

I am ION

Now, that more and more of our students are being exposed into their individual soul paths in the rainbow world of The Mother and they also begin to see people they know find their own sacred paths, they also find out that I am taking part in this sacred discovery... and now they want to know more about me.

One of the questions I am often asked these days is: How is it to live with the memories? (knowing the gift of Ion is memory beyond death.) well – there is no simple explanation to that.

Today, while I was doing errands in Karmiel (our nearest large city), something happened to me that I believe can give a more clear answer to this question:

I stood in a crosswalk at a red light waiting for my green. Opposite me, at the other sidewalk, was a woman around the age of 30-35, busy searching for something in her purse. Since I was not busy finding a place or something else, I sent her my heart blessings. That is what I always do when I walk the streets and I do not have to concentrate on anything specific (finding a place, preparing for a class etc) - every woman I see receives a blessing from my heart. that's my ways for years now.

Suddenly she raised her head and our eyes met for a split second.

At that moment, everything was gone and I was left with her big brown eyes.

Great excitement filled my stomach and my heart started racing from speed 2 to 1000 in no time. I remembered once she was called Anna and her image started to form around her brown eyes: long and wavy hair, smiling lips, black clothes, and she was always surrounded by her goats. "you came back to us again? Excellent - a thousand years no see!" - those were her exact words every time I came to the small village where she lived and where she was the healer and the care taker of pregnant women and infants.

Big and loving smile smeared on my face as I started walking towards her (somewhere in the physical world the green light signaled that we can now cross the road and we both responded to it).

I remembered the scent of lavender that always had fill her hair and my

hands begun rising toward her, to hug, to breathe her hair, to feel her heart and her hand gently caressing my head (a caress that was always gentle and loving) and to tell her how much I missed seeing her and how good it is to meet her and how wonderful she is looking and ...

She walked pass me talking on her cell phone not seeing me and never knowing I was there.

She does not remember.

Nothing.

I got to the other side of the road, stuck my hands in the deep pockets of my coat and took a deep breath.

My love for Anna stays with me but the excitement from seeing her again is replaced by a hug wave of longing. My Anna, the one I loved so dearly, is long dead and now she is not the woman I remembered.

Suddenly, a knife of loneliness strikes my heart and forces a tear from right eye. A tear I wiped away quickly.

I breathe deeply and remind myself that The Mother whom I love with all of my heart wants me to live here and now in this life! I remind myself all the people that I love in this life time and that walks the path of The Mother with me and I push away from inside me any trace of loneliness or heartaches of any kind – these are not feelings fit for a servant of The Lady.

After another three deep breaths, I'm fine.

All this time I deliberately did not look back to check on her - she is in her world and I am in mine and at this time these two worlds does not meet have never - Mother does not open the way between us now.

I think of all the people who remember the old ways, I think of my partner and love of my life - Ta-ra, and I walk onward, enter a store, beaming smiles all around, and consciously spreading the Lady's blue lights.

So this is my life – The Mother of all has gifted me – lon - with a most sacred gift and because of that love visits us in the most unexpected places and I am deeply grateful for that.

Dov

Umata.dov@gmail.com