

For Alexander.
Thanks also to Ena, for years of support and to Cathy Jonas
for her careful editing.

Thanks to Christine, for lending me her spirit guides and
for patiently teaching a reluctant student.

First published in Australia in 1999 by
Simon & Schuster (Australia) Pty Ltd
This edition published by Academy Publishing, Sydney 2017

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National Library of Australia
Cataloguing-in-Publication data

Fenton-Smith, Paul.
A secret door to the universe.

ISBN: 978-0-9581534-5-4

1. Psychic ability. I. Title.

133.8

Cover design and interior layout: Tracey Honig

Set in: Legacy Serif, 11pt

Illustrator: Nadia Turner

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1



Contents

Preface	6
1 Glimpsing the Big Picture	8
2 The Physical Journey	13
3 In Search of a Holiday	20
4 The Journey Homeward	28
5 Spirituality and Religion.	43
6 Giving Psychic Readings	46
7 Your Spiritual Energy Channel	49
8 Fear and Desire	53
9 Karma	61
10 Psychic Energy Cords.	67
11 Psychic Cords to the Chakras	80
12 Becoming Centred Before Meditation	91
13 Learning to Visualise.	93
14 The Purpose of Meditation	99
15 Awakening to the Light Meditation.	105
16 Meditation Procedure	110
17 Simple Meditations.	116
18 Your (Astral) Traveller Body	121
19 Procedure for Cutting Cords	125
20 Spiritual Protection	133
21 Spiritual Cleansing.	140
22 Maintaining Energy Balance.	143
23 Symbols for Protection.	147
24 Energy Dumping	151
25 Spirit Guides	156
26 Clairvoyants.	168
27 Clairvoyants and Meditation	172
28 The Senses	178

29	Retrieval of the Senses185
30	Rewards of Being Centred197
31	Finding Your Master203
32	Organised Religions and Philosophies210
33	Psychic Attack213
34	A Journey through Love217
35	Confirmation of Accuracy228
36	Paths up the Mountain; a metaphor234
37	Spiritual Healing242
38	The Energy of Beliefs.249
39	Guilt and Auric Awareness.255
40	Your Journey259
41	Twenty Years Later262
42	Glossary266

Illustrations

Figure 1:	The energy channel	54
Figure 2:	A psychic cord	74
Figure 3:	The main chakras of the body	76
Figure 4:	Psychic cords to the chakras	88
Figure 5:	The energy channel aligned with the physical body. A cord from the heart chakra.100
Figure 6:	Channeling energy through meditation144
Figure 7:	Spirit guides182
Figure 8:	How clairvoyants use psychic cords198
Figure 9:	Your spiritual master is found above your guides in your channel.238

Preface

We are all spiritual masters in the making. This book offers practical avenues for spiritual nourishment for each individual's unique journey through life and beyond. It illuminates one of many paths to inner peace and bliss. Long term plans for a spiritual journey beyond this life require skills and preparation. A Secret Door to the Universe provides insight to where we go beyond this life and ways to prepare for your unique spiritual journey.

This book describes one man's voyage to discover where we might go after we die. Although the body dies, the spirit lives on to continue a longer passage home. This book reveals some of the groundwork necessary to build solid foundations for such an important journey.

A Secret Door to the Universe reminds us that we are spiritual beings in human bodies and that it is important to tend to our spiritual, mental, emotional and physical needs. The specific techniques offered here help resolve past situations and people who have negatively influenced your spiritual direction, diverting you from personal deeper spiritual purpose. Move from our to you. Should the last sentence continue our?

Within each person there are exclusive answers to individual questions about one's own life and purpose. This book demonstrates ways to access those unique answers. If a person lacks purpose or is less present in life than previously, specific meditations can help to retrieve those parts that may have been lost along the way.

By resolving the past and being centred in the present to pursue a unique spiritual destiny, it is possible to open a door within that leads

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

to the universe. With spiritual guidance; one can more fully understand the consequences of personal actions. This connection provides more perspective, allowing readers to assess whether or not their life directions are leading towards or away from their spiritual purpose.

