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**RECOGNIZING THE DEFINING MOMENT:
Expecting the miracle through client/healer resonance**

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I do not ask how the wounded one feels, I, myself, become the wounded one."

– Walt Whitman

The flesh is the test of the spirit...love one another...welcome to the world of healers...

– As told to Tiffany Snow during her NDE

Introduction

A personal defining moment often acts as a catalyst for a client's ability to receive healing, and for a healer to give it. This is the personal story of a lightning-strike near-death survivor thrust into the role of hands-on and distant healer, the clients who receive healing, and the suspension of belief that allows immediate healing beyond the mind-set of current reality. Selected letters and client stories supplement and complement the author's report and discussion.

We receive information which we choose to *believe* and gain information through *experience*.

Empirical experience may force a change in long-held convictions, along with a reorganization of priorities in one's life. Sickness, a near-death experience, loss of a loved one, relationship and financial devastations, and numerous other traumas are opportunities which can stimulate new states of awareness beyond previous beliefs. Now, instead of a person "going along with the crowd," they are making new decisions for themselves, trusting their newly-awakened inner knowledge. A shifting of awareness occurs. New priorities are set: spending more time with loved ones tops the list; job advancement and material excesses are pushed to the bottom of it.

You have only two choices at a defining moment: to move toward *positive* change, or to succumb to the *negative*.

No outside influence has a final say over free will, it is the personal choice of the one involved, and every person intuitively knows that no one and nothing, can manipulate another person's mind unless they allow it. From a defining moment onward - which may start with a diagnosis of an illness - some will choose to stay within a victim mentality, and no amount of conventional or integrative therapy will facilitate a healing with them. They have told themselves there is no hope. No medicine, technology or caregiver can heal them because they do not see it as possible. Outwardly they may profess

desire for the treatment; but it is something being “done to them.” Inwardly, there is no personal responsibility to accept a positive outcome. They have given up.

It for us, as caregivers, to offer ourselves as joint companions in the process of healing, to encourage the client’s personal responsibility for holistic outcomes. When this happens, tremendous advances can occur; physically, emotionally and spiritually.

Those who choose a positive outcome from their defining moment will live successful, meaningful and full lives, whether the physical body heals or not. These are the ones whose eyes smile with gratitude for every breathing moment; whose every moment is full and brimming with exuberance and vitality, eagerness to care and to share love and encouragement with others - no matter what their own situation may be. These are the people who see the ended relationship as a new beginning, and opportunity to know themselves more intimately, and to learn that being alone and being lonely are two different things. These are the ones who see surviving through the car accident as a miracle, and spend all their time creating and giving away works of art to brighten the world - as they learn how to hold a paintbrush between the teeth of their quadriplegic body. It is the “mind-shift” that occurs when the unvictimized experiencer of negative circumstances firmly states: “I don’t BELIEVE I will get well – I KNOW I will.”

These are the ones who *become stronger in the broken places*, and allow themselves to become rebuilt into the true potential they were created to be, with a burning desire to fulfill their life purpose. This passion aids a return to health to fulfill that need. This is where the healer steps in, and a partnership can unfold, creating a Divine place of quantum resonance, a supernatural entrainment where anything can happen, and often does.

From the healer’s side, when the defining moment appears, she firmly states: “I don’t BELIEVE healing works – I KNOW healing works.” In combination, the healer and client create a common ground where fertile seed is sown, and both expectantly wait together as the winter storm passes, the rain stops, the sun comes out, and spring offers its bounty. This is where all true healing can begin.

Sometimes, before we enjoy spring, we have to go through a thunderstorm., That is where my defining moment came from:

God, lightning and healing hands – Becoming a near-death experience (NDE) healer

“Stars!” I shouted through the thunder. The appaloosa was pacing behind the chain link fence where we kept the farm implements. “Stars! You are always the one getting into trouble! Here you are, in the middle of a storm, trying to find fresh grass!” I let the chain down off the shed with one hand, and I steadied myself against a wooden structure pole with the other. The horse bolted up the pasture, as the finger of God bolted down. Standing in the pouring rain with my arms outstretched, I was struck and killed by a bolt of lightning.

