

English – English

What's Possible...

By John Shortell
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This is a story that will surprise you and may even have you struggling to accept what actually happened. If you have experienced a “miracle like” event yourself, or been witness to one, now you know you are not alone and it’s ok to talk about it. Many of these miracles happen and people dismiss them because of the attitude of those around them. I was blessed with a mother that believed in miracles and fostered that within me.

This isn’t just a story, it’s an opportunity for you to learn that anything is possible in your own life. Through the story I will talk about what I learnt and how I came to be able to practice and develop these skills, which I believe we all have.

I didn’t just guess what was needed, although early in my life I trusted what I intuitively knew and at the age of 28 I started to active train, practice and develop these skills to the point that this story was not only possible, but perhaps, maybe, even inevitable. My intention is to show you that you can learn these skills and create change in your life regardless of the circumstances you find yourself in.

If you are interested in regaining control of your life and circumstances then read on and get in touch with me so we can start the process for you too. If you already are in control of everything and it is smooth sailing for you then you are like me. I wasn’t looking for anything like what I am offering here, because I was already successful and was creating smaller miracles already in my life. What I realised is that what was offered to me when I was 28 enabled me to easily teach others to do exactly what I do. Much of my life I would talk about this to others and they weren’t in a place that they accepted or understood what I was sharing about. This maybe you also. With some of us, our lesson is to become better at sharing with others what we already know. For some of you learning this information for yourself is the priority.

Which ever it is for you I assure you there is value here for you even if just to break the ice that things we thought were impossible are in fact possible and can even become likely...

Ok so the story is I fell asleep at the wheel of my car and ran into a pole head on and that evening ended up in Intensive care unit and the medical staff didn’t expect me to live the night. The next day they wanted to take out 1.5 of my lungs and some other organs 2.5 days later I walked out of hospital without surgery.

So

What's Possible when.....

- I know my own purpose
- I trust myself to the point where I am willing to follow my passion and hearts desire and I value my own sensitivity and inspirations

Life before the car accident

For my whole life I knew I would be helping people trust themselves and their inner intuition. I started a business teaching people where they have come from, where they are going and why they are here, understanding themselves spiritually. I had been teaching this part time since 1987.

Instead of growing this spiritual business I got distracted and started another business.

When my business was growing and really taking off it was because I was focused on helping people with their health while working diligently on my own health. I was taking incredibly powerful nutritional supplements and sharing with everyone my results (which may have been as a result of these supplements).

It was after I started taking these supplements that things seemed to start changing in my body. I learnt a long time ago when someone is taking supplements and they are not noticing any difference then the supplements may be insufficient for that person needs. Watching peoples lives change, and seeing them appearing to regain their health and ridding themselves of the pain, that they had come to simply accept, was very inspiring for me. I had spent most of my life in pain and nobody was able to explain some simple truths, that when I implemented them, made a huge difference to my health. It was then that I became very focused on helping who ever wanted the help.

I made myself a promise that when my residual income from this health business reached \$5000 a month I would go back to helping people understand themselves spiritually and their journey through life. My income continued to grow way beyond \$10,000 a month and I had forgotten my promise. My whole focus had become about generating more income. Somehow I started to listen to the people around me whose focus in their lives was money. I did not realise I was off track for what **I** wanted to do with **my** life.

How often does it happen that what our hearts cry out for, we put off until something else has happened. For most people today, this is often related with money.

It was then that

Car accident 29 June 2003

I was facilitating a leadership camp for the leaders in our health business over that weekend in the countryside. Everyone was tired and headed off for home mid afternoon on the Sunday.

I left about 4 pm as I had an appointment on the way home for dinner with some clients. Lynette (my then wife), Helen (my sister) and some others kept insisting that I have someone travel with me to keep me company. I was very clear that I was to go alone.

I headed off in great spirits really pleased with the work we had done over the weekend. The weekend was about helping people be responsible for their success and to realise that they have control over the outcomes in their lives.

