

Wisdom@Water

By

Miss Meditate

For my wee Gran

Where it all began

xx

Prologue

Encapsulated@EnCaul

Alternative meanings of the words En Caul:

Birth of a baby inside an unruptured amniotic sac.

A mermaid birth.

As the amniotic sac was severed, meant
to be the first ever gasp breath of air,
but breathing underwater had already begun,
in a much longer soul journey before, in
the wisdom womb of the world.

Water, where everything flows in rhythm
and harmony with the tides, in tune with
the heart beat rhythm of the Ancient
Mother, Goddess Mother. Sound vibrations
within water soothed my soul. My Earth

Mother would read words from a book to me,
whilst still couried in within the womb,
enabling me to remember the sound
vibrations of the same frequencies of soft
sound waves of the sea washing up towards
me.

My heart had always ached with a deep
soul call longing for somewhere I could
feel and call home. The remembering, of the
water wisdom within. Unravelling and
uncovering a much deeper dive depth of
waves of emotions through my journey of
remembering my soul call. Realising and
remembering that my introduction to water
and life, had actually began ages and sages
before any conception began. Within the
womb, in the true conception space, the
conception of the soul.

BIRTHING

Life@TheLibraryOfLife

Alternative meanings of the word library:

*A collection of cloned DNA fragments that are maintained
in a suitable cellular environment.*

Taking a deep breath of air, I pushed
open the glass door of the Akashic library.
A golden bell gently tinkled from above the
door. Upon entering I was greeted with a
familiar and comforting deep musty smell
that smelled of the most ancient soul
books, that have been passed down
ancestrally for generations. Stepping
inside, it was deliciously dark, dimly lit
by fairy lights, leading up a metal, spiral
staircase. A faint sound of 50's music

genre was gently, playing softly in the background. Half expecting to hear the scratching of vinyl, it felt familiar and homely, although I had never stepped foot inside before. A sign written in perfectly pretty calligraphic writing -

'Linda The Librarian Is Upstairs.'

Glancing up at the spiral staircase, a strange, deep, de ja vu feeling came over me, flooding my cells and my full self with a deep core memory of previously walking up these exact same stairs, yet I had never even been in this cobbled street before, never mind up walked the staircase. If I had have been here before, I certainly would never have worn my four inch spiky heels today, as I would have known there was a slight possibility of breaking my

neck whilst walking along cobbled stones and up spiral staircases. Yet for some reason I felt completely drawn to this staircase. It was windingly beautiful. It was almost as though the stairs were silently calling me saying take a step, one step, just take the next step, the next chapter of your life is here with an open page waiting for you.

I took the next step. One step at a time. One level at a time. One curve at a time. Methodologically and meditatively I climbed the stairs. With each level climbed higher, I also felt a higher elevation within me. Each level rising higher and higher, I felt an energy rise within me, higher and higher. A warm sensation of warmth and love and light and joy began to rise through me.

Up from my toes, up to my torso up through my heart, radiating through my arms hands and fingers and back up through my chest, past my throat through my facial muscles rising and residing at the top of my head.

As I reached the top of the staircase I felt a warm glow through my skin and soul, reaching the top of my head and I felt equally as glowing as the fairy lights wrapped lovingly around the staircase.

Before I even could begin to think about what had just happened in that staircase experience moment, I saw in front of my very eyes, the most librarian looking librarian I had ever seen, well clearly I had just found Linda.

Linda@TheLibrarianLibrarian

Linda had Librarian ripping right out of her. Standing at a desk, wearing a sharp suit of a pinstripe pencil skirt, strong red lipstick, huge tortoiseshell rimmed glasses and clutching a clipboard in one long nail extentioned hand and an extremely, excessively sharpened pencil in the other scarily pointy fingered hand. Both the sharp suit and sharp pencil radiated a sharp punctual, professional and perfectionist energy from her aura. On her desk lay a gold embosser entitled BOSS and a gold set of balancing scales. Instantly I felt intimidated and shamed myself again for the high heeled footwear I was wearing. Linda had perfectly sized and perfectly pointy small kitten heels. Linda clearly

had gotten the spiral staircase memo.

Linda looked me up and down in an army general kind of vibe. Surely I wasn't going to be asked for some sort of identification to get into a library to borrow some books?

Linda perfectly placed the clipboard and pen beside the embosser on the desk and offered out a perfectly French polished, manicured hand towards me.

"Welcome to the Akashic Library, The library of the soul."

Her serious expression almost made me want to laugh, but being too scared of her, I naturally swallowed the laughter back down. (Hello throat chakra issues.)

"Hi Linda, I am Kelie, thank you for your kind welcome."

I said, nervously. Feeling like I had

just walked into an unexpected interview for a job that I hadn't even actually applied for, with no idea of what the job description was or even entailed. We all know a job interview is basically just a buzzwords memory test in the first place anyway, or a who you know, not what you know. But here I was with no buzzwords, no brief, no job specification. I was definitely not known to this Linda and basically had no memory of why I was even standing here at all.

"You are on a journey of self discovery Kelie?"

Linda asked whilst staring straight through my soul. Her severe expression and eye contact left me feeling underdressed and actually naked in her direct viewpoint

stare. As though she could see underneath my clothes and skin, which I suppose, actually kind of is, the jacket of your soul.

"Yes, I suppose I am."

I mustered. I could feel Linda's eye-roll. I could literally feel it. Not see it, but I knew she was thinking oh here we go, another lost soul, looking to find their self on the shelf.

Glancing over at the scales to try to break the force of her glare stare, but I could still feel Linda's eyeballs on me, kind of like when you are in a museum and you can just feel the eyes on you from the paintings, watching you from absolutely everywhere. Sensing Linda's awareness of my intense focus on the embosser, I just knew

Linda could see right through me, both physically and metaphorically.

"I am Linda, the Libran Librarian. That is why I keep my scales here at all times. My birth sign is Libra. Libra is the astrological sign of balance, represented by the glyph of the scales. I keep my golden scales here always, as a daily reminder, to remind myself, to always stay in balance."

Well they work Linda, they work. Linda embodied the most balanced person I have ever seen in my life. You know the type, never ever late, never crushed clothing, perfectly perfumed, immaculately presented, perfect from head to toe, from hair to heel. Blinking, thinking, I bloody well need a pair of these scales in my life.

"You seem perfectly balanced Linda, your scales must work!"

I laugh. Linda doesn't.

"Your spelling of Kelie is only one L - as in Lie?" Asked perfectly poker faced, straight faced, Linda. Was she calling me a liar? Cracking another nervous laugh joke, to try and lighten the tension I quipped. "Yes and I'm not a liar Linda, haha!" I laugh at my own joke. Linda doesn't.

Beginning to feel a bit of a sweat rising up in my neck, I suddenly felt a bit queasy, uneasy. You know the way when you step out of your front door, lock the door, zip your keys into your bag, walk outside and then you begin sinkingly thinking, you have probably left the straighteners on? Even worse when you actually work in a hair

salon and wake up in the middle of a Saturday night thinking, did I leave the salon straighteners on? Knowing full well that it is midnight on a Saturday night and there is literally nothing you can actually do about it, except await your fate until the salon reopens again on the Tuesday morning. Cue the following full two days of fear, to find out if you have burnt the place down accidentally. Yet all you can actually do is just go back to sleep, hope for the best and naturally have nightmares of smoke and fire engines for the next two nights.

"You have found your way here to open your book of the soul?"

Linda enquired, rhetorically. Wondering if Linda was now the one cracking the

jokes. To be honest any lighten in the mood would probably be a welcome good thing.

"Ah well, couldn't we all be doing with a wee book of the soul Linda? Is it in the self help section?" Unsurprisingly, no audience laughter echoed.

"Follow me." Said Linda as she swivelled on her little kitten heels and began click clacking along the marble floored hallway. Linda speaks, you listen, you follow. Quickly picking up the akashic library etiquette. The library contained the most impressive rows of books I had ever seen. Being too busy focusing my attention and energy on Linda, it was almost as if the books behind her had been out of my focus. Now, as we walked through a long corridor row, full of books piled floor to ceiling

height high, (perfectly balanced of course - Linda style) I saw the full length and breadth and depth of columns of rows of books, lined in rows of corresponding corridors. I was actually in a state of awe. Never, ever, had I seen such an impressive volume of books anywhere and we were only in the first corridor, headlined - Row 1.

As if reading my mind and to be honest at this rate, I wouldn't be surprised if she did, Linda proudly announced.

"28 perfect rows of wisdom."

28 rows, well there you go. Whilst also wondering, but why 28?

"You know of numerology Kelie and the power of the number 28?"

"Yes."

I replied. (I didn't.) Maybe I am a liar after all.

"You don't know yet, but you soon will."

Muttered Linda, mysteriously.

We began walking and walking and walking and I began wondering where we were going and what self help book Linda was even looking for. Whilst walking, also at the same time thinking, how does she even climb up to reach the top of these books, on a ladder? In they kitten heels? Does she have matching pinstripe flat ladder climbing shoes? Does she keep them hidden under her desk, only appearing whenever there is a top row emergency book moment? Somehow this thought of corresponding, colour coordinating, emergency shoes, wouldn't surprise me in the slightest. Although in

all honesty, probably every Akashic library attendee, would be too scared to even ask Linda to reach the top level.

"Ah sure, no worries Linda, the book I have been searching my whole life for, is sitting right at the top level up there. But I'll just go with this lower eye view level book instead. Easier for us all isn't it Linda?"

They laugh, Linda doesn't.

Busy in my thoughts of all the possible library shenanigans, that I began to drift off into a hazy daydreamy daze whilst walking along this extremely long corridor. It felt as though I'd been following them kitten heels for hours. But I mean, I had only just walked in the door moments ago, hadn't I? Even I wasn't really sure myself

anymore. Something about this whole back in time theme vibe they had going on, really felt really real. Clearly they had won a watch hiring this Linda, who would surely win any award for being the most perfectly born person for their job.

Abruptly, Linda stopped and stamped her little kitten heel, making almost exactly the same sound as a full stop sound on a typewriter. I stopped, fully.

"February the 14th, yes here it is."

Linda stated formally and blew dust off the front cover of the book. Cobwebs on the book of my soul? Sounds about right, definitely in the love life department anyways.

"How did you know my birthday date?"

I wearily asked from all of the walking

and from what felt like time travelling, if I even knew what time travel felt like. But it felt exactly like what I imagined time travel to feel like, a spaced out spacey in space kind of feeling. Linda did not reply. I knew better than to repeat myself to a clipboard person, knowing full well you may probably get hit with the clipboard. There really is no other purpose for a clipboard, other than as an offensive weapon or a power trip, sensing both options could probably be the case here. Had I signed up for a library card on an email somewhere? As my birthday was actually Valentines day, this possibly could have stood out as a point of reference, for the clearly never misses a trick, lovely Linda. But even still, surely that was quite a stretch?

Before I could even begin to let my overthinking mind spiral into had she been secretly stalking me on social media? The big dusty cobwebby book was placed boldly into my hands.

“Your book to bring you back into balance.”

Linda said softly, in a more gentle tone. With what could have also possibly been a slight smile? Feeling too weary from the weirdly long walk, I didn’t even have the energy to analyse her anymore so, naturally, I cracked a joke instead.

“Yes the 14th Valentines day. At least I always get a birthday card, when I don’t get any Valentines cards!”

Linda didn’t laugh. She was back with a bang. Her momentarily moment of kindness

lapsed, if it had even existed in the first place. At this present moment in time, I really wasn't sure of anything anymore.

However, one thing and the only thing I could be sure of at this point was, that I was officially holding the heaviest, oldest book I had ever seen in my life. A strong, heavy, hardback book with a delicately soft blue velvet front colour. It was absolutely beautiful. I had to stop and gather myself and actually take a second to breathe in it's beauty. Almost the same as when someone hands you their new born baby to hold. The baby is so breathtakingly beautiful that you are a little bit scared to handle and hold it. The book felt the same way.

“It's truly beautiful.”

I whispered, whilst not taking my eyes off the book, feeling so powerfully, magnetically, drawn towards it.

"This is the Akashic Library Kelie. It contains every single person's soul book. The Akashic library contains every single person's soul mission, that has been taken or ever will ever be taken. This is the book of your soul Kelie."

Linda stated both factually and matter of factly.

I almost dropped the book but my mouth dropped open instead. For once, I had no words, no deflective humour wise crack jokes, nothing. Something told me, that this - no nonsense balanced Linda, was somehow telling me the truth in some way. Was I truly holding the book of my soul?

Glancing down at the book, my book apparently, I breathed it all in. The soft gust of air from Linda's breath, had blown away the remaining cobwebs. Uncovering the front cover, it's title handwritten in calligraphic gold pen.

'Keline - Nous 28.'

"What is nous?"

I whispered.

"Nous means soul. It is your souls 28th return. It is also currently your Saturn return aged 28 in this current lifetime."

"I don't understand."

I barely breathed, with my eyes transfixed on the gold lettering.

"You don't understand yet, they never do. But you soon will. Time to get reading."

Linda stamped as she snapped they kitten

heels. Instinctively I knew that meant that it was time to be back on the move again. I followed Linda deeper and deeper into the distance of corridor 28. Clutching the book in my hands with dear life. Wrapped up safely in my arms, beside my heart.

Breath@Book

Staring at the book, my book apparently. It's beautiful gold lettering was glistening and glittering. It felt old, really, really old. It felt wise, I could feel its wisdom. It felt powerful, I could feel the power within it's pages. What was within this mystical mystery book? Could it really depict my next chapter future? Was this all even really real? Had I fell asleep and was just currently dreaming this book? Was the library even real or was even the library a dream? I began feeling quite light headed and faint. Like I wasn't really sure of anything anymore. Yet all I knew was whether this actually was a dream or not, I knew that beyond a doubt that I had to open the book.

The thought of opening the pages though both excited and terrified me all at once. Do we deep down even really want to know our fate? What if the final page isn't the happy ever after ending that we all wish for? Or what if it is? Which also scared me in some way too. Am I enough to even dare to dream to have my deepest desires? Do I even know what I would want my happy ending to be if I dared to dream it into existence? Do I even want to know how my life ends up at the end? What if the end is earlier than expected? What even was my expected final age? I had never even really stopped to think of the answer to these questions before. I guess in some way we all secretly wish our final days to be tucked up warm in bed, old, grey, happy, a

full lived life full of love under our belt and drift off quietly into our final slumber sleep. But then if this was the book of my soul and if Linda was correct and telling the truth and this actually was my 28th lifetime around then that meant that this book I am currently holding in my hands, might not only dictate and tell about this current life I am on, but also about possibly previous lives? It was all too much to take in all at once.

Potentially prerequisites for a future life? Trying to comprehend and make sense of this lifetime alone was enough in itself, never mind beginning to think about navigating the next one too. If you were currently given the opportunity to hold the book of your soul in your hands, would you

want to read the ending? I took a deep breath and thought deeply about this. What would knowing the answers to my life questions lead me to? Would it help or hinder me? From knowing the future outcome, would I then just actually make they decisions in some way which would mean I created it because I expected it to happen? Almost like if a fortune teller tells you you are going to meet a man with big brown eyes, do you then start gravitating towards the brown eyed boys because that seed has already been planted within you? Or was the fortune teller with her crystal ball actually seeing Mr Big Brown Eyes in her third eye and he really was pre-destined in your life and he was already written into your book too? All of the endless soul

searching questions that I had stayed up til 5am ruminating in my head about, could now possibly be answered in the next few moments. The anticipatory energy both electrified and terrified me. I didn't have a clue what to do or what I should do. I looked around for a sign of guidance from the only other person here in the dark, quiet library with me, but her spiky heels were nowhere to be seen. It was just me, alone, silently sitting at a small table beside Linda's empty desk. Surrounded by corridors of potentially other peoples soul's life stories, whilst I currently possibly held my own soul's story in my hands.

An opportunity I had never ever in my life considered would ever be a possibility

to happen. I am a fixed planner so I plan for all eventualities happening, but never ever in my wildest dreams did I consider this as a possibility that would happen. When I walked up that spiral staircase, I thought my biggest concern would be how many books I would be able to carry home in my bag by myself. Never, ever, did I consider that I may have to make probably the biggest decision in my whole life in this library. Now knowing I may never get this chance in my life or well at this rate, this souls life, again. Was this library even real? If I walked down they cobbled streets again in a few days, would I still see the cosy fairy lights glinting in the background through the darkened glass window? Would the tinkling bell, ding

at the door welcoming me in with its cosy, homely, dusty familiar feeling smell? Would the old fashioned quiet vintage music still be softly playing in the background? Would the spiral winding staircase with Linda's powerful presence at the top still actually be there? Would I even want to walk back up the stairs to meet and greet intimidating Linda again? Would Linda even be on shift? Are there other librarians currently working here too? Though even if there were others, they certainly would never or could never be, another Linda, that was for sure. I had only met her for, well actually I didn't even know how long I had known her for, as time now seemed to be stretchy and not a clock to be seen anywhere. For what felt like only ten minutes, yet also on the

other hand, felt like I had known her all my life, like a long lost cousin that you just know them, without growing up alongside them, but somehow you still know.

My eyes gazed into the darkened distance and fell focused upon Linda's desk, the scales on Linda's desk to be exact. The scales in their perfect balance, perfect harmony, perfect alignment. Maybe this was all happening to help bring me back into balance, harmony, alignment too? I took the scales as a sign somehow and took a deepest sea diving type of breath. Air, time and space seemed to stand still, as if you could cut the air with one of Linda's spike heels. Gently and tentatively I slowly ran my fingers over the gold sealing and a magnetised and hypnotised cord connection

pulled me towards the pages and I knew that I had to know. Overwhelmingly the book was almost vibrating screaming towards me to untie and undress its beautiful gold ribbon to reveal its energy trapped inside.

Shaking like a leaf I connected with its immense power as I felt the same power rise within me, my hands felt glowing, pulsing, begging me to open the book, I could feel it's need to have me open it. Entranced and locked together with the powerful portal the book was offering to me, I could almost hear it shouting;

"now, now, now, yes, yes, yes."

Breathlessly I entered a trance like state, it's power poured into me and through me, blending with me in a mix of deep electric energy. A lioness power

energy engulfing my heart and soul.

Ravenously, I ripped right open the front cover opening the first page of the book of my soul.

Contents@Contents Page

I still didn't dare to breath. The intensity of the energy of the pages forced out from the book connecting glowingly to my heart like a solar flare. Powerfully, boldly, fiercely the energy and power soared out binding my heart to the book binding spine. My spine tingled with electricity. An energetic force from the book was being transmitted from the power of the pages to me and through me. Was my soul mission being transmissioned? The powerful force of the book forced me back onto my chair, gripping the book like a steering wheel which felt like it wanted to steer me, guiding me on my journey of my soul.

I breathed. Just. I didn't have the time

to die right now, not when I was about to find out why I was actually living! My heart pumped out of my chest. I felt like I was getting an electric shock or taking a heart attack, or a bit of both, but in a good way. Literally my heart was growing in power within my jacket of my soul. I breathed again. Just. The pages, the beautiful pages of old scroll writing, felt like something from a real life fairy tale. The calligraphic words almost glowed and danced from the pages. My mind was swirling too much to even begin to take it all in. Overwhelming emotions from my physical body began to spill from my eyes, tears flowing like a river, a silent river of emotions streamed down my face like a healing waters stream. Realising the tears may actually

cascade like a waterfall into my beautiful book, I wiped them away with one hand whilst clutching this unspeakably powerful book at my chest, at my heart to be exact. I could almost feel the heartbeat of the book pulsate rhythmically in tune with my own heartbeat.

After a few deep conscious breaths, I opened the first page and squinted as I made out a large circle, split into 12 segments and lots of symbols and colours and I had no idea what this circle was or representing. I heard the clack of a spiky heel and almost jumped out of my soul skin, Linda had returned.

"Opened your book I see."

Linda said observantly, rhetorically.

"Yes."

Was all I could muster, flustered.

"And?"

Linda demanded.

By this point the weight of the emotions, not to mention the weight of the actual physical weight of the huge volume of book had all now began taking it's toll.

"And? What do you mean by and? Demanding an answer from me when I have no actual idea of who, what or where I am right now. AND you keep continuously making demands of me. AND I don't even know why or what this circle or symbols mean. AND I am tired and emotional. AND I am currently crying over a circle!"

I let out a huge sigh, after my emotional outburst AND actually had no idea of what I had even just said.

"The circle is your astrology wheel. The wheel of your life. The circle of life."

Stated Linda. I almost, almost detected a slight hint of softening. Was Linda's sharp edges beginning to soften like a circle?

"Do they not teach you anything in education anymore these days?"

Nope, squared right hard angles all the way, my empathetic mistake. Must remember this more.

Soul@SoulChart

Staring at my birth chart, trying to make sense of it all, I glanced at the actual calendar on the library wall beside Linda's immaculately tidy desk. The only item on any of the walls. Of course it was a calendar, Linda wouldn't be missing any deadlines. I wondered what she penciled into her calendar? I couldn't see any specific dates circled, all I could see was this big circle in front of me - my soul circle apparently.

"Today's date is the 1st of February."

Said Linda from a seat behind the desk - perfectly sized seat of course - Goldilocks style.

"28 days. These next 28 days are crucial

for your soul path."

"Are they Linda, but why and in what way, I just can't understand."

I said meekly.

Meek is clearly not a word anyone has ever or will ever use to describe our Linda.

"Always everyone wanting to problem solve and solve every single thing instantly in their tiny wee brain. I wonder whatever happened to trust?"

Trust, Linda? Trust? Trust is a difficult one when you have had to learn (the hard way) that the only probable person you can trust is yourself.

"It's time for your teaching to begin."

Said Linda, authoritatively.

Teaching? Had I signed up for a free course somewhere? Had I forgot to cancel the free

trial for something somewhere, I always forgot to do that, which I suspect they know you will forget to do, they clever cookies.

Linda pulled out another beautiful soft blue velvet book from her desk drawer. It is smaller in size than my soul book, but matched in colour and had the same gold writing on it.

"This your 28 day journal. We will record as we go."

Record what I thought? What even goes into a journal? Recording, journaling on what? Linda stared at me with steely eyes.

"You have no idea of the importance of these next 28 days in your life. Not just within this life, your soul's life path. You are of course here for a reason and

this next month is part of your soul's evolution."

Light hearted Linda strikes again. I mean actual what? Where do you even begin with this information that I was currently being informed.

I was actually a bit sheepishly speechless. I just couldn't take it in.

The air cooled and tensed as I sensed Linda tense too and take a deep breath of cool air. I knew what she was about to say next was going to be important in some way.

"Karie. You are in the Akashic Library. You are here to meet the book of your soul. You are here to remember your soul mission so you can complete this in this lifetime. We will learn as we go through your birth chart but you have no idea of the

importance of you competing your soul mission in this lifetime. You were born into this lifetime in your 28th degree point, which we will uncover in deeper depth as we go. The 28th degree is the anoretic degree, the degree of fate. This, on your 28th solar return birthday year, which is also your Saturn Return year, means you must, must, must return to yourself and return to your soul mission and return to who you truly are Kelie."

I just stared. And stared. And stared. There was no words. Silence. Stillness. The still silence spoke volumes.

"The only other books you have access to in the library, are books that will help you along your soul mission journey path. Each

book bringing lessons and blessings to help teach you it's wisdom and bring you back onto your true soul mission path. If you were going in the wrong direction, straying away, in some way, from your true soul mission. The wisdom words will help you return again."

Just like in life, every single person you meet you have a karmic lesson to help each other with."

"OK, so do I have a karmic connection with all these people iv already met in my life, because we were all really good in a past life, or because we were all really bad?"

I laughed. Linda, had the last laugh.
"You are all entwined together, karmically, in soul contracts to help each other remember who you truly are. All met in

divine timing to help to teach one another something, in some way within your shared karma."

Mic drop Linda, mic drop.

"You will come here every single day for the next 28 days. You will transcribe your teachings with me in your lunar journal. I will give you soul work homework to contemplate each day, integrating your teachings into your life. Uncovering deeper learnings and layers of yourself."

"Linda, I can't come here every single day for 28 days, I mean I have to go to work."

I said at the same time as a thought slowly dawned over me.

"Oh actually I don't."

"You don't actually have to go to work for the next month? Isn't that a coincidence,

or would we call it divine timing?"

Did she just crack a joke? Working in a salon, the Christmas period almost killed me. Every single year I worked 7 days a week in December, except Christmas Day. It was the busiest time of the year and everyone wanted their hair done for Santa and Christmas parties and once a year family gatherings. Everyone always assumed January was dead afterwards, but it actually wasn't, January was so depressing everyone needed cheering up with a wee blow dry. It was February that was the worst month of the year for a salon. Everyone was skint and staying in Scotland, breathtakingly beautiful but winteringly stormy, no-one went anywhere in February. Except Valentines day weekend, which I

hated anyway.

I was an independent woman but even my female armour felt a little bit slightly wounded, being single on the day of love. Luckily for me, it was actually my birthday so some years I still received a wee balloon. Not heart shaped, but a beautiful balloon was a balloon and made my heart happy, no matter what shape it came in. So for all these reasons, I always took the full month of February off work. Everyone accepted my birthday month off rule and it just made my January even busier, which was actually a win, win. Saving up my tips all year round in preparation for my annual month off, I would always book a trip away to the sunshine for some Vitamin D prescription and rest. But this year my

trip to the Canaries, which funnily enough, had been unexpectedly cancelled due to something on the travel agents side. I had been so busy and so tired that I hadn't even had a chance to even think straight to look to rebook. So here I was, actually really free to come to this library every single day for the full of this month.

Maybe it actually *had* been orchestrated in divine timing for me to be able to be here, right here, right now?

Linda click clacked over to me and handed me the most beautiful milky blue velvet journal, with a gorgeous gold fountain pen and in a breath and with a breeze, was back poised, behind her desk, staring straight into my soul.

The journal said simply in gold "28."

I stared blankly at Linda and blinked a few times, that's about as far as I could communicate anymore, in morse code false eyelash blinks.

"The power of your 28 begins, on the 1st of February. 28 days are the lunar cycle circle completion. 28 days is also a women's natural menstrual cycle completion. Coincidence?"

I had never ever connected this before but of course my throat chakra issues swallowed this back down.

"Over the course of this next 28 days, you will birth the remembering of who you truly are. Remember why you truly came here for your true soul mission and your rebirthing of your soul mission path will be invoked."

