

ARE YOU GAME?

Following your intuition can be nerve racking to say the least. The following is a story of a happening when I followed my intuition and entered a world where logic no longer applied and I embarked upon a journey that made no sense to anyone – least of all to me. It is a story of the journey and miracle that ensued because I did. I hope this little story will act as an inspiration to others to follow their intuition (heart) not listen to their logical mind and step into the Now.

THE STORY OF PETER

By Rosemary Butterworth

Peter came into my life in the most unusual way – which usually means that angels have a hand in the matter. Although I had never actually met him, I had heard my brother speak of him occasionally since meeting him whilst on a holiday overseas some 10 years earlier. Peter was an American and lived in New York; we lived in Sydney, so they did the usual exchange of cards at Christmas and birthdays etc. and my brother renewed the contact a couple of times over the 10 year period when in New York on business. I am painting the picture of a very distant friendship so you can imagine my surprise and reaction when I started to think of him during my morning meditation. Oh, one other important thing I knew about Peter was that he had AIDS.

So there I would be each morning, sitting quietly, when thoughts about Peter would drift through my consciousness. I was startled at first. Why, I would ask myself, would I be thinking of a man I had never met. The picture of him became clearer and clearer and sometimes feelings of great discomfort would sweep over my body and I would feel unwell in the region of my stomach. Perhaps I am meant to help him in someway I thought and considered ways that this could be done. There didn't seem to be too many possibilities as he was in America and I was in Australia.

I finally took my problem to my brother who was very surprised at what I said was taking place and informed me that the latest he had heard about Peter's health was that he was indeed very ill, too ill in fact to work anymore and was virtually confined to bed most of the time. His health was deteriorating rapidly.

I decided to follow my intuition and write to Peter; introduce myself; hoping he would connect a little with where I was coming from and not think me too crazy, and give him a little background about crystals. I felt he should use a citrine crystal. So out came pen and paper and a long letter followed explaining who I was (my brother's off-the-planet sister) and how he kept popping up in my meditation for some strange reason. I remember trying to sound causal, like it was normal to have a strange man appear in one's meditation, and not too way out. I explained as best as I could the effects and uses of citrine crystals.

I received back, a nice, but rather formal letter, thanking me but advising me that he had no knowledge of crystals. Not at least daunted by the tone of his letter, I rushed out and purchased what I instinctively felt would help him; wrote directions for care and use and popped them in the mail s quickly as I could. I found out, months later,

that he thought they were very pretty and had put them on the top of the piano. My affinity with crystals was not one that Peter shared.

As Peter's health continued to worsen, so did my restlessness, whenever I thought about him. The feeling that there was something I had to do was getting stronger each day. When Angels push, they really PUSH!

Each morning, when offering my day to the Universe, praying that it be spent in useful service, I would ask the Angels what am I supposed to do, how could I help Peter? No revelation came back so I just had to trust Spirit and follow my intuition. What I did notice, was a couple of odd thoughts creeping in like...."I must get some new sleepwear for when I am in New York..." The idea of my going to New York at that time was not at all feasible because there were simply no funds to do so.

Weeks passed and the exchange of letters between Peter and myself grew more frequent and more crystals flew across the ocean to find their place with the others, on the top of his piano, never on his body where I hoped he would place them. I felt better hearing from him again, but going to New York was not a possibility as I said there were no funds to do so.

Then came the day when the angels stepped in and really helped things along. United Airlines called to remind my brother that his frequent flyer's points were about to expire. Their words – "You have enough points for a return trip to New York". My brother, a little overcome by the timing of their call said 'Here, I think this ticket is for you.'

I felt a rush of excitement from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. Now I could go to Peter. Heaven, literally, only knew what I was meant to do when I got there, but go I knew I had to so once again a letter was quickly dashed off to Peter.

Now Peter's reply caught me totally unawares. He was so angry. From his perspective he had this crazy grandmother from Australia writing to him about crystals and now she was suggesting she would like to fly over to visit him. He felt he was much too sick to have a house guest let alone a crazy one he had never met before. He also attacked me for being a 'do-gooder' and wanting to 'save' his life. I felt incredibly foolish for having instigated the whole thing but even this didn't diminish the feeling that it was what I was meant to be doing.

