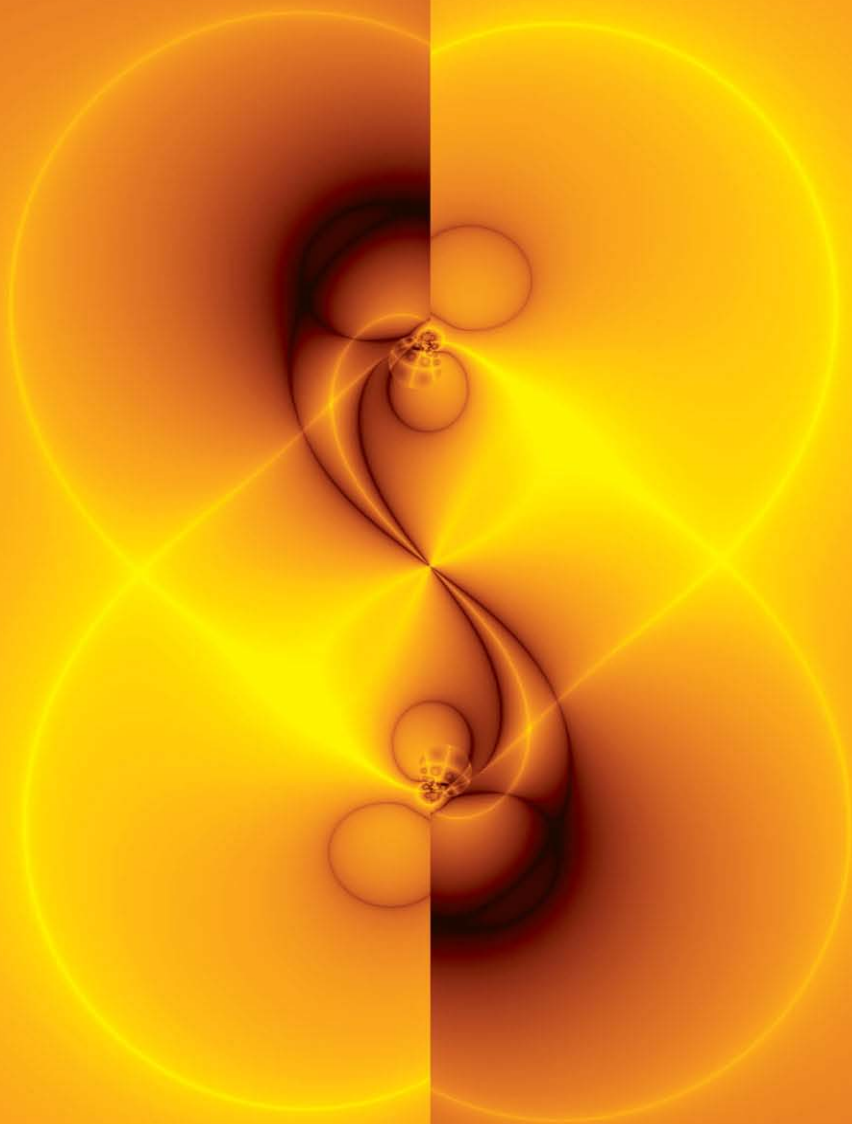


# A SEED OF LOVE

*"Deciphers the code of the heart through a triumphant journey of destiny and purpose."*  
— **James F. Twyman**, NY Times Best-selling author



*When realities merge and miracles abound, one thing is for certain...  
we are never alone.*

**CHERYL LEE HARNISH**  
Creator of the best-selling *Path of the Soul, Destiny Cards*

# A SEED OF LOVE

CHERYL LEE HARNISH

## First Edition

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❧ DEDICATION ❧

*This book is lovingly dedicated to my father,  
Donald Michael Harnish*

❧ SPECIAL THANKS ❧

Brent, Brandon, Jaden, and Mom  
*your love is the reason I am who I am today.*  
Peter Stathis and Tracey Smith  
*for your friendship and support over the years...*  
*I treasure you both.*

“The Real You — the very core of You — is untouchable, unstoppable, and unlimited. And if you gave yourself permission to allow even the smallest ray of your Inner Light to glisten unimpeded, you would illuminate this world far greater than any sunrise ever could.”

~ Cheryl Lee Harnish  
(from The Greatest Mystery video)

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## ❧ *Introduction* ❧

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Finding our true path and right place in life isn't always easy. There are times when we need support, encouragement, and guidance in our lives. This is my story of how I discovered my path, my gifts, and my place in this world, and the help I received along the way—both human and divine. To the best of my ability, I have shared my experiences as accurately as I could recall.

The names and identities of certain individuals have been changed for their privacy. In a few places throughout the story, certain details may seem vague—again, this was only to ensure privacy where required.

During the editing and review process of this book, I was questioned as to why I didn't mention my children more or share what was happening for them during my experiences. My reasons are simple. This is the story of my spiritual journey—of finding my path and true place in life.

I love and cherish my children very much, and as a family, we chose to keep this part of our lives private. My children deserve their privacy and their personal experiences are not directly relevant. So in the best interest of my two beautiful boys, this part of our lives will not be shared. I had to follow my heart on this.

