

In 1990 Katherine Fraser remembers words her father uttered a couple of years before he died unexpectedly in 1957, when she was nine.

As meaningful coincidences occur, her follow up actions enable her to escape from her violent husband.

And her journey of self-discovery has begun.

Journey Within

by F.L. Yeldar

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JOURNEY

One woman's personal hero journey
to save her REAL self

WITHIN

F.L. Yeldar

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While the names of the characters and some places in this book are fictitious to protect privacy, this is a true story. This book details the author's personal experiences with, and opinions about, the journey to find the best life for her.

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FOREWORD

During an impromptu psychic reading over twenty-five years ago, psychic Liliana Roberts told me I would one day write my life story. I laughed before saying something like, “I’m a really private person, and I don’t have anything interesting to write about, so I can’t see that ever happening.”

“Yes, you will, my dear,” she replied with a wry smile. “It will be ages before you do, but write your story you will. You will talk about me in the book, too, and I give you permission to use my full name. I’m a really good psychic, and you will be a writer.”

Liliana and I became friends and, even when everything she predicted for me— in the present and near future back then— came true, I still found it hard to believe I would one day have a story I wanted to tell or that I would write a book. Yet now here I am, writing away, with much to say. When I met Liliana I was in my early forties, but now I can see I was really only a kindergarten adult; who didn’t even realise she had already begun the journey of a lifetime, without even leaving the country.

In mid-2015 Liliana had been out of my life for many years, and I still had no intention of writing a memoir. This was until I watched one particular television report, of yet another senseless killing by a controlling bully. As I heard myself scream, “Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Why the fuck is this still happening?” I was jolted out of my apathy. My normally non-swearing self knew it was time. It was time to tell my story. It was time to reveal what had happened in my life before I had met Liliana, and what I had discovered since meeting her.

How glad I was to have kept a journal—filled with the prose and short poems I snapped with my photographic pen, whenever I noticed something interesting. It had crossed my mind that I should also be prepared, just in case Liliana really was good at long range predictions, and that I would need material for a book.

As I wrote it became clear the action I had taken, often prompted by the golden wisdom of my many mentors along the way, was the alchemy that put me back together. For, like Kintsugi—the beautiful Japanese art of restoration—I had become whole again, and I had also become something—or someone—completely new and more valuable than before.

Deeper into my story, I was led to even more information. This information enabled me to see the ‘putting myself back together again’ life puzzle was within an even larger, magical one. But this additional information never could have revealed itself had I not first taken the time to heal, then started to write. I have no doubt this is what Liliana—the self-proclaimed ‘very good psychic’—saw all those years ago.

This is a true story but identifying details of people and places have been changed to protect the privacy of the people involved. (for example, you may not recognise the names of the towns and localities mentioned, as some of these do not exist but they are based on real locations)

I am Kate Carmichael and this is my story, so far.

INKLINGS FROM CHILDHOOD

“ I have a short life line, so I think I will die young.”

It was mid-May of 1990 when the child in me surfaced to recall those long forgotten words my father had prophesied; a couple of years before he died in 1957 aged thirty-four. He suffered a heart attack after what was meant to be a simple gall stone and hernia operation, at the Princess Alexandra Hospital, in Brisbane. I was nine. Sometimes in life we have the good fortune to act upon inklings, which starts the domino effect that ushers in the change we so desperately want and need. Looking back to 1990, from where I am now in 2015, I clearly see this is what happened then; after I stilled my anguished mind enough to notice the synchronicity I have since discovered is always around. That year began with such terror and heartache, and I could see no way out of the sham marriage—or, more correctly, the brutal prison— I was in. Then, after I recalled Dad’s words, came the positive change, when I took the steps to facilitate it.

Until that day in 1990, my conscious memory of Dad was only of how he loved learning and teaching his kids, even though he was such a busy man. When he moved ahead in life, so did his relatives; as he leased out his shops and cane farm to them. In addition to being an elected local government councillor he was also on the fire brigade board. In his spare time—what spare time? the mature me now wonders— Dad played the cornet in the local band. He was also teaching himself to play the piano the year he died.

