

APPENDIX A

PSYCHOTIC EPISODES

These episodes are a direct quote of Rachel's wording with only minor changes to ensure confidentiality and correct spelling.

First incident:

Rachel states that her first recollection of experiencing her life in a different manner was just before the age of one.

I could speak another language. I had other conversations, like memories in my mind and I could see myself as another person fully conversing in a language known to me and to those with whom I conversed. I was understood. I could communicate in this language. I could understand the language communicated to me and I had the distinct awareness that my own feelings and thoughts, I could communicate in return and be understood. The language was like a memory of me communicating. I recall my Mother and Father talking to me in a strange language. It was not long before I understood that I was supposed to learn their language and communicate in their language. It was then that I recognised that I had no power over my mouth or tongue muscles. I wanted to talk as fluently as I knew how to them and show them that I could talk! I knew that it would surprise them and possibly shock them because even then, I received a form of guidance that this was not supposed to happen. I was comforted in my struggle with my tongue and mouth that because it was not supposed to happen, it could not and would not. I felt quite desperate and continued to struggle to communicate in my own language. My effort was blunted by my Mother laughing at me when my efforts came out garbled. Her affections did not penetrate into the awareness that I just might be struggling to say something.

I became aware of my consciousness familiarising itself to the new language. The energy was going into a direction of learning. As this happened I was gaining control over my tongue and mouth muscles. I became aware that the energy to learn was leaving my memory of my strong knowledge of another language. The knowledge of the other language was fading. I felt desperate. I decided that use of the energy to learn was going to erase my memory altogether of the language I knew. I did not want this to happen. The memory was fading fast, as my awareness increased into the existence and stimulation and encouragement from the life around me. I decided to look at my Mother and hold her eyes to try to communicate via my awareness. She did not see. I was treated as a baby. I was not a baby. She did not see my awareness. I could not communicate my presence in another language. My memory was slipping of the language. I knew I would lose all recall so I decided to try to hang on to at least one word! A word I could bring to the world as proof and recognition that what was happening to me was exactly the reality that I already knew would be denied in the world. I was determined. I had the word but then the stimulus from the outside world started to eclipse my memory even of that word. I was very sad that this effort was so hopeless and I could do nothing to prevent the slipping away of my language memory. I remember being so sad and unhappy about this that I decided my protest would be to not learn the language spoken to me and even as I learned it automatically, I decided I would not speak it.

I think my decision went against a certain law. I did not care. I was going to hold out in despair of great truth being lost even if it impaired me in new language. I felt without any objection or concern a presence that came to me and said this was not okay to do and I argued my position. I was given the agreement from this presence that the word in the language could not be given to me and that it too would fade. I was given the accord that I would be granted the memory only that I knew and was able to fully converse in a different language before I gained control of my body muscles as a baby. It was a small consolation. One that I did not accept too happily. The word faded and all I had to go on was the consolation given earlier. I knew I could trust the consolation as an absolute but I also realised that the task ahead would be more difficult to establish in the unaware world into which I was growing. This made me sad so I decided to use my skill in language to learn the language not as a baby but as a full awareness in an unintelligible world. I wanted to express my awareness of language by mastering the language as I heard it in the world. I thought that this may have helped but it was only a small effort placed in this regard because as I mastered the language and managed it into sentences, I received applause and laughter that I could do such a thing and not once did the awareness of those around me,

look deeper at the deeper significance of my effort. This result quickly erased my efforts. I recall the colourful rattle toy my Mother draped across my pram. I recall she looked at it with much happiness and enjoyed it more than me. I remember her telling me to look at it and she played with it as if to show me what to do with it. I distinctly remember thinking how stupid this was and asking myself what it was for. I remember thinking, if only she knew, if only she could be aware that I am not the age or awareness of the body I was having to learn to master. That I knew with every effort to apply my energy into learning control over my body, my memory would slip. My Mother physically showed me what to do with the toy to make it rattle and move and I recall thinking, how stupid, so that is what it is for. When I tried to lift my arm and reach out to the rattle, I remember how difficult it was to control my arm and the delight from my mother that I was trying. The joy my Mother expressed made me feel quite hopeless in my effort to express my thoughts and knowingness that were fading as I gave in to the effort I required to master my body.

When finally my memory and language and the word in my language were erased, I knew it was gone. I decided to hold onto the knowledge that it was gone, that something was gone and not to forget ever. That was the gift that I received and decided to hold onto that was given in consolation towards my effort. Though I have lost memory of the language, the words, the grammar, the very form of the language, I do recall that it was very different from English. I recall the vibrations of the words and the texture of the language but have no recall of even one word that will give me a map to the languages of the world against which I could trace the language that I could speak within my mind when I was a baby with no control over my body. I have not one word with which I could seek out and find my language and be 100% certain of identification. I am aware, to this day, of this loss. That this is the form which was decided and given to me as a baby in which I would retain this experience. I had no choice and this is a gift, a consent.

Rachel's reaction:

I was quite anxious at first because I wanted to communicate to others. It felt like I was ignored because I could not communicate to my parents and their friends. I did not understand the language I was born into. I felt ignored because I could not speak and I wanted to change that. As I realised that my muscle control was not efficient and that I could not articulate my tongue to say the words in my mind, I felt frustrated. I wanted to talk in my language even if others did not understand. I felt sure, someone would recognise a different language and the feeling of being ignored would then be removed and they could then understand a lot more. There was only very little comfort when I was made aware that I could not change things, that I was not supposed to change things as they were. I felt in the presence of higher beings who gave me this advice and who tried to comfort me. They did not succeed but they did say there would be more and I would open the dimensions to connect with the earth dimension of consciousness, in time. They did not say this to me in this way, but I was assured I would connect, not fully though, the passage way between the two dimensions, worlds. I felt like I was given, in recognition of my sorrow before such unawareness and knowingness that I could understand and converse in a language, I was given a kind of reward. I would have a thread, like a single thread, in the future, only when I was grown up, to connect the two worlds. It was not enough. I was still angry that I could not reach out and be understood. I do recall that I was very upset so I asked if I could have just one word which was denied. I was very unhappy that this too would be taken. I felt sure, that with one word, I could prove my language as soon as I could linguistically articulate it. Again in recognition of my despair, I was told that I could do nothing about it but struggle, and struggle I did.

I recall losing my last word. I could not get it back. It was gone. I tried and tried but it was gone. I remember the day. I woke up, and it was gone. At first I was able to hold onto a whole story and then it became a sentence and then a word and then nothing. It was gone. I knew I could not get it back and there were other things to concentrate on like growing and using my effort to develop muscle co-ordination and vocal co-ordination. I did remember that my language was gone. I did remember that there had been a body of persons advising me and watching over me. It was not them that stopped me from speaking, it was the condition of the human body I had in infancy that obeyed other laws that could not be broken even though I tried. I was not alone because I did have the advisers and comforter but my will was even against their will and the laws of the human condition and in this I felt betrayed even by the spirit council. This spirit council was like a group of elders in spirit wisdom. They were not visible but I felt them and received their presence as if they were behind me. Even lying down in the cot, they

were mentally behind me in my mind not in physical reality near the cot but behind my mind behind my consciousness.

*I felt the spirit council presence as if I knew them and they were familiar to me. I felt them with acceptance but with anger when they would not break the rules of the human condition and the laws governing lives here in this world. They said they could break the rules but that would be breaking higher rules that I was not aware of and that would not be good and it would have very wrong consequences for all. This would include those to whom I wanted to communicate and I did not want that to happen because I wanted them to be enlightened not harmed. This is what made me acquiesce. It was this argument. When I asked about the higher rules I was not informed. I was told. It was not for me and that my direction was human life. I was prepared to die to bring the knowledge to the earth, but that was not accepted. I said I would give my life. It stalled the spirit council and bought with it sombre and deep tones. It felt like resonating with such great love it hurt them. I could feel this from their communication to me when they came back to me, but even that did not change the rules to **allow me to speak from the crib!***

Second incident:

This occurred at three years of age in the garden at home.

My older sister and I were outside in the garden. She was in front of me at some distance. I stood up to walk over to her and felt myself being thumped very hard from behind on my left shoulder. It was a powerful thump that sent me flying. I fell but did not hurt myself. I started to cry, not because I had hurt myself, but more from the shock of being thumped so hard. I did not know why I had been thumped and that was also a shock. I looked at my sister and thought that somehow she must have been the one who thumped me. My Mother ran out of the house and picked me up. She was in quite a state. I accused my sister and she said "no" it was not her. My sister looked surprised and concerned. My Mother said she did not know what it was that thumped me so hard but it was not my sister as she had seen what happened.

Rachel's reaction:

Before being thumped I felt a presence that was gathering force like a ball of energy waiting to explode. I was concerned and wanted the presence to go away. It just got bigger. I could not see anything but I could feel where it was and that it was like a ball getting darker and darker. Rather like seeing a person go from calm to very angry until they hit something. I was really scared. Firstly, I felt being thumped and it was hard and a real knock. I did not enjoy the suddenness of the thump nor the force with which it threw me and that it actually hit me. That was shocking. That it actually hit me and I was doing nothing but playing in the garden. That it was not my sister who knocked me made me feel even more scared because my Mother had not seen anything hit me so she could not defend me from something she did not see. This made me scared and anxious. It worried me for a long time. It was not the first time I had felt being touched but it was the first time I had been knocked over very hard. I had been touched before but it did not hurt or worry me. It was like little pats that did not worry me because they did not hurt even though I could see no-one touching me. It was just something that happened that did not worry me until I got a huge clout. From then on I did not want to be touched, patted or knocked over again. It felt like all the pats were just a build up to a huge knockout and I did not want any part of it and I did not want it to happen ever again. It did not. The earlier pats took place only over a period of a few days on and off before the big thump.