As you will soon discover, I share many situations throughout my adventures when I am called to follow my heart—regardless of what anyone else thinks. I strongly believe that our hearts are the most important tool we have been given. They guide us on our way. Even though it wasn't planned, it is very suiting that the book begins here with the same theme found throughout the rest of the story—follow your heart.

❧ 1 ❧

## ***Into the Light***

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I recognized this buzz of fidgety energy as it moved throughout my body—without question, it was resistance to the process. For some reason, I had a really hard time being hypnotized. This was my fourth hypnotherapy session, and I still had to fight myself to let go. It was all I could do to simply lie there, stretched out on a sofa in the living room of my therapist’s home. I was about to allow someone into my most private world—my mind.

With my eyes closed, I had nothing else to focus on except her voice and the feelings in my body. The couch was pretty comfortable, I had to admit. Her voice was also pleasant to listen to. That wasn’t the problem here. The problem was that I didn’t trust anybody. I wanted to trust her, to let go and get into the process. I wanted the healing I knew I could have, if I could just let go. Years of hard knocks, however, had taught me to never trust anyone—ever. This whole process was going against my self-defined rules of survival.

*Oh Cheryl, what is your problem? You are paying this woman good money to get into your head, so let her in your damned head already! You do want this, you do.* I tried to talk myself through



it. This was always the hardest part for me, getting my body to relax. On a deep, cellular level, I knew my body and mind were tied together. If I could just allow all the tension and stress in my body to fade away, as the hypnotherapist instructed, then I'd have to allow my protective wall of control to fade away as well. But if I wasn't in control, then who would be? Could I really trust this woman? Should I trust her? I didn't even know her. Was she going to have my best interests at stake as she rummaged around in my subconscious?

*For crying out loud, Cheryl, just shut up and breathe. There is no other way. You've tried everything else. You don't want to live with it anymore, right? And nothing else has worked, right? Okay, so shut the hell up and do what she says.* I turned my attention back to the lulling voice guiding me through the process of relaxation.

As I followed the voice and the soothing instructions, I was gradually able to let go into a physically relaxed state. One by one, each muscle released its hold. Rhythmically and soothingly, the voice drew me in more deeply. As my state of awareness began to change, I became acutely aware of my body. I noticed how comfortably it sunk into the well-used sofa, as if it was made perfectly for my form alone. Every muscle was loose and limp. My chest unexpectedly released a large sighing breath, sinking my awareness even deeper down into that comfortable place between consciousness and dreaming. My arms felt heavy too, much too heavy to lift and much too comfortable to care.

This inner realm was a very pleasant place to be. I'd always loved meditating and this was very similar. The only difference was that I was in much deeper than I could ever go with meditation alone. My body enjoyed the well-deserved reprieve from the continual tensing and contracting that my endless onslaught of thoughts created.

I knew this inner place well. Even as a child I had come here a lot. Although most of my childhood memories had hidden themselves away from any hope of conscious recollection, this I remembered clearly. I would barricade myself away in the bathroom, the only

place where I could lock a door and create a safe barrier between me and the utter chaos that was my family.

Happy to have a quiet retreat, I would perch myself up on the toilet and close my eyes. I always used the same set of thoughts to create the escape. *What would there be if there was no me?* Once my mind settled into the absence of self, the next question would follow. *What if there was no world?* After a short time, for some reason I couldn't fathom, I usually ended up in outer space. Then the final question would come. *What if there were no stars and universe?*

It worked every time, and I would be taken to a place of complete and utter nothingness. No me, no thoughts, and no existence. It was a place of peace. No God to be angry at. No siblings to fear. No fighting parents. No painful world to deal with. There was absolutely nothing there except an awareness of the nothing—and peace.

I often used this same technique at night to lull myself into sleep. At night, however, I'd usually have a strange perception of size. I'd feel huge and expanded, as though my tiny seven-year-old body was filling the entire space of the room. My arms and legs felt thick and wide, yet very light at the same time. Every tiny cell of my body would become enormous and I would feel as though I were floating. Some nights it seemed possible that I might actually crush my little sister with my hugeness, as she lay asleep beside me.

As I lay on the sofa in the hypnotherapist's office, I embraced the idea of going to my inner place of escape. It was a place only I could go and I did truly love it there. The therapist's presence didn't matter; she wasn't actually in my mind with me, and that was what mattered. I still had complete ownership of my inner world. It was all I needed to finally relinquish control. I allowed my conscious mind to drift away.

I was surprised at how deeply I had gone into hypnosis this time—probably the deepest yet. Interestingly, it wasn't like sleep at all. It wasn't like I didn't know what was happening around me—

quite the opposite, actually. I became acutely aware of everything, especially sound. Even the lightest noise, like the movement of a pen on paper, was clearly audible. I turned my attention over to the voice that was asking me now to go back, far back to the time before I was born, when I was in my mother's womb.

