



The Mission of Marianne

A Soulful Journey

Gail Donnelly

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GAIL DONNELLY



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*This book is dedicated to the Divine Creator
and all of those people who,
through conscious awareness
or natural attunement,
are bravely traversing the pathways
of enlightenment in his/her name.*

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Introduction

Life as she knows it is forever changed when Marianne is taken over by a cosmic current and finds herself perpetually in motion. With no medical cause found, her husband thinks she is delusional. At the same time, Marianne is gradually accepting the only cause for the motion can be extraterrestrial.

Through meditation and mentors, she learns she is part of the earth forces of a star fleet. Her job is to traverse through her subconscious mind, while simultaneously dealing with the joys and sorrows of family life and a challenging career. She learns the subconscious mind, when cleared, is a route to super consciousness. The super conscious realm is the more subtle and ethereal fifth dimension, which is destined to join with the third dimension and change the nature of life on earth.

In her hypnotherapy practice, Marianne treats a patient with Dissociative Identity Disorder, (Multiple Personality Disorder), who she helps to integrate through coming to terms with childhood trauma. In addition, she uses self-hypnosis to release herself from unnecessary memory patterns and their matching pictures in the physical world.

Her life becomes difficult and poignant with a divorce, the disappearance of a family member, the death of a loved one, and a threat to her daughter. To recharge, she and a male companion take vivid trips into nature.

This novel mirrors a tangible evolution happening now on earth, where people are emerging out of the long veil of darkness cast over the world long ago and joining their counterparts on the fifth dimension as the planet itself is traveling in to a more refined sphere.

PART ONE

The Current

1

Marianne and Wes

Marianne tightened the comforter around her and listened hard to the crackling fire, determined to ignore the motion. Lying back on the couch, she waited for the February cold of the beach house to give way to fire-warmed air from the rustic wood stove.

Wes sat by the window, holding on to the arms of his chair with a look of concern in his tired blue eyes. “Are you warming up?”

She nodded. “It’s amazing how quickly the wood stove heats the place up.”

“That’s the point.”

She closed her eyes and focused on the scent of pine the burning wood gave off. Hearing Wes zip up his jacket, she opened them.

“Where are you going?”

“We need some more wood.”

“Can’t you relax for a little while?”

“Not if we’re going to keep you warm all night.”

He stood up and held his hands above the stove. “No need to unpack yet. You can take it easy.” As he came toward her, she tilted her head as he leaned over to kiss her on the lips.

Several minutes after Wes left, Marianne decided to finish warming up with a cup of cocoa. Standing by the window, soothed by the warm chocolate, she watched iridescent rows of white foam chase each other to shore. The waves splashed and glowed under the moonlight, and the deep, ubiquitous roar made her want to walk down the trail and go closer to the water. She walked through the kitchen and opened the back door, breathing the salty air deeply into her lungs, enjoying the immediate feel of her senses sharpening.

Star would have had her walking with her down the trail by now, but it was right to leave her daughter with Diane. She couldn't think of anyone who would take better care of her, and Star always had fun with her cousin Devon and her Uncle Stan.

It had been hard to say good-bye to Star because she'd had several severe headaches, starting at about the same time Marianne began feeling unfamiliar sensations of motion. Yet Star had been fine over the past few weeks, and Marianne had needed some time alone with Wes. He was frightened about what was happening to her, and so was she.

After finding that there was no inner ear infection, the doctor told her she needed to rest until the results of the brain scan came back. That wasn't hard since it was difficult to keep her eyes open for more than a few hours at a time these days.

But enough thinking for now, she needed to get down the trail to see the waves. Tonight, the sand would be sparkling like a miniature universe beneath the starlit heavens.

Before she could ready herself to go down the trail, a rocking motion threw her off balance. She held on to the windowsill. Waves of current moved through her, as if she were part of the ocean. She reached for a quartz crystal that was on the windowsill and held it between the little finger and ring finger of her left hand. Holding crystals made her feel stronger.

A chill ran through her despite the cozy warmth that had spread through the house. The cup in her hand shook, spilling cocoa on her wrist. She had hoped to feel more balanced near the ocean, but instead, the motion within her was stronger. She wished she could call Diane, but she and Wes had seen no reason for having a phone down here as it was supposed to be a retreat from civilization.

Marianne could tell her sister Diane anything. It had always been that way between them. They'd had to be careful of what they said to their mother because even a frown could upset her, but they'd always had the refuge of each other.

