

# My Sweet Lady



1988 reunited

**There is a line from the song, "My Sweet Lady" by John Denver that says, "Our time has just begun." It is the first song Martin ever sang to me in 1988. That is when we saw each other again since 1976 when I was 14 year old.**



I'm the tall one.

**I was getting ready to head back to Florida from Derry N Ireland after my 2 week stay, after being apart for 12 years. Unfortunately my trip was coming to an end, and I was in the bathroom brushing my teeth, listening to Martin sing me this song, with tears streaming down my face.**

**When I was leaving Martin then, I didn't know when I was**

going to see him again, so when I heard him sing, "our time has just begun," I was hoping he was right. He was right, we did see each other again, on June 11, 1988.

**Fast forward 30 years,** I was lying with my husband, listening to this song, with my arms around him, stroking his face, kissing his face, as we laid in his hospice bed, knowing it was the last time I would do so. It would be the last time I would have my husband lying next to me in bed. It was a surreal experience. This just couldn't be happening! Not to my Super Natural Hero, not the love of my life, my husband, my Marts! NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! Cancer couldn't be stealing another one of my men from my life! First my 16yo son and now my husband? NO! It can't be true dammit!

**But yet it was.**

**He didn't pass at that moment though.** He was waiting on one more person, even in his unconscious state. There was still one more person's voice he had to hear before leaving us physically. His bestie, besides me of course, our 7 year old grand daughter Kaliana. She had been sleeping all day. Looking back I think on some level she was travelling with him and also prolonging the inevitable. The longer she slept, the longer her Daba, her name for him, was here.

**When she finally woke up,** I asked her if she wanted to sing her favorite Daba's song, "Only Love Is Real" to him. All Kaliana knew was that Daba was unwell, not passing, not yet. She said yes! I put Martin singing the song on his phone from his <https://www.reverbNation.com/pureheartmusic> page, and I put my phone with her on video chat by his ear.

**So as the love of my life, my bestie of 42 years,** was leaving this dimension, and making his way to our son, our real Home, as he took his last breaths, the last thing he heard was himself and Kaliana singing together the first song Andrew gave him after Andrew passed, Only Love Is Real. Kaliana was

really belting it out as I helped her with the words. I believe everyone in the room sang the chorus with us.

**While I was absolutely devastated then and now,** I was going to make sure that my husband was going to have a sacred, intimate, beautiful passing. Andrew's passing was incredibly traumatic, for us anyway, Andrew was good. I was definitely going to make sure Martin's was peaceful.

**And that it was.**

**Our clairvoyant friend Nicola was also there and she saw Andrew standing there in the room.**

At the moment Martin passed, she watched as Andrew shape shifted into the white stag, like the one that came for him. Martin climbed onto his back and our son rode off with his father, carrying him Home.



So was our time together just beginning...again? There was a part of me so angry at him for leaving me! Angry hearing those words. Thinking he's a LIAR! WTF do you mean our time has just begun? Really? I wanted to throat punch Martin and John Denver! But that was the grief talking.

**I did get to spend one more night with my husband.** Only I laid on a mattress on my sister in law's 3rd bedroom floor next to my husband who laid in his coffin, looking very handsome I might add. They still do wakes in the house in N Ireland.

**The tears streamed down my face** as I laid there beside his coffin, realizing that this truly was the last night I would spend with my husband ever this lifetime. The words, "our time

has just begun.." kept running through my head while I still fought the urge to throat punch.

**Of course there had to be a funny moment**, and it happened with our dog Dobby. Martin really loved this dog and Dobby loved him. I lifted Dobby up to see Martin and say goodbye. He licked Martin's face. In doing so he licked Martin's eye a little bit open! Here's me wha? Oh No! His sister Karen quickly sorted Martin out before anyone saw him.

**I was surprised how normal Martin felt.** Not like Andrew that, 1. didn't look like himself and 2. Andrew was a cold I never felt before. Andrew was so cold and he felt icky. Martin's hands were warmer than our daughter's! lol His face felt amazing, he felt normal really, he looked amazing and so young.

**The next morning I tried to shoo off the undertakers.** I wasn't ready dammit! I wanted to take him home, put him the on the couch with his MAC on his lap. He looked so handsome, so healthy actually. But no one would listen to me. Instead they had us say our last goodbye by placing a yellow rose on my beloved before they closed the coffin for the last time, for us anyway. That part nearly took my breath away. Then seeing his coffin being carried out of the house. Things were getting way to real! And I didn't like it! Not one bit!



My boyz together in a way I never imagined!

**Now it's a month later** and I still think he'll be coming home. Then it hits me that he really won't be coming home again. But because of a few experiences I have recently had, I can honestly say that yes, "our time has just begun." The next chapter, the fourth act if you will, of this play is just beginning. Plays have 4 acts, right?