Well, just well. How on earth are you meant

to respond to that statement?

"You will meet every single phase of yourself in line with lunar work.

Why do you think it is said it takes 28 days to break a habit? You will break the habit of losing yourself and forgetting who you truly are, returning wholly full in a full circle moment to yourself, balanced, and aligned."

There's that circle circumference reference again.

"Light work then Linda eh?"

I laughed. Old habits die hard. Maybe this 28 habit break thing can actually help me break my habit of my nervous laughter wisecracks. Linda certainly hoped so, I sensed.

"We begin of course, as in any new

beginning, in the now. Open your journal and pen and write and underline your headline on the first page. Write the words; Day 1. Then transcribe my words, word for word. "

I did as I was told.

Day 1

Your birth chart is your soul guidance map. It is a hugely detailed and complex piece of exquisite artwork. A tapestry of your soul. Circular combinations of your personality, behaviours, expression in the outer world and inner expression of your emotional inner world and of course the map of your soul mission purpose. There are layers and layers within each segment. But for the purposes of your remembering over the course of the next 28 days, we will keep your initial introduction to your soul map simple and streamlined.

We begin with the circle representation. The circle signifies your world. Just as the earth is a sphere, the sun a circle and the moon in full bloom is also a circle.

The circle is separated into 12 segments which we will discuss in deeper depth as we go. As your soul map circle encompasses the circular sun, we will begin with your sun sign. You are Aquarius as were born under the Aquarius star constellation on February 14th.

This day 1 of your next 28 days - lunar cycle begins today, on the Aquarius New moon. New moons are for new beginnings and now, we begin yours. New beginnings can only come only after endings, the both are interlinked, like the circle, no corners, no beginnings and no endings, eternal. A seamless circle of endings and beginnings.

On this new 28 day lunar cycle, new moon today on the 1st of February, we begin your

*circle cycle of the reclamation of
yourself, of your soul mission, of you.*

*Today is also Imbolc, which marks the
beginning of the return of the light.*

*Celebrating halfway between the winter
solstice and the Spring equinox.*

*Sun sign Aquarius energy is of friendly,
free spirited, idealistic and eccentric.*

*Hopeful, humanitarian and helpers. Aquarius
ruling planet is Uranus - a rebellion with
a cause energy. A fixed sign which also
loves freedom and with Aquarius energy -
always, always, expect the unexpected.*

*Aquarius the water carrier - an air sign
that carries the water - a combination of
both air and water...*

At this point my fountain pen started to

splutter. Something in writing the words in that last line had triggered something deep within me. *A combination of both air and water...* That line made me take a sharp intake of breath and I felt deep repressed emotions beginning to swell inside. Suppressed memories wanting to rise up through me like the tides.

Hawk eye Linda, of course didn't miss a trick.

"Air and water, they words have a deep meaning for you?"

"It just, they just, made something within me stir somehow."

"Fabulous, we will begin there then. Your soul work homework for today. Be beside air and water somewhere, breathe and be by the water. Listen to the whispers of the waves

with your heart and hear what she is truly saying."

"Is this my first lesson over Linda?"

I half laughed to steady myself and ground myself back into the groundings of the library, with its 50's music softly still playing in the background, as the 28 rows of volumes of books began to slowly come back into my awareness and into focus again.

"Yes it is. Now off you go, back down the spiral staircase to see the sea. I expect notes written in your journal for discussion points and I shall see you at the same time tomorrow, which will of course then, will be the now. Your journal and pen are yours to take and carry them with you at all times for any unexpected

notes to record as you go and remember, to always, always, expect the unexpected."

My eyes were pulled by the power and energy field, of my beautiful book, sitting almost glowingly, knowingly, on the desk, which of course Linda probably telepathically clocked instantly.

"Your book of your soul cannot ever be taken out from the library."

"A library that doesn't even let you borrow the books Linda?"

I laugh.

With that and with a stone face, Linda marched me to the top of the spiral stone staircase, stamping her little kitten heels and ushered me out the door.

Hairspray@SeaSpray

I found myself standing at my favourite beach, where all of my only good childhood memories lived. The beach where I would go on my holidays with my Nan every single year. No-one had any money to go abroad, it just wasn't even a thing then, but to come here, with our wee suitcases and magazines and our new holiday clothes on - (bring a pair of flip flops, pair of welly boots and an umbrella to your Scotland holiday, all weather eventualities covered for here, usually within the same hour.) We always rented out the same small white cottage every year. A short stroll from the beach and it was the most magical two weeks of each year. We would play in the sand making sandcastles, throw frisbees in the air to

each other, fly kites in the wonderful wind and splash our feet paddling in the water and just laugh and be free. My Mum and my Nan and I would come away together, for a fortnight just the three of us every year, during the school holidays. It was the only time I could ever remember seeing my Mum visibly looking relaxed and happy. It was the only time I could also ever remember feeling relaxed and happy myself as a child.

Standing here at the same sea now, as an adult, it washed up all kinds of emotions to me. I had been back once, for just a short day trip with my friend but apart from that I had never properly ever returned.

Linda said to listen to the waves with my

heart and too scared of her to not do my homework, I really felt as if I could actually hear the sea speaking to me with my heart. Washing up memories of my childhood in waves of emotions. The smell of the salty sea air transported me right back to the exact same sea air smell as a child. The seagulls barking away in the background, looking for someones fish supper to steal. Standing here at the same sea shore, decades later, my beautiful Nan now passed away, but I could sense her energy and spirit, in the wind and in the air, gently, lovingly, knowingly blowing in the breeze. She had physically brought me here all they years ago, year after year and now all these years later, she still brought me back here again. Standing here

by the same sea, I could still feel her presence, standing here beside me and with me.

I took a few steps backwards to our bench. Our bench where we had sat on together over the decades. The same bench where we had all laughed and cried together. The bench that was littered throughout our photo albums. A timelapse of memories made on this bench. Our annual obligatory holiday moment photograph throughout the years and across our three generations. Daughter, Mother, Grandmother, all at different ages and stages of life and all different degrees and versions of ourselves and of each other. I remembered an article I had read recently somewhere, stating that we were all ovary eggs within our Mother's

womb, whilst she was still within her Mother's womb, so are literally a part of our Ancestor Grandmother's flesh and blood and soul. I had no idea if this was factual truth, but it felt true to me. A part of me knew deep down inside me, that I was a living breathing part of her always.

"We are back on our bench Nan."

I whispered whilst salty tears slowly began to spill down my face. I knew this was the right poignant moment, here on our bench, to open my journal. Rummaging around in my ridiculously huge bag for my journal and pen, was inevitably an extremely long process, as I combed through the hairbrushes, hair toolkits, hair slides etc. No matter what size of bag I had, I could never ever seem to find a thing I was

actually looking for in there. Always a just incase, you just never knew when an emergency hair crisis might pop up for someone. I laughed when my big huge, heavy, bottle of hairspray fell out and began rolling towards the sea waves.

"Is that you looking for your hairspray Nan?"

I quietly mumbled and laughed to myself. Humour really is medicine for the soul. Thank goodness for a wee laugh at a persons life stories memories at a funeral. It was the only way anyone could make it through such a sombre scary day. A lighten in the mood of their lively life stories made them feel still partly alive, allowing a bit of space to breathe on such a heavy day for everyone.

Leaving my bag on the bench, I ran down towards the waves to retrieve my hairspray before it rolled straight into the sea. My tears of sadness suddenly turned into tears of laughter as I rushed to reach the tin can of hairspray before it was blown out to sea, laughing at the funniness of the situation. Knowing full well my Nan would be laughing if she could see this happening in the sea somewhere. Her pride and joy trademark hairspray swept out to her at our special place sea just seemed so funny to me and knew she would be like, 'yes Kelie, I still need my hair done by you somehow.'

Reaching to grab the hairspray, just at the exact second the tin can also touched the white frothy waves. As I grabbed it just the nick of time, with the wet water under

my feet and my fingers touched the watery
wet cold gentle waves, a warm energy of
love washed through me, filling my fingers
and hands with warmth. With the next soft
in rolling of the gentle waves that came
all the way from the Irish seas, I heard
it's welcoming incoming wave whisper softly
in my Nan's soft warm Irish tones. I heard
her voice say clearly.

"Remember."

REMEMBERING

If one more person today told me to remember... Remember, why did everyone keep telling me I needed to remember? Remember what exactly? Oh wouldn't it be great if I could actually remember what I was supposed to remember? Well I couldn't remember what it was I was to remember.

The waves frothiness began to change from gentle soft flow, to a stronger more powerful strength. At the same time I felt the powerful force of a deep core repressed memory arise up like a storm crash wave against jaggy rocks. Oh no. Here was an incoming memory that I most certainly did not want to remember rising up. I could feel its powerful force trying to over power me. Oh no, no, no, not this, please anything but this. The memory I had ran

(and swam) away from all my life. The memory I had tried to wash and drown away with alcohol. (Any addiction truly being a distraction, any way to get away from my mind, escapism getting out of my head on wine literally.) Pulled in distractions from my family's dramas - or actually busying myself in everyone else's dramas so I could distract myself away from this haunting memory that terrified the life out of me.

The lie I had always forever been running from, the lie I had been hiding from in any way shape or form I could, the lie that I no longer had the energy or strength to fight against anymore, the lie that was here with me now, in the light of day, just me and it, washed up to me from the force

of the sea. The lie that I had never ever wanted to go there ever again. The lie that stopped me having any relationship with any man, as I knew it would mean if I entered into any relationship, I would need to enter into this memory. The lie that had me frozen in time. The lie that had me frozen on ice. The lie that was now crystal clear as an ice cube that was staring me straight in the face. The lie I knew I had to now face and look right into like a crystal clear mirror. The lie that had became part of my identity as KELIE.

The 2nd half of my name, the 2nd half of myself. The 2nd part nobody could see but me. The 2nd inner subconscious invisible part of myself and of my soul, that I

couldn't, or wouldn't, even begin to understand or accept. Standing here at the water, where the lie had first begun, knowing deep down in my depths that it was now or never. Standing here, staring at the line where the sky met the sea, I knew it was now time to draw a line under this lie. On this new moon beginning, I decided right here and right now, it was now time, in the now, to fully face the lie, to truly face myself and to finally free myself, from myself.

Day 2

The golden bell tinkled as I opened the door to my day 2 library lesson. How could it have only been yesterday I had ever only first stepped foot into this place? It felt so familiar as if I'd been walking up this spiral staircase for years and years and that I had known the bold Linda, forever. I thought about how I'd even *found out* about this library at all. I really had to think as I couldn't remember, kind of like when you are trying to locate a memory and you don't know if it was a dream or actually happened. But I located the memory moment of when I found out about the library. It had been my final shift in the salon for January, before I finished for my months holiday. Utterly exhausted, emotionally and

physically and knew a good nights sleep and rest were needed. My final customer of the day was a new client. Normally always back to back booked with my regulars but there had been a cancellation and exactly two minutes after the cancellation call, a new request for an appointment call had came in to fill the spot. An elderly lady, who had the most glorious glowing skin had arrived in the chair asking for a simple blow-dry, which in all honestly was about all I could handle energy wise left in my tank. We of course chatted away and I'd told her I was stopping for my holidays and looking forward to having a wee rest and some down time. She had handed me an akashic library card, saying it was just the exact place for me and card containing all the details

of the address and location. We had laughed saying I had lived here all of my life and I had never, ever, been down that winding stone cobbled street, hidden tucked away, just off the Main Street. She laughed knowingly as if that wasn't the first time she had heard this line, encouraging me to go on my first day off work to get some new books to read over my holidays, which all had found me standing right here.

Little did I know though that borrowing books was actually out of the question from our non-lending library librarian Linda. I wound and wound and wound back up the staircase, feeling that familiar feeling of time and distance energy changing, as though I had both travelled backwards in time with the 50's music still playing,

whilst also stepping into my future with my soul book, all at once.

There she was, sitting behind her desk, red blazer on, red lipstick on, an even deeper shade of red than yesterday. The reddest of red huge nail extensions. Right now, did this woman actually get new nails every night to match her outfits? She was a powerhouse, a pure and utter powerhouse.

"Keline, welcome back to the library."

Said the Lady in Red.

"I came back and I did my homework."

I laughed. Oh my goodness I felt like a child back at school, with a slightly scary powerful Headteacher in front of me.

Linda stood up to reveal (yes red kitten heels) with a red power suit on. Head to toe in red, matching nails and lipstick.

Matching *exact same shade of red* which we all know is impossible, but not for this woman. Nothing was impossible for this woman she radiated an - I AM Possible aura. She was actually quite breathtaking, in a scary, can't breathe kind of way.

"We begin as we mean to go on. Please take a seat at the table beside my desk." Said Linda, authourativly.

Taking a seat at the table quickly beside her desk, I got the drill.

On the table beside the desk was a small glass vase with a beautiful single white flower and a beautiful small glass, shaped like a V with a gold handle and a jug of iced water with lemon.

Linda's desk, of course clutter free, had only her scales and my beautiful book upon

it. My heart surged when I saw my book. I was so magnetically drawn to it, wanting to scoop it right up and cuddle it into my heart, to draw it's love and energy into myself.

Linda's red aura glow, put a stop to me actually doing that, like a red traffic light.

"So Kelie, we begin as always in the beginning, in the now. First I would like you to discuss your soul work homework findings and then we will move forward from there, into our day two teaching together.

If you would please like to take out your journal and pen."

I did as I was instructed.

"Please begin with your day 1 transcribing of my teachings."

Linda's red kittens returned back to behind her desk smoothly, like a red smooth top end expensive car that you would be too scared to touch in a car store, never mind ever to even think about test driving.

"OK Linda, well I don't actually even know where to begin, so I will just begin. As I am not sure what to say except, except."

My voice began to already crack with emotion and I had just sat down. On the table was a red box of tissues. Where had they come from? They were not there a moment ago and I hadn't seen Linda carry them over, though they would match her outfit so maybe she had and just colour coordinated blended in.

Taking a tissue, I dabbed my false eyelashes, which were heavily glued secured

so no issue with them crying off down my face. Which was just aswell as Linda would be appalled by that.

"I just, feel that it has only been one day, only 24 hours and so much has happened within that time and space, that I can't even begin to get my head around. I went to the water, to my favourite safe space and I looked at the skyline where the air meets the sea like you said and it was so emotional. I felt things rising that I didn't want to feel, but also know that I do have to feel, to let it all go. Honestly I heard my Nan's voice. Her actual literal voice speak to me and she said the same thing as you kept saying to me too, to remember."

With that, a huge burst of emotion poured

out and I began sobbing and shaking and no longer even had the capacity to care about Linda's probable judgement of my tears.

There was silence. There was space. There was stillness.

I had expected a response from Linda, but nothing.

Time stood still. Tears flowed. Tissues were issued.

Silence remained. Space breathed. Stillness stayed.

Emotions were witnessed. Emotions were released.

Emotions were honoured. Emotions were let go.

Feelings were validated, feelings were present.

Feelings were present, feelings were held.

Memories were acknowledged. Memories were remembered.

All of this happened within me, in an instant. In the now.

Glancing over at her desk to make sure she was actually still there, as she hadn't uttered a word or a sound. But yes, she was there, sitting as still as a (red) mouse, not moving and hadn't moved, a red heeled inch.

It took a moment for me to return back to the present moment, the table with the single flower vase and jug of water came back into my focus.

Looking around the library, the 28 volumes rows of books in the distance came back into my awareness and I remembered where I was, in this magical library that had such

a deep powerful energy that I couldn't even begin to describe, that there maybe wasn't even actually the words for. No words to describe the library. But all I knew was something had just happened in that moment, in this library, to me and through me and I felt calm, I felt safe, I felt loved, I felt held.

Transmissions@Soulmissions

“Take a sip of water.”

The red still quiet mouse said. She was back.

I did as I was told, again. Pouring the iced cool, cold water into the glass, a slice of ice and lemon gently dropped into the glass. It was at the only sound in the silence and the only movement in the stillness. Sipping the soothing water slowly, regaining myself, back to the here and now, from wherever I had just been.

“Water, no matter in whatever shape or form, or in whichever properties, will always, always, always return you, back to you.”

Whispered Linda from the desk, as quietly as a mouse.

This was good, good advice and my soul said yes, you 're right, it does.

Feeling returned to myself, I turned to face Linda, to feel my feelings.

"Linda, I feel like something that I can't explain or put into words just happened there."

"Keline, you are in the Akashic library.

Words are much much more than words, words are energy vibrations, words, like water, can heal the soul. Words have a frequency vibration. Just like the frequency of water, words heal in their frequency tone.

Spoken words, thought words, written words, read words, poetry, literature, fiction, fact, are all transmissions of energy at various degrees. Words of wisdom, of kindness, of love, heal emotions embodied

in the body. Books are eternal beings.

Books are living breathing beings. Books are alive. Books are life."

Sipping my water, in silence, I felt Linda's words of wisdom wash over me. There was such a deep truth to her words, that I could only breathe them in. Swallowing my water, I swallowed down Linda's truth bomb too. Books were not just beings, books were actually *alive*?

"Books are written on paper. Paper comes from trees. Trees are living breathing beings. Sacred ancient wisdom was written on clay tablets. Tablets unearthed from the earth, filled with life's minerals and alive. Sacred stones written words to be breathed in, not just read with the eyes. To be *felt* in the body wisdom. To be

transmissioned throughout the soul.”

This word *transmission* felt very powerful, like it was the first word seen in big bold letters, jumping out me, like during a word search puzzle.

“I feel really drawn to this word *transmission* you keep using Linda. I don’t know why, but something about it feels powerful somehow.”

“Excellent, so we begin there then with your Day 2 Soulwork homework for today. Open your journal and begin to transcribe.” I dutifully did, of course.

Today, for my soul work homework, I will listen with my heart, not my ears. I will feel everyones words to me. I will feel the energy vibrations all around me. I will

feel the transmissions from books, from water, from people, from nature, from everything around me. I will listen with my heart and soul and see what I sense within my body wisdom. I will feel the vibrations as energy transmissions and in turn, feel my true mission arise within me at the same too.

I breathed in Linda's words I had just written in my beautiful journal. Linda's powerful words which were, actually a transmission in their self. Transmissions on the shelf? Was my soul book a transmission in itself? As if reading my thoughts telepathically. (Most probably.) Linda called me over to her desk, where my beautiful book was placed in the centre.

"I feel like a child at school coming up to your desk to show you my spelling test results."

Cue nervous high pitched laughter. Anything to break the ice. Nope. The ice cubes were still frozen in my glass.

"Spelling test? You know the saying, words are spells?"

(I didn't.)

"Yes Linda."

(Living right up to that liar title right again.)

"Words are spells as words generate energy. They have the power to help and to heal if used correctly and for the right intentions. Setting a positive intention to pay attention to your use of words to yourself is the very beginning. How do you

speak to yourself internally Kelie? Are you being kind or critical to yourself? You are 70 percent water and your water molecules cells are listening to every single word you speak to yourself. Which energy vibration field are you creating within yourself as you think your thoughts every single moment of every single day Kelie? Are you creating kind spells of love within yourself, to yourself, from yourself? Words are life, words are clusters of atoms of energy. Can you cluster a conversation of love within your inner world, which radiates out in your aura, touching others with your energy waves of love and light?"

No words. None. Zero. No crap jokes response. Nothing. Just simply silence and actually I really was *feeling her words*,

not simply listening with my ears, then interpreting their meaning, filtering through my mind.

"As water is filtered through a water filter to be purified. Are you filtering and purifying your thoughts too? To cleanse and allow loving thoughts of loving vibrations to flow through you like a river?"

Linda gently, but also unexpectedly touched my hands and took them into her own hands. Her hands were really warm, really really warm.

"Hands can heal. Through writing wisdom words. Through touching another with loving vibrations. Through hugs. Through creating art. Through creating anything. Your hands allow the love to flow out from your heart

out into the world around you. To give and receive love, in balance. Now, place your hands on your soul book. The front cover. No need to open the pages. Just place your hands on and feel it speak to you."

Linda placed my hands gently on the book, on my book. I closed my eyes.

Taking a big deep breath, I cleared my mind, like Linda said.

I focused on my breath, one breath at a time. One breath in, one breath out. One breath in, one breath out. One breath in, one breath out. Giving and receiving, giving and receiving, giving and receiving, in balance.

Pressing my fingers gently on the front cover, it felt like the velvet softness of a carpet beneath my fingertips. Tracing the

gold calligraphic writing with my
fingertips and with my eyes closed, but I
began see the letters appear in my mind. I
could see the gold lettering in my mind
now, my third eye?

Kelie, nous 28 with the gold glittering
shining, illuminating luminescently. I
could feel the warmth of love from Linda's
hands, I could feel the warmth of love from
the book, my book, begin to radiate through
me, from my third eye area, down through my
face, through my throat, through my heart,
through my stomach, my navel, my thighs, my
knees , my shins, feet and out my toes. My
full body, head to toe, wrapped in a warm
sea of love within me. Every cell, organ,
bone, muscle, piece and part of my body,
was in peace.

The energy of love of my book was transmitting to me and through me. With my eyes still fully closed, my third eye, mind's eye was fully open. My physical eyes remained closed, but my third eye remained wide awake.

In my minds eye, I could fully see my front cover. The gold edged pages began to glow in goodness, radiating and emitting and emanating golden light, like the rays from the sun. Connecting deeply with its regal power and realising the gold edges were actually made of real gold. It's power got deeper and deeper at the same time my body felt lighter and lighter. As though I was transcending my body and transcending into the pages, all at once.

In my heart I heard words repeating over

and over and over again.

Once upon a time, Once upon a time, Once upon a time.

Faintly the words drowned out into the background and I could hear again the 50's music softly swaying in the background, Then quietly further away in the distance, the words, in the same rhythm and pattern of once upon a time rhyme. I felt the words in my heart now say.

Now is the time, Now is the time, Now is the time.

I breathed in their meaning and knew, fully now was the time. Breathing in the now, the golden pages, opened to display a rainbow of the purest golden light. Golden light energy breathed into my heart and radiated through my soul.

In a mixture of awe and amazement, I now, in the now, knew, that my book wasn't just a living breathing being. (As if that wasn't already enough to take in.)

I realised with an incredulous breath and belief, that my book, was actually, a portal.

Linda pinged her scales golden bell like a mini clock tower. Was it closing time? Did this library even exist in space and time as I had not clue of time, with in clock time and in linear time, feeling actually in the presence of the past and the present and the future, all simultaneously at once. Feeling myself return to the present, sensing the vase of water on the table and my feet fully back grounded in the library with Linda's desk at my feet.

"Time to find your way to begin your day
two soul work homework. Listen to your
heart and it will guide you to where you
need to be and what you need to see."

Said Linda, authoritatively as ever. Before
I had even blinked I was standing at the
edge of the staircase again, ready to be
ushered back down, down, down, they
spirals.

"See you tomorrow for day three."

And with a spin on one heel like a poised
ballerina, she was off.

Map @ Pneumonia

Pneuma - Greek meaning for breath/spirit or soul

Finding myself back at my beach again, ready to listen with my heart. Ready to maybe for the first time in my life, actually listen to my heart. Thoughts for my day 2 soul work homework, with my birth chart clearly in my mind, the map of my soul began swimming around my mind. It got me questioning every big experience in my life so far. Was it all really for a higher purpose? Was it truly all for a bigger reason to remember?

Thoughts of the biggest marking moments of my life began pouring in. All my momentous moments, were forever infinitely connected to water.

The birthing moment, the almost drowning moment, the pneumonia moment. The moment I had a life or death experience where my path in this life felt for once, out of my hands and out of my first born daughter's control freak grasp and control. As I had been lying hooked up to a ventilator with oxygen and protein powder pumped into my physical body, keeping me alive, for the first time in my life, at age 11, I realised for the first time that my body had always been breathing itself. My heart had been beating without me having to control it. Who or what was breathing me?

Now as an adult I could reflect and understand that a combination of water and protein powder - liquid crystal water, had been keeping me in this physical plane.

Water had enabled my organs to continue breathing and being - water keeping me within this world again.

As an adult I had searched the root meaning of the word pneumonia and found it to relate. The Greek word Pneuma - pronounced in English as numa, which meant breath and also spirit or soul. Was the breath the soul? Was my soul breathing my body? Was my soul disconnecting from me and that was why my breath was restricted? Or was it the other way around? Had my own disconnection with my physical body, resulted in my soul unable to connect with me too? I questioned whether reconnecting with my body would allow me to also reconnect with my soul.

From my healing from pneumonia, my

parents had pushed me into going swimming to get fitter and healthier and stronger to recover. They knew I had always loved and been obsessed with water as a child. Very quickly I became a champion swimmer and won a variety of medals across school swim events. But I hated competitions and stopped entering as soon as I started collecting medals and trophies. People all assumed it was due to my deep shyness and an inner low self confidence that stopped and blocked me from entering any competitions and taking it all any further. But nothing could have been further from the truth. I had never allowed myself to enter because deep down at my depths I didn't have a fear of losing, I had a fear of winning. I knew I would win every single

event I entered, no matter the age or stage of the competition, and it was too risky. I held a deep secret that I didn't want anyone to ever find out. A secret that both excited and terrified me. A secret and super power I had only found out after the pneumonia incident, after I began to take up swimming. A secret I did not even allow myself to begin to understand as I knew even then, when I looked further into it I was going to unravel something that would be too big, too huge, to even begin to understand. I didn't even have anyone to tell as no-one would understand and everyone in my life were too locked into their own minds world of their addictions and problems.

Focusing my time and energy on my

family's dramas took up mostly all of my energy and focus as a child. As a first born child and first born daughter, I had the natural role of being a mother to my parents and to everyone. Childhood basically skipped straight to adulthood, the nurturer for the un-nurtured. Not for once, ever, stopping to see that my own self was included within that un-nurtured category. Swimming was my outlay. Swimming was my freedom for the soul. Underwater I didn't need to listen to anyones dramas, or screaming, or fighting, or shouting. Underwater, I didn't need to be on my normal go to, high alert constant listening and scanning for potential threats and dangers every minute of every single hour. Always on autopilot, full alertmode, for

any empathetic energy changes, meaning that I would naturally need to intervene and fix or sort or delay or stop any fighting from happening. I would lock myself in the bathroom and remain under water in the bath as it was the only escapism safe space I had in my home. The only place in my home I would be left alone. Water took my forever heavy bags of weight of worry from me. Swimming gave me a safe place to truly breathe and be. Water was my only true friend. Except the secret was that I actually wasn't breathing and being. I could swim underwater without breathing at all. I could swim in soul stillness in lengths and lengths underwater without taking one single physical breath. I wasn't breathing and being. I was simply just

being. To be or not to be? Underwater I chose to be, to be fully me, to fully be with me, and water chose me to be with her too.

