more lessons to learn and to let me come home.*

Then came the day of no return. I scrunched my body, willing myself to hang on to my mother's womb. But like a raft on white water, I was heading down the current of the river, destined to be born in the world. *Mother, Mother, no! I'm going to cause pain! You think this delivery is difficult, just wait until you feel the agony of watching me develop! Don't push me out!*

Deaf ears disregarded my threats. I resisted her contractions with all my tenacious strength, but I was only making our destinies more difficult.

But you won't want me, Mother! Our time together will cause us so much emotional anguish! What a fool you are. You don't remember your sacred contract any more. Otherwise, you wouldn't want me. I'm going to be a burden. I tried to warn you. I don't want to feel guilty about living. No, Mother! No, Mother! No, Mother! Don't let me out!

That dumb doctor put his hands inside my mother and turned me around. *No! No!* With one tremendous push, I was sliding, slithering down the birth canal. My head was out. The doctor escorted my shoulders. Breath. Cry of outrage. I was born ten minutes before April Fool's Day. Angry, screaming. They thought it was cute. My mother was happy that I wasn't born on April Fool's Day. She seemed happier about that than about finding out I was a girl. She looked out the window and saw a robin. She was so astounded that this harbinger of spring had landed on her windowsill at such an early date that she named me Robin. My grandmother never forgave either of us.

What a perfect name, I thought. Here I am, ahead of the flock, before the climate is ready for a soul like mine. I cried myself to sleep. By the time I awakened to pangs of hunger, I had forgotten who I was and what I came here to do.

When I was almost three years old, on a miserable hot day in August, I drowned.

I remember it vividly. Three families' worth of sticky, sweaty children tumbled out of the car and scampered in bare feet down the scalding hot, sandy bank to the clean, cool

Connecticut River below. As my feet grew accustomed to the cool water, I heard my mother tell my brother and sister to keep an eye on me. Anyway, I knew the rules: *Don't go in the water up over your knees. Don't go near the drop-off.*

I shielded my eyes and looked up at the covered bridge. I watched my brother and sister take their places in line under the bridge. I can still hear the rope creaking as, one by one, the kids took turns swinging from it. I heard them splash into the water. I heard them screaming and laughing. I watched the water ripple out. I saw them go under the water and rise back up out of it. I wanted to be a big kid.

I couldn't stand in line; I was too little. I didn't know how to swim. I glanced over to where Mom was sitting. Swirls of smoke from her cigarette floated up from one hand, while another grasped a thick green bottle of Coke. She was really living it up with her friends. Cliff and Julie were having fun, too. I tried to catch minnows in my bucket. They wouldn't go in. Even the minnows didn't want to play with me. No one was paying attention to me. I decided to go for a swim. I kicked my legs and walked around on the sandy bottom on my hands.

A mean little boy who had just been yelled at for not playing fair came out of the water and made fun of me. "You're not really swimming."

I was embarrassed. I decided to see if I *could* swim. I dunked my whole head under the water and opened my eyes. I lifted my arms and moved them like water wings, unknowingly inching towards the drop-off. I lost my balance and began to fall. I kicked and swiveled in search of the surface. I was sinking! I was scared! What if my feet touched the bottom? Mom had said there were leeches on the floor of the deep part! I kept my teeth clenched tight together so fish wouldn't swim into my mouth. My feet touched the silt at the bottom. I

looked up and saw the sun shining through the water. My chest hurt. Then *pop!* There was no time left. No one heard my silent screaming; no one heard my telepathic cry for help. No one noticed that I was not visible.

I saw a fairy, like the one in the Walt Disney movies on TV Sunday nights. Tinkerbell! She waved her wand and I saw my body floating in the water, my hair moving in the river currents. My body was motionless. I began to see a movie of my present life, and other lives, playing backwards. At the end of my movie, I saw a man with long brown hair and a white robe floating towards me. He wasn't in the water. He was in the air. His robe billowed gently; his hair flowed softly around his head. I asked him why the movie had stopped. I noticed I couldn't see his feet. I asked, "Who are you and where are your feet? You must be Jesus and you have come to save me from drowning!"

He smiled. The next moment I was sitting on a stone bench under olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane. I could feel the uncannily familiar cool stone under my thighs. He spoke to me for a long time. He told me that if I could survive the first part of my life, which would be a very, very hard thing to accomplish, that I would move to the place where movies are made. He said my life would be hard because of the karma I had created in other lifetimes. People said bad things about Mary Magdalene, but they weren't true. He told me not to be frightened, to be like her. He said his birth and how he was raised were the miracles of his life. I must have faith and will myself to survive the years ahead.

If I made it through the first half of my life, he said I would tell that the teachings about reincarnation had been taken out of the Bible. He said again that they took the word *reincarnation* out of the Bible, but I would remember my past lives. When I was old enough I

would teach the truth about life. He told me that there were seven senses. He reminded me that everyone knew about the five senses: sight, smell, touch, hearing, and taste. And then he told me about the sixth sense, intuition, and the seventh sense, awareness – perception without judgment. He said the seventh sense is the most important. I asked him why. He said that when we learn to perceive without judgment, we will learn to truly love one another. He told me that I would learn to trust my inner knowing through my life experiences. He told me to be the observer of my life and I would learn and become very aware of all my senses. He told me to use my common sense.

The next thing I knew a man in a red bikini bathing suit was swimming towards me. I was back in my little body. I felt the man grasp my arm and lift me to him. He swam for a little while with me under his arm. Then he handed me to my mother.

My mother carried me to her blanket and cradled me to her. I felt much loved. She cuddled me and rested my head on her chest. I looked up at my mother and told her that I saw a movie in the water with Jesus in it. In that intimate moment I looked right into her eyes and asked, “Mommy, is Jesus my real Daddy?” Mom’s reaction was fierce. She leapt up, tossed me from her lap, and began to fold the blanket. I could feel the cool wet sand sticking to my thighs, my wet bathing suit clinging to body, the sun kissing my skin, the breeze caressing my cheeks and tousling my hair. Her commandment was clear: Never ask that question again!

I felt like my mother breathed the devil’s own breath. Her consternation was a warning to me that I better drop the idea of sharing with her the rest of what Jesus had said to me. In my two-year-old mind, I knew that I was on “thin ice.” It would be decades before I consciously recalled my moments with Jesus again.

Mom told us kids not to tell Dad what had happened. She said he would be very angry with her for not watching me better. My father would not learn of my drowning until I was an adult.

The next day, instead of going back to the beach, we had to get cooled off on the front lawn by running through the sprinkler. Even though it was really hot, I couldn't run through the sprinkler like the other kids. When my sister asked why I wasn't taking my turn, I said, "I can hear the blades of grass crying when the kids skid across them." She told my mother, who told me that was crazy. I shut off my feelings about the grass.

Despite the fact that I was a mystery to my mother, I was glad that I had been born to her and not to *her* mother. How did my mother survive being raised by my grandmother?

Grandmother Farmington used to storm into our house uninvited. If my mother was rocking us, holding us, or reading books to us, my grandmother would criticize my mother if the laundry was not folded. She would comment on the dirty dishes in the sink and tell my mother she wasn't being a good homemaker. My mother would tumble her sleepy babes off her lap and go about the house cleaning, while my grandmother berated her. I wanted to bite my grandmother's ankles.

One early morning when the house wasn't clean yet, my mother took us for a sunrise walk around the "dingle," which is what Mom called the block. I had my doll in my old baby stroller and felt very grown up as I pretended to be a mommy. When we returned to the house my grandmother was waiting on the front porch with a broom in her hand and a scowl on her face.

When my sister was ten, she and I had passed the stage of believing in Santa Claus; we knew it was Grandmother Farmington who supplied the goods. One Christmas we innocently gave our very detailed list to Santa and to Grandmother. My sister specifically requested a certain type of hairdryer that was advertised as being particularly good for long, thick hair like hers. On Christmas morning, when she opened her gifts and the hair dryer was not the correct brand, she looked up at Grandmother Farmington and said, in front of the entire family, “This is not the right hair dryer.” Well, you would have thought that hell had frozen over! We got kicked out of Grandmother’s! My mother surely had failed as a mother to have given birth to such a brazen child! The next Christmas my Grandmother actually gave my sister and me each a brick with a one-dollar bill taped to it. We got the message loud and clear: females do not have permission to ask for what they want and they better be grateful for whatever they get! And for God’s sake, make sure your house is clean!

As an adult, I wondered why my grandmother was such a domineering matriarch. I realized that she must have experienced the shame of having been in the same family as her great-grandmother, Sarah Williams, known by New Englanders as Sarah the Evangelist. My great-great-great-grandmother came from the little town of Lyndon, New Hampshire, and according to Williams’ family history, Sarah traveled by foot, teaching her Christian beliefs to anyone who would listen. The story of her faith is truly amazing.

Sarah Williams kept a diary that surfaced in someone’s attic at the same time as my niece, Melanie, was writing a paper about her ancestors for a college class. The diary had been dropped off in a box of junk at the Lyndon Historical Society and contained letters, newspaper clippings, favorite poems, and entries that described her religious experiences. Sarah wrote, “You cannot fight or drive the devil out of the world. He will go somewhere to

devour somebody.” She strongly believed that it was her calling to travel and preach to those who would listen. She laid hands on the sick and healed them.

Despite all the people she healed, and those who became Christians after hearing her speak, there were many disbelievers who considered her crazy. At one point two men came to where she was staying at the home of Judge Felton, who was sick. They had heard a crazy woman was preaching and claiming she could heal him. The men put her in their wagon and drove this small but mighty woman through a snowstorm to her “just” destination – the Concord Home for the Insane. As the story goes, she sat demurely between them with a blanket wrapped about her and talked to them about the Gospel, but they did not believe. She reflected in her journal about their skepticism: “They said to themselves, if it was only a man talking as she talks. The time has come when God has poured out his spirit on His handmaids and they preach. And it was the women that were last at the cross and first at the tomb, a sepulcher. They, the women, had the faith and said to themselves, ‘Who shall roll away the stone?’”

The men dropped her off with the overseer of the poor, and told him that Sarah was insane. After meeting Sarah and talking with her for a few hours, this person decided that Sarah was not insane and allowed her to stay there for a few nights before sending her away with good tidings. Sarah went about her way, healing all those who would let her.

One act of healing that Sarah performed was one of the most magnificent. Sister Lydia Smith had been in bed for ten years and could not talk. She was in great pain until Sarah came to visit. Sarah wrote in her diary: “Told Sister Smith she was going to be healed. How I had the prayer of faith that never failed me... I put my right arm over her and in a few minutes

would sing and pray... praising the Lord until morning. And in the morning, she got up and dressed herself and was just as well as she ever was. Praise Jesus! God had healed and made her all sound and whole. And how happily surprised her husband and children were to see her come out in the kitchen and eat breakfast with them.”

Sarah continued her travels, preaching and attending camp meetings and having spells of crying for her children. She decided at one point that she had to give up her children for good if she was going to be able to give the work of the Lord her complete focus and energy. One day while visiting friends she went into the barn, knelt down, and prayed. As she related in her journal: “I could halt no longer. Choose ye this day what ye will serve. Whosoever loved children more than me? Well, it was grievous. But could see I should have to give them up and thinketh no more about them then I do other folks’ children. I did not give them up willingly, but was compelled.”

Sarah made the ultimate sacrifice any parent could make by leaving her children to follow her calling. During her time a woman’s work was only in the home; women did not have jobs or travel outside their small circle of family and friends. But for Sarah, the calling was too great to ignore. Her journal tells of “such grief and crying spells for my children.”

Sarah’s fears of being mocked and labeled as a spiritualist or considered insane were real. Many times people did not believe in her powers and faith. However, for every disbeliever, there were ten people who loved her and had only kind words for her. Pasted on the back cover of Sarah’s journal was a letter written by a woman named Lorelle Damon to the *Lyndon News* in New Hampshire. Perhaps Sarah kept it to read during times of persecution, when she was being labeled as insane. Damon wrote: “Will you grant me space

in your paper to tell your readers what wonderful blessings have come to myself and my family through Sarah, the Evangelist, whose home is in your town?" She praised Sarah and gave thanks for her many helpful visits to their town of Lowell, Massachusetts. In the letter she called Sarah "our good angel" and ended by saying, "Let no one, I entreat ... doubt that this dear sister is one of God's own or criticize her peculiar methods of carrying on His work, for in my inmost soul I believe that it were far better that one should not have been born than that he should hurt one of God's little ones, of whom Sarah, the Evangelist, is not the least."

When Sarah died at her son's home, the children ordered flowers all the way from Boston to put at her grave – long white ones that came in a box. They stood the box up and took a picture of the flowers, but when the pictures came back, what they saw was a perfect image of Grammy Sarah's profile! They figured she had special powers even after her death. Yet, in spite of Sarah's special powers, she was not buried in the family cemetery. Her remains were buried in a neighboring ravine. Her family didn't allow her to be buried with them because of the choice she made to leave them and work according to her soul's desire. My great-great-great grandmother Sarah was victimized for being her authentic self. What courage that took back then – and still takes now!

My Gram Farmington remembered Sarah's smell, the dark and unfashionable clothes she always wore, and the umbrella she carried constantly. My grandmother lived with the reputation of her great-grandmother lingering over her head, which made everyone question whether all the women in that family were batty. She would never abandon her family to preach. She was one of the women who had to outlive the legend. I imagine that every decision my grandmother made as a mother was out of fear of being made to look foolish. In my family I guess you really could die of embarrassment.

Therefore, Gram Farmington's daughter, my mother, had to be perfect – no dirty dishes or unswept floors for her! She was named for and had to behave like the perfect star, Shirley Temple. She had to prove through her actions and very presence that Gram Farmington was NOT like Sarah the Evangelist. The good news was that the drive *not* to be a mother like Great-Great-Great-Grandmother Sarah set a precedent. Each new generation of mother consciously chose to be different than the one before.

My mother would explain my peculiarities to others by saying I had “quite an imagination.” An example of my notorious imagination was the night the space men came when I was six years old. I woke up because a bright, white light filled my room. I found myself and other family members literally floating out of our beds. Once outside I could see that this was happening to the whole neighborhood. We were all levitated towards a spaceship, where we took our places standing in a line. I appeared to be the only one who was awake, while everyone else was apparently sleepwalking.

One of the space beings seemed willing to converse with me telepathically. Without fear or hesitation, I began to ask questions. I wasn't scared of these little beings, whose mouths were very small and didn't move. The beings answered my questions and made me feel that I could trust them. No one had ever answered all my questions so respectfully. They, unlike my mother, welcomed me in my totality. Their attention made me feel like I had dignity, that my internal world, which was such a potential danger to my fragile link to family and friends, was okay.

Their heads were very large, with large dark eyes. They didn't have on any clothes, but they didn't look naked. Their arms hung down to their knees and their movements reminded me of string puppets, making them seem robotic, but their presence was not lifeless.

Their mouths fascinated me. They didn't eat like us. I think they said they swallowed pills for food, or maybe that's all I could imagine fitting in their mouths. I felt bad that they couldn't enjoy eating. I remember the odd look in their eyes; they couldn't connect with my empathy for them. As a matter of fact, they had no emotional reactions to anything. It was clear that my joy in them was an extremely odd expression for them to witness.

We went up a large ramp into the craft and I was brought to a small room that had only a shiny gray metal table in it. There weren't any toys, like at my doctor's office. Five or six of the little beings surrounded the examination table. They told me not to be afraid and explained everything they were doing. They said I was special because I was so aware of them, and didn't resist their examination. They inserted a device into the back of my neck that they would use to track me throughout my life. I was never scared.

Then they took me to meet the captain in the control room. Unlike the others, this one seemed delighted in my childlike curiosity. I looked out the big windows and sat in front of the cockpit equipment. I asked to go for a ride, although I don't know if that happened or not. I felt so at home that my heart ached for them when I woke up back in my house the next morning.

I told a couple of kids that a spaceship had come – maybe it would upgrade my social status – and several of them set out to prove me right or wrong. As we approached the field where the ship had been, I realized we would not find any evidence. The children laughed at me and I was very embarrassed. As my lip began to quiver, my sister took me by the hand and escorted me home. She handed me over to my mother, who rocked me in the wooden rocking chair that her mother had rocked her in. “Robin,” she said stroking my baby fine hair,

“you must never tell about your strange imagination. The other children will not like you.” It was another lesson in keeping my mouth shut about my odd ability to communicate with that which was unseen by others.

After she lifted me off her lap, she called my brother home. He came running with a scowl on his face. Being called home could mean only one thing – he was going to be stuck with me again. My mother gave us cubes of sugar and told us to take our bicycles over to Aunt Issy’s barn and feed the horses. My brother reluctantly obeyed. He, in all fairness, was very patient with me. He biked to the top of the hill with ease. I had to walk my bike up. He pedaled alongside me the rest of the way to the farm. We entered the dark barn; only slits of sunshine filtered through the small holes in the roof. I could hear the horses snorting. My brother said, “Now remember, hold your hand flat so they won’t bite your fingers.” I walked up and down searching for the right horse to be the recipient of my cube of sugar. As I looked up into the eyes of the mare I had chosen, I thought to myself, “The horse’s eyes look just like the creature’s eyes in my dream...” With that thought, I forgot to hold my hand out flat! Crunch! I screamed in pain. My brother knew what to do: “Let’s get home now!”

I peddled as fast as I could while wailing in pain. When we neared the hill, I failed to use my brakes. I was coming down the hill back to our house at a frightful speed, and the tears streaming down my face blinded me to the sandy spot ahead. Boom! I hit the sand and flew over the handlebars. Mom came running out of the house. My screams alerted the entire neighborhood to the fact that I was having a very bad day indeed.

Mother put a towel over my dangling lip, called my nice Grandmother who lived up the road to come take care of my sister and brother, and got a friend with a car to drive me to the

emergency room where they stitched up my lip and head. For some reason, it didn't hurt. Miss Noyes had everyone in my school class make me a card. I really liked those cards. In fact, I still have them.

I began to stay in the house and play more by myself, but even playing dolls got me into trouble with Mother. One day I was sitting by myself in my bedroom closet, pretending to be in a teepee. I was holding my doll close to my heart, wailing deeply in a Native American language that just seemed to slip out of my mouth. I felt such strong grief. As I moaned and rocked out my deep sorrow from a past life, Mother stormed into the room, swung open the closet door, and demanded, "What are you making all that noise about?"

"Mom, I am singing for my husband who died as we made love in the woods. I made so much noise in my joy with him that some white men came along and heard us. They killed him while he was atop of me and then they all raped me! I conceived this baby boy! I don't know who the Daddy is! But God says this boy will return to me! I will birth him again!"

Needless to say, that didn't go over well. My mother, hands on hips, wanted to know where in God's name I ever got an idea like that! I told her about reincarnation. She screamed, "There is no such thing! And how come you call spaghetti "pisgetti" but you know words like that!"

"Jesus told me about reincarnation! And Great Aunt Gladys, Grandpa's sister, told me we are descendents from Chief Pemigewasset! She said that when the Old Man of the Mountain falls down, the Goddess will have returned!"

“Don’t you dare listen to that crazy old lady again! We don’t have any proof that we are related to Indians! Don’t tell people that! And how do you know about the Old Man of the Mountain? You have never been there!”

“Aunt Gladys showed me pictures of it. She said the Chiefs used to hold ceremony there! She said you would say we weren’t related to those damn Indians!” My mother washed my mouth out with soap and took my doll away from me for a day. I never spoke the word *reincarnation* again while living in her house.

A few years later my mother mentioned to me that an article had appeared in Life magazine about two adults who told about their alien abduction, which had taken place within fifteen minutes of our house at about the same time I had told my mother of my “dream.” I didn’t bother to ask her any questions. By then I was thoroughly indoctrinated into the “good little Christian girl” mentality. In order to be loved by God and my mother, I would have to disown my right to acknowledge my sixth sense. Better to stick with the daily life of my family, to my tiny Thumbelina doll, and going to church on Sundays.

