

Jonnie's Lecture: 'Is what comes naturally, normal?'

Jonnie looked a little sheepish when he got up to address his audience. At first, he hesitated and gazed at the floor, but after a few moments, he looked confidently over their heads and began to speak: "I'm not used to giving lectures," he grinned, "and I'm rather glad that I don't know most of you – makes me feel less nervous! Though, to be honest, I was delighted when The Mother asked me to give this talk...she's not here this evening, but she and I have discussed the importance of what I have to say..."

He took a deep breath and briefly connected with the faces of the family seated at the back of the room, "Phew! How do I begin? Err... I guess I had a normal childhood," he smiled pensively, "my sister and I used to challenge each other on how fast, and how high, we could climb the trees in our grandparents' orchard..."

He suddenly relaxed into his story, "...One long, hot summer she became more adventurous than ever – she'd always enjoyed hanging upside down from the branches, swinging and laughing, mocking my calls for caution; in fact, any pleas for her to be careful would send her higher into the trees experimenting with her acrobatic skills..."

That's when it happened...

A high, thick, branch that had been her trapeze suddenly snapped."

He breathed heavily, closed his eyes, and continued his account, "She tumbled through the branches... Her fall seemed to take forever... She landed awkwardly on the hard ground and the heavy branch fell on top of her..."

He paused with his eyes still closed; his audience watched his pained expression as he processed his thoughts: "I heard a scream...but it wasn't my sister - she lay absolutely still; it wasn't from me – my throat was tight with terror..."

The shriek was from our parents, racing to us, having heard the crack of the breaking tree...

I felt the shock and confusion around me...the wails of the grownups rattled inside my head; I slithered down the trunk of my tree...didn't feel the graze of the rough bark against my chest, nor the stings of nettles on my legs. My attention was on the faint 'shadow' of my sister: I 'saw' *her* hovering above her injured head...

To me, the 'apparition' was real. I didn't stop to think. I reached my arms up as if to hug 'her'...felt my hands 'grasping' around the 'shadow'...there was tingling warmth, and I was determined not to let go... I remember whispering, 'Not now, please don't go now; I want you to stay and play, have more adventures with me; I want you, Sis.'

It felt as though I was holding on forever, and then it seemed really difficult to keep my grip...to persevere; after all, I wasn't very old - about six! I kept whispering to her and clung to the 'shadow' even when the grownups tried to push me away.

Suddenly, I heard her cough...and knew it would be alright, knew I could stop holding on; I leaned against the tree, gasping, hoping I wouldn't fall: I wanted to be brave – to be 'like a man', as my father always told me – but I desperately wanted to cry...

My Grandma came. She knelt by my side, held my head tight against her chest, and sobbed, 'You saved her, Jonnie; you brought her back'.

The grownups didn't seem to hear her; they took no notice of the two of us clinging together; they were busy doing what they thought they should...and were relieved when ambulance people came..."

Jonnie's voice became a whisper, "I 'heard' what Grandma said, and I knew she hadn't understood her own words. I also knew that no one else was aware of what had *really* happened. I had no idea how I knew...my mind was fixed on the thought that I'd managed not to cry..."

I remembered her words: they stuck in my heart, so that Little Jonnie was never, ever the same..."

He opened his eyes, reached to gulp from a glass of water, and stared at the floor; then, as his audience spontaneously and gently applauded, he looked up and smiled.

Maria clasped her hands on her lap and leaned forward; her eyes gleamed with excitement, "That's amazin', what a wonderful little boy... 'Ave yer bin doin' healin' ever since?"

Jonnie shook his head, "No. I spent years ignoring – denying – 'unusual' thoughts and feelings; even Mo, my wife, knew nothing about how I've felt 'inside'...and we've been together many years!" His eyes met Maureen's across the room, "It wasn't until she and I got to know 'our' Vanessa that I finally admitted it."

Maria grinned, "We're not muddled about two Vanessas here! We 'ave 'The Mother' and..." she turned around and beamed at Vanessa, "and now we 'ave you – *you're* 'our' Vanessa!"

She waited for their amusement to die down, and then continued, "What about your sister? What 'appened to her? Does she do 'ealin' too?"

"She's married...has her own family, and has no idea what happened then."

"You never talked about it?"

Jonnie shrugged his shoulders, "It's not easy; not something I've been able to discuss with relatives," he raised his head towards the back row, "Though I can talk about anything with my family!" He grinned, "That's why I'm glad to have the opportunity to be here, talking openly about what's 'real' for me..."