Swimming saved my soul. With the only issue being, that I had to remember to pretend I wasn't that good of a swimmer, which was tiresome. Running commentary, constantly, mentally reminding myself to tell my body to come up for air every few strokes, so no-one noticed anything amiss.

Once, I was so deeply in stillness, I almost slipped up for a moment. I was in my full swim zone and it felt even deeper connection and for a split second, forgot myself. In that single breath stroke moment of lapses, a different timeline opened up. A timeline of fear. In the stillness,

unbeknown to me, a new lifeguard had been watching me and noticed that I had been underwater for naturally human being level of far too long. Diving in to rescue and "save me." He was only doing his (new) job and trying to help me, seizing an opportunity to put all his purpose and life safety training into action. What actually happened though of course although he couldn't and wouldn't ever be able to comprehend, was that in his attempt to save me, he actually drowned me. By realising my near miss of momentarily lapse of concentration, a deep huge mistake of almost being caught in my secret, was almost washed up to the world. I vowed, in that moment of fear of almost being firstly fully seen, at age 15, I vowed never to

swim again. The poor lifeguards fright on his face when he saw that I was indeed perfectly fine. Not half drowned as he had expected, was enough to remind me of the potency of my power. I knew, I had always knew there was something deeply powerful within me. I had seen that exact same shocked look within many retinas - mostly of my parents, who also knew there was something different and powerful about me and they were both fearful of it and of me too. I despised that look of fear in another's eyes towards me, especially when I knew I was good. Not understanding why anyone could be or would be afraid of goodness? Especially when I deeply understood the fear of the dark within others through my own exposure to darkness

and violence. But I could never even begin to understand why a fear of the light and of the good, could be even more scarier than that of the dark to others? Why was this? Why did people, especially people who supposedly loved me, fear the goodness they could see and feel from me? Did they not want to potentially face their own light? Were they also too afraid of their powers of light within them?

That poor soul, lovely lifeguard had tried to save my life. Sacrificed his own self in that moment, yet somewhere within me, I knew that without meaning to, I had hurt him in some way as he felt he had made a mistake in his heroic tale of trying to save me.

Afterwards, I always wondered, by

blocking my own light in that moment, also without meaning to - did I also block his own light? He deserved the glory of saving me, my thank you for saving my life. Yet as he looked at me, his brain confusingly searched for why I was not in any shape or form distressed and in natural rhythm mode, from being underwater for far too long than was naturally possible. I saw his instant thoughts change into - he must have made a mistake. His doubting of himself instantaneously written all over his face.

I was trying to be a hero. He was telling himself. The first day of lifeguard training and the first thing you are taught is don't try and be the hero. Day one of his new job and he would probably be sacked for trying to be the hero he was

worryingly, telling himself. The poor soul.

It ached me to look at his pain stricken face. From that very moment that became my coping mechanism for the rest of my life. I ran. I ran away from any emotions that overwhelmed me. I ran away from any emotions that made me feel uncomfortable. I ran away from any people, places or things that tried to get too close to me. I ran away from people who tried to make the mistake of thinking they could understand me. I ran from the people who tried to make the mistake of thinking they could love me or even worse thinking that I could or would be able to love them back in return. From running to swimming. Both metaphorically and physically. Both behaviours that served the same purpose.

Were we all walking lighthouses that as we actually remembered our own light and lit ourselves up, we then also give others their soul permission to shine their lighthouse lights too? Maybe, perhaps he didn't actually let me drown that fateful day, but maybe he did save me in another way that he would never know or understand. As my stoppage of swimming, kept me safe in the dark, where I so longed to be. Underwater, unseen, like the darkness, colourless, sea at night. Until life had threw me this lifeline rope, anchoring me back to myself, guided back by the moonlight in the darkest night of the soul, sky and sea night, reminding me of that there was more to remember. That maybe now I was brave enough to go there, to the

deepest darkest depths of my soul. To reach they parts that I had mentally, physically and emotionally pushed down, shut down, never allowing myself to speak of or even ever think of again, until now.

The soul call was now too loud, too strong, the suffering was now too heavy to be silenced any second longer. Knowing now, fully and deeply within my heart and soul, that it was now or never. It was time to uncover my truth, it was time to unlock and to truly understand my secret, it was time to remember and meet my soul, it was time to remember and meet myself.

Pneumonia@Ammonia

From pneumonia to ammonia. Following the frightful fright of almost revelation of my forever secret almost unfolding to the world, a decision was made in that moment. As I had made up my mind there and then that swimming was forever off the menu, I needed a new escapism outlet. I was in my final year of school at that time and I could not wait to leave. Being shy and socially awkward and every day at school I felt an overwhelming need to escape and run away from the tuna tin can I was being forced into every day. Although it did also paradoxically offered a place of safety within the routine which gave me a sense of peace from the constant chaos and unpredictability of my home environment.

Yet in my gut I never ever felt that peace anywhere. I knew there was a piece of me missing somewhere. I knew I had abandoned a piece of myself in the pool that day but that was now gone. Locked away in a memory in my mind somewhere, wherever the past memories go. Locked away with a golden key saying never to be unlocked. To keep myself in the safety comfort zone. To stay safe somehow in this world that I did not understand. To stay in the noise and the busyness and the fastness when all my body mind and soul craved was the calmness and stillness I could only ever find within water. But I knew it had to be done. So I left school there and then too. No more questions asked about my swimming by anyone anymore. Allowing myself to slip quietly

unnoticed into the world of work. Knowing I would be able to earn some money for myself to buy nice clothes and the only other thing that I enjoyed or was any good at, was doing my hair and doing others hairs. I loved spending time drying my long flowing blonde hair shaping it into all shapes and patterns. I loved blowdrying my Mum and Nan's hair as I could sense and feel their mind relax and slow down as I gently washed and styled their hair. I loved the look in their eyes when they looked at their self in the mirror and they saw their transformation reflected back to them. I loved the light in their eyes and the glow of happiness that would shine from their faces when they saw their shiny sleek new hair in the mirror. My Nan was obsessed

with hairspray and would knock us all out with the overpowering scent of hair lacquer as you walked through her front door, which would always make me smile. Anytime I smelt the same scent of her hairspray I would be transported back in a portal to her in some way. It would come in wafts and waves of love to me in moments I needed it most and it was the most comforting scent and memory of my childhood. So I decided there and then I would train to qualify as a hairdresser. I would still be surrounded in water and be able to help many people feel the same way by giving them the gift of hair transformations and of looking at their self in the mirror with love.

Yet on the journey I had no idea of the transformation that would also take place

within me and this soul self learning could never be measured in a certificate scroll, yet had so much more powerful meaning. Much more than acquiring letters after my name signed by some stranger to say I had achieved something in the world. I actually acquired meaning and purpose of my soul path, on a much deeper level than any profession in the world.

In the salon I worked for, appropriately named Mermaidz Metamorfizziz. (We gave them a complimentary glass of fizz.) The free fizz was actually a hit or a miss. Everyone knows that your hair stylist is one step down from a counsellor. Sometimes the free fizz opened a channel flow of emotions that no-one was expecting, including who was actually sleeping with who and all sorts of

revelations.

It was in the communication flow - that the biggest transformation took place within me. Allowing my to express myself for the first time in my life creatively. With my hands I could create ways to make others happy. It made mes so happy be able to make others happy. I saw the reflection of others beauty, I could see how happy and lighter and free-er they felt having their hair polished and shined like a star.

'Your hair is your uniform you wear every day.'

I would say and I meant it. Also the many emotional moments with our hair we shared together- including losing hair from illness. Sisters in solidarity shaving their hair together moments in acts of

love. Dramatic break up hair chops and the dreaded statement.

“I just want a wee fringe cut in.”

(Note to future self - you do not ever ever want to do this. You will like it for one day, literally one day only, the day it has been blow dried by your stylist and then you will automatically spend every single day later, kirbie griping it to the side as you are just - ‘growing it out.’ In a word - Don’t.)

Seconds@Swans

Wandering along the coastline, with all of these past life events memories swirling in my mind, I looked for a sign. I listened with my heart, well tried to listen to my heart, whilst trying to understand what listening with my heart actually even meant. The mesmerising waves crashed on the rocks and reminded me of the power of life force energy flow. The momentum behind each wave as it rolled up and crashed to the surface took my breath away. It made me feel alive. I could also feel the same energy arising within me too. As within, so without. The sky was grey and dull and misty, hardly a soul to be seen. Only a few dedicated dog walkers out in the rain and a couple with their young child who was

splashing in their rainbow coloured welly boots.

Walking to the sea shore shallow entrance where the swans dutifully gathered, I stopped for a second to see the swans. I re-met the swans at the swans sanctuary again. After all this time, swans still remained here and as I was as enchanted by them as an adult as I had been then as a child. Still taken aback by their beauty and grace. So utterly beautifully brilliantly white, like a new white wall coat of paint. How did they keep themselves so preened and beautiful? And of course as we all know, swans mate for life. I sighed at the beauty and meaning of that truth, so romantic. Swans met in the sea somewhere and love at first sight

happened as they both thought yep, that's us now together forever. Both met at the exact same time and place and space in the wild sea wilderness and they just both knew. No dating apps required in the sea. No swan swiping.

"Is his neck elongated enough?

Nah swipe past.

"Are her feathers more ruffly than desired?"

None of that superficial shell swiping.

Real romantic love at first sight.

Remaining together, forever, throughout all of the real storms they faced. I was in awe of their romance. They themselves chose to come to this quietly beautiful sanctuary and would actively swim here themselves from the wild sea to live here. Date

nights? They were totally in forever love.

I remembered as a child , one time I saw the male swan protect his love when a dog got too close. Pure protectiveness for his love. Puffed out chest and saying in all levels of communication to the dog - beat it pal. It was utterly beautiful. He was heroic and radiating pure main character energy. Male swan one/won, dog nil. I liked his style. Looking after his love. I needed this type of love in my life.

A woman appeared draped in layers and layers of clothing, like big double duvets wrapped all around her. Wearing a multicoloured scarf around her neck and a rainbow of layers of colours and variety of floaty materials. I had been so engrossed in my thinking of swan swiping that I

hadn't even noticed or felt her approach. I jumped out my skin.

"Sorry child, I did not mean to scare you."

She whispered in a hushed tone.

"Oh no, it's OK, I was just having a wee moment with the wee swans saying hello."

Turning to look at me directly in the eyes, her piercing blue eyes were the bluest I had ever seen. Like the colour of the clearest blue aqua sea you see in the magazines that you cannot believe are real. I wondered if they were coloured contact lenses but I guessed most likely not. I suspected they were eyes of pure truth somehow, oceans from the soul.

"Swans really are so gorgeously graceful. Messengers of the divine."

She said mystically. Whilst either saying this to me or looking right through me, I wasn't quite sure of which.

"Are they?"

I stammered. Quite unsure of how to respond correctly to that mystical statement.

Her attention was now fully focused on me. I could feel that same energy shift thing happening again.

"In tarot the lovers card resents the astrological sign of Gemini. The twins. Relationship with self and others. Lovers. Soul mates. Swans."

"Oh."

Was all I could reply. The woman was now radiating Linda-esque energy. My words became lost in translation again as I do

whenever the bold Linda was around.

“Somewhere deep within us, we are all looking for that same level of love too. That’s why we are so drawn to swans. Their grace and beauty and their commitment of love is our deepest soul wish somewhere within us all too. The swans reflect that back to us as water reflects and mirrors our emotions too.”

Wow. I wondered if this woman could maybe read my soul. Was she was psychic? I knew this was my sign happening as soon as she spoke.

“Yes, I think so too.”

I said as a few soft tears began rolling silently down my face, unexpectedly to me.

Her face softened. Definitely not Linda then.

"Ah child, healing waters. Let your body release they emotions that your subconscious mind is feeling, before your analytical mind jumps in and critiques you for having feelings! You are a human not a robot! You are supposed to feel, it's all part of the human experience. Your heart wishes for this type of love and not having it makes your heart sad in some way. That's why the tears come. Your soul is crying and the healing waters are allowing your body and soul to express it's feelings, without your minds judgement."

Well wow again. I had payed a small fortune for a small 6 week block of therapy and never had anything been so clearly defined and explained to me. I was just staring speechlessly at her, listening

intently to her wisdom.

"The wisdom of water teaches us the power of going with the flow of life. That nothing stays the same. It is always flowing always changing. No matter the storms or the seas these swans stay together through all."

"Oh my goodness you are so so right."

As I tried to control my uncontrollable sobs, the beautiful rainbow dressed woman gave me the most wonderful warmest wordless hug, which instantly soothed and calmed my soul.

"Let the tears come and trust that after the storm always comes a rainbow. Remember to always look for the rainbow after the rain and trust as the swans always find their mate, so too, will you."

Blowing me a kiss, she disappeared out of sight and out of existence, yet her words would stay with me forever. The healing power of her words and wisdom from a kind stranger, would live on within me forever.

Gathering myself again I gasped out loud. Right there, in the sky, above the swans, was the most vibrantly beautiful rainbow I had ever seen. Every single colour stood out so beautifully boldly covering what seemed like the whole sky above me. Did this rainbow woman actually create this rainbow for me? Was it a serendipitous sign at the perfect time?

My sign of the day, given a rainbow blessing of hope from a stranger.

"So too, will you."

Day 3

Climbing up the stairwell, the same sense of spiralling into another dimension began tinglingly spiralling up through my body, from my toes, shins, calves, thighs, torso, chest, shoulders, neck and face to the tip of the crown of my head. I had returned. So had the powerhouse, today dressed toe to crown in bright luminous yellow. A cat suit. With matching accompanying butter yellow cardigan and, and, wait for it, mini sunflowers on her nail extentions. Actual mini sunflowers like wee teeny tiny tattoos. Who was this woman honestly, I wanted to be her when I grow up. I looked down at my dreary leggings and grey T shirt combo and realised I needed to bring some colour energy back into my life. I

remembered I used to love wearing colours and fancy coloured lacy underwear, just for me, but different daily colours to match my mood like a wee mood ring and realised sadly, I had lost that part of myself somewhere along the line, where did she go?

"Welcome to day three Kelie. Please take a seat by the desk."

On the table today where bright yellow sunflowers to match her nails. They looked so happy, as if they were smiling facing towards Linda's ray of sunshine suit. Beside My usual glass and vase of lemon water.

"Linda, I must say you are looking particularly, well radiant today."

I wondered what age she must be and actually had no clue at all. You know how

some people just have that ageless timeless look? Well she had it whatever it was. I wondered if she had had any work done but of course would be too terrified to ask her this. Speaking of terrified, I was actually terrified of all of the face injections trend myself. Each to their own, and maybe one day I would change my mind but I was mentally scarred from it all from once in the salon we had a newly trained member of staff who began doing the procedures.

On the first day, she came out her room with an empty box of needles and proudly said.

"These needles have been injecting self esteem into folk's faces today!"

Upon looking at the empty needles box I felt empty inside. I knew all of the girls

who had went in that day for all of the sessions. All beautiful, gorgeous and lovely girls but who just didn't feel good enough about their self for lots of different personal reasons, that I had the privilege of knowing, from their shared trust, whilst being their stylist over the years. My client, who at the time I had been tonging her hair, an older lady, had sniffed and said.

"All these youngsters injecting their faces because they pure love theirselves."

My heart had hurt, as I knew that was actually the complete opposite of why the girls were getting these injections, or plastic surgery or whatever, it wasn't because they loved themselves, it was because they did *not* love themselves, that

they felt they needed this to enhance their own natural beautiful, bountiful, beauty.

(Of course I said nothing to her remark, swallowed down my words and burned my finger on the tongs.)

"Thank you Kelie. Yellow is the solar plexus colour. The colour of strength, power, courage. Yellow and sunflowers bring a happy, positive, brand new energy and I felt that yellow, was the colour to bring today."

Colour therapist now too, this woman was wonderful. Terrifying but wonderful.

"So tell me about your yesterday's soul work homework please before we begin today's session for day 3."

"Well I mean, where do I even begin? A lot of old memories resurfaced. I met a

woman at the swan sanctuary, who told me about the power of two, the power of love, about healing waters, tarot cards, and she maybe even created an actual rainbow for me. So all in all, to summarise, a lot happened."

Linda, stared in her sunny outfit and somehow seemed to glow a bit brighter like the actual sun. I even sensed a bit of warmth from her personality radiating too, but you know, I didn't want to get too ahead of myself.

"The rainbow is a prime example of the importance of colour energy. It is also a deeply symbolic ancient wisdom sign. The rainbow only appears after the rain and the storm. After the tears that are transmuted from life storms. A rainbow is a sign of

new beginnings, which you encountered during your now, current new beginning currently taking place within you."

Well, that was also beautiful that I had to gulp back some tears, whilst gulping down my glass of water on the table. Some tears that weren't of sadness, it felt like tears of beauty, in a way which I didn't even have the terminology words to describe.

"The woman also told you about the importance of the number two, on your day 2 of soul work homework. Do you think that was a coincidence?"

I blinked, twice. I really didn't know how to answer that, so I gulped on my water, again.

"The moon changes astrological signs

every two to two and a half days. A new sign change, a new energy is reflected upon your energetic field vibrational frequency. Which is a perfect time to now begin our new energy for our day 3 dictation. Please open your journal and begin."

The moon is tidally locked to the sea. Her divine feminine energies both wax and wane just like our emotions do too. The moon is beginning to move from her new moon phase to waxing crescent phase, which means she is beginning to get a bit bigger and brighter from all the new beginnings shifts currently taking place. Take all of your current new beginnings learnings from only the past few days and see what is beginning to rise within you. What do you feel is beginning to stir up new exciting emotions

*for you and what are you wishing to now
begin to begin?*

I re-read what I had written as it was a lot to take in. There was so much newness rising to the surface for me that it was so much to take it all in.

Linda broke the silence, like a morning sunrise in her yellow.

“Time to spend a moment with your soul book for todays soul guidance.”

Stepping over to her desk and it was as if my beautiful book just appeared beside the scales. Had it been there this whole time? Normally I have sensed it's presence or felt it in someway. Only now did I feel it's power call me back to it, energetically glowing and pulling me in.

I placed my hands on the soft blue velvet

and felt instantly entranced. The heat in my hands warmed and rose through each finger, warming up through my hands, up my arms, past my elbows, through my shoulders and down, deep deep down into my heart. Connecting and binding us both together as one.

I closed my eyes.

I breathed my book in.

I breathed in and out, in and out, in and out.

I felt my book's pulse beat in the same heartbeat rhythm.

In and out, in and out, in and out.

We were one.

In sync.

In rhythm.

In harmony.

Stillness surrounded me.

Energy surrounded me.

I breathed in from my heart.

I realised I now truly was, listening
with my heart.

I heard the words speak through my heart
as the narrator.

"Return to your water. Your newness is
being washed up to you and for you. Let her
cleanse you, let her wash you with her love
and let her remind you of who you truly
are."

The book went cold. My hands went cold.
The energy went cold. I knew, that today's
transmission time was now over.

Opening my eyes, I saw that I had already
closed my book and placed it back on the
desk beside the scales, without even

realising that I had did that. Almost like when you drive somewhere and somehow you don't really remember the full journey, but knew you had reached the destination, so you must have.

Linda gently pinged the scales with her sunflower nails and I felt returned back to the library, from wherever journey I had just taken.

"I have to return to the water."

I mustered, whilst grounding myself back in the present. Feeling my feet on the floor. Sensing Linda's lovely yellow ensemble again.

"Perfect. Lovely day for ducks or swans. See you tomorrow."

With a yellow flash like lightning, in lightening speed, I was back being

spiralled back down, down, down, out of the front door with a tinkle bell. On my way to the water, as if the tides were carrying me.

Disco@Divining

Back at my water, I stood and breathed in the fresh sea air. So much had happened in only three days. I thought of my soulwork homework questions and how so much newness really was arising within me during this waxing crescent phase time. All of the new people I had met. The rainbow guru. Linda. Well she was a new main person in my life who had literally appeared out of thin air and now a main key part of all these new pieces beginning within and around me. As I pondered at a little rock pond at the shallow end of the sea shore, the energy shift in the air happened again.

The stillness, the silence. The seagulls silenced. The water was still as a sheet of ice. I knew a sign was about to happen and

I concentrated on focusing on my breath, to stay still and calm and open and ready for whatever was about to come through. A deep sense of peace washed over me and through me.

All alone on the small sandy beach, watching the yellowy, golden, amber gold sun begin to set across the skyline. It took my breath away every day, it was different every single day. Today it felt like a glowing torch, shining guiding light on me, on my body, my face, my skin, my soul. Closing my eyes to feel it's warm rays and breathe them in, I felt myself deepen into a meditative state, peace pouring from my pores.

I opened my eyes and there they were, right here in front of me, only metres away

from me in the water. Three dolphins, three, *wild dolphins*, with me in the Scottish sea. Holding my breath, as I knew I was going to squeak out loud, like a child in pure joy and happiness. (My inner child was inner squeaking inside.)

Circling together they swam in a circle aligning together. With a huge whoosh, one at a time, they leapt into the air, leaping out of the circle to jump over one another. Three leaps, three jumps, three tricks. They were disco dancing to the beat of the delta sound waves. I listened with my heart. I could hear and feel their synchronised rhythm. I could feel it synchronising my own heartbeat rhythm. My heart could feel their three heartbeats. Could they somehow feel mine too? Did they

sense my arrival on the seashore at the sunrise? I knew without any doubt their dolphin disco showcase had been pre-planned for my eyes only. Dancing, splashing, laughing, smiling, they were loving putting on their special show for me. I knew, that they knew, that I as an audience of one, was utterly enthralled and in awe of them. Their radiant beauty, pure love echoed through the waves and into my ears and into my heart. They were so happy, so joyously happy. So wild and free, they oozed freedom and emitted the highest vibration frequencies of the purest most beautiful unconditional love.

Serendipitously in the sea. They had a message for me, I could feel it in my soul. This wasn't just a sign now - it was a soul

calling. Wild dolphins in Scottish waters coming to find me? I couldn't even find the dolphins when I had previously went to the zoo! Now in the wild wilderness, they had *intentionally* found me. I knew in my heart, without any doubt, that their beautiful artistic dance dolphin disco dance display on was only for me. They had found me, disco danced in the sea, to me and for me. My heart was so full of pure love and joy that tears of pure love and joy flowed and poured straight out of my eyes. It was the most magical, mystical moment of my life.

Day 4

I flew open the tinkle bell door and practically *raced* up the stairs in a flash to see Linda and share my magical, mystical moment with her. I mean, I couldn't tell anyone else, they wouldn't believe me, they would think I had imagined it or something, but Linda, Linda *knew*. I didn't actually know what she knew, but I knew that she new something and that was enough.

I wondered if I was getting fitter running up and down these spirals. It really was a work out in itself. All the fresh sea air must have been doing good for my lungs too. I really realised I was feeling all of these new changes taking place within me already, whatever these new beginnings actually were.

Linda today was well, a sight for sore eyes. I mean you know she *always* is but today was a stand out outfit. Today she had on, a head dress. An actual head dress. It was the only words to describe it. A beautiful bejewelled hair band that sparkled with gemstones. An emerald green velvet fitted 50's retro dress with a petticoat! And, and, wait for it, wee soft green lace mini gloves. This woman was a vision. No nails to discuss today due to the gloves, but the gloves were *everything*.

"Linda, looking lovely today! The emerald green really suits your shiny brown hair."

I gushed, because it was absolutely true.

"Thank you."

Said Linda courteously whilst walking towards the library books shelves that had

eternally been blended into the background, but I had seemed to forget somehow, that they we were actually in a library, with actual books. Before I could begin my speel about my magical, mystical dolphin moment, Emerald eyed Linda spoke, whilst walking towards the shelves.

“Today we begin with something different. New beginnings involve actually making a change. Today you get to choose a book from the library which you will read a part of this evening and this will be todays soul work homework.”

“Oh exciting Linda, I love reading, that’s why I found you in the first place to borrow books from the library. Wait, can I take this book home? I thought you said I wasn’t allowed to take my soul book out of

the library?"

Linda faced me, her emerald green eyes exactly matching her dress. Customised eye colour match dress? (Most probably.) I was in awe of her.

"If you remember correctly, I said your own soul book could never be taken out of the Akashic library. Books that are not of soul book essence are available for borrowing. However, there is strict a one night return turn around policy in place. The borrowed book must be returned the following day. The book you borrow, you will be drawn to read for a reason. Use this book as an oracle. You are not required to read the full book in an evening. You take your book to a quiet space. Once there, prepare yourself by

relaxing yourself into a meditative state.

Ask your book a question. Flick open the pages of the book and your answer will be given to you on the page you land open at randomly. Although of course, the books wisdom will not at all be random, it will always answer you directly. Trust the books wisdom and guidance and follow its advice and your answer will be given."

Well, this was exciting. Books I could actually *borrow!* Book wisdom guidance and answers. Books as oracles? Oh I loved, loved, loved it all.

"Oh this is fabulous Linda. I'm so glad my client sent me here to the library, here to you. My life is already changing already and it's as if I am beginning to sense some magic in the air again."

That sentence made me both happy and sad at the same time. Realising that for so long, I really had lost the magical moments in life. Bogged down by work and financial commitments and so many other life stuff, that I hadn't even had the time to even stop and notice, that I was so lost.

Linda interrupted my brooding.

"Books are sentient beings you know?"

"What does that word even mean Linda?"

"It means, Kelie, that they are alive."

Her words and her kitten heel footstep stop, stopped me in my tracks.

"Have you ever been given a book that you must have needed to read, right at the exact right time you needed it?"

Asked Linda.

"Yes, yes I have."

"There you go. The book knew you needed it and the book made it's way to you. Books *find you*. If that's not alive, I don't know what is."

My mind was already blown and I had only been back in here for about... well of course I had no idea as time literally went out the window in here. I could have been transported back to the 1950s with Linda's current day dress style and the same 50's soft music still playing in the background for all I knew. Honestly I really wouldn't be surprised at all anymore with anything.