Back in the “real” world, the one place I felt comfortable was at the old farmhouse where four generations of my father’s family gathered after church on Sundays. I felt like I fit right in with the eccentric lovable misfits of that clan. And the farm was a place grounded in reality, where people were born, lived, and died. And I was never dismissed there. Those people shared themselves with me. I remember the day my mother told me that my great-grandfather wanted to see me before he died. I bravely went into his room. My great-grandfather asked me to crawl up into the bed with him. He gave me a sincere hug, the kind

you give when you know it could be your last. My little body quaked with the deep knowingness that I mattered to him. I had given him joy in my very presence in his life with nothing more than my being-ness.

The following Sunday, the dining room table was where my great-grandfather's corpse, dressed in finery, was laid out. Mother asked me if I wanted to touch him. I gave him a hug. I felt the difference between life and death in his body. I wasn't afraid. Death seemed like a natural part of life, and the farm was full of life. The first time my Great Aunt Eva told me to watch the huge field of hay swaying in the wind, I felt like we were connected somehow in our appreciation of such a breathtaking sight. Tangible smells and sights gave me roots and kept me sane. I'd stand barefoot in the dirt, absorbing the earth's energy up through my body. It was a perpetual birth place of wonder and awe, a feeling so connected with Mother Earth and the pulse of birth, death and rebirth.

Dancing was a way to transmit the energy I felt in my body. In our home neighborhood at dusk on summer evenings, all the children would cluster under the glow of the streetlight to show off in a game called Talent Spotlight. I'd dance – without any music that the others could hear, but to the tune of celestial orchestras in my head. It was so reassuring to feel I could be myself and still be part of a group. I could be seen dancing from my soul and no one ridiculed me.

Most nights, however, we were put to bed early, sometimes before the sun went down. One night we were made to go to bed really early – right after dinner! We pouted that we were prisoners of our bedrooms, but Mom was having a party. She didn't entertain often, so we knew this was a big event for her and didn't bother arguing. We knew the law: no children

could interrupt the adult festivities. Before the guests arrived, Mother came to say goodnight to us. Gone were her usual dungarees and sweatshirt. She was wearing a bright red dress and heels that accentuated her shapely calves. Be quiet and go to sleep, this alluring creature whispered. We did.

I awoke to my father's voice, praying. He was on the floor on his knees, with his hands clasped in front of his heart leaning on my bed. It was the same way we children prayed every night. "What are you doing here?" I asked sleepily. Dad said he couldn't tolerate all the drinking and partying. "Why," he seemed to be thinking aloud, "does she do this? She knows that I don't want this. All I want is a quiet life with my family and church." Then Dad said he heard Jesus tell him, "You have to stay with Shirley for Robin." I'd always been told how much I resembled my mother. Was I really like her? Was that good or bad? It was better not to think about it. Dad patted my hand, "Don't worry Robin. We can do all things through Christ who strengthens us." Dad kissed my forehead and left. I went back to sleep.

As time went on, I noticed that Mom and Dad's relationship was less than perfect, no matter how normal they tried to look and act. They did, however, always put their children first. That's why, a few years later, they decided we should move. I was delighted! Now we were in an exclusive area of town that was within walking distance to our school and church. The lamppost at the foot of the walkway lit up to our front porch. It was like a magnet that drew all the kids of the neighborhood to our house in the evenings to chat, listen to music, or play hide-and-seek.

In our big house with the elegant foyer and the fireplace in the living room, we looked like the perfect All-American Family. And we were eating better, not like the old days when

Mom would sometimes have to forfeit her pork chops to fill my brother's growing frame. We still went to church, but these days we went out to dinner instead of going to the farm. I missed that ritual terribly, but was ridiculed about being so attached to a socially backwards place. My mother was now working outside the house so her income – earmarked for “extras” for us kids – meant that it was time for us to learn how to behave in nice restaurants.

We didn't complain about being so spoiled. In the summer we went for ice cream every night after supper. Well, I went with my parents. By then the older kids didn't want to socialize with my parents anymore. My sister would pay me her babysitting money to stick around when boys visited. I had to pretend to be the bratty little sister so my sister could stay a virgin until she got married. The only contact I had with my brother was passing him every morning when he came out of the bathroom after showering. One morning his towel fell off. I was so shocked to see that he had pubic hair. I thought only women grew up and had that! My brother thought that was hilarious!

My father, who felt he had missed out on my older siblings' childhoods, was determined to spend more time with me before I grew up as fast as they had. He rearranged his schedule to include quality time together for the two of us. We built a camp out of scrap wood down an old logging road and had a splendid time there – washing up in a brook, cooking on the campfire, and playing cards by candlelight at night. I adored being adored by my father.

During this prepubescent time I had a dream about being a very bright, outgoing cheerleader. I would very much be in the limelight during high school. At the moment, however, I was too content being Dad's indulged child to give much thought to the future. The night before my graduation from junior high, the old farmhouse went up in flames.

Although I had not gone there for years, I was sad about it being gone. I felt like part of my soul had died.

I thought the family structure crumbled after my brother got married at seventeen and my sixteen-year-old sister went off to college. I felt my parents had stayed together “for the kids,” and, at the age of thirteen, I assumed that I was a burden. My father worked his full time job at the post office plus two part-time jobs. My mother was working sixty to seventy hours a week as a college dining room manager. That was a big deal in those days, a woman in management. I had a job delivering newspapers and babysat part-time, but I was frequently home alone. Could the three of us endure another five years of this? My sister suggested that I join the Rainbow girls – an organization for teenage girls to keep them chaste for marriage. It had helped her get through her early teenage years. Since the tension in the house was palpable, I decided it wouldn’t hurt to get out of the house more often.

One day I came home from school just in time to overhear my parents having a very loud discussion. They didn’t hear me coming. As I opened the foyer door, my startled mother swung her head around to see who was entering the room and had heard them arguing. Her head hit the door I had just opened. Stunned that I had caught them fighting with such intensity, they both immediately acted as if nothing was wrong. I went to my room until I was called down for dinner.

During dinner that night, while I practically choked on my food, my parents tried to escape each other’s presence by focusing all their attention on me and asking questions about my day. After dinner my mother robotically cleaned the kitchen, and then collapsed on the

floor. At the hospital she was diagnosed as having a concussion. If only I hadn't come home from school when I did, Mom wouldn't have hit her head on the door. I felt so bad.

That night I was sent to stay at my grandparent's house. My mother needed a few days off from the stress of her life. I thought that meant she needed time off from me. Wasn't I the reason she was working so hard and now had a concussion?

I slept on the couch in the living room so another family member who was visiting at the same time could have the guest room. One night I abruptly awoke to this man's foul whiskey breath in my face. He put his hand under my pajama top, resting it between my breasts. His hand felt very provocative between my newly developing breasts. My nipples stiffened, embarrassing me. I was as stiff as an Egyptian mummy as my groggy mind tried to quiet my body's turbulent physical reactions. His hand wandered across my body and his fingers explored my vagina. My body felt like it was on fire.

I was so confused. I thought about yelling to Grandmother Farmington, but I didn't think she would believe me. It would create a scene, and I'd get blamed and cause my mother more despair. Before my mind could figure out what to do, he pulled my pajamas back on, tucked my sleeping bag around me, and crept up the creaking stairs to the bedroom next to my grandmother.

As soon as I figured he was asleep, I dropped down onto my knees and clenched my hands together. I hung my head and prayed passionately: "Heavenly Father, please forgive me. I don't know what I did to provoke this sin. I don't know what it is I do that is so wrong. I don't know why my body liked to be touched. Please forgive me. Father, please have mercy on me. I'll do anything you want so I can be a good Christian girl. Please lead me in the right

direction. As your humble servant, I pray in Jesus' name." I figured I was already on "thin ice" on being accepted into heaven with my early childhood imaginations. How would I ever get in now? The floor grated on my knees. The night air penetrated my bones. I was shivering with shame and crawled back into bed.

When my father came to pick me up, I didn't have the heart to tell him about my experience. Back at the hospital, I couldn't tell my mother either. I was so angry at myself and all of the adults in my life, but I had no place to express it. The only change in my behavior was that I quit the Rainbow Girls. I didn't feel worthy of being one of the good girls. I silently vowed to myself that I would parent my children differently. *They* would know what to do if someone tried to touch their bodies without their permission. *They* would be treated like they knew their own minds. *They* would be asked how they felt. *They* would be asked for their opinions about family decisions.

Major events all seem to come at the same time: I started my first period. My father took me in his arms and said, "Congratulations on becoming a woman. I love your mother." But at dinner that night, their efforts collapsed into clumsy silence again. Within weeks Dad finally acknowledged the mockery and moved out.

My parents' separation was a source of embarrassment to me, and I was furious that I hadn't been told any details at all about Dad's leaving. I didn't know where he moved to or if my parents spoke to each other. In a New York second, there were no more family rituals, no more church on Sundays, no more Sunday dinners. No dinners at all. I guess Mom only cooked meals and went to church because Dad expected it of her. I was home alone a lot. I was ashamed and confused as to my part in this dilemma. How do you hang with the

neighborhood crowd when your buddies discreetly don't want to mention that your Dad doesn't live there anymore?

My solution? I developed an inferiority complex about being ugly. I incessantly talked to my friends about how ugly I was. One friend who knew about my parents' difficulties tried to help by telling me I wasn't responsible, that my parents were doing the best they could. She also taught me how to be a cheerleader. When I was given a place on the squad, I had my own identity and it didn't matter anymore what my parents were going through. My prophetic dream of being a popular, bright, high school cheerleader had come to fruition. I was on the honor roll, class president, president of the student council, and captain of the cheerleading squad.

With good role modeling from Mom and Dad, I was now as good at escapism as they were! Home life can suck, but we can have a good reputation! The whole town knew who I was because my picture was frequently in the local paper for representing our school in an inspiring way. My parents never commented on this. Later, my mother told me she had been very proud of me, but never praised me because I might get a "big head." I vowed I would always tell my children that I loved them, and that I was proud of them and that they were good-looking. They would know how I saw them!

While I was busy being an overachiever, my parents decided to reunite during my junior year of high school and start over again in a less expensive house. They figured that financial stress had been the leading cause of their problems. This was certainly true, but I hated that they hadn't even asked my opinion. Oh, well, only two years left at home. I could do it.

I poured myself into school activities – and boyfriends. Do good little Christian girls respond sexually? Yes, mother, they do.

I had been dating the same boy for two years when I told my mother that I was alone with him too often. *Help me, mom. I'm afraid of having sex.* She laughed, “You’re too young for those worries.” It turns out I wasn’t too young. Without her guidance I began, as the Bible says, to “fornicate.” At the time I, nor my mother knew, that young girls often react to molestation by becoming sexually active at a younger than normal age.

I didn’t understand at the time that *virgin* meant pure of heart, and I felt like I had smeared my very soul by having sex prior to marriage. I was a good Christian girl except now I had “lost my virginity” and felt very guilty about it. And then there was the practical matter of not being caught. I had a dream that I got pregnant. I told my best friend about the dream. She told me that she had heard about a doctor in a town about an hour away who didn’t ask questions when you showed up for birth control pills without a parent in toe. My friend and I forged each other notes from our mothers. We took them to the doctor. We got our first pap smears and our first year’s supply of birth control pills. The doctor told us that we couldn’t start taking them until seven days after our next periods.

In the interim my boyfriend, also a high school junior, attempted responsible birth control. He rummaged through his father’s old World War II trunk to find a condom he had remembered seeing there. Of course, a 27-year-old condom is going to pop, but we were so sexually ignorant we didn’t know that. Lying on the ground in the woods, looking up through a thick grove of evergreens, I tried to deny my inner knowledge that I had just conceived.

Exactly like in my dream, I went into the bathroom every day looking for signs of my period. I knew it wouldn't come. How was I going to tell my mother? I continued in my denial.

One day my mother walked into my room and said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I counted the sanitary pads. You haven't been using them. I wondered if you might be pregnant." Simple as that. And here I thought she was completely unaware of my sexuality. She put *her* name on my urine sample and took it into the local hospital for testing. After all, she had to protect my Christian reputation. When the test came back positive, my mother made an appointment for me with her doctor and they both lectured me on my lack of morals. Both suggested strongly that I get an abortion as soon as possible. I felt that they were both communicating to me that it was totally ludicrous for me to even consider keeping the baby. *Babies ruin a woman's life. Do you want to live in poverty with your child?*

To my mother, I was lucky to be a woman when Roe vs Wade was legal. *I could have a safe and legal abortion. I did not have to be a victim of biology. I could chose to have a child when I was ready to become a mother. I could keep my reputation in the small town we lived in. I would not have to try to raise a child single-handedly or marry someone for the wrong reasons in bad timing.* And on and on and on...

One of my mother's friends was a nurse in New York, the only state that had legalized abortions at that time. My boyfriend and I each paid half. My mother made my boyfriend swear that he would never ruin my reputation by telling anyone our secret. Mom and I left the house after Dad had gone to work. She deceived my dad, who would never have allowed me to have an abortion, even though caring for the child would have fallen on my mother's and

my shoulders. She knew her limitations. She was willing to lie to my father and make me do the same. He would simply have to forgive us.

No one discussed the abortion with me, explained the procedure, or counseled me in any way. So this is what it felt like to be a woman in our society – degrading. Females of all ages sat in the waiting room, all of us in submission to the invisible ruling that having babies interfered with capitalism. I was amazed and appalled at the barbaric treatment I was being given in the middle of the supposed “women’s movement.” During the long silent ride back home, I felt that I had just murdered a child. When my mother and I arrived home, she immediately went back to work. Dad was at work. Completely ashamed, I searched my father’s closet for his gun and bullets. Luckily, I didn’t find them. Instead, I went for a long walk.

I would never treat another human being like I had been treated. I would not condemn anyone for having healthy sexual urges, no matter what their age. I would never sacrifice my sexuality or my children again. I would become responsible with birth control. When I did have children, I would raise them to be aware and responsible for their sexuality. Life should be judged on what one does with it, not how it begins.

My mother gave me a copy of one of her favorite books, *Gift by the Sea*, about women taking time alone to enjoy their own company. She wrote a note in it that I didn’t understand at the time. She said she had wanted me to have an abortion because when babies come at hard times, mothers don’t get to have those moments alone. Life is too short not to be able to enjoy a few free moments away from all expectations and relax, be carefree. If they don’t,

they get angry, just like she was for having to deny herself the simple pleasure of her own company over and over again.

At that time, I wasn't in a place to see things her way. To me, abortion was wrong. I hoped my baby's soul went to heaven; I doubted that mine ever would. I prayed and asked God to forgive me as I ended my self-righteous walk. I also ended my relationship with my boyfriend.

Since no one knew about my bout with immorality, at school I was still the shining golden girl – the All-American image of the perfect teenager. In my heart I was a failure in my relationship with God, and as a woman I felt betrayed by the Church's doctrine. Was there a religion that would feel right to me? Was that an evil thought? I began to pray incessantly, asking God to use me as a vessel for His work.

I decided to become a Candy Striper volunteer at our local hospital as a self-imposed way of making retribution for my sins. I took the six-week course, got my certificate, donned my adorable Candy Striper uniform and pulled my first cart of fresh water into the first and last hospital room I would enter as a volunteer. I poured the ice water into a glass and put the tray near the elderly man in the hospital bed. He leaned forward and made an odd noise that frightened me. I picked up the glass and began to place it into his gnarly hands. As I handed it to him, the old man collapsed with a moan. The ice water spilled everywhere as the glass broke on the hard hospital floor. I ran out into the hallway to get a nurse. One quickly responded. As she took the man's pulse, I knew he was dead. In horror I ran from the room, never to do nursing work again. I felt that I was dangerous!

Then I joined the National Honor Society's volunteer program. We were bussed once a week to a mental institution. The seventh time I was there, a large mentally challenged male tackled me as I was walking toward my assigned patient. He began humping me! As he pumped away, my face was ground into the cement. After an orderly yanked him off me, I ran to the bathroom, crying and bleeding. I decided that this wasn't the way God wanted me to make amends for my sins.

In my next attempt, which lasted about three months, I volunteered to walk dogs at the Humane Society. Then one day, a large male dog tackled me from behind and began to hump me! Again, I was rescued. Again, I decided that I must have some really bad, bad energy for these things to be happening to me.

I then read in a newspaper about a program called Family Planning. I knew there wasn't a chapter in my own small town. I wrote letters and attended meetings to let people know that I believed this service needed to be provided in my area. The lobbying attempts were successful and I was present when we cut the ribbons to the new office in our town.

At the end of my junior year I was chosen to represent our high school at the Granite Girls State conference, a conference that encouraged young women to become involved with politics. All my volunteering had not gone unnoticed. One night at the conference, after everyone had gone to sleep, I was in the bathroom crying, unable to sleep with the ache of my conscience haunting me. I lay on the cold bathroom floor and pretended to hold my baby. I imagined its little body resting in my arms. I heard her say to me that her name was Daisy, and she would reincarnate in another body. She said that I didn't really murder her.

I was terrified to hear her voice in my ears. God was punishing me! I ran from the bathroom and crawled back into bed. The next day the girls selected me as “Miss Congeniality.” It amazed me that my true self was so invisible to people. Was I that good an actress? Obviously the only way to get to Heaven was to let my true self be invisible.

At the beginning of my senior year I had another prophetic dream. I was shown the man I would marry – right down to the color of his eyes and his body shape. I was also told that I would get a divorce from him. When I went to school that morning, I looked across my homeroom and there he was. How had I not been aware of him before? It would be so romantic to have found my future mate in my dreams! I conveniently dismissed the part about the divorce, which wasn’t in a good Christian’s vocabulary; I was very determined to be “right” in God’s eyes again.

Sure enough, Peter and I enjoyed a romantic senior year. As class president, I gave the farewell speech at graduation and also received two prestigious scholarships. After the graduation festivities Peter and I went to his family’s camp deep in the White Mountain woods. We watched the sunset, and then Peter wanted to have sex. I said no....yes....nooo..... We were so engrossed in our sexual explorations we didn’t hear Peter’s father and his friends coming through the woods. I was so embarrassed! I had met Peter’s father for the first time that day as the shining high school star – and now this! Dismayed and disheveled, I ran out the cabin door. As I walked down the dirt road, I began to feel the night air on my cheeks and I calmed down. Car lights approached. I assumed it was Peter coming for me and went over to the vehicle. The car window was lowered and a rifle was pointing at me! “Get in,” said a gruff voice. For a millisecond I thought about running. Instead, I obeyed and got in the car. It was filled with empty beer cans, and two foul-smelling men, who clearly had been in the

backcountry for too long. They began to fondle my breasts. One of them complained that since my breasts were so small, I must be only thirteen. The driver stopped the car and threw me out. As I bolted away he said, “Don’t you ever tell!”

I escaped into the woods. Cars were going up and down the road, but I didn’t dare come out of hiding. Finally I heard a car stop and Peter’s voice was calling for me. I ran to him. He asked me where I had been, but I didn’t tell him what happened. I simply didn’t speak. He drove me home while I shivered in my soiled clothes. I guess he assumed that I was embarrassed because his Dad had caught us. When we got to my house, I simply jumped out of the car and ran in. After I put my pajamas on I couldn’t sleep, so I turned on late night TV. “Saturday Night Live” was on. The actor said, “Jane, you ignorant slut!” I immediately turned off the TV. There was no way that I could get away from my shame. Until now, I never told anyone.

My father was thrilled that I had received scholarship and grant money to attend Villanova Christian College in Pennsylvania. However, in August, I told my mother I didn’t really want to go to the Christian college; I would only be attending for Dad. The truth was I felt too “soiled” to associate with the “good” Christian kids, but I also didn’t want to be so far away from Peter. I told them they should have gotten my sister the scholarships to the Christian College. She was the one who had earned the White Bible for being a perfect, virginal Rainbow girl. I reminded them I had quit Rainbow girls.

