

No Womb at the Inn

The Set Up:

Very interesting day today from beginning to end. I made some time today for myself, and again, something I should have done years ago. The writing I do now I want connected to something completely different. At 5:30 AM, A close friend sent me a text to say that her pregnant daughter was bleeding, and since the daughter has had 3 urinary tract infections, this was a concern. I had been following the journey of the pregnancy, and somehow I believe that this is the same infection recurring because they didn't get it the first time, and just kept throwing antibiotics at it. This is in the 3rd trimester of her pregnancy, and I was asked to take a better look at the situation and heal whatever was going on energetically.

***Editors Note:** This was to be a remote energy connection. I am not in direct communication with the person, and it doesn't have to be that way in order for it to work.*

So I got out of bed, and set up a remote healing session, and connected it to the daughter of my friend. This first thing I did was call in whatever help I need from the Spirit world, and make the educated assumption that they will assist wherever, and whenever I need them. This approach hasn't failed me yet, and it is the fastest way to do a healing session when time is not an ally, and distance is a factor. I pictured her lying down on a bed with crystals all around her for protection and healing purposes. I chose the crystals based on whatever comes to mind, and these vary from session to session. I started at her head and scanned her body all the way down to her feet. I continued the scan back up again, looking for any anomalies. The way I was shown the anomalies in this case was that I was stopped for a few seconds at each one, and the longer I stopped, the bigger the issue.

The Bleeding:

Needless to say I was stopped at the pelvic area for a while, so I went in. I went in with what appeared to be a scope of some kind made up of a biological material.

It moved around as a living thing would, and was about 5 mm in diameter. It effortlessly went in through the skin, and seemed to be part of her tissue now. At the same time as this I sent energy in through the top of her head to keep the constant flow of top to bottom energy going. This also helped to unclog any blocks in her energy flow. If I felt a block anywhere, I increased the flow until I felt no more resistance, and cleared it all the way down to her pelvic area. where it stopped, I went no further. I pushed, and it resisted hard. Now it was time to stop the bleeding. I increased my energy pressure around the the blocked energy, and found myself tying off the stream on either side of the 'leak.' Then I used the probe, that was still in there, to repair the broken veins or whatever it was causing the leak. I released the pressure on the other side, and it began flowing freely again, and this was an indication that the bleeding had stopped.

The Baby:

The next priority now was the baby, since the daughter hadn't felt her kick in a few hours. I saw this spaghetti mass of tendril like energy. It was dark and negative, and was going off in all directions, like a very badly made spider web. Some of the tendrils were small in diameter, but others were really thick. They were so enmeshed that I couldn't see through them to where I knew there would be a baby. I was then given a machete like laser scalpel that emitted a baby blue colored light. This was given to me by a tall Spirit. The spaghetti jungle was around the the sacral chakra.

***Sacral chakra:** Sexual organs, large intestine, lower vertebrae, pelvis, hip area, bladder appendix. It houses your creative and sexual energies - your ability to nurture and give birth to the seeds of life. It is considered to be the ?relationship chakra? because it represents our ability to relate to other people. Problems with this chakra arise when there are issues involving creativity and financial and sexual power.*

So there was a lot of issues here, and I had to clear them before I moved on.

I moved the scalpel back and forth quickly at first, and only stopped to throw out the debris that I got periodically. Then it started to move more slowly and more consistently as I got further in, and the tendrils started thinning out. Again, I stopped only to remove the debris and throw it out. I finally made my way through

and got rid of a much of the debris as I could, and there she was, huddled away at the top end of the womb. I felt a different kind of energy now, small and alive, but I could sense a little fear at this point. This was the baby and she was scared to be born. Scared that, as a soul, she wouldn't be represented well, and her voice wouldn't be heard. This was a different scared than a concern of the child that the mother wasn't taking good care of herself, because this mother does. So that wasn't the issue. Her concern was more about her life path and her destiny.

This child is here to effect change in the world, and to make a difference in the world. I received all of this information in a split second. One minute I didn't know it, and the next minute I had a memory of it. Spirit will communicate to you that quickly for sure.

***Editors Note:** Now I trust what I get, and have always trusted how I get it. This is where I lose most people, but I know I have said this before in other posts. It appears to me that the information is dumped as one load into my subconscious mind for me to retrieve, or not retrieve, when I come back from my meditation and my remote session. It is almost like I am left a message from Spirit, and it is the old "you've got mail." scenario. The following statement that holds true for me, and others that do this work may or may not relate to it:*

"TO GET ANY TYPE OF MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER SIDE, OTHER DIMENSION, OR SPIRIT GUIDES, YOU HAVE TO HAVE AN ACTIVE IMAGINATION."

There are those of you reading this that would agree, but there are some of you that will say that I Am full of it. I have heard both sides before, and I am not easily offended. If your only argument is to quote holy verses at me, then stop right now. I am only here to journal my experience and my understanding of it, and I am not here to tell you that this is the only way. To do that would be unintelligent, and wrong.

This little girl was not wanting to come into a life where she was not going to be allowed to be who she came here to be. I told her to listen to her mother and grandmother. Listen to her mothers voice, and tap into her mothers energy to understand how she feels about it. I believe she did just that, and this particular mother will only encourage and nurture you to such a life. From this point I felt I was pulled deeper into the meditative state. **More like lead in, because I really**

am easy that way. Good or bad I will explore, it's in my nature. I have faith and I trust the process a great deal. I allow this to happen more times than not, just ask anyone that knows me well.

The Guides:

Now in this new state I heard a group of people chanting, "Baa Baa Rah Baa Rah," over and over again. It was getting louder and louder, and I saw a mist, or fog like substance, in front of me. As the music and the chanting group got closer, the chant started affecting me in a very happy, and positive way. It made me feel happy, the kind of happiness where you don't know why you are happy, you just are. I kept watching the mist, when out of it appeared about 6 or 7 Aboriginal people, sing chanting, and I could see they were dancing as well. I found myself no longer with the baby, in fact I was nowhere near the area in which she was any more. Through the music and chanting, I felt that some kind of celebration was taking place. It was a beautiful thing to witness. The chanters themselves had markings, like they do, all over their body, and they were all women. I knew at this point that I was witness to something great, and that it was connected to the baby in some way. I know some of you will ask me more about the markings, but I don't remember any of them from this trip. I don't believe that remembering this part of the story was important to me.

The End:

Well I heard a sound then, off in the distance, like a loud "ping," and I felt like I was whisked away, and out of my meditative state and into the real world. The sound had come from my mobile phone. It was my wife, and she had been texting me for a good 15 minutes, and I had been unaware of it. That is quite a few unheard pings for sure, but the last one I heard. The last text just read, "Are you there? Where did you go?" I texted her then, and told her a little, part of what happened. She was able to verify for me that the bleeding had indeed stopped, and the nurse was a little concerned that it had stopped because it confused her. I would like to know more about what happened at that time, but I may never know the physical aspects for the story.

Good health to the mother and her baby, and may their lives be filled with love, and understanding, deep understanding. This child will command it, I know.

And to the child:

May you never know struggles and heartbreak

May you always be connected to her higher self

may you always remember why you've come here