In 2012 when I won a game of trivial pursuit against two of my adult children, it was thanks to Dad; as I had the answer to the scientific name of the platypus. “Ornithorhynchus, that’s O-r-n-i-t-h-o-r-h-y-n-c-h-u-s,” I said, as I spelt it out in the repetitive, lyrical way Dad had given me the information, all those years ago. It was the same way he had taught us to learn— and forever remember— the alphabet frontwards and backwards, before we went to school. The only

exception was my youngest sister, Cheryl, as she was only two when Dad died.

After Dad's death whenever I asked Mum questions she would always fob me off with, "Why do you ask questions all the time? I didn't do that to my mother. I just knew how to do things." Was Mum actually a psychic and we didn't know? If so, she sure was a selfish one, as she didn't share any of her insights with her kids. Her only words to us about Dad after he died were, "Your father wanted you all to go to university." Strangely enough, Mum's stirring speech didn't inspire any of us to go on to higher learning. In 1990, after remembering his words, it was a mystery to me why Dad had ever mentioned he would have a short life line. Until the memory of those words popped into my head, I had forgotten he had spoken them. All these years later, as I think of what happened next, I have to wonder, could my dead Dad see and hear me in 1990? And before? And ever since? Was he fed up hearing me refuse my daughter Monique's help to escape the constant abuse from my then husband, Simon? My refusal of help back then was only because I was the mother, and she was the child, a young adult one, at the time. Now, as I write about what happened then, I ask myself, "Was Dad whispering— hinting—then cueing me to take action, through Monique?" And, because I was refusing her help, did he then need to knock me over the head with a direct message from him, in the form of a memory, to finally get me to take notice, and make a positive move?

What is crystal clear to me now is, back in late 1986 I had coached Monique with her résumé and the answers to any possible questions she could be asked at her job interview—for a well-paid position in the pay office, at the Ebonlee coal mine in Central Queensland, where we lived. This preparation, combined with her excellent academic marks, secured her the position. On the Monday after she finished year twelve at school, Mon started work at the Ebonlee mine. She was seventeen and a half. Because of how things panned out then, and later, it now seems like someone, or something unseen, had to be helping me. When Monique was eighteen and a half she and Scott—her boyfriend—were able to rent a mine house for a nominal rent. It was a perk available to

mining company employees over eighteen, who had a partner. After moving into her new house Monique kept begging me to allow her to help me escape my husband Simon's abuse.

Upon reflection

When I reread the part of my story about how I could still recite the alphabet frontwards and backwards, and how I still remembered the scientific name and spelling of the platypus, after all these years, I couldn't help but think that what we hear all the time really can stay in our minds. Great, if it's to encourage us to become all we are meant to be, without taking from another. Yet continually regurgitating anything negative others say to us, and about us, can be one of the many reasons that holds us up from living our authentic lives.

When I later found the right form of meditation for me, a free online voice one, it was another tool to help me clear my mind of negative thoughts and to achieve more emotional balance in my life.

What about you?

What are you doing, or what did you do, to help quickly banish the negative thoughts, we all experience at times, that can stop us progressing to where we really want to be?

Synchronicity

A few days after I remembered Dad's words about his short life line, the local newspaper announced a visit to town by the internationally renowned psychic and palmist, Madam Marie. Was it a coincidence or something more?

Madam Marie was available for private readings in a local hotel room and I thought that if Dad was into this palmistry and psychic stuff, maybe I needed to get a reading from her. But I had no job and no money, so I had to ask my husband Simon for his permission and for the money to pay for the reading. My husband was the sole breadwinner for our family, and he controlled the finances. Within a year of our marriage in late 1977, I had given birth to our son Curtis and Simon was happy for me to be a stay at home mother. Once at a work function when the other wives asked me where I did my grocery shopping, I smiled and said Simon did it during work hours and dropped it home; as it was easier for him without the kids. These wives asked me if I knew how lucky I was. I nodded, yes, and smiled. And, in front of Simon, they chastised their husbands for not being as thoughtful as Simon was. Simon beamed and I continued smiling and thought, if only they knew what he was really like.