Once again, I disappointed them. No matter how hard my parents had tried to raise me with all kinds of opportunities in life, my karmic course was set.

I was lying in bed the night before I was to start at a business college, which was conveniently only an hour away from home, when I heard a voice say: “You are going to have twins and one is going to die.” I was stunned, and then promptly forgot about it, although I did begin a diary of letters to my unborn child. I always started out with, “Dear Jeremy.” I wrote about how I would express my love if I were ever given the opportunity to have a baby as a good Christian wife.

Over the next three years I occasionally dreamed about having twins, one of whom would die. Then I’d wake up and quickly dismiss the dream as my subconscious way of coping with having had an abortion. However, the dreams did prompt me to read books and articles that talked about what kind of marriage I would need in order to provide the healthiest environment for children. Should I deliver at home? Should I breastfeed? Should we live on a mini-farm and grow our own organic vegetables? Should we live near extended family?

The other girls in my dormitory were giggling, watching soap operas, and painting their toenails all sorts of ghastly colors as they haphazardly made their way through school. I was thinking about what hours I would be able to work and still have quality time with my children. I couldn’t stand the shallowness of the college girls and took a part-time job as a pathologist’s assistant at a local hospital so I could afford my own apartment.

The first day on the job I had to dispose of a fetus that had been miscarried. I cupped it in the palm of my gloved hand and marveled at its human likeness, despite the fact it was only about an inch long. I was grateful I had been only three weeks pregnant when I had my abortion; I couldn’t imagine having something that looked so human being ripped from my

body. Holding that tiny creation in my hand solidified my intention to become a good mother for my future children. I dedicated myself to being a conscious mother.

5

In 1974 I graduated from the business college with a certificate in clerical procedures, gave up my job at the local hospital, and moved back to my home town where I would attend the local state college to pursue a degree in business education. Peter and I continued to date. A local law enforcement officer had a secret meeting with my mother. He begged her to stop me from being involved with this young man or his family. He told her that even though it was against the law to share police information, he wanted her to be aware of the legacy of

domestic violence in Peter's family. My mother didn't believe him. She dismissed it as a lie. She would judge Peter on his own merit. She had only known him to be kind to her daughter. My mother didn't tell anyone about that meeting. In 1976, Peter and I married.

Peter didn't appear to be in any rush to have a baby, but was willing to try for my sake. I was devastated each month when my period arrived and I'd curl up in despair in the fetal position on my side of the bed. Peter would lie on his side, facing away from me. I felt ignored. I felt inadequate at not being able to conceive. This went on for several years, while I was still taking college courses on a part-time basis. By now Peter's ego seemed to be involved. His friends offered to get the job done if he wasn't man enough!

One evening in February my class was cancelled due to a snowstorm. Peter and I made love in front of a crackling fire and I immediately knew I had conceived. That night I dreamed that I was pregnant with twins and that one would die. I could see both babies – one blue-eyed and the other with green eyes. The babies hovered above my head, peering down at their mother-to-be. Could it be true? Was the information a blessing or a curse? Why would God tell me something like this, or was it some demonic force? I decided to take the dream as a warning that I should take really good care of myself during pregnancy, so that my baby or babies would be all right. With the arrogance of youth, I was certain I had control over the outcome.

An ultrasound confirmed I was pregnant with twins. I was shocked. Did I have the power to change the rest of the dream? I became hyper vigilant – eating exactly right and taking exactly the right amount of vitamins and getting exactly the right amount of rest and exercise. I was driving myself crazy with my diligence. It appeared I was driving Peter crazy too. I

didn't know if his behavior was normal or not. I spoke to many people about his unusual and selfish behavior. From doctors to ministers and other mothers, relatives, and friends, the consensus was consistent: pay no attention to his behavior. He would adjust to becoming a father.

When I was twenty-eight weeks pregnant, we moved into a larger house with three bedrooms. I had spent all day carrying box after box. I was dripping with sweat in the relentless summer heat. When Peter sat at the kitchen table to take a break from moving, I didn't join him. He drank a few beers. As I walked by him with the vacuum cleaner in my hands, he finally broke his overbearing silence and told me he was angry about the move. I sat down and listened to him.

What I remember that he said was that the old house held the memory of his best friend, who had been like a big brother to him. He and his friend had built several one-of-a-kind things for our old house. These were things that were built into the features of our other house. He wasn't able to move them with us. He thought he was going to be able to cherish those things forever. He fell back into silence. I got up from the table and continued to unpack.

How I interpreted what he said was, "he is mad at me for getting pregnant with twins. If we had only one baby, we would not have had to move from his beloved home". I had been aware of his hostile mood all day. Now I thought I knew why. Peter's father came over to the house and the two of them went out to a bar. I was sorry he was grieving but I was happy to get his energy out of the house. I went to bed exhausted and resentful. I wanted our babies and me to be who and what was cherished.

When Peter came home he smelled of alcohol. He woke me from a sound sleep. He wanted sex. I didn't. We had sex. Finally done, he yanked himself out of me and half-apologized for his roughness. "I hope I didn't hurt them," he said, and promptly fell asleep.

I lay awake for hours and desperately prayed that what had just transpired between Peter and me was not going to put me in premature labor. I wished that the dream I had been having for years was not going to come true. I hoped that I truly was "stupid" to believe in dreams, as I had been told. "Precognitive dreams are the work of the Devil," Pastor Bishop admonished. I had sought his guidance about my dreams and the reality of my marriage. He said, "You made a promise before God to love, honor, and obey this man in sickness and health. There was no clause that said you could get out of your commitment if he didn't do the same for you."

I remembered what my best friend had said, "You made your bed, now sleep in it."

Well, sleep wasn't coming. In the early morning light, I looked around the bedroom at the piles of unpacked boxes. My low back was aching. Was this labor? I got up to pee and noticed brown mucous on the toilet paper. Was this my mucous plug? I was only six and a half months pregnant. I tried to concentrate on my breathing like they taught in Lamaze classes. I dared not wake my husband in case I was wrong.

My nagging inner voice kept saying that all was not right with my babies. I called the doctor. "Don't worry about anything," he said. "Just lie down and take it easy."

Four hours later, I called the doctor back. He was not pleased at being called away from his golf game on a sunny Saturday. He clearly thought I was a hypochondriac. Two hours

later, I called him again. He must have realized I wasn't going to go away, so he told me to come in for observation.

At the hospital, he decided to keep me overnight to keep me "calm," probably so he could have an uninterrupted evening. He told my husband to go back home and get some sleep. I felt like what was being said was "Leave the little wife in the hospital and go home so you can be with her when something 'real' happens." Peter was uncomfortable about leaving me alone in the hospital, but obeyed the doctor, especially as there didn't seem to be anything wrong with me anyway.

Throughout the night, the back pain increased. The nurse refused to call the doctor, and got snippy with me. I lay awake all night, abandoned, with the inner knowledge that destiny was being shaped. Why was I never heard? Was I really not worth listening to? Did I even own this body I was in?

My water broke at 6 a.m. in a fierce gush of release. "Well, I guess you did know something last night," chirped the nurse. I wanted to choke her. A short time later, the doctor told me I wasn't in labor yet. He called Peter to come get me and take me, by car, to a hospital two hours away that was equipped with a neonatal intensive care unit. Was *he* crazy, or did he know what he was doing? After all, he was the doctor and I hadn't ever had a baby before.

Neither Peter nor I knew how to get to the hospital, which was miles and miles away on curvy back roads. The doctor had told Peter, "Take your time. She won't be delivering for at least another few weeks." If this wasn't labor, what was all this pain? What did premature mean? How small would they be? I had no idea that their lives could be at risk.

I had to change my Lamaze breathing technique to accommodate my growing level of discomfort. Peter careened around corners like a NASCAR driver as he listened to his wife blow air out rhythmically. I felt somewhat like a cartoon character suspended in time after having been pushed over a cliff.

As we pulled into the emergency entrance, Peter screamed, “Come quickly! My wife is about to have twins in the car!” Minutes later, I was told I was eight centimeters dilated and that it was a miracle I hadn’t delivered the twins in the car. The doctor on call was outraged that we had been authorized to drive ourselves instead of being put in an ambulance.

Reality struck. The nurses began to prepare me for delivery as the doctor explained, “Your babies might be born dead or die shortly thereafter. They will be extremely small, little more than a pound, and underdeveloped. If they live, they might have permanent damage. The odds are not good that you two will be parents this afternoon.”

Premature labor is very difficult. The mother’s body has not had time to release the appropriate hormones that make delivery easier. Even though the pain was intense, I couldn’t take any medication so as not to harm the babies. The delivery room was filled with medical students, doctors, and nurses. Everything was happening at dizzying speed. The pain was excruciating, but I hoped it would be worth it. *My babies...my babies...*

As I fought to deliver healthy babies, my concern for their safety gave me divine amnesia. I didn’t remember that I had dreamed that one baby would die.

Within an hour of arriving at the hospital, the first twin was born. She meowed like a little kitten. “Oh my God,” one of the interns gasped, “she’s alive!” She was wrapped in a special blanket and rushed to the neonatal unit before I could even take a peek at her. Another

contraction swept me away. Five minutes later, our second daughter was born. “Let me see her, please,” I begged. The nurse tipped the tiny being toward me before she too was rushed off. The doctor yelled at her for stopping even momentarily. “Every second counts! Get that baby out of here!”

I thought I heard Peter say under his breath, “You didn’t give me a son.”

The birth was over. The room emptied out except for the doctor stitching my vagina back up. As Peter removed his hospital garb, he announced that he was tired and was heading home. He had to work the next day. The doctor didn’t seem to notice that I felt abandoned by my husband. Dr. Owen just kept stitching away with his focus between my shaking legs, telling me over again how I shouldn’t get too excited. The girls probably wouldn’t make it through the night. As soon as the stitching was over and a sanitary pad was placed between my legs, I was wheeled into the intensive care unit so I could get a first look at my daughters. Tears ran down my cheeks as I looked at the two tiniest examples of human life I had ever seen. Their little bodies looked like Dresden dolls as they lay naked and unmoving under heating lamps. Their skin was so translucent I could almost see right through it. When I touched them, it was like feeling little rubber dollies. Their bones felt like toothpicks under skin that was covered with faint peach fuzz; even in their beauty they resembled squirrel monkeys.

The nurses tried to assure me that the babies were quite large for their gestational time. They had expected each twin to be under a pound; instead, they each weighed in at two pounds, ten ounces. Their APGAR scores, which test indicators for health at birth, were a 9. Out of a possible 1 to 10, 10 being the healthiest, a 9 score meant they were very healthy. I

had done the best I could by my daughters.. They were both breathing on their own. All the good food and vitamins had not gone to waste. So far, so good, but nothing could make me feel better. I was certain I was completely responsible for the plight of my babies.

I was lucky, the doctors said, that they were girls. The premature survival rate was higher among female infants. But then both girls became too weak to breathe on their own, and respirators were taped up their noses. If they survived the next 48 hours, I was told, my opportunity to be a mother increased dramatically. During this perilous time, Peter did not come back to the hospital. I don't remember speaking to him on the phone. Two nights later he showed up after work. I didn't have the energy to berate him; we had much more pressing matters.

In three days, despite the fact that I was complaining of back and groin pain, I was sent home, with instructions to visit the girls daily and bond with them. That night I had a dream that my friend from high school and her boyfriend were visiting me in the hospital. I couldn't move my legs. I woke up feeling selfish that I would have had a dream catering to my well-being when my children's' lives were at risk. The only way I could help the babies was to pump my breast milk for some time in the future. First, when they were stable enough, tubes would be placed in their noses and they would be given the milk through a doll-sized syringe. Then, when they could handle it, a doll-sized bottle would be used until I would be able to breast-feed them.

All our time and money was spent organizing the three-hour trips back and forth to the hospital. Donning smocks and sterilizing our hands, we were encouraged to touch the girls

underneath all the wires in their incubators. Research had proven that preemies needed touch to live.

My heart broke a little more each time I stepped into the neonatal unit. Each twin had been placed in a crib-like apparatus warmed by radiant heat and connected to a respirator. A tube in the umbilicus gave them nourishment and enabled the nurses to draw blood samples every half hour to check the amount of oxygen in the blood so brain damage wouldn't occur. Two small sensors were taped to their bodies and connected by wires to monitors that showed their heart and breathing rates. If the rate slowed or sped up, an alarm went off. The look of their fragile hands holding my finger haunts me to this day.

When the girls were four days old, I was caressing Eva's tiny legs when she turned her head and looked me right in the eyes. I have never felt closer to a human being in my life. Years later she "told" me what she had been trying to communicate in those moments: her spirit would never leave me. Her soul purpose had been to wake me up, to know that I could and would communicate with the souls of many babies prior to their conception. She taught me that no matter how long babies lived, they came with purpose. My grief was so strong I couldn't hear her at the time. As I gazed into her eyes, I saw they were filled with pain and agony, and mine filled with tears of empathy. The memory of my dream returned. Would she be the one?

After that one precious moment, her health began to deteriorate. I sensed that Emma had a resiliency that escaped her sister. Eva was having trouble with her heart. It seemed like she was being used as a guinea pig for science. I tried not to judge myself too harshly for the thoughts I was having. My extreme range of emotions frightened me. Two days later, the

medication she had been given seemed to work and heart surgery was avoided. I discounted my dream by thinking my emotions had to do with hormones and post-partum blues.

Finally, both girls were considered stable enough to be moved to the healthier side of the intensive care nursery. With them out of critical condition, I realized how tired I was. My back had not stopped aching since that dreadful night, my legs throbbed. My gynecologist told me to go home and get some rest so I could be healthy when the girls came home.

When the girls were ten days old, I missed them so desperately that I got Grandmother Farmington, the only person available that day, to drive me to the hospital to see the girls. Despite my intense back pain, I endured her company to see my babies. For the first time I got to hold my daughters for a few minutes. I sat on a hard rocking chair, surrounded by four or five hospital staff, waiting to receive the precious wrapped bundle. I was sick and tired of all these people surrounding my private moments, as well as severely uncomfortable from the back pain. The nurse who was preparing Eva to be held was complaining about her. I was so angry I wanted to grab my babies and go home. I was tense with pain, stress and anger as I held Eva for the first – and last – time. I know it doesn't do any good to torture myself with hindsight, but sometimes...

When Peter got home from work and heard that he could hold his daughters now, he took a shower and got dressed up. With slicked-back hair he drove by himself to go visit his girls. I was too exhausted to accompany him and I thought it was good he wanted to bond with them. He enjoyed holding both of them alone without the chaos of family members and friends watching him. I stirred from my slumber when he came to bed that night. He held me close and whispered in my ear that the doctors and nurses had assured him both girls would come

home to us. He was ready to be their Daddy. He promised to honor, respect, and cherish “his girls” and made a promise never to be careless with me, or them, again.

At home that night, I dreamed about Eva. I heard the voice again, telling me that Eva was going to die. I snapped awake, drenched in sweat, leapt out of bed and called the hospital. I told Eva’s nurse to watch her extra carefully as I had had one of my precognitive dreams. I was crying hysterically while she kept reassuring me that Eva was fine, “Both babies will be coming home. There’s no indication that anything is wrong. Just relax.”

I hung up the phone and sobbed the rest of the night. The nurse from ICN had reassured me and yet I really felt like I was going crazy.

It was Labor Day, four in the afternoon, when the phone rang and the doctor asked Peter and me to get on the phone. Eva had mysteriously taken a turn for the worse. I screamed at the doctor. Why didn’t they pay extra special attention to her like I had asked? We hung up the phone and in numbed silence we made the ninety-minute trek back over the mountain. As we walked into the nursery, the nurse cleaning the crib that had held Eva looked into my eyes and then quickly looked away. She was the nurse I had spoken with. I am certain she felt responsible for Eva’s death. Had my phone call been logged into the medical records, or if our society gave credence to a mother’s intuition about her child, would Eva still have died at thirteen days old when she had been doing so well for such a consistent amount of time?

The doctor told us of a mysterious infection that seemed to be sweeping through the nursery. Emma was too sick for us to see her. Now we might lose her as well.

Would we allow an autopsy on Eva? It might save Eva and the other babies. *Of course.*
Did we want to see Eva before the procedure began? I was horrified. *No.* I was afraid. Did we
want her body cremated? Cremation was free. *OK.*

Her death was a symbol of my greatest fear. I was a horrible mother. If only I had been
there with her through the night, maybe she would still be alive . . .

We made the trip home in total silence. I was in extreme distress. The pain in my back
was moving down into my groin, but I was determined not to pay any attention to my body. I
hated it for betraying the girls and me. I deserved this pain. I didn't deserve any help. I went
to bed feeling more alone than I had ever felt.

That night, home from the hospital and losing Eva, I unmercifully awoke with my back, groin, and upper thighs in tremendous pain; I could hardly move my legs. When I went to the bathroom, I had to drag my legs along. What was wrong? Was I really feeling this pain or was it a psychosomatic reaction to the grief of losing Eva? Peter went off to work; I lay in bed hoping the pain would subside.

I was too concerned now with Emma's life to consider asking for help with mine, especially if there really wasn't anything physically wrong with me. Guilt, confusion, and embarrassment stifled me. I didn't know my own mind or body. I thought if I had listened to my dream warning about Eva, I could have saved her life. I should have gone to the hospital and monitored her beepers and not believed the doctors when they said she was fine. She had tried to communicate with me and I had failed as her mother. Now I was so afraid of somehow taking healing energy away from Emma that I denied myself the right to look after myself. How could I fuss about myself when her life was on the line? My code of good mothering had the rule of self-sacrifice embedded in mile-high letters. I endured the pain, assuming it would pass.

My all-consuming concern was for Emma. The doctor said, "She is working very hard to live and the intensive care personnel are extremely alert to her every need after what happened to Eva." A sense of peace came over me; I knew in my heart that she would be all right.

That night I slept alone. Peter had fallen asleep downstairs on the living room couch. The energy between us was as dead as Eva. In the thick of the night, I awoke with a start – I felt

like the wrath of God was bearing down on my soul. The bedroom was arctic cold, and I could feel a presence in the room – a sharp, speeding energy darting near my face, brushing it with disdain. Eva’s spirit back to punish me? I thought I heard someone reprimanding me for not helping my daughter. The radio clicked on. I tried to turn it off. Even when I pulled the cord out of the wall, the sound still filled the room. In terror, I screamed repeatedly for Peter. He didn’t hear me.

I was helpless. My legs were literally paralyzed. In despair, I groped for the telephone and called my mother. When she arrived, she woke up Peter. As he looked on with sleepy-eyed detachment, my mother rocked me like a baby as I gushed out my sorrow. I screamed over and over through my tears that God was punishing me for being such a bad mother. She tried to calm me down. *I had had a nightmare, I was hysterical, and nothing had really happened, it wasn’t my fault that Eva died.* But she couldn’t calm my soul. Peter lifted me out of bed and put me into a hot bath. When I settled down, he put me back into bed. My mother assured me that even though she was leaving now, Peter was there. He went downstairs and slept on the couch again.

The next morning was a Saturday, and Peter was going logging with his father. It was a second job to help pay for all the medical bills that were starting to pile up. I didn’t want to be a burden, so I never asked for his help. I simply said, “Have a nice day.” As I heard the car pulling out of the driveway, I lay there helpless as a baby, hating his logic. He hadn’t even asked how I was feeling. I tried to squelch the resentment boiling inside. Maybe his silent allegations were right and I was just making a fool out of myself. I didn’t deserve to live, so I refused to heed my body’s warning signals.

