

Born Remembering

By

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Free Read: Chapter 23

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

This book is an honest attempt to record the events of almost sixty years; the childhood memories of other lives and the pre cognition which I did not understand but which somehow comforted me and led eventually to my life's purpose. I am eternally grateful for the realisation that our steps are guided at all times if we are willing to be led and the manner in which we are unsuspectingly guided towards the experiences which prepare us for the path we have chosen prior to birth. I wish to thank those who also remembered and shared the journey with me however briefly.

The mass spiritual awakening now taking place is our reassurance that despite the horrors unfolding on a global level, all is well. Well that is, for those who accept an authority greater than themselves; those who are eager to join the swelling ranks who acknowledge the divinity of consciousness as superior to the mind of man.

I believe the single most important revelation in the evolution of consciousness is the certainty that we have lived before and will live again for the seeds of personal responsibility are sown in this truth. We should look forward to the journey and take care of each other and the Earth, for we will meet again.....and again.....

Chapter 23

ANGELS, GUIDES AND MASTERS

A belief in angels is as old as mankind itself and as strong today as ever and perhaps never more needed. Our Angels seminars had evolved out of this widespread interest. Always well attended, this was one of our most popular presentations, allowing an opportunity to answer the many questions which arose. People are frequently surprised to hear that angels do not always appear in traditional form with wings; they may appear as a child, a man or woman or even in animal form as guardians. Frequently observed simply as light within the room, or as floating orbs, at other times they are not seen but their presence is felt as a comforting touch, or as a sense of peace or wellbeing. We were fortunate that those among us, including strangers who had the gift of clairvoyance consistently reported what they had seen during the seminars, meditation groups and meetings.

There is often some confusion as to the difference between angels, guides and Masters. Angels are a distinct life stream and consciousness, separate from mankind; their role is to minister and this they do in many and various ways. There are guardian angels, our eternal companions from life to life, healing angels present in our times of need; angels of music who transmit the music of the spheres, ceremonial angels who attend us on significant occasions, angels of protection and angels of transition who accompany us as we pass from life to Light and many, many more.

Guides are our spiritual friends who have passed on from the physical world to reside in non physical realms yet retain a connection to those who remain. The term 'guides' is a broad one and encompasses many levels of consciousness and attainment for we do not automatically become enlightened simply by leaving the physical body at death; our opinions remain the same the moment after as the moment before. Those who for example held racist or rigid, bigoted religious views in life will retain them until they benefit from the wisdom of the wise counsellors who are ever ready to assist their progress.

Relatives and friends who have passed on from the physical world yet retain concern and loving affection for those who once shared their lives, reside at what we might refer to as the first levels. The grieving process is as real in the spirit realms as in the physical world and the initial separation is keenly felt unless there has been much preparation and acceptance in advance. Prolonged grief by those who remain in the physical world is distressing to the loved ones who have passed, especially if their survival is not

acknowledged. It is therefore important that we release those we have loved rather than holding on to them as this impedes their progress.

The realisation that those we have loved maintain an interest in our lives is reassuring and helps us to move on, it also assists them, enabling them to evolve in the world of spirit while fully aware of the world they have left behind. As the lessons of the life are assimilated, souls elect to return to physical life to complete unfinished business and to reunite with the soul family. This is the Law of Karma which provides endless opportunity for life and learning.

It is perfectly natural that those who have moved on to the higher life are drawn to those they have loved by the bonds of love. Most of us are aware of occasions when we have felt the presence of someone we loved dearly, particularly in the weeks and months following transition. Stories abound of babies and children visited by deceased grandparents who are simply looking after their welfare. I was once asked by a young couple to investigate what appeared to be psychic phenomena; they were disturbed by the sense of a presence in the baby's bedroom at bedtime. What also puzzled them was the repeated disappearance of the baby's dummies which had to be constantly replaced. I quickly ascertained that the presence was simply that of the baby's grandfather who it transpired had passed with a heart attack on the day the baby was born. He was simply trying to make his son aware that he remained a part of the family and was simply saying goodnight to his new grandson.

Family guides are themselves part of an evolving hierarchy, they progress within the world of spirit through service and are themselves guided by Masters. These Master guides are themselves governed by Ascended Masters, advanced beings who no longer require to experience the round of lives on Earth, having overcome all spiritual testing; they are not simply those who excelled in life but those who excelled for successive lives. Through a process of ascension these Ascended Masters evolve to become the Cosmic Masters whose influence is interplanetary. Although free from obligation they continue to serve mankind exerting a benevolent influence while respecting at all times the Law of Free Will. We are free to choose whether or not to acknowledge them, or to accept their guidance for it is given unconditionally.

