

*A memoir whose span extends, quite literally, beyond this world.*

## **MEDICINE WOMAN AWAKENING: A Story of Soul Retrieval**

by Laura Lander

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# Medicine Woman Awakening

*A Story of Soul Retrieval*



Laura Lander

Medicine Woman

Awakening

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*Laura Lander*



**Abuzz Press**

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# Chapter One

## Support From Beyond

*Winter 2011*

During the summer of 2010, I met a friend for a casual lunch at an Indian restaurant. Over the course of our meal, she related to me her experience of a recent appointment with a psychic, whom we will call Jonathon. She described how what transpired in the visit had been borne out with validity in her life. I found it interesting, and I remember thinking to myself at the time, "I've never had any occasion to consult with a psychic, but if I ever do, now I know one with a good reference." I thought no more about it, until several months had passed.

One evening that December, I got into my car and headed down the long lane leading from my rented farmhouse to the main road. I was going to the weekly rehearsal of the choral group of which I was a member. I tuned the radio to the local classical music station. There was a moment of silence and then the first lovely notes of the flute duet that begins *The Moldau*, by Smetana, began playing.

“Oh! Dad!” I thought to myself, “One of your favorites!” My father had passed away ten years before, but I still found myself talking to him sometimes, even out loud. I am always reminded of him when one of his favorite pieces of music is played. The piece began just after I got in the car and turned on the radio, and it ended when I pulled into a parking space at the church where the rehearsal was being held. “Hmmm...” I noticed, “What a coincidence.”

The next morning, I left for work at my usual time. Heading down the lane once more, I again switched on the radio. Seconds later, the first notes of Tchaikovsky’s Violin Concerto in D began. “Wow! Dad! What do you know?! Another of your favorites,” I marveled. I drove to work enjoying the music and thinking about my father.

Shortly before I reached the highway interchange, I unexpectedly heard my father’s voice speaking in my mind. *“Laura dear, I want you to go and see that psychic you heard about last summer. I have something I want to say to you.”*

“Okay, wait a minute,” I thought to myself. “This can’t be real. This has got to be my imagination.” I dismissed it from my thoughts and continued driving.

Again, the voice interrupted my musings: *“Laura dear, I want you to go and see that psychic. I have something to say to you.”*



“Na-a-a-w...” I replied in my head. “This has GOT to be my own creation. Dad! You are the last person on the planet who would tell me to go see a psychic!”

My father had been a scientist and would not have put much faith in psychic phenomena, I felt sure. He had also been a devout Catholic, and consulting psychics, oracles and the like was traditionally frowned upon by the Church as “dabbling in the occult.”

But the voice was persistent and insistent: “*Laura dear, I want you to go see the psychic that your friend told you about last summer. I have something I want to tell you.*” The continuing invasion of my thoughts by this voice that seemed to be coming from outside of myself yet was heard only in my mind, with a message that I considered highly unlikely, had begun to get my attention.

Although it was true that my father would most probably have been the last person on the planet to advise seeing a psychic, I realized that he was no longer on this planet. If he *was* speaking to me, he was speaking from some other dimension, a higher plane, if you will.

So I made him a deal. Kind of a dare, actually.

“Okay,” I consented. “If this is really you speaking to me, and not just my own imagination running wild, then arrange to play for me, sometime in the very near future, the third piece of music that I associate with you as one of your favorites.”

Schubert's Serenade had a special meaning between us. I used to play it on the piano as a teenager, and he would often join in from another room, singing the lyrics in German. My sister and I played it on flute and piano at his funeral. This piece is not exactly rare, but it is not one of the most popular or more frequently played pieces. In all my life, I have only heard it played on the radio twice. It was remote enough to figure that the chances of me serendipitously hearing it very soon were extremely slim, and that if I did hear it, it would serve as a significant sign.

I didn't dwell on this occurrence; in fact, I rather forgot about it.

A couple of evenings later, I was invited to dinner at the home of my friends Alan and Kathleen. After a companionable and delicious meal, we were relaxing in the living room, sunk comfortably into deeply upholstered chairs. I remember Alan was recounting some anecdote from his day. We were all feeling mellowed by the wine and warmed by the fire in the fireplace. Ambient music softly drifted from the sound system in the corner...

Suddenly I sat bolt upright, clapping my hand over my face and exclaiming, "Oh my God!" On the CD, a classical guitar was sweetly playing Schubert's Serenade. I was stunned.