Grandmother Farmington showed up at the house and let herself in. I heard her as she came up the stairs. She looked at me with disdain. “Get your ass out of bed! Enough feeling sorry for yourself!” Silently, I pulled myself out of bed, leaned on my Grandmother and made it down the stairs. As she got me to the couch, she felt that she had done her job to help me snap out of it. My grandmother asked where I had put the sweaters that she had knitted for the girls. One was yellow and one was green; each was hand monogrammed with their names. As I lay on the couch, she took the stitching out of the one with Eva’s name on it. That accomplished, she left to go to an Eastern Star meeting. I never told anyone about her visit.

My mother called to check on me. When she found out I was alone, she drove to my house. Looking at me with something between love and pity, she said, “I know I shouldn’t be interfering, but I’m worried about you. You look awful. I’m your mother and I’m taking you to the emergency room.” She had to hoist me up to drag me out to the car.

In the local hospital emergency room, my swollen legs and 105-degree temperature proved I was a very sick woman. I was rushed by ambulance to the hospital that Emma was in because it had the special equipment needed to diagnosis my condition. During the venogram (a process in which dye is injected into the veins so they can detect the presence of blood clots), the doctor forced me to straighten my legs. I let out a primal scream. It turned out that I had severe, deep vein thrombophlebitis – a 14-inch blood clot in my right leg that completely cut off all blood flow to my leg, and a 12-inch clot in the left leg was blocking all but a hint of a pulse in my groin area.

I had been coping with a ridiculous amount of pain because I was afraid to ask for help, afraid to be a burden. Within moments of recognizing the gravity of the situation, the doctor

started me on heparin to break up the clots, and gave me something for the pain. At any time, a blood clot could break off, travel through my veins, and lodge in my lungs, brain, or heart, causing either a stroke or immediate death. My mother stayed all day, alternating between Emma in one intensive care unit and me in another. As she drove back home that night, she cried silent tears: she had lost a granddaughter she had never held and she might lose her own daughter. She waited at my house, ice-cold whiskeys at the ready, for Peter to get home. She said, "Peter, Robin may die. Her life right now hinges on the grace of God." My mother noticed that Peter did not go to the hospital to be with me.

The next morning, I found myself lifted right out of my body. I was "on" the ceiling, looking down at the doctors as they examined my physical body. I felt no panic and no pain as I heard them discussing the fact that the heparin wasn't working and surgery had to be scheduled immediately to remove the blood clots. I knew this procedure was only attempted as a last hope. I laughed to myself, "There's no way I'm going to have surgery. I'll make myself better." I plunged back into my body as the doctors left the room. By the time the nurses had prepped me for surgery, and the doctors came back to examine me again, the heparin had miraculously started to work.

As I continued my healing work, I became physically well enough to start focusing on my emotional needs. A social worker came to evaluate me, and I told her about Eva and my dreams. *Was it my fault she had died since I had dreamed it? Could I have changed destiny? What was my responsibility? Was I psychic? How could I be if I was a Christian?* She listened attentively and assured me that my dreams were nothing more than mere coincidence. My speculation was finished. A trained psychologist had released me from my worries. I was now free to concentrate on Emma, my long-awaited child. My prophetic dreams would not thwart

my ability to proceed with being a good Christian wife and mother. I was a normal person responding to the new demands of motherhood to the best of my ability. The idea that I could foresee future events was totally absurd.

When I was well enough to sit up in bed, the ICN nurses wheeled in Emma's incubator and placed her in my arms. She was so much healthier than I was. During the next three weeks, I was able to bond with Emma – time I hadn't had while I was concentrating on helping Eva survive. Soon I never wanted to be separated from her, and determined to restore my dried-up breast milk so that I could nurse her someday.

The same week that Eva's obituary was in the local paper, I was able to go home. Emma would be home soon too. After two months, I was finally able to nurse her. That in itself was a miracle. Electric breast pumps, labor, leg pains, and nose tubes were distant memories as she suckled at my breast.

Then the joy beam crashed. At the beginning of October, the doorbell rang and the postman delivered a small brown package, with a return address of "Crematorium" that didn't register with me as I signed for the package. I was excited as I sat on the couch to open the package and saw a small gold box inside. Who had sent me a present? Then I pulled out a plastic baggie filled with ashes and tiny pieces of bone, sealed with a plastic tie like one on a bread wrapper.

The night Eva had died in the hospital, we had been told that we could have her body cremated for free. There was so much going on and we had no understanding of any other option. In a rushed moment we had agreed. No professional or family member had discussed the matter with us. It never occurred to us when and how we would get back her remains.

I stared at the baggie.

This is how the human race coped with death? And we thought of ourselves as an advanced civilization?

I hadn't even held her dead body, which would have been easier than a baggie with ashes. I sat cradling the ashes, rocking back and forth, cooing to it as a nauseating wave of guilt washed over me. Why hadn't we had a funeral for Eva, a proper burial with a doll-sized casket to show our respect? I grabbed a chair, dragged it to the tallest bookcase in the house and put the gold box as close to heaven in my own home as I could. When Peter came home, I asked him if he wanted to see her ashes. What I recall is him saying, "I don't want to discuss it again."

Every trip I took to the living room included a glance up at that box. One day, I didn't make it through the room; my dormant grief bubbled out of me in heaving sobs. I curled up on the floor, my body ripping apart with intense cries of agony. I prayed no one would stop by and see my grief. I had been so stoic and proud; my private release was only for the birds in the trees to witness. I wanted to honor the only connection to Eva that I had. I was no longer her mother; her loss had created an empty void in me.

In contrast, Emma's homecoming toward the end of the month was the most cherished moment of my life. Weighing only four pounds, eleven ounces, she was two months and four days old. The nurses were all hugging me and crying as they said goodbye to her. Although I was eternally indebted to the medical profession, I couldn't wait to parent her on my own – with, of course, over-precaution and protection. I barely let anyone look at her, never mind

hold her. Her crib was right next to the bed so I could make sure she was still breathing. Since I still couldn't walk very far, it was a very beneficial arrangement.

That winter Peter worked sixty to seventy hours a week at the ski area, and alone carried the financial burden of our month-to-month bills. There were also astronomical medical bills. In spite of his efforts, we never had enough money. He would hand me his check at the end of each week and I would attempt to pay our bills. When he was home, Peter was wonderful with Emma; he held her and played with her. He gave her bottles of water. He bought me a rocking chair at a yard sale. It seemed as if Peter simply didn't have the time or energy to *feel* what we had all been through.

I was home alone with Emma, concentrating on getting back my health while keeping an ever-vigilant eye on hers. I had to get weekly blood work to check on the effectiveness of the anti-coagulant I was on, as well as being careful of how long I could stand or sit with my legs down. By the end of the winter I was walking a mile a day. And then, as winter turned to spring, I began having dreams that I was carrying a dead baby girl. My abdomen felt like I was still pregnant. I wondered if I had had triplets and one was still inside me. It wasn't logical, but I could see and feel movement in my uterine area.

The doctor assured me that my uterus was actually very small for someone who had had a pregnancy. Later I saw the notation he had made on my medical chart: "not pregnant – maybe psychological problems because of Eva's death." I didn't dwell on my odd dreams and body language, focusing instead on my delightful imp, Emma. I loved her with total abandon.

Shortly after the dreams began, I learned that my grandfather had been diagnosed with terminal cancer. I went to see him, and asked if Eva's ashes could be buried with him. She

came into the world with someone and I felt comforted knowing she symbolically wouldn't exit alone. Gramp was honored to be asked. He died five minutes before my 24th birthday, and Eva's remains were buried in his casket. I could finally be at peace with her funeral arrangements.

I thought that Peter, Emma, and I would begin to feel more united now that Eva was properly buried. I was wrong. As spring turned into summer, Peter lost the tip of his finger in an accident at work. When the insurance money came, I was angry when he bought himself a Harley Davidson motorcycle and spent the precious few moments of his free time on his Harley rather than with us. I hoped it was just a phase. I suspected that the funeral had made Eva's death more real to him.

Emma's first birthday was very difficult. She only weighed sixteen pounds. The doctor's had run some tests on her development and predicted that she had mild cerebral palsy and was partially deaf. Eva's shadow fell heavily on me that day as Emma and I celebrated with a small cake out on the front lawn. As it was, people avoided our house that day, not knowing what to do or say. Thirteen days later was the first anniversary of Eva's death. Peter failed to come home. Peter had a strong network of friends. I didn't. I lay in bed, evaluating our relationship. We had to reweave our relationship.

Peter and I hadn't had sex for months. It was time. I hoped the promise of sexual liaisons would keep my husband around long enough for us to become reacquainted. Because of my blood clots, I couldn't use birth control pills anymore. Even though the doctor had told us not ever to get pregnant again, he refused to give me a tubal ligation, saying that I was only

twenty-four years old and we were too young to make that permanent choice. I decided to get an IUD to prevent pregnancy and to try to spark this marriage with joy again.

When Peter finally made it home the next morning, I sat him down and, without anger, told him we needed to talk about Eva's death. He cried. I crooned to my husband as he lay cradled in my arms. We decided that our choice was to live life to the fullest and be the best parents we could be to Emma. We celebrated our conversation by hiring a babysitter and going *together* for a motorcycle ride.

We had the inner security that we both still mattered to each other; bittersweet memories could be relegated to the past. We were committed to making the best of our lives that we could. The euphoria was short-lived.

I began to feel run-down and crampy, and went to the doctor, who said I had an enlarged uterus. Maybe I was pregnant again, which would be devastating, as the stress on my venous system could be deadly. The doctor removed my IUD, which, if I were pregnant, might cause a spontaneous abortion. When this didn't happen, he ordered a pregnancy test, which came back negative. Confused and anxious, I left his office with orders to return in a month if I hadn't started my period yet.

A few weeks later, my mother came to the house and found me almost passed out. She was furious with Peter for seemingly leaving me alone with a toddler when I was so clearly incapable of caring for our daughter. She arranged for a sitter and, once again, took me off to the emergency room. "I know when you're sick. I know I probably shouldn't interfere with your marriage, but I can't stand by and let you die in front of my eyes..."

The doctor poked at my enlarged abdomen. He thought I could be six months pregnant with a dead fetus; I insisted that wasn't possible. A doctor had inserted the IUD just three months ago. "Impossible," he barked. "Your uterus had to be enlarged already when the IUD was inserted. It should never have been put in!" Within an hour I was in a labor room with a fetal heart monitor and an IV with a labor-inducing drug in my arm. My mother had called Peter, who came right down from work. It was preposterous to think I was pregnant. It had to be a misdiagnosis. As the night wore on, the staff fed me painkillers and, since my condition didn't change, they sent Peter and my mother home.

By morning, it was clear that labor couldn't be induced and that my vital signs were waning rapidly. I was transferred by ambulance to another hospital, where an ultrasound

showed that I was indeed pregnant – only six to eight weeks along – with a second set of twins! I also had an ovarian cyst on my right ovary that needed to be removed immediately. It might cause me to miscarry at once or in the weeks to come. During gestation the fetuses needed ovarian hormones until the placenta developed properly. If the babies had come from the right ovary, they would eventually starve and I would miscarry. I tried to listen, but nothing seemed to be getting through. The doctor called Peter, who gave verbal permission for the surgery.

The next thing I remember is waking up with a warm toasty feeling beneath soft blankets. Had I died and gone to heaven? The doctor strode into the recovery room with a big grin on his face. “I have never performed surgery on anyone who needed it more than you. You had an ovarian cyst the size of a football! It was hard and black, with gangrene poisoning. It was so large it twisted around your right fallopian tube. The blood could pump in, but not out. I had to remove the right ovary, fallopian tube and the cyst.” He appeared quite smug as he explained that the complaints about feeling pregnant I’d had six months ago came from this sneaky ovarian cyst that would rotate around my abdomen, giving me the sensation of fetal movement. In the midst of all this, I happened to get pregnant. Thus far, he said, I had not lost the babies. If I managed to keep them for the next six weeks, they would probably live.

Once again, I wasn’t nuts after all. What a coincidence! I was so happy to be pain-free, and excited about the possibility of being pregnant. Hopefully, I would receive special attention so I wouldn’t get deep vein thrombophlebitis again. I wondered what it would be like to have a normal nine-month pregnancy uncomplicated by blood clots and death and a caring husband.

My first night back home, I abruptly awoke from a deep sleep and saw a ball of golden light above me. An even pressure all over my body had me immobilized. I heard that familiar voice telling me that my baby was going to be fine and that I was going to have a son who would be just like his father. This baby was my son reincarnated from the Native American lifetime that I had recalled as a little girl. Simultaneously, the light and the pressure disappeared. I lay awake for some time realizing this was another incident I would have to accept without understanding. It never dawned on me that I was told I would have only one baby.

The next day, a strange phenomenon began to occur. I would wake from naps or night sleep to the odd sensation of being entered vaginally, and experienced an intense heat that was almost sexual – an erotic sensation that I didn't know whether to welcome or curse. I chalked it up to weird hormonal stuff going on in my body. When I mentioned it to Peter, he laughed – at least until the night he woke up saying, “What in the hell is that heat?”

Meanwhile, I began to wonder about the increasing number of odd events in my life – events that I had always tried to convince myself were mere coincidence, events that didn't fit into my definition of a normal life. All I'd ever wanted was to be a simple Christian wife and mother, yet here I was, turning electrical equipment on and off without touching it! Peter went so far as to have an electrician check out the wiring in the house. There was nothing wrong with it. I also began hearing a voice calling my name, and felt brushes of energy across the back of my neck or across my arms and legs. As I walked up the stairs, it felt like some force wanted to throw me down them. Although I couldn't believe these sensations were real, I went ahead and investigated ways to expel these energies from my home. At the very least, I needed to exorcise them from my thoughts. A friend who was a Jehovah's Witness advised

me to say: “In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave my home.” The incidents subsided and I didn’t speculate as to why. Once again, I felt in control of my life. Somehow, all these things had to be related to hormones and pregnancy, not the supernatural.

At my first appointment after the surgery for the cyst, the doctor told us I was still pregnant with twins. Dr. Owen knew that we would both be terrified, and reassured us that he would do all he could to help. Peter and I got excited. When I was further along, another ultrasound determined there was only one baby, and what appeared to be a fibroid tumor had developed along with the pregnancy. Peter seemed dismayed. I was told to be on bed rest throughout my second pregnancy.

My mother came to our home every day and cared for her granddaughter, keeping our home in top order. My husband was an angel throughout this entire pregnancy. Our precious daughter had independently decided to potty train herself at twenty-two months, count to ten in English and Spanish, and dress herself! There were no signs of the cerebral palsy and hearing problems the doctors had previously predicted. Peter and I were the happiest we had ever been.

We assumed because of the presence of the fibroid tumor in my uterus, I went into labor when I was only seven months pregnant. Unlike the last time, this labor was far easier and an empowering experience. “It’s a boy!” Peter shouted, as the nurses scooped our son up to check his vitals. Soon Eric was wrapped and placed in my arms. He was so warm. Peter looked at him with tears in his eyes and said, “Want to go fishing with me, little fella?” I handed Eric to Peter. As he held him, all of a sudden Eric’s breathing became difficult and he

was rushed off to the Intensive Care Nursery, also called the ICN. We didn't panic.. Peter followed his son to ICN.

The doctor began pushing on my uterus to assist in the delivery of the placenta, as I chatted cheerfully with him. When Dr. Owen pushed on the upper right side, where the supposed fibroid tumor had developed, I spontaneously grabbed the doctor's wrists. I had to stop him from pushing there. I was shocked not only at my rude outburst to this esteemed doctor, but by the extent of my pain. I had encountered enough torturous pain in my life to know there was a problem. I was deeply concerned, even though the doctor didn't validate my inner knowing. It would become one of a series of significant clues about how invincible my intuitive powers were. Now, however, my thoughts were centered on Eric.

I was so pleased to be able to breastfeed Eric only four days later, and to bring him home on the tenth day. Peter and I felt blessed to have a healthy son and daughter, and his birth was the start of the happiest months of my life. I never felt the slightest twinge of post-partum blues.

When Eric was two months old I was readmitted to the hospital for a tubal ligation. After my surgery the doctor informed me that the veins around my uterus were still the size of full term pregnancy. My uterus was still enlarged, about the size of a six- to eight-week pregnancy. Dr. Owen said that although this was a little unusual it was nothing to be concerned about. If I wasn't in physical pain, I shouldn't even think about it. Trusting him, I shoved my uneasiness into the recesses of my mind and blissfully returned to being a loving wife who no longer had to concern herself with pregnancy.

In sharp contrast to my daytime euphoria, my nightly dreams were obsessive. I could see an infant on my right hip, and kept dreaming that I should bring her back to life. Who was this mysterious baby who looked just like Emma, with intense blue eyes? She looked so healthy, and so did I, standing outside in a green field under a magnificent blue sky. In one dream I learned the baby's name was Sarah, like my great-great-great-grandmother. My connection with this baby Sarah was as soothing and refreshing as a cold glass of lemonade on a hot day in the summer sun. It was a joyous reunion. All the same, I assumed it was a coping mechanism for my loss of Eva. I joined a group of bereaved parents, called "Compassionate Friends."

The dreams of Sarah were so poignant, however, and my bonding to her felt so rapturous, that I decided to share my dreams with my mother. I told her how this pleasant interlude of holding this precious baby was so wonderful that I often was disappointed when I woke up. I felt like I had a daughter in another dimension who could visit in my dreams. My mother also assumed it was about Eva, but she clucked her tongue, shook her head and said, "You're so damn queer, Robin!"

When Eric was ten months old, he bit my nipple while nursing. I gently reprimanded him and he leapt off my lap in a dead run, never to breastfeed again. However, menstruation didn't return for another year, and when it did, I felt like I was in labor again. I had a desire to push, and my uterus felt like a giant, hot, heavy cannonball. My breasts ached and my legs swelled. I still had breast milk a year after not nursing! Something was wrong. Plus, my unique sexual responsiveness had not abated with shifts in hormones.

When I hemorrhaged in a grocery store, another nightmare was about to begin.

An ultrasound of my uterus indicated that it was still the size of a six- to eight-week pregnancy with what looked to be a small scar in the upper right hand corner. The ER doctor figured there was no way this tiny fibroid tumor was causing all my problems. He did a pap test and discovered I had cervical cancer. Further tests would show if I had uterine cancer as well. I left the emergency room in total shock.

Cancer!

I had never heard a more terrifying word regarding my physical ailments. *How was this possible? Was I ever going to live a normal life? I could die. What about my children?* I didn't think I had the inner emotional, spiritual, or physical strength to cope with this. I needed help. I couldn't face this ordeal feeling so alone.

When I told Peter his reaction wasn't exactly tender. We were both tired of being married to the uncertain dictates of my ill health. I figured if I was disgusted with myself, how could I blame him for finding me vile? That weekend he took off with his motorcycle gang to a Harley swap meet and returned Sunday night with insults on his lips. He even called me a slut in front of the children. When I tried to reason with him, he retorted, "Quit your bitchin'." If you don't like it, don't let the door hit you on the ass on the way out!" I stood there, frozen, with two small children – one on each hip.

My husband's words stung me to the core. I *knew* he was the one out the door. He was done. My husband's reaction to the word cancer was more intense than his commitment to our marriage. That possible diagnosis was apparently Peter's breaking point. In the past Peter's behavior had not been malicious. This was different. All of my understanding of Peter, my conscientious reactions to him, my passionate willingness to surrender myself to the Christian

interpretation of marriage and our deep commitments to our family didn't matter. I *felt* his mean behavior was a way for him to push me away. I *felt* he wouldn't take action to divorce me directly. I *felt* he would make life so intolerable that I, in order to protect the children, would choose to be the one to make the decision to end our marriage. .

My life would move forward with ill health, unemployed, with no income and two small children. He would move on without me, healthy and strong. I would be the one to bear the burden of all that we had created together. When the final moment came, how would I take care of the children and myself without him? *I didn't know yet that being married to an unconscious male was not the way to care for myself and my children.*

I closed the door, swallowed my emotions, and never mentioned my medical condition again to Peter. He never asked. Luckily, the cancer had not spread, and the bad cells were removed in an outpatient procedure. Within three months, the doctor said I was cured. Now, I thought, my menstrual cycle would normalize. It didn't.