Are you ready to clarify and pursue your deeper spiritual purpose? Are you prepared to open your spiritual door and explore the universe? If so, be prepared to become the spiritual master you were meant to be.

1

Glimpsing the Big Picture

While travelling through England in the 1980s I found myself working as a palmist and clairvoyant ten hours a day, six days a week for a pittance. My plans to explore Europe seemed a distant memory when my days consisted of train and tube travel, bustling crowds and lunch at my desk.

Not long before I left London to travel further and before my return to Australia, my employer took a fortnight's holiday and was replaced by another clairvoyant, Christine. She was a short, plump woman from London's East End who enjoyed good conversation and a cup of tea. She was a powerful channel for spiritual energy and when working with her I found myself opening up spiritually and receiving information faster than ever before.

After I'd worked with Christine for three days I was giving detailed readings that had previously been impossible for me to do. I was suddenly detailing names, dates, full descriptions of the clients' loved ones and having clear conversations with deceased relatives. I thought that I had reached a point where I could be proud of my abilities. I had a lot to learn.

On the fifth day of working with Christine I found myself in trouble and had to seek her help. I had been reading for a woman who had requested that I contact someone on the 'other side'. I blithely agreed to do so and tried to find someone to converse with.

In my mind's eye I saw a man. He was tall, dark-haired, with a large build, straight nose and a tight expression on his face. He lay on a stretcher bed with his eyes closed. I said 'hello' to him but received no response, so mentally I moved a little closer to him. I described his mid-1960s style black suit and his physical features to my client.

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

She told me the description fitted her late father. I moved a little closer to the man in my vision but still received no response. I was squirming at this point, having given a physical description to my client but no further information. I visualised opening my third eye wider, allowing my psychic awareness to increase. I mentally sent a stream of energy across to him, reasoning 'a little zap to give him a boost'. He seemed disoriented but sat up and we began to talk. I kept it fairly short, thanked him and then left him alone again.

As I emerged from the trance I found my client crying quietly. She confirmed that her father had died in 1965. After she left, I read for two more people before resuming a long conversation I had been having with Christine. Our discussions had begun on our first day working together and had been interrupted only by clients and the telephone. Each time we resumed our talking, it seemed to flow on from where it had stopped.

I learned early on that Christine couldn't sit and talk without a cup of tea in one hand, so if I completed a reading before her I made her tea. She'd amble out of the consulting room and easily resume our conversation between sips of tea. The next few hours were quiet and our dialogue was interrupted only by my groaning with stomach discomfort. As we sat together my stomach had been bloating to look like a heavily pregnant woman.

My abdominal area was extremely painful. I asked Christine if she could assist me in removing any negativity I may have collected from clients during the day. My usual cleansing techniques for clearing energy seemed suddenly ineffective. Negative energy is easily collected when giving psychic readings, as the reader is open to information on a physical, emotional, mental and spiritual level. Often emotions are left behind by the clients when they depart. Many people leave a reading feeling lighter or relieved, in the same way that we feel lighter when sharing a secret or a problem that has been bothering us.

Christine looked at me briefly and launched into a routine of puffing and blowing, a method she employed to shift her awareness for better psychic vision.

“You’ve picked up a spirit,” she said.

“What?” I asked blankly. I began to feel invaded and slightly paranoid at this point.

“It’s a man,” she continued. “He’s been over quite a while.” (‘Over’ means he is in the spirit world, or deceased.)

“He is an older man, who is quite tall, with a funny suit on. Like he’s all dressed up.”

She went on to clearly describe the man in the black suit I had seen in my meditation. I explained what I had seen during the reading and that I’d given him a little zap of energy to enliven him. That’s when my real lessons began.

“You shouldn’t do that. He’s gone over without any spiritual beliefs and he’s got himself stuck. A part of him knows that he’s got to find his way home now but the rest of him doesn’t have a clue where or what home is.

“He’s spent his whole life in the pursuit of material pleasures and now he finds he’s not equipped to make it back. You’ve come along, sticking your nose in and splashing a bit of energy about and he thinks, ‘Oh there’s the light; there’s the way back home,’ she said. “He followed the light to its source, which is you and he climbed aboard.”

