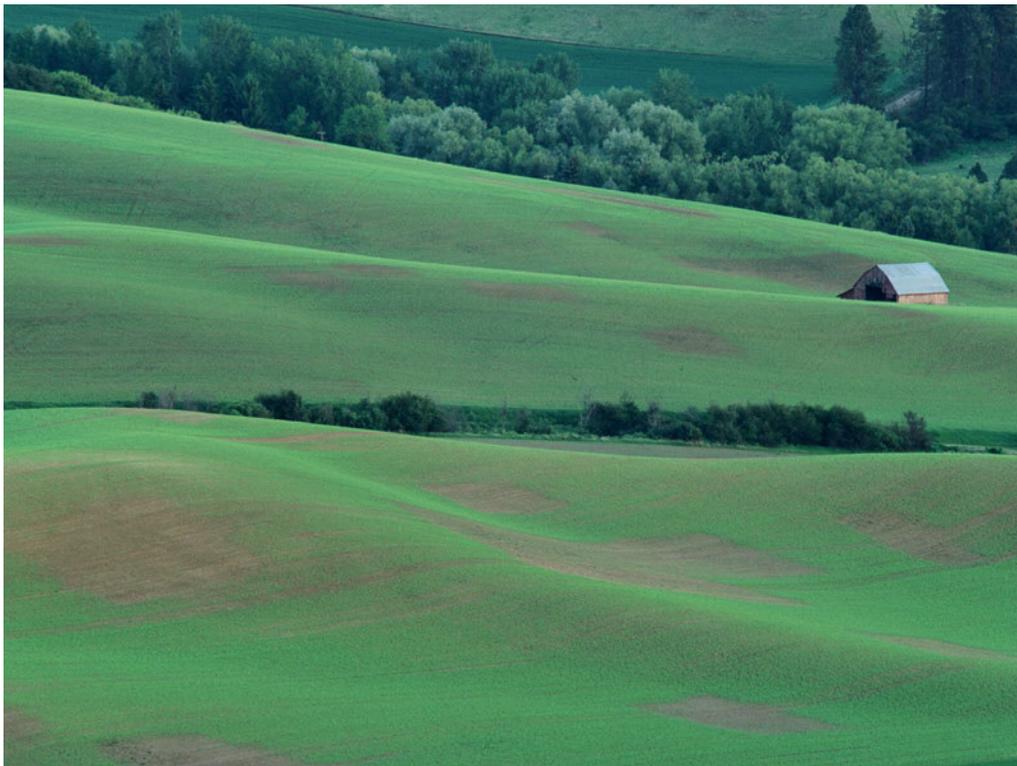


My mother, my Sister



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From the author

L'Univers et Moi ou Conversations Intimes
1995

Intimate conversations with Consciousness
2003

Le Raphaël
1999

Rêves : Symboles, Nombres et Interprétation
2008

Ma mère, ma Sœur
2008

«L'Univers et Moi ou Conversations Intimes», and «le Raphaël» are available, free, on the Internet, on my French site : <http://www.les-editions-l-archange.ca>

«Intimate Conversations with Consciousness» is available on my English site:
<http://archange.tripod.com/booksandwords/>

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Picture taken on the 40th marriage anniversary of my parents

Prologue

Friday, 19th September 2008.

For some time now I have been thinking of writing something about my mother; about her life, and my relationship with her. I didn't start because I didn't know where to start. Yesterday, at a Clairvoyant's home it became clear to me and I knew. At least I knew some of the larger details, but that would amount to just a few lines. I could simply tell of my visit to Diane, the Clairvoyant. But would this be enough? Would you, dear reader, understand where I was coming from? Would you understand what animates me?

I gave my life over to my family in 1984. I gave them my life, my time and all my efforts. My mother knew she could always count on me and she always trusted me.

Here is the story of "My mother, my Sister".

I was born on April 11, 1946. My mother held me in her arms, looking at me lovingly. Normal, one will say! Well, Of course it is.

With the passing of the years, according to my memories, my mother was always rational. Point.

During my childhood and adolescence, I was searching for something; without being able to put my finger on what it was, I wanted something of her. She always gave good advice. Point.

It was only after meeting with the clairvoyant, a meeting that lasted two hours, that I finally found this thing that I lacked, this thing that could only come from her.

Diana, the clairvoyant, saw and heard Monique, my mother (died in 2006). Monique said, in Diana's words, « that which you always wanted, I did not give. I did not explore this aspect of life. I had other things to do, to accomplish. »

Let us start from the beginning.

Monique was born in February 1926. Sickly until the age of 16, she came close to death on many occasions. She did not go to school like normal children; but she read a lot. At 16, she was healed. She went to the convent of the Ursulines in Rimouski where she had a religious aunt.

At twenty, she got married. Nine months later I was born. Five years and a half later, my last two sisters, twins, were also born. A sister and two brothers are between the twins and I. Altogether we were six children. My mother raised six small brats, of which I was the difficult child.

Difficult to live, said my friends. I didn't know how to live, one said. And I stuttered so much it was difficult for me to speak, to express my needs and my desires.

And then there was this thing that I waited for from my mother, this emotion that she didn't explore, nor share. Of course! How then could she give it to me?

Years passed. I grew up with my three sisters and two brothers. Since I was the oldest, the tallest and the strongest, I decided I would lay down the law in the house. Yet, when my father returned from work, my mother told him what I had done. He punished me. Severely.

I withdrew more and more and I was more and more difficult to live with. Outside the house, I was beaten, and I fought. I often came home with a bloody face. Mom cried each time she saw me like this.

I grew older; but I didn't leave the house. I didn't want to. I lacked something. I didn't know what. So I waited.

One day, when I was 19 or 20 years old, Mom told to me that I had to either find work or leave the house. Wounded to my soul, I did both. Two days later I had a job, and one week later I left home.

Mom cried.

From this moment on I attempted to lead a pleasant life, without success. I rarely went home. I grew more depressed, I was alone and lonely (I am difficult to live, remember). I wanted to commit suicide.

When she learned of this, Mom cried, of course.

My transformation

I started studying Parapsychology, after having wanted to die. I had to be alone at the place I had chosen to kill myself. At the moment of truth, there was a child of 5 or 6 years old looking at me, without saying a word. Imagine my surprise! At 5:30 in the morning! Impossible. Not there!

He should not have been there. But he was there, for just an instant, just long enough for the "means" that I had chosen to disappear from view. One second later the child had also disappeared.

I remained alone asking myself what had just happened. I didn't think anymore about suicide.

I returned home. I read a book that my father had suggested I read for more than six months. I took a whole month to read The Amazing Laws of Cosmic Mind Power. After this reading, I put God back in my life, and my life was never again the same.

One day, I came back home. I wanted to go back to school. It is during that year that I began to interpret dreams and to seriously study Parapsychology and the spiritual sciences.

School was barely finished when Mom left the house. My father deceived her with a teacher at my school. As I didn't get along with one of my brothers, I also left. Mom was the bridge between us. The bridge gone, I didn't want to waste time. I always awaited something from Mom, some thing that didn't appear. I was lacking something and it showed.

One day, one of my sisters had an accident. She died while being transported to the hospital. The ambulance men revived her one minute too late, so that serious damage resulted (cranial-cerebral traumatism). Helen remained three and a half

months in a coma, a period during which my parents went to visit Helen separately, Mom from her apartment and Dad from the house.

When Helen came back home, Mom also returned to take care of her severely handicapped daughter; physically, a little, mentally, nearly completely. When she awoke, Helen only remembered the dates of birth of the family's members.

My parents started reading; furiously, separately. One day, Mom realized they were both reading the same type of books, on spirituality. That brought them a little closer. Not much, but nevertheless, they started speaking to one another, sharing their views on what they had read.

During this time, I had got married. One year before my marriage, I had dreamed that *I was born to be in the lounge of others.*¹ Not having understood the dream at the time I started going to my friend's houses, sit in the lounge to speak of God with my friends and their parents. During my marriage and even after I continued to speak of God everywhere my steps led me.

