



His Gentle Touch and The Way of One

A journey of self-awareness
meditation and spiritual healing

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Cover photograph by
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Updated August 2018

**You are what you are for the good you
have done, as well as the bad.**

Daily Life Lesson
www.hisgentletouch.com

For Susan

Who lead me to the spiritual
not with her words but by
her example.

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Prologue

This is the story of my spiritual journey starting many years ago at my baptism as a Roman Catholic. Religion was very important to my family. Sunday mass, unless very sick, was never missed. They ensured that we attended private Catholic school, often at the expense of less for them.

My education, until my second year of college, was at Catholic schools; therefore, I was well versed in the teachings of my religion. Being informed did not mean I did not break the commandments, being aware meant that I was aware of the consequences of doing so.

In spite of my failings, my belief in God never faltered; weekly attendance at Mass was still mandatory in my mind. The difference was that in time, I moved from sitting with the congregation to standing by myself in the foyer. I could not reconcile what I had been taught in school to what I was hearing from the pulpit. If I paid attention to what priest was saying during his sermon, I became critical and often upset. Instead, I started having private conversations with God.

In time, going to church became meaningless so I left the foyer and now the world is my church, for I see God everywhere.

There is a small park by my home that I go to when possible but always when I need to be one with God. The quiet solitude with only the gentle breeze whispering the words of the Lord always brings me understanding, acceptance, and peace.



Part One

My journey of spiritual awakening and introduction to meditation



San Antonio, Texas 2014

"Open your eyes. How do you feel?" I asked in a quiet voice.

It is impossible to describe the look on her face when she realized that the pain was gone. The pain that had kept her from working for three years was gone. The pain that she had been told was caused by an acute carpal tunnel which could only be corrected with surgery on both wrists was gone. She flexed her fingers without pain "I have not been able to do this for years," she said. The muscle stiffness was gone, her forearm was soft and pain free.

Just a few minutes before, she had been meditating, which she had never done before, while holding a small stone in her hand. I had just guided her in a spiritual healing using meditation and energy. "What happened," she asked with this incredible "I don't believe this" look on her face. "Can I keep the stone," was her second question.

After I instructed her in how to continue to meditate, she left. A few weeks later I found out she had applied for a job and was hired a few days later.

In another case, a working wife with severe problems coping with day to day life was suffering from stress and a form of depression. On a

scale from one to ten, she had a stress level of twelve.

"Depression on a good day, a ten," she said.

Social interaction was almost non-existent, to the point that she had been asked to work from home as she was disrupting the entire office staff. In addition, she was taking care of an elderly mother who was quite ill.

During the session, her tears started to flow nonstop. "What is causing you to cry," I asked her.

"I am afraid to fail," she replied.

"That is the cause of all your pain," I said.

"I never thought about that," was all she said as we again returned to mediating.

Gradually she regained control, she entered that special place where all that is bad is gone, and she was "one with the universe."

Again, the look of wonder, the release of muscle tension, and for the first time in many years, a smile. She tried to return the stone which I had given her to focus her energy while meditating, but I told her it was hers to keep.

"I'll keep it close to me," she replied as she looked at the stone in wonder.

A few days later, she called me again as she needed clarification on how she was to use the stone and wanted to know if she could ask for help on other matters while she was meditating.

"Of course" I replied. "I meditate when I talk to God as well as when I want to send positive energy to others that I feel are having problems. I even meditate when I am having trouble falling asleep.

The stones are just a means for us to focus on God's energy so that you, or I, can become more receptive to His energy. The stones themselves do not do anything; it is you becoming receptive to the Lord's plan that makes it all possible."

She also mentioned that she had gone on a road trip with her family; the trip was about two hours long by car. For the first time in years, she was able to make the entire trip without having to make a pit stop to gather herself. She explained that she became so nervous while on a road trip that they had to stop until she was calm enough to continue. Usually three stops, two on a good day, this trips none. She was thrilled, as was the rest of her family. In addition, she was able to drastically reduce one of her medications to an "as needed" dose, and the other she eliminated entirely.

I have since visited with her by cell phone, and she reports that all is well. Also, that she now uses the stone to help her sleep through the night.

A year later she told me that she was now helping others that had problems similar to hers and that she was concentrating on helping young girls at her church.

Two spiritual healings that come to mind as being of special interest are ones that involved not a person-to-person spiritual healing, but a long distance spiritual healing utilizing the use of modern technology.

I had performed spiritual healing by using my cell phone while I was in San Antonio, Texas and the one seeking help was in California. Through some careless actions on her part, her sister's daughter had been taken away by Child Protective Services. What she needed help with was to find a means to forgive herself for what had happened. During the meditation, we found that what she was truly seeking was the courage to ask her sister for forgiveness. In time that became possible and she was able to move forward.

This next one was more of a challenge because of distance, not that it should matter but still interesting. She contacted me from a small village in a remote valley near some mountains in South America. She was using the webcam on her PC, and I was on my tablet and we able to communicate via Skype.

Her problem, in addition to stress, was a chronic pain in her shoulder blade which resulted in her not being able to raise her arms above shoulder level. This was particularly worrisome as she was a Yoga instructor.

For the purpose of the spiritual healing, she used a quartz crystal to make the transfer of healing energy easier and more effective. After several sessions, her stress level was almost normal and she could now raise both arms above her shoulders without any pain and was able to return to giving her classes. The relief was visible both on her face and her voice as she then shared the fact that she was also under a lot of stress as she had been unable to work.

In addition to the wonder and relief in those that I have helped; I too have experienced a deep personal sense of wonder. I wish I could tell you that I have been doing spiritual healings all my life, but it has only been for the last two or three years. Prior to that time, I was aware of some special gift I possessed, though it was limited. I searched for years to find the right path, until finally coming to this point in my life.

Allow me to share my journey. I do so with the hope that it will provide some guidance to help those of you that feel that they too have as I did a gift from God that gave me the ability to help others. And also, with the hope that everyone else will question if they also have such a gift.



San Antonio, Texas 1970

My first spiritual experience?

I do not remember when it happened perhaps because at the time I did not recognize it as such, but I do remember where I was, I remember what I was doing, and I remember everything except the date it happened.

I was in my late twenties or early thirties, getting ready to go to sleep, and as was my custom, just having finished smoking my last cigarette for the day. I was lying in bed, the lights still on, and in that special state somewhere between drowsiness and sleep.

Suddenly, my entire body started to vibrate at a very high rate and after a few seconds, I felt myself flying off into space and seeing the world recede at a very high rate. I looked down, now afraid of the flight that when the earth appeared to be the size of a quarter, I thought, "How will I find my way back?" As soon as that thought entered my mind, I was instantly back in my bed.

As I lay in bed, I remember thinking not of my flight but of how great the vibrations had felt. Thoughts of flying through the air quickly faded and I then quickly fell into a deep and restful sleep.

The next day I recalled my “adventure.” Did I share it? Of course not; in those days that was not something one talked about, at least not in the circle of friends I had. The next night I tried to duplicate the experience, not for the flight which had scared me, but for the extraordinary vibrations. Alas, nothing happened, and I eventually went to sleep.

About a week later, I again experienced exactly the same intense vibrations followed by my flying higher and higher. Again I saw the receding world and once again as my fear returned, I thought, “How am I going to find my way back?”

Immediately, I was again in my bed. The next night I again tried to duplicate my experience, but as before, nothing happened. About a month later, yet another opportunity.

Once again, those wonderful intense vibrations followed by my soaring higher and higher. You might think that by now I had learned, but that was not the case. Overcome by fear yet again when the earth was the size of a dime, I panicked. Instantly, once again, back in my bed. Three strikes, I was out

I had been given yet another opportunity and I had blown it. I again tried, but it never happened again. Perhaps if I had known about meditation at the time?

It is only now, as I look back with the benefit of 20/20 hindsight, that I am filled with regrets and a sense of great loss.

“What if?”

What if I had mentioned my first experience? What if I had been encouraged to continue, to duplicate my experience? What if I had not been afraid? Would I just have kept soaring higher and higher? Or would I have arrived at some wonderful place?

What if?

Even if I had thought of sharing my experience, whom would I have shared it with? It was a naive period in our country. As advanced as the United States was as a world leader, we as a people were just growing up. After all, our country had still to celebrate its 200th birthday, out with the old in with the new was our motto.

African witch doctors, Mexican *curanderos*, Native American medicine men, all as a group were talked about in almost the same way we talked about Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. They only work if you believe was the answer at that time. What a concept. "Only if you believe."

Our ignorance of spiritual healing, which other cultures had cultivated for thousands of years, was difficult to accept. The thought of sharing my experience never even entered my mind; it was not even contemplated.



San Antonio, Texas 1980

It was not until some years later when I took my children to a church festival that I again had a special experience.

I recall that it was a beautiful Sunday afternoon. The sun was shining; kids were running around going from booth to booth, all looking for something special to eat or a game to play for as long as the parent's money lasted.

Among the many game booths there were some games of chance. I came up to one that had a board with holes that were filled with corks. The board had twenty holes across and twenty down. The bottom of the corks had different prizes printed on them. Most were blank, some had twenty five cents, some had fifty cents, and a few had a dollar. There was only one with a gold bottom; that was the ten dollar grand prize and there was a second cork with a silver bottom that was a five dollar prize. After the two big prizes were won, a new game was started and the board again filled with the corks. I patiently waited for a new game to start.

"Fifty cents a chance" the game operator, a skinny man with a sun visor, shouted in his best carnival barker imitation.

"Step right up young man."

Well I was not a young man, but I was the only anywhere near the game.

“I’ll take two” as I handed over a dollar: I studied the board and I pointed to a cork near the bottom of the board. As he removed the cork, I could tell from the look on his face that I had won.

“Gold on the bottom of the cork!” he shouted. The smile on his face as he announced the big winner never reached his eyes. You would have thought that I had taken money from his pocket, not the game money. But the ten dollar bill was now in my hand.

“You have another try,” he said with not as much enthusiasms. I pointed to the center of the board. “This one?” he asked.

“No, two to the right,” I said. As he flipped the cork, all I saw was silver.

"Winners usually make a donation to the church" he said with a long face and he began to reset the game.

With a smile on my face, “Looks as if the kids just got more spending money,” I said as I walked away and the five dollar bill joined the ten.

I like to gamble, but I do so knowing the game. I know the odds and tend to play only when they favor me. But this was just for fun, for a good cause. It was okay to play a sucker carnival game. Still I was very aware, twenty across, twenty down. That was 400 corks. That’s 400 to 1 against winning. The odds on the second try, 399 to 1 against. The probability of choosing two consecutive big prize winners, let’s just say astronomical.

The thing that was much more interesting than that I had picked two consecutive winners was that I did not guess where the winning corks were. I stood in front of the booth with the game board six feet away and I knew. I knew as surely as if the operator had turned the corks backwards for me to see. I knew what had just happened and still I just walked away feeling lucky. I walked away knowing what I

had just done, feeling all full of myself, but I did not understand what had just happened. For those few minutes the laws of the universe had been suspended, I was as we now say "in a zone." Not even a "wow that was cool." I just gave my kids the money and that was it.

As far as I can remember, that was the end of the great experiences. There was the occasional guessing (knowing) how many pills were left in an open bottle or "guessing" the number of business cards in a stack. But that was it until a friend invited me to Las Vegas.

I mentioned I liked to gamble, but as the politicians like to say, "I misspoke." I love to gamble, but I do so knowing what I do. At least that is what I told myself when I lost. The gambling I had done was just with friends, also the occasional card game that was very "hush hush," in those years least the local authorities misunderstood that it was just some friends discussing odds and probabilities. But this was Las Vegas, if not heaven, surely the closest thing to it here on earth.

In spite of knowing, I thought, all about gambling, I was like a little kid in a candy store, well maybe more like a starving dog in a butcher shop. The countless lights, the "cha chin" of the slot machines, and the shouts of the winners and groans of the losers, I was in heaven. Staying up to all hours with just a few hours of sleep so that I could get back to the casino seemed normal. By the second day I was not even sure what day of the week it was. Fortunately my friend was paying for all our meals or I would have been very hungry by the time we returned. Needless to say, I lost all my money.

But I was hooked, and I returned as often as I could. I knew my life had changed, but it was not in the way I thought.



Mexico City, Mexico 1988

It was some years later on a business trip to Mexico City that an associate mentioned that when in Mexico City, he consulted a very gifted psychic, to determine the outcome of all his business dealings.

“If he is so good, why isn’t he a millionaire?” I asked.

He replied that his psychic, as all psychics, could help others but that he would lose his “gift” if he used it for self enrichment. I went with him to see the psychic, but I did not consult with him, we entered a small office and I waited on a hardback chair for half an hour during which my associate and the psychic huddled in the back.

"Everything is positive" for this deal my friend happily announced as we return to the hotel. Unfortunately, the psychic was wrong, and nothing came of our business.

Upon returning home, I mentioned my experience with the psychic to my sister, to my surprise she then informed me that she had been seeing a psychic in town and that he was “marvelous.” She kept after me until, just so she would leave me alone, I agreed to see him just. I made an appointment and went to see Roberto.

We met at his home and spent some time with just general

information. One of his questions was concerning my health. I mentioned that everything was good except for a knee I had hurt playing racquetball and pointed to my left knee.

Since the knee injury I had not been able to kneel or easily bend my knee as it would lock up. Any effort, however slight to bend my knee or trying to kneel produced a sharp pain. Other questions followed and he then announced that he was ready to do his reading. I have forgotten most of what he said, but I do remember that he stated that a business opportunity was being presented to me and it would be very successful. It was in fact, a reference to the business in Mexico City. Wrong again. He then told me that I had a troubled aura and that he was going to do a *limpieza*.

For those readers not familiar with the term, it is a Mexican spiritual cleansing done with a chicken egg which is passed over the person's body and some rubbing over the part of the body that the *curandero* felt had problems. The theory being that all the evil would be transferred to the egg, and my aura would be cleansed. This I was not ready for, as I felt it was not only against my religious beliefs but I had always felt that limpiezas were completely fake. Notwithstanding the fact that I had just come for a reading, this by the way was also against the church teachings, but "when in Rome...?"

I did say a silent prayer to God, "Lord I do not believe in this, forgive me; I just do not want to hurt his feelings." He started to pray calling on God and all the saints as he rubbed the egg gently over my body.

When he got to my left knee, he looked at me and said, "Others have cast an evil spell on you, and it is affecting your knee" as he vigorously rubbed my knee.

I remember saying to myself, "Hey, do you think I forgot that I just told you I had a problem with my left knee?" He finished the ceremony, informed me that I was in a great spiritual state and repeated that my business was going to be a great success. I said "thank you" as I rushed out the door to my car.

As I sat down to drive, a fierce burning started which encompassed the total area of my left knee? I did not know what to do. I just sat there rubbing my knee and thinking, "What have done?" I also remember saying "Lord; I told you I just did it to make my sister happy." The burning seemed to last forever, but in reality it was more like two or three minutes.

Just as suddenly as it had started, it stopped. No burning, no pain, absolutely nothing. I drove home, and as soon as I got off my car, I knelt down on my left knee. I was afraid my leg was going to fall off. To my great surprise there was no pain. There was no locked joint. Just natural knee function. To this day, my knee continues to be in great shape.

The years passed, uneventful as far as any more special experiences occurring. However, as I mentioned before, I did enjoy going to Las Vegas. As it turned out, because of business, I was able to go on a fairly regular basis, at least two or three times a year.

At the beginning I did not want to appear to be the typical first time tourist to Las Vegas so I played blackjack, a game I was familiar with. Simple to understand, if you can count to 21, you can play and appear to know what you are doing. But it is a game that was difficult to win at with any consistency.

If you have been to Las Vegas, you have seen the blackjack tables, the players do not even talk, they make hand signals to indicate if they want another card or to show that they are satisfied with their cards. Even when they win, very little emotions are displayed. You should also note that there are many blackjack tables, another clear indication that this is a game that the casinos want you to play as they have a very large margin for winning in their favor.

The more times I visited Las Vegas, the more time I devoted to studying the different games and quickly realized that I did not know as much as I thought I did about gambling. My monetary losses were a clear indication that I was way out of my depth.

After reading a few books and observing the games in Las Vegas, I started playing dice or "craps" as the game is also known because this gave me the best chance to win. I also noticed that in Las Vegas the gambler's at the dice table seemed to have the most fun. They might not be winners all the time, but in a huge contrast to the other gamblers; they at least seemed to be having a great time. I however, was gambling to win, not to have fun.

It was a time in my life that money was tight and any extra funds were greatly appreciated. For me it was work, and I was totally absorbed in the game. When I was at the dice table, I was totally focused on the person throwing the dice, to the point that I was trying to "will" a certain number to be thrown so that I would win.

For those of you not familiar with dice, there are eleven possible combinations on the two dice; some numbers are winners, some losers. Some of you may be familiar with the phrase "Seven, come eleven." It is a reference to winning numbers in dice. Needless to say, I was "willing" my winning numbers.