Over the next year I went to the doctor almost a dozen times, trying to get medical treatment for my severe PMS. I remained hyperkinetic and became even more sensitive towards my environment. Along with the ongoing physical nightmare, my marriage continued to decline. Even though my heart's desire was to stay home with my preschool children, I took a full-time secretarial job so I could relieve Peter of the impression that I was nothing but a burden.

Each morning and night I would smell deeply of my children's innocent natural smells and caress their foreheads like my mother used to do to me. I would look with deep reverence right in their eyes and tell them how much I loved them and how beautiful and smart they

were. I acknowledged their unique gifts and supported their development. Emma liked to be artistic and Eric liked to take things apart, like all the doorknobs. But, hey, at least he knew how.

I also went back to night school to finish getting my business education degree. My mother quit her high-pressure job at the dining hall. I paid her to take care of the children and run the household. My mother said I couldn't pay her enough to make it worth her time and I had to let her take in two more children. Our home became a mini daycare center. The extra children would come and go during the hours Peter was at work.

Peter would not be inconvenienced by a disruptive household, my mother would make a good salary, and the children would have two playmates every day. It sounded like a perfect plan. By the time the children were in elementary school, I would be employed as a teacher, on their same schedule. I hoped Peter would realize how bright our family's future could be together.

The plan didn't work.

One night when I came home from a college class the living room was full of stolen traffic signs. The children were dancing around the living room with glee. "Look at the signs we stole with Daddy!" To say I was shocked was beyond words. "Peter, how could you teach the children to steal?"

"They won't remember this, Robin! They are too little! What am I supposed to be doing with them while you are off taking classes instead of home with them? I don't like you being out of the house. I don't like your mother being here! I don't want to have to babysit the kids!"

I was exasperated and exhausted. “Peter, take the children and show them that you are putting those signs all back.” Peter took a ride and put the dozen signs back. After that night, we never mentioned the incident again. The next morning Emma began to whine; she wanted a swing set – a reasonable desire for a child. I noticed that at the neighbor’s house up the road there was an old one in the backyard. I knocked on the door and asked if their children were still using it. “No, our kids are grown. You can have it if you can find a way to get it out of the backyard.”

That night over dinner I asked Peter if he and his friends could go get it. Peter took his dinner plate, walked to the back screen door, stepped out on the deck, and threw his dinner over the railing, “Is that about where you want it for the kids?” The kids and I were bug-eyed. He came back in the house and told me never to cook that recipe again, then took off on his Harley while the kids and I finished dinner and cleaned the kitchen. Soon we heard the loud rumble of Harleys. All six men in Harley vests and leather pants got off their bikes and walked to the neighbor’s. Before sundown, they walked up the street carrying the swing set and placed it down in the backyard, right where dinner was decomposing. They cemented the four corners securely in the ground, then sat on the deck and drank beer while watching the sun go down.

No matter how hard I attempted to run a smooth household, my impression was that Peter remained in a foul mood and I remained exhausted from my physical ailments for two weeks out of every months. My doctor, after trying every conceivable way to alleviate my symptoms, finally decided I needed to go to a psychiatrist. Maybe my premenstrual symptoms were psychosomatic, still related to Eva’s death. He told me to quit working outside the home until I could get some proper care.

I kept working but I foolishly confided this information to Peter. Now he had a lot of ammunition for verbage at me. I ignored him; what choice did I have? To go on welfare? I hoped Peter's resentment would burn itself out before I burned out. Each month I endured my PMS in silence and prayed that my body would heal. Unfortunately, it didn't. Each month I would retain so much fluid that I felt as if my skin would pop, and the abdominal pain was excruciating and debilitating. It was far more than a minor interference in my life, but I still wasn't willing to go to a psychiatrist. I was quite sure I wasn't crazy.

While family life fumbled along, mysterious rumblings of having had a twin sister began to reach Emma's ears. When my daughter was four years old, we were in the supermarket checkout line when a woman asked me, "Is this the surviving twin?"

I stopped myself from spouting out, "No, it's the dead one," and simply took my groceries out of the basket. My daughter looked up at me and asked, "What's a twin?"

She had asked, so I told her the truth. Earlier that spring my mother had published an article in *Parents* magazine, sharing her perspective of what it was like to have her daughter experience the birth of premature twins and the loss of one. The well-meaning woman in the grocery store had been responding to my mother's article. That night I showed my daughter the magazine. "Look Emma, here's a picture of you and Grammie." She hugged and kissed her Grammie's picture. "Grammie wrote a story about you." And I read her the whole piece.

She understood much more than I thought she would. "Mommy," she asked, "if I had a sister, where is she now?"

"She died, sweetheart. Of pneumonia."

"What's *died*?"

"It means gone forever."

"How come I don't know her?"

"She died when you both were babies."

Emma abruptly stopping asking questions and went out to play. I assumed my parental obligation had been fulfilled. I was wrong.

At Christmas, some six months after our conversation, Emma began riding her new rocking horse – to heaven – so she could play with Eva in the clouds. She pretended to speak a different language, and made up songs that she would sing to herself and to her imaginary twin. After her horsy ride back to earth, she sometimes wouldn't respond until we called her Eva. I never interfered with this fantasy but, at night, when Emma would pray to Jesus to let Eva come play with her here – if she was good enough – I would repeatedly tell her that “being good” had nothing to do with Eva being able to come here to play; nothing could bring her back.

Spring arrived, along with the annual daffodil-picking party at my friend Beth's house. The flowers enchanted Emma. Beth showed her where it was okay to walk and what flowers were okay to pick, then she and I settled in our lawn chairs to watch Emma gleefully fill her arms with daffodils. When Emma entered a forbidden part of the garden, Beth shouted in a friendly voice, “Emma, get out of there or I'll kill you!”

Emma stopped dead in her tracks and gave Beth an icy stare. “I hope you do kill me. Then I can go to heaven and be with my sister.”

We both gasped, blinking back tears. Beth, always quick to reply when I am speechless, said, “Emma, I'm very sorry that you miss your sister. Why don't you pick two bouquets? You can give one to her and keep the other.” A marvelous idea.

Emma bustled around picking her bouquets, and then we drove to the graveyard for the first time. My daughter sat buckled into her car seat with the daffodils bouncing gently in the

wind. When we got to the cemetery she looked at the gravestone, puzzled. “But where is she, Mommy? I want to give her the flowers?”

I attempted to explain, “No honey, she is buried in the ground under the stone.”

My wee child flung herself on the ground and clawed at it furiously. “I’m going to dig her up. She must feel awful under there!”

“Honey, Eva can’t feel. She’s dead.”

Emma’s face was wretched as she desperately tried to make sense of the concept of death. She finally got up and began running from gravestone to gravestone, looking for some sign of her sister. Suddenly she began screaming, “She is burning, burning! I want her back now!” She collapsed on the ground in a heap, her shoulders heaving with her gasps of despair.

To say I was terrified is too small a word. Eva had been cremated. Did she somehow know that? I held her while she cried, then scooped her up to go back home. She left one flower on the grave – “they’re too pretty to be where no one can see them” – and brought the rest home.

We stopped at my mother’s. I was so upset that I accidentally locked the keys, and Emma, in the car. I had to talk her through the process of unhooking her seatbelt and unlocking the door, which she did well, although she still didn’t want to get out of the car. Finally, she invited me to sit in the back seat with her, and said, “I had to help myself, Mommy. It was because of me I can get out of this car.” So why did she look guilty about her survival tactics?

“Emma, you’re a survivor and you should be proud of that fact.” Suddenly, the sunshine returned to her face and she decided to get out of the car and play with the neighborhood children. Feeling my gaze on her, Emma turned for a moment and yelled back, “Don’t worry, Mommy, I won’t catch a cold and die!”

A few nights later, Emma and I went out for a walk and watched the first stars of the night appear. I made a wish on it: “Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight. I wish I may, I wish I might, that our family will always be all right.” Emma added her wish: “That I die, that I could die.”

“That’s an unusual wish, Emma. You miss Eva, don’t you.”

“Oh, Mommy, I do, I do. Did she really die when we were both only two weeks old?”

“Yes.”

“But she was only a baby. That’s not fair.”

“It certainly isn’t. But at least you and I have each other.”

I was worried that I had handled the situation all wrong, trying to explain the death of her twin to a five-year-old, so I consulted our pediatrician. He suggested I take her to a psychiatrist.

No one in my family had ever spoken with a mental health practitioner. It was acceptable to talk with a minister, but we weren’t to “air our dirty laundry” to a “crazy person’s doctor.” Now that it was my daughter’s need, I wouldn’t be stopped by their possible condemnation.

At the psychiatrist's office, my daughter was tested in all sorts of ways. Ultimately, the doctor said we were handling the situation well, and suggested that I see her associate for grief counseling.

Maybe he was right. Maybe I did need to see a therapist. I was still plagued with premenstrual syndrome, fatigue, and nightly visitations from Sarah. When would I cope with Eva's death? Was all my physical discomfort psychosomatic? If I needed psychological help, I would get it. My living children deserved to have a fully present mother, even though it appeared that Peter was blatantly against the idea of "crazy people doctors." I was ready to heal and willing to give it a try. I chose Dr. Wright, a clinical psychologist in town.

At my first appointment, I knew I had made the right decision. Dr. Wright questioned me attentively as to what my needs were and designed a short-term therapy program that he felt would be appropriate. Finally, I was going to take control of my destiny. At my next appointment, I turned in three written psychological exams that he had requested I do. I was very nervous about what he would think. Would he want to commit me to an insane asylum?

That night after seeing the therapist I had a dream in which a familiar voice told me, "The word *therapist* means *the rapist*. You will be forced to endure the rape, balancing the scales for past karma. From this deepest despair, you will learn how to reconnect with your divinity. Afterwards, you will discover that this doctor has been raping his clients for years. You will stop him. It is your karma to take care of this situation."

I woke up in a sweat and immediately called my friends who had gone to this doctor. Had anyone had problems with him? They all laughed at me. A friend who was a clinical psychologist asked, "Has he ever suggested sex as part of therapy?" *No*. "Then allow yourself

to trust this man to help you.” I asked for references from his other clients and I called several names on the list. All the women assured me that they had had successful treatment with this man. Soothed again, I let myself receive assistance. What a blessing it would be if my obsessive dreaming would stop!

At my next appointment with Dr. Wright, however, he was clearly distressed about his own problems. I let him babble on for a while before I reminded him who the client was. He thanked me for being such an intelligent listener, switched to his therapist persona and I told him about Peter. I was shocked when he said, “He’s not good enough for you. Just get a divorce.”

I was all too aware of how my illnesses had created difficulties in our marriage and I wanted to get myself healthy before I made such a decision. *Just what were my problems, anyway?* He wouldn’t tell me, and steered me into talking about my past, with direct questions about the development of my sexuality. Assuming it was significant, I told him about being molested. I told him that I had never told anyone before, ever. I told him about the abortion. He seemed so understanding. He took me in his arms and I cried like a baby. Finally there was a human being in my life who could truly walk in my soul. I said, “All I want is to be a good person, a good wife, and a good mother.”

I felt like I used to when my mother would wrap me up in a warm soft towel after bathing me in the kitchen sink. Utterly safe, as though everything in the world was fine, thanks to the assistance of this wonderful honest man. As I dried my eyes, I realized we had been talking for an awfully long time. The doctor suggested I call Peter and tell him I would be late, as we had gone over by an hour. Peter was furious. “Get your ass home, now!” I was

afraid of his tone of voice. I didn't want that for myself or my children. I needed to get home quickly.

Dr. Wright kept engaging me in conversation. Not wanting to offend this man, who I was beginning to worship as my personal guru, I tried to extricate myself. I opened the front door and started to step out in the freshly fallen snow. He grabbed my arm and said, "Come back in my office for a minute. I want to show you something before you go." Maybe he had forgotten to give me a belated Christmas card. I stepped back in.

He shut and locked the door behind him, and the therapist became *the rapist*. As he grabbed me and started kissing me, I shoved him back with both hands, wiped off my mouth and screamed, "You can't do that... I'll scream!"

"There isn't anyone else in this building now. You stayed with me too long. It's your fault you're in this situation. You know you want me as much as I want you!"

"No, I don't. I don't need anything else in my life to feel awful about."

"You can do this, Robin. Just don't tell your husband. If no one knows, then it's like it never happened."

"Are you crazy? I came here to learn how to be a better Christian woman!" I kept trying to walk away from him. Did I dare grab a chair and smash it through the window and run for help? I thought about my reputation and my family's. He caught me glancing out the window and ridiculed me for my thoughts. *Didn't I know it would cause a scene if I tried anything stupid like that? Did I want the whole town to know I was crazy? He was the psychologist. All he had to do was tell the cops I was crazy and I would be locked up, probably forever. I knew*

I was crazy. Did I want everyone else to know too? Did I want to lose my children? What about my reputation?

He kept hammering. “You’re too honest. Do you think I tell my wife everything I do? You need this. It would be good for you. You’re too uptight. It’s the Baptist upbringing. That damn religious guilt almost ruined me too. You put too much energy into being a mother. I can make you feel like a woman. Peter doesn’t know how to treat you.”

Every comment was a bullet that hit my self-confidence. *Was this therapeutic? Was it true? Am I too honest? Is that my problem? What is my problem, anyhow? Did he know, and I wasn’t willing to face it?* Every fear and doubt I had ever known was pulled forth and the rush of self-doubt was too much for me to deal with.

He came after me again. Again I resisted. He switched to a different tactic: “Your husband is at home waiting for you. He’ll come down here and break through this door soon. I’ll tell him you tried to seduce me. He’ll believe me, Robin . . . not you. He thinks you’re crazy, too. You’re not leaving here until you have sex with me. If Peter divorces you, he will get the children Robin. You will never see them again.”

Peter would probably get the kids if we should divorce. He had me on that point. I was terrified of losing my children because of my health. It was then I became submissive.

Dr. Wright lay down on the floor, barring the only exit with his body, and pulled his pants down to his ankles, his genitals blatantly exposed. Didn’t he know I could kick him? No, he knew I wouldn’t, couldn’t. I needed him too much; I couldn’t risk his abandonment. I had crossed an invisible line during this therapy session and he made an educated guess that I would obey him. In my mind, my survival depended on his help. Since childhood I had been

taught that my own mind was dangerous and I had best defer to others. I was not safe unless I obeyed the rules, even if those rules laid down by others didn't feel right to me. Dr. Wright knew that about me. He had prepared me for his victimization and I was at his mercy.

He looked up at me and begged, "Please, Robin. Please, please." He wouldn't stop, and his begging finally broke my psyche. I knelt down and succumbed to his demands. Afterwards, he scooped me in his arms and stroked my hair. "I want you to know that you're the only one. It'll be our secret. Promise that you won't tell anyone our secret."

I nodded yes, not looking at him. As he pulled up his pants, he told me he loved me and that he wanted to leave his wife for me. Broken, I walked out into the innocence of the new-fallen snow, which did little to alleviate the darkness of my soul.

When I got home, confused and dazed, Peter yelled obscenities at me as the children jumped up and down with delight, ready for their bedtime routines. I read them stories as usual. Then I took a long, long bath – an attempt at purification. I would never, ever, tell anyone about what had happened. I entered the silent club of women who have been raped. What was important were my husband and my children. I didn't count. I had put a man's needs before mine; wasn't that what all mothers did? Was I to blame for this feeling of being trampled upon and emotionally ravished? I was willing to endure anything in order to be a good Christian wife and mother. I had totally forgotten about my precognitive dream about being raped.

The next day, I couldn't stop the emotional turmoil that kept interfering with my ability to function. Why couldn't I forget about it like all the other horrible times of my life? Why couldn't I keep my priorities straight?

When I skipped my next appointment, the “therapist” called to lure me back into his office by reminding me how desperately I needed his expertise. “We’re still friends, aren’t we?” I lied and said yes. “Well, you know a lot about me now, and you’d better come back so we can talk some more.” No. I hung up. He kept calling back. “Come back, Robin. You could start a revolution doing that.”

The therapist's words about starting a revolution were so odd they tossed around in my head like laundry in a dryer. I obsessively continued to run a perfect household. As I folded laundry and did dishes, my thinking had begun to reorganize itself.

That night I made Peter move out of our home. "You're going to start treating me right, Peter, or I'm divorcing you. My health problems are not an excuse for us to have a unhealthy marriage. Our children deserve better role models than we've been. This family isn't just for the benefit of the three of you; I'm in it too." Radical!

Peter's mother was furious with me. "A bad marriage is better than no marriage. You expect too much from a man. Stay with him for the children's sake."

Grandmother Farmington said, "Who is going to want you? You will be a single mother who can't take care of herself?"

Was I being unrealistic? Should I keep my mouth shut and not make a fuss? What could I expect out of life? I should be grateful I had a husband; after all, I was such a burden. But a line had been crossed. I was sick of pleasing everyone but myself. On the other hand, how was I going to take care of my children and myself? Would Peter get custody because of my health problems? But . . . but . . . I didn't deserve the treatment I got from him or from Dr. Wright. The night Peter got paid, he was at the door. Crying, he asked to come in. I wanted him to be able to see the children; I also needed his paycheck.

Through his tears, he said he'd kill himself if I didn't take him back. Of course, he blurted this out while sitting between the kids on the couch, his arms wrapped tightly around their little forms. The kids were screaming that I had to take him back or Daddy was going to kill himself with his shotgun. I stood my ground.

"No," I told Peter. "Find yourself a good therapist and I'll find a female therapist and then we can go to marriage counseling. Any further discussion is non-negotiable." I was sick of living a sick life. Peter agreed. The children watched him pack his clothes. He hugged them as they cried, then he left to go live at his brother's.

The only two "girlfriends" I had at the time came to see me. Stephanie said she was Catholic and couldn't hang out with me anymore; Beth said my children deserved better than to come from a broken home. Despite all the negative reactions to my action, I was filled with the courage to create a world in which my children could grow up feeling safe to be their true selves. My revolt was in full swing. I called a lawyer. I told him that I had been raped.

The lawyer literally saved my life. He connected me with a therapist, who, at my insistence, was female and not a lesbian who might assault me. Normally, Dr. Jasmine had a year-long waiting list, but she took me right away. She had known of Dr. Wright's unethical behavior twenty years earlier, but had not turned him in to the authorities because, like many others, she thought it was a one-time occurrence. She would later testify of this under oath during the legal proceedings.

Somehow I kept up with my chores at home and at work. I made it a point to enjoy my children. I truly was just like my mother – no matter what happened to me, I vowed to create as much harmony and stability for my children as possible. At times, though, my strength

ebbed and it was a constant struggle not to commit suicide. As I commuted the forty minutes to my therapy sessions, I fought the urge to drive off the road. When I was bathing, I would watch my right arm to make sure it didn't reach for a razor to slit my wrists.

Peter kept trying to convince me how much he loved the children and me, but I didn't trust him. I didn't know who or what to trust anymore. Finally, Dr. Jasmine helped me to take the risk of telling Peter about the rape. Much to my shock and disappointment, Peter didn't show any anger, and did not support my decision to pursue a criminal charge. He just wanted me to be the devoted wife and mother I had been before. He also wanted to protect me from being victimized by the judicial system, which was certainly a possibility.

He was glad when my lawyer advised me not to file rape charges. Without physical evidence of the rape, it would be my word against the doctor's. My lawyer told me my only hope was to find other women who would formally admit that they had also been raped. Together we could file a class action suit. He also said that the state attorney's general office was investigating this doctor for insurance fraud. If we women spoke up about what happened to us, then perhaps they could arrest him on the charge of insurance fraud. After all, being paid to have sex with your clients by their medical insurances is insurance fraud. The lawyer asked, "Robin, would you help us with this?" My instant answer. "Of course I will." I felt my husband wanted me to pick him and the mending of our relationship over finding women to collaborate Dr. Wright's evil ways.