Mom studied, also. And she had begun to write her dreams. One day, she told me that I was a healer. She had known it, thanks to one of her dreams, she told me.

I never questioned Mom's statements, nor of what she said, as odd as it was. Was this the thing I awaited for her to give me, when I didn't even know what it was that I wanted from her? The following day, I began to lay my hands on those that suffered. I discovered them in the places where my steps led me. Providence. God, the Spirit, intuition led me.

Gradually, thanks to my readings, suggested by Mom, and my dreams, I discovered that I am a universal teacher, and that my mission consists in revealing and teaching what I receive in dreams and in intuitions.

What was I to teach that has not been taught already?

¹ Dreams are in italic.

Mainly that human beings are not inside bodies with souls, but that man is a soul. We ARE spiritual beings expressing ourselves in a spatio-temporal material dimension. The body that we call "human" is the form of the soul. To corroborate this, here is one of Mom's dreams that doesn't need any interpretation.

Ideas without pictures. A knowledge has been given to me. I became conscious that I am God's exact retort, in all points counterpart to Him. To this exception: He is the Father, I am the child. I can no more consider myself as being of human nature, with a divine nature hovering somewhere above me. I am formed of two equal parts, one divine, the other human. I cannot say anymore that I am a body with a soul, but that I am a soul donned of human. I don't have anymore: I am. I am divine because my Father is divine.

Referring myself to God, I cannot say God anymore, because I am also God, because of my heredity. He became my Father, and I am His daughter. God is our family name. The center of conscience moved from the human to the divine and I am an All. I know the ONE because all is Divine. Becoming in conscience the Father's daughter, I became "One", integral part of the ONE.

I then understood Jesus talking of His Father.

Clear, no?

It took me several years of studies and dreams to realize that when we think and act spiritually, we become ONE with everybody, with God, with the Cosmos. We realize that what we discern as being the reality is only the illustration, the actualization of the dreams of the soul and the creations of the Spirit.

To think in spiritual terms, it is sufficient to look at life and everything that it presents to us as symbols. It is sufficient to realize that everything that happens to us is the interpretation of the desires of the soul.

When we think in spiritual terms, we see what is in our life as a symbol; we can act from then on, and easily follow the instructions of the soul.

Dreams help all the time, to understand and to live our life.

The human being must know that he is, not a body born of the earth, as the church say, but a spirit, a very angel. We are spiritual entities and we must understand that our true nature is spiritual. Besides, to accept helps us understand.

In 1970, I began to interpret dreams, before even having followed a course on the topic. During the years 1970 and 1980, I read topics on parapsychology, on mysteries, prophecies, the Bible, and Saint John's Revelation. In February 1973, a Clairvoyant predicted that in the course of the years 80, I was to create a new religion.

I lived then far from Mom and I never spoke to her of this prediction.

It could not be true. For a long, long time, I asked myself this question "Who was I to accomplish this?" Hey well! Thirty-eight years later, here I am. I write and I interpret dreams that confirm this prediction. However, it is not a religion that I founded; rather, I propose a spiritual philosophy of life.

While waking up one morning in 1994 I knew that I had stopped aging. Edgar Cayce, an American clairvoyant, once said that people will have the possibility to vanquish death².

In 1996, I woke up, crying. *I know. I do not believe anymore. I know.*

I know the answer to several of the questions that are asked by people with regard to spirituality, as well as the explanation of some mysteries and some data and scientific problems. I had this clear enough dream: I was born to explain mysteries.

As an example, I listened to a program of scientific information in a PBS channel. A group of scientists, top physicists, were asked why the universe was always in expansion and why the expansion "was accelerated."

² This is also said in a new book of a Belgian author I'm about to publish.

The answer came to me like that, when I heard the question. The universe is in expansion because human consciousness grows; it is a rapid expansion because of all that we learn, faster and faster, concerning others and ourselves. Which proves that the Universe, (including God) is US.

And where is Mom in all this? Mom continued to take care of Helen. Dad and Mom continued to read and to exchange ideas.

1972, I was married, in Abitibi.

1975, I was divorced. I lived in Québec city at the time.

1978, I met the girl who was to become my second wife.

1983, I part with my second wife. Difficult to live with!

I move in on a piece of land that my parents bought some years earlier. I don't work. It is hard living. I live as I can, while reading the Tarot, doing some palmistry, and doing some numerology. That helps me buy soda cookies and peanut butter.

1984. My parents move to their land. I worked, without being paid, to renovate the house that my parents were to live in with Helen. My brother Luc, the one with whom I didn't get along, discovers me. Understands me.

Finally, something new in my life. A brother who learns to appreciate me.

1985, My second wife and I are separated, legally, without suit, without problem.

1986, Mom tells me to write on my dreams. She has been writing hers for nine years.

I began writing a book on my dreams that will be titled, "The actor and the unknown." I don't think that it will ever be published. As Mom told me yesterday at Diana's place, I have something else to do. It is however through the writing of this book that I began to discover my previous lives. I will eventually discover 41 of them, to the course of which I was 15 times a prophet.

In 1995, Mom publishes her book, in French: «Le Sceptre de Fer», "The Armoured Key".

All the time, through the time of my first marriage, of my first divorce, of my journeys through Canada, my multiple jobs, my second marriage and my second divorce (I am always difficult to live), my mother took care of Helen.

Me, I lived elsewhere. I had moved in 1990 to live with a woman.

In 1995, Louise, who also studied in the spiritual domain, told me to write what I knew. It had been several weeks since she told me to write. Then, I finally decided. I wrote. In 5 weeks, I wrote, everything that I knew on everything that I knew. I had read so much, digested so much, practiced so much, dreamed so much. I found that it was time to give back what had been given to me by the practice of spiritual principles, by meditation, and by reading.

I offered my book to various people in the world of publication. No one wanted to publish it. And yet, some friends who had read it said that I had answered questions they had asked for ages. Another friend told me that my book would sell like hot cakes.

Before the refusal of the publishers and convinced that my book would sell itself, I created my own house of editions. I published "«L'Univers et Moi ou Conversations Intimes»; "Intimate Conversations with Consciousness", in English, in October 1995. Even today, this book is offered for free reading on the Internet, and it is still read.

In September 1995, I also returned to my studies. I had enrolled in data processing, in the CEGEP of Joliette. Four months later, I abandoned data processing in favour of Administrative techniques. I wanted to learn how to manage my enterprise.

But I got bored. Once more I changed my options and went in for office automation. I liked it a lot.

In 1997, my friend broke off our relations. Louise found that I didn't give her enough time. Well, I didn't give her time for a good reason; I was studying! To return to studies at 49 years of age is not easy. Knowledge is absorbed less well than when

you are 16 years; but I devoted a lot of time to the studies and to work. Therefore, in fact, I didn't give Louise the attention she demanded. Frustrated, one evening she told me: "That is it, you don't sleep with me anymore." From that evening, I was obliged to sleep on a camp bed in my office.

October 1997, I moved to Joliette. I continued to study.

1998. September. I went back to the CEGEP. I had two more semesters to study in order to get my diploma. That went well. I liked that.

During those years, my father suffered from Parkinson's disease. As he read about spirituality and spontaneous recovery, he strived to follow techniques that were supposed to make him better, and capable of healing. But he weakened from day to day, avoiding recognizing what had made him sick in the first place. Parkinson's disease is the illness of people that live to control others.

As an example, one morning Dad told mom, who offered him a cigarette, "No, you would like that too much."

Dad was in the control. I told it to him. He vehemently refused to accept it.

In September '98, I awaited my scholarship, since it had not arrived as it had in the past. After exploring all other avenues open to me, I went to see my deputy. Money would not come, he explained. I had passed my limit of loans and purses.

Therefore I moved again. I moved to my parents, in the country. But not in the house, not immediately. There was a chalet that I had lived in during the 80's. It is there that I put my things.