Third incident:

This occurred at the age of eight in Rachel's bedroom and is the incident in which she believed she connected with 'aliens'.

I woke up and saw people in my room. They were adults and they were talking among each other. The room was filled by their presence and there were about four or five of them. I then noticed that they had noticed I was observing them. One of the men came over to my bed side. He crouched down to bring his face to eye level with mine. He had bright green eyes and his face glowed light from inside him. He smiled at me but it looked all too glary bright and out of the ordinary because the lights were off and the

room was dark. I looked at his face and his jersey was of a most unusual knitting pattern. His smile and eyes just seemed to glare brightness at me and seemed to penetrate into my own beingness with intensity that I shut my eyes and started to feel very frightened. I said to myself that I would shut the sight out by closing my eyes. I was so afraid I could not even move my body. Hoping he had gone away, I opened my eyes just a fraction to look, and was shocked that even with only barely opening my eyes again, his full face and smiling menacing glare came full into view. He said he would not go away and would come back again. I was terrified. I then, with great resolve, managed to turn my body over to face the wall. It was then that I went to sleep, determined to sleep and find safety there to shut out the images in my room.

The next day I had full recall. I tried to tell my Mother, but she brushed what I said aside and said it was a bad dream. That night I was terrified to go to my room to go to sleep again and insisted that the door to the room be open and a light outside in the passage be kept on. I got into bed and in terror began to watch the room for the people who had been there last night. Then it happened. I was petrified to see forms taking shape out of the safe form of the door handle, a larger form of substance grew out of the shadow shape to the door handle and grew into the presence of a person. I was horrified. The room again became full of people. They were having a serious discussion. What they were saying was of a theme of secrecy and urgency. There was the same man who came over to me and again with his face very near to mine, with the same light in his face and menacing smile, he looked into me again. I went into a cold sweat, shut my eyes tight and said I could shut him out and I would not see him. I again was very frightened and willed myself to sleep.

The next day, I told my sisters how scared I was to go to sleep in the night. That in the day, all was okay but night time filled me with terror. My Mother and Father insisted again that I was having a bad dream. My Father said I should pray the Our Father if I saw the people again. That night, the appearance of the people again came about before I could go to sleep. There was a speed of appearance this time, as if they all knew I could see them and their appearance was without restraint. Only this time it was very different. The conversations became loud and fierce and then a fight broke out. One of the adults drew a knife and stabbed the other man who fell. They dragged him across the room. I was so afraid I started to pray the Our Father, at which point a small white light appeared right in the centre of all the goings on. It grew into a small white angel of intense white light that was not of a kind that extended itself into the room. It was white self contained light. At that moment the passage light went on and I could hear someone coming out of my parents' bedroom. The images scurried for cover with one of the men coming to hide right behind the dresser next to me. He saw me observe him and commanded me to "Shhh" then disappeared. When the room had returned to normal in the few seconds, I dived out of bed and ran to the passage, throwing the door open where I saw my Father, fully dressed in his day clothes coming out of his room. I ran into his arms crying and explaining the people were in my room. He held me in his arms and asked me if I had prayed. Yes I said feeling certain that was why he had come out of his bedroom on his way to the bathroom just when I needed him! He encouraged me that all would be alright. I told him what I had seen and he said all would be fine now and I returned to my bed and went to sleep feeling better.

The next day I was in happy spirits that my Father had been there at the precise moment I needed him and that the people had not come back. My parents did not inform me then, that my Father had not come out of the room and he only asked me what he was wearing. I told him and that was the end of the discussion except for the fact that there was a scratch across the room where I had seen the people drag the body. I pointed it out to my parents to make them believe what I had seen. They did not believe that part and I was puzzled. The mark on the floor was there. I had not put it there and I had seen why it had appeared. My Father, I was later to learn, had no recall of coming out of the room to comfort me. I was sure it was my Father who came out the room and even as my Father said he did not remember, I knew that my Father came out his bedroom and I had seen him do so. He asked me what he was wearing and I explained. That he had come to my rescue was all that mattered to me whether he could remember or not. The people then went away after that night and no longer appeared to me. My Father had not come out of his room that night, and my parents decided that the house was haunted and we moved to another house as a consequence to another incident that made me scream in such terror I frightened my eldest sister who recalls the incident. I was not to know that my parents had decided to move from the house due to these events until some ten years later when the event by casual discussion

came into our conversation. I was quite astounded by this news because at the time, my insistence of the event was treated as if I was dreaming bad dreams.

Rachel's reaction:

It is disturbing in its lack of explanation to this day, as to why I say a man get stabbed and dragged across my bedroom floor. The experience of seeing people in my room began with the sight of a man at eye to eye level very close to my face with his whole face glowing brightly in front of me even if I just squinted my eyes open to peek a look. What frightened me was that his whole face appeared in front of me which was not as in the normal law of seeing. If you squint, you only see partially. That was not the case with seeing the glowing being whose face was close up to mine and smiling a row of many white teeth that appeared rather intimidating to me because smiling was so rare in my life. The glow from the face was not normal to life either and this also unnerved me. My fear was due to the unnatural to life appearance and experience of seeing fully even when I wanted my eyes to see partially. This caused the terror and fear because I could not relate this to my family with any hope of understanding or appreciation. That the experience took place at night when everyone was asleep further removed the credence of the experience and this also made me feel very unprotected.

When I saw the angel preceded by a few flickers of white points of light, one at a time to only then disappear, I concentrated my fervour in prayer and the angel appeared like a white flame. I was very happy and felt only then that something had come to protect me and to save me from the terror I was feeling. I felt happy and very content and then the passage light went on.

Fourth incident:

This occurred in her sister's room when Rachel was eight year's old.

My older Sister, my Mother and I were at the swimming pool. It was a sunny day. We were at the pool side and I had left my towel behind. I was too afraid to go and get it by myself as the people in my room had been appearing to me and I did not want to be alone in the house. I asked my older Sister to come with me and she refused. I needed my towel and would not go alone into the house. My Mother told her to go with me so, with a sense of security and safety, we went off together to get it. When we got to the entrance of the house my Sister said she would wait for me outside. No I insisted starting to feel afraid. She was very kind and said nothing would happen and that there was no need for her to come into the house with me. I insisted but she assured me and said I should run in, get my towel and run out. I was almost sure something was going to happen but she was not and was not going to come into the house with me. I took a deep breath, ran into the house, into my room and grabbed my towel, turned and walked quickly out. Passing my Sister's room, I got the fright of my life! There in her room were red gnomes with one of them with his head in her beach bucket. They were only playing, I knew, but it was not right that I should see them. I was so instantly shocked, I let out a scream of terror and ran with all my strength to get out of the house. My Sister heard my scream from outside and by the time I reached outside, I was crying from terror. She was quite shocked and said she was sorry she did not come with me into the house as I explained what I saw and promised never ever to go into the house alone ever again. I was crying and Mother came to see what was happening. I was so distraught that my Sister explained to my Mother what I had seen. I was very frightened. Mother took me in her arms and calmed me and we returned to the swimming pool after she assured me she would tell my Father and they would do something about what was happening.

Rachel's reaction:

I felt ready to die. I was so unhappy and I felt so sure that I would not be believed. There was comfort in my older sister's concern that I looked as white as a sheet when I ran out the house but that did not remove the terror that I was the only one getting to "see things". No-one could comfort me that I was seeing things and this was very distressing.

Fifth incident:

Rachel was fourteen years old when this event occurred in her bedroom at home.

I had decided to enter the school diving competition. I had only two dives that I could do to some extent. I needed to have a third dive for the competition. The only one I could think of doing was a dive I had

never done before and that was complex and dangerous to perform. The dive was done by taking three steps down the spring board, taking the jump and then reversing the direction in mid-air to go backwards down into the position. The danger was that one could seriously hit one's head. I was encouraged by my teacher to enter the competition as my two dives were in good form for the competition. I was quite anxious about the fact that I had decided to go ahead and enter with a mind to perform the dangerous dive for the first attempt in the competition. I felt that in a way I was doing the wrong thing. I struggled with my decision after having taken it but was determined to see through my choice. The competition was to be held on that Saturday. I was unaltered in my plan.

On the weekend before the competition I was riding my bicycle and had a thought enter my mind that something bad was going to happen to me. I had a thought that I might harm myself in the diving competition but I put the thought out of my mind. Yet still, I had a most vivid thought that said something bad was going to happen. I prayed to God, as I cycled along, that nothing would happen to harm me. The thought came into my mind that something bad would happen because I was good. That really did not make any sense to me and still the thought went on to explain that I should not worry, that what was going to happen, was not because I was bad and that I was being punished. The thought ensured that I was good. I did not understand my own thoughts and pushed them aside. I was puzzled.