You see, there's bound to be many people like me, struggling to suppress what they assume are abnormal feelings, thoughts, sights, experiences... It's quite unnerving and can make you feel very alone. I was anxious, and when it came time to talk, I feared what my wife would think...wondered if she'd stop loving me."

Maureen nervously cleared her throat, and her voice trembled as she spoke across the room, "I'd never stop loving you, Jonnie. It's true that I felt wary of the 'strangeness', but I trust you; and, having worked with Richard for a long time, I've understood the importance of meditation and healing, so I was willing to listen and learn... And I noticed how you changed."

He gazed at her, fondly; they both seemed to forget the spectators around them, "How've I changed?"

“Oh, you know – you’re more settled, more at peace with yourself and more relaxed with me. And,” she laughed as she glanced around, “you certainly would never have agreed to speak in front of a group such as this before we met Vanessa!”

Frank followed their exchange keenly, “How did Vanessa help you?”

“She made me realise!” Jonnie smiled at her, dotingly, “Before I met her I used to think my thoughts were a secret pretence – or that I was on some sort of helpful mission...in all sorts of situations,” he paused and gazed around the room, “It’s interesting that I chose to work in hospitals - in maintenance...so I could wander the buildings at will; I used to go to areas where I thought I was needed; often had an urgent desire to get to a particular place; then I’d just stand and wait until the feeling passed.

I’d also find myself thinking ‘special’ thoughts whenever I drove near other hospitals or places where I imagined there had been an accident.”

Gabby interrupted, “What do you mean, ‘special’ thoughts?”

He frowned, “Hard to describe, really; I suppose I recognised my mind’s insistence to wait, so that I could be attentive...to be still and, well, *thoughtful*.”

“So, you didn’t *do* anything?”

“Not until I met Vanessa. The first time I saw her I felt a...connection...as if she knew, and understood.”

There were assenting murmurs around the room.

Jonnie’s voice became animated, “I *knew* I had to be close to her...just because... I learned that I didn’t have to be ‘secret’ or ‘pretend’...” He paused, returning to his former thoughtfulness, he stared at the floor, “Then, there were times when I instinctively knew *she* needed *me*, needed my help.... And it wasn’t long before she told me how my energy affected her...in a good way...”

“You helped me heal, PoppaJonnie; you’ve always been there for me when I needed you,” Vanessa’s strong voice echoed around the room, although Jonnie continued as though he hadn’t heard.

“...I watched her work, followed her guided meditations, and knew that I completely understood what she was doing. She encouraged me to, well...to do what comes naturally...”

Maria looked mesmerised, “To open yer ‘eart!”

“Exactly! I imagine... No...I’ve learned it’s not imagination! I *image* light pouring from my heart to people or situations that attract my attention. I try to be *open and honest* with myself now because I’ve discovered that I’m stronger and - as my wife has said – more peaceful when I acknowledge and accept that this is my normal way of being.”

“That’s funny!” Gabby sighed, thoughtfully, “We’re used to hearing The Mother use similar phrases: she teaches us to *acknowledge* and *accept who we are*.”

Sophie interrupted, “So it was your sister’s accident - that particular awful moment - that caused your gift to emerge?”

“I don’t think of it as a gift... It’s something that is natural in us all; though Vanessa and I have both experienced reticence: we’ve shared similar thoughts about past feelings of wanting to be ‘normal’, to dismiss the ‘unusual’... However, when we accept our intuition – and use it for ‘Highest Good’ - it does make us feel *complete*.” He frowned as he considered what he’d said, then he exclaimed, “But it’s not a gift for a few – definitely not.”

“Although it is something you should be proud of,” Gabby spoke with bold certainty.

“Oh, I do appreciate it...now; and especially when I discovered I could confidently guide the meditation group at The Matthew Hubbard Centre...when Vanessa was...unable... Umm...”

He hesitated, collected his thoughts, and continued, forcefully, *“I’m certain that the intuitive, psychic, healing ability is not a particular gift for a few people...it’s natural. It’s in all of us. It must be...because I’m not special.*

What happened between me and my sister shocked me into an awareness of life...and the moment of death. I suddenly knew the truth of the existence of ourselves as spirit... Having seen it, and responded to it, my spirit became an active part of me that I could not forget...

It made me feel ‘at one’ with everything and everyone, sharing a connection that tells me we can’t possibly be separate individuals.”