"I'm not that deep. I can't go there," I replied with my usual stubbornness. I *was* actually in deep enough, but I always became just a bit more defiant when I was under hypnosis. I figured it was similar to drinking, where the alcohol clouds your ability to be sensible. For me, hypnosis was something like that.

"Yes, you can," she assured me with confidence. "I'm going to count backwards from three to one. When I reach one I'm going to snap my fingers, and when I do you are going to find yourself back in time, all the way back to the time just before your birth. You are going to find yourself inside your mother's womb. Three—two—one. And be there now."

*Snap!* The sound of her middle finger sliding off her thumb in a sideways motion created a sharp crack. Within moments, I found myself drifting in darkness. As feelings started to bubble up within me, a large wave of resistance washed through me. These were feelings I did not want to feel.

I really didn't want to be in this place, in my mother's womb. I wanted to argue with the therapist that we shouldn't be doing this, it was useless. But I knew better—anything I resisted this much held something very powerful in my healing process. I knew exactly what all this was pointing to. It was directly linked to my depression.

I had struggled with depression for as long as I could remember being alive. When I was a child, it manifested differently from the adult form. I was no more than five when I first started my conversations with God. My family was not religious; my father dabbled in esoteric studies like ESP, séances, and extraterrestrials, but there was never a mention of God in my home. I'm not sure why I was so obsessed with talking to this Almighty Presence all the time. Maybe I figured

if I could just convince God that I was very, very sorry for whatever it was I had done, He would stop punishing me. I felt sure that God would only give someone who was very bad a life like mine.

“Please, please take me back to Heaven,” I’d beg of Him. “I don’t want to be here. I’m all alone and I don’t like it here, pleeeeeease...I promise I’ll be good. Please don’t make me stay here anymore. I’ll be good the whole rest of the day, you’ll see. And when I show you I am good, you can take me back, okay?”

But my begging and pleading never worked. God wasn’t going to take me back. I was stuck in this hell-forsaken place and I was on my own. My feelings of disappointment with this Mighty Creator who had all but left me here to rot only grew deeper as I got older.

The first time I attempted suicide I was twelve years old. Looking back, it was a desperate cry for help. It was a good thing I didn’t have any solid knowledge of anatomy at the time or I would have succeeded in severing my vein. The last attempt I made at removing myself from the planet was at the age of twenty-four. That one earned me a lovely two-week holiday on the psychiatric ward at the local hospital. As though an entire lifetime of counselors, psychologists, and mental health workers wasn’t enough, I now had to face a daily parade of know-it-all, drug-pushing psychiatrists and medical students in training.

In the end, I received a diagnosis of obsessive-compulsive disorder, accompanied by a mild form of the bipolar disorder, manic depression. I wasn’t too pleased with that. I thought it was ridiculous and almost humorous. I didn’t exhibit any of the signs you normally think of when you hear about OCD. I didn’t wash my hands twenty times a day, and I didn’t run to check the stove throughout the night. I didn’t do any of that. What I did do, though, which earned me a certificate in crazy, was follow the compulsion to do something when I felt strongly enough about it. The things I did often didn’t make sense to the people around me, but they made sense to me and that’s all I cared about.

To the white coats, that made no sense. Their opinion was that following inner knowings over logic definitely required medical intervention and a diagnosis. I also didn't agree with the manic part of the depression diagnosis either. I thought "chronic" or "severe" was a better description; "manic" seemed a little over the top to me. But who's going to let a patient in the psych ward make their own diagnosis?

I tried to explain that much of it stemmed from my childhood, and the trauma from those days still lingered in me. I tried to explain that my father had committed suicide when I was thirteen. He felt it was the only way to finally conquer the demon the alcohol had become. I rationalized that it had been imprinted on my brain and had become a learned response to failure. But they weren't buying it.

I was condemned to a lifetime of Lithium and anti-depressants. But they didn't work for me at all; being on Lithium was one of the single most horrific experiences I have ever had to endure. It numbs the mind, emotions, and spirit. When that drug was in my system I was a drone, not a human.

A friend of mine who had also taken Lithium came up with an analogy that described it well. You're at the breakfast table with your family and your toast has just popped. You reach out, place the toast on your plate, and pick up your butter knife. At that moment, a nuclear bomb drops to the ground just outside of town. Your entire house shakes violently and the windows blow out all around you. You look around at the others blankly, then say, "Pass the butter, please." Taking Lithium, you become completely numb to everything. However, if I wanted to keep custody of my six-year-old son, I needed to remain on medication during the follow-ups from child services. So only while I had to, I took the damned Lithium.

I was here today on this couch as a last resort. Although it had been over ten years since I'd tried to take my life and I was now living medicine free, I still felt disconnected. Thoughts of ending my

life plagued me—I just didn't act on them now. I tried to be happy. I had an incredible husband and a second son now, and we lived on a horse farm just outside of town. I should be happy, but I wasn't. I just couldn't shake the constant feeling of having no purpose. I had no reason to be here. I truly felt I didn't serve any use and it wouldn't make one shred of a difference if I were gone.

