

Chapter One: Guide My Sheep

My dear friend Mark Argo was in a fight for his life after being diagnosed with cancer. Nearing the end of his time in his physical body, I visited him on occasion to gently rub his hands and feet, to help him relax, and release some of the tension his body was experiencing. I was directed to spend time with him to help him fully understand and truly know compassion before he left this plane of consciousness.

The Saturday before he passed away, God told me I had to speak to him about leaving his physical body. As usual, I did not question what was being asked of me, I just did what I was told. Mark was in a hospital bed that Hospice had brought to his parents' home to make him more comfortable. I entered the room, sat down beside him and began my usual reflexology routine on his hands. I sensed that he was very weak, and as I gazed into his eyes he was barely able to hold them open. Speaking to him softly, I told him it was time for us to have a serious talk about letting go of his physical body. At the time I remember thinking, (to myself), about having soul knowledge of a commitment I had made to my divine creator around broaching difficult discussions like this one. It was not an easy subject to talk about with Mark, but I was committed to that promise that was ingrained within me.

As I began, his eyes opened wide as if to show me that he was in protest of the subject. Without hesitation he used energy he should have been saving and clearly stated that he did not want to talk about it right then. I gently spoke to his objection but said that Spirit was adamant about us having this conversation today, not later. I spoke to him about how powerful the human spirit is and how we could hear each other's thoughts merely by focusing our attention on it and went on to share that we could also see things from within someone else if we placed our hands upon them. That, being a technique I had learned in my early twenties called psychometry. To show him how easy it was to read thoughts I asked him to participate in an exercise with me. His wide eyes softened as I lightly touched his hand. As I allowed myself to open and connect to his energy, I could feel his weakness but I also felt the strength of his spirit.

I told him that I was thinking of a number between one and ten and I wanted him to tell me what the number was. In less than a second, he proclaimed that I was thinking of the number four. He was right and I got so excited, I practically jumped up on the bed with him. His poor emaciated body jumped as I expressed my enthusiasm. I felt awful for scaring him but I couldn't contain my excitement.

Feeling his exhaustion, I moved on to prepare him for what was to come, being sure to respectfully express my compassion about his situation. Before I left him, I asked him if he would take a message to Great Spirit. The message went as follows: "Tell Jesus and God that I don't like this cancer thing and I think they should do something about it. People controlling cures is not

humane." Then, as I pressed my forehead to his hands, I asked him to ask God a question for me. He nodded that he would.

"What am I supposed to be doing here?"

I ended our talk by telling him that once out of his physical body, he would find it easier to communicate with me. I told him I loved him deeply and said goodbye. I knew it would be the last time I would see him in pain.

Mark passed away the next Saturday. As he left his physical body his energy connected with mine. I was working a landscaping job and felt his energy move through me. As he did, he said he had a message for me in answer to my statement and question. He said, "The cancer thing was not of God. He did not create cancer, this was man's doing, and in answer to the question about what you are to do while here, God said, "Guide my sheep."

My life would be nothing without the love, wisdom, and guidance from God, our Great Spirit. I am truly grateful for the angelic assistance I received in facing and conquering my fears about sharing my life with you. As I meditated on how to begin, I was directed to immerse myself in the river.