Staggering slightly, she made her way back to the couch. She wrapped the comforter snugly around her and lay down. She knew she would feel better if she could just get out under the full moon and starlight, but now it was even hard to walk. The motion was bouncy. She closed her heavy eyelids and took slow deep breaths. Gradually, the motion became smooth. In the distance, she heard the kitchen door open and close and Wes clearing his throat. She opened her eyes as he walked into the living room. He sat at the little table in the corner in front of the window with a glass of milk and a sandwich.

"Were you sleeping?"

"No." She sat up slowly. "Just resting."

"You can sleep all day tomorrow if you want to."

What she really wanted was to be awake as much as possible so she and Wes could take walks together on the beach. She looked out the window; no light was shining through. Sighing, she sank down in the couch. Wes finished chewing his sandwich.

"Is something the matter?"

"I wanted to walk but it's getting stormy."

He stood up and looked out of the window. "The stars are disappearing quickly."

Getting up carefully, Marianne walked to stand beside him.

"Maybe it will clear up by morning."

Wes peered into the darkening sky. "We can hope."

He moved to stand behind her, enfolding her with his arms. "I'll cook dinner tomorrow."

She leaned back comforted by the steady feel of him. She appreciated a man who could cook. God knew it had been a salvation to her growing up that her father could cook. However, he only had the time to cook on the weekends, and by then, her mother had all but starved them.

"I love your dinners." Turning, she looked into his eyes. "But I want you to relax, too."

Marianne smiled up at him wondering why he always looked more youthful at the ocean.

After standing with her for a few minutes, Wes walked over to the stove and reached into the woodpile for a log. He opened the stove door and put it in, and with another stick, he adjusted the fire.

“That ought to do it for tonight.” He sat down for several minutes in the armchair.

”I’m going to turn in early. What about you?”

“I’ll relax out here for awhile and listen to the fire.”

He stood up and gave her a kiss. “Don’t stay up too late.”

“I won’t. I’m waiting for you to warm up the bed before I climb in.”

* * *

As she stood holding her hands open above the wood stove, rain began hitting the windows like marbles. Thunder echoed in the distance. She shivered despite the warmth. This would be a good time to go snuggle next to Wes. As she lay beside him, lightning lit up the room. She could feel the thunder shaking the house. She envied Wes’s ability to sleep through anything.

She tried calming her mind by focusing on her breathing as a meditation technique she had learned in yoga. After several minutes, she still felt restless so she walked back into the living room to stand by the stove.

Still chilly, she lay down on her back on the couch and pulled the comforter around her. Her body felt heavy, as if gravity were pulling her downward toward the center of the earth. A searing pain pierced her brain as if an explosion has gone off in her head. She jerked and opened her eyes and then lay motionless, too terrified to move lest she set something more off inside of her. A light flashed in the middle of her forehead, and from behind closed eyes, she saw a great expanse of ocean. She was relieved when she felt the couch beneath her, heard the sounds of the fire and the waves beating against the shore.

It was quiet. She stood up, balancing against the wall, and then made her way to the window. The rain had stopped. It was clear-

ing over the horizon. Stars darted in and out in spots of clearing. She felt desperate to connect with something beyond herself and thought of the power of the rhythmic waves rolling in under the endless sky.

Tiptoeing into the bedroom, she found her sweat suit and leggings. She'd left her shoes and coat in the closet. She felt around for the hat in her pocket. Soon she was dressed and quietly opened the back door at the end of the kitchen. She walked around to the front of the house and found the trail through the dunes. Maybe she should have brought a flashlight, yet now the full moon had appeared, lighting her path as it floated resplendently through the wild racing clouds.

She reached the beach and saw huge waves breaking as they resounded on the shore. The ocean hummed above and roared below. Stars burst forth as if they had just been born. Gentle wind arranged and rearranged the hair outside her hat.

She put her arms up with open palms facing the ocean, feeling more balanced as she attuned to the ocean's rhythm. She could feel the light of the full moon cutting through the cold night. With a thrill running through her veins, she watched the light from the flickering stars dance though the sky.

As she walked back up the beach, she hoped she had come in a straight line and would be able to find the trail, as all the dunes looked the same. Walking straight ahead, she was relieved to see the faint glow from the light she had left on in the living room.

When she was again warming herself by the wood stove, her walk seemed almost like a dream. The current was still swirling around and through her but she felt refreshed, and almost part of it.

Before going to bed, she took a bag of blueberries out of the freezer to thaw for breakfast and recalled the hot summer day when she, Star, and Wes had fun picking them at the blueberry farm not far from here. She smiled as she thought of Star popping the berries in her mouth, as if there were no greater pleasure in the world. When she got into bed, Wes was sleeping like a hibernating bear. She thought of Star probably asleep in the cozy guest room at Diane's and fell fast asleep.