Yet somewhere deep inside me, I knew how I felt was wrong, and I didn't want to live like that anymore. I'd had enough. I knew my resistance to going back to my mother's womb was telling me there was something important here to my healing. I had done more than enough personal growth work over the years to know that resistance was simply my ego holding me back.

The ego is the small mind, and it wants us to remain small too. It needs to rule and does its best to keep the Higher Self out of the picture using whatever means possible. Resistance is a common technique of the ego to keep us from connecting to that which can ultimately empower us. I knew this was one of those ego moments.

I breathed deeply. It was during moments like this that my tenacious nature served me in a positive way. I did what was asked of me and I returned to my mother's womb. Although it was emotionally wrenching, I was gaining tremendous insights. I began to feel more at peace now with what had once plagued me. I could actually feel a lightness in my chest.

A few minutes passed, and my experience of being in the womb began to change. I found myself in a different place now, and it wasn't here on Earth. There was something heavy resting on me, on my left-hand side, that I couldn't remove. What was happening? I began to explain out loud what I was seeing and feeling. I almost couldn't believe what I was experiencing.

I noticed a slight tension in the room. Then ever so quietly, Lorraine Bennington, my therapist, lifted herself out of her chair. I heard the distinct flick of a lighter. Quickly, the familiar smell of sage perfumed the air. She seated herself as softly as she could.

I was quiet now, not saying a word. I was still deep in hypnosis, but I knew something was wrong. I was starting to feel a touch of panic rise within me. *Why is she doing this? Sage is for cleansing. What the heck? And what is this gelatinous black blob anyway, and why won't this thing get off me?*

Finally, to my relief, she spoke. However, it wasn't what I expected to hear. "I call now for the divine presence and power of Archangel Michael."

*What? An angel? Why the hell is she calling in angels? What good is that going to do?* I didn't even believe in angels. I'd assumed archangels were a Christian understanding of what I understood to be Masters or Spirit Guides. Angels were fluffy stuff, and I just wasn't into fluff. Little did I know my belief was about to be altered forever, and this would be the last time I would ever think angels weren't real.

One by one Lorraine called an archangel by name into each of the four corners of the room. As she called out for the second archangel, I noticed a faint orange glow within my inner vision. Up to this point, it had merely been black. By the time she had completed calling in the divine reinforcements, everything in my inner world had changed drastically.

I was completely engulfed in a softly glowing tangerine-colored Light. My entire inner sight was filled with it, until there was nothing else but this Light. I felt tears escaping from under my closed lids. I found myself saturated with a kind of love I had never, ever felt before. Even the birth of my firstborn son could not come close to energy of love that held me now. And it did hold me. It wrapped around me and through me and filled every single cell of my entire being.

Gently and steadily the Light moved into my heart, effortlessly penetrating the protective barricades I had created. Each brick of this wall had been forged from a past full of pain and secured into place by the mortar of "never again." But this Light just kept going.

It moved through and into the brick wall as if it were nothing. It didn't heed the signs that read, "Danger, Keep Out." The Light dissolved all the barriers instantly on contact. It flowed directly into the very core of my tender, wounded heart.

My face was wet and my ears had become a reservoir of tears as I lay there on a worn-in sofa, with a woman I barely knew sitting there watching. This was the last touch of self-awareness I was to have while in the Light. There were no more bull-headed remarks or questions of doubt from me. There was no recollection of me, Cheryl, the individual. My mind had been rendered useless, lost in the most powerful experience of love I have ever known.

I heard nothing and saw no one in this orange Light, yet there was complete communication taking place. It didn't use words or pictures, or anything at all. It was more like a mass of feelings and knowingness that conveyed everything. I understood fully that I was love and that I was deeply loved.

The Light contained a feeling of family, that familiar feeling of deeply knowing someone thoroughly, yet far beyond the ties of human blood. I belonged here. I belonged in this family that was the Light. It was unconditional, caring nothing about any of the things I had ever done. Those things no longer mattered. There was only pure acceptance here. I was loved beyond measure and truly, deeply cared for. It was here that I had purpose. It was here that I had meaning.

This was the feeling I had unknowingly been missing all my life. This is what both called me and eluded me in every moment of my existence. This is what my heart needed, but could never find. And without it, I did not want to live.

Faintly, from somewhere far away, a voice spoke to me, calling out my name. It was as though someone had the volume on low and was slowly turning up the dial.

"Cheryl? Cheryl...what is going on for you?" The words dragged



me back into the room, but the Light remained strong within my inner world.

It took a few moments for the electrical pulse to travel from my brain to my lips so I could answer her. My body was so very heavy. My lips felt like enormous weighted rubber flaps.

“I am in Light.” My voice sounded as though I was under the influence of heavy tranquilizers and hadn’t yet fully awakened. I was far from asleep, however. My ability to perceive everything was crisp and sharp. It was as though my brain had tapped into overdrive. This Light was not simply connecting me to angels or intense love; it was also connecting me to some divine source of knowledge and understanding.

My answer had thrown Lorraine off guard, and questions ensued. She hadn’t expected to have her client meander off with the archangels, completely lost in love’s abyss.