I got to a town about an hour into the three hour trip and was feeling very tired and sleepy. On the other side of this town I fell asleep at the wheel. Apparently there was someone following and they said I started to weave, but stayed on my side of the road, and also started slowing down.

My car veered across the road through oncoming traffic and when I hit the ditch on the other side of the road the airbag inflated and I woke up. When airbags inflate the car fills up with a white powder and so I couldn't see anything. I couldn't work out why I could not see anything.

Because I couldn't see anything at all, I had no idea where to steer the car and I hit a stump along my right hand side door, I steered to the left more and then hit an embankment with a pipe in it (a driveway) and the two front tires blew out. I then hit a gate post on my right and turned further left. I felt the car going along the side of a large embankment heading down. This was a deep "V" drain. I was in the bottom of the drain heading along it.

The airbag dust had now lowered enough for me to see the electricity pole coming up in front of me ... very fast. I tried to steer away and the car didn't respond to the steering wheel at all (I found out later the tires had blown out).

The instant I saw the pole coming up, my life flashed past my eyes. I saw Lynette (then wife) and Amber (Daughter 3 years old) and my purpose and I knew this was not my time to die. I said to my angels emphatically
"This isn't it , my times not up!"

In the instant that I said this, white light came into the car from above and surrounded me in a swirl and wrapped me up in a cocoon of protective energy. At the same time I was given a vision of the car slamming into the pole and coming to rest with me in it and then me walking around to the front of the car with two men helping, one on either side of me. I then KNEW I would be alright.

I relaxed and surrendered into the accident, knowing I would be alright. ***I had no fear at all and completely trusted.***

I remained conscious the whole time and as the car came to rest I knew my chest injury was serious but I never allowed, not even for a fraction of a second, any thought that I would die. I trusted in the vision I received from my team of spiritual helpers of me walking away from the accident and being alright.

The car hit the pole (police estimated 85 km/hr) in the centre of the front of the car and then came to rest. The person following me said I accelerated into the pole. Apparently this happens as people don't realise that they have pushed on the accelerator not the brake.

The car came to rest and I struggled desperately to get air into my lungs. It was like being winded (later I found out that my lungs were filling up with blood).

There was no blood anywhere. In fact the only cut I received from the accident was a small cut on my right shin which trickled only one centimetre of blood.

Two men came running up to my side of the car and I yelled that the car was on fire (the dust from the airbag looked like smoke) they attempted to open the car door and were flung backwards from electric shocks.

We figured the car was electrified by the car battery.

I was now able to take small breathes.

I gingerly grabbed a roll of cash of \$700 I had in the console and my mobile phone.

They attempted quite a number of times to open the door until they got the drivers door open by putting their fingers in the top of the door where it had buckled and then they pulled. The whole time they were holding the door they were experiencing electric shocks . Every panel on the car had buckled. The car was quite a bit shorter! The drivers door had also been damaged by a stump in the ditch.

Once the door was open they said don't touch any metal part. So I very carefully swung around moving inch by inch and got out on my own. The two men took an arm each and guided me around to the front of the car where I sat down. This happened just like the vision I had.

I knew in my heart that if I laid down I would die. I knew if I stayed sitting I would be alright. I sat with my knees up and my hands holding my chest and my head leaning forward. The moment I sat down I started channelling energy into my body and saw in my mind everything inside repairing itself better than before. Every second I was focused on the job at hand of rebuilding my body.

Cars were stopping everywhere.

Airbags are ineffective in a multiple collision accident, since they deploy with the first impact, which in my situation was the ditch and not when I needed it. The airbag was then useless when I hit the pole (in fact there were bolts sticking out of the steering wheel where I hit it).

It was 5 pm Sunday afternoon in winter, still some light but it was cold , overcast with a cold breeze blowing.

People came running over.

A woman came up crouched next to me and said she was a nurse. She asked me several questions, which I remember saying I was ok but hurt a lot and was having trouble breathing.

Someone put a silver “space blanket” around me for warmth. The cold breeze was blowing on my back.