There was immediate excruciating, overwhelming pain – a fitful, spasmed rendition of the famous “Saturday Night Fever” dance, and then I felt *no pain*. My eyesight narrowed as my body slowly slid down onto the wet earth; and all went black... This is the day I died - my true defining moment, and the day I was brought into the world of healing miracles. It also continues to be the best experience of my life.

The next thing I knew, I found myself standing on nothing, way up in the universe, with distant, colorful planets all around me. I could see misty pinpoints of stars through my raised right arm,

and when I moved my arm back and forth it made the stars look wiggly, like a reflection on water. I felt dizzy. I had a sense of being able to see not only in front of me, but all around me at the same time. Floating just a few feet from me, I saw a man with a spirit body like mine (no wings!). He was short and had slanted eyes. He spoke to me with a voice that I heard inside my head, saying: "Don't be afraid, it's OK."

On the other side of me was another spirit person. Much taller, with chiseled facial features, this one nodded approvingly at me. All the while, we were moving with great speed toward a great ellipsed ball of swirling Light; a huge orb brilliantly white in the middle and yellowish on the outside edges. The closer we got to it, the more I felt overwhelming Love; it seemed so warm and comforting, it encompassed my very being...like the security of a favorite grandfather's arms wrapped around a child as she crawls up onto his lap.

We stopped. The bright light was still far from me. I wanted to go on, I felt like a magnet, irresistibly drawn. The desire to "blend" had grown stronger, the closer we got. I knew it was the very Presence himself. There was an awareness that I was looking into the cosmic heart of the Great Observer of the universe. I was overwhelmed with gratitude and love.

Why had we stopped? As I stood there confused, yearning toward the Heaven beyond my reach, a glowing luminosity appeared in front of me. A spiral of golden sparkles formed a brilliant angelic human form. "What have you learned?" a gentle voice asked, in a nondiscriminatory and non-accusing way. The voice was so soft and tender, yet the presence of Divine Authority was there. In my heart I felt this must be the son of God, Christ himself.

Dumbfounded, I gazed upon this figure. My mind was full of questions, which were amazingly followed by immediate answers. The fear and frenzied electrical dance of the lightning strike had long since vanished, replaced by an all-encompassing sense of tranquility, peace and calm. I was in the midst of something I had never even believed in before!

All of a sudden, life events unfolded before my eyes. Key moments where I had showed anger, where I had showed love, and where I had missed opportunities, appeared like a movie. I could not only see the other people, but also feel them. Where I had showed anger, I felt the anger and despair of the other person; and how it rippled on through to others. I had never before faced the full repercussions of my actions and felt such deep sadness. Conversely, when I showed love and kindness to people, I felt the full effects of that too. The power of love rippled out from person to person, as a warm pulse triggering cause and effect in all things wonderful and blessed. I had never before experienced such joy!

My near-death experience encompasses many exciting details not shared here, but I want to point out one other detail. I was given the choice to stay or to go back. Yet, standing before this spiraling aurora borealis of Unconditional Love, I was extremely aware of the need to make a better life review. I saw a need for change; there was unfinished business and I had to go back and "do it right." But, instead, I begged to stay. Nowhere on earth had I experienced such acceptance and felt the Oneness and connection between all things. And from this empirical experience, my values, philosophy and life's work would never again be the same.

Then the Christ presence said, "The flesh is the test of the spirit... Love one another." I wanted to join myself with the Essence beyond, like a raindrop falling into the sea. But I wasn't allowed to go any further. "Why can't I be with you now Father? Please, Abba, Please...!" I strained my sense of hearing and heard angelic voices singing from the direction of the white Light. Then, a voice resonated within my body, like notes reverberating through a grand piano, and instead of hearing the words, I became the words in every sense of my being.

Heal my children... Help them remember who they are..."