On the Thursday night, I woke up in the middle of the night. I woke up gently, not sleepily, but clearly and gently. There at my bedroom door stood a beautiful golden glowing person in a long molten gold to the floor garment. I could not discern whether the person was male or female. The person's face was also golden and the features were chiselled and perfect. What a beautiful sight. The hair was thick and gently wavy in thick locks of golden brown shoulder length in a glow of light. Standing at the door, the person said, "Do not be afraid." I was instant in my response, "How can I be afraid? You are so beautiful!" The person smiled, and as if my reply had given the person the way to now come near to me. Smiling, the person came right up to my bedside and crouching down to face me, told me not to speak, but to talk with my thoughts so we would not wake anyone. I was happy and excited to feel the radiance of the being with me. I was very happy. The being said to me that there was news for me. I was at once curious. I was told not to be worried. That God did not want me to think I was bad because an accident had to take place in which I would be slightly hurt. I asked why such a thing had to occur feeling quite worried in that very instant. The angel person asked me to remember the diving competition. "Yes?" I answered. Then it was explained to me, that my decision to dive at the competition was going to lead me to do the dive in front of all the people. I was shown, as if on a movie in my mind, that my dive would result in a head injury in which I would be killed. I was very stunned and the angel person then continued to say that this was not what God wanted for me and so I had to be in a small accident to prevent me being part of the competition.

I understood, and then basked in the Angel radiance and presence of happiness and goodness again and said I did not want her/him to go. The Angel said, with a smile, that she/he had to go now. Then with great anxiety, I asked if I would remember the visit when I woke in the morning. "No it is not for you to remember" I was informed. I begged to remember because of the exquisite beauty and happiness and joy I felt. I was informed again that that was not the plan. I begged and then the Angel said that I would be given a small reminder but I would not be given anything to remember in the morning. Then the Angel said goodbye, smiled, told me she/he liked me very much and left. The room returned to darkness and I fell asleep.

The next day, true to the words spoken in thoughts, I did not recall anything. The day was usual. I went to school on by bicycle. On the return journey home after the day's school classes, I was riding together with a few friends. A boy in my class, rode up next to me, which was somewhat unusual. He said a few things and I exchanged comment and then he did a most extraordinary thing. He lifted his leg up and kicked out his foot against my bicycle handles and sent me flying in somersault over the handle bars at full speed. I went crashing to the ground, my face hitting the tar road and in that instant I blacked out!

In the blackout, I had full recall of the Angel visit! As I returned to conscious I felt the urgent need not to let the memory go. I had to struggle. I knew I had to remember! Returning to consciousness, I had to force myself to concentrate on the memory I received in the blackout long enough to keep the memory

and be able to return to it at a later moment. Blood was all over my face and school uniform. I had to be taken to the hospital to receive stitches, but that was the minor incident. The main most important thing had happened. I had remembered!

I did not tell anyone. Then, when my parents came to find out what had happened to make me take such a severe fall, my Father went into a rage. He was going to sue my friend's family for every penny they had, he said. The assault was without provocation and it truly was without provocation. Even at the time, I felt it most strange that he should do such a stupid, uncalled for action to make me fall and hurt myself. As my Father was serious about taking the boy's family to task, I felt I had to somehow tell my parents to back off because what had happened was the event to save me from death in the diving competition. I quietly told my Mother to tell my Father not to harm the family. That provoked my Father into a deeper rage because he then told me that my choice of boyfriend was totally incorrect. This boy was decidedly not my boyfriend and so I had to explain further, regarding the visit of the person I saw in golden garments.

At first I was quite cautious about explaining because my Father said he thought I was trying to protect the boy. Eventually, I had to become quite forthright about the incident and, with great clarity, I told both my parents that God did not want us to hurt anyone. That my accident had been created to protect me from a diving accident. I told my parents about my decision to do the dive I could have attempted that would have placed my life in danger. I was very forthright about God not wanting us to hurt anyone. This succeeded. My Father did not pursue legal measures even after he had threatened the family of such action. Nothing was said again of the matter.

Rachel's reaction:

I was not going to say anything to anyone because I was so used to hearing "Yeah yeah" response. I was only when my Mother said that my Father was going to punish the boy's family that I felt I was now duty bound to prevent a court case. I had to convince my parents not to do such a thing because I was spared and they had to not be angry with anyone. It was very important to stop them. My Father said I was just too scared to go to court and that I was making up a story and that hurt. There was some comfort from my Mother who was not so quick to disregard what I was saying and she took up my cause and won on religious grounds and persuasion. I had said I would have no part of any fight in court. To go against my parents was not comfortable, but what had happened with my Angel visit had happened and there was no getting past that. It happened and bad could not come of it. It just could not. I could not.

Sixth incident:

This occurred in her bedroom at the age of sixteen.

I woke up. I felt something was about to happen. There was an intensity, a frequency of some kind that I could feel. The room was in a natural soft dark shadow. It was night time. Something was going to happen. I could feel it. Something imminent was about to happen. I felt a white being at my right shoulder. I was comfortable with the sense of the being in white light at my side. The presence of the being seemed to be quite natural and comfortable. I felt it communicate to me to be unafraid that yes something was about to take place and at no stage would the being leave me. Then I saw it. It was a purple light. It had a life of its own. A cobalt purple light that appeared in a dimension all of its own I noticed. It appeared as a small spot of light appearing out of a great distance while yet against the cupboard door that was near to my bed. The light had its own dimension and was imposed against the normal regular dimension of my cupboard distance from my bed. This was the first strange thing to me. I reached back in resistance to turn to the being at my side and received the communication not to look at the white being at my side. That the being is my guardian and that all would be well. I looked at the light and sensed a velocity of speed as it was in high speed as it travelled into view and grew in size. When it arrived fully in my room, it was a ball of purple light that took on a solid form of a small little beast of a blob of animal but not animal appearance. It had a long snout and black eyes that glinted at me as it seemed to see me. It just looked at me. Pretty harmless, I thought. So, now what I thought. The being next to me informed me to pray the Our Father. I did so and as I uttered the words, the little, strange looking thing let out a huge scream. It snarled and its mouth curled back over its teeth. The white light being said I should keep praying and as I did so, I noticed that the words of the Our Father

seemed to be killing it. It could not come near me and it went backwards into the ball of light and reversed back over the same path which it had appeared in my room. Then it was gone. The being of light was still with me. So. What was that for I asked. I felt safe and was informed that the prayer I had said had been my protection. I knew I was safe and wondered at the intense frequency I had felt ahead of the thing coming into view. I felt sorry for it because it looked as though the prayer had strangled it and like it was in intense agony as it reduced in size and vanished. I had also noticed its intent to harm me if it had been able to attack me in defence but it was unable to harm me as the white being had assured me. That was the only remotely scary thing about this event and the frequency of speed of an approaching dimension was the scary part. I felt throughout the incident that I was safe and in no way did I feel that I was in danger as I was assured that the prayer would protect me and that the being of white light was near to also help were it necessary. I was quite puzzled after the event. I noticed that I was not so scared and that was a comfort. I was disturbed that there was a dimension that had made itself visible to me and that its intensity was greater than the intensity of the regular world. It had interfaced over it like a live hologram.

Rachel's reaction:

I had felt protected from the very start of this experience. I felt rather puzzled as to the meaning of the experience in the first place other than to convey the power of the prayer the 'Our Father'. It left the question in my mind ... was I going to need it in the future? That was disconcerting to feel I might be alone in the future where the only thing I have to hold onto is the prayer 'Our Father' where even my protection would be removed. I felt worried but not too worried because I had felt protected through a very bizarre experience.

Seventh incident:

This occurred in Rachel's bedroom where she had seen the purple light described in the previous incident. She was seventeen years old.

I woke up with an instantly fresh and alert mind. I had for some months been doing yoga meditation. This was done in my room alone and the feeling I got from the meditation was simply a feeling of my body becoming very heavy and then like a concrete cask. During the meditation I had become aware of a cloud like vapour above my head. Like a dark rain cloud. I was disturbed with it and did not like the feeling of it being over my head. I could not see it. I felt it. Rather like if you have to walk under something and you see it and even while looking away, you know it's there. You know it. Like that, only I could not see it. I knew it was there and I did not want it to be.

Over the days, the grey thing above me grew. I was perplexed. I sought to be in a state of goodness and went through my conscience with a fine tooth comb. I could not find any error or guilt in me. I knew if I were to die, God would receive me, yet this grey thing persisted. It started to worry me. I was seeing a 72 year old Swami at the time on weekly visits. He was a holy man and I went to him to listen to him and be in his presence. I asked him about it and he told me not to worry.

The night that I woke up, suddenly, fully awake and clearly conscious, was the night of the evening when the grey cloud above me had moved away from me, off centre to above my head and in the corner of the room. It was quite large by now and still bothered me. It did not disappear from my awareness, but continued even after that night I woke up and saw, in a yoga lotus position, a beautiful sight of a beautiful looking man in a bright orange tunic and turban. His eyes were large brown and he had a wide and generous forehead. He looked very beautiful and was levitated off the ground in the centre of my room just away from the spot I usually sat to meditate. As I looked at him, he looked into my eyes and I realised that if I as much as blinked, he would vanish. I regretted this knowledge as his appearance was very beautiful, especially as he was levitated about eight inches off the ground and his face and eyes were soft and good, filled with warmth, seeing and connection with awareness of him. He knew I saw him and it was as if he was there to be seen and I was to see him only for a second. I panicked that I would not remember this, so I quickly scanned his face for a feature that I could remember in the morning. I took in his eyes and forehead, and then blink, he was gone. What a pity! He was so welcome. The sight was too brief I felt. I felt only sorrow that he had not stayed and that he was lost in a blink!

