

Detoxifying Memories

From 2004 through 2005 I became very good at finding the memories stored in my body and listening to my organs. I thought I knew my body before I started using this technique but quickly came to realize just how detached I had been throughout my adolescence and into mid-twenties.

In May of 2004, my husband and I were teaching a Be A Responsible Server's (BARS) class at Lowes Motor Speedway in Concord North Carolina. I had been having panic attacks on occasion since 9-11 and I was really getting tired of them running my life, so I initiated a conversation with Great Spirit about how fed up I was. I wanted to know why my body was having such a hard time. I was plagued by strange feelings that nagged at me like a rabid dog biting at my ankles. I used to love drinking wine but found that my body didn't like it any longer. Each time I tried to take a sip, my throat would close up, I couldn't swallow and the panic attacks commenced. One particular month in 2004 Great Spirit came to me and told me that I could not continue on this path, further suggesting that my life was to change dramatically, and that the only way I was going to survive this change was to purge my perceptions associated with the memories that were stored within my cells. Spirit said that I could no longer be who I thought myself to be and that I had to change without rebellion.

As I look back on this, I realize that I was not afraid on a soul level. Of course, my body quaked as Spirit shared what was to be undertaken, but I remember feeling as if I was ready to accept my task whole-heartedly and opened myself to the process.

I digress, so now let's go back to the speedway story. On this particular day, my husband and I were to be at Charlotte Motor Speedway acting as Alcohol Monitors. We, and our off-duty police officers would walk the speedway in search of underage consumers to keep our servers from getting into trouble with alcohol beverage control. As my husband and I prepared to head out, he stopped me and asked me to sit down. He relayed to me that over the past few days he noticed that I was getting edgy and short with people. Of course I noticed also but I told him I couldn't possibly sit at home feeling agitated. I had to go to work and feel like I was doing something productive. He tried to make light of the fact that my edginess would not be tolerated out at the race track and that he would not be able to protect the drunks from me, so I was not allowed to go with him. I recall pitching a pretty big fit but my outburst fell on deaf ears as he left me to ponder my anxiety and protest.

I paced the floors for a bit, let the dogs in and out, then switched on the TV. Half-heartedly, I found myself watching a movie with Bruce Willis and Demi Moore. The movie was quite negative. Blood, anger, lots of yelling. I felt like I had fallen into a very bad dream when I realized that my brain couldn't handle another minute of the movie. I changed the channel and went back

to slouching on the couch. Again, I found myself watching another negative movie. I felt strange all over. I had never felt like this before. It was like there was two of me crammed into one body.

Then it started. I heard a voice say, "Go get a drink." I looked at the clock on the TV. It was five p. m. In response I thought, "What in God's name was that?"

I turned down the TV volume. It came again. "Go get yourself a drink."

I thought for a moment and answered. "No, I don't want a drink."

The voice answered me back, "Yes you do."

"No I don't," I thought back.

"Yes you do," it boomed back at me. "You will feel better if you do."

I was beginning to get upset, and then it hit me. Great Spirit told me that I was going to have to purge and change. It felt as if bombs were going off inside of my body. I started pacing through the house and noticed that I wasn't feeling very well. I remembered the process of revealing cellular memories and decided it was time to begin the process. I took a deep breath and went back to my battle with the voice.

I began by asking the voice why it felt as though alcohol would make me feel better. It was quick to reply.

"In the past when you have been upset and drank you felt better." The voice boomed, as if challenging me. "The alcohol will not judge you, it will not criticize you. It is your friend!"

Instead of fighting with the voice, I asked more questions. "Why do you want a drink?"

"You're lonely," it said.

"No I'm not," I said.

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not."

"Yes you are!"

This could have gone on all day long if I let it, so I quickly moved to the next question.

"Alright, if it is as you say and I'm lonely, what memory is attached to this loneliness?" Boom! There it was. Bells, whistles, and bombs were going off inside of me as the memory came flooding forward. Archetypical tornados ripped through trees and houses in my mind's eye. There I was, in my bed above my health store in New Jersey, as if living through the experience all over again.

It was five in the morning and the phone was ringing. I woke myself just enough to answer it. My father was on the other end of the line. I leaned over to look at the time and then realized something was wrong, he never called me. He hesitated as he told me that there had been an accident.

"Nicole, it's your father. Wake up. I need to know you are awake."

"Okay Dad, I am up. What's is it?"

"Your brother had an accident."