“So what happens now?” I asked, with a sense of panic engulfing me.

“Well in most cases, he’ll just settle there with you. He could move on if you spend time in the presence of someone who has a brighter light than you, someone who has a stronger connection with spirit than you. That person may not look or act any different from you but a lost spirit like that man sees the difference.

“If the other person is wide open, such as during a psychic reading or a meditation, this spirit may move towards them, especially if you’re

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

physically close to them. The spirit interprets the brighter light as being a step closer to home.”

“But surely I can simply go into meditation and pass the spirit over to the other side or give it back to its spiritual home?”

“You can if you know how. A lot of people think that they can do this, when in fact they aren’t doing anything more than visualising that they are doing this.

“Here, let me do it for you,” she said and spent the next five minutes huffing and blowing. My distended stomach gradually returned to normal within ten minutes.

“If you’re going to do this work, you better find out what it is you’re bleedin’ doing,” she advised.

I resolved immediately to do exactly that. Had I known then what I was letting myself in for, I may not have been quite as eager but my enthusiasm compensated for a lack of wisdom. Christine taught me the true meaning of a spiritual connection. All the years I’d spent in ‘meditation’ were valuable but never quite as deep or clear as I experienced under her guidance.

In the weeks we spent together I asked many questions, probed, challenged, listened and made over a hundred cups of tea. I confess that there were times when I even dissuaded potential clients from having a reading, so that Christine and I might continue our conversation.

I returned to Australia and resumed my career as a clairvoyant, gradually losing the skills I had learned from Christine. I hungered for that perfectly still connection with spirit but lacked the discipline to meditate every day. Although I’d meditate for clients as part of a clairvoyant reading, this is not a perfectly still spiritual connection, as I’m continually searching for information and relaying it to the client. When meditating alone I sometimes experienced blissful timelessness, where sitting still for an hour felt like five minutes. In those meditations I was happy, content and restful. The past and the future ebbed away from me as I embraced the present moment.

This isn't possible when reading for clients, as the client sitting before me has questions, fears, dread or anticipation. I can sense silent requests for information and the pressure takes me away from a centred stillness I experience when alone in meditation. It's no different from the pressure I give myself when meditating to find answers to question I have about my own current circumstances or life issues. Some of the deepest contemplations occur when information or answers are not the primary goal of the meditation. The conscious mind tends to lift a person out of deeper meditative states when practical questions or issues needing clarity are presented.

2

The Physical Journey

In 1991 my partner Amanda and I returned to England specifically to study meditation and spiritual development with Christine, who still lived in East London. We set six months aside, closed up our house, packed a few belongings and departed.

Christine was reluctant to teach us at first but eventually she consented. She showed us how to find our energy channels and how to gain a good clear connection with spiritual energy through meditation. It took ten weeks of the six-month stay to establish a home base, which interrupted our studies. However, we still managed to squeeze in periodic visits to Christine.

We had moved about 25 miles out of London and as Christine lived in the city it was difficult to pop in for a quick chat. I telephoned regularly but soon became concerned about the escalating phone bills, so I kept our calls as short as possible. This was not simple as Christine loves a good conversation. During our regular calls we often spent 40 minutes listening, learning, laughing and talking before we realised how long we had been talking.

One afternoon, I offered Christine a tarot reading using my method of clairvoyance and she accepted. I read for her for an hour or so in the upstairs living room of a friend's flat in London. I gave her a vague reading, as I couldn't seem to 'see' (clairvoyantly) very much. She laughed at my clumsy methods, as she was able to clairvoyantly 'see' how I was receiving my information, which was not by the most direct route.

A few days later she read for me and mentioned my spirit guides to me. She described them as being Indian, Chinese as well as some nuns. I

told her that I had never seen any of the guides she had described, yet I could still 'see' clairvoyantly. She suggested I release my need to have white Anglo-Saxon guides and take information from those who were there in spirit for me because they had known me from previous lives.