I was to recognise a photo of this Yogi when I was in London the following week on my first holiday in Europe with my parents and younger sister. In the three months ahead of the holiday, I had planned with great excitement to visit the Swami at the Ashram in London, the very first day of my visit. I would spend my pocket money on books from the Ashram and then read them in the exciting hotel lobby my Mother had described with great excitement. My parents were informed about my plans on my first day in London and I was looking forward to this highlight. The cloud had not gone when the time for the holiday at last came. All went well and according to my plan. I went to the Ashram in Hollard Street. There I was made welcome and as I waited for the Swami to come, I was left in a room where some photos were on display. In the photo album I saw the picture of the Swami I had seen in my room in the blink of an eye. I asked who he was. The Swami who received my question was curious because I had singled this photo out from the many different pictures of Indian looking people pictured in the album. I told him I had seen him. He asked me when. I did not want to go into any detail so I answered simply, about a week or two ago. The Swami replied with a gasp, "Oh strange, he has been dead for over one hundred years" ! I felt embarrassed so I said, well I had seen him in a dream and remembered what he looked like. The Swami asked if I was sure. I affirmed yes, and then he returned to me with a book all about the Yogi I had recognised. The Yogi, in his life had been a very holy man and his book is highly regarded about his miraculous, holy life. I bought the book and was quite thrilled to read about him in his Autobiography of a Yogi.

On my return to the Hotel with my new books and a mind to enjoy them in the hotel lobby, I felt again the grey cloud. It angered me. Why? Had not what had happened been the end of the cloud? I felt very perplexed and wondered what God was doing. I knew that my soul was in a state of goodness and yet this contradiction of a grey cloud following me was more intense than ever. Walking back to the hotel I was in conversation in my head to God. I was angry now and then, out from the sidewalk an unshaven, scruffy looking man appeared and walked up next to me and started a conversation. I looked at him and saw him to be rough in appearance. I spoke to God in anger and said to him I would not trust him again as I was told I was safe and now look. This man was definitely not safe to be with and he had attached himself to me and walked next to me on my way. I was furious with God and in answer to my thought that I would not trust God again I asked what God expected me to do. I was, in thought form, advised to be polite to the man next to me. I was appalled. It didn't make sense. I quickened my steps and my thoughts advised me to hurry to the hotel and that once inside I would be clear of the man who would not follow me into the lobby looking the way he did. I quickened my steps and as I got to the hotel I rushed inside and there saw my younger Sister. I rushed to her and said I had been followed by a terrible man! I insisted she come with me to the hotel room as I did not wish to risk being alone with him possibly following me at a distance. My Sister asked me to point out the man. I looked around and could not see him. My Sister said he had gone and that all was okay so I said okay and that I was going to sit down as I had intended to do and read my new books. I went over to sit down. I put my two heavy plastic bags of books down and noticed a brown package tucked under the chair next to me. I had no concern for it and as I glanced up, I saw the man again, who had followed me. I felt a sharp rush of panic and dashed up off the chair, grabbing my bags, and running across the foyer looking for my Sister and heading for the lifts. I found her and, not wanting to go without her, I grabbed her arm with force and insistence. I explained I had seen him again. Where, she asked. I looked again and saw him. "There" ! I almost screamed, and not really worrying if she saw him or not, as the lift doors opened we both hurried inside. As we got to our floor we got out the lifts to go to our room. As we were opening the door a huge explosion went off. We rushed into the room shutting the door and rushing to the window to see what it was. We saw the people on the street below as if they were frozen in their tracks for a split second before turning to run like mad people screaming in the opposite direction.

My Sister and I did not understand. We decided to go and see what happened and as we opened our bedroom door, a thick blanket of grey smoke like a wall met us. Sixty four people had lost their lives in the first IRA bomb attack on a London hotel in the Hilton lobby where we were staying. The brown package I had seen moments ago, I think must have held the bomb that was so devastating to cause the glass windows to shatter glass across two highways in front of the hotel. I had not trusted God. I had said so. I was very sad at this realization. No-one in my family had been hurt.

Rachel's reaction:

The build up of grey cloud that I felt over my head but could not see, was very worrying. I did not know

what it meant at all. I felt guilty yet I could find no reason to feel guilty. I could not relate the grey cloud to anything pleasant or worthy. It was not something I wanted in my life. So it was very upsetting and it would not go away. I could go away from it by aiming my awareness to daily life but it would not go away from me. It would make itself felt in quiet moments of reflection and contemplation that were part of my meditation exercises that I was doing daily. The cloud got bigger and seemed to have a life of its own, quite removed from my will for my life to be cloudless. There it was. In my conciseness and it was going nowhere, just getting bigger.

I was very concerned because I could not see the run up of events that were to take place in London that would occur and save my very life. I could not see the future and if I could, I would fight not to be there even though I would be unharmed.

Eighth incident:

Rachel married at this stage and this event occurred in her bedroom in Italy at the age of twenty two.

I was missing my husband dreadfully. It was a most stressful period of my life as he was working in Libya three months at a time with two week breaks back in Rome where I was staying with my Mother and Father-in-law.

One night I dreamt that my husband was slouched over the steering wheel of his car with a dagger in his shoulder. I felt the pain in my own shoulder that made me recall the dream and consider it meaningful. When I woke up the following day I recalled the dream and pondered the feeling it had left in my emotions. My shoulder was feeling the pain. It was distinct and as I thought about it I felt a presence, in a dark shadow form, stand before me and ask me if I was willing to let my husband go. I thought about it and said no.

He returned from Libya early with an injury to the same shoulder I had seen wounded in my dream. He explained that he had received a powerful electric shock that had been so strong as to throw him off his feet into unconsciousness. He only survived due to the quick thinking of a colleague who unplugged the machine that was carrying the voltage that tore the nerve endings in my husband's shoulder. It took four months before he was fully recovered.

My husband returned to Libya and again, some several months later, the shadow presence came to me asking me whether I could let my husband go. This time, I had no dream of any danger or harm that my husband was facing. I questioned the presence and was informed that if I was to say yes, that I wished to be released, he would die. That was too much for me to contemplate his death and yet I was informed that he would die as I requested release, in that moment! I said no. When my husband returned he told me he had gone fishing and had swum too far out to sea. It was dark and he started to sink under the water. He explained that a good feeling came over him as he drifted down under the water. I was amazed! My husband had never before or since, explained any such supernatural type feelings. I did not tell him of my experience. I found out that it happened at the same time as my husband felt he was drowning. He said he desired the peace he felt in the experience that lasted the few minutes that the presence was with me asking me if I wanted release. When I said no the presence was gone with the affirmation that my husband then lives but only upon the strength of my prayers. At that time, my husband then experienced a vision of me under the water with my arms open and calling him. I had prayed for nothing to happen to him after the presence had left me and felt the urgency needed in my prayer for his safety. I was most concerned, but after a while, I knew all was well.

The shadow presence came to me again after my husband and I had returned to South Africa. I was asked by the shadow presence whether I needed to suffer more as there were heavenly beings that were most caring of me and my situation. My marriage was a brutal experience. I felt the compassion and knew that outside my normal vision there were numerous beings that cared about me. I felt the truth of the shadow presence and the concern. Once again I was asked if I could let my husband go. I knew by now that this meant his death so I argued that it was not Godly to say yes and so be the cause or desire of anyone's death no matter what my suffering. The presence did not leave but stood, as if held in sorrow for me, and again asked me if I was now ready to let my husband go. I thought about it and then took a most bold step. I answered with my arms open wide in image of Christ the crucified. "May the will of God be done, I embrace my destiny." I did not know if I was the one who was going to die after

I affirmed my final answer. Aware of this, I was most conscious of the events in my life and the time that lapsed.

The shadow presence was not something I saw with the naked eye. It was a presence felt and can only be described as a shadow presence that does occupy a place and form that is felt not seen. Some three months later, my husband was killed in a tragic accident.

Within the three months before the death of my husband, I was to meet a most wonderful human-being who was to greatly assist me with my hotel and air arrangements to Rome where my husband was buried. This wonderful person had his own travel agency in Rome and he instructed his friends and colleagues to ensure my security and safety in all ways possible. The Italian hospitality, care and generous attention I received due to my new acquaintance and his friends, during those sad circumstance in Rome surpassed all the times I had experienced in the three years I had lived in Rome.

Rachel's reaction:

I was in an urgently unhappy relationship and marriage. I felt such pain when my husband died but I was so grateful that his passing had not been my decision. I would have felt like a murderer. The absence of such a feeling only gave more space to feel the devastation of his death without cramping self guilt. A hopeless utterly destroyed incoherent space of soul. His life in my life was pain. His death in my life was pain. A double-edged sword. What for ?

I felt his presence for many years after his death. I only felt released from him when a Mass was said on the anniversary of his death for the intentions of his soul and his relatives by a very good Priest friend of mine who opened the Mass with the powerful invocation to God - "Oh God, if thou shouldst mark our guilt, who could ever stand before you ?" That Mass gave me tears of joy. I felt pure joy in the core of me radiating into my bones and flesh leaving me trembling all over. I knew my husband had ascended from my mind and thoughts that his soul was earthbound. I felt so happy for him and for the first time I felt free from pain and loss.

Ninth incident:

Rachel was 34 years old and this occurred in her bedroom at a London hotel.

I woke up. The room was in darkness. It was night time. I did not wake up suddenly or uncomfortably. I drifted into wakefulness. The bed was comfortable and I was in a safe environment. I lay still and allowed myself to fall back to sleep. That did not happen. Instead, I entered into a different, altered state of awareness of myself inside myself in the region of my head. The first thing I recognised was that there was a tall being of white light at my right hand side guiding me in walking towards the centre of my own self. I wanted to look over my shoulder at the being, but was told not to look as it was not necessary or wished that I do so.