I had the thought that maybe I was still asleep, then time seemed to stand still.

"What? No. What? Do you need me to get on a plane and head to North Carolina?"

"No."

He kept dancing around something and I had to almost pry it out of him. I focused on asking questions until finally, after much goading, he told me that Craig had died on the scene and the finality of it was that I could not fix it this time.

I don't know where the horrific sound came from as I slid off my bed and onto the floor with arms outstretched in front of me while I howled like a wolf caught in a trap. "NOOOOOOO!"

Minutes passed but it seemed like hours had been wasted. I don't even know if I took a breath until I realized that my father was still on the phone. I gathered myself the best I could, then took a deep breath, giving myself time to think of what to say.

"Dad, I am sorry. I can only imagine how you are feeling right now. Are you okay and can I do anything to help you?"

"Yes, I need you to go tell your mother."

This time, without even a thought my mouth opened and words shot out! "No way! I cannot tell her that her baby won't be coming home."

A milliseconds after, I took a deep breath then carefully chose my next words. "Dad, I will go over to wake her and be there when you call her so that she is not alone."

"Okay. Your older brother is on his way down with his wife and the kids. He shouldn't be long. I'll give you both some time to get there."

We hung up and I dressed as quickly as I could. Fortunately, mom and I lived one house away from each other. That must have been God's design all along. I had opened my health store two doors away from her house in order to be there when she'd need me. I lived above the store, my friend Harriet lived next to me and mom was on the opposite side of Harriets. If I needed reinforcements I could call her.

I stepped out into the early morning darkness leaving the warmth of the house behind me. I took note of the stillness in the air. It was so quiet it almost unnerved me. I passed Harriets, her living room light was on, but it was too early for her to be awake. As I stepped onto my mother's front porch I paused and took a long deep breath. I wondered what I would say when she awoke to find me in her house at 5:30 in the morning for no good reason. I looked into the sky and then turned to open the door. Mom was lying asleep on the couch. This was normal, or at least it had been her normal since she first saw a dark figure in her bedroom. A ghost she said, and one night after a number of sightings it tried to strangle her while she lay sleeping. That was it for her, she would never sleep up there again.

She awoke. "Nik, what are you doing here so early?"

"I thought I would come have a cup of tea with you before I go to work," I heard myself say, not at all sure of who said it. While I fumbled with my thoughts all I could think about was whether she would ever forgive me for lying to her.

She got up and walked off toward the bathroom while I helped myself to the teapot, filling it with water.

"Nik, it's too early for you to be up. What's going on?"

"I couldn't sleep mom." I turned the stove on and headed back to the front door to see if my brother had shown up to save me. I peered out the glass door and as mom came back to the living room behind me I dodged her questions by stepping out on the front porch. Darn! I thought. I'm screwed. She is going to hate me for this. I stepped out to the porch steps and looked into the imposing star filled sky. I could hear mom calling me from the couch. I ignored her, praying Dean would come around the corner.

I began to cry and in the release I cursed God for taking away my laughter and putting us in this position. "God, how dare you take him from us. After all I do for you, helping your children without ever asking for anything in return. I will never do another days work for you, not ever again!"

To my surprise a deep masculine voice boomed back at me from the dark morning sky. "Don't be so hasty. We understand your feelings but hear us. We will allow you the time you need to heal, however you cannot separate yourself from us. You are one of us."

"Not anymore," I snapped. "I'm done!"

Just as I made my declaration, I saw my brothers car lights coming around the corner. I took a deep breath and headed back into the house.

Mom saw my brothers vehicle pull up out front. Now she realized something was up. She stood up and looked at me perplexed. "Nik, what's going on?" She faltered and was now holding her chest.

Dean entered just in time and as he did I said "Mom, the phone is going to ring in a minute and you need to answer it." The phone rang.

"Mom, Dad is calling. Please answer the phone," I said.

Mom began to cry. Dean stood facing her and I stood to her back, both of us sandwiching her in. Holding her up, he handed her the phone.

The minutes that followed were blurred and distorted. While mom spoke to dad, I sent my energy to North Carolina to find Craig as I did for many days after in an effort to communicate with him to be sure his spirit would be all right. From what I was told he had passed around 11 :30 p.m. so I figured that his spirit would be locked into a cycle, not knowing that he had passed. As I watched my energy move over the encompassing area and onto my father's property I found Craig. His spirit ran from the accident scene up the road, down Dad's driveway to the house, into the house and up the stairs, calling for our father. I followed him and entered the house between the two floors on the staircase.

