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I Had to Be Mad to See a Spiritual Healer

By Rosie Jones

Abstract

Through my study and working in the field of conventional Western medicine I was lulled into the sense that this was the best and only way to treat illness and disease. Other modalities of treatment were either completely unknown to me or dismissed with a lofty arrogance. It was only when I became extremely unwell with pneumonia followed by an acute psychosis that I was introduced to the remarkable powers of bioenergetic healing. Through a forty minute session with a clairvoyant healer I was transformed from complete mental chaos back to normal. She restored me to a healthy vigour I hadn't felt for years. I would love the future to include an acceptance of bioenergetic healing and the many other healing options available to us.

Key words: spiritual healing, psychosis, bioenergetic healing, kundalini, spiritual awakening.

My story

In relating my experience, I offer no attempt at explaining how or why it worked. All I know is that early in 2005, I was transformed from being in a severely disturbed and highly dysfunctional mental state, back to completely normal mental and physical health, during a forty-minute session with a spiritual healer.

It was an extraordinary experience. As a medical practitioner I had never witnessed anything like it, and it has brought about a profound change in my life to be the recipient of such a healing.

It may help to know some of my background. I was the fourth child of six, born in a small country hospital in inland Queensland, Australia. My childhood, growing up on a cattle and wheat farm, was happy and carefree, lovingly raised by my parents and enjoying the company of my siblings. I attended the small local primary school, then spent five years at an elite girls boarding school in Brisbane, which was about five hours drive from our home.

I did well at school academically, and in the sporting arena. In the final year of school I held the position of school captain and prefect, and received the highest possible tertiary entrance score on completion of Year 12.

After completing a degree in medicine at the University of Queensland, I obtained a fellowship of the Royal Australian College of General Practitioners in a subspecialty of rural medicine. I worked for a couple of years in the large city hospitals, and then commenced work in a general medical practice in a small country town, also in western Queensland, where I met my husband Peter.

Peter and I had been teenage sweethearts. We went our separate ways for nine years, only to meet again later and fall in love. We married, built a beautiful house and garden, and had four healthy, happy children, two girls and two boys.

It was a fairly smooth-sailing predictable life up until that point in time.

When I was 37 and my youngest child was three and a half months old, we were holidaying at the beach. I started to feel a little unusual, with fevers and chills developing. Over three days I became increasingly unwell, with fairly non-specific symptoms, until I collapsed and was taken to hospital in an ambulance. I was consumed by a terrifying pressure in my head, and feeling that I was in a vacuum, being separated from those around me. An x-ray revealed that I had lobar pneumonia.

I was admitted to a private obstetric hospital because I was breast feeding my small baby, and I was cared for in a private room. Intravenous antibiotics were administered, and after four days the spiking fevers began to settle.

During the time in hospital I slept poorly and became more and more anxious that something in addition to pneumonia was afflicting me. It was frustrating not being able to convey the sense of doom and urgency that I was experiencing.

For several years before this time, over many nighttimes, I had had a recurrent nightmare. It always left me frightened and shaking with the sense that I was on the road to my death, and there was nothing I could do to avert it. I dreamt I was in a room, surrounded by lights and electronic equipment, and outside the room there were people talking about me. They could see what was happening but could not help.

At the hospital, in an attempt to help me sleep, I was given a dose of three sedative hypnotic tablets. It gave me a disturbed short sleep, during which I had this dream again. When I wakened from the nightmare, I felt like I had taken an enormous gulp of air, narrowly avoiding drowning. Looking around the hospital room with its oxygen supplies, lights and monitors, the realization dawned that this was the room of my nightmares. Sheer terror filled me. I interpreted my dream as a warning premonition for me. I believed that I was dying.

I rang my husband, and he rushed to my bedside.

The hospital staff paid careful attention to my physical health, but became more and more bewildered by my mental state. They were quick to reassure me that I was recovering from the pneumonia, but my anxiety and inability to articulate my terror led to them becoming frustrated and impatient with me. Eventually the nursing staff became cold and dismissive.

Two of my close friends decided I might receive better care out of hospital, and they came and took me back to our apartment.

It was then that I starting to become aware of my ability to sense other people's energies. I could feel them in my hands, and when I touched someone else's hands, I could feel a pulsation coursing up my

arm. My mind started to perceive what those around me were thinking. One afternoon, when it was raining, the frogs outside were croaking loudly and I could understand what they were saying to each other, not in so many words but in the sense of their expressing and sharing their well-being.

