

## 6

### Thoughts; Post Operation

Going into the operation I was spacing out for a week. To many possibilities of things going wrong. The classic things... infection, a possible stroke, pain, botched medical procedures, even fate catching up. I tried to enter a meditative, desire less state.

The operation? A double hernia. The one on the right had been playing up for years and years, getting worse week by week over the last 3. It started again about 8 years ago and it was horse riding that set it going again. Horse riding is fun. Certainly for me it recreated images of having ridden before, in a group of people, priests perhaps, in Italy in the middle ages.



As to karma, well my whole lower abdominal area is weak. I suspect the result of death by torture again in the middle ages. I can visualise the dungeon in which I died, sort of rotting up from the intestines. I understood the nature of the weakness years ago and as the time for the operation approached I went back into those images and tried, as best I could, to pull the energy associated with my premature death at that time in off the walls of the dungeon.

I know from experience that death scenes reflect into current bodies. A friend with a deformed shoulder who was machine gunned; an unsettled Japanese friend with Harki Kari scars on her stomach. An angry men who died with hatred on his lips in a battlefield.

So I did what I could to re-energise the area and I didn't feel that I was winning until about 6 months ago. From that time I asked about for a surgeon ("ask the theatre nurses") and searched for a GP who would understand my chemical sensitivities. I even checked the date with an astrologer. I also asked the 'I Ching', it made the suggestion that I should tell all my friends about the operation so that their light, their prayers, their love and concern would help during and after.

So the time approached. When I checked into Hospital I immediately came into contact with the Hospital's central Deva. An immense being able to function in many different places and levels at the same time. Left waiting for an hour I meditated and asked her why she didn't clear up the ugly demonic junk that wisped up and down the corridors, jumping on and off people and generally breeding in the aching thought forms that the sick manifest around themselves. Yes, hospitals are full of sick people and they - both the people and the hospitals - stay that way. She told me she couldn't work in that area, the junk was too close to humans and needed human energy to clear it up. She could only care for and work with the spirit aspects of people, with their intelligence, with their thoughts and with their compassion ... but not with their fears and lusts. She seemed centred

over the operating room area - which was also the centre of the hospital and seemed most concerned with surgery procedures and the caring for souls during the anaesthetic process.

So when I was wheeled on my bed to the operating area and given an intravenous blank out injection I committed my soul into the Hospital Deva's care.



I awoke, about 2 hours later was checked over and wheeled back to my room with morphine drip attached. The operation seemed to have gone well enough and I was much relieved to find I hadn't end up with a stroke.

I was given a button and told to press it for pain relief. Pressing it would pump morphine into my veins and into my body and my mind. I found that a single shot took about five minutes to work and after a feeling of nausea let my consciousness dissociate from my body and move around more freely into worlds that were purely imaginary. It made it easier to get to sleep and using the technique of repeating doses every half hour I got a couple of hours out of the body relaxation and sleep.

The morphine drip came off after the first day and slowly things started to get better. I made sure I kept flat and turned sufficiently to keep drainage moving away from the wound. The site bruising was masked by the local anaesthetic but even so things felt sore for 4 or 5 days.

Perhaps my first realisation something was strange was the thought that I'd had 5 to 7 years extra put onto my life ... and to achieve this I'd had to make a deal with the forces of death.

Forces of death? Well, you see, modern allopathic medicine uses poisons, selective poisons, to achieve its aims. The "pain killers" that are part of modern medicine are a poison that effects the links between body and mind, so slowing down the healing process. Anaesthetics are ways of creating a "little Death".

So there I was lying in a hospital bed and realising that I had made some sort of Faustian deal, What, I wondered did the forces of death want from me? They give me more years (because the right hernia was getting really bad and becoming something that was affecting my whole body) - but what did they expect in return?

It slowly dawned on me that they didn't *want* anything, It was their deal and they were *just* going to take over more of my body so that they could live a better, a more human like life in the world of human consciousness.

Having made their deal with me, so to say, my spiritual work would be weakened. Meditation would become really difficult and I began to realise that it all probably meant that I wouldn't be able to bring my work on the Double into any useful completion.

And to know about the Double is to be able to understand more about human life, habits, wars and relationships.

So the struggle continues. I try to get out of being robbed of my contact and relationship with my higher self by working desperately to grasp at and fulfil my spiritual mission in this life. And I try to get the Double to again take possession of my body by doing things that I like and enjoy.

After a few days I became aware that I had in my memory images of the cutting up and ripping apart process (they opened up the layers between the skin to insert a plastic net which is was then stitched down; it took about two hours.) I was watching the whole procedure from a point about a foot above my throat. I was terrified of what was happening to my body and felt that death was sure to follow as infection set in.

As I became I of my memories I realised the terror that was still in my body - I flinched when every anyone walked nearby - and when given a massage by a friend I realised the huge amount of tension in my limbs - relax arm, relax - and still tension remained.

Also I became aware that I was still out of my body in two ways.

Firstly my Double - my body mind - was still a foot or so outside and could see no point in going back inside to occupy the space it held inside the workings of my body. "You will be dead within days, so why bother?"

And secondly my higher self simply was off, out somewhere past the edges of the solar system living in other existence, having abounded any hope of carrying on with things in this here and now.

### Strange ?

Not really. Stop to think, 100 or 150 years ago such wound would most probably have meant death. 200 years ago a wound like I am carrying would definitely have meant death within days or a week ... and probably would have been the result of a hunting injury or a battle. Going back from there one could go back tens of thousands of years when a certain death would have resulted from such an injury.



So we are programmed to leave and not return to our body after major injury. A bit like the rabbit being eaten a fox simply isn't sees but doesn't know and has no feeling pain.

So - it seems that anaesthetic removes the conscious body's memory of the surgical work but not the body memory or the soul memory of what happened.

As this realisation dawned I slugged to pull my body mind, my double back inside. It was difficult if not impossible. I got the message - perhaps from the Hospital Deva - that the problem was that my blood and lymph were poisoned and just unable to carry the higher self or even the double inside.

Concerned, I made up a Bach flower remedy to help me ease the terror and fear out of my system. I then added flowers to give me a greater impulse to incarnate and continue my life. It seems to be working, but it's taken about ten days.

Now, I suspect that this ex-carnation process is common to all surgery but that younger people just have so much desire and will to keep going that they usually just get back together and keep on going with their lives. But not so older people, I think the higher self often doesn't see the point in coming back and so they gradually fade away into senility. I suspect that the double also has a reluctance to re-enter and fill all the spaces in the body ... and the gaps it leaves are soon grabbed by the strange and inhuman things that wonder down the corridors of hospitals.