I was haunted by an image – a family picture of the four of us being torn down the middle. One night Emma became deathly ill. Her tongue mysteriously swelled up and she began to choke on it. I rushed her to the emergency room. The doctor told me my swift action

saved her life. Peter stayed in the hospital with us for three days, stroking Emma's hair and whispering to her how much he cherished her. My heart once again went to the place where I yearned to provide a quality home for my children with two loving stable parents. Did Peter finally have his priorities straight? His tenderness towards Emma led me to try again.

But when Peter and I tried to make love, all I could see were red horns on his head and a red tail swirling out behind him. I couldn't let him, or any man, that close to me. How could I know which part of me was angry with him and which part at what the therapist had done?

When I made a formal complaint to the American Psychological Association, my lawyer told me that Dr. Wright lost his membership. My lawyer got the therapist's client list and wrote letters to all of them; their responses revealed a long history of abuse. Most of the women had continued to be sexually involved with him during therapy sessions, sometimes for years. He met his clients in their homes or at hotels and charged their insurance companies for his affairs, sometimes overfiling to the point where their insurance ran out.

Since he had told me about his business problems, when Dr. Wright was formally served legal papers for insurance fraud, he immediately suspected me of turning him in. He phoned to warn me to back off. I never did, although he harassed me to the point where I developed agoraphobia.

I confronted some of the women I had spoken with before seeing the therapist. "How could you not have told me?" They all felt that as mothers and wives they couldn't sully their families' reputations. I couldn't imagine the illogic of that. Parents are supposed to make the world a safer place for their children. If something is happening to us, it could happen to them. More of us need to come clean and stop letting shame silence us. We need to teach our

children that being victimized is, unfortunately, part of the world we live in, but we can revolt against victim consciousness. If we let harmful people and events degrade our lives without challenging them, we allow that consciousness to flourish.

When I met with the state's attorney general, I asked him to give my name and phone number to anyone connected to the case. After that, the doctor who had given his notice to Dr. Wright the night of my rape contacted me. It turned out that Dr. Wolfson had left because he had a gut feeling that Dr. Wright's behavior was unethical. Dr. Wolfson felt so badly for my husband and me that he offered us free counseling.

I remained with Dr. Jasmine, but Peter availed himself of the therapy with Dr. Wolfson. In addition, Peter was also working a second job and planning a trip to California for us. He was trying to make up for the past. My parents insisted that I let my husband take me on this trip. I was too exhausted to argue. My mother made it clear that coming with my children to live with her was simply not an option, so I had better make things work with Peter. She would lend a hand in raising the children, but she would never help me financially. Dad couldn't budge her on this matter.

Peter and I went on our second honeymoon, but the past was too present. The damage was irrevocable. Peter was trying hard, but I was emotionally incapable of being in a relationship with myself, never mind with him. When we got home, for the first time, Peter *willingly* babysat for the children so I could have a weekend by myself to decide whether or not I would take him back. But there is an old saying, "If the plant is already dead, it doesn't do any good to water it."

I went to Maine, where I read or walked barefoot up and down the coastline. The gritty cold of the sand squishing between my toes reminded me of the authenticity of the earth; I yearned to find the same reality in my mind, where Dr. Wright and Peter and my problems no longer mattered. Just as I began to relax, however, I was struck by a vision of myself in a long, old-fashioned dress and bonnet, walking alone down a wharf, waiting for a ship to return with my husband. In this vision, other people were walking past me, whispering that I should give up waiting for my beloved, who would never return home. I left the waterfront and went back to my one-room cabin, with a huge hearth for cooking. I could see my bed and trunk and rocking chair.

I was so unnerved by this clairvoyant vision that I left Maine and headed back home. As I walked through the front door, I announced that Peter could move back in. He and the children danced around in glee. I felt like a rag doll whose stuffing was falling out. I was terrified I had lost my mind. I was experiencing myself in different lifetimes and I wasn't even sure I believed in reincarnation.

I felt like a zombie, a robotic Stepford wife. The circles under my eyes were so pronounced that Peter called me his "little raccoon face." When he suggested I called Dr. Jasmine and make another appointment, I did as he suggested. She was deeply concerned about my deteriorating health. Something inside was escalating to cause such visible symptoms, so she started directing my sessions away from the rape. She guided me through a visualization technique to help me heal from my mysterious attachment to my psychosomatic PMS. I began to see visions come forth from what I now know is my "third eye."

“I see something black. It’s a little black and gooey thing, the consistency of wet cement. Sticky stuff all clumped together.” That was the totality of my inner picture, until a few days later, when I got a strong flash of a tiny fetus – a little bitty black crusty baby. I told Dr. Jasmine about the vision; both of us thought of it as a symbol of some sort. She recommended I go to a medical doctor, but I wouldn’t. Why bother? In all my previous visits, they had found nothing.

That night I had a dream. I was up on the ceiling of a conference room, looking down at men in white togas who referred to themselves as the White Brotherhood. I resented that no women were present. I knew they were trying to manipulate my future, although I sensed that at least they had good intentions. The leader said they needed a soul that I had. If they took the soul, I might not live through it. They didn’t want to hurt me, but they needed the soul to complete another mission. It was decided that this soul’s mission was more important than mine; I was expendable. I woke up with a start.

Soon I noticed an odd sensation in the upper right side of my abdomen, like a scab under the skin that ached. My whole abdomen felt crampy, like something was scraping at my insides. I began to spot vaginally all the time. I tried to ignore it. After all, I’d been to the doctor ten times over the past five years for similar symptoms, and nothing had been found. It just confirmed my suspicions that something was wrong – in my head. I suffered in silence.

One morning Peter asked me to go out to breakfast with him. He hired a babysitter, an unusual treat. As I grimaced with discomfort during the meal, Peter said, “I’ve had enough of this.” He took me to the emergency room. The doctor said, “I think you’re pregnant. Even with tubal ligations, miracles do happen.” He gave me an antibiotic in case my uterine

expansion was due to an infection, and sent us home to await the test results. Could I be pregnant? If I was, it was a miracle. I reminded Peter about my visions of the baby Sarah. Maybe this was Sarah. A phone call cut the discussion short. I was not pregnant. When I finished my prescription, I should call the doctor again.

The medication didn't help, so I was scheduled for an exam, which showed my uterus had taken on a curious shape and was about the size of a two-month pregnancy. The doctor thought the itchy bitsy fibroid tumor, the one that the doctors had insisted for all these years couldn't possibly be the cause of my complaints, was now infected and trying to push its way out through my uterine wall. Surgery was scheduled immediately – a hysterectomy. I was too exhausted to request a second opinion. I was simply praying that the surgery would return me to good health after so many gynecological problems.

I was freezing and shaking all over when I woke up from the surgery, and knew something was very wrong. I had lost a great deal of blood, which necessitated three blood transfusions, during what should have been a simple, uncomplicated procedure. I could feel the blood dripping into my arm. The doctor told me, “We were quite shocked when we performed a D&C prior to the hysterectomy. It appears you retained placental tissue, known as ghost cells. Whatever it was, it's been in there a long time, but the infection was new. You lost a lot of blood because your uterine veins had severe varicosity. They were the size of a nine-month pregnancy.”

“That's what I dreamed,” I whispered to the doctor. “I dreamed I was carrying a petrified dead baby. It's Eric's twin, isn't it?”

The doctor was going to examine Eric's records to see if he had missed something five years ago. As he got up to leave the room, he said, "I don't base anything on dreams, Robin."

I tried to explain that I wasn't looking for a reason to sue him for malpractice; I simply wanted to acknowledge my inner wisdom concerning the baby I had been dreaming about for years. He may have thought I was mentally disturbed. I argued, "Eva and Emma were fraternal twins and so had two placentas. You told us at my post-op check-up that you thought I was carrying twins again. You told us that it is genetic to carry multiple sets of fraternal twins. Eric's twin was in a separate sac from the right ovary. When you removed the ovarian cyst and the right ovary, you said that if the baby were from that ovary, it would die. Remember? That is why you ordered the ultrasound when I was three months pregnant, to see if I was still pregnant with the twins you saw on the ultrasound when I was six weeks pregnant at the time of the surgery!! Maybe Eric's twin did die and I didn't expel it because of all the mixed messages my body was getting at the time. Maybe this was my body's way of preserving the pregnancy for Eric. You know I've had gynecological problems since Eric's birth. At the time of the tubal ligation, my uterus was still the size of a six- to eight-week pregnancy. Someone should have given me a D&C years ago, especially when an ultrasound two years after giving birth to Eric indicated the same enlargement. Why can't you admit the truth?"

I felt he ignored my logic. In his most doctor-like way, he said, "You will have to be aware – always – of the varicose veins in your abdomen and venous vein system, which will eventually cause a life-threatening problem. The valves that maintain the flow of blood in your leg's venous vein system have collapsed. This is a very grave situation. You already had chronic deep vein thrombophlebitis and now you have venous vein insufficiency. If your

lower body starts swelling, get to an emergency room. You may have a stroke or a heart attack at any time.” *Would I ever stop needing the medical society that was such a blessing and a curse in my life?*

Two days later the pathologist confirmed the distinct probability that I had retained fetal tissue; in other words, my vision of “a calcified fetus.” The pathology report reads, “the presence of ghosts of chorionic villi raise the possibility of retained products of conception, which could account for the non-uniform histologic pattern in the endometrial curettings.”

The rest of my hospital stay was a nightmare. They were short-staffed, so my mother came to help me. She wheeled me into a shower room, only to get my gown tangled with my tubes. I had to be rescued as I screamed in pain, with the incision opening up and blood oozing from the wound. Then Peter tried to help. While tidying up the room, he accidentally stepped on smelling salts, and I laughed at the horrific smell. Blood slid out of my incision and the nurse sent him home and gave me painkillers.

When I tried to tell the interns I wasn’t ready to leave, they sent me home anyway, even though I could only walk down the hall if I was leaning on the wall for support. On top of that, Dr. Jasmine warned me to keep my supposed psychic ability out of earshot of the medical doctors, who had called her to ask if I should be sent to the psychiatric ward for a diagnosis. Be careful, she warned, of whom I talked to and about what. Once again, it was *don’t tell*.

The day I was discharged from the hospital, I *knew* I had a kidney infection, but it didn't yet show on tests. Three days later I was readmitted to the hospital, severely ill with a kidney infection. *Why, I wondered, didn't they just kill me and get it over with?*

Once in the hospital room, I fell asleep, only to be awakened by the awareness that my bed was trembling. How strange. We don't get earthquakes in this state. I looked around the room; no one else's bed was shaking. Was I trembling? No, it was the bed. Was someone trying to talk to me? Abruptly, my connection to the world shut off and I was standing in a mist, looking at a house full of people a short distance from where I stood. I noticed one woman standing in front of the house with her back to me. I intuitively knew her; she reminded me of my mother and sister, only squatter. Her hair was thick, wavy, and dark brown. Her gauze-like white gown made her seem surrealistic in the foggy atmosphere. She turned and faced me with a penetrating ray of attention, and flowed towards me.

"I am your great-grandmother. Like you, I had twins and one died."

I realized I was carrying my tiny calcified baby Sarah. As soon as I realized it, the precious blue-eyed Sarah appeared in my great grandmother's arms. Grandmother continued, "Robin, you have been fulfilling your sacred contract well. You will begin to remember it. You have endured all that has happened to you for a reason. Every since your first near-death experience at the river, you have been open to and obeying your inner guidance to the best of your human ability. Just as a little baby needs to crawl before it can walk, so must the new breed of humans learn how to manage and utilize their psychic abilities. Would you be angry with a baby for falling as it learned to walk? Do not chastise yourself or your world for its

mistakes. We on this side are very pleased with what you have done for us. Continue on your path and know your spiritual family is with you. Because you have been who you are, the message will be brought to the world through your story. The traumas you have been through will demonstrate the full spectrum of emotions one must cope with in order to find the divine passageway. As one clears the slate of emotions, one is more able to discern the clarity of their intuition. You are needed on the planet after the twins.

“For now, don’t clutter your mind with questions you cannot answer. Simply trust that the most important task that you have is to share the process you have endured. Know that Sarah’s purpose in your life was to teach you to have unequivocal trust in your intuition. Have Absolute Faith and Absolute Will. Know that your purpose is for you to deliver the message of your wisdom to people on your planet who will listen. Mothers will heed your call. They will walk in your soul and identify with your journey. This will enable them to overcome their sense of victimization and see the rhythm of life.

“You must return now. You cannot remain here much longer or you won’t be able to go back. To know that this really happened, ask someone to look inside my desk and find the old family Bible. Inside will be a poem I wrote about Christianity. This will be your proof that I did, indeed, have this conversation with you.”

I tried to argue. “I don’t want to go back! Please, Grandmother! I want to stay here with Sarah.”

“No, Robin.” She was curt. “You must go back. But first, I must teach you to christen the babies. You must pass on this method to all mothers so they can remember the true role of parenting.

“The true meaning of Christianity is to live one’s soul purpose according to universal law. By the act of christening, one is ‘asking’ and so shall receive the experience of a soul-driven life.’ The true mother is the soul. The soul creates a human form through a physical vessel that humans call the ‘mother.’ The soul chooses to create a human form so it can learn through the qualities of the subconscious mind – the senses of awareness, intuition, touch, smell, hearing, taste, and sight.

“The true father is universal law – laws which govern all life forms, whether one believes in them or not. For example, whether or not one believes in gravity does not affect its presence and impact on one’s life. When the mother, *the soul*, unites with the father, *universal law*, the energies get expressed out through the ‘third eye,’ the place of vision, the place where perception lives. Our subconscious minds receive information through our senses according to our perception. Through the Law of Attraction, our perceptions govern our life experiences.

“The act of christening is to declare the intention that one is choosing to live consciously according to these ancient laws. When we do not claim our perception through the act of christening, we become vulnerable to energies that are not our soul’s own.”

As she spoke, I was sitting in a meadow with my beloved first daughter Daisy in my arms, the one I had aborted as a teenager. My grandmother said, “Robin, there are two ways to christen your babies. You either say, ‘In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I christen you Daisy,’ or you can say, ‘In the name of the All-Conscious Sun, the Sacred Moon, and Mother Earth, I christen you Daisy.’ Robin, ask Daisy which way she wants to be christened and tell me what you hear.”

As I gazed deeply into Daisy's brown eyes, I heard her say she wanted to be christened the second way. Grandmother said, "Look her right in the eyes, Robin, and repeat after me: In the name of the All-Conscious Sun..."

I repeated, "In the name of the All Conscious Sun . . ."

"And the Sacred Moon . . ."

"And the Sacred Moon . . ."

"And Mother Earth . . ."

"And Mother Earth . . ."

Grandmother commanded with authority, "I christen you Daisy."

"I christen you Daisy."

I felt such deep joy and relief. I could feel the wind as little Daisy found her way back to her next highest vibration. Grandmother asked, "Robin, can you tell me why Daisy came into your life?"

"She came to teach me I was to take womanhood and motherhood matters very seriously. She came to remind me of my soul purpose: to restore the lineage of mothers Jesus referred to when he spoke to me on the day I drowned. She also told me that her life would continue in another form at another time."

My grandmother said, "Daisy wants you to forgive yourself. You simply had an experience with her. You did not make a mistake. Experiences are to be learned from. That was your agreement."

“Grandmother, is she saying that she chose me as her mother?”

“Yes.”

“Why, when she knew I would abort her?”

“To teach you that no matter how long a soul is present in a body, it has a purpose. Many women are aborting and miscarrying babies and they have not been graced with the divine knowing of this sacred exchange. You, Robin, must teach them. You will help women remember their *knowing* again.”

My grandmother said that Eva was ready now to be christened. I said, “I can do it on my own,” and I tenderly christened her in the same reverent manner: “In the name of the All-Conscious Sun, the Sacred Moon, and Mother Earth, I christen you Eva.”

I felt the same euphoric joy as Eva’s soul purpose was acknowledged. I heard her say, “I came into your life to teach you that you are precognitive, a baby spirit medium, and a medical intuitive, especially for infants. Use your abilities to help mothers remember the sacred rites of motherhood, their ability to telepathically communicate with their children, and to trust their mother’s intuition. I give you this prayer to share with them:

Our Mother

Who Art in Our Hearts

Hallowed be Thy breath

Repudiate this day

Any energies that are not of our own

Allow us to know and trust our own knowing

And have the biological courage to act upon it.”

And then it was Sarah’s turn. As I christened her, she claimed her soul’s purpose, “I came to build a bridge between alternative medicine and traditional medicines.”

Then I saw myself holding myself as a newborn in my own arms. As I tenderly gazed into my own brown eyes and felt the weight of my own body, I asked myself how I wanted to be christened. “In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I christen myself Robin.”

My soul spoke, “The true meaning of Jesus Christ dying on the cross is this: to surrender with grace to your soul’s purpose and to live in alignment with universal law. Jesus was demonstrating his obedience to his soul’s purpose when he was willing to die to fulfill it. When the soul obeys universal law, no matter what happens in your life, the soul purpose is fulfilled. Your soul purpose, Robin, is to teach this. The sign of the cross is the path to inner peace. Inner peace is the path to global peace. When children are taught this, they remember to be future teachers of peace. This is the way to create peace for all people in all lands for all time.”

I began to feel myself leaving these sacred females. I tried to will myself to stay with them, but I was told I had to go back to earth. I could not escape my sacred contract by staying in the blissful, luxurious comfort of love. Abruptly, my great-grandmother, Sarah, Eva, and Daisy were gone. The fog-like texture was gone. I was standing alone in a huge green field, under a blazing noonday sun in a blue sky with white clouds. The warmth was delicious. Then I was on a small tractor on a dirt road, winding through the limitless horizon.

Information was being filtered into my higher self, but I could not “hear” the messages. I was told I would know the information when the time was right. As I meandered on my tractor in the hot sun, I began to perceive the meaning of life and death in a new way: I could see the continuity, the flow of interwoven lives in this dimension and others, my misunderstood “imagination,” the “crazy lady” syndrome.

I had entered this lifetime with a purpose.

We all do.

Obviously, there was a master plan, some sort of eternal blueprint, and there was a panel of spiritual beings determining how it was being read. There was a connection to a spiritual family. We were reborn, time and time again, here and in other places, to assist others and ourselves on our sacred mission of soul redemption. There was an invisible network between what we all perceived as “normal” and that which most of us never gave any credence as existing. My dreams did not come from some evil part of me.

I watched as a wispy white flow of energy got sucked back into my body through my solar plexus.

When I came to, my sister Julie was by my side. From that moment on, my sister became my earth angel. She stayed with me in the hospital for the next three days. I told her and my mother about my “dream.” Mom said I had described her grandmother’s looks and personality just as they had been when she was alive. It was true she had had twins and one died. She had not told me about my great-grandmother’s twins so I wouldn’t think that it ran in the family. She knew, as I didn’t, that there was a family Bible and that Grandmother did have her own favorite desk.

My mother called my great uncle and asked him to look in the family Bible in Grandmother's desk. He was skeptical, as he had searched it years ago when she had died. To placate my mother, he did look again and found the poem. My mother drove to his house to get it and read it to me over the phone. This is what my Grandmother wrote:

A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER

An old railroad employee was converted at a meeting and was asked to lead in prayer. He hesitated a moment, then with a trembling but clear resounding voice he said reverently, "Oh, Lord now that I have flagged Thee; lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of salvation. Let me use the safety lamps known as prudence and all the couplings in the train with the link of love and my hand to be the Bible and, Heavenly Father, keep all switches closed that lead off on the sidings, especially those with a blind end.

Oh Lord, if it be Thy pleasure, have every semahose block along the line the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping, and, Lord, give us the Ten Commandments for the schedule; and when I have finished on scheduled time and pulled into the dark station of death, may the Superintendent of the Universe say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Come and sign the payroll and receive your check for Eternal Happiness."