* * *

Marianne awoke the next morning to a chorus inside her head singing: “Love is the Ocean, Love is the Ocean, I am one with thee. Once a tiny lake and now a mighty sea, oh Love I am one with thee.” She could hear Wes filling the stove with wood. Sitting up, she listened to her right ear. It was doing a scale as if her eardrum was a xylophone that someone had just run the mallet over. She reached for the crystal that she had dropped in the night, wanting to feel its comforting energy.

Looking up, she saw Wes in the doorway. Curls of hair twisted over his ears and his face shown with color. The ocean air was working its magic on him and she was glad to see him invigorated. He came into the room.

“How did you sleep?”

“Great, my head was full of songs. At one point I even heard a choir.”

Wes paled. “What does that mean?”

Marianne shook her head. “I don’t know, but nothing ominous, I’m sure.”

She spoke the words with a smile but inwardly she trembled. What kind of a transition was she going through? Her scalp prickled as strands of fear traveled down her backbone.

He eyed her curiously. “I was going to pick up the groceries. Are you sure you’re okay?”

Wes’s need to find immediate solutions kept her from confiding the intensity of her feelings to him.

“Yes. I’m enjoying lying here listening to the waves.”

After Wes left, Marianne felt a tingling in the top of her head that had started at the same time the motion started in her. She had come to recognize it as a signal that helpful thoughts were coming into her mind. She reached for her notebook, picked up a pen, sat up in bed, and began to write.

“People of earth have asked for help and guidance. It has arrived from above and has always been within you. The universal forces operate from ground to up and from up to ground. The body may serve as a conduit for the light of the soul star to reach earth.”

Marianne wasn't sure what it meant, but she liked the sound of it. She had learned about the soul star or higher self from classes on spiritual development she had taken at The Spirit Yoga Center. She lay back on the bed and closed her eyes as she waited for the motion to form an even pattern.

Since the explosion in her head last night, the motion felt stronger. It was like the current she experienced when body surfing in the ocean or swimming in the river. For weeks, anytime she'd closed her eyes, she had seen a river of millions of tiny sparkles winding toward her. Now it was moving through her in swirls and orbits. Could it be a spiritual experience? Could the higher guide she had learned about during a psychic reading by Lois at the Spirit Yoga Center be contacting her? That reading had talked about changes she would go through. She shook her head. Spiritual experiences were supposed to be positive, yet there was much fear and discomfort in what was happening to her.

Turning over onto her stomach, she lay quietly. She began to feel heavy. Sadness penetrated her, seeming to turn the molecules of her body gray. If what she was going through wasn't spiritual, it could be that she was dying. Vivid images of her deceased relatives appeared to her: Grandmother in her cozy kitchen with her wall planters of fresh flowers; Mom watching TV, knitting and reading, all at once; and Dad sitting in his armchair, by the window, with his feet up on the footstool reading the paper. Tears rolled from her eyes at the sight of them.

The kitchen door closed and she heard footsteps. She didn't turn to look, but felt Wes in the doorway.

"Could you sit down and put your hand on my back, Wes?"

"Not feeling well?"

"It goes off and on."

She didn't want to tell him about the explosion in her head last night, or that she'd just had a vision of some of her loved ones on the other side. He'd take her to a hospital. She'd rather stay where she was comfortable.

Wes rubbed her back. "Feeling better?"

"Yes. Why are your hands always warm?"

"Never thought about it."

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“Thanks for getting us here, Wes.”

He gently massaged her neck. “No problem. I’m going to go outside to chop some kindling.”

Marianne nodded. “I’ll get up in a few minutes and make breakfast.”

After Wes left the room, Marianne closed her eyes; she felt herself being lifted into the air. She thought of calling to Wes, but she couldn’t speak. Looking down, she saw her motionless body. An out-of-body experience, she thought vaguely, too stunned to feel anything but curiosity. She was relieved when she could again feel the bed beneath her and turned slowly over onto her back. Her legs seemed to be straight up in the air, though she could still feel them on the bed. She’d felt like this once before, when she had had a particularly violent flu and a high fever, but this time she had no flu. She had the sensation of floating up in the air again, turning a complete circle, and then felt her back on the mattress again. Her eyes didn’t want to open. There was a bright light somewhere far-away beyond all the darkness.

Finally forcing her eyes open, she looked at the picture on the wall. It was of seagulls flying over the ocean. It looked like it was vibrating. Then she realized she was the one who was vibrating, like a violin string stuck in high C. Maybe Diane could understand this, with all the concerts she’d played in and the many dreams of flying she’d had.