We argued while I steadfastly refused to believe that this group of spirit guides was actually hanging about in spirit, waiting to help and advise me. I had, after all, been giving clairvoyant readings with guides for at least three years. My guides, despite all being Caucasian, had served me well until then. I felt that Christine was insisting that I see what she could see around me.

I have always been sceptical when clairvoyants tell me "I can see that you have an Indian guide with war paint and feathers ..." It is often followed by trite explanations such as "It stems from a past life you shared in Egypt around 3000 years ago when you were in a temple together." I usually switch off or ask "Why is it that people always describe past lives of unbelievable heroism or glory and never a life of drudgery or rountines. Where are all the past life prostitutes and street sweepers? What has become of all the past life Ancient Roman viaduct builders?"

I accept the existence of many lifetimes for soul evolution but have reservations about the type of past life small talk found at dinner parties after the third bottle of wine. Christine backed off immediately, deciding not to force the issue. She simply said, 'I can see two doors. You have taken one previously, in other lives and you know what lies beyond that door. The other door is the way I am telling you about.'

As silence fell, I began to panic. I have always disliked the idea that I might miss out on something, so I asked Christine more about what lay on the paths beyond these two doors.

"Tell me about the path I have previously taken," I ventured.

"It was the path of magic," she stated. "It dealt with palmistry, tarot, astrology, the occult and magic. It was a path of knowledge but it ended and when it ended you were not fulfilled or complete."

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

She was telling me that this path offered knowledge but not necessarily wisdom. As I had previously chosen it and had come back to choose again, perhaps it was not a viable long-term path to spiritual fulfilment. Our conversation ended. Christine had not entirely convinced me but now I was not as strongly opposed to her path. I simply needed time to think it over.

In the weeks that followed Christine showed me how to connect with the spirit world through meditation. For the first time I could truly feel light and love enter my head and pour throughout my whole body, filling every cell. This was the first occasion I found I was not restless during meditation but peaceful, still and deeply connected.

I felt light, whole and contented within. With surplus energy and enthusiasm I felt very positive about life. Meditation was nurturing me emotionally and spiritually like nothing else I had ever experienced. During meditation a deep stillness descended over me and the urge to rush around subsided. With this newfound contentment, there was no need to strive.

Christine was my perfect teacher because she left subjects until I encountered a problem related to them. This happened one morning when I woke with a tightness in my throat. It was sore and felt as though someone had been working on it with a nail file all night. I attempted to re-balance my energies but there was no change. I put the problem aside and later drove over to visit her. During the first cup of tea she casually asked how my throat was.

“It’s sore actually. Why do you ask?” She hesitated. “Why is it sore do you think?”

“Oh I don’t know. I’m probably uncentred or something.” I replied.

“Why don’t you go into meditation and find out?” she asked me.

“Look, I went into meditation before I came over and tried to re-centre myself but nothing has changed.” I was impatient to change the subject. Christine persisted in a calm but determined manner.

“A part of your energy is not present in your physical body. It has

been with me since yesterday and it linked with my throat. Because I was uncentred last night you are feeling the effects of what I was experiencing. That's what's causing your sore throat."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"When you left here yesterday, you unconsciously left a part of your awareness behind. I was working in the throat chakra (energy centre) area and that part of you that was left behind is experiencing the disturbance I am experiencing in this area."

"How did you know part of me was here with you?"

"I saw an image or manifestation of you."

"Why didn't you simply send it home?" I asked.

"Because I want you to see for yourself that what I am saying is real." I immediately felt guilty for doubting her.

"Don't feel bad," she continued, "see it and understand it."

I sat down and looked within myself to see a cord of etheric energy reaching out to Christine. I then pulled it back by returning my awareness to myself, as it was my thoughts that had previously sent my awareness out to her in the first place. (The process of doing this is explained in chapter 29).

I was learning directly about the fine cords of psychic energy that connect us and how to centre myself to avoid dissipating too much personal energy through these energy cords to others. These invisible cords are naturally formed when we interact with others and when we desire someone or the attention of another person. This simplest way to test cords is to stare at someone in a crowd when you're in a café, on a train or sitting at the airport. That person is likely to sense your stare and look around to meet your gaze.)There is more information on energy cords in Chapter ten).