**So while it is harder for me** to realize somethings right now, as I am thrown yet again into deep grief, I do have moments that my boyz remind me...

**It's (still) All Good!**

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# Smell Ya Later!



**Oh dear gawd! Here's hoping I NEVER smell that thing later!**

Okay, so apparently when a spirit shows up and wants to cross, but not sure how, they give you, well let's just call it a pungent aroma, oh who am I kidding? It's a rancid, god awful, disgusting odor, to get your attention. And man! It definitely gets your attention! It's happened to Martin quite a lot through the years. Well now I know what the hell exactly he was talking about!



**Martin comes into the living room** where I am sitting minding my own business when I smell this rancid odor. I accuse Martin of it because since having 12 inches of his colon removed and having a stoma since the end of 2012, that thing can "go off" at any time and smell

horrific!

**Martin insists it's not him.** He even smells down his shirt, eww, and confirms it's not him. I don't believe him. I told

him, "I only started smelling it since you walked into the room!" He replies, "Well it's not me, I don't smell anything, it must be a spirit." Here's me wha? I'm smelling a spirit and he's not? That's never happened before!

**Well, I still don't believe him and I decide,** I'm going in! Nervously I decide to be brave in order to prove him wrong, the things we'll do to prove our husbands wrong, I pull his shirt out and take a much dreaded whiff. I do it, and much to my shock and surprise, Martin was right! It wasn't him! He's right again? That's twice in a week! Doh! A husband is right twice in a week? Is it the beginning of the apocalypse? lol

**So again, I say,** "I am smelling something awful, where the hell is it coming from?!" And once again Martin says, "It's a spirit that needs to be crossed over and your Guides want YOU to do it!" Again, here's me wha? ME? You've got to be kidding me with this! That's Martin's thing not mine. He crossed a spirit over the other night. Martin asked me to hold the space for him while he did this. He got the spirits's name and which flat he belonged to.

**Living in a flat in a renovated old building, in a very old city** where the walls surrounding the city are older than the USA, and where "The New Bridge" is dated back to 1750's, I guess I better expect this more often. But me? Like I never experience this kind of stuff really, Martin is the go to person for spirits. They're like a moth to a flame with Martin. Now Martin did warn me that my Guides were going to be working on me and with me to get me up to speed since now that I have the time and the stress level is dialed way the hell down. It would appear he wasn't kidding! Between the sudden onset of vertigo the other week that scared the shit outta me, to this smelly ass spirit showing up, I am on the fast track to getting back into my metaphysical gifts again. I have definitely been in "Muggle" world way too long!

**Now mind you I never saw or heard this spirit,** but I sure as

hell smelled it. How Martin couldn't smell it was beyond me. Now I know how he felt when he would ask me, do you smell that? And I of course would say no. But there was no denying this stench for me.

**So after a moment of panic of what I had to do,** I take a deep breath and decide how I'm going to cross over this smelly ass booger, because I wanted to breathe fresh air again! I call on my "go to" Guide, PureHeart (aka Andrew's Higher Consciousness for anyone new here). I was going to ask Andrew, but I have already heard how Andrew responds to Martin with readings when Martin called on him, so I decide to ask PureHeart from the start. Not only do I call on PureHeart, I ask him to give me a visual of how this event is going to go down. That's where the humor came in.

**I see PureHeart standing there** in his Avatar (ie Master Teacher, not the blue creature from Pandora) regalia, BUT he is holding the gadget Al would use in Quantum Leap to contact Ziggy. He's standing there hitting the buttons on the gadget, a white energy column appears, the spirit bolts into it so quick and the column closes. I started laughing at the visual telling PureHeart, "great visual!" I then notice PureHeart was standing there with that big ole smile of his and him saying to me, "Great job PrettyMama!" All of this happened in a matter of seconds mind you, and as soon as it happened, that awful pungent odor was gone! Thank goodness that aroma left as quickly as the spirit did.

**So I guess I better be prepared for more of this** kind of thing as I get "leveled up" by my Guides. I no longer have the excuse of working too much, too tired and too stressed just trying to keep my head above water. All the excuses were taken from me with this big move I made. It's time to focus on me for a change and getting into my own gifts now. It's long over due.

**I have a feeling I am on the Mr Myiagi** track for my gifts now.



Wax on, wax off! Smell on, smell gone! Spirit here, \*poof\* spirit there!

I look forward to working with my son and husband doing this work fulltime, because I know no matter what happens...