All I knew I was that I was just going to go along with it all, whatever it was, as my life couldn't carry on the way it was going. I wasn't even really living, just existing. All of this, whatever it was, was

the most interesting and exciting thing to happen to me since, since, since my swimming days.

"As you are well aware, you are able to access the 28 rows in front of you. These books are of your karmic connection level. The books that you are given access to, are all connected within the water element, as we are currently in the water element dimension of the library."

The water element dimension of the library? Right, wait now. Did that one sentence alone mean that there could actually be other element dimensions within this akashic library? Where were they? Why couldn't I see them? All I could see in front of me where the 28 rows of books.

Mind reading Linda quipped in.

"Just like in life, you are shown what you need to be shown, when you need to be shown it and of course only whenever you are really ready to truly see."

No reply from me. None whatsoever. I just listened and breathed, listened and breathed, listened and breathed.

"I will leave you here for a moment and your book will of course find you, once you both align in awareness together."

With that she took a stride back down the corridor, out of sight, out of mind, out of my awareness.

Closing my eyes, I connected with my breath and aimed to connect energetically with my book that wanted to find me somehow in someway too.

"Whatever I need to be shown, please show

me, I'm ready to be shown."

I whispered out loud, softly in the silence. The energy shifted, I felt the warm glow in my heart expand, with the warmth of my breath. The warmth pulsating up through each deep intake of breath, breathed out through each out breath, down through my shoulders, down through my arms, past my elbows, through my hands and out my fingers. A warmth radiated from my heart to my hands and I knew my book was about to find me. I began intuitively walking along the corridor. My mind was crystal clear calm. Not reading or scanning the book covers for words or pictures or any visual stimulation, just knowing and trusting fully that when I knew, I would know.

Walking up and down the corridors,

snaking at each top or bottom corner
windingly back into the next corridor,
slowly, smoothly, in serene stillness. At
corridor 5 my feet stopped. My body
stopped. My mind had stopped. In my full
presence, my present was delivered in the
present. My book flew out with full life
force energy and fell right at my feet. It
flew out to me, for me and I knew it had
flew out, to me and for me.

This was my book. It had found me by
literally falling at my feet. I scooped it
up into my arms and made my way back to
Linda's desk, with my book cuddled safely
into my arms. I didn't even stop to read
the book title, I just knew that no matter
what, this was my book, it had found me.

"This is my book Linda. It fell out at my

feet and I just. You know, know that this is the book I am meant to take tonight."

"Fabulous."

Said Linda whilst taking the book out of my arms and placing on her desk in full Librarian mode. She then, wait for this, took her golden embosser from across her desk and stamped the inside page. This woman, she was pure gold. She proudly stamped the inside page - imprinting;

Linda@AkashicLibrary

Honestly, it was like a work of art. Linda herself actually was a walking work of art come to think of it.

"You know what do for tonights soul work homework oracle task and remember to return tomorrow with your book for returning also."

Said Linda in full Libranianism mode whilst placing my book in a crisp paper bag, which tied with a pretty sky blue bow at the handle. Standing at the tip of the spiral staircase, Linda glanced at me with they emerald eyes.

“See you tomorrow and maybe you might just meet your magical, mystical, dolphins again too.”

With a startle and a sparkle from her head dress, she glittered and was gone. Only when I had reached the bottom of the winding staircase did I realise, that I hadn’t even told her today about my dolphin story. So how did she even know?

Seal@Sea

Upon searching the sea for my mysterious, mystical dolphins, hoping they would pop back up again, I hoped I'd see their beautiful happy faces again. I knew that they had a deep wisdom of knowing within their fins, which I couldn't understand or explain. I knew that we had communicated on a deeper level somehow. I wanted to deepen this communication now too. What did they want to tell me?

As I stared out to the coastline, I saw a guy on a paddle board, paddling towards the sea shore. A Scottish surfer, surely not? As he made his way to the sand land, he was literally being washed up to me. As he began getting more and more reframed into my focus, the first thing I noticed about

him was his surf waves wavy dark hair. He looked like he needed a haircut and well hello hairstylist. (You can take the girl out of the salon... Occupational hazard.)

Was it another sign? Was he my sign to see from the sea? Had the sea washed up a surfer for me to fall in love with over his split ends? Combing us together in the sand patterns? I sincerely hoped so.

"Hi."

He said in his wet suit, I tried so hard not to stare, you know, there, so I fixed my gaze on the beautiful sea and skyline, eyes extremely fixed on the skyline.

"Oh hi."

I said casually. As though I hadn't had my eyes on him for the past moments trying to gather myself and regulate my breath and

heartbeat and my walking levels. Why does that happen? See a complete stranger in the distance and have an instant feeling you may like them in some way, then naturally start walking all of a sudden non naturally and somehow suddenly so aware of every step, breath, as if time collapsed into slow motion mode somehow. He was handsome.

“I am Ronan.”

He said in his thick Scottish dialect. Not my native tongue of Glaswegian, a deeper, denser roll of the R's. It was huskily nice. A nice voice was deeply important to me. Imagine meeting someone online, never actually speaking and sitting down with them to a meal thinking I could never ever listen to that frequency voice tone every night at dinner, over the scrape

of the forks, on your plate, for the rest of your life. I had enough on my plate already to be honest. No wonder they called it tuning forks. Voice is important, it truly is.

For a first meet cute anywhere, a first time speak at the sea, sounded like a perfect plan to me.

"Hi Ronan, nice to meet you. I was just out looking to see if I can see my wee dolphins that swim about the place here."

Ronan stared at me, almost through me, without blinking.

"Well, I'm not quite a dolphin, but my name is Ronan, which actually means little seal. So maybe you have found a wee seal instead."

Said with a lovely laugh.

"Really? Well my name is Kelie, which means warrior which I truly am."

I laughed alongside him.

"A warrior and a seal."

Ronan said not taking his eyes off my eyes.

"Sounds like a book title."

"Maybe it is, a next chapter."

Said Ronan with a wry sexy smile.

Oh my heart was beating so fast and of course my overthinking Aquarius airy mind already began jumping in, over analysing every possible outcome meaning of that one short sentence. Could this actually be a possible new chapter being written into my soul book? Oh please I hope so, please, please, please Akashic library, have this rugged Ronan written into your beautiful

gold scroll perfect pages. Split ends or no split ends, I didn't want this to be our ending.

WaterSpeaks@Water

After leaving Mr SealSurfer, in a bit of a trance, I made my way back to my bench to pause for a moment to catch my breath and breathe in everything that had just taken place and actually in fact, everything that had happened so far, within only the past five days!

Sitting on my bench, breathing in the waves. Their calmness, their stillness, their rhythm. I thought about my book oracle and took my borrowed book out of its pretty brown bag and untied the blue ribbon. I began breathing in sync with the rhythm of the waves, to calm me, still me and to bring me into meditation. I stilled my mind, watching the calm, clear crystal waters in front of me, washing away my

worries, cleansing and calming me, here in the now.

I whispered to the book.

"Show me what you wish to show me. I am ready to see."

I randomly flicked through the pages with my finger and sliced open the page that I felt called to open.

I opened my eyes to the chapter of "Water Speaks to the Soul."

It was the word "speaks" I was so drawn to. Mainly probably drawn to this word due to having so much childhood experience of not sharing my speaking voice. Closing my eyes I tried to truly listen to the waves speak. Linda had told me to listen with my heart. I listened from my soul to the water to hear her speak.

Day 5

Finding myself standing at Linda's desk again, I placed my returned borrowed book gently on her desk. My mind wondered, was she always forever on shift? Why is there never anyone else in this library besides me? So many other questions began looping through my mind, but I was just so exhausted and exhilarated by it all, that I couldn't even bring myself to face nor ask scary Linda these questions.

I decided there and then that I was here at this library for a reason. That part I was sure of, that part was the only thing I was sure of anymore.

Linda's daily ensemble today. Pink pencil dress, the lovely kind of pink, like bubblegum pink, with wee cream kitten heels

and a half moon shaped hair clasp clasping back part of her shiny brown hair. She could have been a model this Linda. Model librarian she most certainly was.

"Hello Kelie. I see you have returned your book thank you. Please take a seat at the table and tell me, how did your oracle session go?"

"Well I went back to my beach and actually quite a lot happened again in a short space of time."

I paused to breathe and collect my thoughts.

"I well, didn't find my dolphins but I did kind of meet someone new and unexpected. Then went to my bench to think about it all and did my soul work homework and the word that seemed most prominent was

'speak'. I thought about the language of water speaking and the language of love and how well to be honest, I can't really speak fluently in any of they languages anymore."

I laughed sadly.

"Why is that Kelie?"

Linda gently pushed.

"I just, I just don't really know."

"Well perhaps we can find you another book that may continue to speak to your soul to develop on this new learning of yourself. Did you know that dolphins shed their skin every 2 hours? Guess how long to takes for us humans to shed our skins Kelie? 28 days."

Spoken with a glint in her eye. There was that number 28 again! It was *everywhere*.

"You now know where to go and what to do,

28 rows of course. I will record this books
return whist you make the grace and space
to let your newly needed book find you."

With that and in a puff of pink, she was
off, back busying her self back behind her
desk. Whilst I too was back, windingly,
snakily, making my way up and down they
corridors, in presence, being fully
present, in the present waiting for my
present of book to find it's way to me.

As I walked up and down, up and down, up
and down, I felt my mind drift away from
all of the daily distractions, from all of
the problem solving, from all of the pains
of the past, from all of the fear of the
future. I connected with my breath and my
body and realised just how *UN-connected*
from both I had been for well most of my

life. Constantly in my head, analysing, thinking, solving, sorting, fixing. Being here just brought me away from all of that and allowed me to step out of it all and step into this new space of well, trust I suppose. Trusting the right book would find me. Trusting it was safe to let go of all the constant control and fully let myself just be in the trust. I really was beginning to love this library.

It's 50's music still gently humming away in the background. The real life smell of the books that you can only ever sense in a proper real library type of library was circulating the air. Linda's outfits were bringing the colour back into my colourless life a bit too. I couldn't explain but I just new I was changing within somehow and

even though this letting go and letting trust in was scary, it was all really desperately needed.

I stopped unexpectedly. My feet took over. They stopped me and stopped my body from walking any further. My hands instinctively and intuitively reached up towards the shelf. I was drawn to a light blue book on my left hand side. It was almost the same light blue colour as my soul book and I knew it was a sign.

This was my book.

I very carefully (not causing any book shelf falling scenes in here) lifted the book off the shelf and read the front cover.

Glitter Path.

Glitter path? Well, clearly this would

help me on my new path somehow. With that, I very excitedly moved quickly back through the corridor to show Linda.

"I've found it Linda, this is the one, I just know it in my soul."

"Perfect choice."

Linda exclaimed whilst taking the book from my hands and proudly getting her gold embosser on the go. Honestly I needed one of these embossers in my life, something quite regal about them.

With my book stamped and reminded to not forget to return both book and myself the following day. I was off, back down the fairy light twinkly steps, carrying my wee paper bag. With the same beautiful blue ribbon wrapped and off I went, out into the cold cobbled street, with a warm glow in my

heart.

Oracle@Water

Returning to the path towards my water,
whilst clutching my bag containing my
glitter path book. I sensed this really was
all opening up a new path for me. The
Scottish winter sunshine was shining, as if
sealing her approval. I brought a pale pink
blanket to sit on by the sea. I placed
myself on the blanket, on my beach, with my
new library book beside me.

The beach was bare. I was reminded of my
childhood days when we would all race down
to the beach first thing in the morning,
just to "get a spot." It was different
these days. Of course it was only February
but still it as a lovely sunny crisp
winters day and with a double duvet jacket
and a warm scarf it was a lovely experience

to be on the beach. Its bareness and emptiness was both lovely and a bit sad to see at the same time.

Looking out at the vastness of the stretch of sea before me. It reminded that back then as a child, the stretch of the sea had seemed so magical to me. Now as an adult, it felt unknown. Why do we fear the unknown? Why do we feel that we need to have every single thing in the planet problem solved? The seas tides, flowed in and out, in and out, in and out and had done so, exactly the same so since I was a child and well long before then too. It did it naturally. It was natural. It was nature.

I felt the warmth of the sun radiate over my face, feeling its warmth reach down

through my head, down through my shoulders, down my arms, past my elbows, through my hands and out my fingers, touching the warm sand below. I breathed in the heat from the sun and from the warm sand into my heart, warming my heart. This warm loving light radiated down through my chest, my stomach, my pelvic area, my thighs, knees, shins and calves and through my feet, out my toes, meeting the warm sand on my bare feet.

I felt at peace, I felt at one, with the beach all around me.

I breathed a deep breath and flicked open my book.

“Glitter path.”

Was the first two words that jumped right out of the page to me.

Glitter path? What even was a glitter

path anyways? Whatever it was, I liked the sound of it. I used to always be renowned for wearing glittery dresses and sequins and glittery sparkly heels. Again, where did that glittery side of me go? I really did need a glitter path in my life.

Glitter@GlitterPath

Closing the book, I closed my eyes to think deeply about what a glitter path might actually even be. Opening my eyes and the sight in front of me took my breath away. I gasped out loud and clapped my hands like a happy child.

There, right in front of me, was what could only have been, a glitter path.

The sun, shining boldly in the sky, sparkled and reflected so beautifully in a sparkle strip path of light towards me. Every sparkle sparkled light the brightest star in night sky. The sparkles danced, glowed and mesmerised me. I had never seen anything so beautiful in my entire life. Golden sparkles of light happily shining, dancing, spiralling in front of my very

eyes. Creating a visual pathway line, directly outstretched to the line where the sky meets the sea.

Something washed over me. I felt a deep entrancement towards it. Before I knew what I was doing, I had my boots off and I was up, walking barefoot on the warm sand towards the glittery path. I could feel its pull magnetising me. I automatically, naturally felt myself pulled to be closer and closer and closer. I felt myself deeply drawn and tidally locked to it, as the moon is to the sea. The sparkly water was connecting with my waters within, as I took each step further and further towards it, I could feel the sea air vapour touch my nose, the wind kissing my face lovingly, invitingly. Pulling me away from this

world, pulling me away from my mind,

Slippery wet sand began squishing under my feet and I could feel it's ancient wisdom underneath, sand washed up from ancient civilisations.

The welcoming lapping waves, seeming to smile like a lap dog saying:

"Hello, we have missed you too."

Each sparkle shone lighter and brighter with every step towards the light.

The sunshine mirrored in the water, guiding the light within. As I stood on the beach all alone, I had never felt less alone. I remembered and understood why, every piece and every part of my life path had brought me to the right here, right now, to exactly where I was always meant to return to.

Sensing and reconnecting with the
sparkle, I naturally, automatically,
spellbindingly, stepped in.

Collide@TheClyde

“What a turn of events.”

I whispered as we both cuddled in together on the beach. The soft sand grains warming my tale and warming my heart.

Breathing in the sharp saltiness in the air, the soft wind lightly kissing my mermaid soul as I lightly kissed his torso.

Rippled like the waves, he was the most beautiful human I had ever laid my eyes on, and I had seen many men across all dimensions, but this one, this one, was felt inside my soul somehow. Sensing he could still see me somehow too, both physically and metaphorically, even though his slivers of eyes remained closed. His perfectly sun kissed tanned chest, clean, no tattoos, muscles moved as he inhaled and

exhaled. He was a beauty to behold. In all my lifetimes, I had never seen anything more beautiful. I held his face gently in my hands as his head lay gently on my stomach. Stroking his soft brown hair with my long fingernails I felt a deep warmth in my heart for him, which took me by surprise. He felt so familiar, like swimming home. His beautiful deep dark eyelashes curled beautifully, I tenderly touched both eyes, pressing my tips of fingers against each eye as delicately as a rose. I liked his scent, he smelt of divine masculine energy, strong yet vulnerable, loving yet protective, my soul knew he had a good pure soul and could feel my soul saying yes, yes, yes. I wanted to lick his face but I steadied myself on the sand,

remembering and processing the past few moments. How could he possibly still be alive reaching they depths? No human had ever got to that below sea level before ever. It was meant that way of course we would not and could not ever collide. Yet here we both were, collided at the Clyde. It was both familiar and unimaginable at the same time. Tracing my long nails over his heart, I felt his heartbeat pulse rhythm race through his beautiful body. He was very much alive but in the deepest of sleeps which I knew was not his natural state of sleep. It was a deeper sleep an insomniac amnesiac type of sleep, but he was alive and he was alive because I had saved him. This human, whoever he was, deserved to be saved. His falling and

reaching my depths almost felt almost as though he was in someway searching for me too. Which of course was impossible. The very last moment of looking into his big brown wide eyes at they deepest depths of himself he had reached - I physically saw his memory remember. His heart had been singing, calling me singing, 'I have finally found you.'

But how could this be possible? It was beyond any sense of comprehension. No human had ever been able to sustain that tension before, they wouldn't have even tried. They just knew somehow that they physically couldn't regardless of any submarines or breathing apparatus, they could not and would not survive. But in that heartbeat meet cute moment where our souls collided

and our eyes connected, I saw love reflected back to me from his windows of his soul. I felt them in my heart say, I have been searching this sea for you. In that split second, heart and eye coordination transmission ,I felt my own heart speak and say, you are the one I have been searching for too.

Kissing his forehead, it was damp and warm and delicious. My heart wanted to wrap him inside and keep this moment alive forever, a core memory tattoo imprinted on my heart forever and for eternity. His beautiful body was both strong and limp all at once. Draped over me in droplets of love, I felt my hearts craving to continue to cuddle him into me. My rainbow coloured fin moved slowly and gently on the warmth

of the sand, I had missed the human sand. It wasn't our bottom of the sea magical sand, this was obviously man made kind. This sand's fragments of shells sand was also beautiful as I felt the memories remain of all the sea souls lives the shells it had carried within each body. I really looked at his human body home shell that was carrying him around this earthly plane. They think it is to enable them to move I laughed when really of course, it is to enable their soul to be contained within a home. To allow them the one thing we do not have access too, the deepest of soul love connection, intimacy. We expressed our love telepathically, no need for physical sexual interaction as we were formed that way. Only my top half was human resembling,

my bottom half my beautiful fin was the finish line for where my human body ended. The line that could not be physically crossed, like the skyline where the sky meets the sea. It was just the way and I'd ever questioned why before. But now, holding this exquisitely beautiful man in my hands my body ached for him to be closer to me, even though he was as close as physically possible lying on my lap, it was a deeper need. I needed him physically into my body, on a sea level height I had never reached before. I felt the deepest of desire overcome me, so unexpectedly. Had he been washed out to sea to see me as see me in the sea he truly did?

Running my hands along his chest I found his human heart beat. I had both my arms

wrapped around him and placed both hands directly on his heart. Laying underneath him, protecting him like a warm blanket I whispered and transmitted into his left ear and radiated from my two hands the words directly into his heart.

"You are safe. You are loved. You are held."

I moonbeamed my hearts words and wishes directly into his mind and heart and soul. I felt his heart in my hands expand, expanding in love and in light. His heart and soul and body and spirit had received as he was open to receiving this level love. I felt my own heart expand in love and light. I savoured the sacredness of this moment. Breathed in both our hearts beating in sync. His heart beating above

me, my heart beating below him, just as both our hearts had been beating at different dimensions, above and below sea level.

Lovingly I placed him on the cushion of the sand to manoeuvre myself to be above him, I needed to look directly into his beautiful face for the first on dry land. For the first time in our lives, I was above him. I gently opened his legs and spread my tail within them. His legs held me like a book cover, holding me steady within. I felt his strength and grounding ground me, here on the ground at ground level. I felt safe, I felt loved, I felt held.

His mouth was as beautiful as his eyes. Juicy wet rose red lips, pursed and poised

and perfect. I traced his mouth with my tongue. He tasted warm, soft and wondrous. Lowering my face to his, placed my mouth on his mouth and breathed and blended a mixture of words and kiss together.

“You are safe.” I kissed.

“You are loved.” I kissed.

“You are held.” I kissed.

Salty tears slowly fell from my face, the emotions too much to contain within me. The warmth of the sand and the warmth of our hearts beating bodily together in a deeper love warmth that I had ever felt in my life.

“You are beautiful.”

I kissed my words into his mouth, into him, inside him into the deepest way possible that my mermaid soul would let me

enter.

Closing my eyes and kissing him the deepest, most soulful, most meaningfully expression of love kiss within me I sacred breath kissed him in our first kiss.

I opened my eyes and his brown eyes were staring deeply into me.

Dazedly his eyes dazzled. His eyes locked on mine, searching for answers to questions he didn't even know what to ask. But I knew both his questions and all of the answers.

"WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY."

Definitely very much alive, which was well, a good start. He radiated love from his face, his face lit up in life and in beauty as he inhaled his first woken deep breath. Our gaze locked onto one another. My long wet mermaid hair wrapping us both

together. He continued to breathe, regulating his breath, whilst continuing to hold his stare gaze deep into my eyes and soul.

"Are you sore lying on the broken shells?"

I gently asked.

"Broken shells, you mean sand?"

He huskily whispered and smiled as his first words were spoken.

"Ah but what do you think sand actually is, do they not teach you anything up here?"

I laughed and smiled.

A timeline moment changed in an instant. Remembering came over him, his mind, heart, soul and body all at once.

In one heartbeat he both remembered and

took in the totality of the scene.

In one gaze, he saw the waves, his final memories of his moments underwater.

In one breath he both felt and saw my tail, all whilst his human mind was retelling himself his story tale.

I felt and experienced his mental movie taking place within my own heart.

In one single next breath, his eyes changed from love to fear.

He broke our gaze and wouldn't look back into my eyes.

I knew in that moment, I had lost him forever.

Hearing human voices in the distance, I knew that he was now both forever lost and saved all at once. He was home in his world, alive and where he wanted and needed

to be. These humans in his karmic level would love him and return him to his full health. I knew he was now gone from me forever even though we were still face to face on the sand. His look of rejection jagged my soul. My heavy heart aching pierced like a jagged rock as I looked for one final last second into his beautiful face and knew I had to do what I only could do. What his full body and aura was rejectingly injecting me to do. I obeyed to his desire and all at once, heard, saw and felt his rejection like a sword to my soul, cutting us both away from each other, physically and emotionally. My heart ached in a deep heaviness and it was my turn to not be able to breathe. In this human environment, his human world I could stay

no longer and vowed right there, right now, in that moment that I would never ever return. As I inhaled, I slowly rose my chest from his, arching my back to untangle us together from my hair and from each other. Freeing him from me, freeing him to be in this moment on deeper dimensions that he clearly wanted and needed. The open door of waves were opened and in a heartbeat I both left his heart, his home, his soul, his love in a deep dive back home, knowing never to return. Freeing us from each other whilst also feeling that I was now the one drowning.

Splashing back into the cold wild sea, my face, heart and soul were numb. Far too lost in my own mental movie to see or hear his words he tried to call out to me. I

never ever wanted to face him again or face that look of fear on his face, it had pierced my heart and soul.

Not looking back, I swam south. Down, down, deeper and down into my depths of my comfort zone home. Where I had been born for a reason. Where I should just have stayed and breathed and been without always questioning for more. This was what happened when you questioned life, you expose yourself nakedly and the pain of it all can break you. I vowed right there and then I would stay where I was told. I would do what I was told. I would conform for once in my mermaid soul life. I would never ever allow myself to ever feel they painful feelings of love again. I would keep my heart closed forever, the only person

allowed to break it or be permitted any access to it was only now me.

At the exact latitude point of her highest latitude jump in the air, it was as if time froze on freeze frame for him. All of his memories came crashing in like storm waves all at once. The waves were he had risked his life for her, the waves were he had almost died for her, the depths of himself he had went to find her, both physically and emotionally and now in this pause frozen on ice moment there she was - diving away from him - *again*.

This time he knew she was leaving forever. He felt her pull away from him coldly, the energy in the air from warmth, love and affection to cold rejection, in a

heartbeat. It was too much emotion, too much overwhelm. He was still trying to process that he was actually even still alive and that he had actually found her.

In his both first and final breath he had left within him he called out frantically to her before she would break the surface of both their worlds and be gone again forever.

"You saved me."

By the time the words had left his mouth and the speed of sound vibrated towards her to reach her, mixed with the noisy crash of the waves blowing against his words, mixed with her sheer determination to dive away from him. His string of three simple words floated in the air reaching the tip of the crescendo wave, at exactly the same nano

second as she disappeared beneath, out of sight, out of sound, out of touch, out of reach, out of eternity. He had lost her before and this time, he knew, there would not be another time. His body ached in places he never knew he even had. Not a breath of energy was left in his body, or heart, or soul. It was all now gone, gone with her, under the waves, for good. His heart felt as crushed as if he really had died in that moment of letting her go. How could he have let her go? After everything he had went through to find her. Everything he had been searching for, for all of his life. Their faces had been so close he could almost taste her. Why did he not use every piece of energy left within his soul to hold her. To tell her and show her she

was safe, she was held, she was loved. To physically hold her and ground her into his reality and life. He needed her and he had always needed her, her breath of love and life. He had went to the deepest darkest depths of his shadows and the sea and his soul, to hold and to have her with him and in an instant, he had both succeeded and failed in his soul mission, all at once.

Mesmerised@Mesmerising

Calmly, quietly, I returned from wherever I had just been, both physically and emotionally. Stepping back out of the water, back out of the glow of the glitter path and back onto the warm sand grounded beneath my bare feet. I walked back towards my pink blanket and book, mesmerised but without looking back towards the sea. I had no idea what had just happened, where I had just been, but my heart, body and soul, ached in places that I didn't even know existed.

Day 6

As the bell tinkled at my entrance at the library's glass doors. I felt like I was already becoming a different version of myself, walking up these same stairs, that I had only first walked up, almost only a week ago.

How could everything and I mean *everything* feel so different, so quickly? What was the magic of the power of this place? The wisdom of Linda? The seas strange power? Was it one of these or a combination mix of all three? Everything felt so different somehow. As though everything was becoming both blurred and also vibrantly new in technicolours. I couldn't understand what was happening but all I knew was, that I was glad that it was

happening whatever it was.

Walking slowly, windingly up the stairs, the fairy lights seemed to smile invitingly at me. As I reached the top, I felt alert and focused, ready for whatever my new day and new experience was going to bring.