Over the years one of the most intriguing stories was of Joseph's encounter with an angel who had introduced him to his guide, another example of 'entertaining angels unawares'. Born in Northern Ireland, Joseph had experienced great poverty throughout his childhood and suffered the religious prejudice common to the Catholic minority in that time. From the age of twelve he had worked full-time as a farm labourer for a pittance to help support his eleven brothers and sisters before joining the Royal Navy at the

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age of seventeen to escape what seemed to be unending deprivation. Joseph served for twenty two years, rising to the rank of Petty Officer, travelling the world several times, visiting the ports of Europe, the Middle East, Australasia, America, Indonesia, India, the Arctic regions and what were then the colonies of Africa. He was what might best be described as ‘a man’s man’ his early experiences of sectarian violence and prejudice having tempered his opinion of his fellow man. Joseph had retained his faith in God but not in the church; a practical man he most definitely needed to see to believe.

Following his return to civilian life Joseph suffered a stomach haemorrhage and was rushed to hospital, while recuperating he received an unexpected visitor to his bedside. The man, slightly built, seemed to appear from nowhere, walking towards him with an intense gaze; he looked him in the eye and said, ‘I have something to tell you and I want you to listen and remember everything I say, it’s very important.’ Joseph was puzzled but listened as the man began to speak about future world events, cataclysms and disasters and the part he was to play when the time came. Joseph began to feel a little unnerved by this conversation, wondering if perhaps the man was unstable but something about his demeanour made him pay attention. Before leaving, the visitor informed him that he would be sending him something, a picture which he should keep on his person at all times, again stressing the importance of complying. He asked for Joseph’s address which against his better judgement he gave. These events occurred in March 1981.

Following his discharge from hospital Joseph received a package through the post; he opened it to find a selection of biblical texts and a small card with the image of a man. On the reverse was a text referring to the life of Saint Edmund Arrowsmith, a Catholic priest who had lived in the north of England during the sixteenth century when Catholicism was being suppressed. He was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle for the crime of offering mass to those of the faith in the days when this was an offence punishable by death. A subsequent arrest led to a mockery of a trial where he was sentenced to death and on August 28th he was hung, drawn and quartered with the parts of his body displayed throughout the region to deter others from practising their faith.

His devoted followers picked up his dismembered hand from the street, it was placed in a glass case in the parish church of Saint Oswald where it became a venerated relic in the Catholic tradition. Edmund Arrowsmith was later canonised as a martyr; over the years many came to pray at the church, seeking intercession from the saint who had shown such courage in life and soon healing miracles began to be reported. Joseph read the text and remembering the instructions the man had given he pondered on the strange events before tucking the photograph in the back of his wallet. He then

forgot about them. The photograph remained in its place and was only removed to transfer it to a new wallet whenever one was bought. He never read the card again and had forgotten the events over the next ten years.

On June 1st 1991 Joseph had attended the Past Life Workshop which both challenged and confirmed his beliefs; following our marriage the deterioration in his health began. At the beginning of what was to be the darkest period of his life when it seemed nothing could reach him we had all attended mass one Sunday morning and heard Father Gallagher announce a pilgrimage to Saint Oswald's Church, Wigan where the hand of Saint Edmund was venerated. At that time we knew nothing of the saint or of Joseph's hospital encounter but felt strongly impressed that we should attend the pilgrimage.

Later that day as we discussed this I saw the card lying on the floor of the lounge; there was the face of Saint Edmund Arrowsmith staring back at us. Joseph recounted the strange story of how the card had come into his possession; he was now adamant that he wanted to attend the pilgrimage and we all agreed that given the synchronicity perhaps this was a divine appointment. Some days later as we stood before the side altar and looked silently at the mummified hand in its glass case, Joseph prayed fervently for healing and we joined him. This event seemed to mark a turning point for him, he became less anxious, his healing had begun.

Now four years later Joseph decided to ask Jonathan to validate the strange story and the confirmation was even stranger. Jonathan explained that Joseph had been a companion of Saint Edmund Arrowsmith during his lifetime and had shared a prison cell with him in Lancaster jail following his arrest as a common thief. Here he had stolen bread from Saint Edmund's plate despite the meagre rations each prisoner received; the priest had forgiven him and this had brought about his religious conversion. Following their release he had taken a vow to serve the priest faithfully for life and this he did until his master's horrific death.