We regularly meditated at Christine's flat and no sooner had she described something than I'd have confirmation of what she had been saying. She'd say, "As soon as you bring down the light into your body

through your channel, the darkness follows. As soon as you get a good clear connection in meditation, that's the time the phone or the doorbell rings. Others want the energy that you are experiencing."

An hour later we entered meditation together and within 20 seconds the phone started ringing. Minutes later there was a loud knock at the front door. Later she mentioned that she had a neighbour who unconsciously knew when to drop in to say 'hello' and collect some clean energy.

"It's a case of when you're up, the world connects with you and when you're down, you're down alone," she said. "When you are up and your chakras are open, you are easily linked to the whole world."

It is very difficult to close your chakras or energy centres (see Chapter 11, Psychic Cords to the Chakras; and Fig. 4) while parts of your awareness are out with other people, situations or even in the past.

While working in a healing centre in London I had direct opportunities to see how giving psychic readings could uncentre me. The act of reading for others refocused my awareness and spiritual energy away from myself. One afternoon I exchanged a reading for an osteopathic treatment with a fellow practitioner. I gave her a general reading and she asked her questions before we completed the session.

Later in the day she gave me a treatment and worked awhile around my neck and head areas. An osteopath is usually my best friend when I travel, as planes, trains and lumpy sofa beds all take their toll. I felt unusually vague and unable to concentrate when I left for the day but thought no more of it. Upon my arrival home I showered to cleanse myself of the day's energies, ate dinner and began to meditate.

I couldn't open up to spirit or bring down the light through my crown and throughout my body. It was as though there was a layer of concrete tied to the top of my head. I tried several times but to no avail. It was past midnight when I gave up trying and fell asleep.

The next afternoon I was still unable to open up to the light, so I telephoned Christine and explained it to her. She decided not to link in to

me (to send out a cord to me to explore the causes) but instead suggested that I summon up all of my energy and create a mental whirlwind of energy to drill through the block and then up to the light. She then suggested that when I once again had a source of light, to drill a wider hole in the block, gradually breaking it up before examining it.

I did as she suggested and saw in my mind's eye a cord that I mentally followed, leading back to my osteopathic treatment the previous day. This cord was like a thin beam of light, stretching out before me. Upon reflection it all became clearer to me. During my treatment she had said, "I'd love to be able to read people the way that you do." I realised that this was an openly stated desire.

Her hands on and under my head, as I lay on the bench, were the easiest way for her to pass a cord through to me. She was probably unaware of any cords. I appreciated that she helped me inadvertently to discover a technique that I never knew existed, of using whirlwind energy to break through barriers (more on this technique in chapter 19).

The head is a very sensitive area that needs to be protected. This is not to suggest that osteopathic treatments, haircuts or dental work are to be avoided but caution is needed to ensure that you have closed down psychically before these treatments. It is also worthwhile to check yourself carefully afterwards in meditation.

Closing down is simply the act of minimising personal awareness of surrounding circumstances. Like closing the windows before leaving home for the day, you can close down easy entry points for curious people to access your energy field. A more effective closing down procedure is to close the chakras or energy centres of the body. (more details on closing the chakras can be found in chapter 11).

A natural and instant reaction to circumstances triggering someone to close down occurs when a person walks through a spider's web at night. The first thought is often about where the spider might be and if it is in your hair or still in the web. In response to this fearful thought, you

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

instinctively pull your energy field close in to your body in an effort to protect yourself.

In a more controlled way it happens when a person sees someone he wants to avoid. There is a conscious effort to become invisible to the other person despite the close proximity. Closing down also means not being curious about others to the point where you open up your energy field while attempting to glean information about other people.

If you meditate regularly it's important to close down the main body chakras before the end of the process so that you're not energetically wide open when you travel to work, go shopping or mix with others who might not be so diligent with psychic development or personal cleansing. Just as you might close the car windows and air vents when entering a long tunnel, it's important to close down your chakras when stepping out of the house or entering a crowd of people.