Las Vegas, Nevada 2000

At some point around the year 2000, while playing dice at the Mirage, I was in a “zone,” totally absorbed in the game. All the noise in the casino was gone, it was just me and two die bouncing on the green felt and rolling down the table. I was vaguely aware of the other players next to me, but just barely. Just a few seconds before the player rolled the dice, a number had popped into my head. Surprise, it was the number that had just been rolled. “Wow that was cool.” I thought. But that was it, after playing for hour’s only one number popped into my mind.

On my next trip to Las Vegas, I remember that nothing happened: no sudden insight, no magic. But on the very next trip and all subsequent trips, the magic was back. Now it was occurring two or three times a night. Not a lot considering how many times the dice were rolled, but enough to make me think about betting on the numbers that were popping into my head.

However there was a nagging thought that made me Uneasy, the one thing that kept me from betting on the numbers was the old belief that I had heard about the psychics being unable to make use of their ability so many years before. “If you use your gift to make money, you will lose the gift.” In spite of the fact that the physic had been wrong about my business dealings, I still had misgivings. Then again why was I considering myself a physic?

Although I did not have any faith in the ability of psychics to foretell the future, there was the fact of my knee. My knee was working great, still completely pain free. Eventually greed, or in some cases desperation when I was losing, won out.

What is the use of knowing what is going to happen at the dice table if you cannot profit from it? The next time a number popped into my head, I bet on it. Winner!

“Pay the man in the corner.”

That would be me, as all eyes at the table looked in my direction as they had noticed my last minute winning bet.

Of course, as soon as I won, I began to worry. Was that my last number? Is this the end of the magic? Was it worth a few dollars? Well as it turned out, not only was it not the end but it was not more that 15 minutes later that another number popped into my head, I bet on it, and

“Pay the winner in the corner.”

Way to go! Fantastic! All right! The Lord was not angry with me; He understood. No more numbers that night, but it was the beginning of some very special and profitable evenings at the dice table. Now some, not a lot of winning numbers, but some on every trip. By increasing the amount of my bet on those “special moments,” I was able to ensure if not a winning trip at least I was not losing money.

Human nature being what it is I soon got to thinking, if some is good, more would be better. What could I do to possibly enhance my ability to predict the outcome of the dice? Surely there must be some schools or other individuals with abilities such as mine that would be able to teach or mentor me. I searched high and low and could not find any institution or anyone that was teaching how to enhance psychic ability.

This fruitless search was in spite of the fact that the internet was making such searches much easier. There were some websites that promised to do just what I was looking for, but I was always left with the impression that they were more interested in my money than in teaching me to enhance my "gift."

By this time, my ability had progressed to the point that when I experienced a "good feeling," I would go to a dice table and roll the dice myself. I was no longer comfortable with others rolling the dice and would look for empty tables or those with just a few players and wait my turn to throw the dice. I was able to induce the "zone" at will, sometimes more effectively than others. But it was a very rare occasion when I lost.

My wife, Susan, noted that when I did roll the dice, my hands would turn ice cold. I did not feel this happening but was aware that I was in a "zone," a very special place where things slowed down and I was in total control. What was difficult was to stay in that zone, I had to block out all distractions, if not the moment the dice left my hand I knew it was over. I would immediately be back to the real world and the dreaded words that all dice players hate would end it all. "Seven out." That was followed by the other players telling me "nice roll" as they too counted their winnings. But it could have been more.

Yes, I hated the fact that my turn was over, that I had lost, but the worst thing was losing the special feeling when I was in the "zone." When time slowed down and there was magic in my hands and although I did not know it at the time, I was one with the universe.

Just before one of our trips, my wife came into our computer room and said that she had read our horoscope for the week and that good fortune was ahead. At the same instant that she said "good fortune," an image came to me. I saw the silhouette of a man holding a pair of dice in his right hand against an orange gold background. There was no doubt in my mind that it was my silhouette, and I mentioned to her what I had just experienced. This had never happened to me before. Just as most people, we on occasion read our horoscope for the fun of it. We do not believe in it but it is fun especially when it is a good one as it was this time.

On this occasion we were staying at the Venetian hotel in Las Vegas. And lo and behold, would you care to guess what color the wide panels of trim are at the casino in the Venetian? Not only orange gold, but directly in front of the dice tables.

“Your hands are ice cold,” Susan said as we walked up to the table. My hands, as I was now aware, were freezing cold and the dice were burning hot.

I could do no wrong. If I thought of a number, I would roll it. Likewise, I was able to avoid rolling numbers that would have caused me to lose. All in all it was a most enjoyable and profitable trip.

Upon returning home, I redoubled my efforts to find some place or someone to help me enhance my ability. Again to no avail, even the wonders of the web could not help. As is so often the case help comes from the most unexpected places if only you pay attention. Little did I know that this was in fact my first “gentle touch.”

Of the many things I learned from my wife, this is the most valuable; although I did not realize it at the time.

“There are signs to guide you if you look and if you listen,” she would say.

Finding a bird feather on the ground was to become her favorite and most powerful sign. With a quiet smile and a true sense of peace she would say: “The angels are visiting us.”

It is our custom to read the newspaper together on Sunday morning. We both enjoy traveling, so the Travel Section is one of my favorites for identifying new places to visit while on vacation. That particular Sunday in 2006, the feature article was on Taos, New Mexico, although we greatly enjoyed road trips we usually just passed through New Mexico. The writer had written a great review on the *El Monte Sagrado living resort and spa*, a hotel in the city of Taos which boasted great amenities and special treatments in their spa.

One of their special treatments was a Native American spiritual cleansing performed by a Cherokee Medicine Woman. Her Cherokee name is Adasti Gadahee, however the name she is known by her followers is Grandmother Jean. She performed the Native American spiritual cleansing on the writer with tremendous results.

Both physically and mentally, the writer reported that she felt renewed. Her view of the world totally changed and improved. She mentioned that at the end of the ceremony Grandmother Jean stepped outside of the room and that she could hear her coughing, more like a hacking cough. Grandmother Jean then explained to her that all the bad spirits had been transferred to her and that the only way to get rid of them was for her to cough them out.

“Perhaps, this is what I have been searching for.” I thought. But, as you now know, I was not a great believer in spiritual cleansing in spite of my healed knee. It was not only against my religion but also against everything that I personally believed in. Being a typical husband, I quickly came up with the perfect solution, I asked my wife for help.

After sharing the gist of the article with Susan, I asked her if she would be willing to try the Cherokee spiritual cleansing with Grandmother Jean.

“You are the one searching for help; you do it,” she said.

“But you are so much more familiar with this. You meditate, you read spiritual books, and you do all sort of things,” I pleaded.

“You want to learn, you go,” was her reply.

“Did I mention it is at a four star hotel with a fantastic spa and resort? I said.

“I’m there,” was her immediate reply.

I rushed to my computer to make reservations before she changed her mind. When I made the reservations, I also booked a spiritual cleansing for Susan with Grandmother Jean.

I was informed by the hotel staff that the cleansing would take two hours and that Grandmother Jean would come to our room and that I was not to be in the room during the ceremony.

Being a spa, I took advantage of the situation and booked a massage for myself at the same time that Susan was to get the spiritual cleansing. In due course we made the trip to Taos, New Mexico and checked into the El Monte Sagardo. It was a beautiful property, just as advertised.



Taos, New Mexico 2006

I remember we both were excited and perhaps a little apprehensive, for in reality, neither of us knew what to expect. At the appointed time, I gave Susan a big hug and left our room for my massage. As things worked out, events that are supposed to happen will happen, Grandmother Jean was at the spa office getting our room number for the spiritual session from the spa staff at the same that time I entered the office. I informed the receptionist that I was there for a massage and the receptionist smiled and said to Grandmother Jean, "This is Jose. He is Susan's husband, the lady with whom you have an appointment."

Grandmother Jean got up from her chair and gave me a big hug.

"She's not letting go," I thought.

We did the small talk routine for a few minutes; I then excused myself and went in for my massage.

The masseur was excellent and I quickly became quite comfortable. It was halfway through my massage when an interesting thing happened. As those of you readers that have had massages know, a good massage will get you to a very relaxed state of mind; you feel drowsy and almost feel as if you are floating on air. It was at this point of the massage that I experienced what I can only describe at the time as a flash video. It was a small boy about five

years of age, hiding behind a bush and seeing another small child drowning in a lake. I distinctly heard the small boy's high pitched terrified voice saying

"She's drowning! Doesn't anybody see her?" Why don't they help?"

I thought about it for a few minutes and finally decided to take a chance on being silly or weird and asked the masseur if he had ever seen a child drowning in a lake.

"No," he said, then hesitated and asked "why?"

I explained what I had just experienced, and he said,

"Not a lake, a swimming pool. My younger cousin almost drowned. I was there but I don't remember much; it was so long ago."

And then he said something that I did not understand at the time,

"Sorry, didn't mean to download on you".

Having become more knowledgeable about the spiritual, I now understand what he was referring to. It was that in some manner, one of his very old memories had transferred to me, very much as one would download to a computer. He also must have been quite as relaxed as was I and some type of spiritual connection must have occurred that allowed it to happen. When my massage session was over, which just lasted for an hour, I still had some time before I could return to our room, so I decided to go for a walk to the Taos Plaza which was about four blocks away.

I was very relaxed after my massage and was enjoying window shopping in the various stores at the plaza, when I received a text on my cell phone. Two words: "COME QUICK." Not, "come back," "or we are finished, it's OK to return," but, "COME QUICK." My first thought was that something had gone wrong, that the ceremony had taken a bad turn, and that Susan was having some kind of problem.

All these thoughts passed through my mind in a mere second and not one of them was good.

Something bad must have happened I thought. Why did I not tell her that if the ceremony made her feel uncomfortable in any way, she should just ask Grandmother to leave? I knew she was doing this as favor for me and not something she wanted to really do.

“Why, why did I not say anything?”

It never occurred to me to say anything; all I had been thinking about was hoping that Grandmother Jean would be the teacher I had been searching for. As I half jogged, half fast walked back to the hotel, not easy to run at the high altitude of Taos, I was truly worried. I opened the door to our room and turned to where the ceremony had been performed, and I stopped dead in my tracks.

The entire room was pitch black except for Susan’s face; all I could see was a big smile on her face. Her body was in total darkness and her head seemed to float in space.

“Hurry, come in,” she said. “It was wonderful.”

As soon as she said that, the room was again visible, and I then became aware that she was wearing a white spa robe that completely covered her except for her head.

“What just happened?” I thought.

“Hurry, she wants to talk to you, but she has to leave to another appointment.” No explanation, just hurry.

There was a strange smell in the room which I later found out was caused by the burning of a plant called sacred sage that was used in the spiritual cleansing ceremony. Susan then explained that after the ceremony she had spoken with Grandmother Jean and told her that we had made the trip to meet her as I was in search of a spiritual teacher. Grandmother Jean had told her that when she had hugged

me, she had felt a very strong energy and that she had been reluctant to let me go. Susan then shared a few facts about her spiritual cleansing and that she had spoken with Grandmother Jean concerning our reason for making the trip to see her..

It was then that Grandmother Jean told us that she did on occasion take on students to teach the use of crystals and stones for the purpose of meditation and spiritual healing. We talked for a few minutes and Grandmother Jean asked me a few more questions, told us how much the lessons would be, again mentioning that she felt such a strong energy when we hugged that she hesitated to let me go and that she felt I would benefit from her teachings.

In these situations, when money matters are involved, Susan and I have an understanding that we will tell the person that we will think about it and call back in a few days.

After all, we had just met this lady and knew nothing about her other than what we had read in the newspaper. I looked at Susan expecting our standard response and to my great surprise.

“I will write the check” she said.

Even more surprising, Susan is the conservative one in our family when it comes to money matters and she was ready to write the check.

“She has to leave and I will explain after” she said.

With Susan’s urging and support, I made arrangement to return in two weeks for instruction. I was not sure that this was exactly what I was looking for, but I knew that it was most definitely a step in the right direction. I never even mentioned that I was really interested in being able to expand my ability at the dice table.

After she left we shared what we each experienced. I was sure that my “flash insight” as well as just seeing her face floating in space was unequaled until Susan shared her experience.

It is only now after ten years that she has given me permission to write about what occurred on that day. It was very personal for her, very emotional. She then requested that I not share what she was to tell me and it was years before we spoke about it to others and then only to very close friends who also had strong spiritual beliefs.

Susan told me about the ceremony itself, that Grandmother Jean had covered her with animal skins. She recalled a wolf skin as well as a bear skin but was not sure of what others were used. In addition she placed many different stones and crystals around her body. Susan said that during the ceremony Grandmother Jean spoke Cherokee, and times English, and would also beat a drum. After that the first amazing part of the ceremony. Grandmother Jean called on Susan's relatives that had passed to come and be with her.

At that moment Susan felt a tremendous peace come over her, and she sensed that the room was full of all her relatives. Susan actually saw them, not as when they passed, often old and sickly, but as they were in their prime before they became ill.

"The whole room was filled with my relatives," she said.

After they left, she felt a profound sense of loss. Further into the ceremony, she told me that she had felt herself floating from the portable bed that she was lying on towards the ceiling except for her head, which by sheer force of will she kept on the bed.

"Why" I asked?

"I was afraid to lose control and forced my head to stay on the bed. She then added, "How strange that all you saw when you returned to the room was my head."

After hearing about her experience, I understood why she was so eager for me to take lessons from Grandmother Jean. My own experience was interesting but absolutely nothing even remotely close to what she had experienced. Needless to say, we had a lot to

discuss on our trip back to San Antonio. We admired the beauty of the area around Taos on our trip back but what we had experienced was never far from either of our minds.

Susan has a much greater knowledge of the metaphysical. For as long as I had known her she had been reading countless books and attending lectures throughout the United States.

"I am going to the bedroom to read for awhile" was her way of telling me that she needed some "alone" time for the special books she kept by the side of the bed.

Her favorite way to start the day is by choosing a random "angel card." These are cards with photos of angels on one side and a spiritual message on the reverse side that would help guide her through her day. Messages from "my Guardian angel" she would tell me and quite often how they applied to what she was doing that day.

On the trip back to San Antonio, she gave me a short course on various authors and their particular spiritual beliefs. Each was slightly different but all with the same basic theme.

"Why did you not tell me this before?" I asked.

"You knew what my interest was, and I left it up to you to ask," she replied. "I knew that if and when the time was right, you would ask."

The spiritual cannot be forced on anyone, one has to be ready to receive it and to open themselves to the universe, was my lesson for the day.



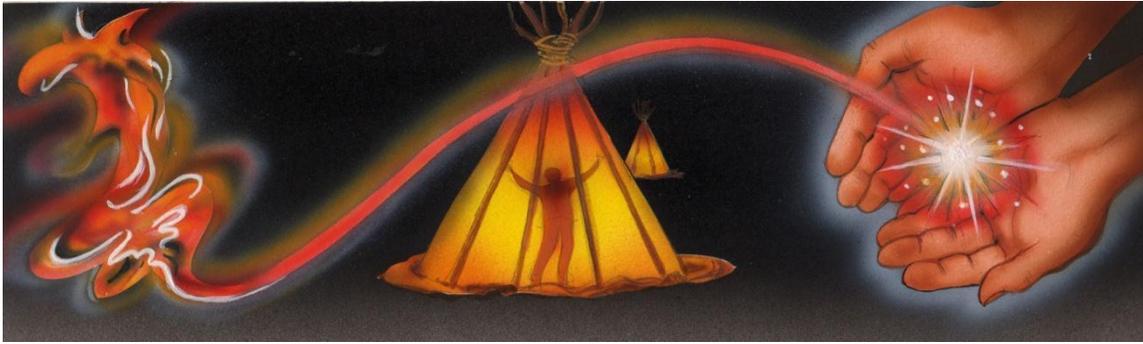
San Antonio, Texas 2006

Two weeks quickly came and went; soon it was time for me to begin the next phase of my spiritual journey. As I was leaving our home in San Antonio to return to Taos, Susan came out to my car,

“Goodbye again,” I said.

“No, as you walked out a thought came to me: “Loss of Innocence, “our lives will never be the same again,” she said.

At that time, I do not think either one of us truly understood just how insightful and correct her words would turn out to be.



Taos, New Mexico 2006

After years of searching here I was. To say that I was apprehensive about placing myself in the hands of a person I had met briefly only two weeks ago would definitely qualify as an understatement. I was somewhat confused as to how crystals and stones would help me to increase the numbers that were popping into my head in Las Vegas as that had not even been discussed with Grandmother Jean. In spite of all that, I felt that this was the right decision and that finally I was moving to the next level in my life. The idea that I was to enter into a spiritual phase was not even considered although Grandmother Jean had only talked about spiritual healing .

“Welcome to Taos,” said Grandmother when I arrived. She offered to come by in the morning so that I could follow her to her home, which was greatly appreciated. As Susan can attest, I can get lost going to the grocery store.

“Lessons start tomorrow at ten am, don’t be late.”

