

A WALK ON THE SACRED SIDE

*a compilation of my
sacred healing moments*

LOU BOGNON

Note: To view the actual book cover, please go at
<http://www.loubognon.com/book4.htm>

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INTRODUCTION II

*There are two ways to live. One is
as though nothing is a miracle.
The other is as though everything is*

Albert Einstein

Strangely, for someone who usually talks a lot - including for a living (with my radio work), as I start writing this book, words just fail me.

Indeed, how does one start a compilation of real life healing stories as experienced over the years, some so sacred it is almost hard to share them with words, nevermind with everyone, others perhaps less so, but all sacred nevertheless? And, what criteria must I use to pick those stories and moments that will be the most inspiring in a world where most people are so desensitized by the media's obsession with special effects that they have forgotten what is real and what is not?

As you will read in the following pages, these are real life stories and, as some of my patients will recognise themselves, I have taken a few small liberties with the narrative, the changing of some names, so as to preserve their identities as best I can. Other stories are told using the patient's real names, whose permission I have obtained.

In many ways I have stripped myself bare in this book, exposed myself for who I really am. It could not have been any other way - after all, I have promised myself long ago - that I will only think, speak, create, write and do anything out of love.

Other than this motivation, I have a second very important one - that it must bring me joy as well. In fact, my two life motivators are inseparable. I laugh a lot, since I have understood how joy is one of the most powerful motivators of the Creator Mind. Think about it: was He not laughing himself silly when He created the tickle effect? And what about our capacity to laugh ourselves silly and to tears? Is that not divine too? Laughing that way liberates so many feel good hormones that it is an act of healing by itself.

Now that I have come a little closer to my understanding of life, I know that I am, I create and I flow as love, so the rest becomes really unimportant. Other than the laughter and the joy...and, when the laughs are on me - that is perfect too! Every clown is really a healer in disguise...

At the age of 52, I am grateful for no longer suffering from an identity crisis - I am a healer and I cherish and claim my gift. I know that all gifts are important and sacred but as Archangel Michael Himself reminded us in one of his teachings to healers:

The healing gift is the most powerful and blessed of all gifts - for a simple reason - without health - both physical and mental - no human being can truly enjoy all the other great gifts of life. So do not be ashamed of your gift - be happy and grateful, claim and affirm it gratefully - you have worked many lifetimes to deserve it. Use it always for the greater good of all, and then you can always consciously and spiritually call yourself a healer; for such is indeed your place in the world. All you need to do it is to claim and clamour it fully - with the love you have brought with you in your heart for all of creation.

The challenge I have given myself in putting together this compilation of my most sacred moments is to make it all accessible to the greater number. I also trust that, just as I was moved and used by divine Love to bring about healing for others, that the way in which I tell my stories will remain fair, balanced and of course, joyful.

To some this is all familiar territory merely verbalised, to others this is an imagination gone wrong or more of a walk on the wild, rather than on the sacred side. It matters not - to each one, their own truth, this is *my* truth.

Truth evolves by degrees of consciousness and therefore should never be argued. As they say in the classics: to those who understand, no explanation is necessary, to those who do not want to understand, no amount of explaining is ever going to be enough.

In the end, all this is simply *my truth* and *my reality* and if I were to try to imagine it instead of actually having lived it, I would most surely have

fallen short of the blessing that my real life really has become, not just for myself, but for the many millions I now touch through my radio work all over Africa and the rest of the world.

(To listen go to: www.channelafrica.org and click on The Inner Voice)

As was the case with my three previous books, this one too, was inspired by spirit in the sense that for many years, I have been consigning to paper the most sacred of my healing moments, so as to never forget them myself.

I never want to take anything for granted.

Lately, the messages given to me have been somewhat of an urgent nature; perhaps the angels and guides think I will lose my memory as the years start to count to 50 plus, so they encouraged me with the message: "Don't waste time, write!" or this one: "Go write your next book time is running out".

Therefore it is after so many such pressing messages that I have decided to follow their advice and consign all that follows to paper and publish it.

And finally, I leave you with these very precious and inspiring words from Christ Returns Speaks His Truth (visit: christsway.co.za)

If you have no perception of what lies beyond the veil of your material world - you may be religious, but you do not have a spiritual consciousness.

This is the true ideal, the true aspiration, the highest goal - to understand and experience the Reality behind and within all things giving them their individual being.

You may call the reality God, Allah, Jehovah, Infinite Intelligence, Divine Mind or Divine Consciousness or the Tao. All these names mean the source of your Being - your Creative Origins.

You can have no higher aspiration than this - to understand and experience the REALITY behind and within all things - giving, maintaining and sustaining all individual beings.

This was the goal presented to you by every enlightened Teacher who has come to earth.

It is with this ideal and aspiration in mind and heart that I took the time to write, to spread the love and the joy and to increase the light in the world around me in any way I can.

Nothing else motivates me to share what follows.

May my offerings inspire you beloved reader.