3

In Search of a Holiday

Our time in England was passing and we wanted to take a brief trip to Europe before returning to Australia. Unfortunately we planned this first trip logically. France seemed a perfect place to visit in the summer, so we set aside 12 days. We encountered a few obstacles to our plans but blithely pushed ahead anyway, ignoring all warning signs.

It was the worst trip I have ever experienced. It was August, the holiday season, so we queued for everything. We travelled hundreds of kilometres in search of an available campsite. I soon realised that, with my intolerance to dairy products, France was not an ideal choice of culinary vacation. I didn't eat dairy, drink alcohol, eat much meat and spoke very little French, so France probably should have been one of my last choices for a holiday. Platters of cheeses? No thanks. Trout grilled in butter? No thanks and on it went.

Christine laughed heartily when we returned with our miserable travel tales.

“I saw that the signs were against it but you've got a strong will and were not to be stopped. You see, when you want to do something and you have three setbacks, it is usually best to stop and reflect. Three setbacks indicates that either the goal is wrong or that you are going about it incorrectly.”

It was true. Even when we finally landed again in England, our motorbike lost its steering and we had to complete the journey in a tow truck. Upon our return, we needed a holiday more than before we'd left.

Several years later Jacinta, described a day when she set out to purchase some flowers for the house and never made it beyond the front gate. At

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

first the car wouldn't start. Then, when she had borrowed another car, the remote control button wouldn't operate the front gate. Next she lost the remote control button and at this point she realised that perhaps she had better stay at home.

Several hours later, when she was ready to attend a function, the car started first time and the gate opened easily. The reason why she took the warning of the obstacles was that, in the past when she went against life's signs, it had cost her a considerable amount of money.

Abandoning pursuit of a goal when encountering three obstacles contravenes western belief that persistence brings success. However, in western philosophy success is often counted in material terms rather than spiritual contentment.

When arranging the next holiday I was much more careful. I went into meditation and asked a spirit guide where would be the perfect place spiritually for us to holiday at this point.

The guide thought for a moment and then replied, "Poros."

"Paros? Where's that?" I asked him.

"It's an island in Greece," he replied.

I awoke and promptly scanned the newspapers for the travel advertisements. I telephoned three large travel agencies, each time without success. One woman hadn't heard of Paros and another said that they no longer offered Paros as a destination but suggested Hydra or Santorini as possible alternatives.

I had received three setbacks and I was not about to push my luck. I returned to meditation and asked the guide to spell the name of the destination.

"P - O - R - O - S," he said.

From Paros to Poros; I was scanning the papers again. I looked for Poros in an atlas but couldn't locate it. Yes, there was the early 1990's and before easy Internet access. I telephoned two more travel agencies and on the second call the woman laughed and said, "Would you believe it? We

have Poros on our lists and we are currently offering a special. Two weeks for the price of one. The next flight leaves on Saturday.”

Amanda, Christine and I took that flight. It was a freezing overcast morning in England when we boarded the plane for Athens. My hands and feet were numb with the cold and I was glad to leave, if only for two weeks. We landed, transferred to a ferry and moved off in search of sun and sand. It was a sunny 30°C when we arrived in Poros and we spent the afternoon on the beach. It was a private, protected cove with still waters and as I lay on the golden sands the only sounds were seagulls, squabbling over empty tables at a nearby café.

After our last holiday attempt I was determined to have a good time. I wanted to eat until I couldn't walk, swim until my skin was wrinkled and lie on the sand until my skin became so brown I'd require a new passport photo. With fresh baklava, a Greek pastry filled with crushed nuts and covered in honey, readily available I felt I was in heaven. We still had plenty to learn from Christine and she was happy to teach us while we holidayed.

I didn't really want to learn at this point, preferring instead to make up for the previous French holiday and the recent English weather. By day we were tourists, by evening we were diners in the local restaurants and at night I wrote short stories about our lazy adventures.

Early one morning we boarded a boat for Spetzes and Hydra, two neighbouring islands. This was as I'd dreamed a holiday should be. Plenty of sunshine, open seas, space on the beach and plenty of empty tables at restaurants. I decided that if heaven is anything like the Greek islands, then I'm going. I wanted to simply play in the sun and forget about meditation. All such seriousness seemed out of place amidst life's simple pleasures.