**IT'S ALL GOOD!**

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## Bright Side of Life



Martin and I were getting off the bus in Derry, N Ireland coming from Belfast after a full day of traveling trying to tie up American loose ends. As we were getting ready to make our way home, a woman sitting outside a pub with her friend, commented how she loved our look, I believe her exact words were, "I freakin' love your look!" THEN started singing, "The Bright Side of Life." Out of the blue!



And for those in the know, know that is the song we ended Andrew's FUNeral service with, so that was a HUGE deal her singing that song.

She said a few more times how she just loved our look as she

continued to sing Bright Side of Life. This really caught my attention. So we had to go over to chat with her to tell her that she had NO idea how cool it was that she was singing that song.

**She went on to tell us how she noticed** us as soon as we walked out of the bus station, I was thinking how I noticed her glass of wine (not her first I'm sure) as soon as we came out of the bus station and I thought, "What a great idea!" It was a great evening to be sitting outside and enjoying a glass of wine.

**She asked us where we were from.** I told her I was from Florida and Martin said Derry. She tells us that she's from Port Rush, then her friend piped in kidding, "can you get her on the train to Port Rush?" So I was correct in that this was not her first glass of wine, but she was friendly and having a great time in the "big" city of Derry! lol But her saying she was from Port Rush struck me odd, because it reminded me of a story about Port Rush back in the 1980's when I worked at the Hollywood Beach Hilton in Florida.



**I met a couple when I worked at The Hilton** as a server in the restaurant in the hotel and we had a conversation. I'm sure I started it since I noticed their Irish accent. I remember talking about having a friend Martin that lived in Derry. Well, whatever I said, they said something to the effect that I would be with Martin, and something about having a great love. This took me by surprise because I was married at the time and had NO plans of going to N Ireland to see Martin.

**This couple picked up something about my friendship** with Martin. I even hid my wedding ring after they said that, I didn't want to disappoint them. That happened over 30 years ago so I don't remember the exact details, but I do remember this couple believing Martin and I were meant to be together.

**Our new friend at the pub then said to us,** "You two just shine love and light!" Then she said to us, "Love and Light to both of you! Love and Light!" And then she hugged us tight. We had to hug her too because we knew Andrew was working through her. She totally made our day!

**As Martin and I started to walk away,** I had to walk back and tell her & her friend how profound her singing Bright Side Of

**Life was, that it meant the world to us!** They both looked at me not quite understanding. I needed them to know that it wasn't just a woman enjoying being in the "big city", but what she did had a lot of meaning to us.



**I had to let the m know that** "Bright Side of Life" was how we ended our son's "FUNeral." A sadness came over them. I told them NO! You singing it was perfect! It was beautiful! AND so deeply appreciated! It meant the world to us and THANK YOU!!

**Then I walked away to catch up with Martin.** A part of me wanted to stay and join them. But Andrew reminded me later "that just because someone was used to give a message or a sign, you don't have to be BFFs PrettyMama"

**All this happened just after I said to Martin,** "I don't think

it has sunk in yet that I am actually living here now.”

**But here's the kicker!** It didn't register with me until we got home what the name of the pub was where this song bird was. Wait for it...wait for it...

**BLACK BIRD!** Mind officially blown! ANNNND how the hell did I miss that one!

**And for those in the know,** know this is the song Andrew was ALWAYS practicing on his guitar.

**You can't make this shit up people!** I love how Andrew worked so hard to let his PrettyMama know, that even through more hard, major life changes...

**IT'S (still) ALL GOOD!**

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## **Wizard's Window Rises Again**

When Andrew was in hospital he was hell bent on starting Wizard's Window up again. Actually not long before he was diagnosed he was taking pictures of our Wizard's Window merchandise for one of his Myspace pages, "Peace Of Heaven." He wanted to keep Wizard's Window going. He loved our store.

He even wanted me to make a sign for his hospital room door that said, "Wizard's Window, Open for Business!" He was wanting me to go home and bring him his wand making supplies to make more wands and wrap crystals while he was battling leukemia. He wanted to make the most of his "down" time. Bless his heart.

He actually sold \$45 worth of Wizard's Window merchandise while in hospital to one of the nurses who adored him. Unfortunately we were never able to fill her order with all the trauma we had going on.

Andrew's dream was to actually have a space as big as Books A Million. We talked about that in hospital. We talked about having the "The Witch's Brew Cafe" where people could order tea, coffee and snacks while reading a book. Then have "Merlin's Closet" for all the crystals. Andrew talked about having musicians come and play at the Witch's Brew, have authors come in and do readings from their books, hold workshops and more! He was so excited about it and I could picture it all as we talked.

I told him after he passed that we were still willing to make that happen, BUT we needed his help! Anytime I see an empty store bay in a plaza, I think about Wizard's Window.