In January 1999, I had no more wood to heat my house. Taking some of my personal belongings I moved into my parents' house, in the hope of returning to the chalet, the coming spring.

In May of that year, I didnt return to the chalet. My father had become a

problem. He became more and more demanding. And anyway, I remained as a tie between my father and my mother. Often, they only spoke to each other through me. I was like a judge or a bridge between them. They succeeded more easily in accepting themselves, through me.

In 2003, Mom experiences physical problems. I, like a good son that loves her, I listen to her fears.

In my head, I think that my father is there to allow Mom to write. And me too, since I live with them, and because I take care of them and of my sister who never left the house.

As I said it before, Mom feels physical problems. More and more, I begin to feel the same symptoms. Mom has some temperature. I also. She has some painful parts in her body. Me too.

During this period, Mom remembers old dreams of several years ago. Along the next three years, until July 2006, Mom's case gets worse. In addition to being more and more sick, Mom discovers the totality of her past lives that she hadn't discovered before to describe in her book. All her lives, she will discover them all, about 60 altogether.

Here is a something that Mom wrote, some months before her death.

The story of a Virus and of Tobacco

STATEMENT AND ESOTERIC ANALYSIS
BY MONIQUE GAUDRY

This analysis is based on dreams relative to the illness that affected me and of which the two first appeared on July 10 and 15, 1978. The other dreams are recent. They began in the summer of 2003, after the beginning of an illness of which I had felt the first symptoms three months earlier, in May 2003. With regard to the present topic, the dreams continued during several months, to the rhythm of one to

two per month. They appear in *italic* as well as the words and the sentences that recall the dreams in my text. These dreams illuminated me along the illness and it is by them that I understood what happened. This allowed me to remain more or less serene. Note that the dreams come from the spiritual dimension, therefore of the soul, that I call "Belle de Nuit" (Night Beauty). This dimension is the one that knows, its nature being divine. "Belle de Jour" (Day Beauty) is the one that I am when I am awake, the one that generally thinks that she knows, who can therefore be mistaken. This dimension is human.

10/7/78 - I came close to death because of a very serious illness complicated by the cigarette.

15/7/78 - I was going to heal all my illnesses if I become a vegetarian. It was very well. But it was necessary for me to watch for the B-12 vitamin. I felt an immense sensation of liberation.

I didn't understand anything to the evocation of any illness, because I was not ill in 1978. But something was going to happen to me, complicated by the cigarette. Again it was necessary that there was an illness. Therefore, I didn't stop smoking. Because I was called to become a vegetarian, but the dream didn't mention giving up cigarettes.

I started thinking. Was I going to live to eat or to eat to live? To make the sacrifice of meat was enormous. It was about changing a whole way of life. Following the second dream that mentioned vegetarianism and health at the end of the account, I opted for this last proposition and I became a vegetarian... ten years later. Later on, I also eliminated all dairy products and eggs. But I kept fish, a source of 'omega 3.' I practically knew neither flu nor simple cold since then, and my joints don't hurt. Vegetarianism served me well.

The B-12 vitamin is a blood constituent. One finds it naturally in fruits and vegetables (almonds, whole wheat, bananas, broccoli, etc.) I never lacked this vitamin during all this time since I was full of energy (blood).

Twenty-five years passed between the two mentioned dreams and those that follow, from July 1978 to July 2003. These few applicable dreams to my state of health appeared by the way, as to mark the end of evolution cycles. I could not imagine at this moment that this announced twenty-five years earlier a *very serious illness* was engaged.

July 2003 - *It was necessary that I get rid of my rat! Then, looking on my right, I saw a dark, longer than high and large vault, and full of a freshly fallen snow (2 feet thick). I knew that I had to shovel to remove it. I told myself while seeing the task to accomplish: Oh Lord! After that, I was going to cut my hair by two inches.*

I never saw any rats around our home. I could not analyse this dream without an obvious tie with what happened. But in the beginning of May 2003, my ears had become hard and sensitive, and I began to have some uncommon neuralgia accompanied by hot flushes that were not yet feverish. The neuralgia passed from the jaw (that paralysed only one day) to the shoulders, then the following month (June) to the left flank. At the same time, I regularly felt dagger like strokes in my side. They lasted for months. I lost strength and I had the sensation like having legs of wood. My gait became uncertain. But in July, at the time of this dream of the rat of which I had to get rid, I didn't think myself seriously sick.

This vault filled with freshly fallen snow represented my own body (*on the right: existing*). Without understanding what all this snow to collect could represent, I knew there was serious work to be done. But how would I do it? I could only rely on "Belle de Nuit" who knew what was happening and demonstrated it to me in dreams.

As for hair, it is routine to go to the hairdresser. Therefore to cut my hair by two inches had another sense here. In numerology, the number II Tarot card represents Memory, and hair, thoughts. The lesson was clear: ridded of my rat, whatever was the symbolism of it, I had to forget the episode (to cut hair, hair representing ideas). The illness would not therefore be eternal nor recurrent. But also and especially, to cut my hair was going to give me a younger appearance.

Two months after this dream, in the middle of September, I went from bad to

worse. I thought that I had the West Nile virus and I asked for an exam. The answer that arrived two weeks later, in the beginning of October, was negative.

Therefore, if it was not the West Nile virus, then it had to be something else. My family's physician, Marc Hétu, also thought so. In addition to the neuralgia, my movements had become painful. I returned to the physician who recommended an extensive blood test as he had discovered a hardness in my abdomen, something that I had myself detected one week earlier. The analysis revealed a dramatic fall of the blood level (6.9 on 12!). The report was direct with the *B-12 vitamin* that I had to watch for (to watch the blood). I returned to the hospital this very day to receive three blood transfusions, and another general exam. One physician suggested that this hardness could be **the spleen**. A scan made the very same day demonstrated a spleen already enormous. This time, that only took me five minutes to make the tie with the spleen and *my rat*. There the tie was again, direct. The spleen had to leave, I knew it. As for snow that I had to shovel...

August 2003 - Along a freeway, tall herbs had dried. I took the flowering of some in my left hand and I crushed it. It fell in dust. Then I told someone close to me: look, it is over.

My skin had become very dry. But the damages were especially deep. The freeway could represent the blood or nervous network (big circulation), and the sides, the musculature in general or another interior system. The "someone nearby" was I in my human and mental level (Belle de nuit instructing Belle de jour). Snow to remove could represent the dust that a hypothetical virus had provoked while drying me and that it came back to Belle de nuit to collect. Work would be intense. The two feet of snow recalled "The Memory." Who says memory, says the past. I didn't evidently lose my memory, but it is an old part of my body that had disappeared. I indeed lost about ten pounds of weight during this summer. Whatever it was, the virus had finished to act (*look, it is finished*).

September 2003 - I knew that the whole dust had been collected, except for a few small difficult places to reach.

The virus having done its work, blood had assigned to transport (*freeway*) the remnants (*the two feet of snow*) to the spleen that had enlarged so fast. From there, the loss of blood that died to the task (white globules and tablets) and the necessity of the transfusions. The second of the first two old dreams of twenty-five years (15/7/78) had foreseen the situation: to watch for the **B-12**, the blood whose standard rate of value added tax being **12!** A biopsy of the bone marrow (Oct. 10 2003) followed a first consultation with the haematologist who took charge of me thereafter. The biopsy didn't reveal anything conclusive, but didn't reveal leukaemia either. A second visit and another blood test (October 30) were followed by two other transfusions. In all I was going to need fifteen pints of blood. I owe a proud candle to all anonymous people who give blood. But what virus or other could really provoke such damage?