When we were at work functions or had visitors at home, Simon—who was not into prolonged small talk — loved it when I chatted away to everyone, to make them feel comfortable. But it was a different story when we were home alone. Then my voice and opinion was not welcome, for I had no job and therefore no right to any input, he told me regularly; before heading out the door to work; often late as he was still recovering from a boozy night before and then, after work, he would go to the pub again.

Back then I didn't know that isolating their victims, from family and work, was one of the many ways abusers, like Simon, exercised control. However, surprisingly enough when I asked, Simon was pleased to pay for me to see the psychic. Maybe he thought she would tell me he would

win the lottery? I definitely didn't tell him the real reason I wanted to see Madam Marie, which was to hear if there was anything good on the horizon for the kids and for me.

On the day of the reading I was apprehensive. What if the psychic inquired about my life? I couldn't tell her about my abusive marriage. I was so ashamed and embarrassed. The kids and I were the only ones who knew what was happening behind closed doors— apart from Barry, Simon's boss. Barry had found out one day when Monique, who was still at home and working, at the time, had run to fetch him from his nearby residence. That day was one of the rare times Simon was home before the kids were asleep in bed. And, as we sat at the table at dinner, I had looked at him the wrong way, or said a wrong word, and then came the verbal coward's punch, "You fucking cunt!" before the physical blow was struck. Bam! Without warning he was standing over me and screaming something about wanting me dead, as his fist slammed into the side of my face, above my right eye. And then again. Hard! Bam! Blood was streaming down my face, and the kids were upset, and Monique must have run out to fetch Barry. The kids' crying diverted Simon's attention and he yelled at them, 'Shut up!' I was letting the kids know that I was alright, as Monique arrived back with Barry. While Simon ranted and raved about me to his boss, before he calmed down, the kids and I took the opportunity to leave the room.

In the bathroom I wiped the blood from my face and applied pressure to stem the flow still coming from the gash above my eye. Then I noticed half a tooth was broken off my upper dental plate. How did that happen? His fist hadn't touched my mouth yet the sheer force of his punches was so strong that my tooth broke.

After I assured the younger kids I was okay, and thanked Monique for fetching Barry, I went back into the lounge room. Simon and Barry were chatting away as if nothing had happened, and I was asked to make cups of tea for them. Obediently I complied, and smiled as the boss said all was fine now, because he had spoken to Simon. The whole time Barry was there I just smiled, too traumatised to do anything else.

A pacifist by nature and a non-drinker, I had married a bully who was a drunk, a gambler and a man who used his fists only on a woman. But back then I had no time to wonder why I had married someone like Simon. Back then I was in survival mode, twenty-four by seven. On the rare times he was home early I was like a mother meerkat, on the lookout, ready to intervene on any signs he was about to lay a hand on the kids.

By the time they finished their tea, Simon was back to calling me 'love.' In his eyes, all was fine. And, sadly, Barry thought the same. He seemed to believe a few words of condemnation directed at Simon were enough to instantly transform his employee into a model husband. Before Barry left he told Simon to behave, and then told me to let him know if he didn't. Afterwards, Simon acted as if nothing had happened and I pretended to enjoy the drunken fuck he demanded because I was his wife. I was too frightened to do anything else.

The next day I rang the dentist and told the receptionist I had dropped my dental plate, and a tooth had broken in half. Explaining that I had a young daughter to look after, and no car, I asked if my older daughter could drop it in to be fixed.