"Dad ... Dad! Dad, where are you? Something happened and I need to talk to you", he said.

I watched, trying to figure out how I could get him to stop running and see me. I watched him anxiously as he ran past me on the stairwell each time the scene replayed itself. It was like being in a horror film. He could not see me or hear me. Then, after the third time watching this distressing event, I remembered what my mentor had told me years before. She had said that I would have to project my energy into the heart of the house and anchor myself there in order to connect to that spirit. As he ran past me I anchored myself into the staircase and hallway like a tree anchoring its roots into the ground and spoke to him from my solar plexus.

"Craig, stop!"

As he passed me this time, he felt my energy. "Nik? He spun around to face me. "What are you doing here? I thought you were in New Jersey."

"I am Craig."

"Nik, where is Dad? There was an accident and I need to find him."

"Craig, Dad is in Atlanta Georgia, remember? It's the weekend of the last NASCAR race."

"Oh yeah! I almost forgot that I am supposed to head down there, Dad's waiting for me. He shook that off as if trying to shift his thinking. "Well, there was this wreck down the road just past Dale Earnhardt's place. The guy in the accident died!"

"I know Craig, that guy in the accident, that guy was you."

His spirit stood before mine in that lonely hallway staircase and he did not waver. I felt his anger rise. I motioned to try to touch him but he pushed me away and retreated through the stairwell door.

After Dad spoke with Mom to tell her what the paramedics had told him about the accident the three of us sat in silence, caught in our own dark thoughts. Mine went back to my conversation with Craig in North Carolina. What would happen next? Where did Craig's spirit go when he left me in the stairwell at Dad's? Then my thoughts quickly jumped back to my father. He said he would fly in and the funeral would be held there in New Jersey, but he also wanted to have a memorial service in North Carolina for some of Craig's friends. After Mom settled down Dean and I headed back to our respective homes to shower and get dressed for company. As I meandered back to my place I called on a couple of spirit friends that I had assisted in times past. I asked them to find Craig and tell him all they could about where he was and what would happen next. They were happy to assist and I was glad to have a bit of time to collect my thoughts before the family started showing up.

I had just enough time to get myself together when I heard my store door creak at the bottom of health store stairwell. The door did not physically open, but it sounded as if it had. I was quite familiar with this noise being that the store and house seemed to act as a train station for every spirit coming or going through Stockton. At times I found it difficult to sleep due to some nasty wayward spirit banging on my basement door at all hours of the night.

I walked to the top of my stairs to catch a glimpse of my visitors. There the two spirits were that I had called on an hour earlier. I motioned to them to suggest that I was upstairs. "So, where is he?" I spoke inwardly.

"He is at the morgue trying to get back into his body," they said in unison. "You need to come help, he is very upset."

I sat down on my bed and closed my eyes, projecting my spirit to North Carolina. I followed the two spirits through a door that led into the morgue to see my brother trying to merge with the shell of a body that lay unmoving upon the table.

"Craig! What are you doing?"

"I am not dead. I want back in! This has to work, damn it!" he growled, shooting me a penetrating glance that left goosebumps on my skin. "Help me!" Help! I do not want to be dead." Just then his spirit sat, half lifted from the body lying on the table. "Nik, something tastes funny."

"Craig, I am sorry, I can't change this. Your body has been gone for too long. You had the accident around 11:30 p.m. and it is now 12 hours later. Your body can no longer sustain your spirit. You are going to have to let go honey. I am so sorry."

He moved away from the table sobbing and went through the wall, perching himself dejected and forlorn on the curb outside. I allowed my spirit to follow. I told him that I had to go but that I had asked the two spirits to stay with him to help him. I would check back later to see how he was doing. I made a mental note of what I felt coming from his energy, as if I were inside of his body living the experience with him. Now, here I was, 10 years after his death, reliving the entire incident all over again.

I thought it was painful the first time but it was happening all over again. My worst nightmare was repeating itself. The only difference this time was that I was truly immersed in the experience and there was no way to mask the emotions that were stored within my body. For years I stayed focused on helping the family cope with his death but I had not allow myself to express my anger and sadness. I managed to lose myself during the month that followed Craig's death. It was easy; all I had to do was help everyone else and forget about myself; only this time I could not disregard the loneliness that surfaced from deep within my core. The memory then changed. I saw myself walking from my health store and around the block every night, to go to the liquor store to purchase a bottle of wine. I'd go back home and polish it off and fall into bed drunk, wake up at five a.m. to go to work, come home and do it all over again. I did this for an entire month starting November 9th and finally came to rest on December 10th of 1994. All I could muster each day was to go to work and then get drunk. I woke December 10th hearing the bold masculine voice of Great Spirit. "You know you are no good to anyone in this state. You are going to end up with your brother unless you change your ways."