October 2003 - *Sitting in front of the screen of my computer, I saw a half-page of text on which the words were replaced by small white worms folded on themselves, all glued together. One worm in particular attracted my attention, the only one that was not like the others. My attention was attracted to that particular worm which was the only one that was different than others. The left part was peculiar, demonstrating that this part was negative (negative polarity). This worm was placed at the last before the last line, a little to the right. While examining it, I said: it is a CORONAVIRUS. It carries the number 130.*

I thought that a virus was involved. It was now confirmed: *the coronavirus 130.*

The coronavirus present themselves under four shapes: respiratory, enteric, neurological and hepatic (MÉDECINE/SCIENCES 2003, 19: 885-91.) Considering my neuralgia, mine was very certainly classified in the category of the **neurological coronavirus.**

The number 130 qualifying this coronavirus could be exact, as it was symbolic. The number 13 is DEATH and the reduction gives 4 ($1 + 3 = 4$) meaning the physical dimension. This virus is therefore deadly (13): *I had passed close to death because of a very serious illness* (dream of July 10, 78). Except that the zero (0) at the end of the number demonstrated the divine protection: "I am the alpha and the omega", says God. The virus would have killed me, had not been for the divine intervention enforced by

the advice to become a vegetarian: *I was going to heal all my pains if I became a vegetarian (15/7/78.)* I am happy that I listened to the advice.

November 2003 - *I learned that the virus in question had been found.*

I thought that the blood analysis that continued month after month had revealed the virus in question. It was not the case. But I knew that this coronavirus is known or at least exists, somewhere. I also knew that the spleen had to leave. But it was not so simple, the physician told me. Nothing had been determined again for sure, except the spleen that continued to grow and the blood that disappeared. After a first 'SCAN' (tomography), then a 'CTSCAN' (tomometriscopy), I was not more advanced than before. Except that the last two exams demonstrated that the spleen, and only that, was the problem. Therefore not of leukaemia.

November 2003 - *This virus, I chose it carefully to immunise me against another virus to come that will be deadly.*

I didn't question the merit of the information. It comforted me. I was warned at the same time that another deadly virus would come. I didn't have to worry personally, but the revelation didn't foretell anything good for others. It is very probably the vegetarianism that is going to save those that will be attacked. If I survived a deadly virus, others will be able to do it too. Vegetarianism seems to be the big lesson to keep in this story.

December 2003 - *I saw a page of newspaper in which appeared the name of doctor Marc Héту. Down the article, I read that the "coronavirus 130" of which Belle de nuit had already spoken of had just been discovered.*

If this virus is known somewhere, it is not here. According to the dream, it will be one day. Doctor Héту being my family's physician, he knew my case well. He will probably be the one to enlighten people about it.

January 2004 - *As the drawing of white clouds in a blue sky, I saw one of nearly oblong shape detached from the others. To its right, quite a small cloud in the shape of a star was connected to other clouds, all white.*

The white represents knowledge, purity, cleanliness. The big white cloud represented my big spleen that had to be removed. Another beautiful small spleen (the star) is going gradually to replace it, I suppose.

I had to have a second tomometriscopy (January 6, 2004), three months after the beginning of the investigation. Still the spleen and nothing else. At the time of the first meeting with a surgeon (January 14), the ablation of the spleen was decided and the operation projected for February 3, 2004, nine months after the first of all my appointments concerning this illness. Finally! It was not too early.

February 2004 - During a long moment, I examined a vaguely oblong mass that resembled, by its colors, a grounded pork packet. Then, I told myself: no, it is not it. I rejected the packet toward the left and left it there. I then examined another packet of same measurements placed before me, that one all white. In fact, there were two pieces placed one on the other. And it was well.

At the time of the operation, the surgeons eradicated a spleen that weighed more than two kilograms (almost 5 pounds). Rarely seen. One doctor told me that it was a cancer, more specifically a " carcinoma " of a very rare type. Whereas all abnormal growth is considered like a cancer, a carcinoma is a cancer that develops inside an organ. It was my case. According to my dream the carcinoma was not however, the fact of a spleen becoming mad that would have degenerated in a shrewd tumor (*hashed pork pushed toward the left: toward oblivion*), but the sum of the remnants (*two feet of snow*) that had let the coronavirus 130. Blood was assigned to collect these remnants and to transport them to a spleen that had stayed healthy and perfectly operational (*white mass*). But two spleens placed one on the other?

While walking in the country, I saw two big dead trees slightly forward on the right and a little in front of me. Both were within walking distance. While I watch, a big low branch placed the farthest forward on the left side of the tree, fell. On the other tree such a branch also placed on the left side held.

The two dead trees were indeed I and my son Pierre, (*on the right: living*) who

followed me. His dreams confirmed it (he saw a big rat clothed in civil servant garments). The fallen branch was my spleen that had now left. The second spleen on the first, also white, had to be his. The dream indicates that it was not going to fall as mine. But if the trees had died and not us, the dream confirmed that the *Coronavirus 130* is a deadly illness.

The virus eliminated everything that had been built of the animal flesh transformed in greasiness in me and that I consumed in my life. The human body changes every seven years entirely. But the accumulated greasiness being an inorganic rubbish cannot regenerate. It is thus this part of me - maybe another part also - that has been dried and eliminated (*2 feet*: The Memory or the past, meaning all ingestion from animal products in the past.) The same phenomenon occurred to Pierre.

I consider that the blood and the spleen made an extraordinary work. The virus, in short, will have cleaned me, including the toxic matters that I breathed during 16 years (a long time ago), whereas we lived in the shade of the chimneys of the Alcan (Aluminum Company of Canada) in Arvida and that spit their toxic smokes. But there is also, in general, the air pollution that we breathe all the year round. It is so intense that the trees die all around us (here in the country side). These ominous toxins met in big number in the spleen.

And the cigarette (I had passed close to death because of a very serious illness, complicated by the cigarette. 10/7/78)?

I have been smoking for fifty years. All x-rays of lungs never showed any pulmonary anomalies; not even the latest, before the operation. My physician nearly seemed disappointed, a smoker such as I! How to explain the dream?

Who says cigarette thinks lungs today. After a long and complicated - but otherwise without history - operation, there was a complication in the left lung. The spleen had been attached to it. This complication was worth a return in the hospital four days after a first exit. Another scan revealed water and blood were in the left lung, following the operation. I should have taken some antibiotics to clear the infection then non-existent.

I only have to put myself back in shape and to *cut my hair by two inches*. In other words: to forget the episode and be healthy again. It won't be without pain though. And I will have felt the heat.

In summary, there never was anything else than the *coronavirus 130*, and the blood and the spleen that made an exceptional work. With the exception of the dream of *the rat* in July 2003, the first two dreams of 1978 had foreseen everything twenty-five years in advance: the *very serious illness that would have been deadly (two dead trees)* if I had not been a *vegetarian*, the constant reduction of blood (*to watch for the B-12*) and the complication to the lung (*cigarette*).

February 2004 - *Three trains come from the left toward me. The one that comes in first is yellow and small, the second is blue and of middle size, and the last is red and enormous. All three mean recovery.*

The *yellow* represents the mental dimension, the *blue* is the dimension of the spirit, and the *red* is the physical dimension, the vital strength. All this experience had a very precise goal that I discovered today. It is because of a following dream that I could understand it.

March 2004 - *I am lying in my bed and I note that I am pregnant. The foetus that develops in me and that I see is luminous; I know that it is I. I become conscious of God's love that is in me and also in this child. We bathe in His love. I hear that God is happy with me because I do what He wants. Because of me, the truth of the prophecies of the apocalypse (Revelation) will be demonstrated.*

Following this experience of illness and survival, I found myself pregnant of a new me. I passed the age of physical procreation a long time ago. I now know (*yellow*) that I develop myself just like a child does. Another dream shows me *as very small sitting in a child's seat, and another in which I am more or less two years old*. Is this the rebuilding that stands out here (*cutting hair: looking younger*)? After having been freed of my animality, is this a spiritualised body (*blue*) that develops itself? It will be then the total physical recovery (*enormous red train*), from where *the immense*

sensation of liberation that the dream of *July 15, 1978* had predicted.