I then became aware of 360 degree inward sight. It was a most extraordinary experience. It lasted a while and confirmed that I was seeing inside me, not outside. Then I experienced myself as a person walking with the guide behind me again. I doubted that I was inside my own self and in that same instant, again, the 360 inward sight returned in confirmation that I was not experiencing outer awareness. I enjoyed the experience of this kind of sight and made mental notes to recall the thrill of such an experience.

As I continued with the guide behind me, we came to a faceted obelisk metal structure right in the centre of me. I did not understand why it was there or what it was. As I realised my own blank at that point, the guide encouraged me to take steps to approach the structure. As I took a few steps forward I became aware that the structure was "all powerful" ! I was quite stunned as I contemplated this and felt that it was communicating to me that it was the power that created the planets and systems of the universe. I was quite amazed. It called me to approach it and with the awareness of what it was, I started to think that I could share its power. I felt what it was like to create a planet and to reverse it into non-existence. I was awed at the thought that this was inside me and to approach and merge would erase me as I knew myself in the outside identity of my experience of my own life. I was unable to move forward and share the power of the structure and, as I decided this, veils started to fall. First one, then another. I regretted not merging with the structure and felt the desire to be at one with it and felt my deep regret and urged

the white being to allow me another chance.

The veils lifted. I took two steps forward and again felt the power, the greatness that again overwhelmed me and I could not go further. "God" I acknowledged. "Yes" was the most subliminal response. The veils fell again, and this time I was very sorry I had not been able to go forward. I pleaded again for a chance to go forward. I was denied but at my urgent insistence, compassion again let me try. Even before the last veil was lifted I knew I could not of my own strength approach God. I accepted. I was sad. The white figure next to me of a shaft of light, said I was not ready.

I re-entered my awareness of the room I was in and had full recall of what had just taken place. God was with-in me ! I saw. I knew and experienced inward sight with no question of a doubt ! I had not even the imagination to have created such an experience or dream. I was awake. I was exhilarated ! Thrilled, excited and very happy.

Rachel's reaction:

I was sad with myself that I was not strong enough to go forward and merge as I thought would have happened if I had stepped forward. I had been invited to do something and I could not. I wanted to, but I could not. I did not have the fearlessness. That was what stopped me in my tracks. I felt sad at myself but not in a reprimanding way. It could not be helped. I simply was not ready and there was no punishment attached.

I have since been advised, in 1998, by a person who I consider to be very spiritual with whom I shared the experience, that if such an experience should ever happen again, I can equip myself with the precursor of whatever is to follow by saying, "For the good of all Mankind only".

Tenth incident:

This occurred in 1990 in Rachel's Cincinnati apartment just before dinner one evening.

I was really not expecting anything. I was having my dinner in my safe secure Cincinnati apartment. The view was lovely and I was about a third way into my dinner when I felt a presence over at the window. It was unavoidable. It was felt and I could shake the feeling had I wanted to. That was an option. I asked the presence why it had come now in such poor timing. The timing was not poor it said. I had just finished praying, as is my custom before I eat.

I just felt like the presence would go away if I chose. I did not want to be inconvenienced either. Reluctantly I got up and went over to the window where I felt it to be standing. I got the feeling that it was in a large gray orb. I have since discovered that the reason I felt this was that the gray orb was a veil to the presence's intense light that would otherwise harm me to see into it because it is so bright. I am comfortable with that explanation that came to me some years after the event.

When I went over to the window, the presence said I should take off my shoes as I was standing on holy ground. The ground referred to was the ground immediately in front of the presence and not the ground of the apartment as such. The presence said I should pray and so I began. Then it interrupted me and said I should pray as I knew how. How I asked ? Then the memory came to me of how I really do pray for all people I have known, who have known me. Then I pray for all that they know and continue in a great circle to include all people north and south and east and west and all those who came before me and who will come after. As I prayed like this the presence said to me in a stunning thought - I should pray for Judas - the Judas that had betrayed Christ.

I was stunned. The presence did not feel to me to be unholy. On the contrary. The thought of doing such a thing went far against all I had been taught. The presence gently said that what was wrong in the world is that Judas is still not prayed for or forgiven by us, mankind.

I felt a huge excitement come over me and through me. It made such sense and I had never considered this before. The presence asked me to get a pen and paper and write down a prayer. I was to give this prayer to the priest. That was the very hard part. The prayer was dynamic in terms of everything I had ever conceived of in religion - but to pass it on that was really very hard. I had not written it. How could

I explain any of this ?

I was in conflict. I did not want to put myself into any question. I did not want to have to do what was asked of me. As I wrote the prayer down I was thrilled. It felt like a huge holy revelation. I was so very excited and happy and I felt very humble and amazed. The presence left as these feelings took over. I could hardly continue to eat my dinner. I had the prayer in front of me as I continued to eat. I never tasted anything ! It felt like I had been shot in the arm with a kind of uplifting drug - not that I have ever - but if I imagine what it was like for a person who has never experienced this kind of thing before. There was just excitement, thrill and responsibility to pass on the prayer.

The prayer:

*Eternal Father, I offer Thee the wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ -
to heal the wounds of souls and for the conversion of the Judas soul.*

*My Jesus, pardon, mercy, love, the unity of the Holy Spirit, merit of your blood
Most sacred new and everlasting covenant - have Mercy.*

*Lord God, heavenly King, Almighty God, Lamb of all ages
From East to West, gather your people for the perfect sacrifice of
all saved and non-lost Glory to your Name Creator of all."*

Eleventh incident:

This occurred within the year before Rachel started psychotherapy.

When this happened I was at the height of my career and the depth of despair. I felt like a I had nothing. Yes, I had the material comforts and security but love was missing and I felt awful.

I had read in the Bible of a time when Christ came across a blind man and asked the man what he wanted. The man was blind but he had to ask for his sight. Feeling filled with poverty I stripped down and got down on my knees. I started to pray. Look at me I pleaded. I have nothing and I am so sad. It was in this state of prayer that a I felt a presence come to me and standing above me said to me ... what do you want ? The question was not audible nor the presence visible. It was felt. The question was felt in thoughts that I did not think out. The thought came to me. It was like telepathic conversation. Subtle. Prayerful. Sad. I answered that I did not know and that I wanted to be helped out of my sorrow and loneliness. The thoughts came back to me in the form of instruction. I was crying my heart out so when the thoughts came to me to stand up off my knees and go and do something, I felt like a control in the right direction was being given to me.

The thoughts said I should get some wine and make a sign of a cross on both entry and exit points over all the doors in my apartment. I did not know why but it came to me that from that moment on my apartment would be blessed and no-one would come or go who was not screened by this watching presence. I obeyed. As I did this I was relieved because it felt like something constructive. It felt like I was being saved from a terrible fate as I recalled that the ancient Israelites had to put lamb's blood over the entrance of their homes to guard against being killed when the angels of death flew over their homes.

APPENDIX B

WHAT HAVE BEEN MY EXPERIENCES OF THE QUALITIES, BOTH HELPFUL AND UNHELPFUL, OF CATHY ANGUS AS MY THERAPIST ?

I made this request to Rachel in January 1999. I asked her to write honestly and gave her no more information than the above question. I wished her to write spontaneously from her own experience without any sense of structure. Only minor changes to ensure the understanding of a comment and spelling mistakes have been altered and these have been approved by Rachel. A few of my comments are written in brackets to clarify issues.

"Let me begin by saying that this request can not be answered adequately enough with so few pages. To do so would require writing my observations down on record after each therapy session. Had this been possible only then would I have been able to express the scope and meaning. The following expresses only a few percent of what the request asks.

I believe my first experience of therapy began over the telephone. Cathy's answering machine answered my first call. That's when I first felt what therapy could be like. The sound of Cathy's voice held a tone of kindness but was also very 'together'. This was a person who was professional. I did not think then that I deserved to have anyone 'professional' waste time on me and also I was scared. Cathy's voice did not scare me. The tone of discipline and astuteness scared me. I was in a real mess emotionally. I did not think I deserved help. I could not help myself. That much I knew. (She did not leave a message).

The next call to Cathy, I also got her answering machine. This time I left a message. I was suicidal and very scared. At the pit of despair I imagined I had killed myself and allowed myself to experience what could happen after my death. My consciousness showed me the agony, of my mother particularly, and the utter confusion, denial and pain to everyone I knew. That pain was greater than the pain spurring me to suicide. That awareness made me terrified because I was beginning to feel I could not control my impulse to suicide. That was when I called Cathy. When I first spoke with Cathy on the telephone I was crying and talking to a complete stranger. It still makes me choke at the depth of feeling even as I write about it now. Cathy was 'there'. That is what makes me have the feelings well up inside me. Not that I was suicidal. Cathy was and felt as though she was there for me. She was on the phone but her voice was really close. It felt as though she was really close. Not in a physical sense but in a conscious sense. Conscious of me - right there in my pain with me, conscious of me and telling me how to manage what to do next.

Cathy gave me an authoritative number of options. She knew how to manage my situation and she shared with me the choices I had. She made no decision for me. She asked me to tell her what decision I felt okay with. That approach gave me some power in a hopelessly powerless feeling I was experiencing. The options Cathy gave me were to wait and then come and see her at her next available appointment the next day at 10 o'clock. Cathy said if I felt I could not survive that long then I could call (her doctor and arrange for) an ambulance and they could come and fetch me. I said I thought I would make it to the appointment without doing anything to harm myself between time. It was like I had an agreement now, with a decent human being to hold onto. I could do that.