Well I guess Andrew has really nudged Martin because Martin has been a picture taking fool and putting all our merchandise up on our website. He's been like a mad man on a serious mission. And because of that, It's official, Wizard's Window is open for business again!

Martin told me that Andrew told him that his office will now be the new Wizard's Window store for now, which would explain why Martin wanted to move his computer into the living room. He said he wanted to be closer to me so we could work on things together. But I think it's also because Andrew had plans for Wizard's Window in the office now.

Where can you find our new/old Wizard's Window inventory I hear you ask? **At the link below.** We still have the original Wizard's Window logo too! Martin recently came across it, coincidence? I think NOT!

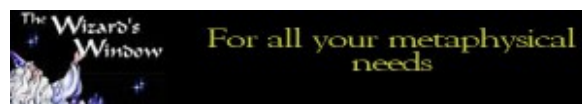
It means the world to Martin and I to be doing this with Andrew again! Andrew loved our store so much, as did we. We

all have missed it. Andrew is really guiding and motivating Martin. Martin has been obsessed with it right now, so much so he isn't even napping as much! And anyone who knows him, knows how much he values his nap time! Especially now with healing cancer, but he's so excited about the work and pulling it together, he doesn't want to stop!

So go check us out, our store is still evolving, more inventory is being added all the time now! Oh yeah, and don't be shy! Feel free to share the store! You'll be helping us to help make our son's dream come true, making Wizard's Window a major force in the metaphysical world!

IT'S ALL GOOD!

[Wizard's Window Rises Again!](#)



Our new banner with our old Wizard logo

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## Stay With Me!

Martin and I went out last night to do some holiday shopping for our Wee Woman, our K-Storm. As we are on our way to the store, Andrew does what he does best, hits us in the heart with songs.

I usually listen to the radio instead of my CDs in the car so Andrew can send me songs and give me messages. Well, he didn't let me down tonight either. As we leave the house, John Legend's dance mix "All Of Me" comes on. Martin and I discuss

how we like both versions of the song. I tell Martin I will hear this song and a few others at work when I feel like I am getting lost in the chaos of being so busy. I explain that I take it as a sign that Andrew is right there with me, helping me, and reminding me to breathe, and it's all good.

Marts and I are chatting away when Sam Smith's song come on, "Stay With Me." Again Martin and I discuss how we like both versions of the song. The slower one was on. I know the song is over played, but there are versus in the song that Andrew has sent me and I will feel his energy surround me, and that is what I focus on. I NEVER get tired of feeling my boy's energy, so the song never gets over played for me!

Next thing I know Martin is choked up with tears. Even he still has "dad gene moments." Martin said that during that song Andrew took him to Siesta Key beach at sunset, and that me, him, Andrew, Elatia and Kaliana were standing on the beach together, holding hands and swaying to this song watching the sunset together. We were feeling connected, feeling like One with everything in the Universe.

Well that brought tears to my eyes too. Martin and I were both choked up and could barely talk as Martin held my hand and whispered, "I just miss him so much!" I replied, "Me too!" And we just basked in our son's loving energy, while missing him too, with tears streaming down our faces while at a red light.

When the song is over, we are almost to our destination, Martin says, "Enough of that! We had our moment!" I hear Andrew, "I'll help! Change the station" So I change the radio station and Taylor Swift's song is on, "Shake It Off" during the chorus. We start laughing our asses off! We had a really good laugh over that one! And it did help us shake it off!

Again, the words in the song "stay with me" wasn't us saying it to Andrew, but Andrew saying it to us. To stay with him, to not get lost in the grief, to keep moving forward and raising

our vibration so we can stay with him.

I know these songs have nothing to do with grief over losing a child, it is the versus in the songs that our kids use to give us messages. And when you add the vibration of the music to it, well, we can feel our child hugging us, kissing us, loving us, talking to us in songs. It helps heighten our senses and to pay attention more to the Higher vibrations around us, which is where our kids are.

Is it as good as when they were here? No! Not yet anyway. The physical body craves the physical contact of hugs, kisses and the I love you mom and dad. But it is better than the alternative, never feeling them at all. Andrew continues to teach us to look beyond what is, to raise our vibration so we can stay with him and keep moving forward and healing grief.

It felt great to feel Andrew with us while we went shopping last night. It felt like the old days in the new way, which is a beautiful thing!

It's All Good!



Our shadow selves in the parking lot where we went shopping. We thought our shadows



looked cool.

This is the version of "Stay With Me" I hear at work a lot

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## Made Ya Look!

Martin was walking to the patio when out of the corner of his eye he sees Andrew in the back bedroom that use to be Elatia's bedroom and where Kaliana use to nap as a baby.