An old friend from university days who had gone on to become a pathologist came to see me, and I relayed a psychic message to him that I had received from his brother who had passed away two months previously. He reacted to my message with mistrust and concern for my well-being.

I was sharing these newfound experiences with my husband and family, so they were even more worried about me.

My mind started to shift rapidly, flipping through thoughts and images so much that a three-week period felt like three years. My days and nights became indistinguishable. I wasn't sleeping for more than 20 minutes at a time, and I began to talk incessantly, reliving past experiences and trying to make sense of what was happening to me.

At times I was in the most serene and blissful state that I can only describe as heavenly. It was perfect. Everything around was peaceful and calm, there was no conflict, I knew all there was to know. There was no need for questions or explanations. I could see the whole world order, and fully comprehend the oneness of our existence. It was an extraordinarily beautiful feeling.

This peace would then be shattered by horrific images of death and destruction. I would imagine the sheer grossness of being murdered, tortured and buried alive. The suffering filled my being, as though I was truly living that experience. I was fearful for the welfare of my children, imagining them drowning or suffocating. At times I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. At a family gathering I thought I was in spirit form at my own funeral.

Over five days I alternated between the ecstasy and the despair. Delusions of grandeur had me convinced I was being prepared for a role of great significance; that I was chosen for a path of greatness; and that very deep lessons were being delivered to me. Messages on the TV and in the paper seemed personally addressed to me.

My grip on reality was slipping. I was unable to take care of my basic needs, and I needed to be accompanied twenty-four hours a day.

My husband and family were at a loss to know how to help me. It was obvious I was severely disturbed psychiatrically, but at the same time I also had incredible insight and understanding, and had developed amazing intuitive, psychic and extra-sensory perception.

It was an awful time for my family. I refused to go to hospital to see a psychiatrist. I said to my husband Peter, "If you want to destroy me, take me to hospital."

By coincidence or by serendipity, we met a metaphysical healer. He was able to explain that I was in the midst of a Kundalini awakening, and that it was a wonderful, remarkable occurrence for this to be happening spontaneously. He told us that people meditate for years to achieve the same state of consciousness.

It was a relief to receive his wisdom. I related to and understood completely what he was telling me. The descriptions he provided of other people's spiritual awakenings were a mirror of my own.

However, it was not a very practical state to be in. I had no awareness of my needs, and certainly could not care for my children. I was acting unpredictably and chaotically, breaking into a run suddenly, or standing motionless for long periods.

The healer sought the assistance of another practitioner, a clairvoyant and spiritual healer, who was experienced in supporting people through this experience. We arrived early at the appointment to see her. Sitting on the footpath outside her home, I had visions I was like Buddha being enlightened under the Bodhi tree. I then became suspicious because she lived near power lines, and she didn't have a welcome mat at the door.

She took one look at me, and without needing to hear much of the story – other than a couple of sentences– she said, “You have a massive crack in your aura.” She told me it left my spirit in the fourth dimension, in the place of nightmares, and that she could help me by grounding my energy back into the earth's energy. It sounded mysterious and scary but we were willing to give it a try.

She asked me to lie down and close my eyes. She then asked me to picture a beam of white light, and imagine it passing through the top of my head, going through my body, and running down into the earth, continuing until it got to the centre of the earth. I followed her guidance and pictured to myself that it connected to the centre of the earth.

Immediately, my vision was filled with shooting threads of white light, brightly flashing and jumping, like the arc between two electrical points. This went on for perhaps thirty seconds. The clairvoyant said, “Wow! Can you see that?” I said, “Yes, what is it?” She told me it was my energy reconnecting with the earth.

She proceeded to give me a bioenergetic healing, working around my body but not touching it. After a forty-minute session, I stood up and was totally amazed to discover that my mind was beautifully clear. Physically, I felt like my vital energy had been restored. I felt completely alive and healthy. I walked out to be greeted by my husband, my sister and our healer friend. They were astounded by my recovery.

It was during this time that I did my first painting, and I now work as a professional portrait artist. I had little artistic ability previously. Years ago, when I was pregnant with my second child, I made the decision to cease working in General Practice. It was a decision that was filled with much angst and deliberation, but fundamentally I knew my preference was to be close to my children, providing them with a loving, stable upbringing. Peter supported me fully in the decision. At the time I sensed there was something else I would be doing in the long-term, I just didn't know what it was. There is no way in the world I would have predicted that I would become an artist. The only time I had attempted drawing or painting was during the compulsory art subject in my first year of High School. I was hopeless and quickly made the decision it was a skill I would never acquire.