My whole being surrendered, and I offered myself for the work to be done. “Welcome to the world of healers...” I was told. Instantly, I felt a child-like sense of wonderment as a flood of bliss overpowered me, and a tingling sensation filled me to my very toes, like warm liquid honey flowing through my body. What was happening to me?

I was receiving an awakening, an anointing to become the true potential I was originally created to be, a healer with medical and psychic intuition.

From that moment onward until now, I get to be there when The Big Guy goes to work, and I get myself out of the way. I work full time as a healer in several clinics, and am always booked several weeks ahead, thanks to word of mouth and constant media attention. Now, I had a purpose to my life. I have become strong in all the broken places, healing within myself every time I give a healing, and seeing the ripple effect of miracles as daily occurrences in my life and the lives of others.

A defining moment offers an opportunity to remember who we are, as children of Divine purpose. I know every one of us has the potential to access and experience so much more than we ever imagined, and are each so much more capable than we ever believed. Most of us have forgotten who we are, who and what we are connected with, and how our intentions can supernaturally manifest change in the world, including within our bodies. Looking behind the veil with my near-death experience gave me a glimpse of the possibilities of unlimited realities, beyond any constrictions of space or time. I know in my heart that everything is possible, and am a part of the power of Love which makes it so. I have seen the face of God, and I am awake. I remember who I am - who you are too - and we are the same in the Oneness. And our life journey gives us plenty of opportunities for that awareness, and to experience all facets of that Love.

The tradition of initiation for higher awareness

In all parts of the world, in tribal ritual or fundamental tradition in all cultures and in all periods of time, a process of initiation often foreshadowed a shift into higher states of awareness. In the ancient past, first-hand experience was the true course to supernatural wisdom, rather than relearned and passed-down information as it is commonly received today. Vision quests, dreams, unusual baptisms, fasts, isolation, self-denial and even self-mutilation were all individually perceived as touchstones to reveal personal truth and life purpose. Today in some indigenous cultures and cloistered monasteries, these still continue with intense spiritual development. It is interesting to recognize that healing and supernatural abilities were more widely accepted, and often prized, by these communities that regard empirical experience highly. The awakened person is considered a touchstone to the mind of Spirit.

Could it be in our modern world, where most of our information comes second-hand, that illness and traumas are becoming substitute initiations to higher awareness? When both the client and the healer's perceptions are shifted past statistical odds and fear-based terminology, beating the odds is placed back into the control of the Observer, of which we ourselves are also hands, eyes and ears. Jointly we define a new outcome. This shift is never easy - it is a process of “birthing spirit.” The period of initiation is just like a woman giving birth: with cries of pain and inability to run from her contractions, she must push past her fear. And, like the new mother, once the beautiful new state of being is birthed, what joy and wonder there is!

What's that on your wall?

The near-death experience is certainly considered an awakening; most people come back with an entirely new perspective on life. In fact, it is considered a defining characteristic of a true NDE. Why? Because we have seen a glimpse of the other side, and as our defining moment, it has changed our concept of death, time, and what really matters. We begin to form a bigger picture, one that makes sense.

It's like this: Let's say a friend gives you a large wall hanging, tells you to keep it because it is worth a lot, and will only appreciate in value. You take it home and hang it on your wall. You just can't see what all the fuss is about - it is chaotically woven with an ugly mismatch of threads, with knots and loose threads hanging out here and there. One day you notice some brown paper hanging down from one corner where the backing is torn. You turn the wall hanging over, see something unusual, so curiosity gets the better of you, and you tear the entire backing off. There in front of you is an exquisite woven tapestry! A landscape masterpiece of fine craftsmanship, so beautiful and exquisite, that your heart places it far above any monetary value. Then you smile to yourself, because now you understand that every piece of thread and chaotic color, every knot, is exactly where it should be. You just weren't aware of it! Such it is with our own lives. We are the weavers of yarn, each working on a different place, at a different time, on a different scenic tapestry, in our own individual journey. Often enough, we see the knotty problems in our lives and in others' experiences and relationships, missing the pattern behind these completely – until we see the weave of the bigger picture.