Two hours in the morning, two hours off for lunch and time to think about what I had learned, and then two hours in the afternoon. That was my schedule for the next three days. Instead of going out in the evening and spending time exploring, I actually studied; I felt that the next day Grandmother Jean was going to test me. I was right, fortunately she was very patient and did not have a problem going over what I had learned the day before

My lessons began with an explanation of Native American spiritual beliefs. She spoke of Creator or Great Spirit, their name for God. How her people were called "Star People" because their ancestors came from the stars. That in the beginning of time all creatures existed as one and that within all of as the spirit of the animals still reside and that they act as spiritual guides. She brought out different animal skins, the ones she had covered Susan with during her Cherokee spiritual cleansing, and explained that the characteristics of the different animal would become known to me as the lesson progressed and that then I would chose my spirit guide.

"Before you work with your crystal you must use sacred sage to cleanse your mind and your spirit and ask Creator for His help in that which you are going to do."

She brought out a bowl in which she placed some sacred sage, she lighted it and as the smoke rose she took her cupped hands and brought it towards her face as she prayed for help in what she was to do. When finished, she moved the bowl near me and I did the same.

Next was an overview of all the crystals and stones that she used for the cleansing ceremony. I was amazed at the number and types that she owned.

"Each one serves a different purpose. Some may look the same yet each one has its own special energy."

Patiently, she explained the different types of crystals, the purpose of the different shapes and how each is used in cleansing a person's energy. It was interesting to note that the size of the crystal did not change is ability to direct energy. It was just quicker with the larger ones

The round crystals were more powerful because they allowed the energy of the crystal to circle around and around becoming more powerful before being released. The clarity was also important, the greater the clarity the more powerful the energy in the crystal except that the brownish crystal was better for healing. This is but a tiny fraction of what has to be learned.

Grandmother Jean also showed me how to clear the crystals of any negative energy that they may have been acquired during their use.

“Do not forget to leave your crystals out at night under the full moon so they may recharge their energy” she advised.

“When you get back to your room, take a little break before supper and then go over what you have learned and then spend some time meditating” was her instruction as the first day ended.

Meditate? I knew that Susan did from time to time and I had heard of others doing it on a regular basis, but I was not aware of how to actually meditate. So after spending some time studying, I turned off the lights, closed my eyes, and waited to see what would happen. Great, I fell asleep.

Day two, back to see Grandmother Jean, not as nervous and I was certainly well rested. After I answered a few questions to her satisfaction about what had been covered the day before, she brought out her healing stones.

Their origin was like a world atlas. She had stones from China, from Mexico, from Brazil as well as the United States. Serpentine egg shaped stones from China had the color and markings of a serpent, hence its name.

“A very powerful healing stone” she said. “These particular ones were given to me by a Chinese healer that had gotten them from his grandfather over 200 years ago.”

Brazil has some of the more powerful stones in the world in addition to have a large variety and a great supply, try to buy your stones from she advised.

At the time she was not happy with crystals from the United States but she has now changed her opinion. She also mentioned and made sure that I understood by repeating it several times, that blue is the color of the angels and she felt that I would best connect to the energy of those stones. I instead felt, with my limited experience, that my connection to the stones and crystals was those with the color purple. It took some time but she was proven to be correct.

I did have more difficulty connecting to the stones than to the crystals but she was very patient. Grandmother went over the properties of each stone, having me hold them and closing my eyes to see if I felt some special connection to any of the stones. Hey, I thought, I think I am meditating as I began to feel a strange sense of peace. There was some a connection with some of the stones, more with some than others and as well, none with others.

“You seem to be catching on very quickly” she said with a strange look on her face. But she said nothing else except that she repeated the same parting instructions as the day before.

“When you get back to your room, take a little break before supper and then go over what you have learned and then spend some time meditating.”

But this time I had an idea of how to meditate and was eager to get back to my room. I wish I could tell you that wonderful things happened when I meditated but no such luck. But when I fell asleep, this time when I wanted to, it was with a feeling of total lack of tension. It was good.

Day three was test day, again the strange look from Grandmother Jean as the morning progressed.

“I have had other students with potential such as you seen to have. None, for one reason or another, were able to continue. I hope that will not happen to you.”

Next the different stones and their purpose: different shapes, different colors, different properties, yet all with one purpose, to heal. Each day I had become more comfortable with the crystals and began to experience the energy connection she spoke about. The stones were more difficult for me to connect with, but when I did, the results were spectacular, for want of a better word. On the final day in addition to the test, Grandmother reminded me that it was necessary for me to have a spiritual cleansing. Recalling Susan’s experience, I was eager to do so. The Cherokee cleansing ceremony was just as Susan had described. Grandmother Jean began by asking me if there was anyone in my family that had passed that I would like to come to visit me.

“My brother” I said hoping that something similar to what Susan had experience would happen. Alas, nothing. I guess he must have been busy at the time.

She then began placing the different animal skins on me as she prayed in her native language. Then the different healing stones and crystals, only this time she spoke in English. She called on the saints and archangels to guide her. This was followed by her praying and beating on a Native American drum. She lighted sacred sage so that its smoke would cleanse the negative energy that surrounded me.

Unfortunately, although after the spiritual cleansing I felt very much at peace, I did not experience anything close to what I was hoping for. However, on three different occasions, I did feel myself lifting off the table and floating towards the ceiling. I was still aware of what Grandmother was doing but instead of by my side, she appeared to be below me.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Grandmother Jean accompanied me to a store in Taos that sold Sacred Sage and gave me some final instructions.

“Always begin your work with the crystals by burning the Sacred Sage and cleansing your spirit. After you finish, thank the crystals for their help. You must not forget to wash them afterwards with water and never, never allow anyone else to touch your crystals and stones. She was very insistent. Since the first time I met you, I felt that you have the ability to be a spiritual healer. It is up to you to follow through, work with the crystals and stones.”

On the return to San Antonio, I kept going over the past three days. I knew Susan would want a minute by minute “debrief” and I did not want to leave anything out. As soon as I got home she sat me down for a full report. After telling her all that had transpired during the three day, I asked her if she had any questions.

“What happened during the cleansing?” “That is the most interesting part and you hardly said anything about it.”

“That is because I did not think anything special happened” I said. “It was okay but limited.”

“Okay, step by step tell me what happened.”

After going over the cleansing ceremony in detail, which I had basically skipped over when I told her about my lessons, she looked at me with this “I don’t believe you face.”

“You felt yourself leave your body three times and that was just OK?” “Just what is your definition of limited and OK?”

OK, maybe it was pretty special. Somehow, in three days, I had gone from getting numbers for Las Vegas to spiritual healing. Looking back I realized that I never mentioned what I was interested in accomplishing by going to get lessons from her. The subject of why I was interested in learning never came up and in retrospect; the numbers completely slipped my mind. Was it her doing? Perhaps it was my lack of experience with the spiritual? Or was it just that what had occurred was what was supposed to happen?



San Antonio, Texas 2006

Now the difficult part began. I had the basic understanding of what the crystals and the stones could do, but I did not yet know how to get the desired results. Grandmother Jean had advised me to meditate and work with the crystals as much as possible in order to become proficient. And I took her at her word. I questioned Susan on how to meditate.

“This is what I do” as she explained her process. “But everyone is different; you have to find out what works for you.”

For information, no better place to go to than the internet. I was amazed at the number and types of meditation practiced by others. Eventually by trial and error, I found a method that worked for me.

I was now meditating on a nightly basis. Fortunately, I have a very supportive wife. Not only did she encourage me, she also allowed me to practice on her.

One lesson that Grandmother kept repeating over and over was, that when you are healing someone always remember to say “What is yours is yours, what is mine is mine,” otherwise the person's bad energy will transfer to you. As is often the case this lesson was proven to be true in a most painful manner.

One evening, Susan asked how I was progressing.

“Any reason in particular?” I remember saying.

“My right knee is bothering me, do you want to see if you can help me,” she replied.

Armed with a crystal I had been given by Grandmother, I agreed to try.

“This is my wife,” I said to myself, “the important thing is to take her pain away.”

So mindful that I was going against her warning I said, “What’s yours is mine, what’s mine is mine,” as I proceeded to try to help her pain. I remember using a green stone which I held close to where the pain was. After 10 minutes or so of my trying to direct healing energy at her knee, she said she felt much better, very little pain if any at all. I was all full of myself; I had taken away her pain. Wow!

As I stepped away from her, my right knee collapsed with a stabbing pain. Fortunately, the lights were off and she did not see me almost hit the floor as I hobbled out of the room.

It took two days of working on myself with both my crystals and stones for my pain to go away. The most difficult part was hiding my limping so that Susan would not be aware of what happened and the nagging doubt that I would not be able to ever get rid of the pain. Never again, lesson learned.

This became my nightly routine; meditate, work with the crystals and stones, and more meditating. Some days were more successful than others. At times I felt that I had been meditating for an hour when in reality only 20 minutes had passed. Other days, just the opposite, felt like 20 minutes when in fact an hour had passed.

In time, while meditating, images would flash before me, for just a second, sometimes longer. The images were difficult to interpret, quick flashes leading to more questions than answers. On one occasion, I had a flash of a person’s profile followed by the head of a horse as if rearing, then a left hand, and finally a door closing. The images were not perfect, more like a silhouette than a picture. Still

they were more defined than any I had seen before, so much so that they caused me to snap out of my meditation. As I tried to give meaning to what I had seen, I realized that the image reminded me of my daughter-in-law. Now I was faced with a difficult choice of what to do.

So far, Susan was the only family member that was aware of what I had been doing. What if I do not say anything, and she is hurt? What if they scoff at what I am saying? In the end, I decided I had to call. Better to be embarrassed than to have her hurt. I placed my call on a Thursday, no answer, went to voicemail. Tried again on Friday, same results. Well, at least my conscience was clear, I tried. It was not until Sunday that my son returned my call.

“Sorry I did not return your call sooner, I have been working late this week.”

I related to him that I had had a “feeling” that his wife was going to be hurt while taking her horse to the barn, and I just wanted her to be careful.

“Ah, too late,” he said, “it happened yesterday, but it was not the barn door. The wind blew the door on the horse trailer as she was getting the horse out, and she stopped the door from hitting the horse. Had to take her for x-rays, she has a bad sprain.”

In time, I discovered that if someone I knew was not feeling well, I could “diagnose” the cause of his or her condition. This I learned through trial and error. There were no guidelines for what I was attempting to do. I developed a way by which I could “scan” a person, much like an MRI, and determine their condition. This I did as I meditated on the person. As I “scanned” their body from top to bottom I would get an “impression” of what their possible problem was or at least what part of the body was affected.

My sister called to say that an old family friend, in Mexico, had being diagnosed with breast cancer but that it had been contained. I performed a “scan” and felt that the cancer was not contained, and had started to spread. I called my sister and asked her to have our

friend return to her doctor but our friend elected to not do so. Unfortunately, I was proved correct and three years later she passed away.

As part of my training, I would meditate with crystals I had purchased from Grandmother Jean. In addition to the natural energy of the crystals, she performed a Native American ceremony that she said would increase the natural energy of the crystals. Although I had learned that the size of the crystal is not important, that they all possess the same energy, I felt more comfortable working with my larger ones and often more than one crystal at a time.

Eventually, the idea came to mind that when I was having trouble getting positive results with my crystals I should mentally “visit” Grandmother’s home in Taos and make use of her large crystal collection. She had some very large crystals that she referred to as “master” crystals and that due to their age were to be used only by those that had worked with crystals for several years. It did in fact take over a year before she would allow me to meditate with her master crystals. Recalling that she had mentioned that our spirits could “visit” other locations I decided to try. I would imagine landing at the Albuquerque, New Mexico airport and then making the trip from there to her home. This proved quite successful, and I would “see and feel” myself making the trip to the point that I would enter her house and go directly to her crystal room. Once there I would begin to work spiritually with her crystals. This became routine when I was trying to resolve a difficult problem, until a most unusual surprise occurred.

I was making my “trip” as usual until I tried to enter her home through her front door. I bounced back, literally. Fortunately, I meditate while sitting on the floor, as I was bodily thrown back. I had no idea what had occurred. I again meditated and this time just came up to the door. What before had been a way into her house; was now just a black wall which I could not get through. I was worried that something had happened to Grandmother so I called her on her cell phone the following morning. After explaining what had happened, she just laughed.

“I am in Colorado, doing some spiritual cleansings as well as some women empowerment circles and before I left I placed protective energy over my house.” she explained.

After ending the call, I sat and gave a lot of consideration to what had happened the night before. First, although I had heard of protective energy, I always thought that the stories were to be taken with a grain of salt. And second, but much more thought provoking, was that what I felt were just “trips that I took in my mind,” had suddenly an entirely different meaning. Since I did not know of her protective energy, I could not have been influenced to react the way I did. What part of me bounced off that door, and what part of me returned to see the black wall while I was sitting on the floor of my room?

While to some much more familiar with the spiritual, this might seem normal, to me it was a “wow” moment. When I shared this with my wife, she said she was not surprised as she had read of others making spiritual trips, and in fact was happy that I was making great progress.

“Really,” I said. Learn something new every day.

Now, years later, there have been many changes in my meditation but when I do long distance healings, I use the same technique. I first find out where the person lives, and if I am not familiar with the location, I use Google maps. I then make my “trip” so as to come in contact with the person. So how or what happens that allows one to spiritually travel?

My explanation at this time is that I believe that we and everything in our world are all just energy, different forms, but just energy. And if so, everything in this universe is connected and it is that connection, much like energy highways, that allows one to travel from one location to another at least in a spiritual sense.

“No,” you say, “not possible.”

But how many of us have at one time or another felt another person, usually a loved one or close personal friend, close by when in fact they were not physically there? At times, even in a different city. How many times have you felt someone watching you when you are all alone, only to have that someone call you unexplainably and say, "I have been thinking of you lately and just have not had the opportunity to call and say hi?" These are things that occur all the time personally or to others and yet instead of exploring further, we tend to write it off as a "cool" circumstance. Premonition, female intuition, and "had a feeling" are the words we have come to rely on when this occurs. It is easier to accept the unexplainable if we have a name for it even if it in fact does not explain anything. Or, perhaps as I now believe, it was a "sign" from God, a gentle touch.

A sign with a purpose, not something to just shrug off and to then to continue with our daily lives, but a sign to explore and define. A "sign" with a message: stop what you are doing, sit, breathe, open yourself to the universe, to God, to the Creator, according to your personal belief, and ask,

"Lord, what is Your message for me today?"

You do not have to pull over while driving. God is patient; just do not forget to do so later.

As to protective spells, my explanation is much the same; it is energy in just another form. As one gets more in tune with the universe, its wonders will open to you to the degree that you are capable.

"Are you sure?" you might ask. Of course not, but for now, it is my feeble attempt to explain that which no one knows.

"Stones also contain great energy," Grandmother would tell me, "not just the crystals."

As I continued to work with the crystals, I also became more comfortable with different stones.

As part of the spiritual cleansing, Grandmother would call on the Creator and some of the Archangels. When doing mine, she called on Archangel Michael. After the ceremony I asked if there was a particular reason for it and she answered that there was no set ritual.

“At the time I felt Saint Michael was present to help you.”

In addition, I told her that I was aware of a “strong energy” each time I worked with stones that had the color blue.

“Blue, the color of the angels,” Grandmother would say.

By late 2008, I had progressed to the point where I was, in fact, doing some energy healing. I found that by using certain stones, I could help eliminate pain. This first came about when one of my staff members asked if I had any aspirin as she was suffering some severe shoulder pain.

“Hurt your back?” I asked?

“No, I have fibromyalgia and have suffered for years,” she replied.

The pain was severe enough that it would not let her sleep and that she took medication only to lessen the pain as she did not want to become dependent. I asked her to let me try to help her and that I wanted her to say a prayer to Saint Michael before she went to sleep and that I would “work” on her pain that evening.

“I don’t believe in prayer,” she said.

“Why?”

“I had some personal problems some years ago and prayed for help and they were not answered, so I don’t pray anymore.”

I asked her “to try once more.” “Say a prayer to Saint Michael and ask him to take away your pain.” And to let me see what I could do to help her.

That evening while meditating, I envisioned her shoulders and I sensed some pointed knife-like protrusions coming from her shoulder bones. Mentally, I broke off the knife edges and asked Saint Michael to “take away her pain.”

The next day I asked about her sleep and she replied,

“I slept through the night for the first time in years.”

I asked her if she had said her prayer, and she sheepishly said “yes.” To this day, she is pain free. Interestingly, the prayer continues to help all who pray. Every person I helped gave me more confidence to continue.

I was still faced with the problem of how to approach others with an offer to help them. I live in San Antonio, Texas a town which is both highly conservative in its political beliefs as well as highly religious due to its large Mexican-American population which is largely Roman Catholic with the remaining mainly conservative Christians. It was also interesting to note that with few exceptions, although I was helping people by decreasing their pain and getting excellent results, I was not having them send others to me for help.

I could only attributed this to them having difficulty saying “I had a spiritual healing” as it was for me to say, “Let me see if I can help you.”



SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 2007

In 2007 while searching for more information on spiritual healing at a local new age bookstore, I came across a book that dealt with dream interpretations. I became fascinated with the subject because it appeared to dovetail with what I was trying to accomplish with my spiritual healing. If I could get a glimpse of what was troubling them then I could better attack their physical problem.