Figure 1. Water lilies



Figure 2. After the Storm

During the Kundalini awakening the healer advised that I needed a creative outlet. He said much of my focus had been from a 'left brain' perspective, alluding to my scientific, analytical and atheist approaches. I chose to paint and to write. My first painting was not fantastic but it takes pride-of-place in my father's office. He was by my side for the three hours I took to do the painting. He and my mother witnessed first hand the dramatic descent of their beloved daughter into mental chaos, and equally the amazing transformation back to normal through a bioenergetic healing.

I needed to learn how to draw and paint by reading books, attending short art workshops and practicing. My desire to paint was irrepressible, so paint I did!

Painting, drawing and other forms of artistic expression give me so much pleasure. I am extremely grateful to have discovered this passion, especially for painting people and capturing the unique essence of that person. Working as a doctor was enjoyable but I didn't love it. Most of the time I felt out of my depth. It enriched my life but I was happy to move on to the joys of family and art.

Peter was amazing in his unconditional love and support. Fortunately, we have grown together in wisdom and awareness. His desire to understand, to learn and to embrace the unknown matches my own. We walk the path towards new horizons together.

The clairvoyant healer has become a close friend of ours, and many people I know have been to see her. She has helped people with depression, infertility, to stop smoking, identified breast cancer, relayed important messages to them from their dead relatives, and much more.

Sometimes I reflect on the other path I might have travelled. What if I had sought psychiatric help during my period of crisis? It is likely I would have been administered anti-psychotics, with the diagnosis of post-partum psychosis, and would have become a mental health patient. In comparison to my uplifting, invigorating expansion into a whole new consciousness that seems a negative and demeaning way to deal with such problems, condemning the sufferer to a period of shame and inducing feelings of inadequacy that could extend into a lifetime of negativity.



Figure 3. Ruby

To round out the picture, I asked two of my family members to share their observations on the transformations they observed when I experienced these bioenergetic and spiritual awakenings.

Peter Jones, my husband, reports:

I was witness to Rosie's transformational healing and her account of the experience is accurate.

Rosie has always been a wonderful person. Prior to her awakening she was a very logical thinker. Like most people in her profession she had fairly rigid life views. Rosie was an atheist and if science couldn't explain it, it wasn't real.

The strange thing, though, was that her views about life didn't seem to fit her open nature. Rosie was inquisitive and curious. It was like she was a wise person in a container as she held tight to her conservative outlook on life.

Rosie seemed to have a magnetic presence but she would unconsciously turn it on and off. The dramatic change in her mental state caught us completely off guard. My experience was one of terror. I had never felt so out of control in my life. I was thrust into unknown territory and after a period I thought my beautiful wife was going to end up in a mental asylum. The healing that Rosie received was a miracle.

Not only did it have the immediate transformational effect of snapping Rosie out of her psychosis, it gave her the evidence that there was more to life than our usual, ordinary worldviews. The healing was the beginning of a new life. It let Rosie out of her confined way of living. It encouraged her to expand and grow her awareness without letting her past project on to the future.

Even though Rosie has tapped into an expanded reality, she is more grounded than she used to be. She is more confident and more laid back and lets life flow.



Figure 4. Little Dancer

Rosie's experience was a gift to us as a couple. Our relationship is stronger than ever. We have an understanding that didn't exist before and it has impacted our lives in a profound way. Best of all, Rosie is still the woman I married, but with a vigor and a passion that didn't exist before. I would also say she has become one of the wisest people I know.

We have four children and we are all very well connected. Our love for one another is very strong. I believe the major contributing factor to our family strength is Rosie's high sense of emotional awareness.

It is her wisdom to know what others' needs are without ignoring the needs of herself that keep her content and passionate about life. She is very intuitive and perceptive and has the ability to make sharp judgment about a situation or scenario. Rosie is well connected to her heart and carries a serenity rarely found in a person. Rosie just has a knowing that wasn't there prior to her awakening. Rosie has a high IQ, equally matched with a high EQ (emotional quotient). Her blend of

intelligence and common sense make her a unique character.

Alison Blacket (my sister, who worked previously as a registered nurse) reports:

I looked at the dining room table just after I woke up and felt despair – the three candles in pots had been rearranged in perfect alignment with their metal symbols all pointing the same way. I knew then that my sister Rosie had not slept again and was on the move, constantly rearranging and adjusting things in the unit where we were staying. This was about her tenth almost sleepless night and things were getting worse. She had gone to bed a few hours previously but Pete, her husband, who had

stayed on watch, said that she was on her feet again after twenty minutes of rest. We had hoped that finally she would get some sleep and start to recover.