In love, with love and for Love,

Lou Bognon

chapter 1

THE LADY OF MY DREAMS

We receive help from the dimensions of Light in truly magical ways

It is perhaps a little known fact to the greater number, that while most people sleep and snore away, healers travel in spirit, while their bodies sleep the whole night, to places where healing is needed and people need help and assistance.

Oh and yes - of course, healers snore too!

My memories of healing during the sleeping state are many and the places I have visited are as varied as our planet itself.

In one single night I can travel from the eastern suburbs of Johannesburg where I live, to some surprising and unexpected places such as the Siberian permafrost, where I found myself one night, for a destined to crash day flight. It looked more like an ordinary bus in Africa to me, as some passengers were holding on to chickens and bags of food, etc. I found myself there to assist a lovely soul in the body of a toothless smilingly face of a peasant woman (who obviously was waiting for me. Or, on another occasion when I simply found myself winking at the child of a business executive who had committed suicide, in a sophisticated city I did not recognise, and who kept re-assuring her distressed mother that Daddy would be well, as a lady was there to help him go to the Angels. The hysterical mother could (of course) not see "me" in spirit but the sudden calmness of her beautiful little girl surely helped for the night.

What is most magical about these night travels in spirit form is that we cross walls, penetrate ceilings, traverse time lines, oceans and continents in no time at all and without the smallest effort, to arrive in a flash in places like the Bagdad war zone, (where in the flesh I have never thankfully been), become immediately familiar with our surroundings and are instantaneously recognised by those we are there to help.

I have now been to Bagdad (in spirit only) twice since the war of invasion by the Americans started, or perhaps twice is all I can remember. It seems that most of these types of travels we do not actually remember. Still, the first time I was there for two soldiers with very pure hearts and more recently for an entire room filled with women and children who ignored that the place where they were hiding for protection, was going to catch fire and I had to scream out loud to them, an act which brought me back to my body quite quickly. I am sure a pure soul or two must have seen and heard me screaming "fiiiiiiiiire", as I saw the women running with their children out into the open, before what looked like an explosion and before I woke up in my own bed.

And so I can tell you that I have been (in spirit) to places that do not even feature in my "places to visit before I die list" such as the warring Congo basin or a Swiss mountain precipice where a bus had plunged filled with tourists - but where again only one or two recognised me. And this is how I have learnt to understand that often, I only actually go to help a person or two. In Bagdad, where there are hundreds and thousands of people in need, I only recall the few pure souls for whom I was sent.

Sometimes I go to a place that I cannot place anywhere on earth. Either it is not familiar or perhaps I am not allowed to remember, I do not actually know, but then again, it is not something I waste time analysing either. Psychics and healers do not analyse much, rather we try as far as possible to accept things and information received just as they are.

I tell you all this first, so that you will better understand the beauty of the sacred moment I am about to share here.

Many years ago, before I was better known as a healer, I wrote a leaflet that was distributed in some places of northern Johannesburg, far from where I live in the eastern suburbs.

As a result, a few people called me out of curiosity, rather than any other reason, but the leaflet started, to take on a life of its own. And, before I knew, people were sharing and calling from all over the city, the country and even the region. I was very busy in those years, healing people traumatised by rape, gang rape, incest and sexual abuse, full blown Aids and all types of violence.

It was what I now look back at as being my “trauma initiation” healing period.

One night I fell asleep fairly exhausted as per usual, and I had a dream which took me to a place in Johannesburg I did not recognise. The only thing I noticed was an old bus stop, and, as I was preparing to cross the road to look closer at what looked like the body of a lady hiding under the old, abandoned bus stop, I woke up.

Realising that the lady I just saw in my dream needed help, I prayed to the angels to take me back there so that I could help her, and again I fell asleep. Soon again, back in my dream state, I arrived in front of the exact same bus stop and I saw the lady was alive and still hiding there, filled with fear. As I was preparing myself to go to her rescue, I vividly recalled the beer cans around the bus stop, the chipped blue paint of the bench, as well as the fairly tall grass. Yet, before I could reach out to her, I woke up again. And, again I found myself in great distress, asking the angels to take me back to the dream and allow me to help her.

And so once more - and for the third time that night - I fell asleep and returned to the dream and to the bus stop, which now I was able to approach without any distraction.

As I was looking at the lady and kneeled to the level of the ground where she lay curled up in a foetal position, I noticed how beautiful she was, very thin and tall with her long blonde hair gathered in a pony tail and her scared blue eyes looking at me as if fear had not all together left her heart yet.

As I gently smiled to reassure her that I was there to help her, I suddenly saw two hands and heard a voice which I attributed to her guide in the spirit world for I did not see any face. Just two hands and a gentle, yet authoritarian male voice, you just know you need to listen to.

The voice guided by the two faceless hands started speaking thus:

“Listen well and look very close - when she comes to see you in person, you will do this ...and this...”, and all the while the hands were guiding me to understand where to place my hands on her body when she would

come for healing. Those instructions were so precise and so detailed that I will never forget them.

And so I watched the hands work and move and heal that body and I woke up, this time happy that the lady had been helped and that she would be well looked after. But better still, that she would come one day to see me and I would know exactly what to do to help her further.

