

Excerpt from *Blessings in the Mire: A True Story of Miracles & Recollections*

PRIESTESS' AND EAGLES

A few weeks following the *Power Animal Meditation*, I was blessed with the gift of a spiritual healing where I came eye to eye with the High Priestess residing inside of me. This experience was catalyst for my survival.

On the five-hour drive to meet with the *Spiritual Healer*, I was instructed to smoke a rolled sage cigarette. This rite was to purify me internally, and to prepare me for the “healing” adventure to come. Forever the skeptic, at a snail’s pace I was slowly beginning to see things in a more open-minded way.

Approximately fifty miles outside of the destination town, I began the cleansing ritual. The crooked cigarette burned smoothly as the blue smoke filled the cab of the mini truck. I did not feel “under the influence.” Rather, the sensation was of peacefulness, and of being clear headed. Strangely, it was more than clear-headed that I felt. Somehow, I knew that I had been cleared *inside*, as in *free, opened*. The importance of this unobstructed feeling would soon become apparent.

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Listening to a homemade mix of music I puffed away. Near the end of the audiotape a Christmas song by John Lennon came on. "...And so this is Christmas, and what have you done...." It was not near the season for this song, but it had been a tradition to play it in our house for many years, and so I listened, filled with memories, pushing on the bruise of a still tender memory.

At the end of the melodic verse came the intrusive beeping sound of an answering machine. "Hi Mom. This is Ryan. I just called to see what time we go with Grandma tomorrow. I'll call you later. I love you. Bye."

Surprisingly, my loving daughter had recorded Ryan's last phone call onto this tape. He was with me for the quest.

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The holistic healing was conducted with the use of distinct breathing techniques (which I never did master), with an assortment of crystals, rocks and stones, and finally with an anointment of sweet fragrant oil, consecrated by the Dalai Lama himself.

Lying on a massage table counting paint daubs on the ceiling, I was instructed to close my eyes and listen to the pleasant stream of music that coursed around me. With my eyes closed as if to hide deep within my personal walls, I knew (again the skeptic) that nothing would happen.

“This poor woman,” I thought beyond the privacy of eyelids. “Does she really think this will ‘heal’ me of the pain of a lifetime of endured loss? She’s never lost a child! She doesn’t know how fractured I am! What is it I am *supposed* to do or feel?” I wondered silently.

She reminded me to breathe.

“Fair enough,” I smirked to myself. “It is important to remember to take in fresh oxygen now and then.”

Still I lay unflinching on the massage table, waiting for what *wouldn't* come. My active mind bounced around like an unbridled foal. The *Healer* placed a baseball-sized rose quartz on my chest.

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“Ha! Now she’s pulling out the heavy artillery,” I thought with an edge of sarcasm. Motionless, I heard, and then began to feel the music as its subtle power unbound my apprehensive nerves. Relaxing, I began to focus on my inner motion pictures....

...My heart is as a geode, rock solid and rough cratered slate gray. It is impenetrable. A trickle of light is seeking a crevice, is meagerly attempting to find any small tributary that will lead beyond the hardcore surface of my shield. At a semi-conscious level, I know, with defensive pride, that the essence will be unable to complete its mission of lighting up my heart. “It is much too late to shed light on, or to lighten my load, or to shine on me,” my thoughts are lyrical as I begin to tease the trickle. It tries to surround me, coming at my center from multiple directions. Now there are tiny branches of white light reaching out as if a handful of shooting stars were trying to penetrate the relentless galaxy of darkness.

Building more granite against the taunting light, I continue to consciously resist.

I can see some tiny cracks. Infinitesimal bits of light peek through like a predawn sky faintly illuminating the innermost abyss, and my

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mind is somewhat curious as to what's inside. The light show begins to slightly wane.

Momentarily, I let down my guard at its apparent retreat.

The smoking hue is now slowed to a gorgeous muted violet blue, a favorite flavor of this heart's palate. I sigh at the beauty.

