

INSIGHTS  
JANUARY 2012

Dear Friend:

What is a miracle? We would generally define a miracle as an event that would be believed to be absolutely impossible. Most people would believe this event was the result of some form of Spiritual intervention. Miracles are usually considered to be extreme experiences that touch us profoundly and so change or affirm deeply-held beliefs.

The miracle that comes to mind for me happened when I was perhaps 4 or 5 years old. My memory of the event has probably been affected and/or altered by the fact that I heard this story told over and over again by my parents and by my grandfather, who as a Pentecostal minister, used the story to prove the presence of Spirit at work in this world.

This is what happened....I was asleep on the back seat of a car driven by my Uncle Hank. Next to him was my Aunt Effie. Suddenly the car swerved and was leaning precariously up against the side of a hill. My uncle crawled out through the window to assess the situation and just as he pulled his feet through the window, the car rolled over on top of him. I remember lying against the door and watching as my Aunt Effie struggled to pull herself out the passenger window – she couldn't open the door. She climbed out and then insisted that I reach up and grasp her hand, then she pulled me out of the car and ordered me to stand at quite a distance. Then I witnessed one of the most amazing events of my life. My Aunt Effie, who was less than five feet tall and weighed all of 95 pounds, just bent over and lifted that car as though it were as light as a feather. My uncle began to pull himself out from beneath the car. Other cars arrived and people quickly ran to help Aunt Effie hold the car up as men grabbed my Uncle Hank and pulled him the rest of the way out.

This event taught me one thing that I have NEVER forgotten. The thing that I learned was that **I should never believe that anything is impossible.**

This experience would certainly be called a miracle and WAS by everyone who witnessed it and who heard about it. I have in my own life experienced so many events that would have to be called miracles that I have reached a place where I just take them for granted. I sat one evening and watched as a friend of mine held the hand of another friend (Michelle) who was staying with us because she needed emotional support in advance of having surgery the next morning to have an enormous and very ugly tumor removed from her right hand. He said nothing....just sat and held Michelle's hand while we watched television.

About 9 p.m., Michelle thought it was time to go to sleep, so we all went to our beds. I fell asleep immediately and the next thing I knew, I awakened to the sound of shouts. I ran into the bedroom. Michelle was in her bed, screaming with joy. We looked at her

hand, and the hand that had been so deformed with this hideous tumor was completely healed. In her bed there was a crusty large clump of dried flesh that had been her tumor.

This same man, at my request, offered himself to try to ease a ten-year old boy who was diagnosed as being in the last phase of cancer. The little boy had a pituitary tumor that had affected his brain so badly that his head was grossly misshapen and had become enormously swollen from the tumor pushing out. This man spent perhaps an hour each day simply sitting with the boy, his hands on the boy's head. The boy, less than a week later, went to the doctor and after a thorough examination, was told by the stunned doctor that the tumor was gone. He was completely healed. About three years ago I received photographs and letters of gratitude from the boy (obviously now a grown man). He had just received his MD and had become an oncologist.

Miracles have been a part of my life. I have lived with them. I take them for granted. I EXPECT them. I wasn't at all surprised when I made a full recovery after being shot in the head seven times, EVEN though doctors said I could not recover and if I did, I would be seriously brain damaged, blind, etc., etc., etc. Today, I wear glasses to read but otherwise, my vision is excellent; and I have no injury to my brain that affects my cognitive abilities. I'm not in the least affected by having been shot on the physical level. However, emotionally and Spiritually I am profoundly and positively affected.

Usually, when we experience what would be called "miracles", we don't really realize that they ARE miracles until afterwards when we start thinking about them and talking about the experience with other people; it is usually their stunned reaction that brings us to the realization that it was, in fact, a miracle. The miracle that has affected me the most powerfully in my adult years (other than the experience of having been shot) happened when I was probably thirty two years old. I was driving down a country road at dusk. I was listening to music and was in a very relaxed state, not noticing anything at all, really, when suddenly I became aware that directly in front of me was an upside-down station wagon, lying across and filling most of the road. On the left side of this narrow two-lane road was a group of perhaps seven or eight people, standing and talking in front of the overturned car and filling the space in front of it. At the other end of the wrecked car and filling up the rest of the road on the right was a car that had parked very close to the overturned vehicle. On the far right of the parked car, there was a ravine that dropped probably thirty feet.

When we come into experiences such as this, time slows down. What actually by the clock would take five seconds can seem like five minutes to us. I had that experience of time suddenly ceasing to exist. I was fully aware that there was less than four feet between the upside-down station wagon and the car that was parked behind it. I could see the terrified faces of the children in the back seat of the parked car gazing out at me. I will never forget those faces – four little faces staring at me as my car propelled itself toward them.

