A CHRISTMAS GIFT to FUTURE NOW

On December 5, 2012, I emailed Steve Klein, not so much for the student achievement publication, but for documentation projected to future beings. Selected as the Nurse of the Year 2012, an executive interviewed me, wrote and published an article for a Medically Intensive Care newspaper directed to clients, nurses, and families in Washington State.

Steve responded, suggesting a write-up for the RSE Newsletter, stating, “This is wonderful and an acknowledgement of ‘being a light to the world.’”

All I wanted to do was send the article. The End. However, Steve affirmed “my great learning (his words).” Therefore, I contemplated a paradox, the inadequacy and authority of words conveying the wisdom gained in this experience.

“So let’s start at the very beginning, a very good place to start” (lyrics from *The Sound of Music* film came to my head). Then, “Stop thinking. Just do it.”

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Consultation with the Educational Specialist Lester regarding my client occurred every Wednesday and I always found it delightful. We extracted a checklist our similarities, crisscrossing paths in foreign countries, but never meeting. For instance, we both lived and worked in the same year and city in the Middle East. We travelled in the same years and cities in Africa and South America. As Peace Corps Volunteers, he in Africa and I in the West Indies, we took the end-of-contract pay and spent it exploring other cultures.

Wednesday, November 14, 2012, I listened as he spoke with nostalgia of the 65 countries he had experienced and realized that globetrotting days were finished. The remains of the workweek were a self-assessment: I remembered the departure from the United Arab Emirates in 2000 to go camping on the African Savanna “where the wild things are.” The cook and hunter I hired to protect, could not stop destiny encounters with elephants, crocs, hippos, lions, rhinos, army ants, and wild monkeys. Each of these animals provided a story, as well as the Maasai. There was no *Reader’s Digest* condensed version of my *Out of Africa* thoughts or my leaving Africa to visit Nepal before returning to Texas. All were epic adventures like *The Far Pavilions* and *The Lost Horizon* (fiction novels).

Saturday November17 dawned. As usual, I did the Golden Egg and began the housework. Memories surfed in my head while cleaning, washing and ironing work clothes, vacuuming the carpet and rearranging Arabian, Tibetan and Iranian rugs. The final wave was a conclusive evaluation of present state of affairs since living in Washington State since 2001.

I decided that although Texas was an intense time of UFO sightings and beings encounters, lost time experiences, meeting and casual contacts with leading ufology authorities, such as Leo Sprinkle, Constance Clear, Wendelle Stevens, and Whitley Strieber, life in Rainier, Washington (where I currently live) is greater.

Greater living had dwindled to three aspects--RSE and the Great Work, homebody and the job. Embedded into discovering the mystery of myself, no longer on ships, planes, trains and cars going here, there and everywhere, I am traveling with the mind, doing the disciplines and uplifting my spirit into power, knowingness and life. Ramtha taught how to access dimensional mind and I have met benevolent beings, trekked the cosmos, learned lucid dreaming, and had out-of-the-body experiences, precognitive visions and dreams. My oil paintings reflected spiritual odysseys of the inner dreamscape. *Simple Living.*

The hallmark of the challenging nursing assignment--the only nurse to develop a long-lasting rapport with the family and the client--had been an irritation. Why? No other nurses stayed longer than six months. I felt alone. Sunday night as I prepared for slumber, I accepted Ram’s statement (about work) made at the May 5, 2012 Celebration, the night of the super moon, about the current nursing vocation. “Work” was to lead people out the morass, which I have known and overcome.

Sunday settled, as I lay snug under down covers. Last thoughts before sleep related to Ram's "beggar at the gate," the person observing people’s comings and goings from ships, the beggar who had had done it all and eventually ascended.

Monday morning, November 18, I created the day and prepared to leave for work. As usual, I randomly selected a Lofty Thought card from the Chinese pottery dish prior to walking out the door, but ended up with two between the fingers instead of one. The bathroom mirror reflected a surprised face as I read each Ramtha quote:

When you are ready to let your light radiate without needing an audience, then you are really a star.

Be cluttered with unfashionable simpleness and go experience God in this your heaven that you have created.

That was like living a card found on the field! The Golden Egg’s field of gold extended beyond the bedroom and out the front door to work. I do not remember the drive to client’s home; however, I recall the aura of joy and peace as I cared for the child.

Mid-morning at the client's home the Executive Vice President called to congratulate me for being the Nurse of the Year. RSE warrior cry broadcasted throughout the house, “WOOO WHOOO!” It was not because of her message, but for the Lofty Thought cards. I pranced about and danced and thanked the Lord God of my being for knowing what I would live this day.

Today, December 11, in the Seattle, Washington the Executive Vice President presented to me a copy of the article she had written for the Medically Intensive Care newspaper and said, “I see you as more beautiful than these words.”

I scanned the photo, read the headline and replied, “Thank you for being the mirror by which I observe myself.”

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The unaltered editorial:

**Christmas Feature Creature Carol Martin, RN**

Carol is quite an interesting person in addition to being a fantastic nurse. She has lived in many different places, travelled extensively, and worked a variety of nursing jobs from staff nurse to supervisor. She has been a huge contributor to New Care and we so appreciate her devotion and diligence. Carol is a superb advocate for our clients. She also works with both kids and adults, which is difficult for most nurses to do. Carol first came to New Care in 2001.

Carol’s history is fascinating. She grew up in the South and later moved to Illinois to attend nursing school. Afterwards she joined the Peace Corps and travelled through much of South America and the USA. Then Carol moved to Chicago, working ten years in the ER at different hospitals.

Thirty-seven years ago Carol’s baby daughter was born at two pounds and was extremely ill. Physicians did not think she would live. Carol reached out to Elizabeth Kubler Ross, the author of many books about death and dying. Carol wrote a letter to Ross asking for guidance. It turned out that Ross lived five miles from Carol. Carol then spent the next eleven years under the tutelage of Elizabeth Ross learning about the five stages of grief while working with cancer patients. Through those experiences, Carol has evolved into being at peace with death and dying. She has also learned to apply the five stages of grief beyond death. Carol has learned that these stages affect any loss, to include the loss of limb or a lost possession. This knowledge has proven to be invaluable, not just for Carol, but for all of the lives she has touched.

Carol believes in miracles. Her daughter survived and without many of the problems that were predicted by the medical community. She is still alive. Carol learned so much about endurance and how to maintain hope against all odds. She heartily believes that “hope is the midst of the storm.”

After her two daughters grew up, Carol moved to Texas to obtain a degree in journalism and later continued her travels; this time working as an RN supervisor in hospitals in Saudi Arabia and also starting a hospital ER from scratch in the United Emirates. In addition, Carol studied oil painting, astronomy, and the desert quiet. Most importantly, Carol learned a lot about herself.

Obviously, Carol is interested in education, other cultures, and miracles. Carol believes that New Care is another miracle in her life. Our mission compliments what she believes about nursing. Carol trusts her intuition and knows she has found a good fit. Carol “gets” medically intensive home health care for many reasons. Carol still travels to places of interest; her latest being Egypt, Kenya, Katmandu, and even the lower posts on Mount Everest. Carol loves living in Washington State where she can enjoy nature and her spiritual retreats. Carol sounds like a woman at peace with herself, but we know that her curiosity may eventually lead her elsewhere. For just this moment in time, though, we are glad to have this beautiful butterfly land in our circle of life. Thank you, Carol.

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Divine Forces allowed these words to cross your path. I appreciate your kindness, caring and consideration in reading of this unexpected miracle in the Now, a gift to future now.

Carol J. Martin

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