Lynette was travelling about an hour behind me so I knew I needed to ring her. I also knew she was not in mobile range yet. In her car was Amber, April (step daughter) and my sister Helen who was very pregnant with twins.

I rang and left a message,

“Hi Honey, just letting you know I have had a little bit of a prang and they are taking me into the hospital for a check up. Everything is fine.”

I then rang Michael a close friend of mine who was at the camp and who lived in the town I had just come through which was only 10 minutes away.

I rang and said,

“Michael I have had a serious car accident and I need your help. Lynette will be along here soon and I need you here when she gets here, I am at such and such turn off.”

Michael arrived on the scene in about 10 minutes

I asked Michael to look for the two men who got me out of the car as I wanted to thank them. Michael came back to me and said that NOBODY should have touched the car as the pole I hit was carrying 66,000 volts and that the insulators had broken and the 3 wires were shorting out down the pole and through the car. He said anyone who touched the car would probably die.

He moved around through the crowd and asked everyone if they knew who the two guys were who had got me out. He couldn't find them and people said that no one had left the accident scene.

Police arrived and asked me if I was alone in the car. I automatically said “No” Not thinking at all why they were asking me. They went away and came back and asked me again was I alone in the car and again I said “No”. They came back a third time and asked with considerable concern in their voice “was there anyone in the car with you?”. I realised why they were asking me as they were looking for a body. I was surprised that I said No and now said “No, there wasn't anyone in the car with me”.

The Ambulance arrived.

The Ambulance officer asked me some questions. He then determined I needed to go to the major hospital in the closest city

The ambulance officers tried to lay me down on the spine board. They had only moved me 2 cms backwards and I yelled out to stop. The pain was incredible and I knew they couldn't

lower me that way because of all the tension in my body. They then moved me back to the upright position again.

I was having to hold my body tight to protect it with the obvious broken ribs. I knew if they lowered me the way they were intending that something terrible would happen, that it may even result in my death.

In my head I asked my angels “what am I going to do?”

My Angels said that I needed to be firm and take over, and tell them what to do. My Angels said to me, “repeat to the people what we say to you.”

So I repeated very firmly to the Ambulance man what my angels were saying to me but not telling him where the instructions were coming from,

“This is what we are going to do, a couple of men will hold the spine board vertical hard up against my back and slowly keep pushing harder and harder until I am able to relax all of my muscles (which were extremely tight from holding my body together) and I would allow the board to take all of my weight. When I feel relaxed and I have let go of my muscles I would then be fully leaning onto the board. Then on my signal you can start lowering the board very slowly and smoothly so I don’t tighten my muscles up again. Once I am lowered then you can inch me along the board. This will take about 15 minutes”

I got myself together mentally as letting go at this point I had to trust these men and my angels completely. I knew I was putting my life into their hands. They did this and I said to start lowering me and the board but it had to be smooth and slow! It took awhile. Once I was lowered I told them to inch me along the board.

They did this and then lifted me onto the trolley.

The male paramedic came into the back with me.

Once in the Ambulance he said he was going to give me morphine and I said “No”.

He asked me “aren’t you in pain?” I said , “pain like you couldn’t possibly imagine, unbelievable pain”.

“So why don’t you want any morphine?” he asked.

I replied “The pain is the only thing grounding me to planet earth. I know in my heart that if I had morphine that I would simply drift off into death. I know the pain is keeping me grounded on earth, keeping me present to the fact that I still have a physical body”.

“I want to ‘be with it’ when we get to the hospital and be able to feel what was happening to me so I could tell them exactly what was going on”. . By saying this I was also putting myself in the future that I would arrive at the hospital alive and ready to give vital information to the staff. I never considered dying. So over the next few days I continually talked about my future and what would be happening. This wasn’t a conscious choice but a result of my unshakable belief that I would live.

