

### 3. Sample Chapter

## *My greatest spiritual blessing!*

The morning after Colin's death I rang the local hospital to make a time to visit his body in their morgue. I wanted to offer him my worship with a special spiritual blessing and to anoint his body with some Aura-Soma Quintessences and Pomanders. Colin adored Aura-Soma products, so it was fitting that I present him one last application of these divine jewels.

I showered early that morning and dressed in my favourite clothes. I took extra care and time with my hair and make up. I felt today was going to be very special occasion, despite the sadness and grief I felt the night before. I had this overwhelming feeling of joy in my heart. Not only did I wish to look polished, but I also wanted to be cleansed spiritually so that I was a pure and a perfect channel to perform a spiritual blessing.

Before leaving for the hospital I sat in meditation and prayed to God for guidance and assistance with this blessing. I then asked Archangel Michael for his help as he is the angel to call upon when you need help and protection.

I sat for some fifteen minutes in silence and felt the energy change around me. I never had any clear visions nor did I receive any words of advice or direction. What I did feel was how light and gleaming my body felt. I achieved serenity and confidence during that meditation.

I knew I would have God's unwavering love helping me that morning. My core was staunch with trust and faith that I could and would perform this blessing from the depth of my soul to worship and honour Colin's divinity.

Armed with a bottle of Aura-Soma Violet air-conditioner, which incidentally was one of Colin's favourite fragrances, and a bottle of Archangel Michael essence I left the house for the hospital. It was pelting down with rain that day.

Even though I had an umbrella I didn't mind walking in the rain, it felt like the water was hydrating and washing my spirit clean. Everything fell into place. I found a car park handy to the area I needed to go to and then once inside I found the orderlies station without a hitch.

I walked in, where there were over twenty orderlies clocking in for work and receiving their daily schedules during a non-formal meeting. The officer in charge greeted me. I told him I was there to see Colin Toop for a spiritual blessing. He asked me where the Kaumatua was (a respected Maori elder that normally performs such blessings). I replied, 'Oh no it's just me today; I will be the one performing the blessing.' At that he gave me a look of condescension. I sat in the corner and waited till the orderlies' meeting was over and someone would be available to escort me to the morgue.

I felt serene and peaceful and content to sit and wait. It suddenly dawned on me I still had no idea what to do! I had never performed a spiritual blessing on a body before! I tried not to fall into fear or doubt and to keep panic at bay. I quietly told myself I would just ask God for help and trust where I was led.

I have tremendous faith in the almighty God force and all ascended masters. I told myself it wouldn't hurt to pray again and meditate. My next thought was how on earth would I be able to quickly get into that peaceful space of oneness with all the noise going on around me.

There were now more people in the room listening to their supervisor, yet many were also talking at the same time. The room was getting noisier and louder by the moment. In my right ear the radio was prattling out the hourly news and a constant distraction.

I took one deep breath in and then prayed for help. This time I said, 'God I am scared like a little child now. I have faith and trust. I just need a sign that I can perform this blessing with great due reverence and I need to know exactly how it's done! Please!'

I then went very deep in meditation – you could have poked me with a needle and I don't think I would have felt it, or yet responded. I felt my essence rise high in the room and now I was standing in front of a shimmering figure.

After a few moments I recognised it was the Mother Mary. I saw myself drop down at her feet. I don't recall her talking to me in words or actions. I just felt this overwhelming sense of pure love and divine energy. I sensed her communicating to me about my fears. I didn't feel myself ask or speak back to her.

What I did feel in that precise moment was the onset of warm salty tears rolling down my face out of my eyes. These tears didn't feel like my own production yet surely they must be as they were spouting out of my eyes, I thought to myself.

I looked in awe again at the Mother Mary and thought to myself, 'My word, this is like seeing the crying Madonna, yet I am the one shedding cosmic tears, she is just standing in front of me so lustrous and light.'

During this meeting with Mother Mary I could no longer sense any other noise, movement or distraction in my environment. I felt centred and in my body, although my spiritual essence was still away in another dimension at the feet of the blessed Mother Mary.

In the next second I heard the radio crackle as if it was off its station. Then instantly it corrected itself and I was aware the broadcaster had stopped delivering the news in mid-sentence. Then I heard the song *In the Arms of Angel* being sung by Sarah McLachlan. The tears rolled down my cheeks faster now although I didn't feel any emotional sadness or pain with their outburst. The only way to describe the sensations I felt was, holy, I guess. Mother Mary faded before the song had finished and I gently opened my eyes and looked around.

All the orderlies were now standing like concrete statues, facing me. They were all staring at me; one had his mouth wide open. The supervisor stood up from his desk and came over to approach me. I was prepared for him to ask me if I was okay, due to the copious tears still streaming down my face. By the time he reached my chair from the other side of the room many of his men had scurried out of the room.