As a family we were feeling helpless and very concerned in the face of this extreme behavior which was totally out of character. Rosie was always level headed, rational and calm. However, her behavior as she was recovering from pneumonia was becoming more and more unusual, with moments of great energy of speech, movement and ideas. She also seemed to sense the energetic charge of people, places and thoughts. This was a worrying situation both for her and for us, her family. In my nursing career I had looked after people like this who would probably have been labeled psychotic. Rosie's difference was that she had insight into her condition. She knew she was ill and losing control but she also somehow deeply intuitively knew that there was a solution to change this situation. She just didn't know how, when or where and could not express this in words.

Medically, the approach would have been to sedate Rosie to settle her and then introduce medication, which would help to level her behaviour. She fiercely resisted this approach and afterwards we were very glad she did.

Through a series of fortunate connections we saw the healer who helped Rosie recover. To see the change in her after the treatment was simply amazing. What I noticed most was the normal color in her face again and the life in her walk. It was like she was fully present once more.



Figure 5. Blowing in the Wind

Since then her life has changed direction to a fuller, more spiritual way of being. We were all touched energetically in some way through this profound experience and have deep gratitude for her healing and recovery.

Jannine Umana (Clairvoyant, Spiritual Healer) reports:

I had a phone call from a man I had never met. He said he had one of my cards and although he had never met me either he thought I would be able to help a friend of his.

He explained a little of what had been happening and so I said I would be able to help her. Could he get her to me?

He came and introduced himself and then a little later Pete, Alison and Rosie arrived and I met them.

While Pete and Alison told me more of what had taken place over the previous few months, Rosie and I sized each other up! She did not like the electricity that was coming into my house. It was from the normal source but as she was super sensitive at the time she did not like it.

As I started to look into her fields and her body, I realized that her mind/brain was not firing properly or should I say normally. Some of her brain was too lit up and flashing too brightly while there were other parts that were not firing at all. It looked like it was mixed-up, so to speak.

I said this to them all and added that although I am not a doctor and don't know the names of things, I do know that there is a center part and the lights are not where they should be. They are firing in the

wrong order; like a car motor when it can't function normally.

I told Rosie, "The Doctors would tell you that you have schizophrenia, however although this is what it looks like, it is not and I can help you."

I knew that she had had pneumonia and had been on drugs. Legal or illegal drugs can bring this on. It is like the person is allergic to the drugs and the drugs open up the mind to other worlds. These worlds do exist and it is preferable if we open in these ways slowly rather than all at once as Rosie did. It is quite common, however, not always so much all at once. People with bipolar disorders are also subject to this at times.

Rosie knew I could help her and so she came in and we worked with her spirit who had departed and was now separate and rejoined this into her pattern (field). This took an hour or so. She was instantly better and well again. She now has an amazing ability to paint.

Having worked with spirit for 15 years, I have come to realise that my earth job is to help reconnect people with themselves. Everyone has parts of themselves that are separate; some more than others. I know of no one who has all parts integrated.

Our existence here is to learn to love ourselves unconditionally. This means to love the part that is funny, the part that is kind etc. It also means to love the part that is mean or jealous etc. In other words, it is to love everything about ourselves, that which we call good and that which we call bad.

Whatever we do not accept in ourselves, good or bad, needs to be integrated in order to be whole and in a place of love. Anything that we do not accept in ourselves steps out of us. We are spirit having a human experience. The ego part as it develops makes decisions usually based on other people's opinions. We may also disconnect from aspects of ourselves when something happens in life so that we do not feel we are accepted by others or do not accept ourselves and so we send that part of ourselves away. It sits in our field causing upset to us until we look at it.



Figure 6. Man from Maine

Where do we send it? How does this happen?

Imagine the physical body with the biological energy field around it. We sit in our heart, which is at the centre of ourselves. When we sit here we are in unconditional love for ourselves, for others and for everything around us. Everything works. We are calm and always know exactly what to do and when to do it.

We trust the universe and our place in it. We understand that everyone is learning, including us, and that whatever is happening to people is theirs to learn.

Chaos can be happening around us and we still remain calm. This is true Centredness.