When I got to the appointment, I felt my case was hopeless and now Cathy, a complete stranger I felt, would have to decide my fate. If she could pull me through, good enough. If not, tough luck, I had tried. I had heard of psychologists who were 'no good' exploiters. I had no idea about who Cathy was save from the very good person who referred me to her, which gave me hope. I did not want to commit suicide but things had got out of control. I felt bad about how I looked and even worse about how my emotional crying had stopped on the surface. I was still crying inside. I felt uncomfortable to get to Cathy's door and met a 'together' person. Cathy on the phone was one thing. Now Cathy in person was another level.

When I first saw Cathy, she came across as an intensely astute consciousness. Her eyes spoke and showed awareness. Maybe someone at last would be able to see me as I felt. I did not know what was

to follow. I was there as the last straw. I said so. That was to introduce the next experience I was to have of Cathy. I asked Cathy up front if she could handle losing me to suicide if I went that way after being with her in therapy. I did not want her to feel responsible for failing in any way. For my part I had decided to be as honest as possible. Honesty was a smaller pain to bear than the one I felt would happen before and after suicide. So being as honest as I could was my part I would give to therapy. I did not know what kind of psychologist I was talking to so I did not want to feel guilty if I was talking to the wrong kind, i.e., someone who would say something to push me over the edge. I was on the edge. It needed only a breath in the wrong direction.

Cathy answered my question in exactly the right way. She paused as if pondering my 'challenge' which it wasn't (and was not experienced that way for me). The pause seemed to contain a lightning passage of thoughts in Cathy. She looked away for an equally lightning fraction of a second. That pause helped me. In looking away I felt safe. I felt that Cathy was not questioning me. It was a breath of a pause and look away, but it carried enormous weight. When Cathy looked at me again with her answer, her eyes carried incredible intensity. I could see she had committed herself.

Cathy answered me by saying, 'yes'. Cathy told me that she would be all right if she lost me to suicide. Her eyes spoke another reply. Her awareness and conviction in her eyes reached into my soul and said that 'yes' meant that Cathy would (not in a literal sense) go with me right into suicide if that is what was going to happen. Her eyes said that with eyes open wide to the experience of suicide, Cathy would go there with me, with commitment, by choice and with visible conviction. (What she is stressing here is that I had no intention of abandoning her). Tears well up as I write this part because what this meant for me then was that I had a chance. It felt like a small chance. But it was a chance! I can still see Cathy's eyes in my memory of that moment. I was to experience that wonderful expression in her eyes many times afterwards especially when she was to tell me that I was not bad. I did not know that then. I did not know that I was not bad and I did not know that I would ever see that look of conviction and choice again. I said okay. We met again the following week.

In the first session Cathy asked me some questions and she wrote down the answers. It felt pretty routine. Nothing special other than what I have written above.

The weeks that followed were weeks I had now decided to commit to. This was in addition to my commitment to be honest no matter what. I was not there to kid myself. I still did not know if Cathy was going to kid me along.

It was only much later that I shared with Cathy, in an off-the-cuff sort of manner, what it was like for me at an intellectual level when I asked if Cathy would be okay if I committed suicide. This disclosure was to give rise to a wonderful gift back to me from Cathy. At the intellectual level I told Cathy that the moment when she said 'yes' she would be okay if I committed suicide, it felt like a hand reaching down to me in a very dark underground cold place and the hand was white. Not white in a skin colour way but white as a light shaped in the form of a hand that reached me and took hold of me. I can still see this impression today that came to my mind then when I expressed this to Cathy. I can still see it because it was not lost. Cathy saved it for me because she gave it great meaning. She was stalled in her seat. Her face showed her mind going inwards to some place I could not follow. Her words were the indication. As she looked at me her eyes showed horror. She said she never knew that it felt like the way I described it to her. Cathy, by showing and saying to me that she had no idea, gave me a sense that I was with an honest person and a caring person. Cathy was not covering up her feelings over this issue. In my experience, Cathy went from being the intense listener to the vulnerable person. She was not covering up. She was showing me what it felt like to feel. This gave me the space to remember this experience. It was so wonderfully liberating. I was seeing what it must feel like to feel. I explained some more. I said I only saw a hand. Not an arm or face or anything else. Only a hand and it seemed very natural not to see anything else.

Cathy's response carried enormous meaning and depth. In this way Cathy gave my pain a kind of livingness that enabled me to feel it also in an atmosphere of deep respect. I felt like I was not dead inside anymore. I was starting to feel my pain. I was starting to experience it through another human being. Cathy. My pain was being held, seen not admired, but respected with care and deep

compassion. This feeling was to be one of many steps in the climb away from suicide. Cathy gave my pain tremendous value. I felt it and I was very surprised at the experience.

I had never felt what it was like to have a person respect my pain. The little I was feeling of my pain, Cathy was able to magnify for me like no-one ever had. It felt good. I was only saying what I felt on the verbal intellectual level. Cathy was listening. And in that moment when I said something very significant, Cathy pulled it into reality by responding. In that way I could start to feel what I was feeling. Feeling what I was feeling was a huge and highly rewarding step for me. It felt so wonderfully good.

Up until that moment when Cathy gave feeling to my expression of her hand reaching down to me in darkness, I could not really connect to what I was feeling in any emotional way and it was very self-defeating. It made me doubt myself terribly to be able to articulate what I 'felt' was going on inside me and not to fully connect emotionally to the feeling. I felt like a contradiction. I felt dishonest and worthless. This state of being was extremely hard for me. It had brought me to the suicide 'solution'. Also my experience of not being heard before I met Cathy did not help. Can you imagine how I felt after so long of not being heard and then feeling like I was being heard for the first time ever with no vested interest following any of my discussions afterwards ?

Talking to Cathy felt like what I said was being heard with absolute clarity without any rose tinted glasses. Cathy was not questioning my honesty or experiences. That was so vitaly refreshing. Cathy was hearing me. I really truly needed to be heard. I could not even hear myself. I needed someone to do that for me. Cathy did it. This was no small issue. It was a deep life experience! It felt very good. I started to look forward to going to therapy. I started to feel the influence of therapy. I was starting to feel better and the feeling was being felt in a very deep part of me - a part of me I had not felt before was coming alive. The feeling stayed with me a while even after therapy. It was great ! This was a very new experience of well being - something that is becoming quite familiar I am very happy to say, through therapy.

The next memory I have is when I started to include in my vocabulary the terms 'Dear and Sweetie'. I tried this new style on Cathy. She took exception but not right away when I first used this language to include her. That Cathy did not express her indignation right away was meaningful to me. This made me feel that I was not being rebuked. It meant to me that Cathy had thought about how to tell me that she did not approve of my using such language in reference to her.

I still felt awkward when Cathy asked me why I was using such endearments. That was how Cathy approached the matter. I was relieved that Cathy asked. I was able to tell her that it felt good to me when I had recently heard a person in my work place use the endearing terms to me. Cathy explained to me that it did not have the same effect on her at all to hear me call her 'sweetie'. She explained that such language was reserved for the appropriate relationship. I felt she was very adamant and that hurt. I felt hurt because I was trying to show Cathy appreciation. It felt like I had lost Cathy. It felt like she was not there with me. I have never used the casual endearment language inappropriately again not because I felt bad but because I learnt something. I realized that words have meaning and should be used accordingly. Trying to show appreciation to Cathy by calling her 'sweetie and dear' was not doing the job. So I thought of other ways. A card. Respect. Consideration.

Cathy did not leave my hurt feelings unattended. In the following session Cathy asked me if I was feeling hurt by what she had said to me in the previous session. She explained that she sensed I was hurt. This felt like Cathy was seeing that I had been hurt and was returning me to myself. She had not changed her position about not wanting to hear me call her sweetie. Knowing that it was hard for me to experience a boundary, Cathy gave me the sense that she was back with me. Her kindness was back. She was listening and hearing my pain. We were not even talking about boundaries at that stage. It is only in hindsight that I can assume that Cathy was seeing my response to boundary setting. I could not handle it very well. A few more boundaries and I can assure you, I would not have survived. I needed to be heard. I needed to learn to hear myself. More than that was beyond me.

The next boundary I felt (nearly five years after the above incident) was when Cathy asked me to take my used tissues and put them in the bin before I left a session. This 'boundary' felt very different. When

I apologized and said I was not aware of leaving my tissues behind and how awful of me, Cathy said she knew. I knew she knew. She was with me. It did not take the next session to grasp that. I did not feel abject remorse or deep pain. I felt exposed but not uncomfortable. I knew and felt that Cathy knew that I would never consciously do such a thing as to leave my used tissues on her table where her next patient was to sit! That I had done this repeatedly and unconsciously did not make me feel bad about myself. It made me feel a small sense of humour towards myself that I had not felt before. I could feel this only because Cathy again confirmed me by saying she knew that it was unintentional. She said this with meaning, awareness and kindness towards me. That gave me the opportunity to experience myself in a humorous loveable light. I was not being punished. I was not being demoted or made to feel less worthy.