{as a child I was often stubbing my toes and being hurt with that intense sort of pain. One day I asked my angel how can I eliminate this sort of pain, my angel said “you can’t eliminate the pain but you can accept it , be one with it , realise it has a function.” So I thought to myself,

what is the purpose of pain? I realised pain was to tell me that something was wrong and that area of my body needed attention. So I asked my angel again “Is pain an indicator of an area in my body that needs attention?” The answer was “Yes”.

I then asked, “so if I acknowledge that the pain has done its job and I am now fully aware of the attention that the area needs and I start taking the necessary action, then there is no longer any need for the pain?” the answer back was “Yes”.

I started practicing this as a child , I guess I wasn’t anymore than 10 years old at the time I had this conversation with my Spiritual Helpers (angels) , and what I had learnt about pain worked. I understood about channelling energy to an area that needed healing as I understood about the laying on of hands and how powerful this was for healing. I could stub my toe and immediately accept the message of the pain and take committed action which was

- 1) accept the message of the pain and thank it for doing its job,
- 2) channel energy to the area
- 3) completely relax, put away any thought that the pain is “hurting” only that it is sending a message that has now been accepted.
- 4) The pain would diminish immediately and often go away completely. }

The Ambulance man who was in with me said the ride was rough up to the next small town and I said OK.

We travelled slowly and without sirens (not sure about the lights)

The ride was slow and painful.

I felt every bump and every movement was extremely painful. I stayed focusing on how I wanted my body to be, Fit, Healthy, Strong and Well. I was visualising my body as healed and complete.

Shortly after we started for the hospital my mobile phone rang and I saw that it was my appointment that I was going to when I had the accident. I said I had to take the call. I needed to let her know I wasn’t coming as she and her family were expecting me for dinner. He said he wouldn’t undo the neck brace. As the phone was ringing I said very sternly to undo it and he said only if I promised not to move my head. I said Yes and he unstrapped it. I took the call and I said I wouldn’t be able to make our appointment and that I would have to reschedule for two weeks time and she OK. I apologised and said goodbye. I was subconsciously setting it up that I had something to go to as I was *absolutely* clear that I would recover and be at that appointment in a week or so.

I also spoke on the mobile phone to Michael.

I arrived at hospital at the same time as Lynette and Amber. And Michael also arrived in his car.

As I was rolled in I heard the male ambulance person telling the nurses about me, but could not make out anything he said.

We were in the emergency section.

They wanted to cut my clothes off and I told them I wouldn't let them cut off my polo shirt as the shirt I was wearing was a very important shirt to me and I wanted to go on wearing it. They explained how difficult it would be to get it off and I said ok then let's start.

It hurt tremendously to get it off as I had to lift my arms and twist them around.

I had broken ribs and a fractured sternum and still no pain medication.

Amber and Lynette came in and Amber picked up my hand and asked me "Daddy are you going to be alright?"

At this point everyone stopped and there was complete silence as they waited for my reply.

I turned my head and I looked her in the eye and said pointing to all of the nurses and doctors around me "see all these people running around?" "Yes" Amber replied.

"They are all running around because at this point they don't realise that I am going to be OK!"

You could hear a pin drop in that emergency room. Nobody moved or said anything for perhaps 15 secs.

Amber smiled and relaxed and we continued holding hands.

I wasn't consciously *trying* to speak positively and consciously employing techniques like speaking about me in my future, but this is what happened, most conversations and thoughts I had were about me being in my future doing something with someone. I did not realise this until a few years later, that this is what I had done.

I have done a lot of work building my inner discipline to speak empoweringly and positively of the circumstances I found myself in.

I did not allow any negativity to enter my awareness. I was intent in bringing all of those around me into my sphere of "this is how this is going to play out". I felt a tremendous backing from spirit and felt spirit's presence around me. I felt sharp and clear with my vision. There was a complete absence of fear. I continued to trust that all was going to be fine.

I believe what I did is possible for everyone whether you believe in God, Jesus, Buddha, Mohammad, Spirit or who ever or even nobody. It is actually the depth of connection with your God, or yourself, that makes possible whatever it is that you imagine.