Jonathan explained that although Joseph had remained unaware of this soul memory, Saint Edmund Arrowsmith had been his guide throughout his present life, repaying the gift of loyal service. The visitor Joseph received in hospital was in fact an angelic messenger whose purpose was to provide the link to his guide through the small card bearing Saint Edmund's image. Joseph had been instructed to keep the card with him at all times, creating an energetic connection for the time to come when it would be most needed. He had accepted the advice and now they were reunited, giving Joseph a direct connection to his guide and an unshakeable faith.

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Healing intercession had been a feature of our experiences and had come in many ways. I had asked often for guidance concerning the role of music in healing; keen to explore the effects of healing sound and having no musical expertise myself I was unsure how this might be achieved. Guidance indicated that Bob was to meditate at a certain time each day and then to sit quietly holding a pen over a piece of paper. When he followed these instructions he found himself making marks upon the paper which resembled musical notes. While Bob had an intense love of music and a vast and varied collection he was not a musician and could not play any musical instrument or read or write music. As a result he dismissed the 'scribble' as he referred to it. I cautioned him to be more respectful and to persevere as the guidance had obviously been given for a reason.

Over the coming weeks Bob struggled to overcome his self doubt and frustration and with perseverance the notation became identifiable. Treble clefs, staves and bars began to take shape sometimes with dates, phrases and comments written in the margin which seemed almost to be humorous clues as to the identity of the writer. As neither of us were very familiar with the world of music however this did little to identify the source. As Bob became more willing to apply himself to the task at hand he was given further instruction as to how to proceed. Told to obtain some manuscript paper he now began to receive what were clearly short compositions but remained unconvinced that the notes represented any kind of music.

Jonathan confirmed that Bob was indeed receiving channelled music from guides at the etheric level, saying this would become '*of ease*' with practice. Bob arrived one day at the Centre and showed me a single sheet of paper with what appeared to me to be a musical score. At the top of the page was a title 'A little thought for the day'. I wondered how it might sound if played on an instrument. We had no means of finding out so I asked for Jonathan's help and was told he would send someone to me who would assist.

At this time a young woman was attending the clinic regularly for therapy. She was greatly interested in our work and casually mentioned one day that she was a trained pianist. I asked if she might look at something which was in a rough draft form to see whether or not it could be played. At the next appointment I asked if she had had any success; she had shown the notation to her father who was a lecturer at a local college of music. His response had surprised her, when he saw the sheets he asked sternly how she had come by them and what she was getting herself involved in. Asked what the problem was he said, 'This looks to me like channelled music.'

We had not yet heard the music played; it was incomplete as the bars which create the phrasing were missing. I continued to encourage Bob who remained sceptical, I explained that guided music is in essence the same as

guided writing; originating from a higher stream of consciousness. His guide required only that he set some time aside each day to build their connection; all he had to do was to give his permission and his time and to hold the pen. It has been my experience that guides work very hard to attract our attention, Bob was about to find out just how hard.

Soon after this he was preparing to leave for a business trip; busy ironing and packing his clothes in the bedroom he was listening to a CD which was playing in the lounge. The last track ended and he continued absentmindedly to iron his clothes when he suddenly heard a haunting unearthly melody, played it seemed on the oboe. He felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up as he paused to listen; he knew he had never heard the music before, it was in sharp contrast to the tracks on the CD of one of his favourite bands. The short piece ended as he went to the lounge where he took the disc out of the player to read the list of titles on the sleeve, he had played this disc many times and was very familiar with all the tracks. He read the cover, there was no mention of any additional piece; perhaps he had imagined it. He played it again, there it was, just as before, he wondered why the artists would add such an unscripted piece which was not even the same genre and felt sure this was not part of the original production.

This episode puzzled him so much that he returned to the shop and had the sales person check whether the music was on any other disc, it was not and he had no explanation. Bob played the music to us and we all had the same response as we listened to the beautiful unearthly melody. I was sure he was being given a demonstration regarding the links to music and that he had received a gift. Once again Jonathan confirmed that this was a manifestation from the light to bring him to a decision; did he wish to pursue this work for the benefit of healing others or not; a decision was required. Bob agreed that he did.