Alan and Kathleen waited for some explanation of my erratic behavior. I slowly lowered my hand from over my eyes and told them about the two other pieces of music, about hearing my father's voice in my head, and about the dare I had put out there: "If this is really you, Dad, you will find a way to play me that third piece of music..."

After listening, Kathleen remarked, "I'd say you'd better make an appointment with that psychic."

The very next morning, I did.

When I arrived at Jonathon's office, he invited me to come in, close the door and have a seat opposite him at his desk. I did so, not really knowing what to expect next. He began with some quiet time spent in prayer. I bowed my head and prayed silently, too.

After a while, he looked up and began speaking. He said he would take questions when he was finished. I had told him nothing whatsoever of myself or of my reason for making the appointment. Nevertheless, he told me many things about myself.

Among the things he told me was that my father was standing behind me, and that he could see and smell home-baked bread. He asked if that was a favorite of my father's, by any chance. I told him my father had enjoyed baking bread as a hobby.

Jonathon told me that I had been married twice and told me the length in years of each marriage. He was accurate on both counts. Perhaps one of the most encouraging things that I learned was that my two marriages were not love relationships at all; he referred to them as karmic soul mate relationships that he further defined as relationships with unconcluded business left over from past lives that needed to be resolved. This made sense to me, and explained much about the nature of these relationships. He said I had completed both resolutions in this lifetime, which was a good thing. I could check those off my karmic “to-do” list. He said that my father supported me in my current decision to divorce my second husband.

This appointment took place several days before the court date upon which the dissolution of my marriage was to be finalized. It was reaffirming to hear that just because a relationship ends, it is not a failure. I believe my father wanted me to know that he was supporting me and that my marriages were not failures or mistakes, as they may have appeared to me. Indeed, according to Jonathon, my two concluded marriages had been wildly successful!

Among other topics Jonathon talked about that day were two that were of special significance to me. One was his description of a great, white, healing light coming through my crown chakra. He said this is a

healing light with hospice energy and is so powerful that I do not even need to speak or touch someone; merely my presence in the room will make a person feel better.

He asked what it was that I did for a living, and only then did I tell him that I was a massage therapist.

The second item of special significance was that I am meant to be writing, to *keep writing*. I am actually behind in this endeavor, he told me; there are published books in my future.

I left Jonathon's office feeling uplifted, inspired, affirmed and loved. Quite a gift from my father. I felt that I was on the verge of something new, some breakthrough in regard to my personal power. My prayer was: "I allow. I accept. I invite. I welcome."

## **Chapter Four**

### **Night Visitors**

*Spring-Summer 2011*

Sleeping alone every night in the upstairs of an isolated farmhouse surrounded by wide-open fields may have been an anxiety-producing scenario for some, but I had no qualms. I always felt safe and slept well.

That spring brought a series of persistent dreams that I eventually came to understand as a beckoning to an important further step in self healing and wholeness.

One night after falling asleep I dreamed that I awoke to find a young African-American woman standing by my bedside. Her head was wrapped in a colorful scarf and she was leaning slightly toward me. Startled, I cried out, then actually awoke, and found no one there. My perception of her presence was very striking; she seemed absolutely real and totally non-threatening.

Again, on another night not long after that one and shortly after I fell asleep, I awoke, and with half-closed eyes gazed toward the curtainless windows. Slowly a realization dawned on me: Why was I not seeing the windows that were there? The lights of the airport over the horizon always provided a slight illumination of the

sky in that direction, so the windows were always clearly outlined. But on this night I could not see them, instead it was dark.

As my sleepy eyes gradually adjusted to the dark, I became aware that the reason I could not see the windows was that they were being obstructed from my view. And that what was obstructing them was the figure of a person standing between my bed and the windows, right next to my bed. In the dark I perceived the silhouette of a slightly-built young woman wrapped in shawls, leaning over me in a posture of caring and solicitousness and at the same time wanting something. As this image became clear to me, I screamed out, and it disappeared.

I lay awake trembling with the fright of being alone in the house yet having an actual apparition so close to me. I was convinced that I had actually awoken and seen this person; it did not even occur to me until some few minutes later that I possibly had only dreamed that I woke up, and was in fact still asleep when I saw her. Was this a dream or was this a waking apparition? I really was not sure.