My sister and I wondered why we had never known about twins running in our family, so Mom produced a worn document with dates on it as far back as 1656. The genealogy included the names of John Adams and John Quincy Adams. My sister gasped, "Mom, we're related to presidents?"

She said, “Not that I know of.”

I had her get out the dictionary, and showed her the names of the presidents that matched the ones in our genealogy. She had never known. My sister and I were dumbfounded that we grew up not knowing this.

“Mom,” I said, “I’m going to be a leader also – a leader of the United States of Awareness! I will teach that our basic innate goodness cannot be destroyed, no matter what happens in our lives. I will teach what it is like to survive the loss of twins.” I was overwhelmed with a sense of purpose.

The experience of seeing my deceased grandmother taught me to trust my own knowing.

I had awakened my gifts when I almost drowned as a child, and now, as a young mother who had lost three children, I could no longer deny the reality that I was psychic. If I had not been filled with religious guilt and fear about listening to my own inner guidance, I would not have been afraid to take action based on my inner wisdom. I was very grateful for the revelation I received. I had learned never to bow to any authority other than myself. My sister said my therapist was right – by submitting to being raped, I could start a revolution. *I treasured my soul’s wisdom.*

I had found my boundaries and my free will. It is the place within us that recognizes our sacred center and knows that it is the Hub of the Wheel of all our choices.

Julie, the traveling art teacher, just happened to have art supplies with her. We drew a big circle on a large piece of paper. Then she made a little circle in the middle of the big circle.

As she wrote, “motherhood without martyrdom” on the inside circle, she said, “You know I don’t believe in past lives.”

“Okay, don’t,” I said.

Our mother re-entered the room with a basket of laundry and we invited her to join us. Of course, she had to finish folding and putting away the laundry first. “Mom, we are rewriting the new ‘codes of women’ for our family. Can’t the laundry wait?”

“In a minute,” she said.

Inside our circle my sister and I industriously wrote with magic markers the codes of conduct for the revolution. The codes inside the sacred circle were the LAWS:

- Obey the Golden Rule to treat others as you yourself would like to be treated.
- Understand and support Global Sisterhood, even if it is a simple thought every day that unites us with the intention of creating a safer world for mothers and children.
- Every decision you make is a chance to awaken or oppress yourself.
- Know your own boundaries, and assertively defend them.
- Express your authentic self as an example of self-acceptance. Self-acceptance also creates an environment for other women to be themselves.
- Make people earn your trust and your loyalty.
- Know and set the terms of your relationships.
- Know and admit when you need to leave a dysfunctional relationship.

- Do not let a difficult past inhibit you from being your own personal best each day.
- Admit your vulnerabilities and do not be afraid to ask for help.
- Go through every experience with the attitude that you will come out stronger on the other side.
- Choose your own role models; don't blindly do what your mother did.
- Demand to be respected.
- Learn from your mistakes.

Mom finished the laundry, ate her nighttime snack, and was ready to head off to bed, but we asked her to pray with us. She quickly perched on the end of the couch, dropped her head, pressed her hands together in the prayer position, and said, "I pray that I will always do right by my family." Mom looked up, "You know, girls, I've prayed that same prayer every night of my life, right after my sandwich spread and peanut butter sandwich."

My sister said a prayer that I would find a way to recover from my seemingly cursed life and that I would find a way to feel blessed with my metaphysical gifts. As she prayed, I *knew* that if I wasn't aware of my power to make conscious choices, then I would be vulnerable to the experience of being raped again. I realized there was no difference between psychic rape and physical rape. The same way I would buckle my kids' seatbelts in the car to keep them safe, I would teach them to think for themselves, to listen for and follow their own souls' guidance.

When they went to bed, I got out the dictionary. I discovered the Latin root of the word *psychic* means "of the soul." Being psychic means listening to your own soul's guidance! If

we aren't leading our lives from our own inner knowing, then we become sitting ducks for indoctrination by other people. I would no longer prostitute myself for others' inane belief systems. Not me. Not my babies. It was time to buck the status quo. I had never been crazy; I had merely perceived the insanity of the world around me. I claimed right then the legacy of joy of being the Light that I came to be!

Clearly my grandmother's "railroad man" poem was a sign from heaven. In spite of all the heartache and hardships, I had learned. Sarah's purpose was to teach me to trust my intuition – the part of me I had considered vile and possibly evil, the part of me that was not recognized by the world around me, the part that was my most sacred contact with the divine.

God had not abandoned me. I had cast that judgment on myself because of what I had been taught by humans. Now that I knew I was a loved member of a spiritual lineage, I felt it was up to me to share with others what I had learned. No matter who you are, no matter what your religious or personal beliefs, you have a purpose for being alive.

I needed to believe my suffering had purpose as I coped with my difficult post-surgery complications, belated post-partum blues, the rape and impending court date, an emotionally devastating marriage, and the lost time with my two precious children as I mourned for my other lost children. As this newly empowered female emerged, Peter and I separated for the last time. I was no longer my mother's daughter, my husband's wife, or my church's disciple; I was ME.

Soon after getting divorced from Peter, we sold the house and split the equity. I, at age thirty-two, re-enrolled in my hometown college. If I was to support these two young children, I would need to complete my college education. The state Attorney General's office had told me about the state Vocational Rehabilitation program that would help pay my way through school. It was just the hand up I needed. The kids and I had our own apartment on the college campus.

Peter moved from the east coast to Hawaii. I went straight to college full-time, had three part-time jobs, and was pursuing a lawsuit. Emma and Eric were nine and seven years old. Emma, Eric, and I were a team. We were all healthy. We could finally relax in our own home. I was so grateful.

I needed time and a teacher to develop a balanced relationship with my new sense of self and my sixth sense. Now that I was bending over backwards to please my inner voice, I found myself bowing to a new authority – the non-physical spiritual hierarchy who seemed to rule over Sarah and had been willing to sacrifice me. Could I trust them? I felt victimized once again. I felt like I had gone from obeying Christian theology to obeying some sort of metaphysical new age practice. I was still not able to hold my own soul-based mystical perceptions. I knew I was still unbalanced, but didn't know what I really needed.

Dr. Jasmine recommended that I see an alternative healer. At my first session, the healer asked if I wanted a past life healing. Inner visions flowed out of different areas of my body as she touched them, and she voiced back to me what I was already seeing inside myself. From my newfound perception of reality, so much started to make sense. I remembered how I had

danced under the streetlights as a small child to the sway of my own inner music. Now I began to listen to my own heart.

Using a technique of muscle testing called kinesiology, through which the mind can't dismiss your body's own knowing, she helped me discover so much that had been hidden deep in my body's intelligence. She said, "You are not going to believe this. I am receiving a clairvoyant image from testing your body. It is telling me that it thinks it is the reincarnated daughter of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene."

I then began to channel outloud a message from Jesus and Mary to me, "Robin, we are your soul's parents. Our lives as lived through your visions will show people that we would not harm others for having different experiences of remembering that we are all Light. We are Teachers of Peace. As souls, we do not subscribe to, nor do we criticize any one church, doctrine, or dogma. "

Waves of images surged in my third eye. I saw a Being who called himself Benjamin. Benjamin told me that I was from the tribe of Benjamin. He said I was a Magdalene. I began to feel as if I was a three-month-old fetus inside Mary Magdalene's womb. I experienced what that baby felt like while its mother, Mary Magdalene, was at the foot of Jesus' cross. Then the vision switched abruptly. The baby "witnessed" Jesus as he appeared three days later to Mary Magdalene. It was then she told him about her pregnancy. I experienced the breakdown and the breakthrough of these perceptions of history. These visions created alternating waves of intense grief and intense joy throughout my body. Spasms of emotions came up and out through my being. As the spasms left, I told my healer about my near-death experience with Jesus when I was only 2 ½ years old.

Two months later, I became a subject in an experiment concerning near-death experiences. When my Psychology of Religion professor spoke about near-death experiences (NDEs), I realized that my metaphysical experiences had a name. A Canadian film company filmed us doing the experiment. The professor had me listen to selected pieces of music to see if they would induce any memories of my NDEs. One song in particular immediately produced tears. I was quite disturbed by the ferocity of my reaction. I was emotionally raw, so homesick for the other side that I felt like my soul was being wrenched out of my solar plexus. After the documentary was a huge success, a literary agent asked me to write a book. At the end of 1988, I finally graduated with a 3.7 GPA from college and found a job working as a counselor with teenagers. I thought my dream of having a normal life as a single mother finally was going to be fulfilled.

Then, in May of 1990, the circulatory disease that Dr. Owen had warned me about after my hysterectomy struck me down. I couldn't stand up for more than twenty minutes without feeling pain from my swelling venous vein system. I had blood clots in both legs. My condition was so far gone that it was inoperable. The valves in my leg veins, with direct routes to the heart and lungs, had collapsed. Proper blood circulation to the legs was impossible. I needed to keep moving or keep off my legs, and to elevate them whenever I felt the need. The doctor said if I could learn to walk on my hands for the rest of my life, I'd be okay.

I collected short-term disability payments from my job, but when they and my "nest egg" ran out, I would be destitute. Maybe this was the time I needed to write the book. The publisher's deadline was approaching, so I began to write with a vengeance. It seemed like

my last hope for revenue with which to raise my children. Without any income, I was a 37-year-old failure who had been forced to move to my parents' home.

My alternative healer had said that I was related to Christ Jesus and Mary Magdalene's soul vibration. What did the mystery of Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene's relationship have to do with me? All events are meaningful. Divorce, a stillborn child, or of a child who dies young are only tragic from an earthly perspective. From the larger viewpoint, these are exactly the life experiences that have been chosen to fulfill the soul's purposes for these particular lives. We may never know the reason, but the lives lived, *as they were lived*, were purposeful and fulfilled. The most important thing we can do is to make sure that we view our lives and those of our children with our soul's eyes as well as through our human eyes and understanding. I believed that the role of Jesus and Mary Magdalene's relationship, whatever it was, was in my life was to teach me to be aware of this perspective, to be able to "see" without judgment. So why was I still living with my parents?

I decided to take a writing class. At the first class, I met Molly, who had just become a Reiki Master after doing her training with William Rand, the founder of the international Reiki organization. One of the ways in which my "soul's eye" was opened further was through exposure to Reiki, which means "holy spirit."

Molly was determined to teach me this Japanese method of stress reduction. She said, "I need to teach you Reiki. You will use Reiki to heal yourself and you will give Reiki sessions to individuals and teach classes." I said that sounded like a great opportunity but I didn't have any money, so she suggested we barter. She had a dog that needed to be put down, but felt it would traumatize her children. She told her kids that she had given me the dog, and it turned

out that I needed to have the dog put down. In exchange for this mission of mercy, I received the Reiki training. Immediately, I began to work as a Reiki Master.

I began to give people healing sessions and developed a Reiki practice. My psychic gifts, now that I was no longer afraid they were “evil,” opened up wide and I also began to give psychic readings. Another woman suggested I take Essene Reiki training as well as the Japanese version. In the Essene teaching, Jesus and Mary Magdalene and the disciples were all Reiki masters. The more I used Reiki, the more psychic I became. I became clairvoyant, clairaudient, clairsentient, and more. *I also became healthier and healthier!* I had found a job that made me better and better in every way! I was so grateful to be well enough to be of service to others. My clients could feel my joy. They loved me and told their friends about me. It wasn't long before I could move out of my parents' home. My children and I moved into our own home and I worked from there. It was the perfect job for me.

One hot summer day, as I smelled the mint in my backyard garden, Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene appeared to me – Jesus on my left, Mary Magdalene on my right. She appeared with a full head of red hair; he was lean with brown hair to his shoulders. Jesus spoke, “We want to give you what is called a Twin Ray attunement, an energy that will clear out of your Akashic records the judgments that block you from experiencing your relationship with Mother/Father Mind; these are memories that no longer serve you. This consecration will align your soul and your senses to the divine within you. It will be a very powerful cleansing of light. Do you desire it?”

I immediately said yes. As a gold ball of light entered my third eye, a wave of love came over me. I fell to the ground like a leaf falling from a tree in the autumn air. I lay on the

ground fully cognizant of the increase of my ability to sense my surroundings. I felt like my spirit and my ego had become One. I was completely present. I knew my soul's purpose was now more refined. Jesus told me to "Pass on this kind of Reiki." They also told me what to teach others. I later included this information in my first book, *Raising Humanity*, by Robin Alexis and 22 Storytellers.

As a result of receiving insurance settlement money from the class action suit against the therapist, I bought a home for the children and me. I had been working as a private Reiki Master and medium for eleven years. Emma had graduated from college with a degree in graphic design and fashion merchandising. Eric was a sophomore in engineering school. The children had very different relationships with their father. When Peter had moved back into the local area, Eric had pursued a relationship with his father that worked for the two of them. I respected their relationship. I was disappointed that Emma and her Dad didn't evolve into a relationship that served their best interests.

I began to travel with clients. I was hired frequently by an individual who had us traveling around the country, mostly in New Mexico. I was treated like royalty on these trips and was paid handsomely to do them. Now I was being honored for my soul purpose and my being. On one sojourn to Colorado, I met a woman who wanted me to travel to her house in Wyoming as her personal Reiki Master and teach her all levels of Reiki. She had recently been through a painful divorce and wanted the experience of self-empowerment. She and her ex-husband had also lost a child. I felt honored to be chosen to teach the Wyoming woman this high level of Reiki.

On the way from the airport to her house, we came to an Indian Reservation and stopped to stretch our legs. As I approached the door to a store on the reservation, I felt an odd sensation of a hand in the small of my back propelling me to a display of beautiful handmade medicine pipes. As my eyes landed on one of the pipes, I burst into tears. The store clerk tenderly asked me if I would like to hold one of them. I wanted to hold the one of the buffalo.

She asked if I had ever heard the White Calf Buffalo story. As she placed the pipe in my hand and tears streamed down my face, she began:

“Many many years ago, there was little to eat. The Grandfathers went into ceremony and asked Great Spirit for help to feed their families. Two hunters were sent out to hunt for food while the others stayed back to pray for help. The two hunters were spellbound when a beautiful woman appeared out of nowhere. One of the hunters looked at the beautiful creature and sexually desired her. He died instantly. But the other hunter got to his knees and revered this beautiful woman who had appeared out of nowhere.

“She said, ‘I am White Calf Buffalo Woman. I have come to teach you to make your families strong again. So you will know that I have come with this prophecy, I will leave you with this pipe. Take a handful of tobacco and bless it with your prayers. When the tobacco has been properly blessed with your message to Great Spirit, it is the moment you may begin the ceremony with the pipe. The stem of the pipe represents the male; the bowl of the pipe represents the woman. Only during sacred ceremony, when intention has been set into the tobacco, do you place the stem into the bowl. You are to take tobacco, bless it and place it into the bowl, honoring the sacred union of the male and the female. And smoke it with peace in your hearts. When you exhale the smoke, it will take your prayers up to Great Spirit and he will take care of your prayers.’

“The beautiful woman said, “So you will know that this is true, there will come a day when the buffalo gives birth to white calves. This will be a sign that peace is coming to the world again.”

As the clerk finished the story, she said, “It seems that you are being called to be a Sacred Pipe Carrier.”

“Who, me? What does that mean?”

“It means you are a carrier of information.”

“How much is the pipe?”

“This pipe was handmade by Big Eagle. It is \$600.”

“I don’t have \$600.”

“I will call my grandfather and tell him about you. If he thinks the pipe is yours, he will give you a discount.”

The young Native American woman called her grandfather. She hung up the phone and turned to me, smiling. “Grandfather says the pipe is for you, that you need it for protection. How much money do you have in your pocket?”

“I have \$250.”

“Then you may have the pipe for that amount.”

“I don’t know what to do with it.”

“Great Spirit will guide you.”

I left the store with a wrapped medicine pipe and put the box on the floor in front of my feet. As we continued the drive, we physically saw and counted one hundred and fifty eagles sitting in full view of the highway. I had never seen an eagle in my life. The Wyoming

woman had seen eagles before, but not a hundred and fifty of them lined up on either side of the road, sitting in trees and on fence posts. I felt like I had graduated into a Mystical Practice of Beingness.

As we drove into her yard, her daughter came out to greet us. As we women got out of the truck, we watched two owls mating. The next day we went into town to get some breakfast. As I was getting ready to close the truck door, a woman I had met on my previous visits to the area came running up and shoved a shoebox in my hand. "Here," she said, "is an eagle head from a fresh road kill. I was told to give it to you."

"Isn't that illegal?"

"Yes," she said as she scurried away.

The Wyoming woman and I parted ways, knowing that if we were guided to do so, we would do more energy work together. I took my pipe and eagle head and went back home to New Hampshire. I trusted that at some point I would understand.

When I got home, my son decided that Mom was a little off her rocker. I was telling stories about remarkable experiences that, according to his understanding, simply couldn't be true. Although Eric spent more time with me than with his father, his father's teachings had a greater effect on his decision-making process. I don't know why, but culturally it seems that we listen to a man's voice more than a woman's. It didn't take a psychic to suspect that my ex-husband constantly insinuated to our son that his mother was dumb, and purposely set out to teach him that metaphysics was crazy. We clearly did not parent according to the same goals and expectations. It seemed as if my husband's way of thinking versus my way of thinking was a battleground being fought in our son's consciousness. It was a challenge for

me to remember that my children, as all children, chose their parents for specific soul experiences.

Imagine for a moment that you are a mother and you are a psychic. You know deeply in your soul that your son will not listen to you, but you have an important message to relay to him. So you set up a time to speak with him in the presence of his aunt. For some reason, his father could listen to this female. Therefore, you hope your son will take your words more sincerely into account because the aunt is there.

I said, “Eric, I know you don’t like what I do, but I have a message for you. In the next ten days, you need to be especially careful. I see an explosion around you. It seems to be caused by something that practically defies nature. This explosion could kill you.”

He made small noises and walked across the long log cabin porch. As he got into his truck to go to his Dad’s garage, I looked at Eric’s aunt, “Do you think he heard me?”

“Can’t tell.” That was often true with Eric. It was as if the jury was out on whether mom or dad was wrong. I wanted him to know both ways of thinking were valid, that he should never give his power away to one or the other hemisphere of his brain. Left brained, right brained – the debate of the centuries. It was good to be whole-brained, fully cognizant of all seven senses.

Nine days later Eric’s grandmother came running through the kitchen door, breathless and weeping hysterically, “Eric was packing a rod in a cannon he made and it exploded! He hadn’t even lit it yet. He made the cannon at his Dad’s garage from a blueprint off the Internet. Eric is at the emergency room now. He has lost his hand. He is being airlifted by

helicopter to a hospital two hours away that can handle his injuries. Peter says there is nothing that can be done. His hand is gone for good! What will he do?"

I hugged the grief-stricken grandmother, trying to calm her; "Eric has seen me live graciously with a disability for his whole life. He will be fine. Would you please take me to the hospital?" Because of the circulation problem and blood clots in my legs, I couldn't drive.

I don't remember the ride or walking into the hospital. I just remember being at Eric's head as he lay on the stretcher. I whispered in his ear, "Please ask Archangel Michael for help." He immediately rolled his eyes and told me to stop it.

A member of the rescue team overheard me begging my ex-husband for a ride to the hospital where Eric was being transferred. I whimpered, "You know I can't drive! How am I supposed to get there?" My ex adamantly refused. A paramedic said, "How much do you weigh?" One hundred and fourteen pounds. He said, "Come with me." I don't remember getting in the helicopter.

While Eric was in surgery I sat in the waiting room and went into "psychic" mode. I was clairvoyantly shown a team of angels working with my son. They were telling him that he had a choice: he could leave, or he could stay on earth, but he would have to choose his soul's way. He was shown what that was. I could not see it; only he could. He agreed to stay. The team of angels around him told him about his hand. When he recovered enough for a second surgery, the use of three fingers, minus the thumb and the index finger, would be restored. My son appeared to be grieving in this altered state but must have decided to have the courage to survive.