So I did. I decided to stop drinking like that, but I didn't stop drinking. The habit or pattern had been anchored in on a cellular level, and every night at five o'clock I would have a drink. I could have a couple of drinks and stop, but the fact remained that at five every night, I had to have at least two drinks or I wouldn't feel good.

Augh! It was like being punched in the gut all over again. Noisy brain took over launching me out of my seat as I ran toward the bathroom. Tears flowed like a river and I sobbed like a child, choking on each breath I took. I found myself staring into the mirror at my sopping eyes searching for answers, only finding pain and hurt. I decided I needed to speak to someone and not just anyone would do. I really didn't think that anyone would understand what I was putting myself through but I had to speak to somebody. I picked up the phone and dialed my husbands cell number. When he answered I could hear the roar of the race cars and fans cheering them on in the background. Knowing he would be pressed for time I tried to explain what had just happened to me. He tried desperately to calm me but he was unsure of what he was supposed to do to help. He couldn't stay on the phone with me because he was in the middle of arresting someone for underage drinking, so he did what any husband might when put into a situation where he had no understanding, he told me to go speak to his mother. I tried to explain to him how hard it was for me to share this side of me that I had this overwhelming urge to drink and that if I stayed in this house, I would end up doing just that. He reluctantly told me that he had to hang up, and as I began sobbing again, he reiterated that I should take the dogs and go next door to speak to his mother.

I gathered myself, hollered to the dogs and headed for the front yard. I got about twenty-five feet from the front door and started pacing back and forth in the yard. "Do I go talk to her or do I go back inside for a drink?" I realized that I had not asked enough questions to make an informed decision so I knelt in the yard and called for the dogs to come comfort me. I dug deep. "Why was I having so much trouble with the idea of talking with someone about this?"

With no effort on my part, aside from asking the question, the internal voice answered just as it had before, "Because they will criticize you."

"I am afraid that people will criticize and judge me?"

"Yes!" The voice boomed back. "The alcohol is your friend, it doesn't make you feel bad, it doesn't tell you what to do, and it just lets you be you!"

This was amazing to me. I had no idea that I had allowed this to manifest and smolder inside of me for so many years. My cells were carrying memories, painful memories that were delegating authority over my life in negative ways. I realized that I had to break the cycle. Now was the time. I stood up, called the dogs to follow me, and headed up the hill to Ida's house. I forced myself to open up to her and explained what was happening to me; I told her that I needed someone to listen to my intellectual vomit and that Monty had suggested that I talk to her.

She was very receptive and explained that she had gone through some very hard times with her husband over the use of alcohol, and that she had all the time in the world to listen to me.

As it turned out I had never spoken so much, or for so long, at one time in my whole life. I had rambled on about things that I had long forgotten, thought funny, or just plain stupid. We laughed, I cried and yammered on until after midnight. I could not believe the memories stored within me. She was a true angel that night and if she hadn't been there for me I am sure I would not have fared so well. I spent the next two weeks purging memories and talking into the wee hours of each night. Monty shaking his head in disbelief that someone would put themselves through such nonsense was beyond his comprehension. He saw no reason for it. I tried to explain that Great Spirit had told me that in order for me to move forward in life I would have to purge. I was told that my new way of life could not possibly be sustained by such a damaged body. Our days and nights were spent in opposition to one another, with a fair portion of his energy consumed by being furious at me for my headstrong behavior.

I remember we were up until four one morning, talking about the process I was committed to. I was trying to give him an example of Gods will over my own and explained this way.

"Okay Monty, if God came to you and said, *I am here to take away your Parkinson's disease, will you let me heal you.* What would your decision be?"

He stood in the doorway staring out at the early morning sky and to my surprise he actually answered me honestly. He said, "I don't know."

That took guts to admit, but I quickly jumped back to making my point and explained further. Although God was not healing me of Parkinson's disease or some equally disabling ailment, he was offering me freedom; a chance to further define my life's work through him. In order to get a glimpse of this, I had to give up my antiquated ways of thinking and clean up all the cellular waste that lingered within me.