So I decided to do nothing and a couple of weeks later another letter arrived from Peter apologizing but he said it had been a bad day for him. followed by a telephone call. This was the first time that we had actually spoken. Although his voice was a little weak, he sounded charming and seemed pleased that we were finally connecting. He invited me over in May; Springtime in New York. What I didn't know was that he had asked a lady friend if she would come around the morning after I arrived and take me off his hands. He felt too ill to have a stranger stay. So it was all arranged.

I remember so well sitting at the boarding gate, fighting the feeling of panic. Why was I going? What was I going to do when I got there? I have never been to America before let alone arrive at Kennedy Airport at midnight with nobody waiting. Would he still be alive, would he be able to get out of bed to let me in? My body wanted to take

flight and run back to the safety of my home and family. But still somewhere inside of me I KNEW that I had to go to Peter.

The first few minutes with Peter are indelibly etched on my mind. He opened the door and our eyes met for the first time. Incredible emotions welled up inside me as we collapsed into each other's arms in the entrance to his apartment and hugged for what seemed an eternity. The silence being broken only by the sigh that escaped from my lips as I released the tension caused by my fears of safety and rejection. Finally we released each other and he ushered me into his tiny apartment.

We sat and talked for a while and as he talked, my eyes took in his emaciated form and how ill and tired he looked. It was only a one bedroom apartment and I was to sleep on the lounge.

The next morning when his friend, Debra turned up to "take me off his hands", he whispered to her – "She stays". It was only afterwards when Deb and I became friends that I learnt about my proposed exit.

It was also then the angels told me what I was to do. That was a relief because up to then I was flying blind. They said I was to massage him each day for nearly one hour. This I was to do for five consecutive days. He was difficult to massage because he had lost over 4 stone in weight and was only skin and bone but I did my best.

My training in remedial use was to be put to use. Sometimes the massage would be done in stillness and quiet, sometimes we would talk. We spoke too of spiritual matters, of whether he had considered or not why he was on earth, why he had contracted AIDS, what he had learnt about living with AIDS, how he had grown spiritually because of it. He was a being of such love, people felt uplifted by simply being in his presence. I told him that I felt that he would do a lot of work on the 'other side', healing work, counseling souls that had passed over in fear, and that had experienced loneliness and separation before they had died.

The days passed. It was the 6th day that the miracle happened. On the morning of the 6th day Peter woke up and felt well. I mean really well. He was so elated that he dressed and announced that he was taking me sightseeing to the Cloisters. He had colour back in his cheeks and he seemed to have plenty of energy. I was even taken to a Broadway Show. Archangel Michael's presence was a daily source of inspirations. Peter soon felt well enough to return to his country cottage in New Hope and invited me to come along.

It was Spring and the trees were covered with new green foliage. Dogwood trees dotted the landscape with their pink and white blossoms. Peter and Tom's cottage was beautiful and I shall never forget watching Peter enjoying the sunshine; planting Petunias and other plants for a pretty summer show, he even took me to a Gay and Lesbian ball which was quite funny as I am sure we were the only 'mixed' couple dancing on the floor.

The quality of Peter's life changed and with it perhaps so did his understanding. The angels seemed to have taken a hand in his life and he seemed to have been given the

energy to enable him to fulfill his 'contract' before departing. A couple of months after my return to Australia I received a card from Peter with three simple words on it.

I LOVE YOU

Peter put on weight and stayed well for a number of months, then at the end of October his decline began.

I know now in retrospect why I had to go to Peter. There is a particular time, a particular ray of Light we are meant to pass over on. Peter would have died too soon. He also needed to understand why he had chosen to have AIDS. I think he did. Peter passed over on the 6th December that year. I feel he is working very hard on the other side. Thank you Peter for being part of my life and experience.

Rosemary Butterworth works with the highest integrity. She is clairaudient, clairvoyant and clairsentient and she brings through energies from the Ascended Masters, the Company of Heaven and the Spiritual Hierarchy. After an amazing encounter with Archangel Michael in the rainforest of Hana, Maui in 1993, Rosemary was guided to hold a space where like-minded people interested in spirituality could gather. This was the beginning of The Southern Cross Academy of Light.

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