Now his therapy sessions developed into much more specific guidance sessions in which we received information relating to music therapy. One after another guides stepped forward to impress upon us the urgency of the hour and their wish to provide music from the spheres to assist in the healing of humanity. We were asked to refer to the autobiography of Rosemary Brown who in the 1950's had been contacted by the composers of the past who asked that she would be the intermediary to allow them to complete their works. She was very reluctant but eventually agreed and began to receive instruction from those we know as the masters of music now residing in the world of spirit. Franz Liszt, Frederick Chopin, Bach, Beethoven and many others made their identity known to her and became her constant companions, painstakingly dictating their compositions to her as channelled music. We were advised that these masters of music continue to work with many in the

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world; wherever there is a willingness and pure intention; some are aware of their connection while others are not.

Despite her limited musical training Rosemary Brown was able to play their channelled compositions on the piano; over many years these were recorded on the Parlaphone label and attracted worldwide interest. Investigated repeatedly she endured much criticism and accusation from those who could not accept the possibility of such communication. Some thought her mentally ill while others believed she was a charlatan, many musical experts however attested to the authenticity of the compositions. The biography of this remarkable woman is inspirational yet for us it also served as a reminder of the response our work might bring and added to Bob's uncertainty.

I had been asking for a connection to enable us to record guided meditations with music; we were now given our opportunity. Ray, a close friend of Susan, a music teacher and an accomplished pianist, came for therapy and showed an unexpected interest. I could sense possibilities. Cautiously I explained what was occurring; he was quietly sceptical but remained interested and agreed to offer his services. We awaited our next instructions which came without further delay. Bob, myself, Susan and Joseph were to meet together at Ray's house at a date and time to be given to us.

Jonathan had explained that great respect and discipline would be demanded; with a requirement to attain an optimum collective energy level; if this could be maintained the guides would connect and the music and voice would carry a healing vibration beyond what could be achieved in the normal manner. I was informed that there were three pieces awaiting us, each to be used for a specific healing purpose. I was also warned that this was practice only and we would need to commit our time to meet regularly if we were to achieve the required degree of harmony.

The day came and we assembled in Ray's small lounge to receive our instructions. The seating was to be arranged specifically and our basic recording equipment set up; we would then meditate for a prescribed period to begin at an appointed time with Ray playing the piano while I recorded the voice over for the meditation. I listened to the ticking of the clock as we meditated together and hoped with all my heart that we would prove to be the bridge the guides require to connect to the physical world. Ray had been instructed simply to play and he would receive the music; when I heard it I almost missed my cue to speak, it was so beautiful. The session went well; I felt we had made a good beginning.

We met the following week, this time I had received a theme, a guided meditation for energy field alignment. I was as yet unfamiliar with the process of recording and felt somewhat uncomfortable so asked if Susan

would act as a surrogate client to provide a focus, she was happy to oblige. We began. I listened as Ray played the introductory music and began the voice over for the Emerald Alignment which talks the subject through a process of relaxation. All was going well until Susan's snores resounded over the music; she had fallen asleep! We tried again this time with Joseph; the music rippled in the background, a perfect accompaniment as I talked through the relaxation process from head to toe. Once again the sound of snoring reverberated even more loudly. Joseph too was fast asleep. We complimented ourselves that at least we knew it worked and I resigned myself to learning how to work without a body to talk to.

After a month of weekly practice sessions I was informed that we were now ready to make the recording. I had been told that the means would be provided when we had reached the optimum stage, at this point I could not see how this might happen. Around this time I was introduced to Ben the boyfriend of one of my students, an amiable young man; we made an immediate connection. He became aware that I was looking for technical assistance and told me that he played in a band and would be happy to provide the equipment to enable me to record a session. And so our little music group was complete and we began to meet together.

I was somewhat concerned that Ben was not very aware of the protocol which would be necessary but grateful for the opportunity and decided to give it our best efforts. Now we were even more vigilant in following the instructions we had been given; Ben set his equipment up and proved to be very professional, checking everything in detail. Ray sat at the piano in the lounge while I sat in the adjacent kitchen with headphones on; I could not see or hear anyone and had to be cued in to start by Bob. We began with one practice run and completed in one take. We listened to the playback; the music followed the voice perfectly as if synchronised even though we had not practiced together. We felt greatly encouraged and looked forward to the next recording session. Meanwhile I made a request. We were planning an Open Day to launch The Hope Centre; I wondered whether we might receive a piece of music to play on the day. Jonathan assured me that we would and we were later able to record this beautiful piece played on the piano.