Those who would take the path of healing often hear the term “wounded healer.” This is also the case in my life, where the early tapestry definitely had a chaotic plait. Looking back on it, I see that many of these challenges wove some very intricate patterns into the warp and weft of my being. In my childhood, I had intuitive abilities but they were quickly shut down. Insecurity, depression and abandonment issues surfaced as my parents traveled extensively. I started asking, “Why?” The big questions about God, and the purpose of life surfaced at a very young age. By the time I was thirteen, I had run away, had been raped, used drugs, lived with strangers in various parts of the country, and had gone to many different schools. By sixteen, I was living on my own, working two jobs, writing for the local paper, studying various religions and going to high school. At 17, I went into a coma from a bacterial fever, lost my photographic memory and my fingernails, and almost died. One month after turning 18, I married a minister in my church and had four children in six years.

I accepted the beliefs of a very strict fundamentalist religion, whose difficult traditions of pleasing God and men felt familiar to me. I became one of their ministers in 1979, and entered the preaching and teaching work. I strictly raised the children by church standards for nine years of marriage, until the day came when the physical abuse was just too much to take anymore. I moved with the children into a women's shelter with a ruptured disk in my neck, which left me in a neck brace and on welfare for over a year. In this church, divorce was out of the question; so I was quickly ostracized from everyone I knew. But I still held to most of the strict and judgmental tenets of the church, and true to form of guilt-inducted parishioners and abused women, I begged to be let back in. It was a time of growth, though still part of an endless repetition of bad experiences which begged for attention – but none of these became a defining moment in my birthing of spirit.

In my ministry, I had been taught that NDEs were induced by a dying brain, and that all supernatural or miraculous events had ceased at the death of Christ. Anything beyond that was a deception and a lie to mislead the naïve. I had never even read of such experiences, since they were considered banned material. In my thorough religious education, I had become quite persuasive in theological discussions, and made certain that everything was by “the Book.” Of course, that meant only *my* church's view of the Book. My path was learned knowledge. No one could logically convince me of anything else, yet somehow all this second-hand knowledge created a void and frustration within me that reason couldn't justify. Also, my life continued to escalate my challenges, putting stones in the road, then boulders across my path, and then landslides so that no road was even visible. Prayer

always seemed to change the situation, but only momentarily. I viewed all my intuitive gifts as evil – weakness and hateful things buried in my own soul, since I had been convinced they were tools against God.

As the years went by, I became a proficient musician and songwriter and the tie to the church weakened. I moved around the country and had a measure of success, producing three albums. I was married again, until my spouse's infidelity brought another divorce. I continued to raise all four children, and took a variety of jobs to ease the ups and downs of a struggling singer. I married once more. Less than two years into my new marriage, my husband told me of his 17 year affair with a married woman and to "just deal with it."

Here I was again, finding myself at another point of trauma and brokenness. I kept asking the common questions that create a "cause and effect" of blame, guilt, unforgiveness, fear and stagnation. Why did this keep happening to me? Why did God abandon me? What had I done wrong? The cycle needed to be broken, but I couldn't see a way out. I thought maybe I *would* just deal with it – the children were teenagers now, and we lived comfortably on a horse ranch, with a pool, jaguar – all the material trappings of financial stability. I was so tired of starting over – there seemed no purpose to my life. I felt broken beyond compare, and there was nothing left for me. I began to have stomach aches, anxiety attacks, headaches, and to drink too much wine. I thought I would just resign myself to ignoring the problems around me, and decided not to even try to change it or even to pray about it.

I was at the lowest point I had ever been; I had dug my hole of victimization so deep, that I couldn't even see a glimmer of light. I sat on the fence of immobilization. Science has long acknowledged the relationship between emotional and physical health. I'm certain I would have destroyed myself one way or another if lightning hadn't killed me, –[perhaps subconsciously inviting illness into my body – which]would have been easier than consciously making a decision for change.