This man just stood over me, where I remained seated, and said to me, 'What the HELL just happened in here?' He went on to say the radio went crazy, the lights went on and off and nobody could talk. He'd opened his mouth to speak and no words would come out, his staff didn't respond and just stood still as if frozen! I politely said, 'I think we have all just been truly blessed today!' I don't know if he was shocked, stunned or scared of me as he then said, 'I have an orderly available right now to take you to the morgue.'

I now understand Roman Catholics devotion, reverence and why they pray to the Mother Mary. It's because she makes things happen, just like earthly mothers are the backbone to most families.

A very nice man escorted me down to the morgue. On the way he told me he didn't know what he should do. I looked at him with a puzzled gaze on my face. He responded that he didn't know whether to take me into the freezer room or into the semi- room come-chapel area. I didn't want to inconvenience him either so I replied whatever he thought was best.

He unlocked the door to the freezer room and invited me in. I was slightly nervous and before I could take my next natural breath and step over the threshold I was pushed back by some force and stumbled backwards on the ground. We both suddenly realised I wasn't to enter the freezer room! I was directed around to wait outside the chapel doors.

As I waited again I suddenly reminded myself that I had no idea of how I was going to proceed with this ritual. I turned my mobile telephone off and sat to contemplate.

I decided I had performed many house blessings before so I would just follow the same principle and that would be an alright place for me to start. I told myself not to panic, after all I would have no witnesses, just God and Colin's spirit, so nobody would know if I had done the blessing accurately or not!!

Finally I was welcomed into the chapel. The orderly had presented Colin's body for a viewing in a very dignified way. I recall going over to Colin's body and spritzing him with the Violet Air Conditioner whilst I said a prayer giving thanks for his divinity.

I asked God to rejoice as a very special soul had just returned to him. I felt no shock or remorse as I looked at his physical body. I said a few more words of gratitude and reverence. I didn't feel Colin's spirit close in the room at that time or that he wished to communicate with me. I felt other spiritual energies around the room. I didn't recognise them personally nor did I ask for their identities. I was satisfied with a deep resolve that they were pure and of a higher vibration.

Colin's body looked truly at peace and tranquil. His body didn't look grey or yellow or even lifeless, ironically enough. When I finished worshipping the temple his soul had resided in, I found myself running my fingers through his hair and talking to him. I said thanks for him coming into my life and for all the wonderful afternoon teas and mentoring that he offered me. I wished him well in his next life and I hoped he was with his wife and son right now. I asked that he have Joy and more love now and for all eternity.

Something bizarre happened next. I felt the room change in vibration. It wasn't the temperature change that I normally notice when working directly with spirit, but the clarity of the room. The natural daylight in the room was now a solid yellow colour encompassing the whole room. It was like every unit of air in the room had turned into yellow raindrops. I blinked several times and the shroud of yellow mist energy faded.

I was composed the whole time and didn't feel any of my personal grief interfering with this ritual. I felt supported by the spiritual energies around me and that I was just a channel for some higher power to work through me.

I felt safe and grounded. I wasn't even startled when I saw my own arms being lifted from my side. I watched as my hands move up and down over Colin's body which now lay under the crisp white linen sheeting. All I could feel was warmth as I massaged his limbs, mainly his feet and lower legs. I didn't know why I was doing this yet I was acutely aware it was not just my hands working over his

body. I thought it must have been because prior to his demise he had mentioned that his muscles were in pain and he desired a therapeutic massage.

I was now looking at a set of transparent etheric hands capped over my hands and they were very warm. I don't know if it was this sight that made me jump or that my mobile telephone then rang at that same moment.

I rushed to the end of the room to answer the call. It was a friend to wish me well with my blessing that morning.

I whispered and spoke rather quickly, saying that I was here right now and in the middle of doing the ritual. My friend asked me why I was whispering. I couldn't answer that and I did feel silly that I was whispering!

I replied that I didn't know if I was doing the blessing properly or not as I was touching Colin's body and it was all warm! 'Hey,' I interrupted, 'I turned this phone off before I came in here!' My friend then said, 'You showed him love and justice on earth; I know you will have shown him the same love and justice in death!'

I thought, yeppers, what a truly sublime and poetic endearment to say to me! I knew my friend had a beautiful soul too. I was just surprised to hear it in that moment. It was the confirmation I needed.

'Okay I think I should go now as I have no idea how long I have been in here! I will call you later. I then went over to Colin's body and said, 'Farewell my glorious friend. I wish you well and I would be honoured if you were waiting for me at my demise. Much love to you always,' and then I kissed his forehead goodbye!

I then sprinted to my car, ducking from the heavy rain. As I drove home I noticed it was now 1 pm. Fiddle-le-de I thought ... I have been in that room since about 10.30a.m. And it only felt like fifteen minutes!



**Bless Colin Claude Toop.**

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