Needless to say, I did not wait for daylight to write down the dream's details, such as the day, the date, the time, and the hour, the month and the year in the certain knowledge that she would come as the voice had promised in the dream.

After all, had I not been taken to the place where she lay three times in a row? No - this was no ordinary dream, rather, no ordinary dreams, seeing that I woke up three times and three times I had returned to the exact same place.

And so I wrote and wrote and wrote some more - even the make of the beer cans lying around the bus stop, the height of the grass behind the bus stop, the chipped blue paint of the bench where people would normally sit and wait for the bus, and behind and under which the lady had been hiding for her life. Everything that I could recall, I wrote down. I did not want to forget any single detail I saw, heard or remembered.

And then, I waited.
And waited some more.
Patiently.

Every time I received a new call, for the first few seconds I wondered - if it was a female voice - could she be the lady of my dreams?

Many female voices later and about six months exactly to the date recorded in my personal journal, I received a very distressed call for help - the kind of call I knew, somehow, that could only be coming from the "lady of my dreams".

I recall it was a Saturday morning and she was asking me with all her might to help her that particular day. In the sound and manner of her

voice there was a begging quality, a feeling of urgency I just simply could not ignore.

I also recall telling her that I had someone coming that afternoon but as it was a friend I would try to change appointments in order to help her and then call her back.

And this is how all was set for us to meet later at three o'clock that Saturday afternoon, almost six months to the day after my three successive dreams, which I had registered in every small and many insignificant detail.

Those who come to me for healing know that I often come to the front door and wait while they park in front of my house. So this day was no different. As the lady was parking, I waited. When I opened the door she looked into my eyes and I immediately recognised those huge, blue frightened eyes I had first met under the bus stop.

The overwhelming feeling of “*déjà vu*” was so incredibly powerful that I just hugged her right then and there at the front door with tears of joy running down my face, overcome with overflowing gratitude and an infinite enchantment for the sacredness of *our* moment.

For a while she abandoned herself to my hugging and then suddenly she froze as if she was dealing with a dangerous nutcase. After all, had she not come in for help and here was I crying and holding her in my arms as if I knew her personally?

Or perhaps for a while she may have thought that I was gay or something?

In a few short moments, I felt all this in her hesitation and hurt, so I pulled myself together, knowing that I needed her to relax. I then quickly asked her to follow me into the house and seated her comfortably in my healing room.

Then I said to her: “Please do not worry - I know you well already and you will be alright - I saw you under the bus stop and I will share my personal journal with you so that you can read what I have written some six months ago, when our souls first met.”

Her big, blue eyes became so dilated I thought they might pop out, of her head and then she cried, almost sobbing. For her too this was “*déjà vu*” even as she drove into my street, she shared.

That fateful day had been her birthday; she had been hiding from a maniac intent on killing her. It had been the coldest, longest and scariest summer night of her life.

Being myself, a soul of good cheer, the clown in me soon took over and it was not too long before we were laughing together at the immensity of this truly fantastic cosmic joke. Her tears were still there, but the shift had already occurred - when we are able to laugh at ourselves we somehow dissolve all the heavy stuff we have brought about and around us like a nightmare. And so we were soon laughing in wonder and amazement at the miracle and sweetness of our “out of body” encounters.

I recall telling her that she had to have very good connections “on the other side” as the angels or guides that spoke to me and of whom I saw only the hands had told me exactly what to do when she arrived - so again jokingly but meaning every word, I added: “Let us read the instructions together so that I do not place my hands on the wrong places and you start really worrying about where you have landed...”

And we laughed some more, this time till our tears of joy and sorrow blended and cleansed all pain and all heaviness in perfect divine order.

I lovingly reminded her about a great truth she had temporarily forgotten in her pain: we are not our bodies, never mind how hurt they may have been.

We are Spirit - You are Spirit - and *that* dear one, I reminded her again, nobody can touch, nor hurt, cut, slice or fry, never mind how hard they may try. And given my strange use of rhyming words, blended with my Franco- Mozambican accent, she laughed heartily now. Then she shared some more and I learnt of her closeness to Archangel Michael, the Great Protector. Perhaps it was His voice I heard in the dream?

Needless to say, that this was one of my most powerful healing experiences, early on, but, as you will read throughout this book, many more were to follow.

I would later learn that, as she was working on a hospital environment she had played with her guides and guardian angel a little game that went something like this:

“If this lady will accept to help me today I go see her and give it a try - if she says no - well I have my mixture right at the hospital and I will just join the eternal peace brigade.”

Little game translated and decoded: if I get no help - today - then I am going to “beam myself up” for good. “This is the wrong planet Scotty”.

Well, I am sure you know what I mean.

How many of us have not indulged in giving this kind of game some thought at least once?

In a way we all do each time we ask: “Somebody upstairs? - then give me a sign!”

She also told me how it all had started the day she had to go collect her post at her mother's post box and how my little white leaflet had started to fly in a fancy way. As soon as she got closer, the leaflet would just fly away again and so it went, for a while, till she finally caught up with it and read it, by then, fully intrigued. And that is when she decided to play the little game of “give me a sign” with her angels and guides.

