

## Profile

### Unconditional Community Consciousness

15 June 2007



HEALERS ARE HUMAN TOO  
THIS WEEK: DEATH IS A PART OF LIFE

*Looking back now, the whole situation of my father's passing was so synchronistic, of which I was aware even as at the time there was just so much going on around us.*

He'd had some ear problems for some months, and eventually was diagnosed with advanced cancer of the throat area. He accepted that there was nothing for it but to remove the entire voicebox and surrounding area. Prognosis was poor, and whether he survived the operation or not, he would be debilitated pretty much for the rest of his life. In any case he would lose his beautiful voice with the Welsh lilt that in his younger days had taken him to many an *eisteddford*, or music festival, in his native land.

As a healer I work a lot with death, either with clients who themselves are facing the prospect of going through that

Hello again everyone,

We've had another of those splendid early-summer weeks here in Cyprus, where it hasn't been too hot, and the sun has been shining enough (but not too much) to be going around town in the car with the hood down. "We were overtaken (twice) by a yellow peril on the Limassol road," a friend emailed me the other night to say.

Ah, yes, wonderful! I had been on my way to Nicosia for my usual Monday healing clinic, and I always enjoy the drive up. The landscape is always so beautiful and my heart sings.

"Mummy," my daughter Gabriella said to me emphatically the next day when I (finally) arrived to collect her from school. "You are seriously embarrassing driving around like that in your car." And then she heard the music.

"MUM," she shrieked. "Not *IL DIVO*!!! Gag!!! Omigod - I **SO** don't belong to you." Well I personally don't see why not Il Divo. What a nice group of nice young men, in nice and tidy Italian suits and with nice and tidy hair and manners. Every mother's dream.

My own son, Alexander, now nearly 20 and 6' 4½" (but forever my baby, shame on me my friends say), is also every mother's dream. He's just finished his first year at Exeter University, which he has found very enjoyable, and is heading back to Hong Kong in a few weeks to undertake a summer internship there. Which is the reason why the entire family is also heading back east for a short while this summer.

"You have to let him go sometime," my husband said, looking me in the eye, not particularly excited at the prospect, since he's already been out there on business 6 times this year.

"You're right," I said, not looking him in his. A financial adviser with an international consultancy, he is very grounded and matter-of-fact about life.

door sooner rather than later, or with their family members who have either passed through or are in process of so doing. Everybody dies, sometime. "We don't know why you're all so afraid of dying," my Teachers said once, helpfully. "You've all died hundreds of times in your various lives and some of you have become very good at it. In fact, some of you are even now in lives of living death, so afraid of you all about everything. Perhaps consider taking the energy you are all expending on fearing death, and use this positively to create lives of living joy, instead?"

When I received my father's news, I flew back to the UK straight away to await his transition with both parents, however it would be, as the daughter of the house rather than as a healer. My Guidance did not show me the results of the operation, which meant to me that I had to live each moment totally, without projecting my own agenda. That time with my father gave us the opportunity to heal together at all levels, and it was me to whom he turned over his affairs as it would be me who would be managing for my mother his estate should he not survive the operation.

As always when I'm in a healing situation with people with whom I have an emotional connection, such as family and very close friends, I ask a trusted colleague to 'hold the energies' with me. This means we work together - they are able to look with me into any energetic grid, without any emotional attachment and needs, to verify what I see and therefore objective way forward. Then, I know that I am in full integrity with my work, at all times. This is very very important to me.

For this time I emailed a very few select friends, asking them to help me hold the energies, without the need to see, and therefore to know, outcome. Just to help me hold the love, for whatever his decision would be, I asked. I live the concept, you see, that nothing ever happens by chance. We decide everything at some level, especially and including the time and manner of our births - and deaths - because the entry and exit of every single soul has huge impact upon the energetic grid of our planet (and beyond). Owning this is an aspect of the full response-ability that I live and teach. It is a part of the journey of the Soul.