Unlike my search for obtaining more numbers with which to improve my odds of winning at the dice table, there was an abundance of information on dream interpretation on the internet. Not only did I find countless websites devoted to dream interpretations but the list of books on the subject seemed endless. After reading several books on the subject, I chose *The Mystical Magical Marvelous World of Dreams* by Wilda B. Tanner as my guide. Her book was published in 1988. It not only was a complete list of symbols and their meanings but it was also an extremely thorough and well documented thesis on the history of dreams, their purpose, and their significance. Even though her book had been published almost twenty years prior; I was left with the impression of an author with purity of purpose. One that was more interested in sharing with others her knowledge and experiences in her chosen field than making money. After reading her book, several times, from cover to cover, I came to fully agree with her teachings:

Our dreams are a result of our subconscious trying to communicate with our conscious mind in order to resolve problems that have been troubling us. In some cases they are problems that we are not even aware that we are having. Ask most people if they are having any stress in their lives and the reply is usually "No."

Unfortunately our subconscious speaks a language of symbols that are totally unrelated to the problems being solved and which tends to confuse rather than resolve our daily situations and in many cases cause fear and anxiety. For example, the death of someone you know is not the announcement of that person's impending death, but rather an end of the relationship you have with that person. It is in fact a warning that unless there is a change in the relationship, it will come to an end. Likewise, the birth of a baby symbolizes a new idea or project, not an upcoming pregnancy.

My next step was to get some dreams to interpret. I began by asking family and friends to tell me their dreams.

"I don't dream" was the most common response, or "I dream all the time but don't remember them" was a close second. Finally I came up with the right question by asking if they had experienced any dreams that scared them. More often than not, "yes" was the response. It should have been obvious to me from the beginning because Ms Tanner devoted a chapter on what to do to help a person to remember their dreams.

My question was based on real life, what do you remember best? In mine and most cases, it will be something that scared or shocked you. Some event that made an impression that was not easily forgotten. Once I gave them an interpretation of their dream that was not the horror that they imagined, their reluctance to share their dreams disappeared and they were then able to recall other dreams or at least the portions of dreams that they were willing to share.

As I interpreted more and more dreams, I came to the realization that my success was not based on merely looking up different dream symbols. Rather, it was my ability to put all the symbols in some sort

of order and progression to arrive at the correct interpretation that was important. We now call it “thinking outside the box.”

My ability to interpret dreams progressed to the point that I started a website for dream interpretation. I offered a condensed interpretation free of charge and a full interpretation for a fee. Unfortunately, only the free portion of my website was a success. After two years, because of financial considerations, I closed the website.

This is an example of a request for a dream interpretation and my response:

From: xxxxxxxx@hotmail.com
To: dreamcatcher@aboutyourdreams.com
Subject: RE: your dream
Date: Wed, 19 Dec 2007 14:47:47 -0500

ok, so last night, i dream that i was getting married and before I said i do, i ran out of the church with someone else.

MY RESPONSE

You are changing your mind about some spiritual matter. You cannot come together with your feeling about what you should do, and actually doing it.

Important dream for you. Hope it helps

Although not a financial success, I did learn some valuable lessons that were to serve me later in with my spiritual healing.

In her book, Ms Tanner pointed some very interesting facts. It is her belief that when we sleep, we also exist in a different plane in which those that we love that have recently passed can communicate with us. It is there that unresolved issues can be addressed. Unsaid messages can be delivered. I refer you to the 2012 motion picture, "Dragonfly", in which Kevin Costner's wife has died and is trying to communicate with him through patients that have just regained

conscience after being anesthetized for a medical procedure. It refers to the fact that some believe that when asleep or in a semi-conscious stage we are able to communicate with those that have passed. It also makes references to the fact that children were used to communicate because they are more open to the experience. We as adults become more cynical with each passing day and tend to dismiss that which we do not understand.

There are also dreams that are classified as spiritual dreams, they are vivid, bright and most have no meaning other than what occurs but some do require interpretation. We rarely forget spiritual dreams; because they make such a strong impression that they are easily recalled with such detail that they seem to be happening again.

In addition, our sleep is a problem solver. A solution to a particular problem that for whatever reason eludes us during the day can and often manifests itself in our sleep is not an uncommon occurrence. "Let me sleep on it and I will let you know tomorrow" has more than one meaning. Many times we are not even aware of having had a dream that dealt with a particular problem yet awake with a desire to address what has been troubling us.

On a personal level, as I received dreams to interpret, I was surprised to learn that neither the country of origin nor race of the dreamer was material to the interpretation. Most of the dreams interpretation request came from the United States, but I also had requested from the Middle East and China. In all cases the dream symbols were the same. In a small part, this experience was the first step in my belief that we are all connected, that we are One. Most of the innate abilities of our mind are yet to be explained by our scientist, either that or such abilities have been put aside by our "modern" civilization. How else can one explain that a vase represents the soul both in China and New York City or that an automobile has the same meaning in Egypt and the state of Texas.

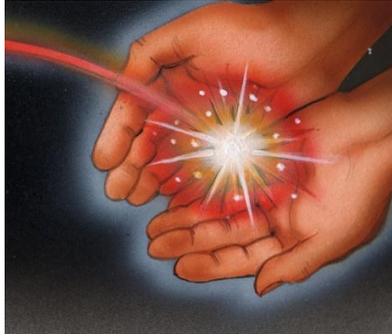
Later, as I progressed in my journey of spiritual healing, I was able to call upon my knowledge of dreams to help those that would or

could not articulate their problems. I found that in some cases, it was easier for them to tell me a dream than to express their fears or personal problems.

I feel that when we dream we release all our inhibitions, all our prejudice, all our preconceived ideas, and all outside factors that do not let us come to a logical conclusion. In effect our brain is free to concentrate only on the problem at hand. Hence, the solution to what troubles us, we often know what must be done but for whatever reason do not want to do so or in other cases we have no clue as what to do. In either case our subconscious mind will resolve our problem.

It is also important to note, that reoccurring dreams are more important. It is you nagging you to take action. In most cases the reoccurrence will also become more frequent if the dream is ignored, to the point that the dream will happen several times during a single night.

I often wonder what else our mind is capable of. What have we not discovered and of more importance, what have we ignored?



San Antonio, Texas 2009

By 2009 I was asking those that I would help to just say a prayer to Saint Michael, and I would then meditate on whether to just “scan” or to also do a spiritual healing. My ability to “scan” a person had greatly improved in both the time required to do so, as well as in the time to “spiritually diagnose” the problems. The spiritual healing, on the other hand, was more of a going over the affected area with spiritual healing energy and asking God to heal the person. At that time, if I found a problem which I felt I could not help during the “scan,” I would just confirm the severity and ask the Lord to grant peace and acceptance to the person. This more often than not was the case as what I could do was very limited. What was interesting was that most of the “scans” disagreed with the person’s diagnoses which they had related to me.

Either there was nothing wrong, or in some cases it was more severe than the person admitted. When trying to help someone, you have to keep in mind that most people hear what they want to hear. There is a huge difference between not understanding a physician’s explanation and self-denial.

A “scan” that comes to mind was one I did for a young man that was seen by a dentist in Mexico and was told he had oral cancer and that he should see his doctor in the United States. His primary physician examined him and advised him that it was not cancer. I was then asked if I could help and determine which of the doctors was correct in his diagnosis. This particular scan was also performed remotely as he lived in a different city. Unfortunately my “scan” of the

person indicated that it was indeed cancer and also quite advanced. I advised him to see another health provider and the diagnosis of oral cancer was later confirmed by a dentist in the United States.

Another case was a middle age male that had been told that by his primary physician that he might possibly have prostate cancer. As there was to be some time before he could get an appointment to see his urologist I was also asked to evaluate his condition so as to reduce his stress caused by not knowing. After doing a “scan” I was happy to advise him that I had found that there was no reason for his concern. All was well.

“I am counting on you” he said.

It took two biopsies as the first one was inconclusive, but his urologist reported that the patient did not have cancer.



San Antonio, Texas 2010

As I mentioned before, usually when I'm just about but not quite asleep, "images come to mind." The images are all brightly colored ones that "flash" and are gone. In April of 2010, I saw an image of a horse that turned into a mule which in turn turned into a wolf. The image of the wolf was twice as large as that of the horse and the mule and quite menacing.

I contacted Grandmother Jean and asked her about the possible meaning of the three animals.

"The only thing they have in common is that they are all grounded," she said. Which she explained meant that all three are stable and not prone to reckless behavior.

A few days later my wife and I were in our usual bookstore searching for a particular book for a friend when I passed by the section labeled "spirituality." I continued to walk pass, but something made me go back. That something, I was later to call "His gentle touch." There, right at eye level, was a book by Ted Andrews with the title *ANIMAL SPEAK*; a book that deals with the spiritual relationship between man and animals and nature.

Mark Mazzei, who wrote the introduction, speaks of a time when in

our physical world the animals within it would speak to humans and humans to the animals. This yet another reference to the fact that we are all just One, just different forms of energy and all connected.

“You will awaken to the ancient knowledge of the spirit animals...they will become your friends, teachers, and companions,” he states if you make the effort and spiritually reach out.

In his book Ted Andrew’s provides us with a description of each animal’s particular strenghts.

Horses were given powers of divination...Horse brings with it new journeys. It will teach you how to ride into new directions to awaken and discover your own freedom and power.

The ass is the promise of awakening wisdom and the approach of new opportunities of even greater work...Do not become content and complacent, for the ass promises even higher wisdom and greater opportunities.

The wolf has a capacity for making quick and firm emotional attachments. Learn to trust your own insights and to secure your attachments accordingly when the wolf shows up, it is time to breathe new life into your life rituals. Find a new path, take a new journey, take control of your life. You are the governor of your life. You create it and direct it. Do so with harmony and discipline, and then you will know the true spirit of freedom.

As an aside, and nothing else, I was born under the sign of the horse in the Chinese calendar. In addition, after Grandmother Jean’s

performed her Cherokee spiritual cleansing four years ago, she asked me to handle the skins she had placed on me during the ceremony and to tell her which particular skin I felt an attraction to.

“These are the ones Creator told me to place upon you during your cleansing ceremony.” “They all have special meanings but one should be stronger than the rest.”

I chose the wolf.

“The wolf is your animal spirit guide; it will always be by your left side to protect you if need be,” she said.

Certainly, I had some ability to see that which had not happened yet, at least in a limited form. And certainly my spiritual journey was a new direction. The ass, I will accept for without a doubt, what I have experienced is most certainly an awakening. And the wolf, it will guard you as it teaches you and certainly there is new life in my life rituals. I now understand that the true spirit of freedom is the feeling of inner peace that is now so much a part of my life. As to the "flashing" image, how appropriate I thought. It would be difficult to find any better way to express this new direction my life had taken.

The more I meditated, the closer I came to God, or Creator, as Grandmother Jean would say.

In addition I listened to my wife's favorite saying, “The signs are everywhere; you just have to be aware.” Of course I took it to extremes. Every license plate was a winning lottery number. Every song was not a song, but a message from the past or future. After a few days, I settled down. Being aware did not mean blocking everything out and looking for signs, it just meant being aware and open to the universe.

As I looked back on my life certain experiences began to stand out. There were signs or warnings before significant events that would have changed a certain out-come. Without a doubt hindsight is 20/20.

As if to reinforce everything that Susan was saying and that I was feeling, by happenstance that weekend, we watched the motion picture "Fools Rush In." Perhaps, not an academy award quality motion picture, but in the "Signs" category, definitely an OSCAR winner.

My personal beliefs now centered on the fact that there is a tremendous amount of guidance in our lives. If only one was aware. If you see instead of looking, if you listen instead of hearing. I could not imagine that I would be where I am today if some years ago, I had not begun to listen to the signs I had ignored when I was younger. The "signs" also made me aware that whatever plan our Creator has for each of us is not a onetime take it or leave plan, we will not be abandoned by Him after one failed response. The signs continue, perhaps a different outcome, to lead the way for us. I also discovered that the more attention I paid to the "signs" the better not only my life became but also the lives of everyone around me. I learned to see, not look. I learned to listen, not hear.

And the most astonishing fact is that it is so easy to do. Through meditation, I came to be at peace with myself. As I reached out to God, I as well reached out to the world around me. The changes at first were minor changes as to who I was. The phrase "practice makes perfect" comes to mind. On the rare occasion I would get angry, my anger would not last. When I felt overwhelmed, I reached out through meditation for inner peace. Soon everything around me was good, I was at peace and I was most thankful. Soon, nothing was taken for granted. It was as if my life was pieces of a giant puzzle where every action or inaction had an effect. Some signs seemingly of little importance produced great results.

A sudden thought to reach out to a relative resulted in finding out they were feeling abandoned and lost, for what-ever reason. I saw the change in their demeanor after just a few minutes of paying attention to their needs. Other "signs," at least for me, resulted in major events: changing lanes for no apparent reason lead to avoiding an obstruction which, at the speed I was traveling, would have been catastrophic. But mostly, these were just day-to-day "feel good" signs.

In addition, thoughts of my place in our world began to take shape, thoughts that would later serve to enhance my ability to spiritually heal others. The first thought was “Why me?” What made me special, what made me different? My answer was “nothing.” I do like to help people as you would gather from my chosen profession. I do feel a strong connection to God, but so did millions of others. Then my thinking took a different perspective. If I am not different, then there must be a whole lot of people just like me. If so how do you find them? Easy, get a website and write a book. Okay, maybe not so easy after all. One finally factor, perhaps the most important, I had an open mind.

In 2010, Matt Damon starred in the motion picture *HEREAFTER*, in which after an operation, he was able to communicate with those that had passed by touching a living person that had been part of their lives. In addition to the theme, what I found of great interest was that the message was obtained by physical contact with the person. My thought was “Would I have a greater effect on the person I am trying to help if I was touching another person like myself with special abilities?” While on the subject of Matt Damon, allow me to refer to his 2011 motion picture, *THE ADJUSTMENT BUREAU*. The premise of this motion picture deals with a topic I alluded to earlier: there is a plan and a purpose to each and every one of us - a plan that is constantly changing, depending on how much attention you pay to the signs. I have such a strong belief that we are all God’s children and that He, as a father, is very interested in our well being. From afar He guides us constantly but not by force, rather by “gentle touches” that point us in the right direction. A direction that will lead, but not force, us to have the best possible life as well as to provide the most good to all we come in contact with.

By 2012, I was helping people by having them pray to St. Michael and having them ask for his help. Then when I got home, I would meditate and ask God to help them. Not any different from what everyone else does when they find someone in need, but I was just more effective. Again, why me? I was able to point others in the right direction to seek help for their medical problems and I was able to

help people lessen their pain but that was it. When all was said and done that was pretty great and I was very thankful to God for letting me help with His plan.

It was about this time that my wife and I visited El Canon del Rio, a bed and breakfast in Jemez, a small town in New Mexico. When we checked in, the owner advised me that they also had a spa on site, massages, beauty treatments, and then, almost as an afterthought, asked if I was interested in their resident psychic.

“Psychic,” I asked.

“Well, actually an astrologer,” she replied.

I am not a believer in astrology; yes I sometimes read my daily horoscope in the newspaper but more as a fun thing to do as opposed to serious advice. However, this was the new me, events that happen are supposed to happen so why not, if she was here, then as I now truly believe, I was supposed to meet her. An appointment was made for later that evening and so it was that I met Geraldine.

We met that evening and she did a card reading for me. I am not very familiar with the Tarot cards but had heard of them. In general, it was a positive reading, and she was correct on many experiences I had had in the past.

During her reading, I had a thought that reminded me of Matt Damon touching the person in order to communicate with those that had passed. What if I touch someone with a gift such as I have, that is someone that deals in any form with the spiritual. Would I enhance what I can do?

I then told her about what I did with spiritual healings and if she agreed, would she allow me to hold her hand while I tried to meditate. She not only said “no,” but to not ask again, as it was out of the question. I tried another way and asked to just touch her fingers and if she felt uncomfortable she could quickly move her hand away.

“Not even,” was her response. “My spirit guides are telling me not to do so.”

She then turned the tables on me and asked me to do a scan on her about her recent health problems.

“I meditate at home when I am by myself, and I do not have my crystals and stones with me,” I said.

The skeptical look on her face said it all.

“I will try.”

What else can I do besides get up and go back to my room, I thought.

In my favor was the fact that since my lessons with Grandmother Jean, I had felt not only a great peace but also very positive energy whenever I was in New Mexico. As I closed my eyes to meditate, the fact that I was in the reception area of the Canon del Rio bed and breakfast quickly faded. Within minutes, even with Geraldine observing, I had done a “scan” and I was positive about what I had seen concerning her health.

“There is a lot of stress in your life,” I said.

“No,” she replied.

“A lot of stress,” I repeated.

“Well maybe some personal family problems,” she admitted. “But my health?” she again asked.

I replied, “You had a very serious lung infection.”

“Yes, I almost died six months ago.” “My left lung,” she added.