After having passed by the (small) death, after my coming down into hell, (it was not very funny because of apocalyptic visions during a very long anaesthesia), this reminds me of the two witnesses of the apocalypse (*the two trees, the two red candlesticks of LE SCEPTRE DE FER* ¹ that "are put to death but that God revives." Because my son Pierre is having the same symptoms as mine and follows the same path, both of us are grief-stricken of a deadly illness. Did this test have to come just to prove this truth of the apocalypse?

Thanks to a dream of July 2004, I knew that a virus as mine could be found in Saudi Arabia and in Dubaï, capital of Qatar. However, two years before, in August 2002, I received as a gift two very pretty earrings made of "lapis lazuli", very probably bought in Dubaï (big international airport.) I naturally wore them on my ears... By them, the virus had just settled in me. It was active during the following year (2002-2003), by which time the coronavirus 130 had finished to act (*watch, it is finished*). If this gift brings me rejuvenation, I will have received the most beautiful of all. Nothing happens for nothing.

February 2004 - *I am in the kitchen in my house in Arvida. My uncle Maurice finds himself there. He is in a bad shape, groggy, at a loss of balance. I note that he endures the same virus as mine. I grimace while thinking about what he will endure.*

I didn't try to identify uncle Maurice at this moment. I was afraid that he'd symbolise someone in my family. If the person that he represented was not a vegetarian, s/he was going to let his/her skin there. It is only later than I dared analyse the dream.

Uncle Maurice had lived in Abitibi, in Duparquet more precisely. My son Pierre had lived there also. Beautiful coincidence! This uncle was married to a woman whose name was Ester. However Pierre was the twin soul of my daughter Helen who is called Ester-Helen. I could not doubt that Maurice represented Pierre. I sighed with relief, because Pierre was a vegetarian. He would not die of this viral illness.

The news of the illness and death of Yasser Arafat November 11, 2004 brought me back to uncle Maurice, in Arvida and to Abitibi, because of the likeness of the names. Because Abitibi rhymes well with Arabia (Arafat was Arabian), and Arvida with Arafat. I made some crosschecks then between Maurice, Pierre and Yasser Arafat. Maurice never stayed in Arvida as Pierre and I had. The name of Arvida was therefore symbolic of a place, of a person. Can it mean that Maurice, a carnivore, represents someone that, as Pierre and me, had this *coronavirus 130*, someone that, as Maurice, is not a vegetarian, who therefore, as Yasser Arafat, did succumb to the illness? This last suffered from a blood illness, as I did. But it was not poisoning in his case, not a cancer, not leukaemia either, again as I. What did remain if not a virus? Presuming that Yasser Arafat was not a vegetarian, I guess that he was taken away by the coronavirus 130.

Without knowing why, I felt close to Arafat in his last moments. I prayed so that, in his coma, he doesn't know the unbearable visions that I saw during my anaesthesia. I even think that Belle de nuit went to pay him a visit in a dream during his agony. Because during his last days, I started singing while awakening one morning: "I am on my first journey!" (Of the opera "Manon" by Jules Massenet). I was very happy with my exploit.

I cannot stop thinking that there was a certain tie between Yasser Arafat and me. This tie could be an illness that would have been in both of us. Would he be like a witness, a proof of this that I advance?

That promised! Because the *red train* comes (physical recovery)... But then, only time will say.

And I continue to smoke. That relaxes me. That especially prevents me from having to resort to pills to manage my stress!

SUPPLEMENT

I approached another dimension in this story of a virus. I heal, but very slowly and not without pain. It is as if I relive my illness backwards. If my strengths come

back little by little, the renovation is still painful. One must believe that cleaning was always in progress (September 2003: *a few small difficult corners to reach*). That didn't stop me from dreaming. Belle de nuit still had to prove her point: the necessity of vegetarianism and the fact that cigarette **was not** the culprit in this illness. After all, put aside the immunity that was all the same an element of size, Belle de nuit had not submitted to this experience for the pleasure of the thing! There was more.

September 20, 2004 - *I worked as usual with a man that I know well. The rather dark room resembled a laboratory-kitchen. He suddenly complains that the smoke of cigarette disturbs him. I sharply answer to him that if this smoke disturbs him, it is because he is disturbed in his head (mental)!*

If the room in which I was with this friend was rather dark, it is because the light has not been made concerning cigarette and tobacco. I had already established a point on vegetarianism as protection against deadly illnesses. I am the living proof that the cigarette was not the culprit in this illness.

Those that say that the smoke of cigarette (secondary smoke) disturbs them are disturbed first *in their head*. It is their own intolerance that went up to the head. It is a mental condition. If **tolerance** is a virtue, **intolerance** is a vice here erected as a system of thought with regard to tobacco. The whole propaganda that surrounds the cigarette is only a smoke screen to have people forget the true source of pollution. **This pollution is atmospheric, on a very large scale, the scale of the planet.**

It was necessary to find a scapegoat to explain cancers of the lung, among others. Tobacco was chosen. If the toxic smoke of the big industries producing the air pollution had not been harmful, one would not have heard the cigarette as being ominous for the lungs. One knew therefore for a long time and in high places that pollution caused high damages in humans. And that without speaking of the pollution of waters. If the beluga in the Saint-Laurence river dies and that fish show malformations like cancers, it is **not** because of tobacco and even less of secondary smoke. One cannot say either that fish have rises of negative emotions, another reason of cancer.

Lies. Everything is only lies. The war on tobacco became **the hoax of the centuries.**

The United States are masters in propaganda, in all propaganda. Most people succumbed to the one on tobacco, first the physicians, followed by the pharmacists: "A small stamp, a small pill to calm your stress?" The world followed. It became a concert of parrots. The governments fell in the pit, too happy to pocket exorbitant taxes. We succumbed to the institutionalised lie. The struggle against tobacco is about to become a question of morals, thanks to the fundamentalists from the United States. Set to contribution by the big polluters, it is at home that all began.

The ferocious propaganda against tobacco could not have been invented by others than the big industrial polluters. It was necessary to **make** people **forget** the damages caused by the industrial smoke, the petrochemical (oil) or thermal (coal). Statistics demonstrate that the most affected cities in Canada of cancer of the lung are those of Windsor and Toronto in Ontario, and the province of Quebec in general. On the other hand, British Colombia is the less touched by this curse. One says to Quebec that it is because Quebecois smoke more than elsewhere. Who thought about the dominant winds blowing west-south-west? Did one think that the Ontario towns mentioned and Quebec are under the direct course of the pollution generated by the big industry and the thermal power stations nourished by coal of the American Mid-West (Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit)? Did one think that British Colombia doesn't receive this pollution because there are no oil or coal industries in the Pacific Ocean, therefore no pollution pushed by the dominant winds?

Where did intelligence go? Where did reflection go? Where did common sense go? The smoke of cigarettes is very thin compared to that of the big chimneys where half of them are not provided with sensors and captors for toxic matters. As proof, the big quantity of harmful particles recovered in my spleen! It just takes one of these factories to produce more pollution than the city of Pittsburg, capital of coal. And there are a thousand of these factories in the United States, with only half provided with sensors. Those that don't have any are in this famous Mid-West!

On the other hand, I have been surprised to hear Belle de nuit declare **that**

there are some advantages to smoking. I knew that to smoke helped to calm and to relax me. But of other advantages? A French correspondent of my son Pierre gave us a few, taken from the medical Larousse of the early 20th century, among others. In addition to being a powerful tranquilliser, tobacco is a very good bactericidal and a powerful antiseptic; it is an anti-decay for the teeth, it protects from tuberculosis, etc... "Pierre's friend suffered from a debilitating asthma until the age of 14, moment where he began to smoke. In just a few short days, the asthma left him. He could finally breathe, run and laugh, practice sport and live normally. He stopped all treatments. When he told his story to the physicians, they didn't even seem astonished! That was twenty years ago. Contrary to all medical doctrine, tobacco returned him his breath².

Astonishing, this story. But the one of Belle de nuit didn't finish there.