Spetzes was interesting but not spectacular. Hydra was definitely familiar; I believe it's a place I've visited or lived on in a previous incarnation. The first glimpse of hundreds of tiny cottages crowded together up the hill against the wind, with whitewashed walls and window shutters of every conceivable colour, touched my heart. I felt as though I was coming home.

A SECRET DOOR TO THE UNIVERSE

I walked all over the island, photographing almost every lane and cottage. We were surrounded by scenes of unpretentious lives with simple pleasures. It was almost too beautiful to be real, like a postcard, I thought while gazing out from the cliffs and then upwards to more solid little houses perched high on the cliff tops. There are no cars on the island and donkeys carry the provisions from the port up into the hills. The cobbled paths and rickety stone walls seem to set a scene of 100 years ago.

I found myself fighting back tears when the time came to board the boat to return to Poros and searched for reasons to stay. I stumbled across a small pastry shop which sold baklava and purchased three pieces. It had been freshly made and was still warm. As I took a bite the pastry shattered into a hundred tiny shards in my mouth and I knew I was in heaven. It was so delicious that I ate Amanda's and Christine's pieces before arriving back at the port. In a couple of hours I had grown to love the place and felt as though I had lived there all my life. When I located the girls at the port, Christine echoed my sentiments about the island.

The sea was very rough on the return journey and many passengers suffered seasickness. As we were in Greece I laughingly thought it only fair to offer prayers for our safety to Poseidon, the ancient Greek god of the sea, which seemed appropriate.

The next day it rained continuously all day. Dark stormy clouds and darker, stormier faces of fellow tourists filled my window panes whenever I glanced out. Christine and Amanda found some books to read and I was left talking to myself while trying to avoid even a cursory glance at the window. It rained solidly for two days and I was becoming stir-crazy from being inside so long. At the first glimpse of sunlight I caught a bus into town and hired a small motorbike. It was nothing elaborate and was not particularly roadworthy. Actually I paid 3000 drachma and forfeited my passport for the rusty remains of a Honda 50.

I volunteered to give Christine a riding lesson. Up and down the drive she went, in the innocently menacing way that only the unfamiliar have

with machinery. To avoid complaints from the neighbours, I offered to take her somewhere less built up for practice. She jumped on the back and we headed off in search of a quiet strip of road. It didn't occur to me that I shouldn't be teaching Christine when Amanda was the motorcyclist in the family. I usually rode pillion.

I was surprised that Poros had such a steep mountain. We rode for 25 minutes in the cold and rain before viewing the ruins of a temple on top of the hill and then set out on our return. The wet winding road was dangerous and the motorbike's engine began cutting out intermittently. On rounding a sharp curve the motor faltered and the bike slid out from under us. We landed face first on the road.

Christine landed heavily on her knee and sustained an injury that required four stitches, while I lost skin and clothing. As she was unable to walk, I left her on the side of the road and steered the bike back to our apartment. Amanda caught a taxi to collect Christine and take her to the doctor. After that neither of us could walk very far, as we couldn't bend our legs. We were confined to bed. At first we read books but I soon tired of this. I wrote occasionally but only for 30 minutes at a time. Finally I meditated.

My guide gently questioned me. "What did you come here for?"

"For a holiday."

"Yes but why did you come away from home in the first place?"

"Oh, to learn," I said softly, realising that I was doing as much as possible to avoid learning.

"You have seven days left in Europe with Christine and then you return home. What do you want from these seven days?" I thought carefully but I wasn't really sure. Later, when we could hobble a little, we took the bus up to an old monastery. Stone steps loomed large before me and I knew that it was a reminder that I'd have been better off in bed in meditation.

At the top we found a delightful old building and while in the grounds Christine saw the spirit of a monk walking about. She mentioned this to us

and briefly described him. Fifteen minutes later, when the next busload of tourists arrived, two middle-aged women stood behind us at the lookout balcony, ignoring the persistent wind that tore at their hair by the roots, discussing the brochure that included this particular monastery.