“Is that the bond you felt with Vanessa?” Malcolm gazed at him, intently.

Jonnie hesitated before reaffirming his thought: “My understanding is that whatever is ‘me’ is also a part of the world – part of everything – part of everyone else...”

Yes... When I met Vanessa I felt as though we’d never been strangers.”

Malcolm nodded, “That’s how I feel when I’m with The Mother.”

The room became eerily quiet until Maria broke the silence, “P’raps you knew each other before – in a diff’rent life.”

Their nervous laughter was quietened by Vanessa’s serious reply, “I’m sure we have. That’s exactly how it feels, doesn’t it, Poppa?”

He nodded and, for a moment, held her gaze.

Sophie persisted, “If you don’t think healing is a gift, and you believe we all have the ability, how do we find it? Some of us, here at The Hub, keep asking the same question: Must we experience something terrible, and discover by accident?”

“Maria didn’t,” Gabby interrupted, “She suddenly started using spiritual energy when our little group first met.”

“That’s becous of The Mother,” Maria declared, stoutly, “Yer know...it was her...she ‘elped me.”

“That’s not what she would say,” Malcolm mused, “I think she’d say: ‘the time was ripe for your soul to emerge and do what comes naturally’; so that’s exactly what you did – something that is natural...and that’s Jonnie’s point.”

Jonnie nodded, “Although I’d guess The Mother’s presence was the incentive that brought the feeling to fruition.”

“That’s what we think,” Frank smiled, “and we know that her active thought has brought you and your family to us...for us to be together and learn from each other...”

Will you show us how we might find, and use, our own healing ability?”

Jonnie looked around at his audience, connecting individually to many who had been silent while the few core members of Sputnik’s Hub - who were used to animated discussion during their get-togethers – had expressed their opinions.

He closed his eyes and breathed deeply; then he looked up with a determined frown, “We don’t have to be ‘shocked’ into revealing what we’re all capable of doing. It is natural. It is normal. Though I think we’ve forgotten how to use our inner power. When we have glimpses of it – in spontaneous moments or through dreams - we’re probably afraid and

concerned about being different, so we pay little attention to what is possible, hoping it will go away. We've never dared to ask: **'Is what comes naturally, normal?'** ..."

Once again he became animated, "It's a question that ought to be discussed...hence the title of today's talk..."

After years of wondering what I did for my sister, then realising the truth, and eventually acting upon it, I've come to the conclusion that it **is** normal. And I believe we should pay attention to healing skills – nurture them – and allow them to flow naturally through us...

That's what we can do together...here, now...

First, let's be clear that our intention is to work with the power of Love: we must understand that we cannot decide what is right for others; we cannot 'make' things happen according to our wishes; so, we should always begin by declaring that every healing thought is for 'Highest Good'.

Having committed our work to 'Highest Good', hopefully, we can settle much of our anxiety about whether we're doing the 'right thing'... It isn't easy to remain detached: We always want what we believe is best for those we care about, and we want our work to be successful – it helps our self-esteem! When we're unsure, we can be certain that Angels will help, particularly if we've asked for their assistance."

"We enlist their help?" Gabby queried.

"Angels like to be asked," Maria grinned.

Jonnie laughed, "I guess they do! Although I believe they **need** to be asked: if Angels and Spirit Guides simply intervened on our behalf, there'd never be free will... But when they're requested to work for us, our difficulties are brought into line with the Consciousness of Everything."

"That's a beautiful way of explaining the healing relationship," Laura murmured, "I like to think we're, 'islands in a stream'... When we receive healing, the stream runs through - instead of around - us; so we become part of the flow, not buffeted by lumps of problems..." she gulped and uneasily brushed her cheek, then recovered her smile as Frank reached over to squeeze her hand.

"That's lovely," Maria's cheerfulness eased their tension.

"Indeed!" Jonnie relaxed for a moment, "You know... I'm fascinated at how healing images and meditative descriptions come to each of us, in similar ways; it makes me feel they're authentic."

"You have trouble believing in yourself?" Gabby searched his face with disbelief.

Jonnie's eyes met her gaze, "Sometimes... But I've learned that it's important not to look for proof of the good we've done, nor expect praise: I believe being inquisitive or excited about 'amazing' possibilities gets in the way...err...gets in the way of the natural flow of energy...the stream that Laura described."

"Well, I have a problem:" Gabby responded, "I want to be loving, and send healing thought to others – as we practice here with The Mother – but I do 'get in my own way'; I think I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?" Malcolm asked, gently.