“No, both, but the left was worse” was my answer.

Instantly, her demeanor changed, but she still would not allow me touch her hand.

“You can heal,” she said with a look of wonder.

“No,” was my reply. I again explained to her that what I could do was the diagnostic “scan,” as I had just demonstrated, as well as to help people in pain and some with stress.

“That’s it. I am searching and continuing to study, but at this time, that is all I can do,” I again tried to explain.

Before she left, I did agree to help if she had anyone that might be in pain and promised to stay in touch.

Upon returning home we found out that one of Susan’s close relatives had cancer and was not expected to live. She made arrangements to go visit him, and upon her returned told me that he had just seen his doctor and that he had three months to live. Greatly saddened, she asked if I could “see” anything. I did so that night, and the next day told her to inform her family that they had best see him as soon as possible.

“I am sorry, it is days not months,” I said.

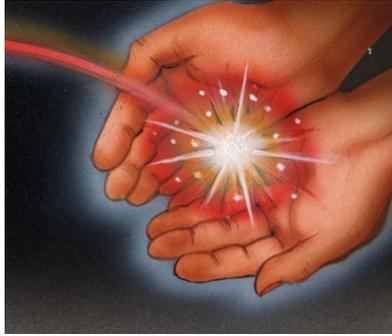
Two days later, she received a phone call from one of her cousins informing her that in just a few days his condition had greatly deteriorated. He passed away a few days later. It was as if he had fought the cancer until he had had an opportunity to visit with his family one last time.

More and more I was coming to the realization that “seeing” or the ability to scan was not always a blessing, or at times under certain circumstances one with a heavy price to pay. To be sure, there were the good “scans,” as when I told one of my brothers that his doctor’s diagnosis was incomplete and that he had nothing to worry about.

“I’ll hold you to that,” he said.

“Not even a doubt,” was my reply.

Happily, I was correct. But so many more were like my wife’s request, hoping that the doctor was wrong, knowing that he was not, but still hoping.



San Antonio, Texas 2013

By 2013 I had changed the manner by which I helped others. I still did the meditations at night to help those in greatest need, either with a “scan” or by sending them positive energy to help lessen their pain.

Sending positive energy was another wonderful ability I had discovered through trial and error, mainly error, about myself. I was able to help those in pain or in a mild stress, by taking a “trip” to where they were and by meditation envision positive energy which I was then able to transfer to them. It was not as effective as when I was able to be with the person or at least talking to the person, but still effective. I became aware that this was possible from a friend of my wife’s that was also very much interested in the spiritual.

Susan, who was aware of how her friend helped people, asked her to meditate on her father who was very ill.

“Of course, I will send the light,” her friend replied.

“The light” I asked when Susan told me that her friend was also trying to help her father.

She explained to me that that was how her friend referred to positive energy. But it was not until much later, as I became more comfortable with the spiritual that I thought of doing the same.

By now I had incorporated the stones into my spiritual healings. I

now had the person I was trying to help, hold the stone as I led them through the spiritual healing process. The results were very surprising both to the person and to me.

Before we began the spiritual healing, I had the person rate their pain or stress from one to ten, with “one” being almost none and “ten” being unbearable. I began to understand that stress and pain is evaluated very differently by health providers and by the person. Most people either under-estimate their problem or greatly exaggerate it. It was truly amazing to me when back pains that were classified as “eight to ten” became “zero or one or two” after the spiritual healing. In most cases their response was much the same as I related in the beginning of the book. It was both a sense of wonder and relief from pain.

As I gained confidence, I also offered to help people with fibromyalgia which has both a physical and mental component. The results were equally gratifying. Again, “tens” became “zeros” or “ones.” Except for extreme cases, the results were achieved in a matter of minutes. Above I said I gained confidence, but that is not quite true. It is not that I am not confident that I can help a person, quite the opposite, I was becoming very positive that I could help. I also realized that it was the person as much as myself doing the spiritual healing and that I was but a means to direct God’s energy to them.

As I said previously, the person being spiritually healed gets this look of awe and wonder, of “I cannot believe I am not in pain.” So too am I equally in awe and wonder. For the vast majority of the people I helped were not aware that there was to be a spiritual healing. Typically I just say “I may be able to help your pain. Do you want me to try?”

To this day, not one has said “No.” I take it as a sign of their desperation to find some relief by any means for in most of the cases they are beyond help by conventional medical practices. Medications have either proven to be ineffective or the side effects are such that they are unable to take them. I had made it a practice to not offer my help to those that have control of their pain or stress by traditional

means because there would be no way to measure success in those cases as well as that they were under the care of a medical doctor. Short of asking them to stop taking their medication which would have potential dire consequences for all concerned, I feel it is best to not offer my help. Even as I explain to them what I am going to try to do, I already know what the end results will be. They will be spiritually healed of their pain or some types of stress. When it does happen, I too am in awe and am filled with this great sense of peace. All I can do at that time is say, "Thank you Lord."

Of all the spiritual healing I have done, the one that not only stands out the most, but perhaps gave me the greatest sense of accomplishment, was a young boy in high school. He suffered from a disease of the eye, keratoconus. It is a thinning of the cornea, the clear front part of the eye that in the later stages can only be helped by a corneal transplant.

He had corneal transplant surgery some years prior, which unfortunately had become infected. Just to give you an idea of what he was going through, just remember what your eye felt like when you got a speck of dust in it or for the ladies, some mascara in your eye. In his case, his entire cornea was affected to the point that he could not open his eyes.

He was referred by a person I had previously helped with her back problem. I explained to her that I was very familiar with the young man's problem from a professional point of view and was aware of how little could actually be done as he had a very complex condition. More importantly as how doubtful I was of being able to help.

"Please try; he is in so much pain", she pleaded.

I reluctantly agreed as long as she understood how limited my help would actually be.

"He has no one else to turn to" she said.

The next day, the mother arrived with her son whose eyes were shut tightly as the light made his pain worse. They had traveled

almost two hours to get to my office. I now explained to the young man's mother that as I had told her friend who asked for the spiritual healing, my strength was in healing pain and some forms of stress and not in severe cases that required surgery.

"I understand," she replied, "but his ophthalmologist will not be able to see him for another month, and again, he is in so much pain and the medicines do not help."

"I will try," but for the first time I felt trepidation and doubt. I led him through the spiritual healing and asked him to open his eye.

"It doesn't hurt anymore," he exclaimed.

I then call his mother into my office and he again repeated his statement to her.

"It does not hurt anymore" with the biggest smile on his face."

I then asked him if it would be possible for him to send me an email describing what had occurred.

"Of course," he quickly agreed.

The next day, I called his home to find out how he was doing and to see if the pain had returned.

"Just checking to see if the pain is still gone," I asked his mother when she answered the telephone.

"I'm sorry he has not sent you the email," she replied instead. "You see, he is out playing with his friends. Because of the pain he has been in his bedroom the entire summer without any lights on for two months."

"Wow," I thought, "Wow." As much as I wanted his email, all I could say to her was, "Let him have fun, the email can wait".

There have been several other spiritual healings that I hesitate to put down in writing because they are truly unbelievable. Even for me, and I was there.

As I mentioned before, I have helped by meditation some that live in another state. But the long distance record, by far, up to this point was one in South America. This in turn has led to my again rethinking how everything works in this world.

I feel that what I can do, a gift from God, is due to the fact that everything in the universe is energy, different in form, but still energy. It is what makes me what I am and you what you are. It is the same for animals and plants, the same for the air and the rocks, and water and the stars. In short, everything that exists. It is energy which holds everything together, so in reality, we are all connected, not only to each other as human beings, but to every living and nonliving thing in the universe. All I do is help the person align the energy in his body that is causing the pain, and I use a form of meditation and spiritual energy healing to accomplish it.

I now refer to the healing as “Medergy spiritual healing.” As you can see, I have used a contraction of the words meditation and energy. In the majority of the persons I have helped, the person was not even aware of what I was going to do.

“May I try to help your pain?” I would say.

Invariably they would answer “yes.” In most of the cases, whatever was causing a problem is eliminated and the person remains free of any symptoms. As they fully understand that the pain or tension is gone, that they can move without restriction, that the problem is gone from their bodies, they smile. And then they look at their stone in wonder.

“May I keep it?” most ask, and some reluctantly but politely, reach out to return it to me.

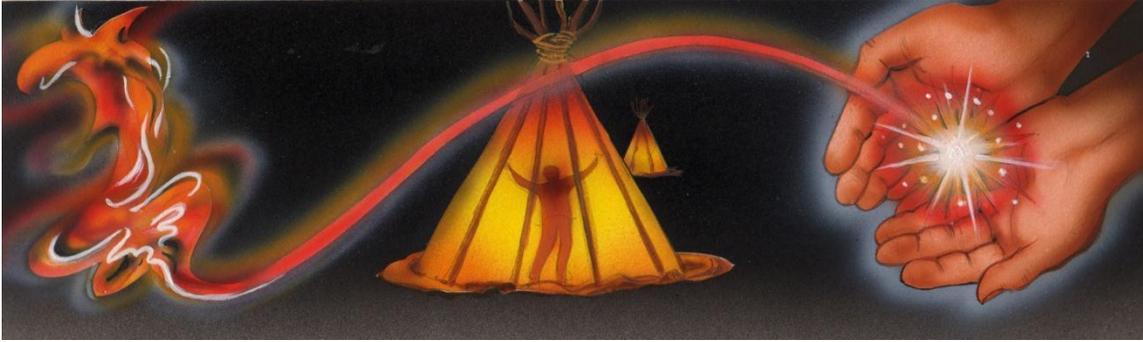
“It’s yours to keep,” I reply.

“Are you sure?” they ask for they are very aware that something has just occurred and that they have taken part in something very meaningful. They may not understand what just happened, but they know, that for them it was very special and life changing.

“Just in case you have a little relapse, Use the stone again the same way as we did together, and all will be well,” I would tell them.

A relapse, while rare, occurs more often in the cases of stress than those involving pain. I would explain that if they felt any recurrence of symptoms, it was due mainly to their self-doubts.”

As time went on and I had occasion to see them again, I would ask if their pain was still gone. For the ones in which the pain had returned, the use of the stones would take care of the pain. But a majority of them reported that even though the stone and meditation worked when the pain did return, they found themselves too busy and put up with the pain instead. That was and still is very difficult for me to understand.



San Antonio, Texas 2014

Several of those that I have helped have asked if they too could learn to do what I had done for them. Would I teach them or at least advise them as to how to proceed.

My response was “What ability you might have to be able to heal, I do not know. However, I do believe that each of us has some capacity to do so. Perhaps it was at one time in our distance past, it was a skill that we all possessed and that has been lost as we evolved,” is the rest of my answer. But I what I truly believe is that we still have that ability and we see in our children. Their minds are clear and clean and not hampered by what we come to believe as adults. So why do not more persons practice meditation and try to discover if they in fact have some ability?

My answer is peer pressure and not wanting to be different. We live in a society in which different is bad. We want to be the same, to be accepted as part of a group. So any ability is ignored and in time fades, never to be used. In addition, if children do mention anything out of the ordinary, it is often dismissed as childish and even worse as some type of occurrence prompted by the devil. Several of those that I have helped later share the fact that when younger they too experienced some ability but never followed up.

In the websites I will mention in the next chapter please read some of the experiences in which children play a major role. You will be amazed.

I now realize that I did not give them good advice because I neglected to ask those that wanted to learn “what makes you think that you can do this or is it just something that you find interesting?” In addition, I should have given them a short quiz to find out if they were good candidates to begin with.

A subscriber to the Life Lessons emailed me a test to see if one is an empath. An empath is someone with the ability to feel the thoughts and emotions of others. I am now of the opinion that this is the first requirement for those that wish to help others by means of spiritual healing as they have been helping others without realizing what they are actually doing for most of their lives.

Will I act as a guide and point them in the right direction? Of course I will. Will I teach? To the limits of my ability, yes. Perhaps together we can expand both of our abilities.

As part of my personal journey, I created two websites to express how I felt about my relationship with God. By sharing my thoughts, I hope to help others who might be struggling with their beliefs just as I had.



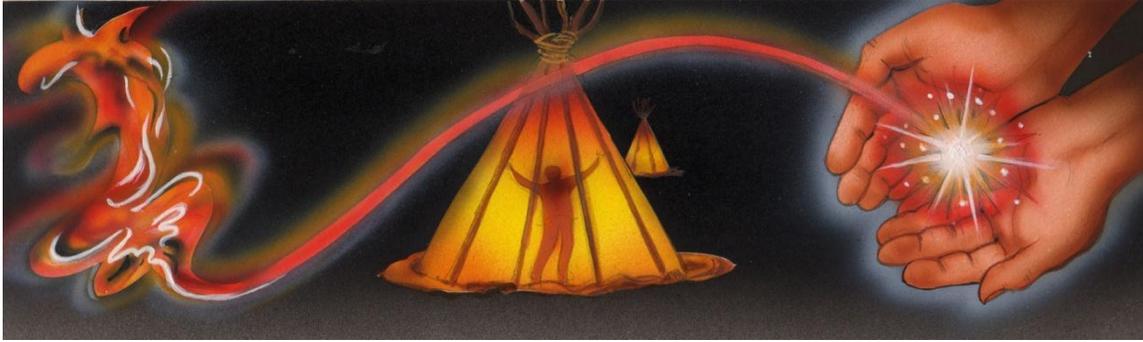
His Gentle Touch

The first website is titled “His Gentle Touch” in which I expressed my personal relationship with the Creator. It deals with my belief that we are His children and as such, He cares for us in a very personal way. In this website, I share my belief of His guidance which we are made aware of by His signs and gentle touches. As part of the website, I share a “Daily Life Lesson” which is spiritual, and at times practical life advice, and others a combination of both. In addition there is a page for personal experiences that have been shared by some of the visitors to the site.

I further state, “I offer my beliefs both without reservation, and with the hope that if you agree or disagree, the final outcome is that you develop a better relationship with God.”

My beliefs are not the result of a “bolt of lightning,” rather it is a lifelong journey that has led me to this point in my life and it was so because of His gentle touches. Not just one but a series that became more frequent until I paid attention.

The website www.hisgentletouch.com



The Way of One

The other website is “The Way of One.” It gives you my thoughts and beliefs about what spiritual healing is all about. In addition, there are some testimonials that you, the reader, might find interesting.

The introduction is as follows.

You ask to be spiritually healed, but first you must learn and accept. I am the helper but I cannot spiritually heal without you accepting the spiritual healing and neither of us will succeed without your awareness of “The Way of One.”

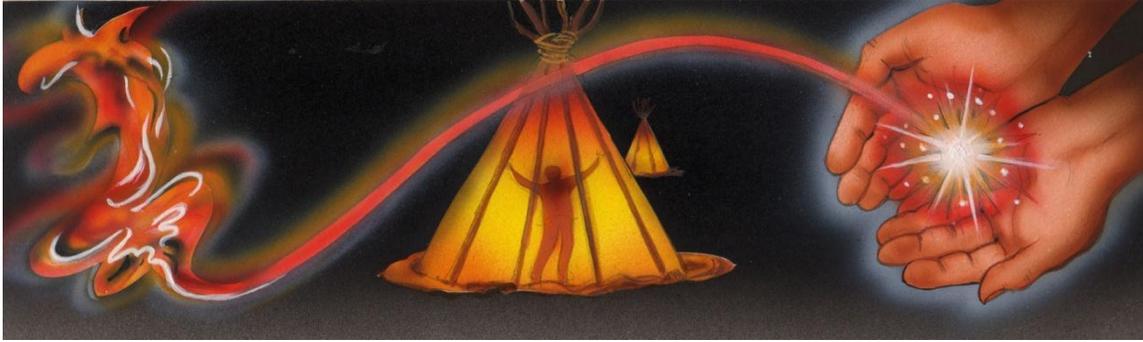
As you have learned in this book that is not always the case at the spiritual healings were accomplished in most cases without the person being aware of what is to transpire. The website is an indication of the progress that has occurred over a period of time with the help of many others that I feel God has placed in my path.

**One
One God
One universe
One earth
One sky
One water
One people
One animal
One plant
One**

I do not ask you to walk away from that which you have been taught and have always believed. But I do ask you to consider that everything that God has created is a part of God and that everything He has created is related. For while one part might appear to be greater than the others, not one, except for God, can survive without the others.

“The Way of One” can exist by itself or it can enhance all other beliefs. For what belief will be lessened by the concept of treating everything in this world as it were a part of you. And by the converse, you were part of it. Quite the contrary, I feel that any belief would be enhanced.

The website www.thewayofone.com



The Way of One Testimonial

After I do a spiritual healing, I ask the person, that if they wish to share their experience through emails I would be most grateful. Some have been kind enough to do so.

The following are a few examples of their testimonials.

ECUADOR, SOUTH AMERICA

[9/12/2013 4:06 PM] I experienced a healing with Jose today and am completely blown away. I had a Chronic Instability in my shoulder - my shoulder would pop out of joint and cause me great pain. When we spoke my shoulder was in tremendous pain. By the end of our session my pain had significantly decreased and afterwards continued to improve. I just started my first yoga class again and there was no pain. I am amazed and grateful.
Thanks so much,
S. S.