Enlightenment had to occur the only way I could accept it. The Big Guy had to get my attention, since I was too stubborn to understand or accept it any other way. I had to have an undeniable mystical experience, a defining moment. Today, I see my entire life as a classroom in preparation for this healing journey. Many struggles and blessings came across my path, each carrying their own specific burden and lessons. Some of these trappings, most of which were victim-based and religious in nature, I have stumbled on: by tripping I've learned to lift my feet. Looking back, I realize that all the times of my brokenness were simply excellent opportunities for me to choose *love* over bitterness, *love* over fear, *love* over unforgiveness. Being slow to accept these earlier invitations to awakening, I had to take the shaman's journey, the medicine man's initiation. I had to die, to really start living. Hence, the lightning strike became my defining moment. Each person's lightning strike comes in different ways, on our journey toward initiation into awareness.

Becoming true potential – Moving past static, into pure stereo tone

I have shared my life story to emphasize an important point: an initiation into higher states does not mean we came from or go on to live a life of perfection. Rather, it means we can accept who we are, and everyone else too, precisely because of our frailties and imperfections. Then each of us can be a miracle worker in own lives and in the lives of others. When I use the word "*miracle*," I am referring to a *supernatural intervention beyond common recognized reality*. Miracles are a blessed intention of Energy, which manifests through people who recognize the cosmic cause and effect of Love. I have learned it's not about *earning* love – it's about *spending* it and *giving it away*.

In my own case, my highest specialization is hands-on and distant healing, but that same place of prayerful connection is also where I can help find missing children, utilize medical intuition and remote viewing, solve murder cases, do psychic archeology, help the FBI, see ghosts and spirits, conduct deliverances, and also find my missing car keys.

The abilities available to each of us might be compared to owning a radio. Most people live in a fog of white noise, and are unaware of the stereo tones just outside of the static. By accepting quiet stillness, and desiring to hear the whispers of One connection, we can intentionally move through the static and tune into other channels of our own choosing. Some people become comfortable with only one station; such as being tuned in to healing vibrations. However, just as there are classical, jazz, pop and many other channels to choose from, we can willfully focus on distant healing, then further to remote view for possible medical conditions, or a wide variety of other things.

At first we may be afraid to move out toward the other channels, since every time we begin to shift out of our comfort zone, we hit static. And, as always, the naysayers are there, ready to tell us “there be dragons” that live at the end of the world, and that our journey will land us in a void off the edge of the map. To them, there is no music, since they can’t hear it for themselves and their choices of belief say it isn’t so. But all the wonderful melodies and harmonies are there; and it all comes from the same source, the high frequencies of the great radio tower. All we have to do is *shift our perception of connection* to tune into the right broadcasting system, while having trust, or faith, in the final outcome. “*Now faith is being sure of what we hope for, and certain of what we do not see.*” (Heb. 11:1 *NIV*). Faith guides us out through the chaos of white noise into the desired pure stereo tone. It helps us to trust enough to step upon the path before we know the final destination.

So, we see the healer needs trust, but is faith a necessary ingredient for a client to heal?

Getting past the analytical brain

In my clinics, approximately 15% respond with an immediate healing, no matter what the problem is. The rest of the time, a “jump-start” seems to occur which begins a process of healing. While on an Indian reservation in New Mexico, the percentage jumped to around 45%; as it also did in old Mexico among the poverty-stricken poor. Why the big difference? Remember, the healer is only part of the equation; the client has to be a willing and active participant too. In these cultures, healing is commonly accepted, and there are no barriers of disbelief. Hence, when the healer had a clear connection, and the client did too, anything could happen, and often did.

I have found the *10% of our analytical thinking acts either as a bridge or a barrier* to the possibilities of the mind, and this applies also to healing. This is the reason why I conduct distant healings while the client is asleep, and encourage a relaxed or sleep state at the clinics. That way, there is no static of the subconscious or analytical brain questioning, “*I wonder if this is working?*” and acting as a block. While the person is asleep, the energy of Spirit acts like aspirin – it goes where it’s needed.