In the coming weeks all of the sessions would not prove to be so harmonious. We quickly found that any signs of impatience or caustic comments were reflected in the recording as glitches, buzzing or hissing. On occasion the equipment would fail to record at all and Ben would become increasingly frustrated protesting that he had checked everything thoroughly before he came. I believed him, unfortunately there was a lack of understanding as to the metaphysical interplay of vibration; as the newcomers found it difficult to accept that any temporary display of anger was sufficient to ruin the session. I reminded everyone that the goal was to create a healing vibration and that

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this would only be achieved if we maintained equilibrium and respect since this was a partnership with those working at the non physical dimension.

When at a subsequent session disrespectful comments were made which suggested we would perhaps make better progress without the guides, I knew we were at an end. Sure enough, Jonathan informed me that no further sessions would be held and our little group disbanded. This was a real blow and I was devastated. I thought of what had been lost and how thoughtlessly we throw away the golden opportunities which are presented to us. I could not bear to think of those, including children who would have received healing through the beautiful music which had been made available to us. My one compensation was that we had managed to record the three pieces indicated by Jonathan in time for the Open Day. Though disappointed I could only be grateful and hope that we might be allowed to form another music group at some future time. There would in fact be three attempts before this was achieved and it would be eleven years before I would finally hear the melody 'A little thought for the day' by which time we would be comfortable with the presence of our invisible friends and their identity.

We hoped that those who had spent time with us left better equipped to follow wherever their heart might lead them. Bob had continued to struggle with divided loyalties at a difficult time in his personal life; sadly we now saw less and less of him as he too made his choices. Finally he was offered a six months contract of employment which took him out of the area. As I waved him off at the door of The Hope Centre, he was adamant he would return soon but I knew in my heart he would not. I was very despondent yet he had given me and all of us so much and for that I was grateful. Once again there was a gap which seemed to me impossible to fill; the work he and I had done together now ground to a halt. In the years to come I came to realise that the success or failure of the divine plan rested not on any one individual however gifted but on our ability to work harmoniously as a group. Always I was assured by Jonathan that he would send another helper and always they arrived.

I had been fortunate enough to have direct experience of communication from early childhood, beginning with my grandfather sitting on the bed offering me liquorice allsorts as he had done so many times in life. The whispered words of Silver Birch that '*to heal the soul is the greatest*' opened my awareness to possibilities and remained with me throughout my life. From my early teens I was aware of the presence of a nun at my shoulder, there was no communication as such, only the sense of a friend who remained in the background. Much later as I became more discerning I recognised there were in fact two distinct personalities.

It was some time before I realised that one of my spiritual friends was Saint Bernadette of Lourdes. In 1991 we had been intrigued by the repeated references to Saint Bernadette; I was at that time unfamiliar with the story of Lourdes but she made her presence known first through the healing intercession with Fran and then by the church named after her which was to become the first healing centre as the guidance had predicted.

It was Father Gallagher who confirmed for me the identity of the second guide through the picture hanging on the wall of his church. The young nun carrying roses was Saint Therese of Lisieux and I recognised her instantly. She was to become my constant companion and became known to many who worked with us through her humour and compassion. It would be some years before I was able to visit Lourdes for the first time where I retraced the steps of Saint Bernadette's life and felt the full significance of her connection. In Lisieux we visited the Carmelite convent of Saint Therese and marvelled at the impact of her short life; despite her death from tuberculosis at the age of only twenty four she left the legacy of simplicity of her 'little way'.

When in those first weeks of 1991 I unsuspectingly opened the door to Jonathan I had no personal experience of direct mediumship. I could not have imagined that this would be my first introduction to materialization, the process by which a guide links to the subtle energy field of the medium to manifest a separate identity and personality which is clearly observable to those present. Mediumship is a two way process and requires the respect and cooperation of both the medium and the guide; I had been led slowly and carefully as one by one my guides had taken me to each stage. Through his gentle strength Sitting Bull prepared me for my future work and continues to guide me and others involved in raising conscious awareness of the planet in these dire times. He is given to few words yet great eloquence and has touched many hearts with his wise messages.

The supreme moment of my life was when I heard the words '*Call me Jonathan*'. Slowly, patiently I was guided through the maze of multi dimensional sensory awareness and direct communication. He gently removed the veils from my eyes until I was able to recognize his true authority. Not '*a guide of the mid-level*' as he had first suggested to put me at ease but a Master in the true sense of the word.

It would be difficult for me now to comprehend life without the awareness of the constant presence of those who assist our work. Through their patient teaching and intercession I and many others have been privileged to view the worlds beyond, to better understand the journey of the soul. Their only goal is to assist in the unfolding consciousness occurring at this time. All we are asked to do is to listen.