This can only happen when you have allowed yourself to be vulnerable and allowed yourself to love YOURSELF unconditionally. This really takes something, especially courage.

It requires letting go of all resistance.

{When I am resisting I am actually focusing on the object I am resisting.

What is coming towards me is attracted for a reason and I don't know what the reason is most of the time. When I am resisting something then I am holding off experiencing it. This thing I am resisting is part of the foundation which enables me to build my future ON TOP of it. When I don't allow it into my life then my life goes into a holding pattern and what I am resisting keeps coming up.

Subconsciously I continue to attract the experience that will help me grow into the person I need to be sometime in my future, that person will be able to deal with a future situation that the you in the here and now is not ready for.

How often do we arrive at a place in our life and say to ourselves “That experience I had in my past has helped me be ready for this next adventure in my life”. When I embrace the experiences that are attracted into my life then I am moving through life with freedom and ease and ending up at the right place at the right time.

Sometimes we resist the reason that OTHERS give us to do something, usually because it is their reason, and benefits them and not us. When I look, and of course I will find, my reason for having a certain experience, then I embrace the experience and stop resisting.

Sometimes I resist because I am not clear on my bigger purpose and this is like being pushed along in the dark when I cannot see anything and don't know what is in front of me.

Think about it... when I don't know what is there in front of me then I will want to move more slowly but if I know what is in front of me and it is dark then I will be able to step forward more confidently.

When I reflect on an experience I have had that I handled powerfully and I ask myself “what prepared me for this moment?” then I will have inspirations that help me understand, see, know and feel how this previous experience had me be ready for the experience that I am now reflecting on.

I have been teaching this stuff for several decades and worked on *Living it.* }

I lay there for a little while holding Ambers hand and talking with Lynette.

At one point I was wheeled to one side of the emergency room and had two nurses standing over me one on either side of the trolley. They were talking to each other and one was saying she was having trouble getting pregnant. I was listening and said “I can help you with that!” They both looked quite shocked! I explained that I distribute amazing health products and great personal care products that may be able to help her. I explained that these were the products that were feeding my body right now to help it rebuild itself and that these were not ordinary products. I explained the importance of removing the toxins from her body and to stop putting more in. I explained that many personal care products may have potentially harmful ingredients in them. I also explained that our food doesn't have the same level of nutrition in it that it once had.

I explained that many couples have successfully fallen pregnant after starting on these products and those couples thought it may have been the products that made the difference. So I gave her my phone number and suggested that she call me in a few days and I would organise the product for her. I did this as if I was just laying on the trolley ready to go home. She took my number but never rang me....

They did a cat scan and many x-rays. I still insisted on no morphine until the x-rays had finished.

They then did all of the x-rays and cat scan again, I don't know why.

I remember during the first lot of x-rays thinking about the pain and struggling to stay conscious. When they told me they had to do them all over again I remember relaxing and simply accepting it and so going into a Zen place. I don't remember much about the first lot of x-rays but remember the second cat scan and x-rays fairly clearly.

My sister Helen came in and talked, as did Michael but because it was the emergency room they only allowed one in at a time except for Amber and they allowed Lynette to come in with her.

I chatted about stuff, can't really remember other than I made sure the conversation was about normal everyday stuff, NOTHING about the accident or my condition.

I was always clear and committed to how it was going to play out.

It was very late, I think it was around midnight, when I was rolled up into the Intensive Care Unit, by this stage I think I was receiving morphine as I don't remember the pain. One of my sisters friends was a nurse in the intensive care unit at this hospital and she told my sister weeks later that the surgeon had told the nurse caring for me to simply make me comfortable as I was going to die sometime during the night...

They lifted me onto the soft air bed and the Doctor gave me an injection of morphine directly over the sternum. He said "This will help you sleep". I said to him, "I won't be sleeping, I have too much work to do". He looked at me oddly, and asked "what do you mean?" I replied "I have a body to rebuild!!"