This flowing orange glow had a strange quality that now owned every ounce of my heart and mind. From within it, I was able to answer any question she asked of me. She asked me a question and I found myself speaking. It was an effortless transference of knowledge and understanding that came through the Light. Taking that information and translating it into words, however, was not so easy. It was instantaneous information. As a question came, the answer was already there waiting. At this point, I was not even sure what she had asked me, but I found myself relaying what the Light was telling me.

I explained to Lorraine that when we experience strong emotions, there is a tendency to tighten certain muscles and slow our breath. Sometimes, if the emotion is strong enough, we’ll even hold our breath. The act of stopping the breath slows or even stops the flow of energy created by the emotion. I understood that the energy could be locked or held into that spot and imprinted onto the ethereal energy body, creating an energy pattern that could now be carried into the next life.

I can't really say I was impressed or surprised by what was happening in that moment. At this point, I was so deep into hypnosis and the process of what was happening that my thinking mind had almost vanished. The words I spoke all seemed so very natural. The Light, the love, the information—it felt so natural and right. This was how it should be. I didn't question it—nor could I have in my trancelike state.

It was too bad, really. Here I was connected to the greatest source of knowledge and information I had ever known and I couldn't even formulate a question for myself. All I could do was listen to a question and then receive the answer, relaying it to Lorraine. It was probably a good thing. Looking back though, I wished I could have at least asked what my purpose was, why I was here, and how I could be of service. Well, I'm sure I would have also asked something about lottery numbers and what the kids would do with their lives when they grew up. Come to think of it, dwelling within an unlimited source of knowledge, I know I would have gone on quite a roll. It was probably best things happened as they did.

I felt the small tears begin to trickle down the sides of my face once again when I was told it was time to come back. I wanted to stay here. I wanted to remain in this Light. It was like the ultimate paradox—this was where I belonged, yet I couldn't reside here. I didn't want to leave, but I knew I had to. I had unknowingly been waiting for this my whole life and now it was here. It took everything I had to pull away. This beautiful, soft, tangerine-colored Light would be forever imprinted into my memory as one of the single most important experiences of my lifetime. Little did I know that the entire course of my life was about to change, and what I perceived as reality was about to be forever altered.

❧ 2 ❧

## *Only Crazy People Hear Voices*

I sat up slowly. I was still a bit woozy from lying on my back for the last hour and from the overwhelming experience that had just occurred. I rubbed my hands over my thighs and inhaled slowly. I had to take a couple of deep breaths before I felt centered again.

My mind was spinning. I didn't know what to make of this. The Light, the angels, the information, it was all just too much. "So... that was interesting," I said to Lorraine. What an understatement! I couldn't fully believe what had just happened, and I was going to need some time to process it. I am a skeptic by nature, and I needed time to think about it, examine it, and review it before I could make a decision about whether it was real. The old me was back now. My thinking mind was back in full control, no longer squelched by the hypnosis-induced altered state. Even though this had been the single most incredible and powerful event in my life to date, I was still reluctant to believe it. Crazy stuff like that only happened in the books I read, not to me! Maybe I was still in a bit of shock. Whatever it was, I was going to need some time.

Over the next few weeks my dreams were vivid and plentiful.

Slowly, I began to accept the truth about the existence of angels. I could feel their presence with me now throughout the day. I also began meditating at least two hours every day. I had meditated all my life, but had let it fall to the side with the birth of my second child. It was nice to be doing it again, but something about it had subtly changed for me, though the change was vague and hard to pinpoint. Other than the vagueness, everything else seemed perfectly normal, so I tried to ignore the obscure feelings. I just wanted to carry on with life as I always had.

But things were *not* the same. I knew now without a doubt that I was loved very, very much and that I had not been abandoned, as I had believed all these years. I truly reveled in it. I reviewed my experience in the Light and with the angels often because I never, ever wanted to forget what I had felt. I wanted to keep it forever fresh in my memory. And a surprising benefit was that my thoughts of suicide had come to a complete halt. But while I could definitely say my depression had shifted, it had not been removed entirely.

The next big event followed quickly. One day, as usual, I dropped my youngest son off at school. I was anxious to get started with my renewed morning meditation, connecting with my Source. Since he was in his first year of elementary school, he stayed for only half a day. That barely gave me a couple of hours to meditate, shower, clean the house, and get back to the school to pick him up. Meditating came first. If something else did not get done, I didn't care, but there was no way I was going to miss my morning practice for anything. It was only weeks since my life-changing hypnotherapy session and I felt almost addicted to meditation again. I now considered it life support!

My meditation started off like any other meditation. Usually I would sit cross-legged either on the bed or on the floor of my room; that day I was on the bed. I liked meditating in the bedroom, which was small and cozy with just enough room for the bed. I had painted the dark wood-paneled walls a soft buttery yellow. All the trim was

white. I had chosen those colors to help me feel more cheerful when I awoke and also to help offset the dark, gloomy days of our west coast winters. I'm sure the colors made a difference for me on some level because I did feel happier in there.