The very next night I dreamed that *I woke up in my bed and again looked over at the windows to find that I had unintentionally forgotten to close the one on the left.* (The same one that had been blocked by the apparition the night before.) *In the dream I discovered also that during the*

*night the temperature had dropped and it had snowed! I saw snow blowing in through the wide open window and accumulating on the sill, on the floor, and on the chair in the corner. Long, frosted cobwebs trailed from the window to the sill, the floor, the wall and the chair, as if no one had dusted or disturbed this corner for a long, long time! It was somehow beautiful but startling.*

From my long experience with dream study and interpretation I know that an important component to the meaning of any dream is the emotional quality that it contains. The emotion I felt in this dream was one of practical concern for all the heat escaping out the window, but even more, an immense incredulity that I had never noticed this corner of the room or the need to clean it. How could I have ever let this go for this long? It seemed strange and unbelievable.

Two weeks later I had another dream in which the emotional component was overwhelmingly even more powerful:

*I am remembering back to when my three daughters were little...and that there had been another little girl born to us, after my second child and before my third. For some reason, while this little girl was still a toddler, my husband and I were persuaded to give her away to another couple who said they dearly wanted children and could not have any. They paid us \$300.00 for her.*

*In the dream, I am feeling the full force of all the shock and horror that one would feel at remembering such an event. How could I ever have done such a thing? How did we ever think that this was okay? How could I possibly have given up a child*



*of my own, and where is she now? What must this little child have experienced in being handed over by her own parents to complete strangers?! She must be a young woman now; how can I find her? I must go seek her out! I even remembered seeing photographs of her in our family album, and how after the age of about two there were no more photos of her. I was horrified, mystified, and filled with immense grief.*

When I awoke I could not help but give vent to real tears, the emotion of it all was so powerful. The potency of the question “How could I ever have done such a thing?” matched and went way beyond the disbelief in the previous dream’s question about the dusty corner, “How could I have ever let this go for so long?” It began to dawn on me that there was perhaps some long-neglected, long-surrendered part of myself that needed to be remembered, discovered, attended to, *retrieved*. What part was that?

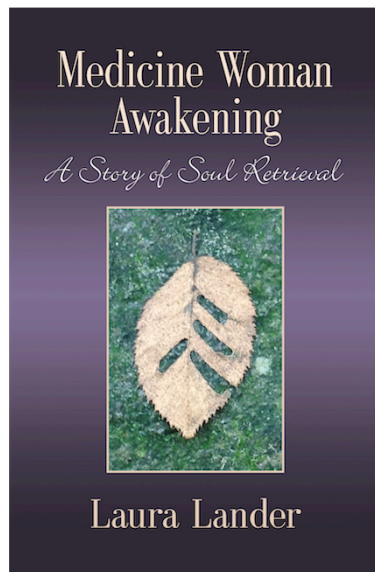
Only a few nights later I dreamed: *I find a perambulator left by the side of the road and, looking under the white baby blanket that is draped over it, I find two infants who have been abandoned there. I realize that they had been left there purposely so that they will be discovered and rescued. I pick them up and bring them with me.*

Shortly after that, I dreamed: *My eldest daughter, (who was then in real life thirty years old) has died at the young age of about nineteen or twenty. I am packing up her childhood things. I come across her Ukrainian nesting dolls, the hollow wooden painted figures that fit inside of each other, from large to small. Their familiarity, and the memory that this had been a*

*favorite possession of hers, is poignant and painful. I wrap them carefully in tissue paper. I am filled with grief at my loss of her and at the ending of her too-short life. I am also aware of how little she spoke of or complained about the pain that accompanied the disease from which she died. I deeply regret that I had not given her more attention, comfort and care during her illness. Again, upon awaking, I wept real tears, the emotion of loss and grief was so strong.*

One more dream of intense loss came upon the heels of the others before I clearly understood what it was that I needed to do. I dreamed: *I am walking with my youngest daughter who is pushing her newborn baby in a perambulator. When I look at the baby, I notice that she is not a newborn, she looks to be about six or seven months old. I grow concerned, and tell my daughter that this cannot be her own newborn baby, this baby is much older. Our dialogue leads me to discover that she herself has doubts that this is her own true child, but this was the baby that was brought to her in the hospital, and she felt too shy and inhibited to question the authority of the doctors and nurses. She begins to cry, and naturally I am totally consumed with outrage over the mistake. I am burning with the intent to go back to the hospital and trace this mix-up back to my daughter's own baby, whom I realize has already left the hospital by this time in the custody of the wrong parents. Again, I am asking myself, "How could this have ever happened? Why didn't we discover this sooner?"*

As I awoke from this dream, again in tears of grief, I heard a clear voice inside my head say to me, "You need to do a soul retrieval."



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