Normally that door is shut, so Merlin, my co-dependent wiener dog doesn't have a party of his own back here. But Kaliana wanted to go in there today to sit down and listen to her sing to me her new rendition of Rudolf the Red Nose Reindeer, where apparently he broke his ass. Here's me wha??

But I allow her to finish her song trying not to laugh and then explain, while trying to keep a straight face, that "ass" isn't a word she should be saying. She just smiled at me with a glint in her eye that she already knew that. But of course what happens at Maymee and Daba's stays at Maymee and Daba's...well, and possibly Maymee's blog.

Her and I were sitting at the little table where Martin will occasionally do readings, so there were 2 oracle decks on the table, one being Steven Farmer's Earth Magic deck, not sure who the other one belonged to. I picked a card from Steven's deck and thought, "Yeah, not surprised I picked that card." It was the Green Man card, which is also Hern. Andrew loved his Hern! So I knew it was from him. BUT it was just the beginning of the message! Hern is also Martin's name on the commercial psychic line he reads on.

Kaliana then made me turn on the blue string of lights I have hanging in there, as well as the faerie light because she wanted to get on my treadmill. She is fascinated by my treadmill. There's something about the road to no where that fascinates her.

After she went home, I left the door open to the back bedroom, the fan and lights on since the windows are open to allow the air to circulate. Plus it is the coolest room in the house and I wanted that circulating!

So as Martin sees Andrew out of the corner of his eye int he back room, standing over the little table looking at the oracle decks, with his thumb and index finger on his chin contemplating the oracle cards, he tells Martin to pick one card from each deck for his PrettyMama. When Martin looks to see Andrew full on, Martin hears him say "Poof!" and then, "Haha made ya look!" And Andrew disappears! Martin could hear and feel him laughing. What is that boy of ours like!?

Martin then comes to me with the two cards he picked explaining what just had happened, before he can finally make it out to the patio.

What oracle cards did Martin pick for a message for me from Andrew? He picked the "River" (movement) card from Steven's deck and Optimism from the other. Martin said, "Rivers of Optimism." What I also got was that there is finally going to be movement with everything that we have been working on lately and to be optimistic with the work I am doing with "Hern."

What a wonderful, amazing, son we have and how he works and plays with us still! My Muck is always finding ways to let me know...

It's All Good!



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## Treasure Hunters

The daughter contacted me to let me know that Marj, a friend she works with, was having a pre-sale garage sale for family and friends, everything 1/2 price. She was wondering if I wanted to go. I could feel Andrew's energy pushing me, "YES! YES! YES! YOU WANNA GO!" I agreed to go because it would be quality time with the family doing one of Andrew's all time favorite things, finding treasures and deals at a garage sale.

I have mentioned before how Andrew was an avid dumpster diver, moving in and moving out day, bulk pick up day, garage sale kinda guy. Even as a young kid, as young as 5yo, he would get all excited when he saw a U-Haul truck in front of a house. He knew it meant that people were going to be getting rid of, what he called, treasures. He truly believed that one man's garbage is another man's treasure. And those treasures usually

ended up in his room! Because of this passion of his, the neighbors got to know him. He hit every garage sale in our neighborhood.

Marj and her dumpster diving husband had a ton of stuff that he picked up that they were hoping to open a store with. Since that wasn't going to happen, they were having their own garage sale instead. No over head that way and Marj gets her garage back.

I figured I'd find some stuff for our Kalitana (what she calls herself) Storm Michael, for Christmas. I mean, we might as well take advantage of her being 3 1/2yo while she's still cheap to buy for. The Dollar Tree is still a hit with her. It was for Andrew too even at 16yo, but he was all about quantity not quality with certain things. He liked the thrill of having so much for so little, even if the item only lasted a day before it broke. He just reminded me that he'd tell me that he got his dollar's worth out of it. It makes me laugh now remembering him saying that. Thanks for the chuckle Muck!

I have to say, Marj had some pretty cool stuff! I can see why Andrew would get the shakes when he saw a garage sale sign. His motto was, "I might find something I didn't know I needed!" And he was right!

Something caught my eye soon after we got to Marj's. It was a Jack The Pumpkin King comforter. For a millisecond I thought about it for Andrew's room, but then I was in "mama gene" mode and didn't want to change the comforter he and I bought together right before he was diagnosed with leukemia. Plus I was more focused on shopping for Kalitana Storm Michael before any more drive by vultures stopped and snapped up something I didn't know I needed!

Once I was done shopping for Miss Kalitana Storm Michael, Elatia, the daughter, says, "What about this Jack The Pumpkin King comforter for Muck's room." I told her that I was looking

at that, but wasn't sure I wanted to buy it for the reason I mentioned above. That mama gene loves holding on I tell ya!