My 'tissues' experience happened at the close of a session at the end of 1998. There is just no comparison between how I felt about my tissues and my endearment language 5 years ago! Cathy hears me. It has been a process to experience being heard - a process of great joy and fear at thinking at several stages that I would lose this wonderful experience for some reason or other. Going through those fears with Cathy hearing me and being supportive of me creates for me the opportunity to learn to not only hear myself but to believe what I hear - to believe myself. This experience has given me life. Learning to hear and then to believe myself because someone else is - gave me my life and is giving me a growing sense of wellness in each and every session with Cathy.

I loved and still love what is happening to me inside through therapy. In the beginning I had never felt feeling well to last so long. I had been to Church every day and felt healed but it never lasted longer than 15 minutes after mass. Therapy healing by contrast was lasting. What a huge find! What an awesome privilege! Therapy with Cathy has been like an experience of the most eloquent religion imaginable - healing, Holy sanctity.

Cathy validated my pain. Her listening to me was not felt to be passive. It was felt to be very intense. I had a lot of talking to do. There was so much I did not understand. I did not look to understand it in the beginning. I just needed to say it. In the first few years of therapy Cathy said very little. What she said was very important. It was like I was fast forwarding on a video tape. When Cathy spoke, it felt like she had pressed a pause button that only required a fraction of a second. What she said I felt to alter the course of the fast forwarding in that it gave me a new perspective. Her statements validated me. I cannot recall exactly what she said. I recall the feeling. Whenever Cathy said something it gave me a deep sense of healing. The urgency of having to say so much more was never interrupted by Cathy. Eventually after several months, I started to feel bad that I was being heard with such focus by a complete stranger.

I am not saying here that it would have made me feel better if Cathy had given me information about herself. Doing that would have made my work of getting better very difficult if not impossible. I did not need to have to process things about learning about someone else. Cathy assured me and affirmed that it was okay. It was okay to talk about myself. I did not feel bad about it after Cathy heard how I felt. She was not in opposition. She heard how I felt and so I felt okay to continue.

I have not done justice to the lightning perceptions that Cathy gave to my conversations at the beginning. Her statements eventually became something I looked forward to experiencing. I started to hold onto them after therapy. They went with me into the world. I started the work of changing my perspectives to ones I had direct experience of being more comfortable with in therapy. The feeling I got when Cathy spoke was amazement. She chose to comment about the deepest issues I was fast-forwarding over. That is where I got the sense that Cathy was listening with acute focus and not casual interest. I got the sense of Cathy being an incredible consciousness that had skills I could not define. What or how she was giving me a deep sense of reality and comfort I did not know. All I knew is that she was. Her awareness and input together was really helping me at a very deep level.

On the precious and rare occasion that Cathy shared with me a personal experience, I felt it to have been expressed only to help me. Cathy was not sharing anything of herself for any other reason. That helped immensely. I was not in therapy to get to know Cathy. I was there to get to know myself. It was a long hard haul and I felt like Cathy was there for me. That felt good. It was a new experience for me.

When Cathy shared anything of herself with me it became precious to me. It started to feel like I had a friend - a really professional friend. I started to feel like I was experiencing the highest order of friendship. I had never had a friend or experienced what a friend was like outside of therapy. The feeling of friendship that I was getting in therapy became a role model for me. I started to learn what being and having a friend should be like. This was an immensely healing experience for me that arose out of Cathy and her astute ability, not only to hear me, but to reach me.

The people who I had felt very hurt by, I brought with me into therapy discussion. These people had been very significant in my life. They included my late husband, my employer and a 'friend' who was a Professor. These people I discussed with Cathy and I received clarity on how to see them myself. I will never forget that Cathy commented that my ex- boss, by the way I was describing him, was a 'convoluted' person. That terminology was so accurate. It was not a word in my own vocabulary. It stood out from a clean, clear observation from Cathy and it was liberating. I have not forgotten it since.

The other people were likewise expressed in therapy and Cathy again validated my pain and gave me her view based on what I was explaining. Cathy showed anger and indignation on occasion towards many of the things I expressed. Her indignation and anger were not at me. That helped. It gave me a sense of what was okay to be feeling. I had lost touch with feeling anger and indignation. Cathy showed me that it was okay. She felt what it was like for me at a level I had lost touch with. Cathy joined up my consciousness with my reality. Cathy became like an angelic surgeon. There were times that I really felt stitched and bandaged up after therapy.

Then it became, to my mind, an embarrassing and awkward situation because I felt like Cathy was doing such a good job but I kept coming into therapy bleeding. What use was it if Cathy was binding up a dog that kept coming back wounded. I did not feel like I was a dog. I felt worse. I felt far worse and less valuable. Cathy reassured me. She said she would not ever abandon me. She assured me that everything was as it should be. She did not mean that my wounds were as they should be. She meant that my wounds should be bound and healed. That made me feel very good. It made me feel that there was value in getting the sense of healing and help that I was feeling. It gave value to my inner wounds in a very healing way.

There were several times when I felt that I would have to discontinue my therapy -my lifeline, due to financial constraints. Cathy was extremely considerate. Again Cathy met me at my level. She heard me and she gave me a huge benefit of not increasing my fees. At one point she did not charge me for a whole month of therapy. This act of great kindness and generosity and being on my side in a very deep sense, gave me yet another role model. This is what love should feel like. In both instances of feeling what friendship should be and what love should be, Cathy did not personify herself at a personal level. I never felt that Cathy intended herself to be the focus of my need for love and friendship. Cathy offered nothing of herself at a personal level. I still did not know Cathy. She was an example. Her example gave me hope that I could experience love and friendship outside therapy one day. I was feeling it as a reality in therapy and that gave me an exciting and wonderful feeling of hope and journey towards this goal.

The healing process in therapy was a process. It could never have been a quick fix. I had to become aware of things. This could only happen over time. That is another point I would like to mention. Sometimes I felt like I was not getting to the goal fast enough. Cathy validated me, and still does, where I am in the moment. This has been very important to my experience of self-acceptance. It has been vital. Cathy reminds me, and still has to as I meet new levels of my own awareness, that it is 'baby steps'. 'Oh ! Even here' I sometimes catch myself thinking ! Cathy is with me, where I am, in my moment not hers and this experience has been beyond words. I feel my eyes start to well up again as I write this. The experience has been so breathtakingly healing and wonderful. There can be no value placed on this experience. It is beyond any price paid for therapy. It is priceless and exceedingly valuable! It is the value of life. How wonderful the therapy I am experiencing is because of Cathy - because of her work, her knowledge her skill, dedication and commitment !

Cathy never told me what to do. That has been so essential to my experience of getting in touch with me. On the occasions that I asked Cathy what to do, Cathy has encouraged me to take baby steps or

just hold the pain like a little bird close to me. What has been a new experience for me is to simply do that and not do anything about anything else. It was such an empowering feeling to know that it was okay to do 'nothing' but hold the pain. I could do that. It gave me a sense of myself. Another very important answer that Cathy has given to me when I ask her a question is 'I don't know'. When Cathy has answered me in this way she does so with awareness open wide and utter perception in her eyes. Seeing that and experiencing another human being as aware by choice and still not knowing the answer gave me incredible advantages. I could see it was okay not to know. I could see that not knowing did not in any way diminish consciousness. I could experience appreciation for Cathy because in not knowing Cathy was the same Cathy. She did not cringe or feel bad and her self-esteem appeared to remain constant. Her awareness did not flinch. At the same time, Cathy also gave a sense to me of being with me and not wavering for even a fraction of a second! For me, that would have required an enormous effort and acting skill, but for Cathy it really looked real! That is what helped! Cathy showed me it is okay not to know something and just be there in that space. Experiencing it by seeing it achieved by another person has helped me to find myself more and more.

Regarding my psychic experiences - Cathy has been wonderful. Cathy made my experiences not something I had to cut off from myself because they were unacceptable to Cathy. Cathy again was there with me in my experiences. What has been so extraordinary for me is that Cathy did not make me feel like I had to amputate my experiences from my own acceptance or sense of reality regarding how my psychic experiences made me feel. My experiences made me feel a whole variety of feelings and Cathy did not cause me to think I had to be ashamed of any. Again, Cathy is there for me.

Cathy shows genuine interest in what I say. The interest is not felt to be personal, it is felt to be professional. This makes me feel like someone knows what is going on. Regarding my psychic experiences, I feel Cathy also shows curiosity. This feeling is very complimentary. I feel good about it because it gives me an emotion of curiosity through which I can look at my own experiences that have been riveting and unexplainable in any logical way. I have felt very threatened because some of the things I have experienced can not be accepted logically. I have been able to stand back from my experience of being threatened by having the opportunity to talk to Cathy about my experiences. So I have been able to separate and feel the beginning of healing the threat by Cathy hearing me. Cathy in no way made me feel threatened. She listened and helped me by telling me what she thought it must have felt like for me and that gave me great support. It gave me a handle on what it did feel like. It is no easy matter to have had experiences that cannot be shared without making me feel less safe because of the experience. Cathy did not make me feel less safe. She made me feel safe because she did not look threatened or afraid for me. Cathy did say she would have been terrified if what happened to me happened to her. That gave me a feeling that I was not wrong to feel terrified myself.

Yes there are psychics and persons who explore the paranormal, but they are not in my circle of people near or dear to me. No-one ever told me it was okay to respect or trust someone. It followed that I could never choose someone to trust. I also had a distrust of such phenomena even though I was experiencing it first hand. Cathy helped me to trust myself regarding these issues. At several times she so very kindly and gently affirmed that I (may) have psychic qualities. That was so wonderful. It is really not easy to have psychic qualities. Again, Cathy showed acceptance and I could experience her stability with acceptance. This became a very powerful feeling of terra firma under my consciousness that really swivelled around not knowing how to handle inexplicable experiences. Feeling accepted I was able to be okay with experiences I could not explain.