We ended our discussion, but I don't know whether he was just tired of talking or if he actually understood. I would prefer to think that by God's grace and glory he started to get it.

He watched me cry like never before as he reluctantly left me to my own devices, not interrupting the process. After the first two weeks, I felt clean for the first time in my life, but the memories still kept coming up, only now, they were hilarious. I spent the next two weeks in stitches laughing almost incessantly like a lunatic. Knee buckling, no breath, mouth wide open, laughing so hard I was crying kind of laughter. I had not laughed like that since I was a child.

As quickly as it had begun, it stopped, only now I felt 10 pounds lighter. I slept like a rock which was not normal. There was no more internal chatter. No body aches to speak of just total and complete balance.

Now I was ready, or so I thought.

A few evenings later Monty headed to bed early to prep for his morning work shift. I decided to stay up because I felt like I was waiting for something. Half watching the TV with the sound turned down, I was drawn to look at the clock. I began to feel as though someone was pulling me from my body as time seemed to stand still. I immediately called out to Great Spirit and asked if I was okay. The reply was so startling that I slid from my chair and onto my knees.

"You will be just fine after your near-death experience!" I heard the masculine voice say.

My body began to tremor, my sight dimmed, and my blood ran cold. I panicked. Not sure how much time had passed I pulled myself to my feet and made it into the bedroom where Monty lay sleeping. I crawled into bed beside him and curled up in the fetal position praying that if it was my time to go I'd be allowed to go peacefully and quietly so that I wouldn't wake him. Great Spirit assured me that it would not happen right then but that I was to do as I was told and everything would be all right.

I freaked! I was beside myself with fear as to how and when this near-death experience would play out. I was not so bothered by the dying part but rather the how. I just could not figure out why this was happening to me. Even without asking a direct question the answer came quickly.

"Nicole, we spent a month cleaning you up so that your body and spirit would make it through an experience of great importance. This is not something that you can shy away from. People will learn from this. People need to know what you have endured after you experience it. You must proceed and have complete faith that I will be with you."

That summer passed with little issue. Then, one cool day in November I heard the deep masculine voice of Great Spirit call me to action. In order for you to understand, I will need to go back to 2003 when I had a surgery to have a hemorrhaging ovarian cyst removed due to endometriosis. I was still having minor abdominal pain so I called my gynecologist to see if she would take a look at me. When I went in to see her, she suggested that I try a drug called

leuprolide acetate. She explained that it would push my body into a temporary state of menopause but that the side effects would be minor hot flashes, some mild headaches but nothing too extreme. My inclination was that this would not be a necessary move for me, but before I could decline the injection Great Spirit offered its two cents worth.

"Take the shot and I will be by your side, Trust and have faith."

I heard myself agreeing to the shot even though my body dreaded doing it. The physician's assistant prepared the needle, gave it to me, and sent me on my way. It took all of five minutes to prepare and administer it and the thought crossed my mind that I was being silly.

As I left the doctor's office I asked Spirit why I was supposed to take the shot even though my body felt as if it was a bad idea. Spirit said that people needed to hear my story, they would not believe it otherwise, and that my sharing would save many lives. "Be brave, and I will be by your side," were the final words.

As I pulled out of the parking lot I thought to myself, *Oh my Lord, what had I gotten myself into?* All I could do now was trust that God would be with me and that I would make it through whatever was to come.

The takeaway? Be smart! When a doctor prescribes a medication, don't think for a second that they have looked at all potential side effects. Chances are, they were provided with the basic effects and never took that additional step to look at clinical trials or at the Vaccine Adverse Event Reporting System, VAERS. Most importantly, many people that do experience adverse effects won't report what they experienced. What happens when we don't report adverse events? The pharmaceutical companies make money hand over fist producing medications that can cause mild to severe or even deadly adverse effects that go unreported. The responsibility to educate ourselves and share our experiences becomes our burden. Big Pharma prefers that we know less and rely more on our physicians to lead us blindly through the healthcare maze. That means more money for them.

In the next chapter you'll learn what happens when you don't ask better questions or do your own research before blindly accepting what someone else tells you. More especially, you'll see how important it is to develop your own intuitive skills and how imperative it is to trust what your body tells you. Your body is yours. You know it better than anyone else, and if a physician gets upset about you asking questions and participating in your own healthcare, run for the nearest door.