“It says here that a ghost haunts this monastery. Apparently it is the ghost of a monk who founded this place,” said one to the other. Christine simply smiled and said “Thanks for the confirmation, spirit.” It is important to seek verification of what you see or experience; to ensure that what you glimpse or sense is not merely your imagination. Corroboration can occur through physical reality or as a result of asking personal guides or master for proof. We returned to our apartment and Christine described a surreal occurrence.

“I’m seeing something strange in spirit. There are rings of spiritual masters appearing above me. They seem to be gathering for some particular purpose but I don’t know what it is. There are many masters from different paths. I wonder what could be about to happen?”

This continued for days. When Christine spoke of masters being with her I simply accepted it. At first it seemed outrageous and I wondered about her state of mind but in time even unbelievable occurrences seem perfectly natural. After seeing cords of energy passing between people for the first time only recently, hearing about ascended masters gathering above in spirit wasn’t too difficult to accept.

As the holiday progressed Christine was going higher and higher, as though in meditation but it was happening in the waking state. We could feel the energy radiating from her. It was strange, for she would walk into our bedroom while we lay there reading books (still cloudy outside) and complete a sentence or resume a conversation she had left unfinished three hours earlier.

I’d be halfway down a page only to hear Christine say “... and another thing. If you look closely at. . .” as she limped towards me. I learned to change focus between my thoughts and Christine’s conversation very

quickly in those two weeks. Towards the end of the second week it became difficult for Christine to venture outside. Her energy was expanding so that her auric or energy field extended more than two metres around her. She was more vulnerable to depletion of psychic energy from others who might, even unconsciously, need energy to get through the day.

She was reaching a high state of mental clarity and inner peace usually associated with meditation but she displayed these in the waking state during everyday activities. She was content to remain in the apartment or to take a daily stroll along the beach one hundred metres away.

One morning during the second week I meditated and met a Chinese guide. He was direct and to the point.

“You have only three days left now to achieve what you want.”

“What can I achieve? What can I achieve in three days?”

“What do you want?”

“In the next three days or spiritually or out of life?”

“What do you want, Paul?” he asked again. I became excited at the prospect.

“Can I have whatever I ask?”

“With effort and sacrifice, yes.”

“Anything?”

“What do you want, Paul?”

I thought for a few minutes. This was bizarre. I felt as though I must have done something right somewhere to be offered such a privilege. Or was it a test, or a trap? Would asking to be able to walk freely again be too simple? After all, in a few months my scar would heal naturally. In a cynical moment I had decided that perhaps the accident was to assist me in writing ‘The Limper’s Guide to Europe.’

I decided that this was an opportunity not to be wasted. Material objects did not enter my mind as I sorted through the possibilities. There was one thing I particularly wanted to experience but I knew that it was too much to ask for. As I discarded it from my mind, a statement I often

used when counselling clients sprang to mind, 'If you can't ask for it, you can't have it.'

When I was young we were very poor and as a child I was taught not to even bother asking, because the answer would be 'no'. I learned that if I didn't ask I wasn't disappointed. I never did completely learn it, for I still ask for more and believe in the old saying that "to be all that you can be, you must dream of being more."

I looked closely at the guide. This was not going to be easy but if I didn't ask him; I'd probably regret it.

"I would like to go home," I said. "All the way home, you know; where I'll go when I die." He looked at me without smiling.

"Are you sure that is what you want?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I won't take this as final," he stated. "I want you to meet me again between 5.15 and 5.45 this evening. Tell me what you have decided you want. In the meantime, do not eat any meat or fish for the next three days."

I concluded my meditation and began worrying. Was there something better that I needed to ask for? Had I just been tested and my answer turned out to be inappropriate? Did I really want to go home? I was adamant. I wanted to go home, to see with my own eyes what is out there after I die. To feel with my own heart what home holds for me and to see my place of origin. I didn't want others telling me what was out there after this life without having any actual proof or direct experience. Faith was for other people. I wanted to see for myself.

I had heard conflicting stories about what occurred after death and this was an opportunity to see for myself what lay ahead in the greater journey beyond life. There were anxieties but my curiosity was stronger than my fear of what I might see.