I had a choice. I could drive my car off into the ravine on the right...I could go to the left and kill the group of people standing there.....I could plow into the parked car and kill the

children in it...I could hit the overturned car, which would probably swerve and possibly kill or gravely injure some or all of the people there. At that moment of realization, I suddenly had the sensation of being lifted out of my body – I went numb. My car was speeding forward, the faces of the children growing larger and clearer to me. The next thing I knew, my car was parked on the OTHER side of those vehicles. I was sitting and shaking more than I've ever shaken in my life – my teeth were literally chattering. When I could move, I got out of my car and I looked back, and then realized that somehow or other my car had dematerialized. There is NO way – no logical way – to describe how my 1962 enormous Cadillac managed to pass through a space that was probably no more than four feet wide. The ONLY answer is that my car dematerialized. (Maybe you could come up with another one...?)

As I came into awareness, I jumped out of my car and began to shout at the people, screaming, “Why are you standing there? Why is your car parked there? Why are you putting your children’s lives at risk?” They stared at me for a few moments as though I had just landed from Mars; then they approached me and asked me how I was. NONE of those people said a word to me about the fact that my car had somehow passed through their vehicles. That experience settled into my entire Being as an absolute realization that again, **anything is possible – all things ARE possible, and that Spirit creates our experiences according to our beliefs.**

You could call that experience a miracle. And yes, all the events I've described are enormous miracles! However, the thing that I am striving to define is that we have experiences every day in our lives that ARE miracles. You see, everything that we experience in this place must be defined as a miracle, because everything that we experience - from a seed somehow becoming a stem and growing leaves and then blooming into a beautiful flower, or a tree that creates apples, or the experience of passion between two people creating another completely individual and unique human being - we LIVE with those miracles. It's happening in our lives everyday, but yet somehow the people with whom I speak are telling me more and more frequently that they are losing faith. How in the world can we look at the existence of this place and not have faith? How is that possible?

We experience miracles every day, and we ignore them. We ignore them because they aren't “big enough” to create intense emotion or awe in us...and even when they DO create a sense of emotion or awe (such as becoming entranced by the beauty of a perfect rose, or watching a child be born)...how is it that we can witness these things and still say, “I have no faith. I have lost faith.”

We somehow have come to the place where we have become so blasé that we just expect the magic of this world to be as it is...that we are no longer aware of it or affected by it...that we just expect it to be as it is. We no longer are stimulated or experience much recognition or give value to the miracle that this place is and that our lives are every day.

We have entered a time where we really need to become aware of all of what we might define as “the small miracles”. We need to understand that most of those small miracles

we experience through “feelings”. An example would be that instinctive step backward, that unreasonable discomfort that we feel when a man approaches us or is introduced to us and then we later learn that that man has been arrested for child molestation. We say with a sense of minimal surprise, “Oh...wow...I kind of had a feeling about that.” We fail to realize that we didn’t “just have a feeling”. Spirit was warning us. Spirit was telling us that this was an unsafe situation, that it wasn’t safe to be in the presence of this man.

Another common “small miracle” is the one that we experience when we find ourselves thinking wistfully of an old friend who has drifted out of our life, and then “coincidentally”, running into that old friend at the market or on the street. These kinds of “small miracles” happen all the time and are happening more and more frequently as we move into this new age.

It’s a “small miracle” when we’ve lost something and can’t find it anywhere. I had the experience recently of losing my ring. I turned my purse upside down, took everything out of it, shook it, even washed it out...no ring. A couple of hours later, I opened my purse and there was the ring, right on top of everything else in my purse.

Or what about the “small miracle” that happens when we are fired from the job that we hate (but have stayed with because we needed it) after we’ve been praying for change in our lives? But then when we are fired from that job or laid off, we often feel punished....sometimes we even feel that God has betrayed us. We feel cheated and angry when we are offered another position, something that we would never have considered before, that we would previously have considered to be “beneath” us...a job that might pay us far less than we were previously earning. This job comes along and we accept it out of desperation. And in that workplace where we are humiliated to be working, we find friends. We find respect, self respect, gradual success and an increase in income...and possibly even a love that fills and heals our injured hearts.

A coincidence? Or a miracle?

Miracles happen in so many ways and can appear to be so small. It can be the child that climbs up into the lap of the old man or woman who feels abandoned by their own children and looks into their eyes and says, “I love you.” Just as you’ve been in the midst of convincing yourself that life really has no meaning for you, the Gift from Spirit arrives. But most often those Gifts are ignored, and therefore, the Gift isn’t received.

