

Medicine Woman Awakening

A Story of Soul Retrieval



Laura Lander

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Chapter One

Support From Beyond

Winter 2011

During the summer of 2010, I met a friend for a casual lunch at an Indian restaurant. Over the course of our meal, she related to me her experience of a recent appointment with a psychic, whom we will call Jonathon. She described how what transpired in the visit had been borne out with validity in her life. I found it interesting, and I remember thinking to myself at the time, "I've never had any occasion to consult with a psychic, but if I ever do, now I know one with a good reference." I thought no more about it, until several months had passed.

One evening that December, I got into my car and headed down the long lane leading from my rented farmhouse to the main road. I was going to the weekly rehearsal of the choral group of which I was a member. I tuned the radio to the local classical music station. There was a moment of silence and then the first lovely notes of the flute duet that begins *The Moldau*, by Smetana, began playing.

"Oh! Dad!" I thought to myself, "One of your favorites!" My father had passed away ten years before, but I still found myself talking to him sometimes, even out loud. I am always reminded of him when one of his favorite pieces of music is played. The piece began just after I got in the car and turned on the radio, and it ended when I pulled into a parking space at the church where the rehearsal was being held. "Hmmm..." I noticed, "What a coincidence."

The next morning, I left for work at my usual time. Heading down the lane once more, I again switched on the radio. Seconds later, the first notes of Tchaikovsky's *Violin Concerto in D* began. "Wow! Dad! What do you know?! Another of your favorites," I marveled. I drove to work enjoying the music and thinking about my father.

Shortly before I reached the highway interchange, I unexpectedly heard my father's voice speaking in my mind. "*Laura dear, I want you to go and see that psychic you heard about last summer. I have something I want to say to you.*"

“Okay, wait a minute,” I thought to myself. “This can’t be real. This has got to be my imagination.” I dismissed it from my thoughts and continued driving.

Again, the voice interrupted my musings: *“Laura dear, I want you to go and see that psychic. I have something to say to you.”*

“Na-a-a-w...” I replied in my head. “This has GOT to be my own creation. Dad! You are the last person on the planet who would tell me to go see a psychic!”

My father had been a scientist and would not have put much faith in psychic phenomena, I felt sure. He had also been a devout Catholic, and consulting psychics, oracles and the like was traditionally frowned upon by the Church as “dabbling in the occult.”

But the voice was persistent and insistent: *“Laura dear, I want you to go see the psychic that your friend told you about last summer. I have something I want to tell you.”* The continuing invasion of my thoughts by this voice that seemed to be coming from outside of myself yet was heard only in my mind, with a message that I considered highly unlikely, had begun to get my attention.

Although it was true that my father would most probably have been the last person on the planet to advise seeing a psychic, I realized that he was no longer on this planet. If he *was* speaking to me, he was speaking from some other dimension, a higher plane, if you will.

So I made him a deal. Kind of a dare, actually.

“Okay,” I consented. “If this is really you speaking to me, and not just my own imagination running wild, then arrange to play for me, sometime in the very near future, the third piece of music that I associate with you as one of your favorites.”

Schubert’s Serenade had a special meaning between us. I used to play it on the piano as a teenager, and he would often join in from another room, singing the lyrics in German. My sister and I played it on flute and piano at his funeral. This piece is not exactly rare, but it is not one of the most popular or more frequently played pieces. In all my life, I have only heard it played on the radio twice. It was remote enough to figure that the chances of me serendipitously hearing it very soon were extremely slim, and that if I did hear it, it would serve as a significant sign.

I didn’t dwell on this occurrence; in fact, I rather forgot about it.

A couple of evenings later, I was invited to dinner at the home of my friends Alan and Kathleen. After a companionable and delicious meal, we were relaxing in the living room, sunk comfortably into deeply upholstered chairs. I remember Alan was recounting some anecdote from his day. We were all feeling mellowed by the wine and warmed by the fire in the fireplace. Ambient music softly drifted from the sound system in the corner...

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, clapping my hand over my face and exclaiming, "Oh my God!" On the CD, a classical guitar was sweetly playing Schubert's Serenade. I was stunned.

Alan and Kathleen waited for some explanation of my erratic behavior. I slowly lowered my hand from over my eyes and told them about the two other pieces of music, about hearing my father's voice in my head, and about the dare I had put out there: "If this is really you, Dad, you will find a way to play me that third piece of music..."

After listening, Kathleen remarked, "I'd say you'd better make an appointment with that psychic."

The very next morning, I did.

When I arrived at Jonathon's office, he invited me to come in, close the door and have a seat opposite him at his desk. I did so, not really knowing what to expect next. He began with some quiet time spent in prayer. I bowed my head and prayed silently, too.

After a while, he looked up and began speaking. He said he would take questions when he was finished. I had told him nothing whatsoever of myself or of my reason for making the appointment. Nevertheless, he told me many things about myself.

Among the things he told me was that my father was standing behind me, and that he could see and smell home-baked bread. He asked if that was a favorite of my father's, by any chance. I told him my father had enjoyed baking bread as a hobby.

Jonathon told me that I had been married twice and told me the length in years of each marriage. He was accurate on both counts. Perhaps one of the most encouraging things that I learned was that my two marriages were not love relationships at all; he referred to them as karmic soul mate relationships that he further defined as relationships with unconcluded business left over from past lives that needed to be resolved. This made sense to me, and explained much about the nature of these relationships. He said I had completed both resolutions in this lifetime, which was a good thing. I could check those off my karmic "to-do" list. He said that my father supported me in my current decision to divorce my second husband.

This appointment took place several days before the court date upon which the dissolution of my marriage was to be finalized. It was reaffirming to hear that just because a relationship ends, it is not a failure. I believe my father wanted me to know that he was supporting me and that my marriages were not failures or mistakes, as they may have appeared to me. Indeed, according to Jonathon, my two concluded marriages had been wildly successful!

Among other topics Jonathon talked about that day were two that were of special significance to me. One was his description of a great, white, healing light coming through my crown chakra. He said this is a healing light with hospice energy and is so powerful that I do not even need to speak or touch someone; merely my presence in the room will make a person feel better.

He asked what it was that I did for a living, and only then did I tell him that I was a massage therapist.

The second item of special significance was that I am meant to be writing, to *keep writing*. I am actually behind in this endeavor, he told me; there are published books in my future.

I left Jonathon's office feeling uplifted, inspired, affirmed and loved. Quite a gift from my father. I felt that I was on the verge of something new, some breakthrough in regard to my personal power. My prayer was: "I allow. I accept. I invite. I welcome."

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