I was struggling a little with swirling thoughts and my "monkey mind" that day, but it settled down quickly, having gotten used to the daily training. I easily found a quietness within me and I rested there within it as I followed my breathing in and out.

If I had been expecting what happened next, it probably wouldn't have alarmed me nearly as much. But I wasn't prepared, and it nearly sent my heart leaping straight out of my chest.

I was following my breath as it moved through my lungs, up my throat, out of my mouth, and then back in and down to complete its cycle. I had been meditating for about fifteen or twenty minutes by now. I decided to focus some attention on my third eye. I wanted to open my inner vision in hopes of actually seeing them, to visually experience these Beings who had planted a seed of love within my heart.

As I brought my attention up to that small space above the middle of my brows, a voice spoke out loud to me. "Focus on the heart," it stated simply.

My body jolted and my arms flailed awkwardly. I'm sure someone would have laughed had they seen my reaction. My eyes shot open while a simultaneous and awkward "ugh" sound escaped from my throat. My heart was palpitating wildly.

*Holy shit!* I thought. *What was that?* I didn't want to believe that a real voice had just spoken to me, but it appeared that I had no choice because I certainly had not imagined it. I was stunned! *A real voice had just spoken to me!* The sound had come from what seemed like the center of my head. It was as though I had heard it from between my ears, not from outside of my ears.

Utterly shocked, and shaken from my meditation, I wasn't entirely sure what I should do. A part of me wanted to get up and

run, but I didn't. For a while, I just sat there dumbly. Was it a good voice or a bad voice? I didn't know. *Is it ever good to hear voices, Cheryl? Was it really a voice? You don't know for sure. Just listen for a minute and see if you hear anything else.* I sat quietly, looking around the room for a few moments, listening and watching. I became concerned that if I had heard something then I might see something too, and I didn't want to see anything, yet I was too frightened to close my eyes. To my relief though, nothing appeared and all was quiet. *It was probably just your imagination.* Yet I knew it wasn't.

I took a couple of deep, slow breaths and closed my eyes again. I let my awareness fall on my heartbeat, which was still strong and quick. I felt my breath flow through my chest and imagined it nourishing my heart with oxygen. It took a couple of minutes, but slowly the palpitations began to fade into a soft rhythmic flow. I simply sat in a crossed-legged position, watching my breath and feeling my heart. I had completely let go of any thoughts of the voice and was back in full flow with my meditation.

Suddenly, the androgynous voice returned. "Breathe from the heart," it instructed. I was slightly startled this time, but not jolted as if lightning had struck me like the first time.

*Shit! That was definitely a voice, Cheryl! Oh my freaking God—that was for real this time. Oh my God!* Little Miss Skeptical disappeared as the reality of what had just happened sunk in. I knew for certain now that I had heard a voice. I wasn't just crazy. Well, yes, it was crazy to hear voices, but I knew I hadn't imagined it. The audio had definitely come from the center of my own head. I couldn't discern whether it was a good or a bad thing; I just knew I had never experienced anything like that before. A barrage of thoughts appeared all at once and they began an inner dialog with one another.

*Oh my God, Cheryl, you are hearing voices. Damn it! They medicate people for this, you know.*

*Great, just great. I hate those meds. I'm never taking them again! And just when I thought I was actually getting better, I'm turning into a total nutcase? Now I'll be OCD, manic, and schizophrenic—great!*

I tried telling myself to just calm down for a few seconds. I wasn't crazy and this wasn't that kind of voice. I had wanted to connect with them and I realized I just had. But it wasn't just the Light this time, as it was in the hypnotherapist's office—it was different. I told myself I was blessed. Yet another part of me thought that most people wouldn't call this a blessing—they'd call it lunacy. How could I tell anyone? I could just imagine the cynical response: "Oh yes, the Voice told her to do it."

I changed my mind and decided I needed to tell Brent. *He's your husband, Cheryl—he's not going to think you're a lunatic. Since crazy people don't actually know they're crazy, he'll be able to tell you if you're crazy or not. You have to tell him.*

Eventually, I managed to stop the panic and pull myself together. The voice had asked me to breathe from my heart. *Do it Cheryl. Just trust. It's okay. Do the breathing.* I corralled my thoughts and got focused on the task at hand. It took several minutes to get my breathing and heart rate back to something near normal. I had to settle the jitters and anxiety first.

Once I was calm enough, I settled in for another round of breathing. I wasn't completely sure of what I was doing; I just tried to do what felt natural, as if I were actually breathing from my heart. I imagined my heart was where the air entered and exited my body. Not one drop of oxygen could enter my body until it passed through my heart first. I visualized each molecule of air being reinforced with love energy before it was allowed to pass into my system. From there, it flowed freely and nurtured every cell within my being.

Each exhaled breath still carried the vibration of love, and it emanated from me in large waves and surrounded me. As I continued the rhythmic love flow of breath, it all felt very natural. An unexpected result, however, was the sensation that my heart was

expanding in size. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was energetically opening my heart-center in a very powerful way. I surprised myself at how easily I was able to follow the instructions to breathe from the heart without fully knowing what to do. And the sensation from doing the heart breathing was exhilarating to me; I became much more tuned into different energies.