When I first came into therapy, I always felt as if people thought I was lying and so I felt I had to prove everything I said. Cathy never made me feel as though she doubted me and that was because she handled what I was saying as if it were the truth. It was awesome to experience this. I had never felt this before. It gave me a way back to myself not because I was not telling the truth, but because someone 'out there' was believing me without question. At one time Cathy had her practice door spoiled with graffiti (violent, aggressive language) and Cathy said she suspected two or three people. I can't remember if it was two or three. Anyway, Cathy said one person had come into session and was cold to the fact that the door was carrying such an ugly graffiti. (My recall is that she enquired and showed concern as a number of patients did and I commented briefly about being uncertain and one patient's strange reaction - but I knew it was not that patient). I could relate exactly! I had been the same way

in my mind before coming to therapy. I would have thought 'she thinks I did it. I cannot prove I did not'. (She shared these thoughts with me). Those would have been my surface feelings and now they are not. I could feel for Cathy and I could feel how I might have felt if it happened to me. Cathy told me why she could not suspect me because I showed horror immediately and, of course I know by now after some years of therapy, that Cathy knows me. (She had seemed disturbed so I reassured her that I knew it was not her).

Regarding my dreams. Cathy has been able to be a wonderful source of upliftment and light. Some of my dreams have been very painful and have left me with a sense of that pain that I could take into therapy. Cathy never diminishes the pain. She is with me there, with the pain. That is how I have been able to see an alternative view of myself. I see how Cathy handles it and then I know it is possible.

Cathy has been able to take my dreams and give a very positive viewpoint that is so acceptable to me because she does not alter my dream or my experience of my dream. She takes a positive viewpoint and shares it with me. She does not devalue me in doing this either. She tells me what she sees from her point of view - a wonderful experience for me. In this I have been able to get out of the feeling of being held captive to pain or captive to the way I see and experience things. Cathy gives me an alternative way of looking at things in a way that does not diminish or devalue me. It is quite extraordinary to experience this. It allows me to absorb a new way that feels so much better. Cathy does not rush me on this either. Cathy is affirming of my own time. So it feels as if Cathy is okay to take baby steps with me - even though she is a giant! She is not trapped in any of my own issues.

Cathy has expressed that she is not okay when I get hurt or abused. She shows horror and indignation and has taught me that it is okay for me to feel anger also. This gives me another positive sense of my own value that I explore and put to the test and then go and talk about it with Cathy. I have not been able to master being angry as I would like to but Cathy is reassuring that it is natural not to be able to master anything at the first attempt. Baby steps!

Cathy is not a psychologist. Cathy is a Great Psychologist! She has really been able to help me feel better and to experience a sense of well-being that was unattainable outside of therapy.

Regarding sex. I really had some very sensitive issues regarding sex. Cathy never made me feel bad about how I felt about myself even though I was out of control. Cathy explained, very gently and sympathetically that my sexual behaviour arose from my seeing myself in others, rather like looking into a piece of a mirror. Cathy did this in a very accepting, gentle but at the same time matter-of-fact way that made my feelings of revulsion and hatred for myself experience something quite different - compassion and authentic understanding. This direct understanding expressed compassionately to me by Cathy felt like a blanket of understanding over a very cold self hate. The comparison was that I felt warmth for the first time - warmth that was so absent in any of my sexual encounters. Intelligent explanation that was presented with compassionate understanding gave me the experience of compassion and I could then start the work of trying to feel that same compassion for myself. That was the work I had to do and Cathy returned me again and again to how she saw me as being a piece of a mirror. The aim being to draw those pieces together. This effort is ongoing as I grow in the consciousness of myself.

I could say that therapy in my experience is a practice of growing consciousness. That I have taken five years in therapy to come to my present state of awareness is starting to give me a new awareness that others may also not be conscious of certain things that do not necessarily become clear even if said. Also expansion of my conscious has not been based on what Cathy knows, but on what Cathy has helped me to experience and that, as a consequence, brings me to the start of my own knowingness. For example, Cathy will not talk about 'boundaries' at a purely conceptual level. With the feeling of pain that I have suffered by not having or even knowing about boundaries, Cathy takes my experience, and relates to it. My experience gives me the handle to rise up out of my pain into understanding and into the direction opposite to being the victim. I am feeling less and less like the victim as I continue in therapy.

Sex was a way I tried to obtain approval and affirmation of myself. I did not know that was what I was doing and I did not know how to stop either. I have come a long way from this point of feeling so very

lost and worthless because therapy gives me a completely different experience of myself. The experience of myself through therapy makes me briefly at a time, glimpse and experience myself as being very precious.

There have been times when I felt afraid to go into therapy. The fear I am realizing is a fear of what I will feel from within myself and not because of anything Cathy will do or say. I did not want to tell Cathy that I had decided to stay at home and not get a job. Cathy was afraid for me and she was concerned. In the next session Cathy again expressed this concern. What came across to me was rejection, disapproval and failure. It was not coming from Cathy, it was coming from inside me. That is very awful! I have however started to distinguish this. What was great is that I could identify these feelings in myself and explain that this was so like the feelings impaled in me by my Mother. In turn Cathy expressed that she felt afraid for me and questioned her own assessment of my progress in therapy when in a similar incident I said I wanted another baby and Cathy looked very shaken. I had not meant to upset Cathy in any way.

Cathy said I could say whatever I wanted to say and do whatever I wanted to do and it would be okay with her. That really made me not understand something. Cathy allows me great listening space to talk my feelings out and so I could ask her why it was okay. Why would anybody be okay with whatever I do? I have never experienced such a thing although I have been experiencing it in therapy for the last five years! But, nevertheless, in that moment, I could never have guessed the answer even if my life depended on it. The answer Cathy gave me was spoken with what I sensed to be great balance in Cathy and she answered, 'Because I care' said with neither any vulnerability nor any sense of making me look inadequate. The consequence of this answer and tone spoken was to bring into my consciousness the following that I thought and still remember thinking: 'Ah! So that's what it means to care!' I felt my mind leap up to grasp, so that is what it means to care! And tact! Cognition! Now I know! Now I know what was missing!

So you see, my therapy has been a wonderful privilege of learning to be. Thank you Cathy. The wonderful, holy and awesome process continues.

In conclusion please be aware of the following three points:

- a) Although this report may appear to have been written to favour Cathy Angus, this was in **no** way my intention. Rather, it was my intention to be as true to my own experience of therapy regardless of the interpretation of Cathy as a consequence.
- b) I feel that with continued therapy I shall feel more comfortable about the distance I feel between my emotions and intellect.
- c) The way I have expressed myself in this document could not have been articulated with the same substance or clarity earlier in my therapy. Therapy has improved my ability".

The following addition was written by Rachel on 10th February 1999 as she felt it to be an important insight. I believed it to emphasise the authenticity and the manner when occasionally one is merely relating like a normal person in a psychotherapeutic relationship:

"My latest insight came when I told Cathy that I was experiencing the most lewd and sexually explicit words that would come into my mind to express my indignation at something. It was embarrassing for me because I have never had this experience before ... I did not enjoy it but it did express my core feeling even though expressed in a way I do not prefer. Cathy asked me to give her an example. It was embarrassing to give her one example. I was feeling sensitive and embarrassed. When I gave Cathy the example, Cathy burst into laughter and said it was funny, apologised for laughing, then laughed again before saying she would never have thought it possible for me to express myself in such a way. This was a great affirmation for me. It was the combination of gaiety in a really light pure and funny way with affirmation of me that gave me a terrific new way of seeing things. It was Cathy's humour and lighthearted response with affirmation of **me** that won for me an incredible sense of **relief**. Cathy gave me a new slant on how to see. With relief I then felt able to take the next step like a breeze to assimilate what Cathy explained next which was not new to me. Cathy reassured me again that my emotions came

*as a result of my earlier experiences with my Mother and Father which were surfacing and, in having to deal with them, extremes can be expected before balance achieved. When next the explicit terms came into my head ... I returned in my mind to my experience with Cathy and I could apply my new understanding of the direct experience of sexually lewd words coming into my mind and how to express myself. This was a fantastic experience for me because I now felt in charge ! I could either **choose** to say the words or not - and with the sense of humour that Cathy had transferred to me, I was no longer afraid. I was no longer lost in the dark of not understanding myself at all. I **had** to tell Cathy this ... I felt I had made progress and I had really achieved something. Cathy always makes my achievements feel special and she strengthens them for me in order to make it real, valuable and something I can claim....".*

Rachel's latest comments about what the psychotherapy experience has meant for her came from a book she is currently reading (September, 1999). The author, Walsch (1995), wrote "Conversations with God - an uncommon dialogue" as a result of receiving answers to questions he had posed to God. He states that he asked the questions and was guided to write the responses. Rachel believes the following quote accurately describes the psychotherapeutic relationship and process as she has experienced it: "... all life arises out of **choice**. It is not appropriate to interfere with choice, nor to question it. It is particularly inappropriate to condemn it. What **is** appropriate is to observe it, and then to do whatever might be done to assist the soul in seeking and making a **higher** choice. Be watchful, therefore, of the choices of others, but not judgemental. Know that their choice is perfect for them in this moment now - yet stand ready to assist them should the moment come when they seek a newer choice, a different choice - a higher choice ... **Allow each soul to walk its path**" (p. 47).