

A Book, Birthday & Breathalyzer

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I never tire looking back and marveling at the divine designs of life lessons; strategically placed stepping stones in our path guide us to exactly where we need to be.

Who would have guessed it would be stones disguised as a book, birthday, and a breathalyzer that would guide me to the most conscious conversations of my life..., so far.

Sometimes the most important conscious conversation we need to have is with the 'Voice of our Conscience'.

We all have a book that can change our lives if we let it. The last page of the most inspiring book that touched my life left the reader with a challenge:

For one month, carry a little book with you and write down every time you hear a prompting, and leave a space. Later, in that space, fill in whether you followed the prompting or not and if any consequences, good or bad came as a result.

Promptings - the 'Voice of your Conscience'. You know the one. It's a clear, precise, direct instruction you hear inside your head.

In the beginning it was great. I was mostly prompted to do kind deeds for others and that made me feel good and conversely, to not do things I already knew I shouldn't do. After a while though it started to become inconvenient and bothersome and my enthusiasm for the challenge started to wane two weeks into the commitment.

September 6, 2013, exactly 5 years ago today, I went to my brother's to prepare his birthday dinner for him and his friends, and planned to then leave at 5pm. As soon as I arrived I heard that clear, precise, direct instruction from the 'Voice of my Conscience', "Cook Dinner Then Leave". No problem, that was the plan. I'm now packed up ready to leave and my brother starts up, "You can't leave, you have to stay and join us. All you do is work, work, work. Relax for a minute, you deserve it".

It's now 10pm and I am rounding the corner near my house, and there is a road block. No problem, I only had one glass of wine and that is what I will tell them. Before I knew it, I was watching my car being towed, leaving me on the side of the road while people were pointing and laughing at me. But all I could hear is the booming resounding words, "COOK DINNER THEN LEAVE" pounding inside my head.

Four days later, driving my car, and \$750.00 poorer for the lesson, I stop at a nearby store for a coffee. Standing outside is a young girl, soft tears running down her face, staring straight ahead into nowhere. I walk by, and as I pass, the sound of the "Voice of my Conscious" fills my whole being; "Ask her if she needs a ride". I crouch in the corner of my mind, as if to hide from it. "I don't ask random people to get into my car!!", I argued. I'm still trying to recover from the most humiliating experience of my life...I want out of this challenge...but who do you tell that you want to quit?

I knew better than to not listen; I didn't want another lesson like the last one. "Excuse me, can I give you a ride somewhere?"
"Yes, I want to go home."

A knowing washed over me and instantly I knew which home she was talking about - and it wasn't here on Earth. We talked for a few minutes before I asked if I could take her in for something to eat.

We sat in a booth at Mom's Cafe and she ordered poached salmon, rice, vegetables and a pot of chamomile tea. She ate slowly and with the most refined table manners. Her nails were clean and groomed but it was her eyes that held my attention. The crystal blue colour surrounded by the clearest of whites opened wide, and I felt I could see straight into her soul. She spoke of her pain and how much she wanted to just go back to the home she missed so much. My heart ached..., not for her, but for my own painful longing to go back to the same home.

The tears continued to fall softly down her face as she ate one small bite at a time. We shared our remembered experiences of being back home..., in silence. She pleaded with me for permission to take her return into her own hands, as if the power was mine to give. The tears started to stream down my face as I gently talked about the purpose she has not yet fulfilled here on Earth..., that there are no short cuts to learning our lessons, and there is much to teach before we leave.

I intuitively knew her struggles and talked directly to them. She reached both of her hands across the table and I took them in mine. We told each other how much we loved each other and that nothing would ever take that away. I gave her strength from my heart like a mother would give a child, a sister would give a sister, a soul would give another soul.

A breath of fresh air filled my lungs and I knew it was time for me to leave. We held each others hands a little tighter as I assured her she had the strength to carry on and that I would always be by her side through her dark times. The strength around her grew and a knowing washed over me...she would carry on.

Driving home, it occurred to me..., we never exchanged names.

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