Needless to say, she is well and happy now and has since travelled half the planet having the greatest experiences and she is just as beautiful now as she was before and her healing is almost complete. We treasure our friendship and to me she will always have a very special name: the lady of my dreams.

I always try to remind myself that healing is a deeply personal choice. How much people choose to take is none of my doing, never mind how gifted I may be or how much I may want or may think I have, to give.

The lesson I took here is this: some souls amongst us are here for great service and are truly blessed with great gifts and surely greater protection too. The lady of my dreams is such a person and therefore I think that the

heavens truly interfere in our dimension in order to bring about tangible assistance for those of us who are here for a greater purpose and for service to humanity.

We are living in truly sacred times and I hope you will know this in your mind and feel it in your heart.

If you are a soul committed to serving others, know that your angelic protection is greater, than say, a soul who is self serving and still very ego- centred and ego-driven.

The lessons I offer you as a reader of this sacred moment are:

- Follow your guidance whenever and however it presents itself to you.
- Know that we never walk alone, especially in the darkest of alleys.
- Record your dreams and the messages that Spirit gives you whilst acknowledging them with gratitude. Then take the time to understand and decode them.
- Make time for Spirit. Connect often. Ask.
- Make time for prayer, contemplation and meditation. Stay connected.

And Know:

- Divine Love is all around you for the taking.
- Let it flow.
- Let it sink into the places you need it most.
- Direct it there and there and there and everywhere.
- Consciously.
- And know that it obeys your direction, as long as it is coming from your heart.

chapter 2

THE PRIEST AT THE BAR

*Our guides and protectors truly go to great lengths
to ensure us of their love and protection*

This story too, is one of tangible assistance from the dimensions of Light that I have experienced. It is about a very young man who could hardly articulate his life story to me, so poor was his command of the English language, since he was an Afrikaans-speaking South African.

Andries, (not his real name) did not come into my life until his guides and protectors on the other side had first prepared him - and me - very well in advance.

For many weeks before I even knew he would come to see me, and often during my meditation and preparation times for my healing sessions, I started to see short flashes of a priest in full dress with hood, often standing in my field of vision, only to immediately disappear. At first I took no real notice as I am not one of those persons too concerned with visions and other worldly special effects, as they do not happen to me too frequently (with my eyes open, that is!).

In fact, I prefer my visions in meditation to happen with my eyes closed and rarely see visions with my eyes open. But, as it was happening more frequently, I actually started to get somewhat spooked by this priest's many attempts at making himself *that* visible to me.

Then one day I realised who he was. His image was *that* clear. I recognised him as the famous Catholic Priest who was known as a healing saint during the latter part of his life. In the beginning of his priesthood he was judged as being possessed by evil by the same Vatican crowd (who after having isolated and often severely punished him for the manifestation of stigmata he presented every Friday of his life), later declared him a saint after he had helped the millions of witnesses who poured into the little Italian town where he lived.

My knowledge of Padre Pio was limited to the fact that a friend in France gave me a booklet about him some twenty odd years ago. It was a booklet that I never really read beyond the first few pages, as it was so badly translated from what I presume to be originally Italian, that I just kept it just for the sake of the love with which it was offered to me and my love and deep respect I hold for books in general. At least in the cover there is a loving picture of Padre Pio. And that is how he made himself visible to me and that is also how I was able to recognise him eventually.

And so, as I continued to see this priest in my space and eventually even by my bedside when I woke up in the middle of the night, it occurred to me that I needed to speak to him nicely and try to explain that he did not have to spook me in my bedroom as well. He promptly dissolved into nothingness, but the next day after I opened my eyes after meditating; there he was again - a very gentle, yet forceful presence, at the same time.

Finally, I decided to speak to him in prayer and offered to be of service if his desire was to be my new healing guide or something. "But please do not spook me any further" I again asked - "let me know you are there but not visually, as I really do not feel very comfortable seeing long robed hooded ghosts of priests.." I tried to explain nicely to him.

I ended my explanation by telling him that if there was something he needed me to know to please speak to me in the sleep state when I seem to be more receptive. He obviously listened, for I never saw him again. Not long after "our little discussion", I fully understood what he wanted me to do.

One evening I received a strange telephone call from an Afrikaans speaking lady who asked me what my name was and what I actually do. I replied that she was rude and surely she should know who I was if she already had my telephone number, someone must have given it to her, to start off with...

Nothing takes me more out of my sweet centre than thoughtless telephone calls by people who waste my time asking me if I can tell them their future and what do I do as a healer. So, thinking she was another one of those, I must have sounded really curt.

She quickly composed herself and apologised. I also soon realised she did not know any better as her command of English was extremely poor so her communication came across as an intrusion in my long and busy day.

So, we started all over again and I offered: "How can I help you and how did you get my number?" I asked as I do not advertise my services.

"You will never believe it" she replied.

"Try me" I said warming up to her.

"Do you know a Catholic priest"?, she asked.

"Why?" - I asked in return.