I feel this is also the reason why “falling in the spirit” or becoming “slain in the spirit” happens at the speaking events I participate in. Spirit momentarily puts the person to sleep so it can flow without restraint. Although mostly seen in TV churches, I commonly have people of all faiths and belief systems, and those without faith or belief, fall unconscious and have to be caught and placed on the floor. With these healings, I normally spend 30 seconds to a couple of minutes with the client, and am able to help many more people at one time.



While resting in the spirit, one or more of several things may happen: they may commune with God or loved ones who have transitioned; they may have a vision; be given words of wisdom or prophecy; see how to deal with pressing problems; be healed physically, emotionally or spiritually; may wake up giggling or crying and not know why; see various colors, shapes or have an out-of-body experience (OBE), or just feel happy and not know why.

It is quite an interesting phenomenon, since there is often no social or cultural reason why this should happen to a person, but it does. Also, in the clinics or out, it is common for those after a healing to be able to heal other people, plants and animals for two or three hours after their own session. This too, shows we all can become a tool for connection and healing.

When a client comes for a healing, there are only two things that I ask:

- (1). *Can you see yourself healthy again?*
- (2). *Are you open to the possibility of this happening today?*

I have found that Divine healing (prayer combined with any hands-on modality) requires faith on my part to see the client whole, but, it does not require it from the client if they do not have it. They only need to be *open to the possibility* of being well. That is where my ability to bridge the gap comes in for both of us, as I prayerfully tune my radio to the “stereo frequency” that I felt and remember from my NDE.

I have found that The Big Guy is big on free will, and spirit will not move if it is against the free will of the person to receive healing. Sometimes a person is filling a need by hanging onto their pain, and not willing to let it go. Some have no identity of themselves without their illness. Some need the sympathy and attention the illness has created. Some have even felt having an illness has kept sickness away from another family member, and they are having it in their stead. There are reasons that reason alone cannot qualify. Asking the person their desired outcome is again bringing them to a place of responsibility and empowerment with their own healing, and a common foundation that can be built upon. Placing the healing within a framework of time, (*“happening today”*) presents it as a mandatory decree to the subconscious mind to accept the opportunity *now..*

At a healing, my hands will get warm, or hot, and often a vibration will occur. This is a by-product of the work being done. This will not occur if healing is against the client’s core belief system, which is rare and only happens 3-5% of the time (In all these cases, someone else forced them to make the appointment.). Most people who seek out a healer are there because of the possibility of being whole, and are ready for the adventure. There are some methods which can strengthen the healing connection and aid in distant and clinical medical intuition, which can be discussed in a future article. But without recognition of creating a resonance of hope between healer and client, no methods can

make up the lack of foundation. First you *make* the healer, then you *teach* her to heal. Please remember that the client is also the healer here, and you must awaken the recognition of that within themselves (*making the healer*), by acknowledging participation toward the desired outcome (*teaching the healer*).

In conclusion:

In my own journey, my initiation of spiritual awareness came in a blaze of zigzagging light, yet even then I was left with an opportunity to cling to old beliefs or embrace empirical wisdom. In my choice, I have come to the conclusion that a person does not need to have a NDE to activate or recognize their potential, and that we are *all* created with the opportunity of natural gifts, and can tap into the Great Supernatural ones as well.

But, often a defining moment of great importance is necessary to awaken us from our slumber. We live in the quantum pulse of God and there is a pulse within all things. It is my desire to inspire and connect the true potential of every individual to the power of love within the cosmic heart. In that awareness, I have found that we are so much more than we ever thought we could be. As we come into the work of healing and being healed - either as client or caregiver - that awareness creates a resonance of connection where anything can happen, and often does... *even miracles*.