I took with me Sogyal Rinpoche's, 'The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying', which despite its name is in fact cross-religion and a great source of sacred inspiration in terms of dying well. I found it to be both simple and complex and full of love and compassion, as said by one of its reviewers. It helped me a lot as my father survived his operation by only 36 hours and basically never woke up. I felt I needed to be fully present and centred within myself, partly to manage his affairs, mostly to help my mother, and so used it as a

"Yes Mum," chorused Alexander in the background. "You're going to have to get used to the fact that I'm going to be Leaving Home soon." He's not particularly excited either at the thought of his mother, not to mention (shock!) his entire family turning up in Hong Kong to fuss over his nutritional habits and even worse, waving at him from across his favourite fashionable haunts when he is Making His Own Way.

Most of you know my daughter Gabriella, she who is my delicious dumpling, precious pearl and best friend in the entire universe (except when she doesn't do her homework). In our house she is Boss of the Pets, which still includes the famous Wainwright, our handsome and enormous Labrador/Retriever (famous for his appetite, which included, some years ago, Gabriella's pet rabbit), and Gracie-Poodle, our terrier (not known for her brain power), two of Your Majesty The Cats, and assorted small furry animals with relatively short shelf lives, which has given me opportune openings with the children on various discussions on Death Is a Part of Life.

"I know, I know, Mum," said Gabriella looking bored. I initiated her spiritual training at the age of eight and since then have always been interested in her ability to remember healing concepts and specific protocols without mistake, whilst at the same time preferring the TV to her homework. "At least I'm watching General Hospital," she argued, hopefully.

This week's Profile is dedicated to my father whose birthday it was on Thursday, 14 June. He would have been 82 years old. Originally from Cardigan, west Wales, he arrived in Hong Kong with the Royal Air Force two days after it was liberated from the Japanese occupation during the last days of World War Two. The rest of his service there was spent ferrying Japanese prisoners-of-war from Tokyo back to Hong Kong for war crimes trial. After the war he entered the civil service, serving there until his retirement more than 30 years later. He met my mother in the mid-1950's and married her at a time when mixed marriages were not that common, not only from the western perspective, also from Chinese practice. They married, anyway.

During his years with the HK Government, my father was instrumental in many infrastructure projects. His work was with the New Territories Administration with main responsibility for negotiating the return of land for Crown, or public, use. Amongst these was the construction of Shek Pik Reservoir on Lantau island and the preparations for building Yuen Long and Taipo new towns. Everyone knew him, mostly for his honesty in a job where money could (and did) easily grease palms. "Your husband could have been a very rich man many times over. Perhaps a little bit *lo-sut*," village elders would say to my mother. *Lo-sut* is a very polite Cantonese word for 'modest'. My

manual, following the teachings and meditations at the prescribed times. My mother is a practising Buddhist, and it was a source of strength for us two women as we went about the business of dying.

The day he passed, I woke up at 3 am, with every single energy centre in the body spinning like crazy. I was burning hot too. I knew then that he had gone, so the next day at the hospital having to make the decision to switch off all the machines was for me an academic exercise.

I held the energies for my daddy then as his body shut down, systematically, and he died clinically, and I held the energies within me for my mother and brother too, to facilitate their own passage through this part of their lives. I deliberately followed the different meditations within The Book of Living and Dying in terms of what to do, why and when, throughout the next two-week period and beyond, until I was able to manage on my own.

Whilst in meditation during the first few days after his death, I found myself in what I can only describe as *space*, although words here are so inadequate. I felt as if I was pure essence, or a spark of Life, with the spark of Life that had been my father 'next' to me. It seemed like we were moving, until I reached a place from which I could not 'proceed', as I am still in body, and so he journeyed on without me. It seemed like a leave-taking, and yet not at all. Can't explain this, really, because it was so beyond the five senses.

Exactly a week after his death, I found myself back on the highway to the town of the hospital where he died, needing to rectify a mistake in the death certificate with that town's Registrar. It hadn't been planned and I knew it was symbolic, remembering a specific meditation that needed to be done to the exact hour and minute, seven days after a death, in exactly the same venue. So I went back to the hospital, and sat in the Chapel, which was nearest to the venue of his departure (I though it might be stretching it a bit to ask to go back to the Intensive Care Unit to do my work).