"Because my young son, who works in a bar in a little town in the middle of nowhere, claims that a Catholic priest walked up to him well past midnight and gave him your number on a tiny piece of paper, saying that he should visit you as you would be able to help him", she said, without breathing once, nor believing, this could ever be possible.

By now I had already connected the dots in my head and in my heart and I knew Padre Pio wanted me to help this young man. His mother, on the other hand, went on raving and raging how he was a disturbed young man, how he recently had started wearing women's underclothes, and how she felt he was losing his mind. On and on she went, whilst I tried to compose myself as I realized what was really happening...

I calmly said to her: "Bring your son for therapy, I will help him - and do not worry, your son will be fine" I added, knowing that if Padre Pio thought I could help this young man, how could I ever doubt it myself? He would be by my side even if I never saw him again. That much I knew for sure too.

The poor stressed mother tried to find out more about me but I was in no mood for telephonic discussions with her as I knew already that her son had to be a very special soul indeed to deserve this kind of assistance from the other dimension.

I obviously needed to help him soon. No wonder Padre Pio had been so insistent to the point of actually having to spook me to really get my attention.

He would not have gone to the trouble of spooking me for weeks on end, and then materializing himself in a bar in the middle of nowhere if this young man's life was not worth the trouble. I could not care less whether he was wearing bras and panties in the house and neither was I going to re-assure his mother that yes, he must be a pervert of some kind.

But I would not tell her this or anything further, for, in her voice I had instantaneously read all she had in her heart in terms of prejudice and judgement. She would never be able to understand anyway.

Many religious people are so filled with fear of anything truly spiritual that they quickly freak out and explain it all away as the “work of devil”. I knew that the least I said, the better the chances of her son being brought to me for healing.

Andries finally came to see me and his mother left us alone without much difficulty as I reassured her that he was going to be safe in my company. She gave me a very suspicious and nervous look, did not respond to my smile, but I suppose like any mother, her love for her son won in the end and she left us alone hoping that I could indeed help her very troubled child. They had travelled very far to be with me, so in a sense she was willing to give it a try.

When we were finally alone, I looked at Andries gently and lovingly and said: “Don't worry Andries, I know about the priest and I believe you. You did not loose your mind, for I saw him too, he is a holy man”.

He was relieved that I was not going to argue with him like everyone else had done at home and at the bar. The truth is nobody other than he, had seen the priest and few believe what they see any way, never mind what they do not!

In small towns in South Africa, or anywhere else for that matter, a Catholic priest dressed in full regalia is a visible presence and in his little town there was no Catholic church to start off with. Therefore the priest

did not belong there. Still, Andries tentatively told me in his poor and broken English:

“I know he was sent by God as a messenger. He just walked up to me at the bar where I was getting ready to close and go home and he placed a little piece of paper in my hand saying: “Go see this lady - she will help you to heal”

“Then, just as I lowered my eyes to look at the paper, wondering how does a stranger know that I needed help, he disappeared. I ran out looking for him, calling out “Father, Father”, but no one was there. The people at the bar laughed at me and nobody believed me. My mother thinks I have lost my mind and that is why she accepted to bring me here” - he concluded softly.

With tears in my eyes I told him my side of the story and showed him the picture of Padre Pio in the famous booklet I never managed to read beyond page three, and he said he recognised him perfectly too, only a little younger looking. We both sat there for a while just looking at each other, trying to absorb the sacredness of it all and we just smiled, tears falling from our eyes. I proceeded to ask Andries to relax and tell me what had brought such extraordinary help from the other dimension.

Looking shy and teary, Andries easily shared with me his terrible secret: he had been contemplating suicide after having been gang raped by the “primitive regulars” at his bar. They had apologised and had “felt very bad the next day when they were sober” - he told me. But, even though he had forgiven them and they were now treating him well and remorsefully, he himself just wanted to die, as he felt so bad and so deeply hurt and physically soiled. He had prayed a lot, he said, for help, because his pain was so intense. And God sent him a messenger, which was what he believed the priest to be, he concluded.

Like all victims of such traumatic experiences, Andries wondered if it was all his fault - if his behaviour had at any time showed in any way that he was effeminate. He felt terrible even at the very idea that his sexuality was not clearly defined, or that his body had sent unwanted messages to the bar regulars.

That would explain - at least to me - why he had been trying bras and panties and “behaving strange” as his mother had put it. He was very traumatised and confused not only about life but also his being and the very core of his sexuality.

I looked at his face and all I could see was beauty, perfection and a very definite purity of heart. He was gentle and luminous and what had happened to him had not in any way whatsoever diminished or dimmed his inner light nor had it contaminated that purity nor that perfection of his heart. I told him this, more than once, so that his nineteen year old mind could truly register what I was saying.

He cried and I allowed him the time and the space to cry as much as he needed to. I just held his hands in mine. Nothing heals faster than a good release of heartfelt, long repressed tears. “*Boys don't cry* is cruel nonsense” I assured him, encouraging him to cry some more, just in case...

When he felt lighter and safer he went on to tell me about his gifts of a kinetic nature. He could switch the lights on and off just by thinking and looking at them and he could move objects of any weight also just by mere thought. This too had disturbed him for a very long time and had gotten worse since the traumatic gang rape experience.