Well! Didn't I feel Andrew's energy all up in my flava at that moment! He says, "We're shopping together again now! AND do you actually think I'm actually going to let you leave a garage sale without buying me something!!??" I replied, "Ok! OK! I get it! You're right! It feels like shopping in the old days, just in the new way. I'll get it for your room Muck! Geez Dude! Chill!" And then we had a good laugh. A fun mother/son moment. All this was going on in my head mind you as I was gazing into Jack The Pumpkin King's eyes. It's easy to get lost in those big black eyes of his. So I paid the \$2 for the queen size comforter, that's right, only 2 bucks, more than 1/2 off, and took this treasure to my car to add to the other treasures I already stashed there from the prying eyes of Kalitana Storm Micheal.

So I put the "new" Jack Skellington comforter on his bed after I cleaned up his bed from the K-Storm spending the night. She had her Uncle Muck's crystal wands in bed again and all his stuff animals strewn all over the bed. She left her, "The K-Storm was here" mark in her Uncle Muck's room.

I have to say that the new comforter looks a lot better than the other one. It looks really class.

I wasn't done yet! I took some pictures of the comforter, BUT that wasn't all I was hoping to get in the picture. I asked for energy orbs to show up for me and guess what? THEY DID! The pictures are below.

That day we all got treasures to take home. The best one for me was feeling like my whole family was shopping together again like in the old days, it was just in the new way. Andrew showed me that by being willing to let go of the past, ie his other comforter we bought together, I can be open to creating new, present moments with him that will also become fun

memories I will remember later too.

Now, did Andrew/PureHeart the Avatar really care if I bought the comforter for his room or not? No. It's not even on his radar, but I am! He did all that for me. He likes to make his PrettyMama happy and he knows any time I spend with him makes me happy! He honors the fact that I am still his mother while I am still in this "meat suit" and he does what he can to make this very hard journey as a grieving mom, an easier one. He's a good son!

It's All Good!



Just the comforter in  
this shot



I caught a fly by on the comforter



Then caught an orb on the black bed skirt AND another fly by in the top left!!....Today found another orb! AND it's a biggie! Didn't see it last night when I posted it. It's over Muck's portrait in the bottom right.

How'd I miss that  
last night?



Lookin class!



My treasure find





Breakin in my new wine glass w/sum sparkling coconut water. No really I swear it's sparkling coconut water!



Marts Horsing around at the garage sale. We did not take that home, the horse, we did take Marts home.

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# High Five From The Other Side!

We were busy all last week working/celebrating in Ft Lauderdale and Boca Raton, the 7th Annual International It's All Good Day! The big celebration was a mediumship event on Friday October 24th in Boca Raton. Unfortunately we couldn't do it on October 22nd, the actual date, because of another event we were asked to attend in Coral Gables so we could promote the Friday event.

Our 7th Annual Int'l It's All Good Day celebration was wonderful! For the price of a ticket, people not only got the mediumship event, but they got a nice dinner, cake, and a raffle where 6 gifts were given away! And we got to work and play with Andrew and his new friend.

It is always so interesting to me what happens at our mediumship events, especially when there is another grieving parent there. There was another mother there who lost her beautiful son when he was 17yo, 29 years ago. And amazingly enough she too said it still feels like yesterday when she lost him. Her son was boogie boarding when a friend was going under the water and called out for help. He did save his friend's life but lost his own life in the process.

Her and I shared pictures of our sons, they had similar energy and smiles. Both so handsome! It felt great to be bragging about our sons to one another. It felt normal.

I knew Martin wouldn't remember a damn thing she said about her son when he was in reading mode. And sure enough he did not remember a thing when her son did come through during the audience readings.

Well, the funny thing is, our boys teamed up to play with Martin! Even I could feel the energy of what they were doing! I could see Andrew saying, "Watch this, I bet I can get my Dad to say this!" He got Martin to say something slightly inappropriate that did get a laugh, and for the life of me I can't remember what it was they had him say now. BUT I could see the boys high five-ing one another that they got Martin to say something inappropriate! When I asked Martin about it, he said, "Oh yeah they high fived each other!" Even the other Mom knew they had done it.

It made my night seeing/feeling my son and his new friend messing with Martin! It felt like the old days in the new way, which always makes me smile and just feel fabulous feeling close to my son.

Martin had a great time with both boys that night. They were actually helping Martin with deceased relatives coming through, in between playing with him. It made for a fun night with lots of love and laughter! I know it helps me to stay focused on who Andrew is now and that makes my heart sing! Now if we can do this full-time? Grief wouldn't have the hold on me it still does.

We had a beautiful week honoring our son, meeting new people and making soulful connections. These people inspire me as much as we inspire them. Doing this work reminds me that....

IT'S ALL GOOD!