September 23, 2004 - Two men discuss at the bottom of a big long and dark room. The walls seem to be black, as well as the floor. One of the two men is my brother Nicolas, seated on the right to a desk raised close to a big window by which no light enters. The other man is a representative of a tobacco Company. Without having arrived to a conclusion following their discussion, the man gets ready to leave while heading on the left toward the upward staircase to the landing, then toward the exit again on the left. I stood all this time near a big window situated to the other extremity of the room and in which much light entered abundantly.

*I had listened to their conversation. Before the man leaves, I leave my window and advance toward the middle of the room while telling him: "Why don't you defend yourselves from your accusers? Why you don't tell them that there are some advantages to smoking? Why don't you mention that it is meat that kills and not the cigarette? " The man comes down again and comes toward me. He places his hand on his chest without speaking. I understand by his gesture that he thinks that the cigarette is prejudicial for the heart. I say again to him with strength that **it is meat (including poultry) that kills**, as well as all derivative foods from animals, such as eggs, milk, cheese, etc... (notice that fish doesn't enter in this list.)*

The man and I return toward the big illuminated window. We continue to speak

in this light. I decide to do a demonstration. I start to walk across to the other side of the room in a rapid stance, to the height of Nicolas' desk, and come back at the same pace. Before arriving near the tobacco representative, I slide toward him. He cannot stop from exclaiming "WOW" ! from my performance. I then add: "Am I in shape, or what? I seem young, is it not?" While he looks at Nicolas so that this last gives him some indications on my age, I tell myself: "And yet, I am so much older than I seem to be!" Nicolas smiles without speaking.

This dream didn't ask for much explanation. The window without light demonstrates the lack of knowledge concerning tobacco, that of which it had to be a question between the two men. They can discuss all they want, they don't know (*without light*). I suspect that my brother Nicolas represents this friend that the smoke of cigarette disturbed. For the tobacco representative, there is no solution. He believes himself convicted. Had it not been for Belle de nuit, he would have left in the future (*upward staircase*) in all ignorance of the real facts.

It's a good thing Belle de nuit knew the truth, she that is *in the light* (knowledge). It was necessary to put back the things to the point. She made her demonstration. **It is not cigarettes that kill, nor the secondary or tertiary smoke, but meat. It is not the tobacco that causes cardiac illnesses, but meat, simply.** Combined to pollution, the cocktail is deadly.

I am not presently in full shape, far from it. But I will be one day, if I believe the dream that promised the enormous *red train of recovery* from it (February 2004.) It is necessary for me to be patient.

The tobacco representative has let himself be brainwashed by propaganda, convincing himself of the tobacco dangers (*the hand on the chest: cardiac illnesses*). A very recent text published in the **Newspaper of the American medical association** mentions that "The tie between red meat and colon cancer is confirmed."³

The American Association of Cancer had already demonstrated it a few years ago following a ten years survey in China. The society discovered that the consumption of beef was the first reason of intestine cancer in man. This sensible news was heard

only once but had been choked off the TV news very quickly. I presume that the powerful beef industry saw to it. But I had remembered the news very well. For his part, Edgar Cayce, the famous American seer, mentioned that the meat from beef was the reason of cardiac illnesses. I understood by another dream that the chicken was the reason for breast cancer in woman. It would cause prostate cancer in man. If one adds the air and marine pollution to negative emotions, the deadly cut overflows.

July 2003 - *I saw someone that had bought a big piece of beef, like a roast beef. This piece was suspended in the air, exposed to the view. I asked the man how much he had paid for it. "67 \$", he answered. "That is expensive!" I thought. I made a grimace.*

I knew sufficient numerology to analyse this 67\$. While decomposing it, 67 gives 13, and 13 gives 4. The number 13 comes back (*Coronavirus 130*). 13 is the number of DEATH, and 4 marks the physical side of things. The answer was simple. The price to pay for beef consumption during life - the big piece of meat supposed a strong dose of meat consumed with the passing of the years - is death (13) physical (4). Death surely comes prematurely.

I had been attacked by a deadly virus. I would have died if I had not become a vegetarian. It is to have listened to Belle de nuit whose nature is divine and that is the one that knows that saved me. She demonstrated to me the true nature of things. That avoided me a depression. Thanks to her I knew that cancers in general and cardiovascular illnesses are not caused by tobacco, but by the ingestion of meat. A virus as the one that attacked me can also cause cancer (but mine was not one indeed according to Belle de nuit: dream of February 2004.) The cancer of the lung in particular does not come from tobacco either, but from meat associated with pollution. It is the meat that kills the most surely.

Had it not been for my dreams, I would not have known anything (*blue train*), I would not have understood anything (*yellow train*). One will say that it is only dreams, therefore unimportant. But what if the dreams were true? If they demonstrated the reality of things? Big inventions saw the day thanks to dreams. It is not unimportant. We would all win by believing. As for myself, I believed. They saved my life.

Belle de nuit had proven her point. For me, it is proof.
Monique Gaudry

Since several months, I do everything in the house. Washing, sometimes several times per week, preparation of the meals, the grocery store and the rest. Helen prepares the table and washes the dishes. I am also on the look-out. My father, trying to heal, persisting, doesn't always take his walking stick to move. This is why he often falls. Hard. Every time my heart hurts. It's a good thing he doesn't suffer from osteoporosis!

I don't show it, but I always fear to go to the grocery store. What if something happens during my absence! Would Helen know what to do? Oh Lord! Please don't let anything bad happen!

The time also came when I had to change my father's napkin, the time to clean him and to clean his room when he does his needs there; to help him dress in the morning, to undress him in the evening. The time came when my father couldn't walk anymore, didn't think anymore about his medicines.

I think about everything, taking care of my two patients... and sometimes my sister Helen; in addition at the work that I do on Mom's book, I translate it in English. When she had the strength, Mom came up to the second floor to work, also on my translation.

Some luck that Helen is only handicapped! She has her habits, her hours programmed for such gesture, such activity. Besides, she likes to help. She is always ready to make a gesture, often voluntary, to help me or to help our parents. When I must leave or must work on Mom's manuscript, I ask Helen to supervise Dad. She is always ready. Thank you Helen.

And then, one day, I confiscated the walking stick. Even with this, Dad found the means to fall. We had a wheel chair. It had belonged to my maternal grandmother

that my parents had kept at home for several years (grandmother that I had massaged, to help her with her arthritis). But Dad didn't like to go for a walk seated. He rose, and laboriously pushed the chair. Proud until the end, he controlled his vehicle. But that tired him a lot.

Three years passed between the beginning of Mom's illness and her death.

Mom was operated in 2004, I think; I don't remember very well; so many things to do, my duties and obligations, Dad's unrests, the demands of my sister that, sometimes, had some! And the family who wanted to have news, and the friends. The relationship of Quebec and Ontario, of the United States even! How many hours I spent on the phone! And Mom's friends who wanted news every day!

Before my mother's spleen was removed, a drama happened to us. No, no, not to Mom, but to one of my nieces. This niece, who had followed my course on dream interpretation, died. A terrifying car accident. My brother Jean-François could not identify her except for a tattoo she had on the left ankle. Awful.

Sarah had come to visit us with a buddy, some days before dying. She was happy to see her grandmother, but especially her grandfather with whom she maintained a privileged relationship! I know it because I relayed the messages (by e-mail) that Sarah wanted to transmit to Dad. They spoke to each other, those two, by my intervention.

There, at the mortuary lounge, everybody could note that mom endured something bizarre.

After Sarah's funeral, Mom had a dream. *Deaths in the family, that would not arrive anymore.* Point. One will understand the message. We had lost a girl, Sarah, and a boy, Étienne (Stephen in English), dead also in a car accident, 9 years ago.

Second son of my brother Jean-François, Étienne was going to be 18 years old.

The broadcaster "JE" had sent his reporter (before he committed suicide), the

day of the ceremony, about a punk's funeral. It even made the first page of the Journal de Montréal, with photos, please!