“Hello Linda.”

As she walked towards me in a white and blue lovely linen dress, she looked like a beautiful ornate tea cup. So fresh looking and so pretty.

I had made a bit of an effort myself today. Freshly washed and big blow dried hair with a pink tea shirt dress on. Not exactly out, out clothing, but a little bit of a difference as Linda had reminded me that I used to love clothes and colours and somehow that had all paled in the

background, quite literally.

"Hello Kelie. You look lovely in your pink, it really suits you. It must be your heart chakra opening, connecting with the colour pink."

I didn't reply because I mean, really how could you reply to that?

"Please sit down at the table and tell me about your borrowed book and your soul work homework experience."

Experience? Well experience was exactly the only word I could use as I wasn't sure there was even actual words in language to describe the "experience" that took place when I stepped into that glitter path.

I returned my borrowed book back to Linda's desk and sat down at the table, which funnily enough had a beautiful pink

rose in the vase, almost identical to the shade of pink that I was actually wearing.

I looked at from the rose to my dress, to the rose to my dress again.

Eagle eyed Linda knew exactly what I was thinking. (Of course she did.)

Take out your journal and write this down, I did as I was told.

"The heart chakra is coloured both pink to represent unconditional love and green, representing the heart of the world. The rose symbolises pure divine feminine love. It's petals uncurl and unfurl in her own divine timing. She blooms in her own grace and time and space. She has thorns to protect her boundaries but not to block out love. She is the epitome of eternal timeless beauty and the symbol of divine

feminine love. When your heart chakra begins to open in love you may feel drawn to shades of pink or green. Symbolising the love that is awakening within your own heart, within and without."

I stared transfixed at the words I had just written into my journal. I really did somehow feel like my heart was opening again. I didn't think I'd ever be able to even think that again. Actually I wasn't even sure if my heart *had* even ever been fully open. I had always lived with they thorns around me for protection purposes, to keep me safe, to guard myself, to guard my heart. Yet I realised in a realisation now that it hadn't kept me safe at all, all it had done was keep me caged and imprisoned alone.

"Oh Linda, that's all so beautiful and powerful and well all so true!

I had a bit of a... let's just call it a mystical meditation moment yesterday at the beach. All of the love feelings that I had always kept deep down below the surface of myself, well everything came rising up to the top again. Although it was of course only a meditation moment, it felt so powerful, so real somehow and I forgot that I could even feel deep love feelings like that. It's like I have numbed myself for years to not feel any emotions to save myself from feeling pain, but all I'd actually been doing was drowning myself."

"Well Kelie, that is quite a realisation and deep transformation is taking place within you at this time. I feel you should

take a soul work homework walk to process everything that has taken place in this last week so far with you. Walk with your eyes wide open. Walk with your heart wide open. Walk with no expectations. Just walk and walk and walk and see what the universe wants to show you and allow this deep transformation process to penetrate and permeate through you."

With that, I was ushered to the stair well as Linda ushered to return my glitter path book to it's home within the library and before I knew it, I was windingly walking back down the stairs, waling along the cobbled streets realising that my soul work homework of walking a glitter path had begun.

See@Seaweed

As I reached the sea shore, just as the tide went out, I wondered why we can never actually see this happen. When actually does the tide roll in and roll back out again? It is just simply always in its own perfect divine timing alignment? How can this be? My eyes caught sight of what looked like jackets hanging up on a metal bar railing in the distance. On a man made metal bar to stop pedestrians falling into the sea. A man made barrier to keep both earth and sea separate from each other. Getting closer I realised it was actually sea weed, wrapped and winded around the bar hanging like coats on a coat hanger. The sea wardrobe? It reminded me of the Scottish Selfie cloak story.

Half seal, half woman who would wear her Selkie cloak enabling her to return to the sea in her Selkie form. Losing her cloak meant she could never return to the sea. Without her cloak she would remain human forever. Her cloak was her only way to return home. The Selkie story made me both smile and shiver all at once. Something about this sight both humoured and haunted me. Why did this feel like a sign I was being shown yet actually somehow didn't want to see or remember? Like an unlocking of a core memory somewhere in a box that I didn't ever want to open. I realised strangely also that the word selkie was actually an anagram of my name Kelie's. Something about that felt important somehow. It both startled and started

something in me.

The slithery, slippery, seaweed blew gently in the sea breeze like a snake dancing and shedding it's skin. It seemed to almost laugh at me like, you have no idea how powerful I am here blowing in the breeze. I began walking towards the railing. Feeling and sensing the energy and power of the waves behind the barrier, beginning to rise. Taking two steps closer, a huge white wave came crashing hard against the barrier, spraying me with it's salty freezing cold fresh air sea water, covering my face and hair, making me take a sharp intake of gasp of breath unexpectedly. Momentarily dazed, the rush of the energy wave spray, pushed me energetically backwards a few steps and it

took me a few moments to stable my breath and stable myself. Sweeping the wet hair from my eyes and regaining my vision, I stumbled forwards, towards the barrier to grab hold of the hand rail to steady myself. Seeing clearly again, I instantly realised the seaweed cloaks were gone. In a crash and in a flash, the sea had recovered them back to her, back where they belonged.

Day 7

“Hi Kelie.”

Linda greeted me at the stairwell.

“Please take a seat at the table to begin transcribing.”

The table had a single glass of water on it. Linda began as soon as I took my seat.

“Today is an important day in the lunar calendar as it is the first quarter moon. The moon has reached her halfway phase and a time to take actions towards your new moon intentions. She is waxing getting bigger and so too our energy waxes and gets bigger too so the perfect time in alignment to use that extra energy to bring your intentions to life. Today I want you to make an action plan on what you wish your new intentions to be. Set a new intention

in the present moment, beginning with

I AM ...

As the moon continues to wax and grow bigger you keep affirming your affirmation and taking small baby steps in that same direction. Take your journal and sit under the half moon tonight and just like the glass of water beside you on the table, is it half full or half empty? Think about what fills your cup up full and begin there. See you tomorrow and I look forward to hearing your affirmations!"

Bundling my pen and journal into my bag, I was bundled back down the spiral stair case. I realised just how special all this lunar work really was, it really made so much sense when I stoped to think about it. That really was the problem in the first

place. Not only had I never stopped to think about it. I hadn't even stopped to ever really look at the moon never mind understand what phase she was in. Realising also, that I had never really stopped to consider what phase of life I was ever really in either.

Affirming@SAffirmations

Standing under the half moon I breathed
in her beauty. She was so pretty. Alone but
not alone. Yet we all stood as one under so
no-one was ever actually alone under her.
She stood proudly, boldly, beautifully,
grandly. How had I never noticed this
before?

Under her loving night light lamp I
affirmed out loud my affirmation.

I AM FREE!

I AM ME!

I went to bed and slept soundly, freely,
as me.

Day 8

“Hello Linda, I have did my homework you will be pleased to hear.”

I laughed.

“Fabulous Kelie, come in and please take a seat at the table.”

On the table was a whiteboard and marker and duster.

“Please begin by telling me your affirmations Kelie.”

I took a deep breath and said.

“I am free.”

“I am me.”

“Wonderful Kelie, really wonderful. Now as you will be aware, the past impacts our present. I want you for your soul work homework today, to write down some words on your whiteboard that did *not* make you feel

free and then take a deep breath and visually wipe it away with the duster. A visual way for you to take back your power. Off you go with your toolkit and I will see you tomorrow for fresh new freedom beginnings."

And I was, yet again, freely sent back down the spiral staircase with my new school stationary in my adult school bag, fully free as me.

Truth @ The Tunnel

Taking out my journal and whiteboard at the water to write my childhood memories of being at The River Clyde. A memory of people talking about the Clyde washed through me.

"I'm going down to The Clyde for a wee clean!"

They would shout, before diving into the water head first. Another memory arose of driving through the River Clyde tunnel as a child, which was built underneath the water. Every single drive through the tunnel towards my Nan's house I would take the biggest deepest breath, filling up my lungs full with air, seconds before we would enter the tunnel and hold my breath underneath the full tunnel as though I was

actually really swimming underwater. Was I actually, without knowing it, feeling the underwater power of the water molecules surrounding my soul?

I thought about the meaning of water in sharing my voice through hairdressing. Truth held at the the throat chakra, the throat chakra? The chakra that blocks us and places us in flight or fight phase when we are triggered making us react and not respond. My years of battles with my thyroid issues now also began to become crystal clear in clarity. Of course my throat chakra was blocked due to years and years of swallowing down my words, years of swallowing down my truth. Until I had found my voice within my hairdressing. For the first time in my life I literally had to

speak. If I did not, everyone was watching my every move in the mirror. Every hair shaft lifted. Every section of hair curled. I had to speak with every section of hair dried sleek. Or else I could feel and physically see their eyes on me in the mirror, it was very unnerving. But made me quickly find a new way to use my voice. Meeting new people every half an hour also quickly brought me out my shell. No time to clam up and worry what to say, a new head was sitting in the chair waiting to be glammed before half an hour late a new head awaited, to be seated. One in, one out. Conveyer belt of bowls of colour and foils. A safe space for people to be seen and heard. It truly was an emotional attachment with your hairdresser and a privilege to be

peoples stylist/therapist. Funnily enough, I always only did my own hair. Even there I was highlighting my issues with attachment doing my own highlights.

I wrote on my whiteboard the words 'clean at the Clyde' then cleaned the words away with my duster.

Day 9

“I’m feeling clean and free Linda!”

I said, greeting her at the top of the staircase.

“Well that is lovely to hear, please take a seat at the table again.”

I did as I was told, again.

I took out the whiteboard and handed back to Linda.

“It is clean from being washed clean by the River Clyde!”

“The River Clyde seems to have great significance for you. I suggest for your soul work homework today, that you look further into why it holds so much memory and meaning for you. You know of course that water does hold memory don’t you.”

“Yes.”

I said. (Nope I meant.)

"Well enjoy your trip down the River
Clyde and down memory lane and I shall see
you for the findings tomorrow."

I was stamped out the door like her
embosser book stamp and off on my way back
to the Clyde.

Calm@TheClyde

The River Clyde had played a huge part in my childhood, with my Nan living on the opposite side of the Clyde from me. Taking the chained ferry over to visit her in the other side of Glasgow weekly. Something would ignite my soul when I heard the old metal chains begin to roar and clank into action to pull and yank the ferry to the other side of the water. I remember wondering, but why doesn't it just float across? It was a ferry boat on water, why did it need to be pulled across by chains? Was the power and the pull and of the undercurrents of her so magnetised that even ferries and boats had to be mechanised to not be swayed by her power?

My Grandpa as mostly all men his age

back then, worked on the shipyards. Stories were told throughout my childhood within my upbringing of the frolics from the sea, of both the laughter and the love and the tough hard work on the Clyde. Weaved throughout the central belt of Glasgow, weaving and winding centuries of history and industry along its banks. It continued out of Glasgow to meet the wild Ocean. As the deepest coastal waters in the UK, I would breath in it's beautiful deepness and depths and wonder what was truly beneath?

Returning to the river now, as an adult, I knew that as is the way with everything in life, I had to establish a new relationship with her again. Engage deeper with her feminine flow, let her trust me and allow her to welcome me back into her

waves. The waves of the soul. The sea creatures beneath, whoever and whatever was under there. She was their wisdom womb home, their watery world eternal life giver Mother and I wanted to honour her again. To connect with her beauty and rhythmic flows. To showcase my deep reverence and respect to her and for her. I realised then that the River Clyde truly had played a large part in every single aspect of my life, I had just forgotten.

Day 10

The calm feeling from the Clyde continued. I felt calm as I walked along the cobbled street. I felt a deep sense of calm as I opened the glass door of the library and was greeted by the lovely tinkle of the bell. I felt calmness wash over me as I walked up the winding staircase with the fairy lights glittering and guiding me. I felt calm as I saw Linda at her desk in a calming purple blouse as she sat writing at her desk.

"Hi Linda!"

I greeted her. As she sat at her desk in a purple ensemble, with of course matching nails and grey hair ribbon. Purple and grey you would never put together but this

woman, this woman was a fashion icon. It was fabulous.

"Kylie, your energy is lovely. You look so relaxed. Your sky blue dress is lovely."

"Thank you, I am Linda, I am."

"I sense you have already been beginning to let go of old emotional baggages. You look so much lighter and brighter already. You are radiating like a lovely blue clear sky!"

Exclaimed Linda.

"Thank you so much."

I was touched by her kindness and lovely words.

"I suggest you continue on with the sky theme for today. Go out and soak up todays clear blue crisp winter sky and radiate your calm clear Aquarius sky energy today

too. Beautiful and well done Kelie!"

Beamed Linda.

I was quite unsure of what I had done to deserve such praise from Linda but I would certainly take it for sure.

Sky@Estuary

Estuary: The meeting of the tide and the stream

The sky at the sea called me. I know the sky was, well everywhere of course, but somehow the sky always seemed more colourful at the sea. Which didn't really make any sense but then nothing seemed to make much sense to me these days anymore. So I just decided to not even begin to over analyse anymore, it was too tiring.

Standing at the sea, I embraced in the stunning skyline.

In the distance, I saw Mr Surfer on his paddle board.

It must have been him, I just *felt* it was him somehow.

I'd never seen another Scottish surfer in

my life.

What a beautiful image, him paddle boarding alone on the skyline where the sky meets the sea at the Estuary. I thought about that word Estuary.

"Well Mr Seal Surfer, I've been a bit busy in January and February, but how about we meet at that skyline in Estuary?"

I whispered to the wind and laughed quietly to myself. What's to be would be I thought and turned and left, but with a lighter, brighter, spring in my step.

Day 11

“Hello, hello, hello Linda.”

I called out as I entered the library.

Luckily I didn’t call out too loudly as Linda was on the telephone on a call. And

Linda being Linda, was not just on *any* telephone of course. Oh no. It was one of they retro old fashioned dial phones, like the real life emoji picture of a phone. It almost didn’t look even real. I remembered I had a pink toy one when I was a wee girl.

Actually I hadn’t thought of that toy phone memory in forever. I had loved that wee pink phone. Not wanting to intrude or interrupt her, I wondered for a split second, if I should make a split and spiral back down the stairs. Just as Linda placed the receiver back on the retro phone with a

delightful ping sound.

“Communication is extremely important Kelie. How are your current communication skills?”

I wondered if yet again I was being interviewed for a job I had not applied for. I mean, imagine Linda as your boss? No hard feelings Linda, but I don't think being a Librarian was for me. I needed people and chat and my clients stories. Realising that maybe my communication skills were actually much better than I gave myself credit for these days.

“Well hairdressing has certainly helped me in that department.”

Realising that I actually did miss my clients a bit now. Hoping they were all ok. “I want you to reflect on where your

strengths lie within communication and where you need a bit of extra strength within that part of yourself."

Picking up the retro phone, she began windingly drawing her French manicured nails in a full scale circle to dial a number.

"See you tomorrow!"

She called from her desk as she began her call and I began winding my way back down the spirals without saying goodbye. Maybe I really did need to work on my communication skills after all.

Chat@Couch

I thought about the communication thing deeply. In work I communicated all day long and it was such long hours on your feet. Mostly always speaking of clients own current emotional issues sometimes really took its toll on me too. Most nights I was too exhausted to even speak and a few texts were fired but it wasn't exactly my best communication. Also working Saturday shifts in the salon meant that Saturday nights were mostly out of the equation as I was usually too tired and drained to go anywhere. Being off Sunday and Monday together consecutively was good but no-one really wanted to do anything on a Sunday night as all were usually working on the Monday morning. Or doing the school run and

stuff. I suppose I had just gotten myself into a bit of a routine where text communication from the couch at the end of the working day, seemed to be the most easiest way to communicate, but it lacked real life hugs and real life love and suddenly I realised how empty that made me feel inside.

Day 12

“Knock, knock.”

I laughed gently tapping at Linda’s desk.

Linda was writing on the whiteboard with a green marker when I entered.

“Hi Kelie, what does this word mean to you?”

Asked Linda quite unexpectedly, whilst holding up the whiteboard with the word ‘JOY’ written across it.

“Well Linda, I’m not quite sure.”

“Say the first word that springs to your mind.”

Ordered Linda.

“Friends.”

I quivered, a bit started by the strange pub quiz I had found myself in at the library.

"Fabulous. When was the last time you were out having joy with your friends Kellie?"

"Well, I mean, I've been busy with the Christmas busy rush in the salon and..."

"It's your birthday in a few days yes?"

Demanded the bold Linda.

"Yes, Valentines day."

"Perfect. The perfect day to celebrate love and joy with your friends. That's your soul work homework sorted, so now go and arrange a girls night out. See you tomorrow."

And that was that.

Joy@GalsGroup

For the first time in a long, long time, actually maybe ever, I created a group chat. I hated group chats. They felt too pressurey. But here we were, new beginnings and all that. I smiled at myself calling it Galentines@Valentines and pinged in a possible meet up plan for my birthday which of course was Valentines, so I began the whole spiel of:

'I know it's short notice and it is also Valentines and you are probably all far too busy...'

But within about 2.5 minutes, all had replied saying absolutely yes and one was on the organising case already booking a table and outfits were being planned from the get go. My heart did spark with a wee

burst of joy at the happy responses and all the girly glam gab chat. I hadn't even realised how much I had missed that and missed them all actually. Valentines, it was a date.

Day 13

“Valentines Galentines birthday date is booked Linda.”

I said happily. As I ventured towards her desk.

“Wonderful Kelie. And you have everything all organised? Hair, nails, outfit etc?”

“Well no not exactly but...”

“Well then off you go then. You don’t have long to get yourself all organised for your lovely night. You spend hours of your life making others look and feel lovely, now it is time to give that same gift to yourself. Off you go and see you tomorrow! EnJOY!”

Smiled Linda with heavy emphasis on the joy part of the word.

So off I went.

Fly@Flyer

I decided to walk to my favourite nail salon to see if I could be squeezed in for some extensions. Knowing full well it would be super busy for the upcoming Valentines weekend but thought, well I might as well try.

The smell of the acrylic reached my nose. I loved that smell so much. It was just one of those smells that actually really did bring me joy. As getting my nails done had always brought me so much joy. But recently being so busy and so tired all of the time, I hadn't been bothering with my nails much, but here I vowed to return to it each month again as a new non negotiable. As I always did my own hair I never spent any money on that, so nails had always my thing. I

decided I was going to continue it as it really did bring me joy. New moon, new beginnings, new nails, it was going to officially be my new thing for my new year ahead.

The receptionist was on the phone, so I waited patiently and looked at the random flyers scattered on the reception desk to pass the time. The door opened behind me and a gust of Scottish breezy wind blew in the door, blowing the flyers all everywhere with one landing right at my feet.

There he was. Mr Seal Surfer. Staring right out of the flyer. I gasped as I picked up the flyer. Advertising new paddle board sessions at the sea. With a beautiful picture of him standing powerfully and confidently at the sea. Oh my he was so

handsome. Imagine this flyer just *flying* over to me, a sign?

"Hi Kelie, are you looking to book in?"

With that I fumbled and bundled the flyer into my bag and booked myself in. For nails not paddle boarding, but nails was always a good place to start.

The group chat was pinging away with pre night plans. Outfits discussions, time plans, just all good fun. The flyer was still playing away in the back of my mind somewhere. I knew if anyone would know of him, my friends would. But I was hesitant to say anything incase they all made it into a thing and it most definitely was not a thing, but my curiosity got the better of me. I sent a picture of the flyer asking casually if any of the girls had seen this?

They saw right through me. I should have known better. 95 million questions pinged back in succession. They knew full well the paddle boarding part was not what I was enquiring about, that he was who I was enquiring about. Who was he? He was perfect for me. They didn't know but would find out... Honestly I should have known better and maybe just casually mentioned it at dinner, but either way, they would have seen straight through me at the table then too.

I managed to calm and cool the chat all down and return to the plans for tomorrow before heading to bed to wake up aged 28.

Day 14

"Happy birthday, happy full trip around the sun day, happy full moon day and happy Valentines's day."

Said Linda, standing beside her calendar on the wall, upon my entering of the library. I felt quite taken aback. That was a lot to take in, in one sentence. Today felt BIG somehow. It actually felt like a big full moon day. I couldn't explain it. Was it because normally, I would be away in the Canaries, alone in the sun, on my birthday, quietly, silently ushering it in, without any notice. Yet today, for the first time that I could remember, my birthday was actually being celebrated as a celebration. It felt different but it felt special somehow. It was exciting to be

meeting the girls tonight for my Galentines Valentines meal and I was also excited to see what Linda would be bringing to the table today for my soul work homework. The difference and shifts that had taken place in my life already, in only a fortnight was remarkable! It was exciting to consider what the next fortnight could possibly bring, never mind the next birthday year ahead. My nail appointment was booked to get my nails all glammed up after the library. Linda had inspired me to get some red heart stamped nails to celebrate the occasion. Worn alongside my new power red lipstick and red silky satin dress.

Glancing at the table, there was a tiny round circle birthday cake with gold candle numbers of 2 and 8 on the top, unlit.

My heart took a pang. How lovely of Linda to think of me in this way. It was one of the most thoughtful, kindest things anyone had done for me in a long time. I couldn't even remember the last year I had ever received a birthday cake with candles, definitely not since I had been a child anyways.

"Oh Linda, my wee cake, you shouldn't have, but thank you so much! That's truly so kind of you."

"It's your soul work homework for the day. Honouring the circle, that's why cakes are baked in a circle, of course. Representing the sun. The year long trip you have made around the sun to return to your birthday. Symbolising the rebirth, both ending and beginning, all at once. For

your soul work birthday homework, reflect on the circle of your life so far. But for now it's celebration time. Full moons are a time for celebration for the culmination of everything that has transpired since the last new moon. Full moons are also for forgiveness, for releasing and letting go, to welcome in the new at the next upcoming new moon. Each month's full moon all have a different symbolic meaning. February's full moon is the snow moon, due to it falling in the month most likely for snowfall. If you think of snow's delicate blanket it leaves from each individual snow flake, also mirroring Aquarius energy also. You Kelie, are a unique individual, as we all are and it is a true act of self love to honour and celebrate our own uniqueness."

Linda paused for breath, as I also took a deep breath, to breathe in all this new wisdom I was learning.

"Each monthly full moon also transits the opposite astrological month sign. As you know, we are currently in Aquarius season as it's your birthday and you are an Aquarius. Within the astrological calendar, polar opposite in the zodiac wheel - yes a circle again, Aquarius and Leo are on opposite sides of the circle together. Which means that in Aquarius season, the full moon will always be in constellation of Leo. Leo represents the lion, lionhearted, bold, fierce, powerful strength and bravery and courage."

"I could be doing with some of that power energy Linda."

"That's why working with the lunar and astrological rhythms, begins to reset our own circadian natural rhythms within again."

"Well Linda, I'm ready to step into my lioness power and strength this new upcoming year."

"So your soul work homework for your birthday full moon, is to celebrate and remember your strength. Take the day off from the library tomorrow. You will be tired after your big night out so instead of coming here tomorrow, take yourself and your cake somewhere nice to make your birthday wish."

Well this was a lovely beginning to my new year so far. I couldn't wait to get my nails done and my dress on and celebrate

myself.

"Thank you Linda for the cake and well for everything really."

"Valentines day is a celebration day of love, so celebrate yourself with your own unconditional love."

With that closing sweeping statement, Linda was off in the distance, I was back out on the cobbled street and on my way to get spruced up, ready for my celebration of myself.

Galentines@Valentines

Unfortunately, I couldn't even get in the restaurant front door for red and pink heart shaped balloons. Pretending that they were birthday balloons, just to calm the unwavering sadness sensation arising in my stomach. Galentines isn't for romantic love its for celebrating unconditional love with my friends who love me unconditionally, I repeated to myself as I moved through the sea of red and pink hearts. Why did I always feel so nervous meeting my actual friends? It didn't make any sense. We had all grown up together since school, all knowing each other inside out. Though naturally they didn't actually know of any of my water experiences, or of many y Linda library experiences, because let's be

honest, where would you even begin with that. It dawned on me that if they didn't know these parts of me what parts of *them* did I also not know?

My nails were heart stamped. My newly out the wrapper red, tight, satin dress was on. Power red lipstick was applied complete with lip liner for maximum effect. Big hair don't care bouncy blow-dry was bouncing, the perks of being a stylist was of course doing your own hair, every once in a blue moon. Strutting in, late as always but they knew I would be and I arrived to our table for 4, with 3 my closest soul sisters already patiently awaiting me.

"That red dress is a knockout. Why are you still single?"

Asked Jen, happily married for about a

decade.

"You know me, never yet met the one."

As I stammered into my seat.

"We are so happy to have you here with us on your birthday for once, instead of receiving flip flop birthday sand feet photos from you from the Canaries."

Said Emma. Mother of twins and real life earth angel.

"Wait til you see your gift we got you."

Said Suzy mysteriously. Suzy, known to have very many relationships that never lasted. Suzy was either - just getting involved with someone, or just leaving someone. I didn't know how she had the time, strength or even the energy.

"Let's order."

Said practical, organised Jen.

“Open your gift first.”

Said Suzy with a twinkle in her eye,
whilst thrusting a pink envelope into my
hands.

“Are you all giving me a collective
Valentines card?”

“It’s something along those lines.”

Purred Suzy, smiling like a Cheshire cat.

I hated opening gifts in front of others.
It gave me frightful flashbacks of Secret
Santa’s at work. I hated it. Everyone’s
eyes peeled on your face for your reaction.
Even worse when someone on the - one too
many metamorphizziz fizzes would say:

“Guess who got you, no go on guess?!”

It made me physically ill.

Opening my beautiful pastel pink
envelope, I pulled out a gift card with a

red heart ribbon and it was sealed with a red lipstick kiss mark. Which I knew, of course, was Suzy's idea and most likely her lip print.

This voucher entitles you to a one day full experience, learning to paddle board in the Scottish seas with Ronan.

I blinked, double blinked and then reminded myself to remember to breathe.

Looking up from my voucher, all at once I took in the three of their faces, full of pure love and joy and excitement, that my heart melted. I knew what they were trying to do, even though it was of course, the last thing I wanted to do, but their kindness and love for me, out won my fear, in a heartbeat.

"Oh girls, that's so so kind and

thoughtful of you all and, and, and..."