Then, I felt a sense to go downstairs to the hospital's reception area and repeat the process. Immediately I felt a gigantic whoosh of energy and a huge release through the roof. There was a real sense of joy and celebration in the air. When I got home to my mother I hold her about this. "Well, everyone knows that hospitals are called hotels for the dead," she said without batting an eyelid. You've probably released a load of earth-bound spirits." There you go, in my family you want to show off about something, and they treat it as pretty much matter, of fact. Excellent situation though for reaching beyond ourselves to more magnificent things, I keep telling myself.

mother would confide in my brother and myself later that my father would never take anything from anyone, money or not. "He didn't like to owe anyone anything," she'd say. He was a very big man, my father, in all respects.

He passed over 4 years ago, which was one of the most profound experiences in my life. I live the philosophy that there is no such thing as death, the body might be discarded but Life continues anyway. I also live the concept that death is merely a change in consciousness, and the ability to die well is as important as the ability to live well. Both reflect our willingness to undertake both in great response-ability. This is a part of the journey of the Soul - that towards spiritual maturity.

I'm writing to share this part of my life with you, together with an experience I had two weeks ago with one of my clients, with her kind permission, to help change popular view of the 'death' experience and to inspire all of us, not about dying, but about Living, fully, every single moment of every single life. And to remind us also that Spirit is present, all the time in our everyday lives, if we would but shift our perspective to so see.

When we are able to see the Truth in the fact that what we are all searching for has always been, in effect, within us as well as around us, all the time, would we not have compassion for those who are mired within their own convoluted energies in all ways, causing lives of living deaths? Or just *existing*, or *surviving*, rather than truly living? Would we therefore not be more gentle with them as we would be with ourselves? Only *you* can answer this question, for yourselves.

Enjoy, with love, as always. Blessings too.

Anna

### A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCE



My friend was lying on the healing table, sharing her experience of her grandmother's passing. She had had a heart attack a few weeks earlier, and seemed to be making progress.

She needed closure with herself over the situation, so emotionally she could let her move on, in great peace.

She particularly needed to know that her grannie was 'all right' in the other planes.

I had a bit of a discussion as well with the Coroner about the necessary post-mortem, they wouldn't give me a date for releasing the body so we could organize the funeral. "Look," I lied without guilt. "It's okay. We don't need to know the cause of death. It's just fine for us. My family's Buddhist. If he died, it's exactly the perfect time for him and most perfect thing for him to do. We are in full acceptance." Just hand over the body, please, I wanted to say, forget about legalities. For what reason should there be bureaucracy over *why* he died? I smile when I remember this conversation now.

Eventually we took my father back home to Wales, for burial with his family there. We stayed in a country house hotel that at the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century had been house of the manager of I think the local quarry. They were known as 'the posh'. My great-grandfather had been master mason there when my father was growing up. I had stayed there with Daddy when my son Alexander was 3, during a rare visit home to Cardigan for him. My father never got over the fact that he was staying at the 'posh house'.

After the funeral service, I walked in the extensive grounds with my son Alexander to try to find a 'secret garden' that the three of us had discovered by chance during our earlier visit. It was dusk and we never found it again, which proves to me that we can never recreate the past. I missed my father so much in that moment and had wanted to connect with him in any way.

There was a moment during that walk together that for me time stood still. You read about it, and it happened for me. Time stood still, and suddenly I saw my father. I saw him in the clouds, in the grass, in the trees and in the bushes. Not only that, he *was* the clouds, the grass, the trees and the bushes. It was so profound. He was everywhere, and everything too at the same time, then. It was wonderful, and very comforting for me.

Since then, I feel my father around me a lot. He is most often with me when I'm tired and sitting on the edge of my bed, preparing to sleep. Once, about 2 months ago, I felt him next to me when I walked the dogs. I felt he was almost solid next to me with his old walking stick, it was only that I couldn't see him with my physical eye.