I encouraged Andries to pray and meditate more often about why he had been given such powerful gifts and why he had been helped by such a wonderful guide from the other dimension. Surely he had serious work to do here, I encouraged. Maybe his gifts could be used to help others in the same situation. I suggested that he start asking for guidance in his prayers so as to channel all his energy and gifts, in a more productive way, for the greater good of all.

“Surely your gifts can be used for a greater purpose than just switch the lights on and off” I offered, smilingly.

“Guides never go to this trouble for other souls in the same situation” I told him jokingly, adding: “I should know, you are my first one ever recommended by an invisible other worldly priest”. Then we both laughed.

After our talking, his crying, and our laughing, I gave him healing and he

fell deeply asleep as most people do while receiving the healing energies. While Andries slept, I thanked Padre Pio to use me as an instrument to assist this wonderfully gentle and lovely soul to heal from such a terrible, unspeakably violent experience.

The entire healing session was one of tears. Yes - healers cry a lot, and now it is no longer a secret. We really do. Often the energies received and transmitted are of a very cathartic nature and while the patient lies in a deep sleep, we the healers just cry away, on and on, till it is over. In fact, the tears are themselves part of the healing and they are generated as the physical and emotional bodies adapt to contain as much light as is given during the healing sessions. We healers, being both receptors and transmitters of that Light, are obviously affected as well. And we do feel great afterwards, lighter and surely more healed too.

The following week, Andries called to thank me for the healing and said these sweet words:

“Thank you for all you have done for me. I feel light and cleansed and ready to help others in return”.

And I have never seen nor heard of Andries again.

In my field of healing I have learnt this: *no news is - always - good news.*

What I have learnt from this sacred moment:

- We truly are not our bodies and our life has a greater Purpose.
- When we ask for help - we receive, sometimes far beyond our expectations or understanding.
- Not even the most brutal experience is devoid of meaning.
- The gift of Love can *always* transmute our pain into laughter.
- No trauma can take the joy from my heart and that is how I partake of the Healing all around me to, in return, share it with all of those who are sent my way.

- No other vision will ever “spook” me for long periods again. I will get their message the first time.

And here is my PS. to this chapter:

After finishing this chapter Padre Pio was again by my bed one last time, but this time, he was pure light. I knew as I woke up and his light dimmed, that he was happy with the way I had recorded the sacred healing of his young and pure - hearted protégé.

chapter 3

THE MAN IN WHITE

*Divine Love is truly divine!
If only we all knew a little of what this means...*

What motivates me to share this sacred story of healing is the hope that after reading it, you may feel and know how truly loved we are at all times and especially so, when we think that we cannot possibly deserve it.

I hope this sacred moment will touch the hearts and minds of all those, whose self - love is either at a very low level or at worst, non-existent.

Divine love is not something we deserve or not - it just flows. All we need to do, is simply accept it into our hearts - and minds - as you will see from my experience with a seriously ill cancer patient.

I first heard of him through his parents as the mother was already a patient of mine. They told me what a brilliant surgeon he was and how sad they were that he would not open his heart to receive healing and how he had been a very angry young man all his life.

Both parents being doctors, had described all his ills and the state of his condition in great detail, but I register these details only half way as my background is not a medical one. Yet, my experience with open minded and open-hearted doctors and surgeons is extensive, as they either send me patients or trust my gift implicitly to take over after the end of their protocols, especially with what they term in medical jargon, “terminal patients”.

Technically speaking Joshua, (not his real name) was a “terminal cancer patient”. This means he had received all the rounds of radiation and chemo he could have; his cancer had already claimed his perineum not to mention a good part of his bowel and half of his liver. And, according to his parents, it had now spread itself to the entire body; there was no place where the cancer had not yet travelled to.

I think that it was the metastases on his brain that worried them mostly and also the fact that a few years earlier I had been able to give some relief to his mother, after brain cancer surgery. Perhaps that was what eventually persuaded the brilliant young surgeon to finally call me for an appointment.

As he very openly put it himself - "I have nothing to loose" - and so in one Friday afternoon in summer he arrived at my home, courageously driving himself despite the very obvious weakness of his body.

Now for those of you who do not know me, let me tell you that I am not a religious person in the conventional way at all. That is: I do not believe that you can only be saved by Jesus, or that we need to be God - fearing in any way whatsoever.

If you read my three previous books (How To Light A Candle - We Are Here To Learn - The Divine Laws), you will know that God is Love, not fear, and that He has been speaking to us through His different expressions throughout time. He did not stop speaking through the Old Testament's prophets nor with the death of Krishna, Buddha, Jesus nor Mohamed.

I tell you this because, as you read this story, before any patient arrives, I look at his cultural background and decide to whom I should appeal for assistance for their healing process.

Myself, being all things and none at once, as spiritual, non-religious people often are, have long ago chosen to honour all of God's envoys to all peoples and to all cultures since the beginning of time. Therefore I have no problem whatsoever asking the great loving Buddha or the Prophet Mohamed or some of the Hindu Gods and Goddesses and any available healing energies to be with me during healing.