NEW MEXICO, UNITED STATES

I am a caregiver for Gxxxx Gxxxx. She is a lovely lady suffering from Multiple Sclerosis and cirrhosis of the liver. She has been bedridden for over ten years and recently was told that she may need a liver transplant, which threw her into a terrible depression. I have been

a caregiver for a few years and have experienced many people with chronic diseases but none this serious. I have known Jose for several years and have witnessed his healing abilities with other clients. During the last two weeks of April, Gxxxx was told that she had a large amount of fluid in her stomach area caused by her liver not processing correctly. She was scheduled to have the fluid removed one week from that telephone call from the hospital. Jose started working on her remotely after that call and one week to the day, she went into the hospital to have the fluid removed. To the shock and surprise of her doctors, there was NO FLUID at all remaining after Jose had worked on her! They did several ultrasounds and could find nothing!! Her family said it was a miracle. I say it was the extraordinary healing ability of Jose!
G. K., caregiver
Jemez Springs, NM

TEXAS, UNITED STATES

The new therapy you guided me through with the rock actually provided a very significant amount of relief for me! And I am still amazed by that. The surgery was supposed to provide pain relief by 'stabilizing' the lower two vertebrae by fusing them to the sacrum and eliminating any motion that would disturb the pinched nerves coming out from between the vertebrae.

Unfortunately, the sacrum was broken loose from the rest of the pelvis in the accident. While I have endured increasing pain over several decades since the accident, there was a limit to what I could endure. Denial, exercise, meditation and simple medication could provide only a delay of the eventual result, which was immobility. When I got to that point, I was forced to leave work and schedule surgery. The surgery did indeed produce the 'stabilized' vertebrae in the low back. But that pair

of fused vertebrae then became a lever by which the sacrum was wrenched back and forth in place. This created an enormous increase in the level of pain from those joints, virtually overwhelming the relief I might obtain from the fusion of vertebrae. What is more disturbing is that I am now at risk of destroying the next superior spinal disc because the normal absorption of twisting and impact is no longer provided by the flexing of the lower discs. The impact is now magnified by the rigid fusion and directed immediately to the next functioning disc. This has been a process that is creating a new expanding area of pain. The broken neck I mentioned was a compression injury to several cervical bones that occurred when I was about eight years old. The accident that produced the broken pelvis occurred when I was about thirteen years old. I am now trying to duplicate the process you took me through while at home. And I hope to be able to apply the same concentration to the other areas that are giving me trouble. This is very challenging because home has so many distractions and an environment that is not neutral for working on relief. I waited until today to write this because I wanted to see if I could do the same thing by myself. Unfortunately I could not. I spent the night mostly sleepless and am feeling quite disturbed and restless today, although not in as much pain as I would expect after the trip to San Antonio yesterday. Have you got a cure for restlessness and depression? Again I want to thank you for the help. My gratitude is surpassed only by the awe I feel at the results you helped me achieve with such an apparently simple device.

With much gratitude,
J. S.

TEXAS, UNITED STATES

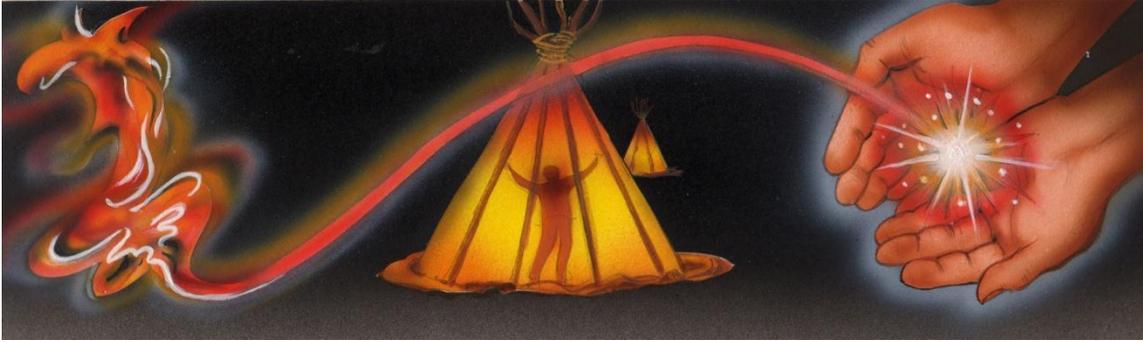
Hi I'm Luis. I went to your clinic with a pain in my eye and after you showed me that rock and what I can do my pain went away and you told me that it was a gentle touch from god and I was so happy that the pain went away. so thank you again for all that you did and for making the pain go away.

L. I

TEXAS, UNITED STATES

In October OF 2013 I visited with you for severe spasms at the base of my neck, within fifteen minutes I left your office with much less pain that continued to lessen each day! I must admit that at first I was doubtful. But I am blessed to have been wrong. The Lord has given you an incredible gift. Thanks for accepting the gift and putting it to use.

OY



Part Two

A short introduction to stones and crystals for the beginner

As I wrote, in 2006, I received a short but intensive course in the history and use of stones and crystals for the purpose of spiritual healing. Grandmother Jean began with the basics. As an example, the special properties of a crystal were determined not only by its color but by its shape as well. In addition, contrary to the adage that bigger is better, a small crystal can be just as powerful as a much larger one.

"Not every crystal will connect with a particular person, and not every person will connect with every crystal," is one of her favorite expressions.

As I learned, a rose quartz will help with heart problems, both spiritual and physical. Green will help you reduce stress and blue, my personal favorite, is the color of the angels. In particular Celestite and Angelite bring inner peace as well as helping you connect to your special angel. A black stone will either ground you or can be misused. A smoky crystal takes longer to activate its energy, but the effects are longer lasting.

The various shapes are also specialized. The most common one is the wand with six sides and a sharp point at one end. It is used to direct the healing energy to a particular person or to a particular part of the body which it is intended to heal. The round crystal is a ball shape which creates a stronger energy as it goes around and around building up energy until it is released by the healer.

In my case the purple and blue stones held the greatest attraction. By that I mean, that when I held a crystal with either of those two colors, I became aware of the energy within the crystal. I felt a tingle at first which progressed to a tingle and heat. The longer I held the crystal the stronger the effect and I became very aware of the energy field.

First I felt it in my hand and then I became aware of a sense of expansion. At times it was as if the energy was just growing in size and intensity and at other times I would feel it travel along my arms until it encompassed my entire body. In addition, I felt a pulse, that when I first started working with the crystal I thought was my own

heartbeat that I was aware of. But then I noticed that the pulse would change in intensity, stronger then weaker. At times it would completely stop and just as suddenly return. And the cycle would start all over again. By focusing on the sensations, be it a tingle, heat, pulse or a combination thereof, I could increase the energy that was being felt.

At the end of my first lesson with Grandmother Jean, I was given the opportunity to purchase some crystals that in addition to their innate properties had been prayed over by Grandmother with a special Cherokee ceremony. Did this ceremony make the crystals more powerful? Did it enhance my personal response to the energy of the crystal? I do not know with any certainty, but I personally feel that it did. The fact that it provided a means of continuation between God's energy in the crystal and the Native American spiritual beliefs and I, was most important. Whenever I meditate with those particular crystals, I feel a deeper connection to the earth and thus to the universe.

As readers that any knowledge of working with crystals and stones are aware, this is but a tiny fraction of the crystals and stones that is part of our world.

To increase my knowledge and refresh what I had learned from Grandmother Jean, I found several books that were invaluable for the information they provided. Not only for their written words but also for the beautiful illustration of the many, many rocks and crystals that exist.

"Love is in the earth, a kaleidoscope of crystals updated" by Melody and "Heal yourself with Crystals" by Hazel Raven were most helpful. These and many other books on stones and crystals are available at most spiritual and New Age bookstores as well as the internet. I would recommend the actual books and not the electronic editions as they tend to lack the color illustrations. In addition, being able to browse is almost impossible in an electronic book.

It was at this time that I also began my search for more crystals. I

found some though in limited supply at various spiritual bookstores. Not only that, but they were very expensive. Since I keep crystals and stones in my optometric office, several patients commented on them.

"Beautiful, where did you get them" asked a patient.

"Hard to find," I replied.

"I buy mine at the flea market" she said.

"Really?"

"Really."

A new source opened up to me. Although they are available on the internet, I wanted to touch the crystals and stones before I purchased them. Remembering Grandmother Jean's warning about not every crystal for every person, I wanted to feel their energy. There were more at the flea market but the quality of the stone, even to my untrained eye was very poor as well as still limited in variety and size.

My wife, Susan, mentioned to her friend that had previously helped me with the understanding of energy and its use, that I was having a difficult time finding crystals. In the past, Susan had admired some of her friend's crystals interwoven with stones. She had fashioned them into jewelry that she personally wore, Susan asked where she bought them.

"You will never believe where she buys her crystals" said Susan.

"Brazil or China" I replied, showing off my new found knowledge of where the best stones and crystals came from.

"Wrong." she said.

"Where?"

"Las Vegas" she answered with a big smile on her face.

A trip was soon arranged and to my surprise, the store was just a few blocks from the Las Vegas Strip. "The Jewelry and Mineral Store" is unbelievable. Stones and crystals from every part of the world; Brazil, China, Mexico, Europe, just to mention a few places. All sizes and shapes. Priced from a few cents to thousands of dollars, crystals for every budget. I was in crystal heaven. In addition, they had a most helpful staff, knowledgeable yet never pushing a sale.

For those readers that are already familiar with the crystals and stones, I highly recommend "The Jewelry and Mineral Store." You are in for a real treat. As their name implies, not only a great array of stones but also jewelry fashioned from all types of stones and crystals. Again, from inexpensive to very expensive depending on the stones and crystals used. For those of you just taking your first steps, what a wonderful place to begin. In addition, you will find a great sense of peace as you enter the store. Each step you take will bring new and wonderful surprises.

Different books and instructors will tell you that once you have chosen a stone or crystal, it should not be touched or handled by any other person. And if it does occur, the stone or crystal must be cleansed. It is also believed by most that after a stone or crystal has been used, it must be cleansed to remove all the negative energy it has acquired in the meditation or spiritual healing process.

There are several methods that are recommended that include washing the stone or crystal in cold water and then leaving it outside during the night so that the light of the new moon may cleanse it. Others advocate the use of sound such as music bowls from Tibet or some newer versions that are now being manufactured in the United States.

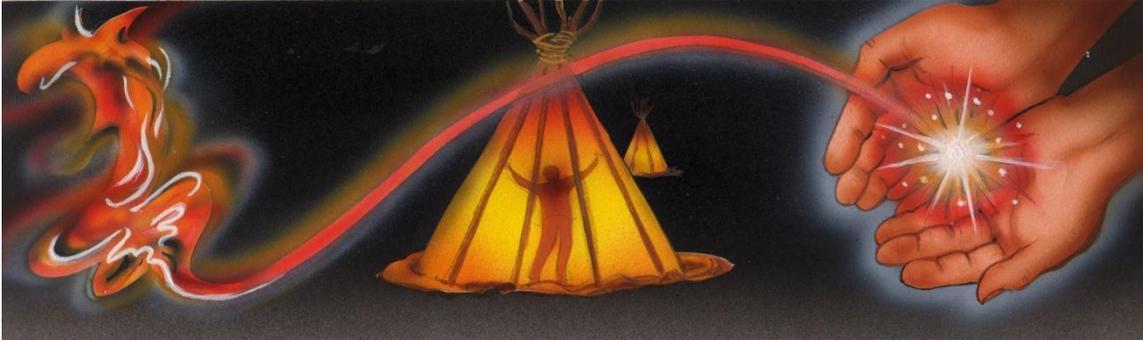
In time I came to believe that neither the handling, nor the touching by another person, or the use of the crystal during meditation or a spiritual ceremony would require that the crystal be cleansed. For was not the stone or crystal in the earth for countless ages, exposed to both good and bad energy? Is not the stone or

crystal a product of all that has occurred prior to be taken from the earth?

And so it is that I now allow others to touch and even use my stones or crystals. I even instruct them as what effect they might be expected to experience as they too work with the stones. After, they have done so; I just return them to the place where I keep them, ready to be used again by myself or others. I have not found on subsequent uses of the stones or crystal that their energy has in anyway been diminished or that they have become less effective. Just the opposite, the stones or crystals that have been the most effective for a particular task appear to become more powerful and that the desired spiritual task is accomplished much quicker.

My crystals and stones are like "old friends." With them I can be myself in all aspects for they do not judge me. When I am troubled they help me find answers to my problems or they show me a different perspective to situations so that it does not trouble me. But most importantly when I join with them to give thanks for all that I have or to show gratitude for God's help, they take me to spiritual levels that must be experienced to be believed and understood.

If you question how this is possible, I can only say that the greatest obstacle in our daily lives is the outside pressures placed on us by others. Work, family, and friends are just but a few of the distractions that complicate our lives. The crystals and the stones through meditation help you to isolate yourself to deal with whatever troubles not only you but those around you.



Part Three

How to reach a deep state of meditation in a few minutes, even if you have never meditated before.

As is often the case, that which is simple is made out to be complicated. There is a profusion of books on how to meditate, literally hundreds if not thousands. They instruct you as to how to sit, how to dress, where to sit, one book even advised taking a shower before meditation. Use music, do not use music. The instructions are as varied as the number of books. Yet it does not stop there.

Now we have the internet. YouTube lists "about 15 million" results for meditation. If you have a personal computer, a tablet, a smart phone, or an iPad, you are but a click away from instant instructional videos.

For the reader that is already well versed in meditation, this section might still prove helpful. This is especially true if it takes you some time to reach a deep meditative state. I will begin by answering a few basic questions that those not familiar with meditation have asked me.

The most common question is "Why should I meditate?" My initial response is that meditation will take you places that you have never been and also away from places that you do not want to be. Because this sounds intriguing and somewhat mysterious, it often needs clarification.

As you have previously read, I believe that we are all connected. In fact, that we are all one, for we are but different forms of God's energy. I also believe that no one is more important than another and that everything in God's universe is dependent on each other to survive. Remove any one part, be it plants, or animals, or minerals and those that remain will be endangered. Therefore, when you meditate, you open yourself up to the universe; you allow the energy that is you to connect to all the other energy of the universe.

Meditation allows you to overcome the physical limitation of your body and allows that which some calls a soul, others a life force, and I call God's energy to be set free. And it is at that point that you will become aware of what God wishes you to know. Even if you are only able to achieve a small level of meditation, you will find that you will

be not only be rested but also refreshed. You will find that the parts of your daily life that have become troublesome to you will be, if not resolve, at least become manageable.

Another question is "What is the difference between prayer and meditation?" Here my answer is more direct and to the point.

"In almost all cases people ask for some favor when they pray. Be it for health or wealth or anything in between, people ask for something. Yes, some do give thanks but it is usually after they feel they been given what they prayed for."

I also point out that God does not negotiate. All the prayers in the world will not change that which is His plan, or His will. If prayers are answered it will be because what they petitioned for happened to be in agreement with His plan. More to the point, prayers allow the petitioner time to accept that which is to be.

For example, when someone you love or care for is ill, you pray for their recovery. As their condition worsens, you pray that they are not suffering. And finally the prayers become one of acceptance and you thank God for you know that they will be in a better place by His side and that they are no longer in pain.

When you meditate, you seek out that which God wishes you to become aware of. God, not you, is in control. You seek that which He wishes you to know so that you might have a better understanding and acceptance of that which has already happened, as when a loved one dies, or a glimpse of something that might happen.

At the very least, you will have a feeling of being in touch with the universe. Being aware that you are part of something much greater than yourself, in essence after you meditate you will be in a peaceful state.

As I mentioned, meditation is not the great mystery that most make it out to be. In the beginning, it will be best to follow a simple routine until you can develop a system that works best for you.

A few ideas that might make your meditation both more effective and enjoyable: first find a quiet place. I prefer to sit on the floor, but you can sit on a chair or whichever position makes you comfortable. Even laying down works, but there is a tendency to fall asleep as you relax both in body and spirit. Music is an option, whichever makes you more comfortable. I prefer the music of Lisa Gerrard or Merlin's Magic, a new age group. Others find that music which relaxes or that which sets a repeatable rhythm to be most effective. Do not use lively music as it will make it more difficult to concentrate. If you use music, you will find that it recedes into the background as your meditation reaches a higher level.

For me, the most important factor is either a quartz crystal or a stone. I use the crystal and stone to both focus my attention and to provide a connection with God's energy.

I choose a crystal or stone that fits either my mood or purpose for meditation. I use Sodalite when trying to do a spiritual healing. Moldavite is best when searching for God's message or trying to resolve a problem. Usually I have several different stones and crystals set out before me, and I look at them to see which speaks to me, in effect which chooses me for my particular task. For it is the stone or crystal that decides which will be most effective, not I choosing a stone. Having had my choice made for me, I sit on the floor, and grab my ear buds.