# Our Final Farewell

Seven years ago today was our final farewell to our beloved son. The last time I would ever lay eyes on his physical presence again. I couldn't comprehend the magnitude of that day. Shock is a beautiful thing, it helps you function. Martin and I did his service, we figured we started this journey together with Andrew when he was born, and we will end this part of our journey together when Andrew had to move on to his Higher Purpose. No one else deserved the honor of doing our son's service other than us.

Andrew guided us every step of the way, giving us each a piece to do. Not knowing what to do since we have never had to plan a FUNeral service before, let alone one for our very own child! We trusted Andrew would make it perfect, and he did just that! Right down to the timing! It was exactly an hour.

I had a panic attack when the FUNeral home emailed me my 16yo son's obituary. It's hard even writing that now. To see it in print made it too real, it was just too much for me to handle. During my panic attack, Andrew asks Martin what was the first 3 letters in funeral? Seriously Muck? I can't breathe here! A little help please! But funny enough it helped me cope calling it a FUNeral, because I just couldn't say the other F word, and that is what we did! We put the FUN in funeral! We made sure we had laughter at his service and plenty of it. It was the beginning of us turning devastation into celebration.

Leaving the hospital without my son was hard enough, but this? Leaving the FUNeral home without him? Now that was hard! When we left the hospital I knew I would see Andrew again in a few days. Now? This would be the last time EVER I could physically see him. The next time we would have to go to the FUNeral home, my 6 ft and still growing son would be in a small box now. How is a parent suppose to wrap their head around that one??

I will tell you how, for us we had to practice what we teach. We had to focus on who Andrew is now and work on our new relationship with him. We had to focus on the fact that we are more than our bodies. We really had to look beyond the physical now.

When we can let go of what was, and focus on what is, not his passing, not the end, but the transformation of who our son was now, the beginning of our new relationship, you can start to heal and move forward. When you can see your child for who they are now when they pass, and be open to a new relationship, it helps you heal. It doesn't mean you never grieve again, believe me, you will, it just means you can move through it easier and find some peace with it all.

I am so grateful that we know what we know, and don't have any religious dogmas holding us back from our son! Just because our son is in spirit doesn't mean he still can't be a part of our lives. Yes, 7 years later I am still working on getting use to the new relationship, because the physical one was so powerful and the one that the Mama Gene wants so desperately! But it is getting easier. Sometimes I have to think of conversations or experiences we've had with Andrew if they were before or after he left here. When that happens, I know that I am making progress on this rough and rocky road called grief!

We had his service videoed and it took me a few years before I could watch it, but I have to say, I was impressed with ourselves! It was an amazing service! We done our son proud! But then again, look who was guiding us!

Here is our final farewell to our beautiful boy. He still reminded us that day, that....

IT'S ALL GOOD!

Part I [http://youtu.be/\\_L48GuZKJBY](http://youtu.be/_L48GuZKJBY)

Part II [http://youtu.be/2ngYc\\_Gxy8c](http://youtu.be/2ngYc_Gxy8c)

Part III <http://youtu.be/dvdm0tf91mM>

Part IV <http://youtu.be/ygrirAjwkmU>

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## **7th Annual International It's All Good Day**

Seven years ago, I can NOT believe it was 7 years ago tonight I had to say goodbye to my teacher, my hero, my best friend, my son. We stood there in shock as we watched the medical team feverishly work on our boy to save his life. It was very unexpected because he had beat worst odds before. His stem cell transplant was set for Nov 16th.

We also watched as the line on the monitor went flat when we had to make the call, and tell the Dr's to stop working on him. A call I did NOT want to make! A moment in time I will never forget! But yet there is something so very intimate and sacred being part of a soul's journey here and when they have to leave.

While one relationship/journey was ending with our beautiful, amazing Avatar son, a new one was beginning. And that journey was beginning that night as Martin and I were alone with Andrew after he crossed. I bathed Andrew as Martin told me what Andrew was saying.

Then Andrew told Martin to find a song on his phone, an Enya song. He told Martin he wanted us to dance, that he had never seen us dance before. So beside our son's body, Martin and I danced.



While I did see Andrew's body lying on the bed, as the tears quietly and gently rolled down my cheeks, I could feel my son's loving arms around Martin and I as he danced with us! We were suspended in time having this very intimate moment with our son. I will never forget that either!

The 16 years we had with him physically here with us was profound and have forever changed us. He made us better parents, he made us better human beings, he made us better teachers!

Today we honor him, his life, his incredible attitude of IT'S ALL GOOD! AND his journey Home.

We love and miss your physical being Muck and now honor you, PureHeart! Thank you for the honor and privilege of being your mother this life time!

