

INTRODUCTION

*We are guests on a quest
To bless and be blessed*

My earliest memory isn't actually a memory. It's a knowing; a timeless, wordless knowing that I'm not from here. I'm *just visiting*. A tourist on Earth, if you will.

So where *am* I from? And why am I here? So keen was I to learn about life that I arrived six weeks early, on 14 February 1976. This was in west Wales, to a kind-hearted 40-year-old antiques dealer mother and a witty social worker dad who'd been told by doctors they wouldn't have any more children.

Saint Valentine – did you know? – was a 3rd-century Roman bishop and martyr. He was imprisoned, beaten and eventually beheaded on 14 February for refusing to renounce his faith. Now that's a mighty love!



I began practicing my deep thinker look early on.

As innately happy as I was, life dealt its inevitable corrective blows. Between the ages of six and 18 I was sexually abused and assaulted – including an attempted rape – by several males. The first abuse, coupled with my parent’s lack of emotional attunement to me at the time, eventually closed me down. An iron cage of rage, unworthiness and emotional pain enclosed my heart.

In time I became manipulative, mean-mouthed and sometimes downright cruel. My body suffered, too. For years I held my bladder, endured lower backache, and ground my teeth at night.

Yet through it all I instinctively knew there were happier times to come: all I needed to do was to keep forging ahead on my search for healing. My faith got me through, even after I almost died aged 18, when, thousands of miles away from home, in Canada, I was taken to, but mercifully escaped from, a gang of rapists.

Seeking comfort in the warmth of the sun’s rays days later, an image of a candle flame appeared clearly in my mind. Intuitively I understood that I was being offered a profound choice: snuff out my light and pass over now, or live and continue on my life path. My mind turned to my family and I decided to live.

Enough strength was given for me to return home and gain an English degree, followed by a diploma in journalism. This led to a move to London to become a professional journalist.

Shortly after a new start in the capital I accepted a press invitation to a life-transformation workshop that lived up to

its billing. Remarkably, what I was to experience on that course had been revealed to me in ‘psychic flashes’ when I was a girl.

Experiencing it finally ‘in the flesh’ triggered an uplifting decade spent experimenting with all manner of healing modalities and spiritual processes, including, at 30, a life-transformation week that opened my heart and helped me let go of a great deal of past darkness. Better still, I discovered the ennobling balm of meditation, and with it, an inner call to help others.

This intense phase of self-betterment led, when I was 34, to the arrival of my Spiritual Teacher. Now true spiritual training began, marked by ennobling tests of asceticism, obedience, celibacy and emotional and psychological trials so severe that at times I felt I was on a torture rack.

The rewards? So many! Not least, clarity about where I’m from and why I’m here. Many of the awe-inspiring answers apply to us all, for life is a team game that will be won when equilibrium has been achieved for *all* beings.

Today, I am a kinder, gentler, wiser and more knowledgeable being to a degree that I never imagined possible. I’ve not only forgiven those who abused me, I’ve even become grateful to them. Without experiencing their iniquities I wouldn’t have been compelled to rise above my darkness, and in doing so discover my purpose.

It was karmic to be abused, and from such I learned valuable lessons.

It was my free will to let myself be fooled by the rapist's charm.

It was my destiny to realise I was never a victim.

This happiest of perspectives I achieved as a neophyte; a beginner on The Spiritual Path. This very honest guide to potentially becoming the best possible you reveals my spiritual unfoldment so far. I hope you enjoy it and benefit from it.

I wish you well,

Maggie
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