Regardless of how many times I have worked with a particular stone or crystal, I begin by looking at it. Memorizing the color and shape and only then closing my hand over it. There will be times when I use more than one stone or one crystal and at times even a combination of the two. I then turn off the lights and close my eyes, as I focus on the color and shape, I begin to feel a pulsing. Most people new to meditation believe that the pulsing is merely their own pulse. But as I pointed out before, I again advise them that it is not, for the pulsing will gain and lose strength and intensity. It will even stop and start again. On other occasions, I feel a tingle when I begin. While others feel either heat or cold, I have yet to experience that except when I was in Las Vegas. There does not seem to be any

rhyme or rhythm to the effects. Whichever is present in which ever combination, I focus on it and mentally try to make the effect stronger. As it grows in strength or intensity I become aware that everything about me is slowing down.

My breathing is slower, and through trial and error, I have found that breathing is the most important aspect of my meditation.

As I mentioned, my breathing becomes slower and slower. However, this is almost an automatic reaction to any meditation. The important aspect that I have identified as being more effective is to make my breathing deeper. Slow but shallow breaths are not as effective as deep ones. I try to ensure that my slow, even breaths appear to begin in the area of my stomach. It is then that I am able to achieve a deeper state of meditation. My entire body relaxes, I become less and less aware of my body and I feel as if I'm moving away from my physical being.

At this point in the meditation, I feel as if I were in deep space. All around me I see black. As I progress, stars begin to appear much like tiny pinpoints of light. I then peer into the darkness, trying to see what if anything, God wishes me to see. Sometimes I see colors, upon which I try to focus in order to see if any images will be made known to me. This is the procedure that I follow when trying to see what God wishes me to know. Although, I wish this happened every time I meditate, it is rare. When I first began to see some images, they were very small as if I was only allowed to see part of what was happening. Gradually with practice and patience the "screen" has increased in size.

When I attempt to do a spiritual healing, the procedure is different. For spiritual healings, my method is the same up to the point when I feel my body relaxing and I feel myself moving away from myself. Not quite floating, more of a release. I make an even greater effort to reach a deep a stage of meditation as possible. It takes longer and requires much more concentration so as to not get distracted. If I am not in contact with the person, either physically or by electronic means such as Skype or by cell phone I imagine myself traveling to where the person is, almost as if I were driving to meet physically

with them. If I am not familiar with where they are located, I use Google maps and Google earth to get a sense of where they live. This part is a carryover from the “old” or established way to send positive energy to another person. If you can get to this point, then trial and error will determine what will work for you and be the most effective for those that you are trying to help.

Most that try to teach others to meditate will advise you to clear your mind of all distractions. They teach you that if outside thoughts are sensed, you must drive them out of your conscious mind so that you may continue; I disagree. Have you ever tried to think of nothing, impossible? Trying to do so only causes frustration and failure.

It is my belief that those outside thoughts are there because they are a problem or task that needs to be resolved. And it is when you are in this special state while meditating, that you are best able to deal with your day to day problems. So my advice is to deal with whatever thoughts have come before you. Resolve them. And then put them aside. It can be something as simple as a chore you have forgotten to do or as complicated as an issue that has been causing you to be either stressed or depressed. In either case now is the time to address and resolve the issues. Take care of the problem and make a mental note to follow up when you are through meditating. Then slowly return to your meditation.

You may find that after you take care of a problem, you will be taken out of your meditative state and unable to return. If so, then the purpose of that particular mediation has been accomplished and you should feel rested and refreshed and filled with a sense of accomplishment. Personally, I find that the minor interruptions will be quickly addressed and that I will continue with my meditation. It is only the interruption that involves dealing with a major problem that caused me to quit a session.

As with anything new that you are trying to learn, the more you practice, the better you will become. At the beginning I meditated almost every evening. Until finally I reached a point that I could get to a meditative state regardless of where I was. Noise became a minor

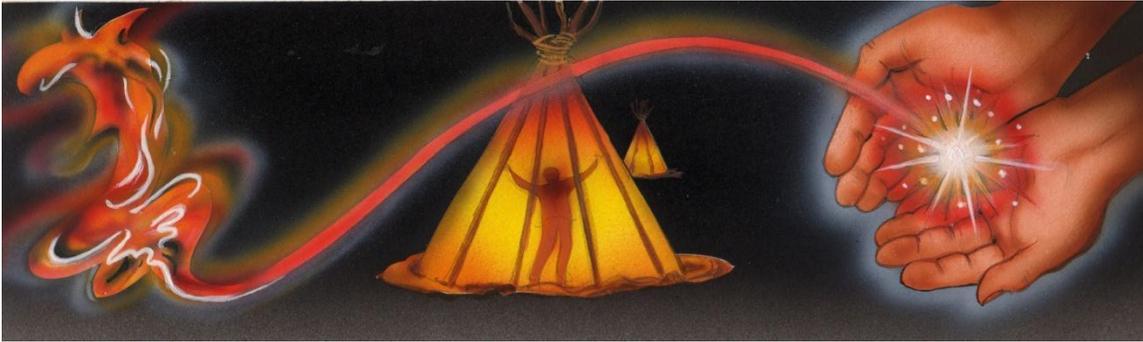
distraction. Crowds of people ceased to exist. I had but to close my eyes, hold my stone or crystal and the process would begin. Also as I became more proficient, I had but to imagine I was holding a particular stone or crystal and the effect would be the same as if it were really in my hand, tingle and all.

In time I noted that while the effectiveness of the meditation became greater and greater, the frequency of my meditation became less. To this day, I am at a loss to explain why. As I mentioned before, even if there were no signs of guidance during my meditation, I found myself greatly relaxed and stress free. It was not as if I expended a great deal of energy, unless I was doing a spiritual healing, while meditating and was then physically tired. Quite the opposite. Perhaps the answer will in time become obvious.

As for you, my advice is meditate, then meditate, then meditate some more.

To recap:

1. Find a quiet location
2. Get comfortable
3. Music if helpful
4. Choose your stone or crystal
5. Close your eyes
6. Breathe slowly and deeply
7. Connect with the stone or crystal
8. Become one with the universe
9. Relax, take your time



Part Four
Why "The Way of One"

My reason for writing "The Way of One" was twofold.

As I became aware of my ability for spiritual healing, I reflected on my journey. By no means was it an easy path. Lack of information was the least of my problems. It was the reaction of not only friends but people in general whenever the subject of spiritual healing was raised. In most cases it was a subject that had never been thought of and if it had, made most people uncomfortable.

There was my wife Susan and two of her friends that were familiar with the spiritual. That was it. This is not to say that I was not aware of the countless psychics, palm readers, and mediums that advertised on the internet. I did contact several but never had the feeling that they were creditable. Had it not been for a "Gentle Touch" and the travel section in my Sunday newspaper, I might still be searching for answers. Therefore, I wanted to let others that feel that they have some ability to help or even just questions about the spiritual; that they are not alone and that they have a resource to help them realize their potential.

In addition, we now live in a different time. It has only been nine years since I began my search but awareness of the spiritual has shown tremendous growth. Motion pictures, such as "The Adjustment Bureau" which deals with the fact that God has a plan and "Hereafter," s about the spiritual have exposed an entire new group of people to the possibility that there is more to this world than to that which they have been taught all their lives. Also, disenchantment with traditional teachings for a wide variety of reasons has encouraged others to question and to search.

Now when I bring up the subject, instead of blank stares or an uncomfortable silence, some have questions. This has lead to actually identifying, encouraging, and in some cases teaching others to further develop their abilities.

A case in point, I received this email just days before sending the final edit to the publisher, there are things we do not understand or perhaps even believe in, but they are happening and happening

every day. One must keep an open mind and examine before ruling it out. In answer to the writer's query of "Why me?" Answer why not? It is up to God to choose but also for you to accept.

Hi Dr. J,

Well, I don't know how to explain this but I know you if anyone would understand how I feel right now. So here goes...

I went to a Healing Service Mass at my church tonight and as we were all waiting to go up to the altar to pledge our petition, the deacon asked me to pray with him over this little girl that was already at the altar. Why me, don't know... Anyways, I went up and placed my hands on her shoulder and I felt this heat coming from her body into my hands and body. I was praying and then I don't remember what happened. I was told by my husband that I went into a trance and started speaking in tongues... an unknown language to most. I prayed and screamed and cried and fell to my knees. None of which I was aware of that was happening. When I started coming out of the trance I kept hearing the deacon telling me as if he was far away and I could barely hear him, to relax and to take a deep breathe. When I came back, I was a complete mess... as I walked back to my pew, people that were all around were staring at me really strange... The deacon explained it to the little girl that the Holy Spirit had taken over through me and for her not to be afraid. After the service the little girl and her mother came over to me and thanked me for praying for her. Others just looked at me strange and some came over and hugged me as if they knew me and had not seen me in forever. As it turns out, the little girl has cancer. I did not know her nor had I ever seen her before. It was a most unexplained experience for me. I had had this happened to me once before many years ago, about 10 year ago but then I only remember passing out and nobody said anything to me only asked me if I was alright. The deacon told me I had a gift and that I should use it to help others. WOW !! ... Me?

Well, I just wanted to share this with you because I know YOU would understand.

MJO



Part Five

An introduction to His Gentle Touch

The home page to my website states:

I do not want to change the world; I just want to change myself.
But if I can help, welcome.

I believe in God. You can call Him what you wish, you can practice your beliefs in whichever way you wish, but in the end most of us believe.

Take a moment and imagine what life would be like if each and every religion would eliminate every belief except for one. A belief that each of us would close our eyes and open our heart to God and his message.

For in truth, by whatever name we choose to call Him, we all believe. Is it not naïve to think that the name one group has chosen to call Him is the only one He will answer to? And that God would choose only a handful of His children and abandon the rest as a whim and accident of birth? No. This I cannot believe.

I believe that there are as many of His children as there are stars in the heavens, that He lives in each of us, and therefore, that there are that many ways to be with him. That one need only follow the path of good and respect that God is in each of us in order to be by His side forever.

I believe in a "Grand Plan" in which each creature is connected to all of God's creations. Not only man to man, but man to the animals, to the plants, to the earth, to the rocks, indeed to the very air we breathe.

Why should only man have a soul? Ego, I think. Are not all His creatures worthy? Yes, of course they are. How convenient that man should decide what God would do.

Therefore, should not the goal of every man be to ensure that what is good on a personal level must be measured against what is good for all? Then how simple what must be done will become. Let the good in me come forth as I understand it when looking within

myself; let my heart be open to His gentle touch.

As we look back on our history, it is evident that we should not follow those that presume to know that which cannot be known. More pain and deaths have been caused in the name of God than by any other means. It is time to forgo man made rules. Again, look into yourself by whichever means you feel comfortable; pray, meditate, or contemplate. Only you know what is correct for yourself.

I believe that each of us, every day, makes decisions that will determine the type of person we are and how we will relate not only to other people but to each and every one of God's creations, either living or not. I also believe that God did not create us and then went on to some other "adventure" to help Him pass the time of day.

Rather that, God will act as any parent would and will guide, teach and protect His children in such a way that would allow them to freely follow their own path without being forced. Subtle hints, signs to guide us with His gentle touch to forever be by His side. Subtle signs, not glaring "Times Square" type of signs. They be different or the same, below the surface or in your face, but nonetheless a sign.

Perhaps a thought seemingly out of nowhere, a song, a subtle urge to do or not to do, all signs if one is aware and open to their possible existence. They say that hindsight is 20/20, as I look back, for me at least, it is true.

A drive to West Texas, four in the morning, driving much too fast, a deserted highway, triple digit speed in the fast lane, no one is in sight, coming up on a hill, a thought out of nowhere; change lanes, I did so, as I sped over the hill in the lane I had just left was a dead deer. Whoa, lucky me; never gave it another thought until just recently. Susan and I went out for some exercise walking in our quiet neighborhood, my wife noticed an untied lace, and she stopped and re-tied both shoes. Only one was untied, I thought. It took 15 seconds, had she not done so we would have been at the corner, a car traveling too fast misses the turn and ran up into the lawn and hits a house. Had Susan not stopped and tied both shoe laces we

would have been right in the path of the car. Wow, lucky us, good thing your shoelace was untied, I said to her. Then forgot all about it, never gave it another thought until now.

So, the time has come to slow down and see what is really going on in our lives. Are we just some misguided souls hoping to find the right path and in most cases not even looking? I do not think so. It feels so much better, so much more natural, to think that God has created us, wants us to be with Him, and is helping us find our way. Just as our parents here on earth nurture us and give us the means and the guidance to make our way during our lifetime so does God. But it is up to each to see, to feel, to be open to his message. Unfortunately, most of us treat God the same way we treat our parents here on earth. We do not listen until it is too late and when things go wrong, do not turn out the way we expected them too, we blame them.

I for one now listen and look to see what is around me. I do not forget that my life is going on. My life is not a mindless pursuit of signs. But I am aware of the possibility that God might be sending me a message and therefore, I am open to it and more importantly I have learned to act on it as soon as possible. I do not want to ever have to say, "I meant to" after it is too late. The examples above are quite dramatic, but His gentle touch can be quite subtle. A thought to call mom or the friend we have not talked to in some time. The urge to make a special dish for supper that is a family favorite or one to bring flowers to a loved one for no special reason. All Gentle Touches, and after a few heartfelt "thank you", you will be glad you listened.

Again, these are just some of the many things that happen day to day which we accept as a part of life, but have not been aware of the source. Gentle touches one and all. Sometimes dramatic; but usually just reminders to be thoughtful not only of those we love but also strangers.

How much more wonderful would our world be if we all just remembered that God is all around us if I just take the time to see

Him and also that God is always talking to me if I just make the effort to listen. Take the time, make the effort; things will never be the same.

In the past, when troubled, I would call on Archangel Michael for help. I would ask him to intercede on my behalf with God, so that my prayers might be answered. I also told others of the good that had come about because of his help. Now, I am faced with the belief that it is only God. So how was I to ignore all the good that I personally had witnessed and knew had come about after prayers to Archangel Michael? I now am afraid that I was doing the same as all the other religions. I was making God fit into what I thought He should be, instead of accepting what He is. Then I had a Gentle Touch.

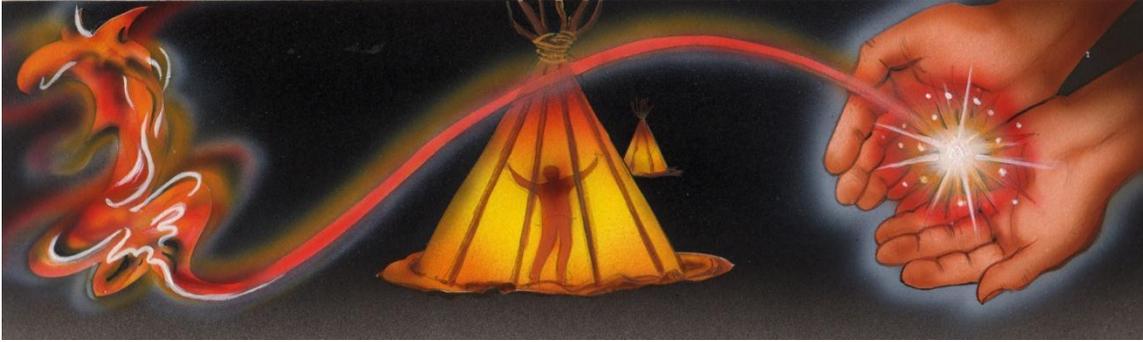
As everything in this world, we are a part of God. I thought of what I was. I am a son, a brother, a husband, and a father. What you ask of me as a father and how I respond will be influenced by what experiences I have as a son and a brother. Likewise, ask of me as a brother, and my response will be colored by all my different facets. So in reality all I did was add another aspect to God.

Archangel Michael became a persona that I could bother with the smaller request as well as an ally that would help me with the larger ones.

I am now of the belief that all my prayers to Archangel Michael were prayers to God. I feel that God does listen to all my prayers I and trust that He welcomes them.

Does God have a messenger? I do not know. Why were my prayers to Michael asking for his help answered more often than not? I do not know. Do I still ask Michael for his help? Yes absolutely, I cannot ignore what I have witnessed. Perhaps God does not mind being called Michael every now and then.

The two websites can now be found by searching for www.hisgentletouch.com. When you visit the websites do not forget to click on the experiences tab on His gentle touch as well as the testimonial tab on The Way of One and to receive the Daily Lesson.



Part Six
An introduction to "The Way of One"

Spiritual healing

You ask to be spiritually healed, but first you must learn and accept. I am the helper but I cannot help you spiritually heal without your accepting your spiritual healing and neither of us will succeed without your awareness of

The Way of One

**One
One God
One universe
One earth
One sky
One water
One people
One animal
One plant
One**

I do not ask you to walk away from that which you have been taught and have always believed. But I do ask you to consider that everything that God has created is a part of God and that everything He has created is related. One form of energy might appear to be greater than the others; yet one cannot survive without the others.

The Way of One can exist by itself or it can enhance all other beliefs. For what belief will be lessened by the concept of treating everything in this world as if it was a part of you? Quite the contrary, any belief would be enhanced.