Shortly afterwards, the doctor came out and tapped me on the shoulder, summoning me out of meditation. He told me Eric had gone into respiratory arrest. They had to stop the surgery and put him on a respirator. The shrapnel from the gunpowder had damaged his lungs. That's when I lost it. No amount of metaphysical knowledge could soothe my mother's heart. I couldn't imagine the pain of even thinking about losing Eric.

While I was in the hospital with Eric during the next six weeks, I taught him what I knew about being able to survive. If I ever called it metaphysical in nature, his mind would shut down. I learned to deliver the information in a way he found palatable. I had always taught my children to question authority, but I had failed to teach a tool that would have saved my son his hand: how to know and trust his own knowing. I had been too wrapped up in my fear of trusting my own inner self. I had failed as a metaphysical mother.

If only – the two saddest words in the world – *if only* I had said to Eric, “If you get a message from your soul that you need to do something a little differently, please listen to it. It will be a small voice. It will not shout in your ear. It may even seem silly to make such an adjustment, but trust it.”

I was later told in a vision that my son had been given a message just prior to the accident. As he was packing the cannon, the voice said, “If you pack this cannon with a different rod, if it does blow, it won't harm you.” I was told my son paused for a millisecond, thinking of what I had told him. “Oh, Ma can't be right.”

Boom.

It was also during this time that my father had surgery for cancer. I was thoroughly exhausted from all the hospital rounds. When my Wyoming buddy invited me to go as her

personal psychic on a Carolyn Myss tour to Ireland and England, I was more than ready to get away for a while. I had only been out of the United States once. My doctor reminded me that each time I got on an airplane, it was like putting a match to a blowtorch – my blood clots were just waiting to move. A long overseas flight could take my life, but I *knew* that I had to go on this trip.

One day prior to the trip to Ireland, Jesus came to me clairvoyantly as I was sitting on the front deck of our home. He anointed my head with oil and whispered in my ear, “You will rule the media.” The image of Him left as quickly as it came. I would have questioned the mystical experience if all the car alarm systems in the neighborhood hadn’t gone off at the same time. What did he mean? I still don’t know.

My friend and I had signed up for the tour only ten days before it started. Along with others who also had signed up late, we were assigned to a smaller hotel than the rest of the group. On the plane trip with the late signer-uppers, we met a young woman who was writing a book about people who had intuitive gifts like Carolyn Myss. When I told her about my gifts, she took my friend and me out for dinner our first night in Ireland so she could interview me. The next morning we spied our new friend ahead of us on the sidewalk. I skipped up behind the young woman and pretended to grab a fairy off the back of her knee. She giggled when she recognized that I was playing with her. The man walking beside her looked at me aghast. *Who was this nut case?* I looked at him and thought, *Oh, you just so don’t get me, do you?*

That night I dreamed I was to marry that man. I woke up quite disgruntled. I was never going to get married again, didn’t my Guides know that? I avoided this man for the remainder

of the Ireland part of the trip. About ten days into our two-week trip, I saw him in the Salisbury Cathedral, in Salisbury, England. He was in a lot of emotional pain, eyes glazed over, tears streaming down his cheeks, beads of sweat on his forehead. My spirit answered his call for assistance. I went over to him and gently put my hand on his arm. He didn't look at me right away. Clearly, he was living and responding to another lifetime. Eventually, my presence brought him around. He looked at me confused. *Why was I kneeling down next to him? Why were his cheeks wet? Why did he taste tears?* I told him that I was clairvoyant and that I could see a past life that he was vividly recalling. I offered him my assistance. The look of desperation in his eyes was my answer. His pain was my permission to assist him.

I escorted him to a bench outside. The air was sweet with the scent of gardenias. I told him, "I am going to say a prayer. The prayer sets up an energetic container for you and I to merge our higher states of consciousness in unity consciousness. As we create this energy between us, I will ask that only that which is in your best and highest good have access to us. Is that agreeable with you?"

He simply shook his head yes. I began to tell him about a past life I saw that he had had in the cathedral. As I shared my visions, he sobbed. As I held him and handed him tissues, he finally found a way to live in the NOW in spite of this horrific memory and pulled himself out of the emotional torture of this past life recall. As he calmed down, he looked at me deeply. Before he could say anything, I told him what my metaphysical teacher had taught me. "Emotions are the doorway to our spirituality."

He said, "You know, twenty-eight years ago an astrologer told me that in the second half of my life I would meet a woman like you and I was to introduce her into the media. That we

were to teach spiritual truths and tools through the media together . . .” He appeared very vulnerable as he spoke these words, like it was not common practice for him to speak to another in this manner. He continued, “I am a Beverly Hills executive. I have learned to bridge my own spiritual practice with my radio career, but I don’t usually discuss it with anyone. Forgive me if I have offended you.”

I smiled, “When I was almost three years old, I had a near-death experience. I was told by Jesus that if I could survive the first half of my life, which would be very difficult, that I would move to the city where movies are made and be involved with teaching the Truth in the media.”

He smiled, “Well, I guess Jesus didn’t lie to you then.”

Bob and I didn’t speak much after that moment. My girlfriend, who had paid for me to be her personal escort, became very possessive of my time. He respected that I was working. As we parted on the final day, he gave me his contact information.

I arrived back home. Before I even removed my red wool cape, a woman was at my door with plane tickets for me to join her at a goddess gathering in Taos, New Mexico, the following month. Would I go? I called the number Bob had given me. Since I would be as far west as Taos, would that be a good time for me to come visit him? My metaphysical teacher had moved to Maui. I could visit him in Los Angeles on a stopover to Maui.

My visit to Taos is a blur. All I remember is Bob picking me up at the Los Angeles airport and bringing me to the radio station he was running. As we walked up the stairs to his office, I immediately got very, very sick. I said, “I am so sorry. The energy here is so dense and dark, I can’t be here. I can’t do a radio show with you. I can’t stand the energy.” I thought

that was the end of my relationship with Bob, the radio man. Once again, I had divine amnesia that I was to marry him.

We spent a few beautiful days together. He took me to places I never dreamed I would have the opportunity to see, like the restaurant where Julia Roberts filmed one of her scenes for *Pretty Woman*. When my meal came, there were skirts on my lemons. I'd never seen that. When I went to remove them, Bob said, "They come with skirts on so when you squeeze the lemon, the seeds won't get into your food." I felt like a real Beverly Hills Hillbilly.

Then I was off to Maui. I hadn't seen my teacher in a year, but I found I was missing Bob! I was in trouble. During my brief stopover at the Los Angeles airport on my trip back home, Bob met me with a rose! I inhaled deeply of its, and his, sweetness. We hung out in the airport for three hours together, and we both cried when we parted. We were both in trouble! "Now that I have found you," he said, "I don't ever want to let you go."

I went to visit him again for two weeks; he came to visit me. When he asked me to marry him, I remembered my dream.

As we packed our rental car to leave my northeast home and go live together in Los Angeles, the left side of my face became paralyzed. I couldn't close my left eye, spit, swallow, or smile. We finished packing the car. He told my father that he would take good care of me, that if he had to carry me, or push me in a wheelchair, I was his woman. My Dad, shocked, said to me, "Robin, how did you get such a good one?"

"Dad, I got what I decided I deserved."

Bob and I packed the eagle head and the buffalo pipe in a pouch and put the sacred items on the floor of the front seat passenger side. Somewhere along the drive across the country, we stopped at a hospital and found out that I had palsy, a virus that temporarily causes one's face to become paralyzed. That was not our main concern. We talked frequently about how nervous we were to be carrying that eagle head. The night we were staying in Flagstaff, Arizona, I had a dream. I had to go visit the white calf buffalo and write about my past life as a Native American.

Bob was puzzled. "I never even heard of a white buffalo."

About twenty minutes into our ride the next morning, with the sun yet low in the sky, we saw a sign for the Grand Canyon exit. Bob said, "Hey, why don't you let me take you to the Grand Canyon?"

I looked at him with my crooked face, "What about your job? Can we take the time?"

He took the exit. As we drove in silence, feeling the expanse of road that leads to the Grand Canyon, I began to feel agitated. "Bob, stop the car."

He pulled the car over to the side of the road. With the engine running he gently said, "What is wrong?"

"Take that road to the right."

"Honey, we are twenty minutes from the Grand Canyon and you want me to take this road?"

"Yes."

“Don’t ever let it be said that I wouldn’t take you to the Grand Canyon.”

Bob took the right. In silence, we were in awe of the feeling of the land around us. Then we saw the sign: Sacred White Buffalo Sanctuary. White Calf Buffalo.

He looked at me and burst into a grin, “Hanging around you is going to be fun!”

We pulled into the driveway, paid the small fee, and there we were – eye to eye with the White Calf Buffalo. What did all this mean?

We saw a man on a tractor, like the tractor I had been on during my near-death experience with Grandmother Emma and my daughters. He drove up to us, crossed his arms, and leaned on the steering wheel. “You folks got any questions?”

Jim began to tell us his story. One day he and his wife were birthing their buffaloes, and one came out white – a one-in-five-million chance that two brown buffalo will create a white calf buffalo. It’s easier to win the lottery! Soon after the birth of the white calf, droves of Native Americans began to arrive because of the prediction of White Calf Buffalo Woman, who brought the Native Americans their pipe tradition. In the Hopi and Lakota legends, she prophesizes that peace will return to the People when the buffaloes began to birth white calves. When seven generations of white calf buffalo were born, peace would return to the planet. Jim had five generations of white calf buffalo right now. Jim said that for the traditional Native Americans, the birth of the white calf was like the second coming of Christ for Christians.

I told him about my near-death experiences, the buffalo pipe, and how I acquired it. We asked if he would smoke the pipe with us and Bob went to get it out of the car. Jim brought

out some sacred tobacco that a Native American had given him. As we blessed the tobacco, I saw visions of the whole valley full of white buffalo. Jim and his wife, and my future husband and I all smoked together, just as we lived and breathed for the same cause: Peace. It was a good smoke at the Sacred White Buffalo Sanctuary.

As we drove to Los Angeles through the night, we wondered about the divine right timing of finding the Sacred White Buffalo Sanctuary and the mystery of the eagle head. By the time we got to the California border, I couldn't see out of my left eye. Quite frightened, Bob and I went to another emergency room. Had my not being able to shut my eye caused permanent damage?

As we waited in the emergency room, I began to see visions of an eagle flying out of my third eye. Finally a doctor examined my eyes, Bob burst out. "My fiancée gets visions and she keeps seeing an eagle flying out of her third eye!"

My doctor paused with his examination tools in hand, and then stopped altogether. I thought, "Here we go again, a born-again Christian is going to pluck my eyes out!" With a look of awe on his face, this blue-eyed blonde doctor said quietly, "As you can see, I am a doctor. I never speak of this in this environment – and I would appreciate it if you wouldn't either – but, believe it or not, I have been dancing with the Chiefs of the Eagles for twelve years. The Chief told me that this year it is my turn to provide the eagle head and I don't have one. It is supposed to come in a mystical way. And as I'm sure you can see, I don't have an ounce of Native American blood in me. If I got caught with any part of an eagle, it would be a \$10,000 fine. I have a wife and two children and a career to protect, but I know my path. One will come, but I am getting nervous. I need one by tomorrow."

I looked at Bob with my one good eye, “Go out to the car, Bob.”

The doctor continued to examine my eye. The cornea had dried, but thankfully there was no permanent damage. As the doctor gave me some drops to lubricate my exhausted eye, Bob walked back into the examining room and handed the shoebox to the doctor. Motioning him to open it, I told him the story of how we happened to be in possession of an eagle head. You should have seen his face. He went to his car and brought back a little hand-beaded turtle-shaped wooden box. He thought he had bought it for his daughter, but now he knew it was for me. We all hugged, intuitively knowing that we would never see each other again.

The next morning it was Bob who had had a dream. He announced, “We are not going home to Beverly Hills yet. I have to take you to Mt. Shasta!”

I slept most of the way. When we arrived it was dark. Bob swung the car into the first lit hotel he could find. The receptionist sent us down the road to a little stone cabin behind another stone cabin that had a sign out front saying Archangel Michael Soul Therapy Center. “Well, I guess we’ll be safe here!” Bob chimed.

We went into the little town to look for some dinner, parked the car, and began to walk down the street. Without even thinking, I found myself inside a store. Bob saw me through the storefront talking to a woman. The sign over the window said Private Tour Guides. The door chimed as he entered behind me.

“You give readings, don’t you?” I asked the woman.

She smiled, “Yes, I do.”

“Well, I need one right now.”

She smiled again, "I am the only one here right now, so that won't be possible."

"Well, get someone to mind the store."

She smiled again, "Okay."

Bob had never seen me like this! He was hungry but he wasn't going to miss this! About twenty minutes later, a friend of the storeowner showed up. I was led to the back of the store. Mount Shasta was in full view through the window behind me. The woman lit the candle on the little table that was between us. "Have you had a reading before?"

"Yes."

She closed her eyes and began.

"We knew each other during the time of Christ and as Native Americans here at Mt. Shasta. We had a soul agreement that we would meet here again during this lifetime. During the time of Christ, I was your metaphysical mentor. You were so clairvoyant as a child that you couldn't handle the magnitude of your visions. Have you been having visions, which you haven't told anyone, that you are Jesus Christ and Mary Magdalene's reincarnated daughter?"

"Yes, how did you know?" I gasped.

"Our DNA is the Holy Grail. Don't worry. We are all children of the Divine. In the lifetime when you knew them, I helped you to store some of your knowing in etheric pockets of energy. We agreed that in this lifetime that we would go back in time to get those pockets of wisdom. Let us do that now."

I felt myself back in time. I saw myself as a toddler retrieving these archives of wisdom as if I was a librarian taking books out of a library. Then the scene shifted to Mt. Shasta. I was no longer a child. This woman, who was me, began to talk with me. She said that the Native Americans who once lived here were descended from the children of Magdalene and Christ. These lineages were always peaceful and knew how to create sacred families that would be teachers of peace to future generations. Then the scene in my third eye abruptly shifted to present time. I was aware of sitting with Mt. Shasta behind me, this powerful woman in front of me. She continued to speak, “You will become very famous. Shirley MacLaine will help you. Go now, the reading is over.”

The woman and I hugged. I paid her. We left.

As Bob and I walked down the street with our stomachs growling, we both shook our heads. How could that be true? Bob said, “I don’t have any idea how to get in touch with Shirley MacLaine, but as soon as we get back to L.A., I am going to bring you to the Bodhi Tree Bookstore in West Hollywood. That’s the metaphysical bookstore that Shirley MacLaine made famous.”

Within a week of being in L.A., Bob brought me to the Bodhi Tree bookstore on Melrose Avenue. We met Jo Carey, the events coordinator, and scheduled a complimentary reading for her. If she liked my work, I would be able to give open forum readings at the Annex, an auxiliary building where book signings, classes, and workshops took place. Jo did like my work and I began to give readings once a month at the Bodhi Tree! In addition, Jo and I became dear friends.

But living in the famed 90210 zip code did not live up to its television reputation. I had thought that when I got to southern California, there would be a lot of support for someone with my gifts. I thought I would finally be considered normal. I thought California was as open-minded as the folks at the Bodhi Tree Bookstore! What I discovered is that a location has nothing to do with enlightenment. There are Christians everywhere who don't want to make room in their hearts for Christian's with a different perspective than their own.

I did my private consultations and Reiki classes out of our house. Somebody found out that I communicated telepathically with babies and began to intimidate us. We never knew what we were going to find on our property. One time I found a broom and a mirror with the word Salem written backwards on it, and another time the words "fuckin' psychic" written in chalk in our driveway. I finally wrote up a flyer listing what I had been experiencing and asking the neighbors to keep an eye on my property. I put one on every car parked on the street.

The next day I received calls from neighborhood residents whom I had never met. These people were upset that such behavior was going on in their neighborhood. I took their advice and called the police. I was shocked when the police were at my home within twenty minutes. They said that what had been done to me was considered a hate crime. The Beverly Hills police do not take that lightly. Without any further action, the incidents stopped.

I was outraged that it took such lengths to protect myself from people who were threatened by my spiritual gifts. Why are people like me seen as so peculiar?

We must teach people not to be afraid of the mystery of life. And we must understand that we are not alone. There are people and other species, right here among us, who do not

always have our best interests in mind . . . and others who truly do. We need spiritual tools to discern the difference. Giving our power away leads to the demise of the human race. Reclaim your power; know what it is you want to create from your soul and be discerning about what you want to allow into your psychic and physical space. Know your soul purpose, and live it in joy.

My soul purpose was definitely the same as my parents' had been: to be the best parent I know how to be in each moment. I long to equip the generations to come with the armor of inner peace and peace on earth. Now I am at peace with how I raised my children. They somehow managed to grow up well, even with a kooky, yet mystical, single mother as head of the household. My sister, a schoolteacher for thirty years and married to the same husband for thirty years, told me that only one percent of children from a single mother household have two children who go on to college and graduate with honors. My children were graced to be part of that rare statistic. They chose to become healthy, happy, and self-sufficient adults, even though their father and I provided them with such a tumultuous childhood.

AFTERWORD

On May 3, 2003, I was still trying to finish writing this book when I was reminded of the Divine Plan. My husband and I had rented a cabin on Lake Tahoe in California. I had just come in from an early morning walk, during which I had found a beautiful bird's nest. Bob was lying in bed listening to a Krishna Das CD of chanting.

My mother called at 6 a.m. When I heard the phone ring that early in the morning, I thought someone must have died. No one was to call us unless it was an emergency. "Honey, did you see the news?" my mother sounded excited. "The Old Man of the Mountain fell down! Remember when you were a little girl? You told me it would fall."

"Yes, Mom I do. You washed my mouth out with soap and took my doll away from me! Do you remember what I said it meant?"

"Yes," she said sheepishly. "You said it would fall when it was time for people to remember their own Knowing. Well, honey, this time it was me who was precognitive. All last night I kept dreaming that I was watching the Old Man of the Mountain fall down the mountain one rock at a time. It was like I could hear the rocks falling as I watched his face crumble. I was so sad when I woke up, thinking, 'I love that face so much.' And then I turned on the news! Robin, I thought of you when you were a child. Now I understand what it is like to get visions. It is unnerving!"

"Yes, Mom. It is."

"Robin, it is time for you to write." She joked, "Right after the laundry is folded!"

“Mom, I thought you told me never to tell.”

“Well, now, Robin, you can’t force awakening in people. Now that I have experienced being precognitive for myself, I have changed my mind. Do tell! You have to sing your Robin’s Song!”

And now that I have sung my song, I will listen for yours.

About the Author



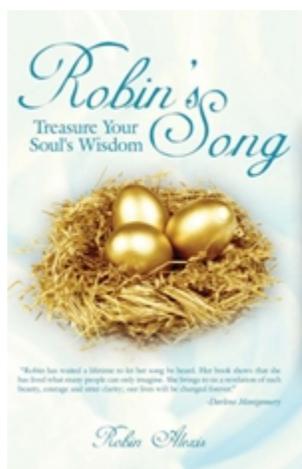
Robin Alexis

As a Reiki Master Teacher, her daily Reiki practice catapulted the awakening of her eclectic metaphysical gifts.

Now she has served many people with her extra-ordinary gifts as an Clairvoyant, Clair-audio, and Clairsentient.

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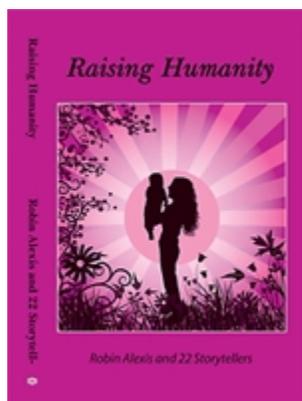
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