As I am busy breathing in the delicious prisms, I am tricked by an all-out force of brilliant purple streaking darts, a light show that cracks through the fortress and explodes into semi-precious amethyst gems filling my geode innards. Inside is a splendor of luminosity unseen by usual filtered vision. At the center of the crystal cavern is my spirit, a trillion kilowatts bright. It is the whitest white, the lightest of blinding light. Face to face with my formless, Higher Power, the tide of universal love washes into every atom of my body. The force is the Goddess of my soul. She knows all, and loves all, and is all of my being. She has been waiting light years in her cocoon for this moment. Tears stream freely from the corners of my now seeing closed eyes, and I am humbled by the knowledge of the presence. There is not a feeling of sadness; it is not my feeling heart shedding tears. It is my logical intellect acknowledging the chronic sadness of the long fractured emotion. My

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reasoning, my thinking mind bridges the gap between the head and the heart. It sees, and feels, and thinks, and is one with loving emotion. As they meet, this snowy, inner Goddess of Light melts with me, merging her energies and mine. We become one. The tears are release, acceptance of all that is me.

In my heart cave a wee pure white butterfly begins sluggishly to move her long neglected wings. As if she is just waking from a very long nap in the cocoon, she stretches the stiff extensions forward then backward creating circulation of the unused flaps. Slowly, she warms up and the flapping increases. Little by little the novice moves and stretches, winding up like an antiquated biplane. Quicker, then a bit more, the speed accelerates, and her wings move freely, loosely. Now they are as the rapid beating fans of a turbo jet as she ferociously beats her wings to fly, to finally fly, as she knows she can, as she knows is her purpose. Her speed of movement forces brilliance of light and love into every aspect of the starved soul; there is little space for cobwebs of darkness in the extreme density of light.

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The day following the healing, my friends and I extended our vacation and visited a sulfur hot springs site in Southern Utah. Natural bubbling ponds are rustically set among sky scraping cliffs and towering trees. Few tourists have discovered the secluded bathtubs in these sacred hills; the experience is reasonably private.

As I floated in the acrid womb of nature, my thoughts and eyes rose towards the blemish-less sky. Pulsating warmth wrapped around me as I floated, the soft heat relaxing me into a likeness of a limp rag doll.

“Anne,” I lazily murmured to my healer friend as she gazed at my mystical glow with a mother-like pride. “I am going to conjure up some eagles.”

Anne just smiled a maternal smile.

Looking high at the towering cliffs I determined where I would build my nest if I were an eagle. There, at the very upper most portion of the mountain was a ledge where I could visualize myself in my protected habitation. It was a vantage point where I could literally see for miles without being vulnerable to predators. I focused my attentions intently at that position hundreds of feet above.

Almost immediately, incredibly, and seemingly out of nowhere jetted two regal bald eagles. They soared high above the scenery,

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ignoring our human forms down below. Flying free and wild in a well-choreographed dance they ceremoniously connected with each other and fell fast towards the ground, splitting apart at the last possible moment before hitting the earth, then skyrocketing once again up to their personal hide away.

Anne's eyes bulged wide with wonderment. "I have *never* seen *anything* like that before in my entire life!" she exclaimed.

My heart swelled, as with tears in my eyes, I thanked the omnipresent essence for indulging my childish whim.

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Days after the spiritual healing my cellular vibrational level was so increased that patrons of my small angel store asked such questions as, “Are you in love? You are positively glowing!” Yes, I was in love. I was in love with the Goddess force inside of me, and in love with the mystical wisdom of the cosmos.

I dared not attempt to translate the event to my compassionate patrons knowing that doing so would only dilute the true substance of the magical, internal meeting. Like the resplendent *Mona Lisa* guarding her secrets, I simply smiled.

The true blessing of witnessing the innate universal power is attainable for all the masses of the cosmos. I am not a *chosen* one, or rather, we are *all* the chosen ones. We are all standing on equal ground when it comes to meeting our subjective spirits. It is the prayer of the universal energies that we each eventually greet and have a relationship with our respective souls. As tight buds grow into explosions of magnificent blossoms, so is the refulgent nature of the spirit yearning to bloom.

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