I had been aware for many years that I had some ability but it was not until 2006 that I found a teacher. I studied under a Cherokee medicine woman who taught me the use of crystals and stones. How to focus and enhance the use of good energy so that not only other individuals might be spiritually healed but I myself as well. Can I help to spiritually heal every condition? No of course not.

I help by opening myself to the universe, by becoming One with it and asking God to aid me in directing positive and good energy to the one who is ill. I ask them to accept the all that is good in the universe and to once again become part of the One.

I have been given the gift of helping to spiritually heal pain in most of its forms. In person, the one in pain becomes part of the healing process with the use of particular stones. If at a distance, the process is different but the results are the same.

I continue to study and search for more ways to help by spiritually healing other conditions. Each case is different and dealt with individually. I make no false promises and will continue the process of helping only with the full understanding of my limitations and abilities by the one who is ill. I do not diagnose, nor do I treat or profess to cure any medical condition.

This website attempts to share my personal beliefs about God and also some additional testimonials about my helping others. What is the most important part of my message? That The Way of One both stands on its own merits as well as enhancing all other spiritual beliefs.



Part Seven

Daily Life Lessons from His Gentle Touch

The following are some of the Daily Life Lessons posted on my website, www.hisgentletouch.com.

If you wish to receive an email with the Daily Life Lesson, please sign up on the website by clicking on the link.

I would like to share my thoughts and experiences, and the conclusion at which I have arrived. I offer my beliefs without reservation. Some may help you in your daily dealings with your fellow men. Some may help in your relationship with God. All, I hope will make you pause and consider.

If you have any thoughts that you wish to share, please use the link on the web page to contact me. Also, if you wish to share a gentle touch or experience, please use the contact page.

There is a plan.

Become one with the gentle wind.

God opens the door, but you have to walk through it.

*From the moment of conception, you exist in a universe
of multiple possibilities.*

Before you can love God, you must love yourself.

God gave us the repair manual, but forgot the spare parts.

He who is and will always be is within you.

We live in an imperfect world...GSM

Listen and all shall be made known to you.

*Sleep is for more than rest, for it is then
that gateways to new worlds are opened.*

All men are not created equal.

*If God can accept people as they are,
should you not also do so?*

*Your life will be so much better when you forget "I" and "me" and
replace it with "we."*

Your prayers are most effective when they coincide with God's plan.

There is no devil in my world.

God does not negotiate.

*God must love to laugh, why else would
He have created mankind.*

*May God give you the strength to do tomorrow
what you did not do today.*

*God does not make any rules,
what is right or wrong is within you.*

There is no you, there is no me, for we are all one.

*Father, I thank you for this day, forgive what I did wrong and guide
me with Your gentle touch.*

God is all around you, if you just take the time to see Him.

*Do not follow those that presume to know
that which cannot be known.*

*We often wish that the world was as it should be,
but in truth, the world is as it should be.*

*Love yourself that you may love your neighbor,
love your neighbor that you may love God.*

Listen to the wind for it is the word of God.

His gentle rain brings a sense of peace.

"One" is not always a lonely number.

Only God is indispensable.

There is no difference between living and prayer.

The problem is that we each pray to a different God.

Listen to His gentle touch.

*"Me and You Lord," God does not care
about correct grammar.*

You are never alone.

"And God said," actually no one really knows.

God will always let you know what you should do.

God talks to you that you may talk to others.

*Instead of praying for what you want,
thank God for all He has given you.*

*There are spiritual people all around you,
waiting for you to seek them out.*

When troubled, close your eyes and seek His gentle touch.

*Asking God to show you the way
means that you have not been listening.*

*Fear not the unknown for it is but the
next step towards the light.*

*You were born knowing how to love;
you had to be taught how to hate.*

That which is within you, is also within the universe.

*It is when you are connected to all that is around you,
that you are at peace.*

*First you must be one with all,
and then you can be one with the Lord.*

It is "hope" not "faith" that should guide your life.

*It is difficult to turn your back on what you
have been taught all your life.*

His gentle touch will be with you always.

*Close your eyes, breathe, and become
one with the universe.*

*His Gentle Touch is the icing
on the cake of life.*

*The path to God is neither spoken nor written,
but felt within you.*

*All that is good is within you,
but you must act to make it real.*

*Follow me to that special place where you
dissolve and become one with all that is.*

The truth you seek is the truth you need.

*Never underestimate God's
love or understanding.*

If I make you happy, I make God happy.

*Peace? To find again that which you had
thought lost forever... Thank you Lord.*

A smile is God's hello to the world.

*Whispers of night, feeling close to God, remind
yourself to continue the journey while you sleep.*

*God shows you the way, but it is up to you
to make it happen.*

God would never ask you to die in His name.

*Now and then you will feel at peace with the world,
embrace the moment for God is with you.*

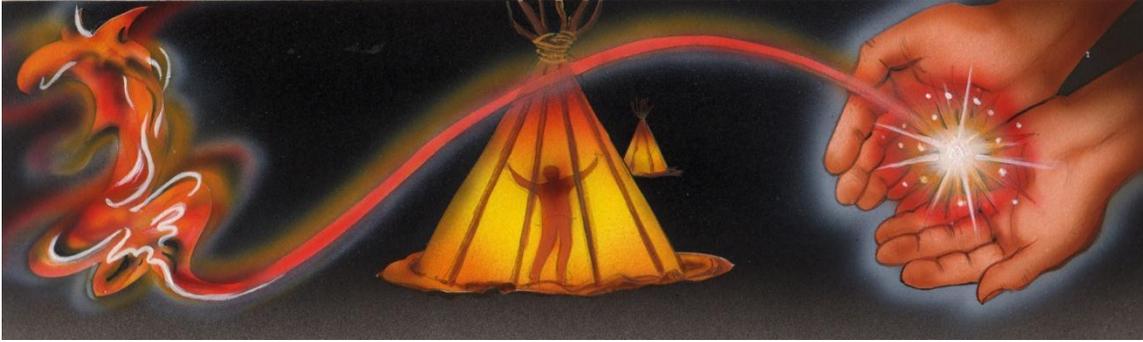
The soul must learn to meditate to connect with God...SSM

*The more unexpected the special moment is,
the longer it will live in your heart.*

I trust you have enjoyed the Life Lesson. Hopefully they have helped you in some small way, if nothing more perhaps they brought a smile to your face.

If you care to receive them via email, please sign up on the website.

www.hisgentletouch.com



Part Eight

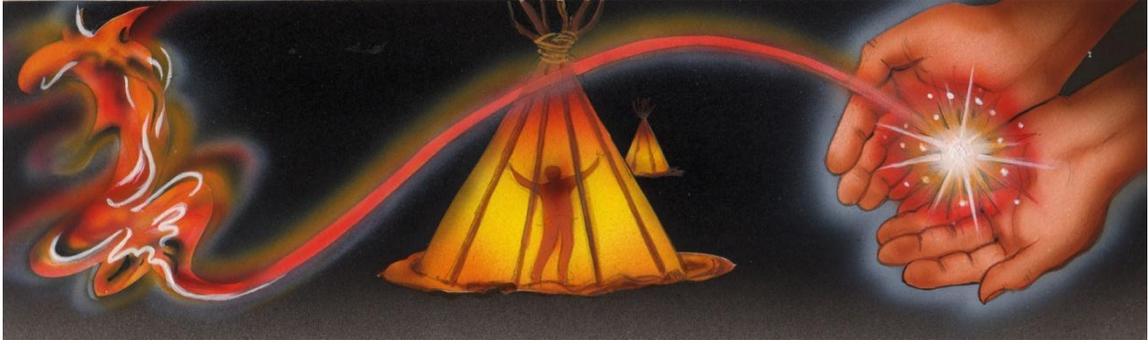
My personal geographic locations of high spiritual energy

There are some readers that are familiar with special places in our world that are known as geographical locations of high spiritual energy. Even those that do not know them as spiritual locations have heard of them as travel destinations. Machu Picchu in the Andes Mountains, Sedona Arizona, Chichen Itza Mexico, and Chaco Canyon New Mexico are but a few.

I have visited some of these special places. At some I felt a special energy at others nothing. I have also found some locations that are special perhaps only to myself. New Mexico has become a special place for me, as soon as I get to the Rio Grande State Park; I go to a special place full of peace. When in Taos, meditation takes me to places I have never been. Jemez Springs, New Mexico at the Canon Del Rio bed and breakfast is also very special. There is a quiet energy that seems to be the strongest near the river that runs by the inn. *The Cave without a Name* close to San Antonio, Texas is also a special place for me. And surprisingly as you have read, Las Vegas, Nevada.

What makes these places special you might ask? It is a feeling of peace and connection with God that I experience while there. As you progress with your meditation, you will become aware of certain feelings of awareness that you must explore and not back away from. It might be in some of the places I have mentioned, or it might be around the corner from where you live.

I believe that there are places in our world that have been made spiritual by God and others that have been made spiritual by good people. I would only ask that if you identify a certain geographical location, please contact me via the website.



Part Nine

Can you do spiritual healings?

I believe that every person has some ability. Perhaps at some time in our distant past, this was an ability that mankind possessed and has been lost from lack of use or fear. Unfortunately our history is full of stories of how we as a society tend to treat those that appear to be different.

Earlier in the book, I made reference to the ability of children to exhibit certain special gifts. Many adults tend to discourage such behavior as not normal and then the children either stop mentioning it or become afraid of what they are capable of doing.

And then there are those, such as myself, that find them later in life. I often wonder, what would have happened if my wife Susan would not have agreed to go with me to Taos, New Mexico. Would I have persisted or would I have given up? What I do know is that without her support it would have been very difficult to continue even if I had gone to New Mexico by myself.

As I indicated, even after I became fully aware of the fact that I could help others, I was still hesitant to do so. The desire to be accepted, to not be thought of as different is a difficult one to go against.

Fortunately, there are those, such as Grandmother Jean, that are encouraged from birth and dedicate their lives to helping others. She recalls that when she was a baby, she would cry non-stop and it was only after her Grandmother placed a crystal in her hand that she stopped.

On a personal level, one of the persons that I helped to spiritually overcome her lifelong problems is now spiritually healing others. It is interesting to note that while she followed some of my technique of spiritual healing, she modified it to fit her personal spiritual beliefs and abilities.

Another that I helped recalls her spiritual experiences when in high school. She told me of her ability to connect spiritually with family members when they were in different locations. I encouraged her to once again try but as of this writing, she has chosen to not try

to do so again. However, she had modified her manner of meditation, more akin to what I instructed her to do and is now able to achieve a deeper level while meditating and in a much shorter time.

Quite by accident, I met a person that has been "removing" negative energy without any form of instructions whatsoever.

"I became aware that there was something troubling some people and I just made it go away" was her answer when I asked her how and what she was doing to help others.

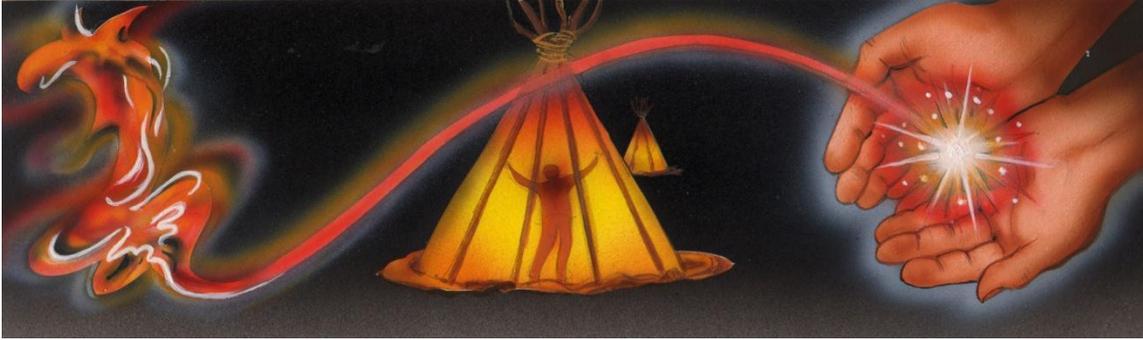
After talking to her, it seems that she has a type of Reiki ability that she was born with and that it evolved just through her desire to help others. She can "sense" negative people and avoids them. My first thought was to refer her to a Reiki instructor that I know personally, but in the end I decided to leave well enough alone. I just encouraged her to continue and to feel free to ask any questions that she might have.

I now believe just as I answered the person that wrote the email asking "Why me?" with "Why not." After all there was a time I did not believe those that professed to speak in tongues and as well I did not believe that I could spiritually help people in pain. If one is possible are not all things possible?

So yes, I do believe that to varying degrees most people can do spiritual healings. Is it a long process? I do not know for it will depend on individual ability. What will I be able to do? Again I do not know other than that I will try to help them identify and strengthen their gift. With any degree of certainty I can only say, "It will be interesting."

Because of this belief, I have written this book. To guide you, to encourage you, and to let you know that you are not alone.

If I may be of help, welcome. Please contact me by way of either website.



Part Ten
Resources

The following are the web address for the sites mentioned.

www.hisgentletouch.com

Relationship with God

www.thewayofone.com

Spiritual healing

www.crystalteepee.com

www.canondelrio.com



Grandmother Jean



www.jeweleryandmineraloflv.com

Crystals and stones



Susan San Martin
Photographer

This is my story, a journey of eight years relegated to a few pages and a few words. Indeed it is difficult for me to believe that it has been that long; the frustrations and fruitless searches seem to fade as my accomplishments grow. I say it not as a prideful person, but one in tune with the fact that what was to happen has happened, and all because I listened and was aware of the signs.

Some additional thoughts

December 10, 2017

I am often asked, “Why do you believe in God?” My answer is simple, “just look at yourself.” To me, it is beyond reason to accept that a human being just happened to be. That an organism as complex as a human being is but an accident that occurred when certain unrelated events happen to take place. Are we made in God’s image? I have no clue but the thought seems to be very egotistical. As we as a species acquire more knowledge we began to understand all the “accidents” that had to happen from the creation of the world we live in to the fact that we exist, keep growing almost on a day to day bases. We are not an accident; we are part of His plan.

Another question is “is there a heaven?” My answer is again quite simple, “I do not know.” To me, heaven is a manmade concept that I personally have trouble with. Now if you ask me if there is something after death then my answer is yes, absolutely. Before my answer was based on the fact that when we dream we seem to exist in a different place and appear to be able to communicate with those that have passed on. If this is possible, then there has to be another level of existence. Within the last few months a friend related to me a near death experience. When he first told me, along with others present in the room, he stated that, as we often hear, that he had floated away from his body and could see the doctors and nursing trying to revive him. As he left his body he recalled that his only regret was that he had not told his family goodbye as he was in the hospital for a “routine procedure.” He had been declared dead and it was only when a nurse noticed some movement that the medical team jumped into action and was able to revive him. Some months later, when he and I were alone he said.

“You know, I have never told this to anyone. When I “died,” I found myself in a green pasture with a beautiful blue sky. That was all I could see all the way to a distance horizon. I could feel a gentle breeze blowing from behind me” as he moved his hand to the back of his head to indicate how the wind was blowing.

There was a look on his face and a demeanor that indicated that he was reliving that experience. It was as if he was not in the room with me, he was there.

He looked at me and said, “Dr. Joe, I did not want to come back.”

The reason that this is so meaningful to me is that he is a good man but is not by any stretch of the imagination a religious or spiritual person. I am certain that if you were to ask him if there is a heaven he would say yes, but more because it would be expected than believed.

A few days ago, I was asked if it was okay to pray in order to get out of financial difficulty. My answer was, “of course,” as you would expect. I added that instead of a direct plea, he should ask God to show him how he could help himself and to be aware of His Gentle Touch. Be aware, listen not hear, and see not look. He is with you.

I was surprised when a reader replied to some advice by saying that he did not know how to pray. I responded by saying that the first and most important part of prayer is that he must be at peace. You cannot reach out to the Lord when you are in a rush. My wife would say that you must be present in the moment that you must be open to the universe and more importantly receptive to its message. Next, you do not need a “set” prayer. Talking to God as you would to a good friend is a prayer. Ask for the means to solve a problem on your own, not to win the lottery. Take time every day, if only for a moment, if nothing else to say “Lord, thank you for this day.” Every good deed that you perform, every part of the day that you do your best, and every smile is a prayer. It is so easy to pray yet sometimes so difficult to do.

And last, but probably the one that is asked most often, “Why is there evil in this world?” That was one that was easy to answer but truthfully just in a vague manner.

“You cannot have good if you do not have evil. Just as you cannot have a right without a left or an up without a down.” Then I add my brother’s answer, “We live in an imperfect world.”

Sounded very profound but did not answer the question. In the last few weeks I had a 'gentle touch' when I was thinking about the question and I can now say that my answer is that if we did not have evil then we would be in heaven. Simple and to the point.

Again, thank you for reading my book. If you have any questions or thoughts, please contact me by email.

hisgentletouch@gmail.com

About the Author



Jose San Martin III, a practicing optometrist, was born in Los Angeles, California and was raised in San Antonio, Texas. He received his Doctor of Optometry degree from the University of Houston, College of Optometry.