She closed her eyes again, trying to stop the sensation. When she opened them, the room had settled and the motion inside of her was easing into an even flow. Cautiously, she stepped out of bed. The floor was steady, yet she felt lighter than normal. She needed food. The house was warm so she put on only her slipper socks with no bathrobe over her long flannel nightgown. Quickly, she mixed batter, added blueberries, and nibbled on several juicy ones while she cooked.

From the kitchen window, she could see Wes outside chopping wood, his strong hands covered by his gray work gloves. She opened the door and embraced the fresh sea air.

“Pancakes are on, Wes!”

“I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

She swallowed several more berries and noted how fresh they tasted. Putting several round scoops of batter on the grill, she sniffed them. Everything in her body still seemed to work despite her unusual experiences. She could feel the floor beneath her, smell the pancakes, and enjoy the taste of blueberries.

As she turned the hotcakes, Wes came in to the kitchen bringing a whiff of sea air and ocean pines with him. He wiggled his nose. "Smells good, you even heated up the maple syrup."

Marianne devoured almost a whole stack while Wes carefully added butter and syrup to his hotcakes and cut them into small even squares. A beam of sunlight moved over his face as he began eating silently. At first, it had been hard for her to get used to eating with someone who was completely quiet during meals, but over time, she'd come to appreciate it. At least there could be no stomach upsetting arguments during mealtimes. Wes had often eaten dinner with his grandmother when he was growing up. He was probably taught to never talk with his mouth full, and the best way to make sure of that was to stay quiet.

She went to the grill and started another batch. She wanted to tell Wes about the out-of-body experience she had just had, of turning over in the air and opening her eyes to feel herself vibrating rapidly, but she was afraid he would think she was imagining it, since there was no scientific explanation.

After finishing another plate of pancakes and drinking a glass of juice, Wes stood up.

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. When do you want to take a walk?"

"As soon as I stock the wood for the stove."

"Okay, I'll soak the dishes and get dressed."

As Marianne was dressing, the sensation that energy around her was bouncing her back and forth increased. It seemed to be working itself further into her body. She especially noticed it swirling in a kind of elliptical orbit through the middle of her head. She stood still with her legs shaking and stumbled backward onto the bed. Why was it so overpowering? Wes walked into the bedroom.

"Are you ready?"

"Just about."

He put his hand behind her back and helped her stand up.

“Make sure you put your hat and gloves on.”

Marianne zipped up her parka, pulled her hat down over her ears, and put on her gloves as she followed Wes out the door and closed it behind her. Winding along the trail through the sand dunes to the beach, she listened intently to the ocean roar, which always managed to excite and relax her simultaneously. She ignored the bouncy feeling around and through her as she admired the seagulls gliding through the air and swooping down to fly just above the water in free abandonment.

But gray clouds were appearing over the horizon. The feeling of exhilaration drained out of her. Uneasiness tightened her muscles as she contemplated sharing more of her experience with Wes.

The tide was out. After walking in silence for some time, she took Wes’s arm.

“I’ve been thinking.” Wes slowed down and Marianne released his arm. “Maybe what I have isn’t a physical condition.”

“You mean a mental problem?”

“No, but I think it affects me mentally.”

“You didn’t seem overburdened with stress before this happened.”

Marianne pondered over whether the sense of urgency she’d always felt had anything to do with what was happening to her.

“I love my life.”

Wes took her hand. “You are a great Mom and a good therapist.”

Though she appreciated the compliment, she knew she had become a therapist to help balance herself as well as others. While attending college, she had been in therapy for years because of her hypochondria. With the help of therapy, she had realized that her hypochondria had been a reaction to identifying too strongly with her mother’s illnesses when she was growing up. Gradually she had formed healthier patterns. Above all else, she didn’t want to be the kind of mother her child would have to worry about the way she had worried about her sickly mother.

Wes stopped walking. His shining blue eyes turned cloudy like the sky.

“What do you think it is?”

“Some kind of current penetrating me from another realm. I’ve felt currents of energy momentarily at the Spirit Yoga Center when Lois channeled Masters from the Higher Planes.”

Wes shook his head. “It’s more likely that your hypochondria is returning.”

“No. This is nothing like that.”

As frustration tightened her neck from Wes’s lack of understanding, she looked at the sky. Billowing thunderheads were now rushing toward them with the same kind of force that seemed to be overpowering her. She had an irrational urge to run for safety.

“We better turn around; those dark clouds coming in fast.”

Wes looked upward into the darkening sky. “They sure are.”