Stepping outside of our heart causes us to be outside of our true self and into the nonsense that is around us. As we grow up, we often are pulled outside of our centre. At first, as a little one, we are able to return back into our heart. The saying, "Children are resilient," is true, as they may be pulled this way and that – mostly by family at first, then later by outside influences. However, they are still able to come back into the heart where they naturally know it is calm and loving. Gradually, this

changes and we lose sight/feeling of this. It is our natural state to be in a state of love with ourselves and calm.

How does this work, in practical terms? Imagine that we decide at some point that unless we worry about everyone we do not love them. We could take this idea from a parent or some other influence. This causes a separation in ourselves as we step out of our heart. The worry part steps into our field – out of our heart, so to speak. This is not how we are if we are truly loving. Being truly loving means we know that this really causes upset to everyone. We are worrying about influencing their fields and bringing what we are worried about to them and ourselves. If we were aware of these processes inside ourselves we would not do these things, but most of these behaviors are unconscious.

So we spend our lives worrying over everyone because we feel that if we do not do this then we do not really love them. Our spirit knows that this worrying is not good for us or the ones we worry over. Spirit gently prompts us to stop worrying. However we do not listen to this and keep worrying. Our human/ego part thinks we are doing the right thing. After all, isn't worrying the same as loving? So we continue to worry. We worry so much about everybody and everything that we cause in ourselves an upset stomach as we are still not listening to spirit's gentle hints and still continue to worry.

This part that worries actually wants us to love it, accept it and reintegrate it back into ourselves. However, we cannot stop worrying as we think that would mean that we do not love ourselves or the ones we worry over. So we go on worrying, still not listening to our spirit's gentle hints. Then our stomach gets an ulcer or we develop other physical or emotional problems. The worry part that has stepped out of us into our field gets bigger and we worry more as the worry part gets bigger we worry even more, and on it goes.

Maybe when it gets troublesome or overwhelming we finally look at it. However, the more fear we are in the more we resist looking. The worry part sits in our field, appearing to be outside of us. These parts were often mistakenly seen as entities in the earlier times by psychics and still are mistaken for things outside of ourselves. Often they are perceived as something to fear, as an attachment, or some other foreign influence. However, they are not.



Figure 7. Japanese Gardens

For Rosie, at that time of her initial awakening, her resistance was to spirituality, psychic abilities, or other dimensions (right-brained), or anything that was not scientific or tangible (left-brained). She was a wonderful doctor and very much into the physical world. Her spirit, however, had other ideas!

Her amazing painting talent and her true self (spirit) wanted to come through (right-brained). As is common with worrying, she was pushing away half of herself – her spirituality. She needed a big awakening because she was not listening, to do what she had come here for.

The more she resisted, the more she pushed this part of herself away from herself. The combination of what had started happening to her, plus the drugs the hospital and doctors had given her,

combined to open her right brain and brought back the parts of her she had been pushing away so well. Bioenergetically, half of her had stepped out and wanted to step back in! This is why it was a time of such confusion for her. It all came rushing back in unaided. This is a very hard thing for a person to integrate. Much of mental illness can be seen in this light. She also had all that happen to her as part of her contract with herself to do this. There are slower ways to achieve this. However, Rosie is not someone to do things slowly or by halves!

My contracted role with her was to bring this part back into alignment for her so she could function again as a human, with the knowing of Spirit. I do this by speaking with the parts that are in conflict and getting them to understand what is happening and then bring about peace on all sides.

I call it Trilogy Healing. We have a masculine/feminine/child part in all parts that we have pushed aside. I speak with each part, allowing each part to release the fear, and then facilitate the re-integration of each part.

In summary

This awakening has left me with a vastly different notion of life. I have been introduced to a multi-dimensional existence, with knowledge and awareness of life beyond physical existence. My intuition, psychic abilities and ability to perceive energy and auric fields are not as pronounced as they were at the peak of the awakening but they are still present.

To me, bioenergetic healing is absolutely real. I would love to see its benefits adopted in our hospitals and health clinics, and for it to be properly acknowledged as the amazing, non-invasive readily available healing tool I find it to be.

Rosie Jones (nee McLennan - this was the name under which I practiced medicine)

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 1994 Fellowship of Royal Australian College of GP's
 1994 Diploma of Rural Medicine
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 1997-2004 & continuing; Births of four children, dedication to motherhood
 January 2005 Kundalini awakening
 2006 Year long training, 'Magicians Way,' William Whitecloud, Byron Bay NSW Australia
 2007 Oneness University, India, 21 Day Process exploration of consciousness
 2008 Year-long training, 'Magician's Way,' William Whitecloud
 2009 Year-long travel through USA & Canada with husband & children just for fun
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