This experience fueled my passion for my morning ritual of connecting with Source. My bedroom became the classroom and I eagerly attended class each day. My instructors were of another place, teaching me the basics of energy and intuition. Sometimes, with words, they would convey the lesson of the day. Other times they would communicate through an understanding or knowing, which would often be accompanied by symbols and/or feelings.

I also felt more guided outside of the meditations. For example, I would come across reading material that related to what I was being taught. This was especially true of the inner-vision part of the studies, where I was learning that seeing intuitively is just like using the imagination. As a matter of fact, they originated from the same faculty. My spirit teachers guided me to the teachings of Thoth, who was an ancient Egyptian deity. Even though I had never had any interest in Egyptian teachings, I knew I needed to read this little booklet. It contained just one paragraph where Thoth spoke of the importance of developing the imagination as a part of intuition. Everything just clicked when I read that. I understood. Within just a couple of weeks, my inner visions were flowing in full. Now, not only did I have audio contact, but I had visual contact as well. This really helped to move my teachings along.

After a very short time, my meditation routine had altered completely. Under my teachers' watchful eyes and loving guidance, my education continued. The biggest change in my daily meditation was the method I now used to connect with them.

I would start off by grounding my energy. I'd visualize the energy flowing out and down from my tailbone and into the core of



the Earth. From there it would spread and grow, looking very much like the roots of a tree. This process was important, and I didn't rush it; I waited until I could feel a magnetic pull from the Earth. Only then would I move on.

Next, I would see and feel a beautiful surge of energy from Mother Earth that would travel up from the Earth's core and into my newly laid roots. The energy would pulse and spin and glow as it traveled slowly up the roots, where it would enter my body through my spine. Once inside me, the energy would spread down through my legs and into every organ as it made its way up each vertebra until it reached my heart. The energy would then flow into my heart.

From there, the emotion of love would surge through me. My heart chakra would respond by expanding and emanating love. I would watch this energy grow until it became large enough to fill my entire body. Then it would reach out farther, filling every bit of space within the room. Ever growing and expanding, my heart energy would engulf the entire planet. I would hold the Earth with my heart energy and I would give my gratitude to Mother Earth and everyone on it. And when I said it, I meant it. A physiological reaction occurred, as often a tear or two would fall from my eyes. I was feeling the world deeply on an energetic level and it was beautiful.

Next, the energy would continue up my back and into my neck. I'd often see it activating each chakra on its way to my crown. From there, in an outward spiraling motion, it would flow upward through the ceiling, the roof, past the sky, reaching out into the vastness of the universe. Ultimately, it would reach the heavens—the dimension or space where Souls exist when not incarnated. I would see and feel my energy spreading out again, like a tree's branches, only now they were grounding me to ethereal worlds.

Then, just as it flowed from the Earth, the energy of the Heavens would flow down through the universe, through the roof, and into my room until it entered my crown. It flowed onward to my

heart and then eventually back into the ground of the Earth, into my roots. With my grounding complete, my attention would fall on my breath, and I would begin the heart breathing that I had been taught on the first day the voices spoke to me.

I was reassured that these steps were vitally important. They served a multitude of uses at one time. Moving all the energy through the heart-center in love and gratitude helped to anchor the physical energy of the body. It assisted the body in functioning smoothly while enabling the energy bodies to function at a much higher vibration. It facilitated my spiritual evolution and growth in learning to operate more closely as my Higher Self. At the same time, it switched the tracks that my thoughts normally used. Instead of thinking and operating from my head, it would be channeled through the heart-mind instead. Stated in a more simple way, the main operation of thinking would be conducted through the higher mind or heart-mind, rather than the lower mind—the ego. When I ran my energy through my heart and I worked in these higher frequencies, an energy field was created that could more easily connect into Source energy because it more closely matched Source energy. My spirit teachers explained that grounding with the heavens also helped to facilitate our communication.

One thing in particular was stated over and over again: I was to learn how to function from the heart-mind. This level of functioning carried the highest possible vibration and would quickly move me into the alignment where I needed to be in order to do my work. What I understood was that this is a vital part of our ascension process, our evolution as Souls. I'm not talking about 2012 here. Not once was this date mentioned or anything even remotely close to the "end of days." I am talking about the natural order of evolution and progress. We are made to evolve, and we will, each in our own time. We can either slow this process or assist in developing it. Operating from the heart-mind will greatly aid this process.

It should be mentioned that at this time, absolutely no one

spoke of the heart or functioning from the heart. As a matter of fact, when I shared this with any of my friends during these early years, they would continually advise me to focus on my third eye

and crown if I wanted to develop my intuition. But I now knew better.

My new teachers shared with me that the most effective way to facilitate intuitive connections was through the heart-center. Develop the heart and the rest would follow. Every single thing I did or was asked to do was always from the heart-center. My teachers told me this must become my main mode of operating, and I never questioned them. When I thought about it, who was I really going to listen to? Was I going to take the advice of girlfriends who had learned everything they knew from the books they read? Or was I going to listen to the voice of Spirit that spoke directly inside of my own head and directly to my heart? It wasn't a difficult choice.