It is because of this ceremony that my father decided that there would not be a religious ceremony at the time of his death. And that he would be incinerated. He had hated the priest's sermon, this coward. Mom decided the same thing, also. It is necessary to say, however, that Mom didn't believe that she would die one day. She thought herself young, like all young people.

After the Sarah episode, don't believe that I mock, dear reader, Mom's spleen was removed. Returning home, she told me about, not the operation, but what happened while she was under anaesthesia. She "descended to the hells". There to do what? I don't know. But she thought of having died on the operating table. She was relieved after waking!

All to my works in the house and on the translation of Mom's book, I too, I dreamed and I received some intuitions. I received confirmations that Mom lived.

Here is a text I sent to my discussion list.

Hello people,

As you know, Monique and I are sick from a mortal virus. We survive because we are vegetarians, and because it was written in Revelation.

In 2004, Monique had her spleen removed (a dream had told her that *she had to get rid of her rat*). The physicians said that it was a carcinoma (a cancer inside an organ, that is, according to them, extremely rare). Two months later, these same physicians told Monique that she had an inoperable cancer of the liver.

Edgar Cayce said that if a person eats 3 almonds per day, every day, this person will never have to fear cancer. However, we have been eating 3 almonds every day for more than 30 years.

Therefore, if one believes Cayce, and one believes him, these are not cancers from which Monique suffers. It is inevitably something else.

6 months ago, Monique dreamed that *she was going to leave during 3 days and that she would come back; she told to me that when it was going to arrive, not to touch her body.*

March 9, 2006, in a vision, "*Monique told to me that she was going to leave. She gave me her instructions. But I knew that she would only leave for three days. I had to take care of the house, Dad and Helen and had to make sure that no one touches Mom—no physician, no police.*"

Which meant that she was going to die, but that three days later, she would come back to life.

Since April, Monique is not well. She deteriorates; she is without strength, doesn't eat any more. We took her to the hospital a few times so that she is siphoned (her stomach, her legs and her feet keep water that, normally, should be evacuated by the bladder).

Since the last visit to the hospital, Monique urinates through the hole of siphonage let opened. But not since the last few days. She doesn't urinate anymore, the reason is that she doesn't eat, her organs, the stomach, are being pressed by the water that accumulates in her.

Two days ago, taking my tea, outside, alone as I do every evening, I cried. I was not able to take it anymore. No one believes us. The weight on my shoulders was enormous. The responsibility is this weight that I carry since so long. I cried and I asked for help. I spoke to Jesus, asking him to send me someone that could believe or to accept to listen.

Then, I dried my tears and returned to work and take care of Monique.

That morning (July 20 2006), a nurse came. She wanted to speak to me. She started with saying: "you know, your mother's state is going to go from bad to worse, you thought of it, at least! "There, I stopped her. I could not let her continue on that course. I explained to her. I told Monique's dreams and mine, and what we lived. I told her that what we lived, we had dreamed it. I spoke for a good half-hour.

She doesn't believe, of course, but she will respect Monique's will. Later, before leaving, she kissed Monique and said that she was in a hurry to see the miracle. Because it is that that comes. Monique is going to revive.

Jesus answered me quickly. Two days, that that took. Someone, in the scientific community, accepts our verdict. "One" doesn't necessarily believe in it, but one will respect our will. "One" would like to be warned, when the three days announced by the dreams will occur. The nurse promised not to do anything, not to warn the physician, nor the police, to respect Monique's will, and mine, since I am Monique's proxy.

And then, the last piece came.

My father, Jacques, told us, Monique and me, after lunch, that he had something to tell us. He had, he told us, a revelation.

He said: "You are not scientists! You are not famous or recognized people in the world. No one knows you. But I know that you are the two witnesses of the apocalypse. God told it to me. It is you that He chose to carry His message."

Thereon, my eyes filled with tears. My father confirmed, in these short and simple words, that Monique and I spoke the truth. Monique's eyes were also full of tears.

And she told me: "Here it is, Pierre. All is in place. The special "sleep" can come. The complete transformation is about to occur. Thank you my God. "

Here is, my friends, what happened in the last hours. I continue to take care of Monique, and of my father. The miracle can occur henceforth, because all is in place.

Good day, or evening, to all.
Pierre

I wrote this on July 20, 2006.

During the six following days, Mom doesn't rise anymore from her hospital bed. Except once, four days before her death, where I took her in my arms toward the toilet. I sat her on the bench and waited that she makes her need. Then, I brought her back toward her bed. There, Mom asked me to withdraw a hard as iron dropping from her anus that was still there bothering her.

Do you imagine? I had become a male nurse and no task should have to rebuff me. I executed the task, not very well, I must say.

Then, I put her on her back; it is in this position that she was the most comfortable.

That evening, we listened to a Colombo on TV. Mom loved detective movies. After the movie, she slept some.

Two days later, Mom complained. Extreme difficulties in breathing, she doesn't speak anymore, doesn't sleep anymore, doesn't eat anymore. She moans, while I continue my work, I give my father his medicines at prescribed intervals, I prepare food for my sister, my father and myself; and I take refuge in my office, Mom's moans... I don't want to hear them.

I am at the end of tether. I know what is to come. That it is going to occur in one week or two, I told myself. Mom is going to die and for three days, I won't let anyone touch her.

July 28, 2006, Mom is at her worst. I phone 911 for an ambulance. I know, I know, I only had to warn the nurse that had spoken to us some times earlier; and to warn the physician. No more. The law requires it. But put yourself in my position! My mother is dying! It was necessary that I do something.

The ambulance came. One of them took me aside to ask me if they should resuscitate her if she died. I said no.

I followed the ambulance to the hospital, then with Mom to the emergency. The nurses plugged her on devices; one attempted to take her pulse, without success. Mom kept all the water that she needed to evacuate. My goal was that one empties Mom, that one siphons her, as one had done before several times, in the same hospital.

I caressed her hair, told her that all would go well, firmly believing it.

Then, while I caressed her forehead, the machine to which she was plugged started making bizarre jangles. I call the nurse. She said that this machine doesn't function well. She plugs Mom on another machine that, some minutes later, makes the same kind of jangling noise. Then, I know. Mom is leaving. The nurse tries again to lie to me, but that doesn't work anymore.

I looked at Mom; her eyes are large, as if she smoked some marijuana³... she doesn't complain anymore, doesn't breathe anymore. And from the corner of her mouth comes a blackish juice. She is dead.

I stood there, near Mom. The physician noted the hour of death. A nurse brought me a chair. And I cried.

Not long. Mom had just left, but I imagined her spirit just above the bed, looking at me. I looked toward the ceiling and told "her" that she had promised to come back, that she would revive in three days.

³ Monique told us, one day, that she has a leaf of the stuff in her head. It is for this reason, she told us, that she was always on a high.

After, I contacted the funeral home. I returned home, I announced to Dad and Helen that Mom had died... but that she had promised to come back in three days! Helen stopped crying immediately.

And Dad told to me that I would be annoyed... because he had ordered some hamburgers⁴ for Helen and him... the hour of the meal had passed, I had not prepared anything for dinner.

I went up in my office and I sent my list of discussion the news of Mom's death.

At two o'clock in this afternoon, I went to Lacolle, to the funeral home and I spoke to the employee. I told him some of what we believed, that Mom was going to revive, that it was necessary not to touch her body, for three days. In a bag, I had even brought the linen and shoes for her, because, when waking up, she was going to need to dress, I thought.

You see, I believed in it! All our dreams pointed in this direction.

But I had quite forgotten one of Mom's short dreams, some days before her death, a dream in which she said that *she was going to choose the easy path*.

To revive is extremely difficult. It asks for a lot of strength, which Mom didn't have. But I realized it several days later, when, on my list of discussion, Lucien recalled that I had sent this dream on the list.

Three days after Mom's death, I must give up to the data. She won't come back. Death in the heart, I sign the papers that will put an end to all hope. She will be incinerated in the pajamas that Marie, my sister, had given her a month ago. Buried in the domestic cemetery, on the land my brother Luc owns in St.-Fortunat.