I know in my work that every time we call to someone, internally, they come to us. To me it's important for us to grieve healthily, so that no soul fragments are left on this plane of existence and everyone, the departed especially, can move on easily to other ways and places of being; specifically, onto new Life. I feel my father with me often,

She had already seen, with her inner sight immediately upon arrival at the hospital just minutes after the event, a beautiful young woman.

I guided her into meditation, and she again saw the same woman who she intuitively knew to be her grandmother as a young woman. "She has long hair, half clipped up, and is wearing a white dress," she told me. "Very beautiful, with a belt at the waist. She's picking flowers from this beautiful garden, and they are all colours: blue, white, yellow, orange, pink, pastel colours, red etc."

I suggested she approach her and speak with her. "I told her how much I loved her and that I did not have the time to tell her this before hand," she reported. But her grannie didn't reply, she carried on picking flowers.

"Why isn't she talking to me?" she asked tearfully. I sensed that grannie was very much at peace with where she was, and didn't want to get into any kind of discussion about why she died and how she was, etc. So I suggested my friend do something with her, like pick flowers. Then, they could both share the energy, in love and peace.

She started to pick flowers too, and grannie seemed to like it, smiling at her. They walked together, with grannie showing her all the flowers she was attending to. There was no conversation, but my friend said she intuitively knew everything that grannie was communicating with her.

"She showed me all the flowers, and specifically showed me the stems and the petals and the whole garden. She was very proud and happy, very joyfull and full of life," my friend reported from her end of the meditation, even though I too could sense what she was seeing. I tune in vibrationally to ensure people are in the truth of their heart, and not creating some two-dimensional mind game. When we do this type of work, it is sacred and always very important to resonate with substance.

Her grandmother turned to her, and she asked what message she would give to her to bring back to this side. "To give Love," she was told. I asked her to ask specifically, *how?*

"Through the flowers," she was advised by the other woman. "Anna, she's looking at me straight in the eye with so much youthfulness and so much love," she said to me, crying.

Then, her grannie gave her she two red roses, long her favourite flower, and asked her to give them to her young children. "Raise them with love," my friend was advised. Her grandmother told her that the garden they were in symbolised her life and her family,

and I know that whenever I miss him, I can communicate with him in many different ways: meditation and telepathy, being but two. This makes it easier for me than perhaps how it could have been.

I share these stories a lot with my friends and clients, because these have helped me come to terms with his passing and the potential of my mother's, albeit current she is still very strong and vibrant at 77 years young. Even though I know in my heart that there is no such thing as death, on a human level I grieve and experience loss too. Of course I do.

I wish for you too this freedom, and this joy, in your own journey through your lives with your loved ones.

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and that the flowers growing there symbolised her children, which was why she was tending them as if they were the most precious and delicate things in the world.

Then she turned around and she started looking at the garden ready to leave. She was not going to stay much longer. "Don't you miss us?" my friend asked.

"I do," she replied, "But I will see you again." With that she turned around and left "like a fairy", my friend said, in wonder.

"Anna, I didn't see her wings, but she *flew*," she added, little tears coming through her eyelashes. She told me later that she stayed in the garden for a long time feeling her grannie's energy but she never came back.

"I felt old and ugly in front of her prettiness and lightness. And really annoyed that she did not care about my feelings," she added wryly. "I was so sad and crying and she flew away as if nothing happen having no attachment to me. Huh!" Then, she said, "I smiled and felt so happy that my grandmother seemed so independent and light and so beautiful!!! Thank you, Grannie!"

*Later, she confided to me that she had shared the above with many members of her family and although the approach and concept was quite new to them, it had given everyone much solace and peace. Thank you so much for your kind permission for me to share this with everyone else too!*

### Truly Inspirational



I'd like to share with you all this extraordinary speech made to a United National Conference on Environment and Development. [Click here to listen to this amazing young adult.....](#)