My husband had taken it all very well. What a sport he was—he genuinely encouraged my communication with my spirit teachers. He had always been my biggest supporter. Brent trained standardbred racehorses for a wealthy millionaire, and we lived on his sixty-acre farm, which boarded up to one hundred and sixty head of horses at any given time. Each day when Brent arrived home from work, he would ask for the daily update.

There were times when the things they said to me were so far out there that I had a very hard time understanding, let alone believing in them. Brent, my champion, would simply listen without judgment. Usually he would break into a large smile as the daily report came to a close.

This was one of the most difficult times in my spiritual growth, mainly because my inner skeptic had a tough time taking in what was happening. I am not a blind follower of anything; I don't just believe in things for the sake of believing. I have a very logical mind. And even though I was having a direct

experience with these new teachers, they were talking directly to me, showing me, teaching me—I still had a hard time with it.

I also was plagued with doubt. I continued to doubt what I saw or that I had understood it correctly. I doubted everything.

When I was very young, my father was obsessed with ESP and the powers of the mind. Anything to do with psychic abilities, hypnosis, telekinesis, prediction, and speaking to those who have passed away utterly fascinated him. He was also obsessed with UFOs and extraterrestrials. A Sunday did not go by when we didn't watch his favorite show, which was all about the world's mysteries, UFO sightings, unexplained phenomena, and contact from beyond the grave. That show used to frighten me terribly at times, but I couldn't pull my eyes away from it.

Thanks to shows like that and *The Amazing Kreskin*, my father often used my two sisters, my brother, and me as his guinea pigs. And I was unusually good at most tasks he gave me: guess the card color, which hand is it in, what cup is it under, what shape am I thinking, sensing spirits, feeling for energy and cold spots. The list goes on and on. I could do all of those little tricks with ease. Most of the time I stood out from my siblings, which I didn't enjoy. Even worse was when my father's friends would come over and I had to perform the tricks for them. By my very nature, since birth, I have never been comfortable being the center of attention. A small degree of it was nice, to be seen and acknowledged, but this was more like being under a huge spotlight with me on center stage. I didn't like it one bit. So I began to stuff my intuition away.

Well, I thought I had, anyway. I stuffed those things as far away as I could. That still didn't stop strange, silent people from making an occasional appearance in my room at night; nor did it prevent the creeped-out feelings I would get in certain places. I always knew the state of someone else's energy, but that ability helped to ensure my own safety, so I kept it in the toolbox. When you grow up in chaos, the ability to detect others' energy is a good tool to have.

So although I wasn't able to stifle my intuition completely, I was able to consciously block out much of it. In doing so, I had actually stuffed away many of the natural gifts I was born with and was meant to use during my lifetime. I now believe this was a large contributing factor to my depression. I had incredible gifts I was meant to share with others. But I had tossed them aside, squelched them, and left them to rot so I didn't have to deal with the uncomfortable feelings of being noticed. If anyone ever mentioned being intuitive or psychic, I was the first one to say "Not me!" And I fully believed it. I had completely convinced myself that I hadn't one ounce of intuition in me.

I wasn't yet entirely sure what the sum of the after-effects of the tangerine Light was, but I did know one thing. Like it or not, the Light had blown my intuition open to how God intended it to be. And I wasn't sure if I did like it. It was going to take some getting used to. The fact that I pooh-poohed a lot of stuff and doubted everything all the time didn't help the situation much. Thank God that Brent, my rock, was there to help me through it. Things were only going to get weirder from this point on.

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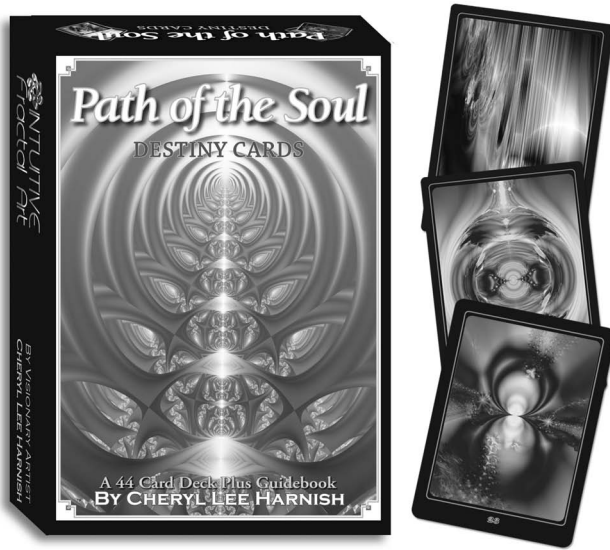
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Cheryl Lee Harnish is a world-renowned intuitive fractal artist and is the creator of the best-selling Path of the Soul, Destiny Cards. Her deck is known not only for its high accuracy, but also for the powerful and inspirational guidance it delivers. Cheryl travels internationally sharing her intriguing discoveries and insights with the world. Her captivating visionary work is opening the hearts and minds of people everywhere.

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