Now, for the annual posting of this Avatar's Journey Home....

## **AN AVATAR'S JOURNEY HOME**

This is Andrew's story of his journey Home on Oct 22,2007 at All Children's Hospital, as told by Andrew through Martin in Feb '08. For all those who are Andrew's friends and love him, I hope this brings you some peace. For those that have lost a child, I hope this brings you peace as well. I know you miss him, but he is still here with you. He is only a thought away! IT'S ALL GOOD!

Andrew's Words..

I was met by a beautiful energy in the shape of a white stag. He whispered my name, Glan Croi, many times. Many times until my energy resounded with it. It became me, as I became the name.

"What does it mean," I asked.

"PureHeart." The stag replied.



"PureHeart." I whispered in return. It felt right and it felt purposeful.

"What do I do now?" I asked.

"We wait, Glan Croi, we wait."

I waited. I felt so very clear and very beautiful. Then I remembered my mom and dad, and my sister. I became sad for a split second, and this stag enveloped me. I felt safe. It felt like Home to me.

I then saw my dad, lost in a moment, but I knew he could see me. So I smiled and waved at him I remember thinking, if he only knew what awaits, he would not be so sad. I also saw my mom. I admire her strength so very much. I'm able to do what I need to do because of them. I have peace, and I will share with them until we reunite.

I was able to communicate with their higher selves when I ascended. Through their teaching I was never lost. It helped me understand where I was, when so many people don't. You need to know who and where you are before you cross, else you get lost here.

I still travel with my parents my sister, and their higher consciousness. We are working and loving together. It is my wish that their human cells know and accept this, even the times they cannot feel it. It is so.

I spoke to my dad, and he heard me. I asked him to tell the healers to stop. It was time for me to leave, and get things ready. I am happy. He did not listen to me at first, so I taught him like he taught me. He took his own advice though, and helped me make sense of it. Now he has to help Mommy, and Elatia, but he hears me, so that won't be a problem.

"Are you ready?" the stag said.

"Ready? What for?" I questioned.

“They want to celebrate your coming Home.”

“They, who are they?”

“Follow me: Glan Croi, and you will see.”

We left the room, and I found myself at the edge of a beautiful forest. It felt more like Home than anything I had ever experienced before. I couldn't take it all in at first. Images were flashing very quickly. It seems we were moving very quickly, but naturally, at the same time. It just felt right to me.

We came to what I remembered to be a large castle, with a drawbridge. Above me was an archway of trees leading into a courtyard containing a fountain, with a large lion statue in the middle of it. There was water coming from the lion's mouth into the base of the fountain. It's sparkled and glowed. I drank from the fountain and remembered who I am. It was wonderful and beautifully overwhelming.

The stag was no longer with me, and as I looked back I saw it's energy disappearing into the trees. “Welcome Home, : Glan Croi.” I heard him whisper as he became one with the trees. It did not matter that he was gone, because I knew where to go from here. Straight ahead, and through the double wooden doors that were in front of me.

As I pushed them open and walked forward, I was transported into a great arena. I realized at this point, that I had not been wearing any clothes. I was naked, but I noticed that I didn't have any of the needle marks, and other marks that my body on Earth had accumulated during my stay in hospital. All of these realizations happened in a split second.

I heard cheering and whistling, and I also heard a loud thundering. I came to awareness and I see what looks like thousands of people sitting around the arena, and standing around the arena, cheering and clapping. I know who I am. I

have always known who I am. I remember thinking that this was cool. The initial fear that I had when I crossed was long gone, and in its place was a feeling of "yeah, now that's what I'm talking about!"

I was met by my mom, dad, and Elatia, and they took me together with Michael, the Angel, to the center of the arena where there was a large throne-like chair. A lady wearing a green robe came up behind me, and put upon me a beautiful forest green robe. I put my arms through and it felt like I had worn this before. She tied the robe with a thick golden rope which fell to my sides very comfortably.

As I looked around the arena at the thousands of happy faces, I noticed that they were all wearing robes of various colors. They were sectioned according to their colors around the arena. Facing the throne I saw all the people wearing a similar robe to me. They were standing and cheering. My mom and my dad and my sister were seated there.

A tall man came over to me and placed a headpiece on my head. It was silver with an Emerald heart right in the center. "We welcome you Home, : Glan Croi." I sat on the chair for a little while, then went to greet everyone that I knew. I had traveled many places with all of these people many, many times. I have no regrets, and will always strive to communicate with my parents and my sister, because I realized as soon as I crossed that our work has just begun.

I will see you all very soon and you will remember. We are destined to travel for we are an unstoppable and connected team. Much love and blessings to you. Let's go, you know you want to.

February 2008

Glan Croi



IT'S ALL GOOD!