"Afraid I might do the wrong thing for someone...even afraid of...of..."

"...the consequence of even trying?"

"Yes, Malcolm; that's it!"

Jonnie thoughtfully pushed his fingertip against his lips, "Perfect! It would be good to clear out the fear that everyone experiences..."

We can begin right now...

So, when you're ready, close your eyes...

Notice your breath...watch the rise and fall of your abdomen...

Allow your mind to scan your body, search for places where you 'keep' fear – maybe in your stomach, your hips...perhaps in your limbs...even behind your heart...

When you've thought about all the places fear might be 'hiding', imagine scooping your hand into those areas to retrieve lumps of fear; bring out the masses of fear so they appear in front of you...

Now, massage them together into one lump...and hold it in both hands; turn it around and examine it! Be inquisitive – look at it, watch it..."

"Strange!" one of the group murmured, "I expected to see a lump of darkness, but the fear I've found looks quite bright."

"I'm not surprised!" Jonnie replied, "When Vanessa and I searched ourselves for fear that's what we saw too!"

*"Is that because fear is actually **useful**?" Richard queried, "Perhaps we're discovering that fear is not to be 'feared' after all!"*

"Yes! Instead of 'Forget Everything And Run', we should 'Feel, Embrace And Remember'!"

"I like that!" Frank remarked, "Could you repeat it?"

*Jonnie grinned, "We're learning that everything – even fear – is a part of us, a necessary part of our world...**Feel, Embrace And Remember**."*

Let's continue to watch and examine the lump of fear... See how it seems less fearful – especially when we grasp confidence and self-esteem.

Feel the fear, embrace it and remember times when it's been useful to you...

Now we need to decide what to do with fear, now that it's been released...

I'd like you to consider placing the lump of fear into your heart."

*"In my **heart**? Are you sure?"*

"Try it, Gabby. Trust me. Image your mass of fear entering into your heart chakra..."

She screwed up her face, first with trepidation and then with concentration; then suddenly, she exclaimed, "Goodness! I have a picture of my heart as a ball of fire swallowing up the fear, burning it into itself...and it doesn't hurt!"

"Excellent! Heart chakra is a wonderful centre of loving energy that works..."

"For our 'ighest Good," squealed Maria.

Jonnie grinned, excited by their progress, "Ok. We've found a way to dispel fear for ourselves, so now, let's work towards healing others..."

Settle yourself with meditative breathing: notice each breath; watch the rise and fall of your abdomen...

Allow thoughts, thoughts about others, to flow into your mind... As you think about someone, follow your feelings, trust your thought, image something that needs to be done for them...whatever feels right, the first thing that comes to mind; perhaps something small; request Angelic help; affirm it's for 'Highest Good'...

Don't dwell on the situation, simply send thought from your heart, and let the idea drift away... Your loving thought is all that's needed...

Then, without wondering what has been done, return to noticing your breathing...

This is pure healing, exactly how The Mother teaches: you are directing the Consciousness of Everything to a person, place or situation. Actually, with the energy of thought, someone will have requested your loving intervention towards a resolution that may not have happened without you...

I'm sure that they thank you for responding to their request with your healing love!

You could make this exercise a part of every day! Treat it as your normal way of being! I believe you'll live more consciously, and you'll become more comfortable with yourself!"

Jonnie put his hands together and bowed his head, "Thank you."

When an applause erupted, he blushed with embarrassment and seemed relieved when Malcolm jumped to his feet, shook his hand, and stood beside him; Malcolm rested his arm across Jonnie's shoulder, waiting until the clapping subsided, so that he could express their gratitude: "I speak for us all at Sputnik's Hub, Jonnie: thank you for coming to find us, for joining the group, and for sharing your wisdom."

He spoke to the appreciative audience, "Thank you all for coming; I trust you've enjoyed Maria's catering..." he paused for more applause, "And I'm certain that you have food for thought as you practice Jonnie's instruction..."

Don't forget – as usual, this lecture will be available for download from our website ...with your permission?"

Jonnie looked at him in surprise, "I had no idea..."

Malcolm laughed, "It's common practice here: what we call, Colin's Legacy: the lunch 'n' lectures are a valuable resource for our spiritual growth...we treasure each one. Your family suggested we didn't tell you about the recording until after you'd finished!"

"I'm glad! I was so nervous when I began, but now I'll be interested to hear what I actually said!"