My voice broke off as the tears welled up in my eyes. No, no, no, pull yourself together I told myself, my smoky eye make up wasn't getting ruined.

"We are *not* letting you let this sexy man go."

Said of course, Suzy.

"It's him, we all feel and know it is him and we want to help make it happen. So your session is booked for first thing tomorrow morning. We knew you were still off work and that you would have kept a free date in your diary after a night out, the lightweight that you are! So we just booked it for part of your continued birthday celebration weekend!"

Said practical, punctual Jen.

"We just all love you so much and know how much you deserve true love in your life. We want love to be your birthday gift this year. The real love you have waited for and always deserved and now it is your time."

Said Emma kindly.

Swallowing a sip of water to swallow back the tears that were arising, waiting to cascade down my face.

"This is perfect girls, absolutely perfect, I love you all so much too."

I whispered.

We ordered our food and laughed and reminisced and engrossed ourselves in each others lives. We laughed at Emma's hot yoga class story. Hearing that she had turned up at a new hot yoga class, only to find out

that the hot yoga guy instructor, actually
really *was hot!* Emma said he was so hot,
that she couldn't even do her downward dog
and her hot yoga sessions were over
forever.

"Okay DON'T look around but..."

Said Suzy.

So of course, we all naturally DID look
around. But I wasn't the least bit prepared
to see what I saw. It took more than a
moment for my mind to interpret the vision
my two slits of smoky eyes were currently
displaying to me.

There right in front of us, was Ronan.
Fighting his way through the sea of pink
and red balloons, almost punching the
balloons out of the way like a computer
game avatar. Stumbling and fumbling his way

towards a two seated table on the opposite side of the room from us. As I glanced back at the girls for their reaction to help me decipher what was happening. All of a sudden the three of them literally went pale all at once. Their collective three shocked faces helped me and my mind (and my heart) realise that he had just sat down at a two seated table, on *Valentine's night*. Clearly meaning that sometime very soon, someone was about to occupy the other seat at the teeny tiny cosy couple table for two and that someone was not me.

No-one uttered a word, not even Suzy. Silence. But their thoughts that were all currently running through their minds, were also written right across the three of their faces. So much so that I could almost

hear them. But I didn't need to hear their thoughts, I knew what they were all thinking.

"Well, that was unexpected. Although I was told to expect the unexpected in Aquarius season but I did not expect this unexpectedness."

(Cue the nervous laughter from me and actually from all three of us.)

She walked in. We all knew it was her as soon as the door opened. No avatar fighting through the balloons going on here. She glided in, like a catwalk model as cool as a cucumber and slid into the table seat, effortlessly and heartbreakingly really quite beautifully. Our whole table silenced as we all collectively watched, whilst pretending not to watch. A big red heart

balloon burst at the same time from the force from the wind from the door opening, which said it all really.

Suzy broke the ice.

"OK, so, maybe I did have a wee search for him last night on a dating app."

My heart both floated and sank at the same time. Good news, he's single. Bad news, he's currently on a Valentine's date, right actual now.

"So this over there. This, whatever it is, must be a very recent new thing." Said Suzy disdainfully and suddenly turned private detective.

"Well you all know how I feel about dating apps."

I replied meekly.

"We know. That you don't want go shopping

for men, you want to go shopping for dresses. That you certainly don't want men going shopping for you."

Said Jenny, entering and echoing my own internal thought processing system.

"Exactly, that's why we had to help you meet him in actual real life."

Said Emma, dramatically. She looked honestly, *forlorn*, the poor soul. She actually pretty much looked how I felt, come to think of it.

"But, he hasn't saw you yet in your super sexy red dress!"

Exclaimed Jen.

"Or in your super sexy scuba gear!"

Said Suzy. Whilst raising a finger to point in the direction of their table.

"That sexy man, over there, is meant to

be yours. We all just know it! You never mention any man and we knew a mile away you were fishing to find out about him, so we had to do it! It was the only way! Don't you think he looks a bit like a wolf?

There's just something so *wolfy* about him isn't there?"

They could read me like a book and I hadn't even told them about our recent meet and greet at the sea moment, they would have had us married off.

We continued on our lovely Galentines get-together, but I felt myself deflating like the limp pink heart balloon beside me. We left without even looking over in his direction, as I had instructed the girls to do the same, disappearing discretely behind a waterfall of foil love heart balloons.

Hugs and giggles about new birthday
beginnings and a chorus of wolf whistles
ended our joyful Galentines get together.
As I went home alone, taking off my sexy
red dress and putting on my fluffy pink
pyjamas, my heart hurt a little.

Happy fucking birthday.

Day 15

I woke up with far, far, too many wolf text emojis for a Monday morning. Alongside a few standard, scuba gear emojis galore within our Galentines group chat. Honestly, it was no wonder I escaped to the Canaries every year to escape Valentines day. Don't get me wrong, we had a lovely girly catch up, but the shenanigans of the Mr Wolf scenario was enough to make me really want to run away like Red Riding Hood in my red dress.

Unbelievably, now I was actually going to go meet him and spend time in the water *paddle boarding* with him. Oh my goodness, it was all so confusing. He had no idea I had seen him on his date. I had no idea if he even remembered me from our meeting on

the beach moment. Yet somehow, it was as if I could *feel* him in some way. I felt in sync with him somehow. But clearly, it was all just mostly made up in my mind. He probably had just met the love of his life anyway, so that was that. Over before anything had even begun. I didn't even have the time to think about it all anymore, as I was already actually running late to meet him, which was both funny and not funny, at the same time.

I gave myself a strict talking to on the way to the sea.

* I am celebrating my birthday with a beautiful gift from my gorgeous friends who love me.

*I am able to be fully immersed in the sea with another person.

*I can do both of these scary things.

*I can do this.

All of the buzzwords power words that Linda had given me about the Leo full moon, buzzed about my mind. I turned them into affirmations and repeated them to myself like mantras.

*I Am Brave.

*I Am Strong.

*I Am Powerful.

*I Am Courageous.

*I can do this.

Walking onto the beach, I took one look at him in the distance and said, nope, I can't do this. It took all my strength to stay rooted in the sand.

*I can, I can, I can.

I repeated it to myself over and over.

All of Linda's past wisdom words began to float through my mind...

*New beginnings.

*The only way to make a change is to make a change.

I took a huge deep breath and walked towards the sea and walked towards him.

CleanSlate@TheClyde

A new clean slate, a real new year new beginning. I can be in the water and be beside Mr Wolf, all at once. Facing fears and freeing myself. I can do this.

Walking up to him, he was standing at the sea shore, sorting out scuba gear. He just looked so wind swept and wild and free. That must be the wolfyness we could all sense from him, his wildness and freeness from being out on the Scottish wild seas. Whatever it was, this man had it, he really did.

Look at him, standing there looking so sexy in his wee flippers.

He stared and stared and stared at me as I walked towards him. As if trying to place me, remember me and read me like pages from

an old lost library book.

Stopping straight in front of him, taking a deep breath, I looked the Wolf right in the eyes.

"Hi, I'm here for my paddle board session."

Time stopped.

His face dropped.

Time froze.

My heart froze.

The sea stilled.

The air chilled.

His eyes fell to the sand at his feet. My heart fell to the sand underneath.

Rejection from his reaction instantaneously washed over me.

I did the only thing I knew how to do, I turned and I ran. Ran away from this man,

ran away from my sea. Overwhelmed from these tsunami feelings flooding and cascading me and throwing my overboard. I escaped into my only survival mode I had ever known, returning my forever default coping mechanism. To turn away from depth water and from the depth of my pain, to turn and run.

Well that was that wasn't it. What had actually just even happened there? Why had I acted so strangely awkward around her like that? I'm a professional. I'm normally so easy going and relaxed but something about her, overtakes and overwhelms me. Almost as if I can't fully breathe right to puff out my chest for enough air around her. Or she takes my breath away from me or

something.

The truth was, I couldn't look her right in the eye, because I had felt, well almost guilty. Why on earth did I feel guilty? I didn't even know her for goodness sake! I'd only just met her about a fortnight ago. But when I had saw her, in that restaurant, on bloody Valentines day of all days in that red dress... She was breathtaking. I had only joined a dating app to try and find her and see if she was single. All I knew of her was her name and thought this might be a way, to find a way to contact her. After I'd scrolled through plenty of profiles, I just knew she wasn't going to be online. Was that because she was in a relationship? She never wore a ring, which of course I had checked for whilst wiping

sea foam off my eyes, when I first met her.

Then Mandy had introduced herself on the app and began messaging me, asking me to meet for a meal on the Sunday evening, which I had thought, well why not? Not for one second did I even connect that Sunday was actually Valentines day or else I would have definitely rearranged our first date for another night. Valentines day felt far too *pressury*, too *proposally*, for a first date. Then I had to fight through all of them bloody heart shaped balloons to get to my table and I just knew it all felt so wrong somehow. Then unbelievably, as I sat surrounded by big red heart balloons, there I saw her, leaving her table with her friends, laughing, looking so relaxed, so lovely in her red dress. Her hair had

looked so soft and so beautiful. I had just wanted to get up and walk right out the door after her, but of course I didn't and stayed on my date. There was nothing there with Mandy, she was a lovely girl but we both knew there no spark, no chemistry. In all honesty, my mind had already followed her out the door with her and her red dress. Why was she out with her friends on Valentines night? She must be single. Who was she going home to in that sexy red dress?

Then, even more unbelievably, there she was walking towards me quite out of the blue saying she was booked in for a paddle board session with me! She certainly hadn't bought the voucher from me, I would have definitely remembered so it must have been

gifted to her from someone bought online. It was just all so unexpected to see her again this morning, after she had literally been running through my mind all of last night. I hadn't slept a wink thinking of her and there she was, standing right there in front of me. My mind had been totally overwhelmed. I was trying to process that she was actually really right there in front of me. Thoughts of her going to be wearing a scuba suit jumped right in and quickly I had to give myself a quick strict talking to, telling myself I would need to be purely professional. I also felt a bit guilty that I had been on a date last night, with someone else! When all I had wanted to do in the first place, was to be on a date with her. What did I do? Let her

go. All I had to do, was be cool, calm and collected and I couldn't even look her in the eye. So now that truly was it. Over, before anything had even begun.

Happy Fucking Valentines Day.

Pondering@ThePond

I decided to take my birthday cake to make my wish by the swans to cheer myself up. I brought my cake, coffee and my journal to a pretty picnic bench, which encompassed views of the swans and a view of a beautiful fountain in the background. I had always loved this picnic bench, bringing our wee packed lunch boxes and seeing the swans glide beautifully along the pond. I lit my 2 and 8 candles, closed my eyes and before I even opened my eyes from making my birthday wish, I knew my wisdom woman had arrived. I could feel her calming energy presence around me, soothing my soul and I knew instinctively, before I even saw her colours, I could feel her high energy vibrancy. I breathed in her orange

joyous energy radiating from her and her orange coloured scarf.

“Happy birthday congratulations are in order I see?”

She said through smiling eyes.

“Yes, I just turned 28 yesterday.”

I replied, leaving out the Valentines big laugh joke part.

“Ah the power of 7 child. 7 colours of the rainbow. 7 days in a week. 7 planets. 7 years of cell changes. 28 divided by 7.

This is your next full cell change beginning. That’s why it has always been called the 7 year year itch. Now almost all of you has regenerated from 21 - 28.

Reflect on all the changes that have taken place in your life since then. Are you the same person as you were when you were 21? I

think not! Now at 28, your next 7 year portal, you take walk through the new portal with all of the lessons and blessings of the past 7 years of wisdom gained through experience. Now it is time for you to begin anew, armed with all of that armour of wisdom learnt and gained. Do you know child, that your cells change in your whole body every seven years so essentially you are a new person every 7 years? Except your intestines, they take about 20 years. That's where we hold onto the past from decades ago."

She turned from the swans and faced me looking directly into my eyes. They eyes were the lightest, bluest ocean colour, like a husky dogs icy blue eyes.

"Also except your eyes, your windows to

your soul. They remain the same for your whole life. Which means your inner child is also always still looking out through them too. Which is why our inner child's love looking at the swans."

Wow. This rainbow woman was actually a living breathing guru. Every single word hit my heart and lit it up like a lightbulb. It was all so so true, I could see the truth swimming in her ocean eyes as she spoke. I could literally feel the truth of her wisdom words wash all over me. This woman, whoever she was, truly was a fountain of knowledge at the fountain.

Day 16

“Hi Linda, oh I have lots to tell you since I missed yesterday!”

I said as I entered the library.

“Fabulous Kelie, please take a seat beside the snowdrop and we will begin.”

I realised I had so much to share and to say that I almost couldn’t remember when I had last seen her as so much had taken place that it all busily blurred.

“Well I just hope that you had a night of enjoyment filled with your friends and look forward to hearing of that but first I have some new learning for you today too as we begin learning today of your Saturn return.”

Said Linda back to being her bold in business self again. Did she know that

subconsciously I didn't even really want to talk about it all somehow?

"Transcribe please and whatever comes up will come through in perfect time."

"On turning roughly 28 years old, which you are now, everyone goes through their Saturn return. A beautiful way to begin again. To reflect on everything in your life so far, to see what you now wish to change, what you now wish to create in the world and to know and remember, who you truly are."

Saturn return? I had never heard of this terminology in my life before. But if anything from this previous past fortnight had taught me, it was to go with the flow, to listen and learn and to welcome every

piece and every part.

"Saturn return happens to everyone and is a huge major life transformation. The planet Saturn, returns to your original position in the sky of the exact moment it was when you were born. It is like a reset period, a time to reflect on your life and a choice point to begin a rebirth again."

Wow. Just wow. All of this was incredible and all was exactly how I was feeling in my life right now. It really felt all so true!

"The snowdrop in the vase is a flower associated with your zodiac sign of Aquarius. The first flower that blooms after winter. This to me, represents your new rebirth after your inner winter too Kelie. It's time to bloom again." Said Linda ever so slightly gently.

My heart hurt a little. This was all so lovely and kind and helpful.

I really wanted to bloom again I really did but I just didn't know how to.

Linda of course answered my question without me even having to ask it.

"The more you meet yourself, the more you uncover deeper layers of yourself, the more you love and accept yourself, the more you bloom."

I breathed in her beautiful words and breathed in the beautiful fragrance and beauty of the single snowdrop.

"Soulwork homework tonight is to sit with yourself. Get quiet and still. Play some meditation music and let yourself meet a deeper layer of yourself Kelie. The more you meet the more you will meet and the

more you begin to see the more you will see."

"I will do exactly that Linda, thank you."

As I packed up my bag and prepared to begin meeting myself again, without having to explain everything as I hadn't even had the time to fully explain it all to myself. I really did need to make sacred space time to meet my new self.

MeetingMyself@Meditation

I made the sacred space.

I played the soothing meditation music.

I prepared to meet myself.

I thought of how much of my life I hadn't let myself, meet myself.

I thought about how much of me was now ready to begin new.

I thought about how I wanted to meet the new parts of me.

I thought about all of my past 28 years on this planet.

I thought about what I wished for in the next 28 years on this planet.

I met the old me.

I met the new me.

I met the present me in the present, meeting myself for the very first time.

Day 17

“Hi Linda, Happy full moon!”

I laughed.

Linda was sitting typing away on a typewriter. An actual typewriter! One of they really old fashioned ones with a ribbon that made the same click clack noise that her wee kitten heels made. It made me smile.

“You look super busy Linda.”

“Yes, it is currently the library audit time.”

I nodded my head as if I knew what she meant. (I didn’t. Meeting myself again eh KeLIE.)

“Sometimes we just need to do one thing differently in order to create a change don’t we?”

Spoken with a glint in her eye and a ding
on her typewriter.

"Yes, I suppose we do Linda."

"Well there's your soul work homework
right there Kelie. Off you go to go and do
something differently. See you tomorrow."

As she continued typing away like a gym
workout and never looked back up.

Off I went to find out what I was going
to do differently, from the new me.

Moonbathing@Full Moon

It was the first time I had been to the beach at night, in well maybe ever. I never remembered visiting the beach at night as a child. Memories of being tucked up snug and warm and cosy in my bed whilst my Mum and Nan would drink peach liquor and laugh together flooded my memories.

So here I was, doing something differently. Standing alone at the sea in the dark. Under the most majestic full moon I had ever seen in my life. Was she always this big and beautiful and glowy? Or had I just never taken the time to step out of my busy mind to stop and actually notice her breathtaking beauty. I felt as if she was smiling down on me. At me, to me and for me and maybe even in some way from me. It felt

like a warm light lamp glow of love
radiating down from the dark sky. Not a
star in the sky to be seen, not a soul to
be seen. Just me and the moon, illuminating
a strip of the sea in a moon glitter path.

I felt the tears roll down my cheeks.
Linda said full moons are both times for
celebrations and forgiveness. It was time
to fully forgive. Forgive everyone,
everything and to fully forgive myself. To
free myself from the chains of the past
holding me back, blocking me, stopping me
from moving forward in the present.

At my feet on the sand I stood on a
random thick blue rope, tied in a knot. I
thought of all the times I had tied myself
up in knots. I knew it was my sign to
physically and visually release myself and

cut all ties to the past.

I picked up the rope, walked to the sea shore and shouted out loud.

"Under the light of this full moon I declare I release and let go of the rope of the past and free myself now.

I am not a lost soul at sea.

I am free.

I am me."

Untieing a knot in the rope felt symbolic somehow as I untied the big thick knot then threw the rope in the water and felt the force of the splash as it broke the surface. It was so dark I couldn't see where the rope went, but I didn't need to see, I trusted it was being taken and carried away from me.

I felt fully free and I felt fully me as

truly me, free at the sea.

Day 18

The sun was shining again when I got to the beach in the morning, still not a soul to be seen anywhere. I was beginning my new morning differently. Placing my pink blanket down again by the edge of the sea shore. Deciding I was going to begin my day by *waiting* for my glitter to path to appear. When it appeared, which I knew it would, I knew that I had to step back in.

Whatever happened the last time was a mystery to me but it had evoked something in my soul. I knew I needed more answers, more crystal clear clarity. This water, my water, had a meaning a deep message for me and I couldn't decipher that message on land. The only way I could truly even begin to understand, was to immerse myself in her

wisdom. I sat and waited and waited, patiently, knowing that when it was the right time, I would be guided and shown.

I must have dozed off into a mini meditation state. As clusters of light began to glow, I knew, it was beginning, it was now. Standing up from my blanket, I began to take slow steps towards the water, the glitter path opening up a path for me up in a pathway line of light. Sparkles danced, entrancing me, inviting me. As I edged closer and closer, I felt lighter and lighter. The light of the sun sparkles also accelerated the light of energy vibrations within me. Steadying myself at the edge of the sea shore, the waves lapped my barefoot toes. Taking a deep breath, I stepped into

the glitter path of light.

"I'm ready to be shown."

Clota@TheClyde

Sound turned to silence.

Shore turned to background.

Sand turned to sea.

Breath turned to eternal breath.

Time turned to timelessness.

I walked and walked and walked along the sand, at the bottom of the sea, at the soles of my feet, feeling my own soul at my soles. No feelings of any fear. No thinking of air to breathe. No thinking at all. Just pure presence in the present. I kept walking and walking and walking and the light of the glitter path sparkles began dancing above me on the sea line shore.

Lighting the path for me, guiding the way, illuminating like stars in the dark at night. Which had now differently became

morning stars, reflecting the suns warmth and love.

In the distance I could see a figurine, a statue under the sea? A woman was gliding towards me. A beautiful woman, with long flowing blonde hair, gently swishing in the water, wearing a long flowing golden sparkly dress.

She got closer and closer and I was transfixated on her, enveloped in her energy of love, that was pulsing and vibrating and radiating from her.

"Hello Kelie, you have returned."

She said smiling.

"Who are you?"

I asked calmly, she felt so familiar, as if I had known her all of my life.

"Kelie, I am Goddess Clota. Goddess of

the River Clyde. I have been waiting for you. Waiting for you to remember and waiting for you to return."

"Why?"

I asked simply, still in a transfixed state.

"Karie, you have forgotten your own inner Goddess soul and I have been calling you home to me, to remember who you truly are."

"Who am I?"

"You are a wisdom keeper of the water Karie. You have always had an ethereal connection with the water in every single lifetime. You have had 28 years of past lives to come to this place, right now, to remember who you are."

"Who am I?"

"You Karie, are a Goddess of the sea,

just like me. Every river has it's own River Goddess. I am the river Goddess of the River Clyde. You were incarnated here, at this river Clyde, to teach other women to remember their own unique Goddess soul. We each all have a different Goddess element within us, Some are fire, some are earth, some are air and your element Kelie, is water. You can read water, you can hear water, you can connect with water, you can breathe underwater. Kelie you are a wisdom keeper of water."

"What does wisdom keeper even mean?"
"It means, you can access the ancient water wisdom codes within water, the codes of love, codes of light, the codes of healing, medicine codes of life."

"What have I to do with this wisdom?"

"You share it with the world. Share the healing vibrations of water with everyone. Remind people to return to the sea for it's powerful healing benefits, just looking at it and breathing it in is enough. Then, if the water Goddess element is within them too, as it is in you, it will, in turn awaken them to their core Goddess energy within also."

"I am a water Goddess?"

"Yes Kelie you are. I am the Goddess of the Clyde and you have awakened your Goddess within by remembering and returning to me."

"Was I a mermaid in a past life?"

"Yes Kelie you were and you lived amongst the dolphins, as one. They have been recalling you too and they know you can

hear their call too, only very few can, but when they know you can hear them, they know who you are. They remember you too. They are your guardians and spirit animals and your family and will always be with you, and sent to help you remember your true Goddess soul."

"I remember being a mermaid, saving a man somewhere, what does that mean?"

"He is an integral part of your soul mission, you are both entwined for a karmic reason. Ask yourself why you were saving him and why did you leave him? Why did you run from him? It has a deeper meaning for you in this lifetime. Take this Kelie and it will help give you the crystal clear clarity you need."

She handed me a clear crystal, placing it

tight into my right hand.

"This is a clear quartz crystal. Meditate with this and it may bring you crystal clear calm clarity and help you find the truth you are searching for."

"It's time to return Kelie, but know the sea and I and the dolphins are all on your side. It is time for the sea's love and respect to be returned again, for everyone to return to the sea and for everyone to return to natures natural rhythm of balance and harmony, above and below, within and without."

The stillness began to move, the waves began to sway, the sound of the water began to make sound waves and I began walking back to the waters edge, following the light path back towards the sea shore, back

towards the sand beach, back towards my pink blanket and back towards my life.

Returning to my pink blanket, grounding myself by grounding my feet into the warm sand. I looked back towards the still calm sea and wondered again what had just happened? Had I drifted off into a meditation and imagined all of that in meditation mode? I looked down and in my right hand was the quartz crystal.

Day 19

Standing at the bottom of the spiral stairwell, I clutched my crystal in my hand. Had I not been currently holding this crystal, I would have told myself it must have been a meditation moment, a mystical experience in my mind that had happened due to being so “in the zone.” But in my hand, I was holding physical evidence that I really had met Goddess Clota. That I did physically step into the glitter path and everything magical that had occurred afterwards, must have really happened. If not, I wouldn’t be holding this crystal. I knew nothing of crystals only that people sometimes wore them in their bra but I had no idea why anyone would even do that. Rolling it about in my hand, it glittered

and glistened in the reflection of the light, just like the glitter path sparkles. I could see tiny markings etched on it. Was this the codes that Goddess Clota had spoken of? And if this all, in fact did happen, as by holding this crystal I suspected that somehow that it actually had. Her words, that I was a Goddess, I was a water wisdom keeper, that maybe could all be true too?

It was a lot to take in. So I did as the spiral staircase had been teaching me to do. Just take one step at a time, one step at a time and reminded myself that just like that pretty pink rose in the vase, I would bloom in my own time.

"Hi Linda."

"Hello Kelie." Said Linda, wearing a

linen cream suit of floaty trousers, matching blazer and with an eye catching bright orange neck tie scarf to match her coral orange lipstick. Powerhouse, pure actual powerhouse.

"Karie, you look a bit, unnerved. Is all well with you today?"

It was the first time she had ever enquired about my feelings in a genuinely empathetic way, which felt nice. Maybe she really was warming to me a wee bit now too?

"Have a seat and we can discuss."

Linda ushered me to the table.

Today's table ensemble included a round oval vase with three floating creamy candles. It was unexpected and romantically beautiful. It actually stopped me in my tracks.

"Oh Linda, the candles are lovely."

"Great place to begin Kelige. Please take out your journal and write this for further reflection time of both the past, present and future."

"The power of three Kelige. Past, present and future, all floating together in infinite timelines as they do. The question is of course, where do you place your most attention? On the past? Past floating into your present? Future? Is your present reflecting the future you wish to create? Or staying in the present, accepting all is truly perfect in this moment and right guided action is being given to you in this moment, to create the future you wish?"

Even the candles had meanings, I mean really, how did she know all this wise

wisdom stuff? Was she a gate keeper too? A gate keeper of books? Well I suppose she really kind of was, as a librarian. A gate keeper of wisdom? Books were ancient wisdom really too weren't they? So maybe the term "gate keeper" wasn't actually as far out as it felt at first, maybe we were all gate keepers in some way of something, we just hadn't been told so, or remembered.

"Tell me of your soul work yesterday please?"

"Well, I had another one of my mystical moments, at the glitter path again. Let's just say it lead me to the word Goddess. Do you think every river has it's own River Goddess Linda?"

"Goddess is a very powerful word Kelie. This questioning means you really are

ready to remember who you are. I want you to connect with a different part of water today for your soul work homework. Water Kelie, is everywhere, it is in everything, breath of words, air, for drinking, for cleansing. Connect with a different aspect of water and connect with a different aspect of yourself."

And I was back down the staircase to connect with water and with myself.

FindingMyself@Fountain

Finding myself at the fountain, the mountain of water above me, flowing in rhythmic harmony, balanced at every section like a tiered wedding cake. Tears at this wedding cake tier. Healing waters tears for a lost love wedding cake. Unsure if I would ever be able to let love in. Maybe in another time and in another dimension it would or could be, but I knew deep down at the depths of the fountain where all the water gathered, where all my love had gathered, just like the fountain it could go no further, it was completely blocked. I clutched my crystal in my hand. I whispered into the crystal.

"Show me what the water wants to tell me. I am ready to be shown."

