

HOW I GOT INTO THIS WORK

3rd installment, for Sep. 2009.

Sinopsis: Joey, my 19-year-old tenant, had asked me how I got into the work of communicating with the unseen world. I told him how when I was in college, with a solid Christian background, I began to rebel against the narrowness of the typical religious mentality - especially their reluctance to admit that someone might receive a valid gift of prophecy. I determined to apply for that gift - a gift that the apostle Paul encouraged Christians to seek. And I began to make progress. [The account below is transcribed from the PLEA tape of my story as told to Joey.]

Dreams and Gestures. The dreams would indicate that I was to do something, and I would ask perhaps, "Do you want me to do it this week, or maybe postpone it till later?"



One morning I heard a voice, I was still half asleep but I heard this voice saying, "Rite away!" It was as if I were talking to myself, you know, when you talk to yourself: "Which shirt shall I wear this morning? Guess I'll wear the blue," or the like. I heard this voice, in a sort of whisper without the vocal sound; and the voice continued as I asked further questions.

He never said much at a time. He would say one or two or three words, always in answer to my spoken or unspoken questions. Sometimes he just simply read my ideas straight off, to answer them. Other times I would actually form sentences and ask him questions. And, that morning he told me to go outside.

Now, I would be getting up at dawn quite a few times. I would wake at 3 or 4 in the morning and get up and go out into the living room leaving my husband sleeping, and I would sit there, usually in the lotus posture with palms upward, and try to attune. I would pray in various ways, and I would feel to see if I could feel anything. Especially tingling for example.

I had already made a couple of trips out for part of a day. I would get up in the very early morning, drive out in my car and sit somewhere away from people, and I had gone so far as to go to Ventura and stay overnight there in a motel on a little retreat of my own. At this time my family were not too upset about this. I had 2-3 experiences which led me on very strongly.

For example one time my whole body came alive with an electrical current, and I found that my arms were tingling and the palms of my hands were tingling, and my fingers. I was impelled to move my arm in certain ways.



I was seated in the lotus posture, and my arms of their own accord rose up into the air & went thru a series of motions. I was very definitely being guided by other wills than my own. The poses and motions went on for about half an hour; I suppose you can call it a form of dancing. After that I realized how dancing in the orient, in places like Bali and Burma, is so often thought of as a religious experience, because this was certainly a religious experience. The movements reminded me of Sujata and Osaka, well-known dancers from Siam whom I had seen years before.

So I knew now that a force could go thru my body at times. I prayed that any force that might be going out from me thru these gestures of mine should be a good force. I would think of Jesus and wonder if he gestured. I remembered watching our church pastor give the Aaronic blessing, where he raises his hands high in the air. And in the Bible Moses had to hold his hands up all the time the Hebrews were passing thru the Red Sea. He had to hold them up so long that finally men were put on both sides of him to hold his arms up for him. When he put his arms down, the waters closed over the pursuing Egyptians.

I was very excited to find this force going thru me, and was not afraid. But I also felt, rightly it turned out, that there might be dark forces. It was not going to be easy to stay safe and free, even with the best will to do good, and even with constant prayer to God.

Join me again next month for the next chapter, *In the Wilderness*.