In fact, I have learnt to be so open and to simplify my communication to a point where I appeal to all the beings of Light available and willing to assist me during the healing. I now simply focus on being an instrument of the healing energies and trust that the Light and the Love Divine knows better than I and my little human mind, whom to send my way.

That is not to say that I do not have my favourites, amongst whom are: Jesus, the Buddha, Archangel Michael, Archangel Raphael, as well as Mother Mary, Sathya Sai Baba, Lady Nada and Lady Kwan Yin - the Mother of Compassion in Asiatic tradition (of honouring the Divine Mother and the Divine feminine aspects of life nurturance and love), who all come along as I remember to invite them.

From knowing Joshua's parents, who like him, are ordinary, white South Africans, I assumed that he would most likely be a Christian.

Therefore, at the time of Joshua's visit, Fridays were a time I dedicated especially and almost exclusively to Jesus above all other sons and daughters of God in the realms of Light and I had a sweet time just being close to Him.

In my meditations with Him, I learnt to fly on His wings of light all over the cosmos and eventually I started to offer him my hands, my heart, and my body as an instrument of healing for those who came our way on Fridays.

Now we have become closer and I feel His presence by my side at all times and do not even need to ask for it. I think of Him and there He is - unfailingly tangible, at all healings. I can clearly feel how sweetly he still loves his earthly job of healing the sick and the downtrodden and I am deeply filled with His love and grace each time we work together.

In anticipation of patient Joshua's healing I had simply told Him that I was a bit tired, that I actually did not know what to say to this new patient that was coming somewhat reluctantly. I shared my thoughts on how sad it must be for parents to lose someone so young and so talented. After all, becoming a brilliant surgeon at such a young age was a testimony to his talent and to his God - given gifts, and I said, in prayer, to my Light Friend the following: "You know what Jesus? - Just take my hands and guide me through this healing as I would actually not know where to start. Where does one start with a cancer that is now metastatic all over? You just take over - and not just my hands or arms but every single part of my body and mind and I will take some rest and some healing for myself while you are at it. It has been a long week, thank you for holding me in your arms too..."

Such was my communion with Him that Friday when my new patient Joshua arrived in his red, loud, “look at me” new Porsche.

As always, I walked him into my house from the front gate, where I reassured him a few times that his Porsche would be perfectly safe.

As we started to talk, facing one another in my healing room, I realised he was not as reluctant as perhaps his parents would have me believe. We laughed from the outset when I asked him outright: “So what is the *shit* you have been holding on to so badly, that they had to cut it out of you surgically?”

He laughed and said just as straight: “Anger” and added: “I have serious anger against my parents”.

When I asked why, he stated somewhat funnily: “You know the kind of parents that make children and then give them to the gardener to take care of just like the rest of the bulbs in a garden? - that is how I grew up: angry and alone, always with my gardener”.

And to conclude he added: “They were never there for me”.

It does not get more powerful or more self - aware than that and, since he was so fully aware of his anger and the roots of it, we soon had little else to talk about. Seeing that I was tired, it was Friday afternoon after all, and he was going to be my last patient of the week, I decided to lie him down comfortably and start in earnest.

I always like to tuck my patients in, so that they can then fall asleep comfortably and not worry about their arms. Joshua went through the exact same procedure as I tucked him in gently and told him that he should just relax, take a couple of deep breaths and let go at least for the duration of this sacred experience.

And so our healing session started.

Joshua was good, I thought to myself as he started to breathe in deeply, making me realise that he must know also how to meditate to breathe that way. I myself, breathe in very deeply when I am healing and meditating.

Soon I was not aware of much as my arms started to feel absently light and had developed a will of their own. I knew *Big Joshua* had taken over and that is the last thing I recall for a long while. About two hours later I emerged more conscious and more present; again able to feel my own arms and body as I slowly opened my eyes. I noticed that my patient was truly gone into a very deep and restful sleep.

For a while I looked at him and noticed with great compassion how much pinker in colour he now looked compared to my first impression of him as greenish-grey as most people do after a liver cancer operation. I even noticed how the yellow streaks in his skin seemed to have also disappeared and again I closed my eyes in gratitude to the "Big J" for his help and loving presence.

Then time started to pass faster and there lay the good surgeon still asleep, so I stood up. As I did, I noticed that I had forgotten to lower the blind that protected the room from the afternoon sun and also I noticed that his face was lit by the sun.

In an effort not to disturb him, I moved to the other side of the room trying to block the sun from his face. I was standing with my back to the window, shielding his face, from the hot afternoon sun with my shadow. I then noticed that he started to emerge, but just barely, opening one eye at a time and promptly closing it again.

This eye opening and closing went on for ten, then twenty and eventually thirty minutes. By then I started to wonder whether this patient did not want to wake up.

"Joshua" I said laughingly: "I know how good it feels, but time is up and you need to really wake up now - you still have a long way to drive home"

"I am glad I am awake" - he said. And then asked louder: "Where were you all this time?"