Selected stories of physical, emotional and spiritual healing

Foot fractures heal in 10 minutes

I was seen by Tiffany the day after I had an accident. I dropped a gas handle on my foot. Before the healing the doctor shot an x-ray and said, "it's pretty bad Patty, go to the hospital." I was in a lot of pain, and couldn't move my foot at all. When Doctor Carpenter took the x-rays he saw three fractures. My foot was very painful, swollen and bruised.

Tiffany took time to heal me. I work at the office she's at and she was very busy and with clients so I didn't say anything to her, but she was coming out at the time. My ride got here to take me to the hospital because I was unable to drive. She saw me and asked, "What happened Patty?" I told her and she did a healing. I felt a tingling in my foot, and her hands were hot where she was holding. I remember the lights flickered.

You know the ways of seeing life and things change, because you see it when you have an experience that you would probably not believe if someone else told you it happened to them. Then you want to tell everybody what happened to you, because it is so very special and you want everyone to know because God is good to us and we need to know that.

I went to the hospital. When I got there they took more x-rays after seeing the ones before from Doctor, and gave me a shot for severe pain I should be in, but I didn't have much pain now. They did new x-rays. Their x-rays didn't find any fractures. They said go home, rest, is just a very hard hit but you should be fine. You could see the fractures on the x-ray before seeing Tiffany or going to the hospital. So that shows that I was blessed by healing because with the type of fractures I had I probably needed surgery the doctor said. When I saw my primary doctor he took more x-rays the week after because now it was better to see, still no fracture shown. They have me in a shoe for support and some pain pills, that's it.

This is a second time with Tiffany. In July, 2004 She did a distant healing for my nephew who was born at six months and was very sick, not expected to live. I told Tiffany and she did the healing. The next day she said that he would not have a good week but after that he'll be just fine. She said, "tell mom to bring him so I can meet him." He did have a very bad week. Doctors were saying we had to let him go. They said if he did live he wasn't going to be able to read, understand, maybe not be able to walk. Christopher is now at home and going great and with all tests done shows he's a healthy baby growing and gaining weight. Thank God for it every day every time I have him in my arms I think to myself, "You're a miracle baby." Also that's what nurses at the hospital called him.

If someone was to tell you what happened to me you probably would not believe it just because you didn't see it. Now I know for a fact that you do change your way of seeing things and believing. He is there for you because he really is. What else can I tell you, but it is great that I didn't get surgery, after several fractures gone after being healed by God. Also that my nephew is alive and most of all healthy, this beautiful baby. Thank God put Tiffany in our way to be able to bless our lives the way she did."

– *Patty Tyler (30 yr old Hispanic)*
As verified by Dr. Richard C. Carpenter
North Coast Pain Relief & Injury Center
Encinitas CA.

Immediate and long-term improvements with brain EEG recordings

A subject utilized EEG Neurofeedback for fifteen days straight, except for one day, to establish a baseline for attempting to document improvement after hands-on healing from Tiffany Snow. The objective was to enhance Beta waves (15-18 Hz) at A2-C3-T4, and inhibit Theta waves (4-7 Hz) at A2-T3-T4 while reducing excessive Alpha waves (8-10 Hz) that were not being filtered from the raw EEG, only observed visually.

The most obvious result from Tiffany being present before the laying-on of hands had begun, was a decrease in the regular production of excessive Alpha waves.

The following day the subject was recorded again. The results revealed that the pattern had clearly improved but did not look as good as with Tiffany in the room. Both frequencies had improved compared to the baseline readings. The recordings showed both consistently higher Beta and lower Theta production. Excessive Alpha production had also improved visually.

In conclusion, positive changes in the brain waves of one subject was observed with Tiffany in the room, even before the official thirty minutes hands on healing had begun. The EEG recordings appeared worse when Tiffany removed her hands, but still looked better compared to some baseline readings of days before. The following day the subject was recorded again, and the pattern had clearly improved compared to the baseline. The recordings showed that the subject was now consistently producing more healthy Beta waves and less of the problematic Theta waves. Excessive Alpha production was also improved. More energy and better concentration in the subject would be expected from this kind of outcome. This preliminary study was done under the direction of Dr. Greg Cantu utilizing the Neuropathways all digital real time EEG neurofeedback instrument." –

– *Dr. Greg Cantu, Del Mar CA*

Gina's story: a mother's love

During a class on healing, I lost all train of thought, stammered, and looked out over the students. Spirit was calling, loudly. An emotional healing was about to occur for one of the students, and bring a tear to the rest of us privileged to look on.