I’m talking about those moments when we feel the urge to go out and buy warm coats and shoes for the children (and/or possibly the adults) of a family we know who are suffering the fear and the shame that results from loss of employment, or even the loss of their home. When we give those kinds of gifts, we tend to believe that WE are the ones who are blessing them. The fact is, **WE are being given the Gift of Spirit working through us to be of aid to those people, and what a Gift that is....to be Spirit-filled....to be a vehicle for Spirit to enter into this dimension and offer aid.** There is nothing more joyful, nothing more fulfilling, nothing in the world that heals and renews

us more than to be open to that urge, to that voice, to that inner knowing that someone needs something and to follow that urge....to offer to that. Because you see, it's not US urging...it's Spirit, telling us what is needed, showing us...and simply asking us to follow that Knowing.

Many people say "I can't afford it. I'm having a hard time providing for myself and my own family." One thing I have learned absolutely is this: **Spirit provides unto its own means.** If Spirit gives us the urge to buy that coat or those shoes or some food or whatever it is that another person might need, then Spirit will provide the means to get it.

I had personal experience of this when one year a family that lived on my street suffered the loss of their husband/father in an accident just a few weeks before Christmas. They were devastated and destitute. Their insurance wasn't coming through and there were all kinds of limitations. I simply made a statement to a few people that I would like to find a way to help this family, that clothes, food and perhaps some Christmas gifts for them all could ease some of their pain. I can't tell you how overwhelmed I was when people I had never met came knocking at my door, bringing new bicycles, wonderful toys, clothes, etc. All it takes to be of service to Spirit is to follow the urge, and SPIRIT creates the rest of it. The only thing that would make it impossible for us to help in these situations is to believe that it was impossible. If my Aunt Effie had believed that she couldn't lift that car, she certainly couldn't have. One of my favorite quotes is Richard Bach, who says, "Argue for your limitations, and sure enough they're yours."

Becoming aware of and offering to any real need gives US the joy of participating in a miracle. It immerses us in the Essence of Spirit.

So many people lately are telling me that their prayers are not being answered, and I absolutely must say that we are not truly praying when we are begging God to give us what WE think we need....or to make OUR lives or the lives of others, or the world, become as WE think it should be. Much of what benefits us the most is not what we thought we wanted or needed. I certainly didn't think I wanted to be shot. However, as I have said many times over, the man who shot me gave me one of the greatest Gifts that I have ever experienced in my life. It gave me an absolute Knowing that Life is Eternal. He made it possible for me to experience and have the absolute Knowing that every experience is orchestrated by Spirit and is in Purpose. He gave me the opportunity to experience the absolute and loving presence that IS Spirit, and to know that It IS with us at all times. I was even able to see my mother and other loved ones who had passed over, and to know that they still live (though not in the pain-filled bodies they endured during their last time here, but in beautiful, youthful, light-filled bodies). I no longer must rely on faith. I KNOW that Spirit is Peace, Love, and that Life is Eternal.

I am thankful for the Gift that that man gave me when he put that gun to my head. I'm certainly not saying that I enjoyed that experience. However, **the events in our lives that give us the most are often the events that we enjoyed the least.**

The year 2012 is NOT the end of the world. It is the end of a cycle of Time. It brings forth a Great Age. It dramatically changes this world, and as we all know, change can be scary. Change can create great anxiety. It's often very unpleasant in its early stages, but I know and can absolutely assure you that this change brings us to a new way of experiencing this world that is so much more aware of Spirit and filled with the realization and therefore the experience of love and harmony...that all the discomfort of the change is worth it.

The month of January starts with dramatic events in the world, in our communities, and in our personal relationships. Our task is to stop begging God to make things different, stop begging God to make things the way WE think they should be...because the world and the changes that are coming are beautiful beyond our ability to imagine. I am striving to and I'm urging everyone to open our eyes, open all of our Beings, to all that is before us...stop missing the opportunities to be of service...to hear, to see the need of all around us. As we perceive a need, then we must take action. Taking action may simply mean picking up the phone and saying "I'm here."...to offer a kind word...to see a need and fill it.

The movie "Avatar" touched the hearts of people the world over. The thing in that film that touched people so deeply seems very simple, but it touched them to such an extent that people were compelled to return to the theaters time and time again, because they needed to hear those words. The words that they heard and that they needed to hear so desperately were, "I see you." In this time, we all must strive to be avatars, and all that is required to BE avatars is to look into the soul of another, not with our eyes, but with our hearts, and think (or if appropriate, say), "I see you."

Be aware that all is in Purpose. Strive to see the small miracles, and strive to see with your heart....

And

Stay focused on the Light....

Dixie Yeterian

There are a few overviews for the month of January on the calendar elsewhere on this site. Also, I wanted to tell you that after reviewing this month, I had to extend the "pink line" from January 8<sup>th</sup> (as originally noted in the December calendar) to January 10<sup>th</sup>...the energy of the December intensification lingers until then.