Blinking back my tears, I realised I was blocking them from flowing too. Thinking where does the water go in the fountain after it gathers at the bottom? I looked up to the top of the fountain and realised, it gets transmuted and returned to the top and continues to flow all through back through all of the tiers again. My tears flowed freely from my face. My love wasn't blocked and stopped as stagnant waters puddles at my feet. It was being returned to a new fresh space at the top, to flow back through me again. There could never be a block to my love that would always flow through me naturally like a fountain.

This realisation made me realise the power of this sign I had been given. The three tiers like Linda's three candles. The

past, present and future all flowing together at once. Knowing deeply in that moment I had been sent to the fountain to remember the deep flow of water wisdom love that would always eternally flow through my body, my mind and my soul. In that moment I felt so deeply connected to everything and everyone. Remembering that we are all love. Water wisdom flows within us all and that sea flow of love, is eternal.

Gathering myself, as I gently walked back towards my bench, I saw something small on the seat. As I came closer, it became clearer in my focus. It was a long, thin, dark blue tube and when I reached the bench, I laughed out loud. A fountain pen, at the fountain. The universe really did have sense of humour. A watery fountain

pen, to write about the experience? To join a calligraphy class? Then I knew the answer and the meaning of the sign in that moment, it was sent to tell me, it was time to rewrite the next chapter of my life. I had remembered. It was time to rebirth.

REBIRTHING

Day 20

Placing my newly acquired fountain pen and my journal in my bag, I walked along the cobbled street to the library. I was excited to share my soul work homework fountain story with Linda and of course to see what her fashion catwalk style showpiece would be today. But I was not expecting to see what I saw taped to the library door.

"Notice, due to unforeseen circumstances the library is sadly closed today. All will be returned to normal practice tomorrow. As always expect the unexpected and trust in the power of divine timing. Linda."

Unforeseen circumstances? Well this certainly *was unforseen*. Though I couldn't believe that Linda would ever let anything

be unforeseen, since she seemed to *forsee*
every single thing in the world.

Standing to re-gather myself, I thought,
well now that I had acquired a full free
day to myself today. What should I do,
where should I go? I took a breath and
asked my heart and truly listened to the
wisdom of my own waters within.

Rewriting New Chapters @ Old Chapters

I found myself standing right outside the same wee white cottage where all of our summer holidays had taken place. My heart had whispered to go and knew it was exactly where I was meant to be. It looked almost exactly the same as I remembered it to be. A bit more dilapidated and definitely needed more than a quick lick of paint, but it was still so beautiful. The rose garden at the front was now gone. The rose garden that had truly meant so much to me. It was the first thing I would do as soon as we got to the cottage, run right to the roses. Meeting and greeting every single one of their wee happy faces. Breathing in all of their colours, scents, fragrances. Living in a high rise Glasgow tenement flat

surrounded by grey dull concrete everywhere you looked, seeing and breathing roses on our own doorstep, was simply magical to me.

The roses were now gone but the cottage was still here, standing strong. Now I was here, I wasn't really sure what to do next as I hadn't planned on being here. But I really now did trust in my heart wisdom guidance and here I was.

Wondering who lived here now, a well of emotions began arising within me. Old memories, forever filed away in the background of my mind resurfaced. Filed in the cabinet labelled: Best memories ever.

Was the cottage currently lived in? Or used as a second home or holiday rental? It felt a bit un-lived in, it felt a bit un-loved. Which hurt my heart as it had been

such a source of love in my life and had
felt like home to me.

Should I chap the door? But what would I
even say?

'Hi, I used to come here on my holidays
when I was wee and just wanted to pop in
for a visit?'

I'm sure the current owners, whoever they
were, wouldn't appreciate or even
comprehend a complete stranger arriving
unannounced.

Considering about what to do next, the
universe intervened. The front door swung
open as I stood transfixed at the front
gate, like a deer seen in the wild.

An elderly lady with a pretty pastel pink
rose print tea dress draped in a cream
shawl waved to me from the porch.

Maybe she had been peering through the lace net curtains and saw me standing here.

"Hello dear, are you coming in to visit me?"

She enquired, with smiling eyes and a warm look of loving kindness spread across her face.

"Oh hello! May I speak with you for a quick second to explain why I am standing here please?"

I asked, nervously.

"Of course dear. Please come in, come in!"

My feet walked back up the familiar path, guiding me knowingly, knowing the way like the back of my hand. The grass was very overgrown and the footpath lost in the jungle, but I knew exactly where to walk.

Walking the path were I had walked every single summer of my childhood.

"Hello, my name is Kelie. I'm so sorry for just turning up on your doorstep. I realise I am a total stranger to you. I used to come and stay here, at this cottage, every single year as a child. We would come on our holidays, my Mum and my Nan and I every summer. I just somehow felt called to come back today and found myself here. It is the first time I have ever returned to the cottage as an adult. To be honest I don't really have any idea of why I am here but I just knew in my heart today that today was the day I had to return back here."

With my admission, I burst into tears.

She never seemed one bit phased in the

slightest by my emotional outburst.

"Well then petal, let's get the kettle on dear."

Taking my hand gently, she gently ushered me inside.

Inside, in the traditional old fashioned cottage kitchen. We sat at the same white round circular table that I remembered sitting as a child, eating my toast and strawberry jam, leaving the crusts incase it gave me curly hair. (Maybe that's where my fascination of becoming a hairdresser actually began.)

It felt a bit surreal watching the lovely lady filling a silver tea pot, placing it on the stove to boil. A memory of my Nan making the exact same movements of making the tea in this way, flashed through me.

"Now dear, my name is Flora, like the flowers. Though there are not that many flowers here anymore. I just can't keep up with the upkeep of gardening anymore these days. So please tell me again why you found yourself here? Begin at the beginning, like any good story."

Said Flora with a flash of a twinkle in her eyes.

I began at the beginning. Retelling the tales of all of the memories made here with my Mum and my Nan. Stories of how much the cottage had always meant to me. I explained that I had recently been on a journey of self discovery which involved meeting parts of my past. (Naturally leaving out Linda and the library parts.)

I spoke of my sense that the water here

spoke to my soul in ways that I couldn't explain. That by being back here again, I felt my Nan's spirit here with me in someway too.

Lovely Flora in her lovely tea dress, listened quietly to every word I said, whilst silently pouring the boiled water into a beautiful blue tea pot. Flora listened as she picked out two small blue tea cups from the wooden worktop and placed the cups gently on top of delicate lace coasters. Every movement she made was as gentle and graceful as a ballerina. I sensed she was stewing over everything I was saying, whilst stewing our tea.

Pondering my thoughts, Flora poured two cups of tea into the porcelain tea cups from the pretty blue teapot.

"Tea my dear, solves everything."

Said Flora wisely, with a glint in her eyes.

Sipping our tea together silently, silence and stillness filled the air. Everything felt familiar and cosy and homely. As if I was visiting a relative, not sitting sipping tea with a total stranger.

Flora opened a cake tin on the table.

"No home baking here anymore, but there's plenty of these shop bought chocolate chip cookies!"

"Oh Flora, cookies were my absolute favourite as a child!"

We both bit into our crumbling cookie's as we sipped our tea.

"Karie. I feel that you found yourself

here for a reason today.”

Sensing her serious tone, I sensed she was about to say something important. I could sense that same shift in the air happening again. I breathed in the stillness, the smell of the cookies, the warmth of the tea.

“I have lived in this cottage for all of my life and I’m older than you may think. As you know, a woman never reveals her age. Kellie, I knew your Nan very well. Everyone called her Nan didn’t they?”

“Yes, they did Flora.”

Tears began cascading down my face like a waterfall.

“Your Nan was a beautiful woman, both inside and out. Your Nan would book every single year in advance for the same dates

the following year. She looked forward to it so much, spending her summer with you and your Mum. Every summer I would go to my Brother's in England to stay for the summer and I would rent out my cottage for the summer. Your lovely Nan always made sure that the Glasgow summer fair holiday was booked in advance for you all."

My heart beamed with happiness at hearing this. Hearing how much that it had not only always meant to me, but also how much it had always meant to her too.

I remembered my Nan speaking of the woman who lived in the cottage but I had never met her as a child. Now here I was, as an adult, sitting here with her, drinking tea and eating cookies together.

"Wait here a moment, I have something to

show you."

Said Flora as she arose from sitting at the table.

"Eat another cookie!"

Flora shouted as she disappeared out of sight from the kitchen door. I did what I was told.

Flora returned with a bundle wrapped up in a red tartan shall.

"These dear, belong to you."

Gazing into her beautiful kind eyes, the tears splashed down my face before I had even opened to see what was inside the shawl.

Unwrapping the red shawl, were lots and lots of envelopes addressed to Flora. Instantly I recognised my Nan's handwriting. I would have known her

handwriting anywhere. It was beautifully distinct and unique, just like her.

"These dear, are letters that your lovely kind Nan would write to me every year. We all wrote to each other then, before all of this mobile phone carry on. Handwritten letters, were so much more meaningful. We had proper communication back then. Your lovely Nan would always write to me every summer. Telling me of her holiday adventures tales and tales of her beautiful Granddaughter whom she adored, you dear."

My tears flowed. It was the most beautiful, meaningful gift I had ever been given. These treasures would be treasured by me now, forever.

"Oh Flora, I cannot even begin to tell you how much this means to me. It means

everything. More than any words I could ever say."

Hugging the shawl at my heart, the letters of love were the most precious gift I had ever been given.

"Handwritten letters are a library of love that we can keep forever."

Said Flora lovingly.

A library of love. The Akashic library had returned me to the true library of love within me. The library of love within my true home, my heart and soul. The library of love that I could always access at any point as it was my own library of my own love, within my own heart and my own soul.

Filling our tea cups from the teapot, Flora had a look of pure joy and happiness spread across her beautiful, kind face.

"Keline. The reason I found the shawl and letters so quickly is because I am currently in the process of packing up. My brother in England that I told you about? Unfortunately his health has very much deteriorated. As much as I love my home and have always loved my cottage with every piece of my heart, it is time for me to move to England to be with my Brother. My cottage has cared for me and provided for me, for all of my life, I love it more than I can ever say. I always have and I always will. But my poor garden I cannot care for anymore. It hurts me to see it so overgrown like this. My rose bushes were always my pride and joy. No longer do I have the ability or the capacity to love and care for my garden as she deserves, as I used to

be able to do."

We both now had tears in our eyes.

"I loved your beautiful roses so much."

"So did your Nan, she wrote about them every single year. I am an old woman now. I have lived my life and it has been a life filled with love and joy and happiness in my forever home cottage. I have had to make the decision to sell up and move to be with my Brother, for us to be together at the end of both of our lives. I have no children to pass on to and my cottage, is time for it to be returned to her full love and glory again and Kelie, I feel she should belong to you now. You are the only other living breathing person in this world who could ever love her as much as I do."

My heart almost burst and exploded with

love. Jumping up, we hugged and hugged.

Both hugging and crying together in a moment of pure joy together.

"I don't need money Kelie, I've made plenty of money over the years. More importantly I've made plenty of memories here and now it's time for new memories of love to be made here, by you and for you. I didn't know where to even begin with the whole selling up process as I have lived here all of my life and never had to move or sell. I lived here all of my life and it has been passed down through the generations for years in my family. We can talk and sort out everything properly soon and you will know more about the procedure process than me. But for now all I ask of you is one thing and one thing only."

"Of course Flora, anything, absolutely anything."

"All I ask is that you write to me in England. Write to me like your Nan used to do. Her letters always made me so happy and brought me so much joy and happiness.

Please continue to write to me and tell me how the cottage is doing, growing in your care and love and warmth. Maybe even send me some pictures sometimes, now you that you all have they fancy phones and don't need to do the whole printing out photograph spools in the shops like we used to have to do."

"Oh Flora, I will write to you every week, every single week for the rest of my life. I promise Flora and I promise to return your roses back to love too." With

that, my new chapter had officially been
re-written.

Day 21

No notice on the front door today. We were officially back in business, as I climbed the familiar stair well. Linda, wearing a flowery tea dress not unlike Flora's from yesterday I had to say, was standing in front of her desk wearing a smile.

"Hi Kelie."

"Hi Linda, I'm glad to see you are back, I missed you."

"Unforseen circumstances which I suspect changed your plans for the day, which of course means you were being redirected in divine timing?"

Linda enquired.

My mind began to turn. Surely Linda didn't close the library, so I would find

my way to the cottage? Surely not, but something in Linda's smile felt that way and both Linda and Flora wearing almost the exact same tea dress...

"Please sit at the table."

On the table was a lovely stationary box with sky blue ribbon tied in a bow.

"For writing a letter to your future self, of your next chapter, using your new fountain pen."

"Oh Linda, that's so lovely, thank you, thank you, thank you."

"Take this somewhere new to write your new love letter to yourself."

"I will Linda, I will."

Hand written letters again? I hadn't received a hand written letter in years then all of this hand written letters

surrounding me in the past 24 hours.

With that and a sky blue flash of ribbon, I was back unwinding like the un-tieing of the ribbon bow on my new stationary, down the stair well and on my way to write my love letter to my future self. Only whilst checking my bag to make sure I had put my new fountain pen back in beside my new stationary, did I realise that I hadn't even told Linda my fountain pen at the fountain story, as the library had been closed.

Letters@Love

Upon opening the girl's Galentines group chat, I was met with a sea of sad crying emoji faces and alongside a few wolves and broken hearts.

I had told them that the paddle board session hadn't quite gone to plan and that was as far as my text written communication would take me today. I really did wish we were back to handwritten letters days of letters declaring love for one another.

Where did the romance in life go? We were all starved of it now. No romance in music lyrics, in written letters, I craved old fashioned romance.

Honestly I laughed at their emojis, but I told myself there wasn't even the time or space to even think of any wolf men at the

moment. I was far too busy planning my new life living by the sea. My packing had already begun. Mostly only my most sentimental items, which of course included my precious letters in their tartan shawl. I'd decided not to read them until my first night in my new home and my new life. On my very first night there I would cosy up in my new forever home, make tea on the stove and eat cookies, whilst lovingly reading each precious letter by candlelight. There was not a better evening that could be wished for. I'd made a conscious decision that I would also write a love letter to myself too. After reading my Nan's love letters, I would write my own love letter to myself. Linda would surely allow me just this once to not submit my soul work

homework. Expect the unexpected as she said. So I certainly wouldn't be using any of my free time to discuss in group chats, men who looked like wolves.

But the girls were having none of it.

"**So this happened.**" Pinged Suzy into the chat.

In came a screenshot of Mr Wolf.

I had no idea what was actually happening.

"**So, I might have accidentally on purpose, set you up a dating profile. Now BEFORE you never speak to me again... wait for this!!!**

I thought we might somehow persuade you to send him a message, but get this, we don't even need to because.... HE MESSAGED YOU FIRST!!!!"

A parade of hearts and claps alongside

happy and winky faces emojis all followed.

Oh my actual goodness. Oh no, I didn't even know where to begin. I had to sit down and remember to breathe again for a second.

Messages from all the girls began pinging galore.

"OMG This is it!"@Jenny

"I'm literally crying here." @Emma

A screenshot of the first message sent followed. Saying:

"Hi, I just wanted to say hi and introduce myself properly."

"Oh my actual goodness."

Was all I could reply, which again was met with all the wolves and hearts and happy smily faces, alongside crying tears from Emma.

"I am currently sending you over all the log in details as we speak. Now go & get a cup of tea on to get over the shock & then RESPOND RITE AWAY 2

MRSEXYWOLF!!! @Suzy

Switching my phone off with shaking hands in shock, I needed some time to gather myself and to process all of this information. Of course my overthinking mind went straight into overdrive. Does he know it's even me? What profile pic had Suzy even used of me? What about his date he was on, only just last week? Was he a serial player? So much overwhelm in my mind that I really did need to go and put on a cuppa, but somewhere deep inside I smiled, he had replied.

Day 22

Glad of the digital detox, I ran to the library for some respite from my overthinking mind. Healing books, healing words from real life books, that's what I needed today, not a digital world to be seen.

"Hello Kelie and happy third quarter moon today."

Said Linda, in lilac. Lilac trousers, lilac and cream fitted blouse and even, a lilac bow. Nails to match, naturally.

"Please sit at the table and open your journal promptly."

Said Linda, promptly.

Todays vase had a beautiful sprig of lavender, its lovely scent calming and soothing me instantly. Did Linda know I

would have been a bit all over the place today? Probably.

“Oh the lavender is lovely Linda.”

I said whilst breathing in it's floral scent.

“Calming, soothing, soothes the mind and helps with sleep.”

She knew I had been tossing and turning all night with what to do about the message situation, I just knew she knew.

“Begin transcribing please.”

Linda was all ready to rock in lilac today.

“The third quarter moon is a time for reflection, for introspection, to begin to release old patterns of behaviour that now serve no purpose for you and continue to keep you stuck replaying old tapes of the

past. Today is a day of deep reflection.

Soothe your mind, still your mind and you will know what pattern you now wish to release within yourself."

I breathed in the lovely lavender scent and thought I would go and get myself some lavender essential oil as it really did soothe my mind a bit.

Lilac Linda escorted me promptly to the top of the stairs.

"Today, is about you finding the answers yourself Kelie, not me giving them to you. As deep down you know the answers, you always have and you always will."

With a powder puff of lilac and scent of lavender she was gone. As I was halfway down, down, the stairs to find the answers deep down, down, within me.

Intentions@Introductions

I thought about Linda's third quarter moon intentions meaning written in my journal, about reflecting and shedding old negative patterns that no longer serve their purpose anymore. The thought of replying to his message panicked me like a tightrope, but, but, but surely, purely only sending an innocent reply, wasn't meaning I was asking the guy to marry me for goodness sake. Actually it would be rude not to reply, I told myself.

I can do this.

I can begin releasing old patterns by sending a new message.

I can send one tiny teeny message.

I Am Brave.

I Am Courageous.

I CAN do this.

I covered myself in my new lavender essential oil rollerball that I had acquired after the library like a steam roller. It was required, it was definitely required.

Taking a deep inhale, I typed in the log in details.

Up instantly popped his message in my inbox. Alongside a few other messages from men hiding behind sunglasses, in Scotland, with hardly a strip of sunshine to be seen? Hiding the windows the soul, I concluded. Whist laughing. (nervously, very nervously.)

Mr Wolf happily had not a pair of shades on to be seen. His beautiful brown eyes

smiling into the camera lense with the sea in the background. The same picture he used on his business leaflets. He looked so relaxed and free, that wolfy wildness shining through. It was definitely him which was well a good start, but did he even know it was definitely me?

I checked my own profile picture that Suzy had used of me to see who he thought he was messaging. I gasped when the profile picture popped up.

My picture, was actually almost exactly like his one he had used.

There I was, standing at the same sea, happy and fresh, on that one and only day I had returned back to my beach. Emma and I had taken the twins for their birthday a few years ago. I also looked wild and free

though not wolfy, more mermaidly with my long blonde hair blowing freely in the wind alongside my sky blue dress that matched the colour of the sea behind me. Good choice of picture girls, I thought. I hadn't even remembered about this picture, it must have been lost on an old phone somewhere, but lovely Emma must have saved it.

You know how some photos are just photos and some are actually *moments*? This photo felt like a moment. Snapshots in time the reflect that time frame in your life. I really was so happy and free that day. The reason that I was so happy and free that day, was because I was back by my beach, where I truly belonged.

I can do this.

I can do this.

I can do this.

Hi @Ronan. Thank you for your message and introducing yourself.

I am Kelie and let me reintroduce myself properly to you now too.

I love the sea, I love to laugh, and paddle boarding clearly quite honestly panics me.

Don't even get me started on scraping myself into scuba gear as that's a pure panic in itself.

How's the sea today? :D

(No kiss, it felt too kissy. Standard smiley face was quite enough tension text talk for now thank you very much.)

I pressed send.

I switched off my phone.

Placing my phone in the drawer, gently
beside my tartan shawl letters.

"As you always said Nan, what's for you
won't go by you. So if he is for me, he
will not go by be."

Then firmly shut the drawer door and ran
without looking back to make my 100th cup
of tea of the day.

Day 23

“Hi Linda.”

I said standing at her desk.

“Hi Kelie. Please take a seat at your table.”

My table?

Well lovely Linda certainly was really beginning to make me feel at home and part of the furniture here. I really did love it here I realised. The unmistakable musty smell of the dusty books. The soft music that blended in so beautifully in the background. The combination of sameness and new newness all at once, the perfect balance of traditional and modern. I loved it so much. I would be so sad to leave when the time came.

On *my* table, was a tiny hand held mirror.

It was quite a surprise to see such an item, but then again as always, expect that unexpected.

"Today Kelie, is a little bit different, you are getting used to change now, which is a good thing. Today I have chosen a book for you."

Now, as Linda had previously said, books find you, which I now believed to be true. But, if Linda, the most brainiest, librarianest, librarian that has ever been known in the history of life, told you to read a book, then I knew, for a fact this was a book I needed to read.

Linda handed me the book.

'Akashic Soul Mirror Book.'

I could almost feel the book's power as strong as my own soul book.

"Karie. This book truly did help me within my life and I truly believe it can help you within your own life too."

Linda at one point needed help in her life? I couldn't believe it. Balanced Linda? Perfectly balanced in every single way known?

"How do you think I could ever have become a mentor and guide Karie, if I hadn't already done the work myself?"

Well, I was speechless. Never had this ever crossed my mind. Never.

"Today I will be your oracle and share that the title alone from this book forever helped me. Sometimes the title of a book alone can be a living transmission in itself. A remembrance. A rebirth. From all of my learnings over the years Karie, I

have came to the conclusion that everything in life is in fact a mirror. Water is a reflection mirror. People are reflection mirrors of you. Emotions are mirrors of the way you are internally speaking to yourself. I want you to take this beautiful book and take this mirror and as your soul work homework tonight, consider the way you are speaking to yourself, is it words of love and kindness? The waters within are listening to every word you speak to yourself. I want you to look into this mirror and reflect on all of the changes that have taken place. Seeing yourself as the new woman that you are now."

I felt the tears spring to my eyes.
"Thank you so much for this Linda and for sharing your truth with me too." With that

and my book fully stamped, I placed my book
and my mirror in my bag and as the glass
door reflected my reflection, I thought of
all the mirrors currently being reflected
back to me in my life.

Mirrors@Mirror

Staring into the dark moonlight starry sky. The moon at her halfway point, looked exactly like a half circle. It felt like she was showcasing the two halves of me too. Mirroring to me. The moon was now making a glitter path too, a silvery sliver, shining in the dark depths of water. Mirroring back to me my reflection. I pulled out my mirror from my bag and looked into my own eyes. (No hiding behind sunglasses were involved.)

I did see the changes I had made so far. I was so proud of myself for all the big changes I had made recently.

I looked into my mirror, I looked into my own eyes and as the moon glittered, I said to the mirror, to the sea, to myself:

"I am so proud of you Kelie, for being so brave through all of these changes within the last month. I am so proud of you."

For the first time in my whole life. For the first time in 28 years on this planet. I really, really meant it.

Day 24

“Thank you Linda for your beautiful guidance of gifting me this wonderful book to read and my mirror homework to do too.”

I said standing at her desk as I placed the book on Linda’s desk for return.

“When a book finds you, you will always know it has found you for a reason.” Said Linda, in a mirror type of fabric dress, reflecting light.

“I will never forget that Linda and I will never ever forget you too.”

“Today for your soul work homework I want you to continue on with the mirror theme. You have considered the mirror of your own thoughts and the connection with water reflections.”

(Mind reading strikes again.)

"Today I want you to consider that others
might be mirrors to you and what that may
mean for you too. Enjoy your mirror meeting
and I shall see you tomorrow."

Like a spin of a disco ball she was off
and I was spinning, spiralling back down
the stairs out to meet any walking mirrors.

Moments@Mirrors

My mind flickered back to Mr Wolf. Was he a mirror to me? Was he mirroring me? Was I mirroring him? He had certainly stirred something up inside of me, whatever it was and somehow I sensed in some way I had also did the same for him too. Was this the meaning of the karmic connections and how we all have lessons and teachings for each other? Was this the meaning of mirrors?

Taking a deep breath I opened my phone and opened the dating app. I had talked myself into it for half an hour beforehand.

Telling myself, if he hasn't replied it is extremely fine.

If he has replied, it is extremely fine.

Gearing myself up for every eventuality and eventually I had to eventually just

open up the app and see.

@Karie Hi from the sea! I'm not a big fan of apps, I much prefer chatting in real life. How about meeting for a coffee @ the coffee shop by the sea 2mo @5pm and chat then? :D

Well that was unexpected, even with planning for the unexpectedness these days, this was still unexpected on a different level. Like the mirrors that we must be, it spurred something unexpected to occur within myself too. Before I even knew what I was doing I had replied.

@Ronan Perfect plan see you by the sea @ 5pm x

Not only had I surprised myself by replying and saying yes, I had actually also put a kiss at the end of the message! Who even was I these days? I wasn't quite

sure yet, but all I knew was, I loved her
whoever she was.

And... I was actually meeting Mr Wolf!!!

Day 25

“Hi Linda.”

Linda approached in a lovely pastel pink suit and greeted me at the stairs.

“Hi Kelie. I have an appointment soon so I am afraid our session will cancelled today.”

Said Miss Pastel Pink.

“Well, I actually have a well kind of appointment myself later too so maybe it has turned out for the best.”

Linda smiled and stared straight through me.

“More extra time for you to get all prepared for your, *appointment*.”

Replied Linda, with heavy emphasis on the word appointment. She knew. I don’t know how she knew but she definitely knew. It

was written all over her face. Or maybe it had actually been written all over *my* face. Mirrors again?

"Divine timing strikes again Kelie. See you tomorrow."

I was back down past the fairy twinkly lights and on my way to prepare for *my appointment*.

Coffee@Clota

It's just a casual coffee date.

I repeated to myself over and over on the way to the coffee shop.

It's just a casual coffee date.

I had told myself as I had changed my outfit ten times before leaving.

It's just a casual coffee date.

I told myself as I stood outside the entrance, smelling the welcoming waft of warm grounded coffee in the air.

It's just a casual coffee date.

I told myself, as my feet in my higher heels than usual wanted to run away but actually walked into the shop.

It's just a casual coffee date.

I repeated to myself as I spotted his sexy face in the corner.

It's just a casual coffee date.