I could not help but laugh heartily: "What do you mean where I was all this time? I have been standing here for over half an hour that felt like

forever, watching you open an eye and closing it only to open the other eye and close it again. And all this time I have been in one single spot so as to avoid the sun from disturbing you... as you can see I had forgotten the roller blind on this window behind me and the sun shines directly on your face if I move" - I said pointing to the window behind me.

He looked at me and at the window with suspicion and eventually he said:

"There was a man, in a long white robe, standing there, not you" he attempted, then continued: "I looked for a long time and actually thought I was either dreaming or dead, but you were not there, that much I know for sure. In your place there was this tall man in white...where were you"? He asked again.

"I have been here all along, I told you and I know that man", I said, tears welling up to my eyes with my heart overflowing with wonder and gratitude.

"Say His name, silly doctor", I encouraged between tears and laughter.

"You don't ..." he said shocked.

"And why not?" - I asked in return.

"You have to be playing tricks with my mind" he said after giving it some thought - "you don't think that *He* would come here *for me*, would you?"

"You are giving me far too much credit "little Joshua", this is not a trick I could even dream of - just say His name - tell me more about this man, describe what you have seen, you lucky man, I did not see anything, please tell me more".

Reluctantly and still in an obvious state of disbelief, the good surgeon slowly sat up in the bed and then proceeded to tell me very little indeed: the man in white was tall, radiant and kind looking. He had a gentle smile and look on His face, and he just smiled and looked down at Joshua. He wore long white linen robes and had long, light brown and wavy hair.

As soon as I had spoken, the man in white dissolved and the good

surgeon still could not believe it. There had to be a trick somewhere, I was not in the room, he kept insisting.

Tired as I was that Friday afternoon, I kept little Joshua with me for another good two hours after the healing - I wanted him to tell me more. But he did not really feel like sharing, for his mind and ego were so powerfully in the way, that a great part of him was refusing to accept the sacredness of this experience.

Still, to his perplexed question: "*Why me?*" I answered: "Because I asked. Because He loves us. Because before you came, I sat and prayed for almost two hours. I am close to Him on Fridays and I had asked Him to simply be here for you, to take my hands, arms and the rest of my body; to just take over entirely as I, myself was feeling quite tired. And so He did - that is why you could see Him where I could only feel Him."

I am sure Joshua thought I made it all up because he went home and came many times to get healing over the next two to three years but he never again spoke of Him. I did once or twice and his response was: "You are right, I had almost forgotten about that one!"

Needless to say, Joshua the surgeon went on to heal beautifully and operate on many people and so perform surgical miracles of his own.

Sadly, though - I later heard through his father that he had reverted to his old pattern of anger and an ego-driven life and he had gone back to more surgery and more chemo and more drama.

As I write I do not know whether he is still alive or not as he never again contacted me. I have kept him in my thoughts and prayers wherever he is. I wish him peace and hope he has found the Healer within, on his own. The last time we spoke I reminded him: you healed once and you can do it again. Just accept that you are loved and let the love flow. Let the anger go.

Anger can become a comfort zone from which some do not want to escape; it is their reality and their indulgence. It is their hot chocolate and their potato chips, it gives them a sense of identity and it is really hard to let go of. In my experience many cancers are anger-based at the emotional

level, especially those of the digestive system and the liver.

From this patient I have called “the little Joshua”, I learnt many lessons, the most important being that some people can simply not open their hearts long enough for them to stay open - they soon revert to their old ways and their hearts close again as if they were like death, or toxic oysters. Then they choose to blame everyone else for their ills and refuse to face the consequences of their choices. They also often choose to look at healing like a paid for service - rather than taking co-responsibility for their own lives as its main author.

From the Big Joshua I learnt that what He said over two thousand years ago in Palestine, namely: “Ask and you shall receive; Knock and it shall open; Seek and you shall find” are not just words that sound nice or merely false promises. They are the Truth of Existence from the very Mind of God to ours.

I honour these words as He taught them and they have become my reality on a day to day, moment by moment, healing to healing basis.

This sacred moment made it all very, very real to me and I have been encouraged to share this intensely private healing with all who will need (and want) to hear of it.

My ten cents worth of advice here is, dear reader:

- Know that all that you believe in, you can bring about and create.
- Be careful therefore, not to start believing in what you would not like to face nor live with. Make your choices regarding your beliefs with love, not with fear and all will be well in your life.
- The time has come for each one of us to finally understand that if God is Love he cannot be punishment, or judgement, or wrath nor any such lowly human and non-godly cruel nonsense.
- Only humans judge, punish and war with and against each other.

- The time has come to leave God out of our childish tendency to blame Him or others for our choices and their consequences.

- Love heals and in fact, *only Love heals*, even though we may still not have fully understood what this sentence really means. For, it is Love of self, love of others, love of life, love of God, whichever way we conceive Him to be, that brings about perfect health, the real way we are meant to be.

- Disease - any disease, is merely an absence of a facet of this kind of Love. When we will all understand this, we will easily reconnect to the Healer within and we will once again be perfectly healthy.

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