⁴ We had been vegetarians for many years.



It is there that Monique is buried.

Several members of my father's family came, and two friends of Monique. The members of Mom's family came to gather at her tomb and at my father's one year later, when we buried Dad, who died nine months and one day after Mom.

Mom's brothers and sisters could not come to St.-Fortunat, in 2006, because they were all in New York, to attend the marriage of my cousin Eric.

Once Monique was gone, I stopped remembering my dreams. I lived again to take care of my father and my sister Helen. But I had lost all hope, and all my illusions. That which I believed didn't make sense anymore.

I stopped eating my three almonds per day. I stopped taking care of myself. I began to drink. A lot. But never enough to stop me from taking care of my family.

Two weeks after Mom's death, Dad told me that he wanted to live close to his other children. He had four of them in the Bois-francs. I therefore contacted a realtor and a surveyor.

Once the surveyor had handed me his report (it took two months), the realtor arrived. In three and a half weeks, the house was sold, and I found another one in Victoriaville.

Moved November 18 2006. My father, whom I had sent to my sister Marie's, arrived on the 20, the same time as Helen who was also at Marie's.

My father doesn't recognize anything anymore, of course. He makes a mistake of piece, looks for Mom, does his needs on the floor in his room, go for a walk during nights, makes noises. He loses it, my dear father. And he falls, often. I pull him up.

Some social workers came for him. I contacted them. They speak to him. Dad doesn't want to be placed in a Home. He understands that my task is heavy, but he doesn't want to know anything.

And me, during that time, I do my best. It is hard, very hard. In the evening, in my room, I cry, a long time, before calming myself. Then I sleep.

My sister Michèle, Helen's twin, comes to stay with us. She will help me in my task. At the end of one month only, she is not able to cope anymore. But she doesn't leave us. Thank you Michèle.

And then comes a day where I am obliged to place Dad in a nursing home. Two

months after, in March 2007, Dad dies. We bury him next to his wife, in St.-Fortunat.

Life continues for my sisters and me. I drink more and more. I would like to die. Without doing anything that would lead me there. I live, without hope.

I discover a bar where there are 16 tables of pool. I enroll, to ease my despair. Maybe that will help me, go out a little and see the world. Besides, Helen makes herself more and more difficult, demanding and ill mannered, dull when I tell her no for a thing that she would like, but of which she doesn't have any need. Caprice of an old girl. She lost her parents also, did she not? I never knew how she had grieved. She doesn't speak of those things⁵.

One day, I make a scene. A true, an enormous, a crunches of scenes. Shouting in the house, even crying, I threaten to place Helen in a home. I am not able to live with her anymore. I have had enough.

Some days later, Michèle would like me to sell the house. I agree, we don't manage anymore.

The house sold, Michèle moves to Drummondville, to be close to her daughter and her grandson. Me, I move into an apartment, second floor, with Helen who had now changed her attitude.

July 2008. I go on vacation. I tell myself that before dying I want to see the city of my birth. I was born in the New-Brunswick. I take Helen to her twin sister Michèle's place in Drummondville. Five hours later, I am at St.-Basile, where I was born, 62 years ago.

⁵ Except that, a few times, she saw our mom dressed with a magnificent dress, white, and surrounded by a brilliant light.

At my arrival, I rediscover a certain joie de vivre. With Saint-Basile visited, I decided to visit Acadia. That very day, I am in Caraquet (New- Brunswick) where I stayed three days. Then, I decided to tour the Gaspésie, something I had never done before.

In August 2008, I became the legal guardian of Helen. She doesn't understand why it is, she grumbled a little, but it is done.

Everything that preceded brings me here, to the present.

Less than one week ago, I fall in a new depression.

The girlfriend of the owner of my apartment comes to see me. She often does. We are friends. We speak. I tell her I am depressed.

She, always jolly, advises me to go to see a certain Diana and she gives me her telephone number. I promise to go to see this person.

I arrive at this woman's place, at the given hour. She receives me. We speak for one hour. Diana asks some questions, I answer, and she takes some notes. While doing so, she starts speaking to me as my mother spoke to me. I understand that Mom is with us⁶.

And there, there, I learn that which Mom never gave me, that which I wanted, that of which I had a need all my life, this thing that Mom never shared, that she herself never experienced: affection. Mom was rational. Point. But affection? It never came from her. She told it in Diane's words.

I also learned why Mom had left. During all the years where I took care of my parents, I was ragged in my action in the world. If Mom had come back - her words, she would have continued to rag my mission. I would always have been a child, her child.

And the New Man in me could never have seen the day.

The first hour passed, Diana took me to another room of the house. There, on a massage table there are some tarot cards. Diana asks me to take any card. I take one.

⁶ I understand, too, that Diana is clairvoyant.

The card corresponds precisely to what I must become and to what I am living at the moment.

The cards are removed. I lie on my back so that Diane can realign my chakras.

I learn that I must stop smoking and drinking. Not immediately, not all of a sudden, it would be too hard for me, but I must arrive there.

Then, I must turn on the stomach. And there, another wave of emotions overcomes me. I cry. Diana advises me to let go. Mom is always there, with us. She still speaks with Diane's voice. In fact, no. Diane is not a medium. She sees and hears Mom. And Mom tells her what to tell me.

She says, Mom, she asks me if I want to live! I say a weak yes. She asks me the question two more times: DO YOU WANT TO LIVE? Yes, I say, very strong. And I explode in sobs.

Mom speaks again; she tells to me that I must be born again, that I must deliver the New Man, because it must occur.

I must write and teach. To give my courses, to publish what I already wrote, a book on the interpretation of dreams, written three years ago, during the lifetime of Mom.

Forward last place, Mom said that the scene that I had made before Helen, she understood it, she was not angry with me. She added that this crisis had given Helen the possibility to shoulder her responsibilities.

As a matter of fact, Helen changed. She is more responsible. She takes original decisions. She keeps informed of what concerns her. She wants to read her mail herself, even though she doesn't understand what is written.

And, last, Monique said that she is not my mother anymore. She is my Sister and I am her Brother.

She works with other entities to the spiritual survival of the world. She is surrounded with these entities that she directs.

Already, Monique appears to people; those of my discussion list see her, they have told me in their messages. Others see her in their dreams where she teaches them.

Especially, to a friend psychologist, friend of Monique, she had this friend tell me, before I sold my house, that I would eventually retake the spiritual path, the enlightened one.

Hey well ! There, in that house, she retells it to me.

Then, toward the end of the meeting, Diana, this time, speaking for herself, tells me that I must write what happened to me, so that others will not feel alone. So that they know that there is hope.

So! I write.

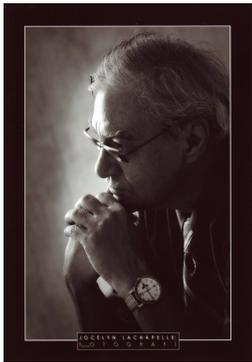
But I do not only write. I undertook the necessary steps to the publication of my last book, the one mentioned earlier. I published it at the end of October.

And then, I also write an unfolding that will take people to follow my course on dreams interpretation.

Later, or sooner, what will happen?

I will stop smoking and drinking. I will teach what I know about the divine reality.

The New Man occurs. I am born, a second time.



Pierre Fortin, author, teacher

Commentaries

Dear Pierre,

I have just finished reading your text. I have been very touched. It is very beautiful and I think that that could touch other people. Continue. I think that you are a living testimony of that that one can make in and with the adversity, and that because of it, your life will touch a lot of other people. And that is apart of what you can bring about the spiritual plan by your intuition and your inspiration.

Claudette

Thank you Pierre for this sharing; it is also very moving, very tender, very human, very simple and very beautiful, very soft. Thank you to have shared it with me, with us!

Dominique

As soon as I began to read, I could not stop myself. It is well written, you go directly to the goal. It is simple, it is well.

Michèle

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