As I took a deep breath, smiled and slid into the booth beside him.

It's just a professional business meeting coffee date.

He told himself as he changed his shirt several times.

It's just a professional business meeting coffee date.

He told himself as he sprayed his new bottle of aftershave that he hadn't opened since Christmas.

It's just a professional business meeting coffee date.

He told himself as he dropped his wallet and keys on the way out the door.

It's just a professional business meeting

coffee date.

He told himself as his heart beat faster in his chest when he caught sight of her in a pretty pink dress.

It's just a professional working business meeting coffee date.

He told himself as she smiled and glided into the booth beside him.

Meeting@Remembering

My heart was beating out of my chest looking into they beautiful big brown eyes. He really was wolfy, but not in a scary intimidating way. In a wise, strong, safe, protective kind of way. I loved his energy I really did.

“Hi.”

I whispered.

Well I was getting better. At least I said *something* this time.

“Hi Kelige.”

He said looking straight through me. His gaze, right into my eyes, this time piercing right into my irises. This was different. It felt really different. Intensely different, in a good way. I liked the sound of my name on his lips.

I was about to accidentally nervously say

- Hi Mr wolf!

But thankfully managed to stop myself just in the nick of time.

“Coffee?”

He asked.

“Always.”

I replied.

“How do you like it?”

He said with what seemed like a tiny glimmer in his eyes.

“On the rocks.”

I replied.

To which we both laughed and broke the ice.

“No milk I meant. Just coffee, straight up exactly as it is.”

I said.

A lovely lady in a pink gingham apron
appeared.

"May I take your order dears?"

She asked.

"Two coffees, no milk please. Perfect
exactly as it is."

He said, staring right into my eyes.

"Right away dears."

Mrs Gingham dissolved away into the
distance as he became my one and only focus
of attention, like we were magnetised
somehow.

"I'm glad you came to meet me."

He said.

"I'm glad you asked me."

I replied.

"I like your pink dress. You look
lovely."

He said quite unexpectedly.

“Thank you.”

Was all I could muster to reply and again had to stop myself from saying. ‘Well, actually I like your eyes, your shirt, the smell of your aftershave, your sexy wolfyness...’

But I stopped myself, thankfully. (oh hi there throat chakra issues, still there I see? This time though thank you for actually helping me. Oh how the tables have turned eh?)

“So tell me a bit about yourself, you mentioned you have been busy lately? What’s all the busyness business then, anything exciting?”

He asked eagerly.

I felt like he actually really wanted to

know and really wanted to listen.

"Well, quite a lot actually. I'm currently in the process of moving here, by the sea. I can feel her call to me and I just know and feel that now is the right time in my life for a fresh new beginning."

(A full actual coherent sentence. I was certainly improving.)

"That's really cool. I totally understand. I felt the same way last year too and made my move back here too. A lot of life happened and I just knew it was the right time to begin again. To start my paddle boarding business that I had always felt called to and I heard the call from the sea too."

He said, sincerely. I felt every word he said in my heart. I loved that he had felt

the same way as I was feeling now.

“That’s brilliant.”

I said, breathing in every single word he had just said, as the lovely gingham apron lady sat down both of our coffee’s down onto the table.

“So where are you moving to then?”

He asked whilst gently taking a sip of his coffee.

“A lovely cottage up behind the beach. Actually it is where I used to go on holiday every year when I was wee, with my Mum and my Nan. So it means so much to me to now move there and it will now be my forever home.”

“That’s really amazing.”

A look of real admiration spread across his beautiful face.

I took a sip of my hot coffee and thought about how hot he was, as well as the coffee.

"There's just something so magic about the water and the beach here, isn't there?"

It was as if he was doing a Linda and reading my mind, everything he said matched my own experience, which was so refreshing.

I took another sip of my lovely hot coffee, to breathe it all in, both the coffee and him. The coffee was intense, just like him actually.

"I have decided to open my own business there too. I am a hairdresser and know of the healing powers that take place at the water. So I will have my clients come to me, get their hair all done sitting outside in my rose garden, whilst breathing in the

fresh air views of the sea. It will be a full water healing experience in many ways."

As I said the words, I realised this was in actual fact, the first time I had said my new idea out loud to anyone.

"Wow. That's absolutely amazing! You should call it, Kelie's Selkies!"

He said and we both laughed.

"Actually I pure love that."

"Me too, remember I am a selkie Ronan Seal too."

He said sexily.

Again, I had to stop myself from saying 'From sexy wolf to sexy seal.'

"I have always been so drawn to the water my whole life, ever since my days of back in the day when I was a lifeguard at the

local swimming pool!"

All of a sudden in an instant, everything turned cold, even the coffee.

My face drained, my energy drained, the colours drained, and I knew.

He was the lifeguard who had saved me when I didn't need saving.

He was the lifeguard from when I had never returned to my swimming.

He was the lifeguard I had frightened by my non breathing underwater.

He was the lifeguard who I had scared with my non drowning moment.

He was the lifeguard that had almost uncovered my lie.

With that I did the only thing I knew how to do. I got up and I ran.

Her face drained, our energies drained,
colours drained, and I knew.

She was the girl who I had saved, when
she didn't need saving.

She was the girl from when I had never
returned to my lifeguarding.

She was the girl I had frightened by
thinking she was drowning.

She was the girl who I had frightened
with my trying to be a hero-ness.

She was the girl who had made me remember
I could never save my own Mother.

She was the girl who all I had wanted to
do, was try to save her life.

With that, she did the same thing now as
she had done then, she ran.

Day 26

I knew I shouldn't have told the girls about the coffee date and got all of their hopes up. Poor Emma was halfway to buying a bloody bridesmaid dress.

Cries of;

'We knew it!' (Jen)

'This is one of the happiest moments of my life' (Emma)

'That sexy man's mouth is going to sipping coffee then licking your face."

(Suzy)

I couldn't even bring myself to let them down by telling them the truth of what had really happened. I was still trying to even processs myself what had actually even happened. He was so bloody beautiful, but I just couldn't do it. My default run switch

took over yet again.

How could it have been him?

How could I not have remembered they
beautiful eyes?

Why was it even him and what did it even
mean?

It was too much to think about and I had
too much going on in my life to even let
myself think about it, never mind let the
girls have to also check into the
heartbreak hotel from it all.

With a sigh I muted the girls chat for
the day. Sorry girls, I whispered, I love
you all but for now, I need to focus on my
move, on my new beginning and for once and
for all, I needed to focus on me.

Digital Detox@LDuvet

“Me again Linda.”

“Me again too Kelie.”

We both laughed.

“How was your, appointment?”

Asked Linda, in soft earthy green floaty vibes today.

“Well, it was, it was, it was...”

I couldn’t find the words. I didn’t have the words. I didn’t have any strength or energy to explain, to the girls, to Linda, even to myself.

“I think you should have a quiet day to yourself Kelie. Rest is as important as doing. Sometimes in life we all need a duvet day and a good rest and sleep. Your body, mind and soul are processing a lot of current new changes all at once. Sometimes,

it is essential to give ourselves permission to have a digital detox duvet day and that is what I prescribe for you today. Go on, go home, cosy up with a candle and do not switch on your phone. Switch off in every single way and tomorrow you will feel much brighter and energised again. Do you know the moon goes into her dark moon phase roughly four days before she becomes new again? Let the moon teach you that it is essential to switch off and rest to recover. Sleep well and see you bright and breezy tomorrow."

With that she was gone and I wearily winded down the stairs and knew this might be one of the most needed soul work homework session I had been given.

Day 27

The digital detox day really had been required. I really had needed some rest time to try to make sense of everything. I had so many emotions swimming about inside me. But mostly out of everything, I had an overwhelming sadness that I only had two more days left at my library, with my Linda. I had grown actually so attached to her, even though well let's face it she was slightly terrifying at times. But she was also really wonderful and wise and beautiful and had taught me so much in such a short space of time.

After the library today I was going to go and buy her a nice gift to thank her for everything she had given to me, it was all so precious that I didn't even know who

that girl was anymore, that first walked up these winding steps only less than a month ago. Everything and I mean everything had shifted in my life, in only one lunar month. It was quite remarkable. I was forever and would be forever grateful and for the first time in such a long time, that I felt so excited and truly grateful for my life. I knew my true rebirthing had begun.

"Hi Linda!"

I greeted her warmly, almost as warm as her outfit of the day. Orangey, yellowy, golden tones of soft silky dress encapsulated her in a sunshine emanation.

"Loving the look Linda, loving the look."

To my surprise she laughed and smiled. She truly really had warmed to me too.

"Today, we have a very special day planned for you Kelie. Today you get to say goodbye to your soul book for the final time."

Said sunshiny Linda.

"Oh. Of course."

Somehow I felt so sad to say goodbye to my soul book. Would all of my changes that had taken place still remain after I left my library?

Mind reader sunshine shined a light on answering my inner questions.

"Kelie, your life has now forever changed. You are living now on a new timeline. You are living on the timeline you were always meant to be living on. You are living your soul mission purpose now and that's why everything now is and always

will be in alignment. You followed the guidance. You listened and remembered. You were brave enough to open new doors and step right through them. You challenged yourself to release old patterns and to take new bold actions also. You flowed back into the natural rhythm of life, of nature and reconnected with the part of you that you had always been running from. You Kelie are officially rebirthed and from now on, you will never, ever, need to run again."

The tears ran down my face.

Linda walked to her desk and I felt it before I had even saw it. I knew my book was there, I felt it's powerful presence.

"The girl who walked into my library only less than a month ago, is not the same woman standing here in front of me now. You

have been open to learning. You have opened your heart and now, you are leaving my library, awakened and ready for your new rebirthing to continue, with your heart fully opened. I am going to leave you, just now alone with your book, to breathe and be."

As she began to quietly, softly clack clack in they kitten heels down the corridor, out of my awareness. I closed my eyes.

I placed my hands on my beautiful milky blue book.

I breathed in and out, in and out, in and out.

I felt the tides breathe in and out, in and out, in and out.

I felt my heartbeat rhythm breathe in and

out, in and out, in and out.

I felt my book pulse in and out, in and out, in and out.

I felt my book vibrate in and out, in and out, in and out.

In my minds eye, I saw my glitter path.

I felt the waves.

I saw the sparkles dancing.

I heard the waves splashing.

I felt the wind kiss my nose.

I heard the seagulls call in the background.

I smelt the sea air.

I breathed in the scent of the fresh salty air.

I felt the call of the glitter path call me, magnetise me towards it.

I felt myself step into the water.

I felt the wind in my hair blowing
freely.

I walked deeper and deeper and deeper
into the depths.

I could see her in the distance.

Goddess Clota in a long white flowy
dress, her wild free sea hair and her force
of love walked towards me, reaching me over
the force of the waves.

Our eyes locked together as one.

"Karie, I am you and you are me. I am and
always will be. I will always be here for
you, guiding you. But it is also time now
for you to truly listen to your own inner
intuition, your own inner guidance, your
own inner Goddess. You do not need to step
into the glitter path to connect with the
wisdom at water. You only need to step into

the wisdom of your heart and it will be there, guiding you, helping you, loving you. Follow your heart and you will be following your love. Your heart Kelie is the true glitter path. Your heart will always be the true path to follow. Your heart is the true wisdom keeper and you have reclaimed your power by unlocking the wisdom of your own waters within. You are and always will be a Goddess of water. Follow the waters within and the waters without and everything will always flow to you and for you. Kelie you have never ever contained a lie. It was and always will be your gift. Every single person has their own unique gift and it is usually the one thing that they run from, as you did too. When you stop running and suppressing and

start celebrating and embracing, that is meeting your soul mission and that Kelite is exactly what you have did. You were brave enough to unlock the wisdom within your own heart. Your true wisdom has been found at the water. You have remembered and embraced your full self and that is true unconditional love. Now you have activated your Goddess power your heart is ready to fully give and receive love. No saving, no rescuing. Sacred union is the tale of two halves of the whole. Both in their own power and both halves of the circle equally ready to give and recieve love in balance and harmony together. Until that part is accessed within, true love cannot ever be fully found. When two halves meet each other in their full whole self, that is

divine sacred union love. You are ready to meet your divine counter part as Kelie, you have found your true power by saving yourself. No Princess that needs saving or rescuing, no heroic acts of saviour - divine respect of mirroring each others own soul strength. You and your divine counterpart have a shared soul mission of returning others to the waters of wisdom within and now you are fully ready and so to is he. I will always be with you, just listen to the whispers of the waves. More importantly always listen to the whispers of the waters within and your heart will speak in the stillness."

She handed me a pretty pink crystal and blew me a kiss and she was gone.
I opened my eyes.

I grounded my feet back on the library floor.

I heard the 50's music back in the background.

I saw the gold scales on Linda's desk glint and felt my feet grounded again.

I sensed Linda's presence back beside me in the present.

I took my hands off my book and saw the pink heart crystal in my left hand.

"Pink rose quartz for unconditional love."

Said Linda coming back into my awareness beside me.

I put it in my bra.

"You now create your own soul work from now on."

"Oh Linda, it has all been so beautiful.

Every single piece, every single part. I am forever grateful. For always and for infinity."

I said through tears.

"Always and infinity."

Said Linda as she reached out and gave me a warm hug. Placing my beautiful blue soul book on Linda's desk for the last time, I silently said thank you, thank you, thank you. I went back to pack up my past, to walk into my future.

Rebirthing@Rebeginnings

OK, so enough was enough from the girl's group chat. If I saw one more wolf emoji... I knew what had to be done now. I picked up my phone to log in to delete the dating app. I didn't want any piece or part of it, actually I had never even wanted any piece or part of it. I knew the girls had did this for me out of the goodness of their hearts to try to help me, but I had always known in my heart and soul that dating apps just weren't the right way for me. Surely, somehow, in some way there must have still been a bit of fate and serendipity involved in meeting the love of your life somewhere?

My Nan's what's for you won't go by you meaning was forever locked in my heart and I just always believed in my soul for it to

be true. Maybe he just wasn't for me Nan and that's why he has gone by me, I whispered, sadly. Whilst slowly realising that I was the one who had actually ran away and gone by him. I remembered Linda's words.

"You will never need to run again."

I held the rose quartz crystal in my bra, beside my heart.

I logged on with my other hand with the details from Suzy and looked unsuccessfully for the unsubscribe option, right at the same time as his beautiful brown eyes (not hidden behind sunglasses) popped up with a message. Oh no, I thought shakily. Maybe I should just delete the app right here and right now and not even read the message, I thought?

About half a second later, I was reading his words.

@Kelie Hi Kelie. Let me RE-Introduce myself one final time. I am Ronan. I have recently moved by the sea as I needed some heart healing myself. I heard her call and moved and began my business here a year ago, which is taking off really well, apart from this one girl who keeps taking off and running away from me...

(Which BTW you are not only some swimmer, you are actually a really fast runner too, maybe you should have been a champion sprinter! :D)

However about the running part, I also understand as I did the same myself for most of my life. Running away from emotions, running away from commitment. But now, the water and the sand here has helped me to remain grounded, in myself and in my life. I no longer

need to run, or want to run and escape anymore. I know that the water and sand here have given me the good solid foundation that I needed to heal myself and Kelie, I have did the work to do that.

I saw you on Valentines night in your red dress and you were breathtaking. I wanted to run right out of the door to you, but the one time, I SHOULD have ran, I didn't. So maybe I can teach you how to paddle board and you can teach me how to sprint when required. :D

As a new business owner and knowing you too are about to begin your new business venture, I would love to help you in any way that I can. But only if you wish and whenever you are ready Kellie. But when you are ready, I will be here, waiting and you know where I will be. I will be beside the sea. The sea that both means so much to both of us and for some reason she keeps

washing us back up together.

Kelie I know that you do not need saving, you never did, and neither do I.

But maybe it's not even about saving, its about just being together and balancing each other.

Kelie, I really do think you truly are a beautiful warrior.

Even a seal sometimes needs a wee warrior by his side :)

I would love to help you feel safe enough to stay.

P.S. No scuba gear will be involved ;)

I laughed, then cried, and realised he knew too, whilst also realising, it was the most beautiful, meaningful message that I had ever received in my life.

Day 28

New Moon@New Beginnings

“Happy New Moon Day Linda!”

I greeted her with a big hug.

Imagine me now, knowing the moon cycles and being the actual one telling Linda about the current moon phase! It was utterly amazing the way my life had completely changed over only the past 28 days. Turning 28, learning of my Saturn return, learning of the divine feminine moons phases and Linda's learnings had all helped to shape me. I really was leaving this library a completely new woman from the girl who had entered only 28 days ago. I felt physically lighter, brighter and fully free-er.

"You look beautiful Kellie."

Linda was admiring my yellowy gold long floaty maxi dress. Everything about me felt free again. My floaty dresses, my free flowing hair as now I was actually making a conscious effort to take the time to love and take care of my own hair. My self care, skin care routine all had became like a lovely self care ritual and my meditation time was now a non negotiable time that I pencilled in my diary, time for myself, to meet myself and truly listen within.

After 28 years on this planet, I now really knew the meaning of love. The meaning of self love, self respect, and true unconditional love, for myself and for others.

This library and Linda had saved me.

Saved me from myself by teaching me how to truly love myself, by just being my true self.

"New moon is in Pisces today, the sign of the fish, which well says a lot too! I'm swimming into new seas!"

We both laughed.

"It truly is a new moon, new beginnings for you Kelie and now that you truly know yourself, your life will continue to go from strength to strength. You have set your own new foundations and are about to move into your new physical home foundations too. This is just the very beginning of your rebirthing Kelie and remember to continue to set your new moon intentions tonight too!"

"I've already written out my soul work

homework new moon intentions in advance for you."

I said as I placed my handwritten letter in a gold envelope, wrapped in a blue ribbon, beside the gold gift box also wrapped in a sky blue ribbon, to match my soul book, on Linda's desk, beside her scales.

"I'm so proud of you."

Said Linda, so quietly and under her breath, but I heard her and it brought a tear to my eye.

I hugged her and didn't want to let her go. There was no words I could say to express how I felt but I knew she felt my truth from my heart in her heart as we both hugged silently, heart to heart.

I Silently thanked the library for

everything it had given me. I silently communicated in commune with my soul book knowing that all I had to do now was access my heart and I would always be able to access my Akashic records within. Windingly I walked back down the spiral staircase with it's sparkly fairy lights sparkling, twinkling one final time, down, down, down. I closed the glass door and smiled at it's final tinkle.

Thank you, thank you, thank you Akashic library I whispered.

Walking along the street cobbles for one final last time, without looking back, I knew for once in my life, exactly what new path I was walking. Not only was a walking my new glitter path, I knew I was in my full Goddess power creating the path as I

go. I had set the foundations for my path and now, I finally knew who I was walking as and I knew exactly who I was walking towards. For the first time in my life I wasn't running away, I was running towards.

Linda@Library

Linda watched Kelie take her final steps down the spiral staircase with tears in her eyes. She had the luckiest job in the world. Dedicated her life to helping souls recover their self and remember their soul mission. What a privilege it was to be the librarian of the Akashic library. Even though she had been in this game for, well obviously not in a linear timeframe, but throughout all of the many many souls she had met and helped, some just for some reason, seemed to leave a little extra stamp on her heart somehow. Kelie, was one of them. The complete transformation from the Maiden to Mother archetype that had taken place right in front of her eyes over this last lunar month calendar, was a

beautiful experience to watch and be a part of. Linda felt maternally proud of Kelie for everything she had overcame and faced and a beautiful smile spread across her face, as she placed Kelie's beautiful blue soul book back on the shelf, in corridor 28, not a cobweb to be seen.

Walking back to her desk, a beautiful white butterfly delicately danced past her and landed on her desk beside her keys to the library. A beautiful butterfly sign symbolic of Kelie's transformation that had just taken place. Whilst also of course, a sign of her next soul assignment arriving.

"Looks like I'm opening the air dimension of the library next."

Placing her embosser back in her drawer before opening Kelie's letter.

Dear Linda,

I realise as I write this letter to you, that as you read it at your desk at the top of the stairwell, this is somehow going to be our last time together. Maybe not so much a goodbye, more of a see you soon, on a different timeline, in a different dimension. Somewhere not in the too distant future, somewhere not in the past, somewhere in my heart, that I know in some way, someday I will see you again some way, some day.

But for now, in this present moment, it's my time to thank you, my wonderful teacher guide and mentor of Miss Linda . I will miss you, as you had became a part of my soul somehow. I have only known you for 28 days but oh my goodness so so much had happened within that time frame, and we know this

library doesn't even really do time.,

Linda, I wanted to thank you for everything you have did for me and given to me. You have given me the true gift of remembering myself and enabling me to rebirth my true new beginning as my truest, deepest self. You have been tough on me, but I needed that. You pushed me beyond the boundaries and limitations I had self imposed on myself that I hadn't even realised I had caged myself in.

You, Linda, helped set me free. For that I have a wee gift of gratitude for you, to remind you always of how special and how meaningful you always will be to me.

It is a new set of golden water scales, with a mermaid on each side. The tiny golden glass pots of water, balanced

perfectly in alignment with the two beautiful mermaids on each side, perfectly poised and balanced, in perfection and in harmony. Symbolising the balance of the waters within and without, with the mermaid blessings of the healing waters, both around us and within us.

Thank you for everything my Linda, my lovely Libran Librarian.

You will always hold a special place in my heart.

Thank you for bringing me back into balance.

Always and Infinity .

P.S. My New Moon intention is that I have decided to officially change the spelling of my name.

As I now no longer contain a lie.

Love Kelly xxx

Eclipse@NewMoonEclipse

Under the powerful new moon eclipse
energies, my destiny was washed back up to
me. His sexy strong silhouette standing
there under the stars, staring at me.
Staring through me, staring under the stars
right into my soul, right into my heart. No
words, only transmissions, from his heart
to mine and mine back to his, in a
heartbeat rhythm flow of waves between us,
within us and around us. In an
electromagnetic eclipse moment I ran to
him, catapulting myself right into his
heart, encapsulated into his big safe
embracing arms, magnetised together. Tears
of healing waters streamed down both my
face and his simultaneously,
serendipitously. We fell backwards together

in waves of love into the waves of love,
falling in love. Salty waters of tears
mixed with the salt water of the sea, our
bodily fluids blended in the tidal
vibrations of the deepest depths of love.
Together as one in the watery wisdom womb
of the world, blessed by the sacral waters.
Our bodies in alignment, everything we had
both been searching for here, now, entwined
in ecstasy in eternal timelines together of
spirit and soul. The deepest soul level
sealing, the most intimate of sacral
connection. The King Tide waves of pleasure
and momentum energy reached us both higher
and higher in the sea and higher and higher
in ecstasy. Both breathing and not, in each
others mouths sacredly breathing each
other, tasting each other for the first

time in the deepest soul kisses of hungry
deep sexual powerful need for each other.
Physical, spiritual and emotional
connection all at once. His body inside me
in the sea deeply searching for and
reaching my innermost self and soul, where
no-one had ever reached before. My long
nails grasping him pulling him deeper and
deeper inside me, into my womb waters, deep
into my depths. My long mermaid hair like
seaweed, wrapped around his chest locking
us together, locked in love. Wrapping my
hair and my heart closer into him, into his
heart and soul. Not allowing any waves or
storms or anything or anyone to ever again
to keep us apart. White waves of eclipse
ecstasy orgasmically pulsed through every
cell of my soul within me at the deepest

cellular level as the frothy white waves crashed around us. The orgasmic screams of joy and bliss and glory as we inhaled each other and the sea and the scene and the energy as I screamed for my seal. Together as one, in my womb, locked together in our tidal waves of orgasm, tidally locked like the moon to the sea, tidally locked with him inside of me. Locked together in bodies. Licking each other as the waves licked over us. All of the four elements washing through us both, opening up our universe together in Akashic realm. Waters, bodily fluids, our sacred waters entwining each other with the Goddess mother of the waters sealing her approval with her saltiness and rawness. Sexual fire between us electrifying under the eclipse energy,

our fire of love for each other burning so brightly. Giving and receiving love for each other through air through our shared oxygen in deep sacred union hungry kisses, our mouths tasting each other our tongues tied together locked inside of each other. Wet mouths, wet bodies, wet internally for him externally. My body screaming yes to him and for him, showing him my want for him, telling him my need for him inside of me. Grounding our desire for each other by opening up our physical bodies and our shared timelines together bringing the universe to life. Stars twinkling above us as our romantic fairy lights lit up the sky. Bending my back backwards to allow the force of the waves and the force of his big strong sexy arms to hold me to guide him

deeper within me, deepening our rhythm of waves of electricity, in the deepest of trusts knowing and trusting he would hold me forever and would now never let each other go. Opening my eyes to the sky and the aurora lights were lighting up the sky in love. Pink and green heart chakra lights of love flashed in the sky like fireworks from the sky showering us with her blessings of love. The noise of the waves clapping our bodies clapping together in deep waves of applause of love. Making love, showing our love for each other to the sea, truly seeing each other in the sea, sealing our love for each other in the sea. Our souls shared mission of what we both had been deep sea diving searching for, screaming for, wishing for, coming

true under the shooting stars with no longer any need to make any wishes, as my wish had already came true. The tale of us entwined together in our water realm locked in love in the womb of the world, my womb of water holding my love within me, sealed with an eternal kiss in the sea. I looked up from the sea, to see my cottage in the distance and knew, both our new rebirth new moon beginnings began there. The keys to my new home, the keys to my heart and the keys to my new life all began right here, right now, in the now as I had now truly remembered my wisdom @ my water.

Epilogue

Behind the darkness of the new moon sky,
as the Aurora lights began to slowly
dissolve and disintegrate into the infinite
space, water vapours arose from the
transmission of pure unconditional love
from the sea below. A tiny small new star
began to fuel it's energy from the energy
of love created below. Transmuting the
loving energy vapours by clustering and
magnetising it's atoms together, beginning
to sparkle and shine. It's small, ball of
energy and light and love, began to grow,
shining brighter and brighter, radiating
warmer and warmer from the warmth of the
energy and glow of love rising from below.

As below so above; Water to Air

As above so below; Air to Earth

"I'm ready to return."

Taking a leap of faith, amnesially,
spiralling, circling, windingly, falling,
falling, falling, down, down, down, dis-
remembering, dis-remembering, dis-
remembering, returning, ready for birthing,
ready for re-birthing. Remembering only,
that there's no such thing as

The End.