“Gina,” I said, looking out over the group, “has your mother passed?” “Yes,” she answered, quizzically.

I continued, “There is another woman here with her, like a sister. Did she have a sister who passed?”

“Yes,” answered Gina. “I am hearing ‘V-V’ for a name, is this connected with her?” I asked.

“Yes!” Gina answered, “Oh, that is my aunt’s daughter, Vivian!” We put down our books and let Spirit lead where he wished. “OK, Gina,” I continued, listening quietly to the words being placed in my head, and starting to see the vision clearly forming in my mind. “Did your aunt have black hair to her shoulders, and pale skin, and talk very demonstratively?”

“Yes! She had black hair to her shoulders and my mom used to tell me that she would always get her into trouble, because of the things that she did. Amazing!”

“Your mom, Gina, she had blonde-brown hair and it was very short?”

“Yes, she used to call it ‘mousy,’” Gina answered.

“Did people say you looked a lot like her?”

“Yes,” Gina said.

“Your mom wants you to know that she loves you, and visits you a lot, and watches over you all the time. She has seen everything you have done and is very proud. She just wants you to know that.” Gina’s eyes grew glossy. Healing was occurring in her spirit, years of wondering and wanting the approval that only a mother could give her child. How long had this emotional healing been needed?

“Oh my gosh, this is so big,” Gina said, “my mother died when I was just twelve years old.”

as verified by Gina Baronholtz
Reiki Practitioner
San Diego, CA

Healing from pneumonia and acute pancreatitis

On Easter Sunday 2003, my 17 year old daughter Michelle was hospitalized at Alvarado Hospital in the surgical intensive care unit with acute pancreatitis leading to pneumonia, followed by a second pneumonia from aspiration. She was on morphine for pain, a respirator, [TPN?], nasogastric tube and much more. Her doctors had prepared us for the worst, saying her condition was serious and could be fatal. Unknown to me, the doctors had already encouraged Michelle to write down the final things she wanted to say. She was really out of it, and she was really upset that she would miss her prom, which was only three weeks away. It was really important to her.

I had asked Tiffany Snow to do a healing on my daughter but was told by hospital staff I needed to get a doctor’s order. The doctor graciously agreed. On the third day in ICU, Tiffany did the treatment with hands-on healing and prayer. The nurses showed respect and worked around her schedule to avoid any interruption. Tiffany asked me to stay and pray. In the middle of the treatment, which took less than an hour, my daughter felt hot, and asked for a

fan. The treatment was paused, as my daughter ate two bowls of broth and some Jello, which she was able to keep down (her first day on liquids). After another ten minutes of treatment, Tiffany said a final silent prayer, and gave us both words of encouragement, to watch for big changes about to occur, and left.

That evening, my daughter was tolerating liquids so well, that they took her N/G tube out. The following day she was transferred out of ICU and discharged home 4 days following the treatment, after being in the hospital only 8 days. The doctors were astounded with her speedy recovery and attributed it to her youth. Other patients with the same problem are hospitalized much longer because pancreatitis takes a long time to heal. The double pneumonia alone should have kept her in the hospital for two more weeks.

I felt it was a miracle that my daughter not only survived, but recovered so quickly. Three days after hospital discharge, she went back to school part-time. FOX 6 News did a feature on Michelle; how she wasn't supposed to live, Tiffany's healing, and her miraculous recovery. Three weeks after discharge, she went to her prom." – *as received from Mrs. Joan Grinzi, Registered Nurse, San Diego CA.*

Reference

Walt Whitman. *Leaves of Grass.*