She took his arm, noticing how the wind was making his jacket ripple. “Let’s hurry.”

By the time they went through the back door Marianne was shivering, relieved to feel the balm of fire-warmed comfort.

* * *

With her stomach satisfied from the dinner Wes had cooked and her body tired after a final evening walk, Marianne went to bed early and fell right to sleep. She was disappointed to find herself wide awake in a few hours, feeling as if the bed were shaking. She looked at Wes. Maybe he was moving a foot or patting the bed in his sleep, but no, he was an ocean boulder.

She nestled down under the covers and fought for some slow deep breaths. The current had sped up. Her heart was beating hard. No amount of deep breathing would quell the intensity moving through her. She put her hand softly on Wes’s heart and tried to attune her own body to the steady solid beat she felt in his chest, trying to breathe in the same rhythm with him.

Finally the bouncing smoothed out. She was moving inside the current with no resistance. A spot of light flashed in her forehead and she felt herself flying over the ocean, propelled toward the stars, at what felt like the speed of light. She noted that the glowing orbs in the sky must be planets because they felt much closer than the stars.

The next thing she heard was Wes's voice. "Better rise and shine."

She sat up. The house was warm. Standing up, she looked out the bedroom window as a clearing between the clouds sent shafts of light over the rippling water.

"It's a beautiful time for a walk."

"This one you'll have to do on your own."

"Why?"

"I need to go get gas and check the tire pressure."

"Does that mean we're leaving soon?"

"Yes. Storm fronts are likely to be coming through all day."

Though hesitant to leave the ocean so soon, Marianne did want to avoid downpours on the highway. "Okay. I'll go say good-bye to the ocean and then help pack up."

Marianne walked down the trail and across the sandy beach to the edge of the breakers. She could see only one person walking next to the surf in the distance. Her love for the ocean had a special spot in her heart, yet she spoke to it with tears in her eyes. "I wanted you to help balance the discomfort of the current, but instead it's stronger."

She stopped her thoughts and for a moment was able to feel nothing but the peace and power flowing into her from the ocean. She lifted her arms with her hands opened. "I still love you so much."

As she walked slowly back to the house, she thought back on the flying experience she had last night before falling asleep. She had learned of both the invisible astral body and invisible etheric body at the Spirit Yoga Center. The astral world was said to be in other dimensions whereas the ethereal realm was a more subtle part of the physical world. It was the not knowing that bothered her. Wes couldn't help because only physical or mental illness made sense to his logical mind. She prayed that Diane would understand.

* * *

On the drive, Marianne looked out the window at the birds flying over the harbor as she held a small quartz crystal between her fingers. She tried to ignore the current swirling through her by

thinking about how Star's large dark eyes would light up when she saw them and about how good it would feel to talk with Diane.

Diane was only two years her senior, yet as the oldest of four siblings, she had been born with a wisdom that often seemed hidden from the rest of them. Diane read widely and had an open mind. She was highly intuitive and able to sense what was needed without needing the logical proof Wes required for everything.

She closed her eyes and thought back on the ocean. Suddenly, she was jolted into alertness. Round white balls hit the car like hard peas and catapulted off to bounce along the highway. It was more hail than she had seen in years.

She looked at Wes. His lips were pressed together into a tight line. His forehead was pinched in concentration. "I can't see a damn thing."

Marianne gripped the door handle as a semi-truck roared by them, drenching the car in a sheet of white. Between the motion inside of her and the wall of white, she felt petrified in place.

"Can you pull off?"

"Not now. There's not enough shoulder."

As she thought of Star, praying to see her bright eyes soon, a wide ray of sunlight burst through the gray clouds, absorbing the hail like a siphon of light.

"Thank you, God."

Wes exhaled loudly. "I don't know if it had anything to do with God. The weather is just the weather."

"Do you think there's scientific explanation for everything, Wes?"

"Of course. That's what makes life interesting to me."

Marianne looked at Wes askance wondering how she could have married a scientist when her own experience seemed to defy logic.

"Thanks for holding steady through the storm."

Wes rubbed her cheek with the back of his fingers. "There was no other choice."

Marianne made little circles with her fingers on the back of his neck. "It will feel good to get out of the car for awhile."

Wes turned off the freeway and slowed down for a light. "We'll need to make this visit short. I want to be ahead of the storms."

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She broke in to a cold sweat. Diane was the only one that could validate her feelings. She had to talk to her alone, but if Wes thought she was desperate, he might wonder what Diane could give her that he couldn't. With her throat constricting, Marianne fought for words. "Diane may have done something special. It would be rude just to pick up Star and leave."

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