After getting her job at the mine, Monique had purchased a car which she drove to work each day. So, the next morning on her way to work she dropped off the broken dental plate, and picked up the fixed plate on her way home. That's how my tooth was repaired, without anyone knowing what had really happened.

Even though I should have had the cut above my eye stitched, I didn't go to the hospital. Instead, I let it heal naturally and it came to look like a wrinkle. For ages afterwards, I wore sunglasses. In fact, I wore sunglasses a lot during my farce of a marriage, and for a long time afterwards because I thought others could see the scars near my eyebrows. Yes, a couple of years later I ended up with a matching scar above my other eyebrow; as the next hit to my face was in the same spot, except on the opposite side.

That night Simon had come home late and began sharing details with me of the many affairs he had over the years, when he was away on overnight work assignments to the islands. “One of them was a real looker. She really liked me and was upset when I told her I couldn’t continue our relationship because I was married.” Dazed, with these unexpected revelations, all I could think to utter was, “But you’re married,” before that blow was struck. The open wound had closed only days before I was to see Madam Marie.

Upon reflection

At the work function when I agreed with the women, that Simon was indeed great for doing the grocery shopping, I had lied to feel validated and accepted — and also to protect myself from the abuse that would have come, if I had told the truth of why he really did the shopping; to make sure I had no money and to rely on him more.

Now I know when we lie there is a lack of self-love. We think the truth isn’t good enough and so we lie, to make us feel validated and accepted by others.

It made all the difference to my life when I escaped this negative situation and began to be— and accept— the real me, without the need to sugar-coat the truth.

But first, it was imperative the kids and I left the volatile situation in a safe way.

What about you?

Do you find yourself lying about some part of your life simply to feel validated and accepted by others, or because of fear? If you want to be the main character in your life story, and you answered yes, to either scenario, what steps can you think of to take, to break the cycle, in a safe way?

Scars

Scars are good—

They tell a story

Of being burnt,

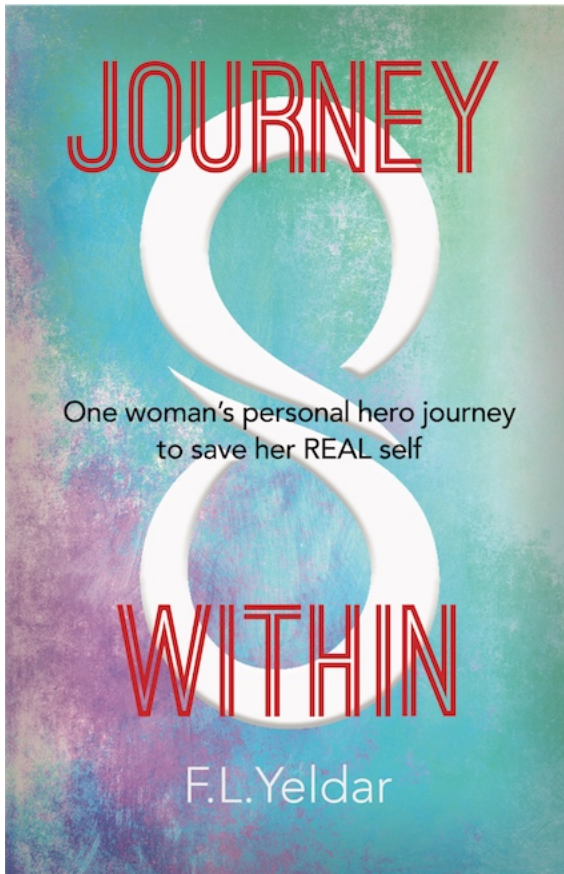
Of victory after lessons learnt—

Open wounds, on the other hand,

Demand—

And many times by stealth—

Much focus on the self



In 1990 Katherine Fraser remembers words her father uttered a couple of years before he died unexpectedly in 1957, when she was nine.

As meaningful coincidences occur, her follow up actions enable her to escape from her violent husband.

And her journey of self-discovery has begun.

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