I was continually channelling energy into my body to all of the parts that needed healing. I focused and imagined the internal organs rebuilding themselves and "being normal". I did this continuously, the whole night. I never slept a wink... too busy.

Lynette, Amber, April, Helen and Michael all came in separately to say good night. I made a point of saying that I would see them in the morning, I kept the conversation about them and where they were staying. They had booked themselves into a motel and had eaten dinner already. I said goodnight and made a point of saying to them that I loved them and that I would be alright. I wanted to reassure them so they did not worry as I KNEW I would OK.

I chatted with the nurse at the end of the bed, can't remember the conversations. (she may remember).

At one point I said that I really needed to urinate. She gave me the bottle and no matter how hard I tried I could not urinate into it while lying down. She said if I couldn't manage it then they would insert a catheter. I said NO WAY was that going to happen!

I tried for over an hour to pee in the bottle but couldn't. I hadn't urinated since lunch time on the Sunday, more than 15 hours earlier.

I then got the idea to stand up and wee. I asked the nurse “Could you help me out of bed?” and she asked “what for?” I said “I am going to stand up and pee” and she said “no way am I letting you stand up!”

I said “I am standing up, either you can help me get out of bed or I do it on my own!”

She then helped me and it took about 5 minutes just to get me standing.

There I was standing in the semi dark holding onto the drip stand with my left arm and urinating into the bottle that the nurse was holding for me.

I filled it up and it started overflowing onto the floor. She said “wait and I will get another bottle” I said “no way am I stopping, I have no idea when I will be able to do this again”. I did not want to stop the flow. The bottle continued to overflow all over the floor.

The nurse started laughing and said “I have never seen anyone fill one of these! I guess I will just have to mop it up!”

I chuckled to myself as laughing at this point was not an option. That laugh I had inside was significant for me.

It took another 5 minutes to get me back into bed. The nurse and I started chatting more and I remember her asking what I was doing that I needed to be awake for. I explained why I wasn't sleeping and the work that I was doing.

I specifically was channelling energy around my body, seeing my body radiate with bright light and filling up any areas that lacked light or were not as bright as the others.

This is how I did it.

I looked out into the universe and imagined my arms stretching out into the universe like I was scooping the universe up into a hug. Doing this was drawing in energy, so much that it was continually overflowing my arms so each sweep I was imagining an absolute abundance of this energy so I knew there was MORE than I needed for myself. I imagined it coming into the top of my head at the pineal gland (at the crown) and moving it around my body to where I felt it was needed. I saw it using the stock piles of nutrients, that my body had stored around in various places in my body, from the wonderful supplements I had been taking. For a few years people used to say to me “Why are you taking so many supplements?” and I used to smile and say “Because I can”. Every time I was asked I simply trusted myself and kept taking them. It was only after the accident I realised how important it was to take supplements for prevention and in case of accidents. Most people are nutrient deficient and so in an emergency when their bodies need raw material immediately for repair work then the body needs to scavenge from somewhere else that it considers not as vital. I believe this is an integral part of my survival.

Sometimes during the night I set up a huge funnel and I asked my angels to channel this energy for me and send it down the funnel. This way I could spend more time imagining my body rebuilding and doing all of the activities in my future that I thought I MIGHT want to do.

I went for a trek through the Himalayas in Nepal in the mid eighties and loved it so much and always wanted to go back. From the moment Amber was born I have been showing her the

slides of the trip and talking about how great it will be when we go do it together when she is around 20 years old and I am nearly sixty. I always knew I would need to be young at heart to do this and have a strong healthy body. Most of my life I have been sick or in pain with a very bad back or headaches etc. I saw this as my chance to rebuild my body BETTER than it was. (I never referred to “before *the accident*” just earlier in my life..)

That night in the intensive care was the most focused I have ever been and also the longest I have ever been continuously focused.

The next morning the thoracic surgeon arrived on his rounds and had lots of people (Doctors) with him, around 12. I guess they were amazed I was still alive.

He stood at the end of my bed and looked at my chart. He looked up at me and said “you have some pretty serious injuries”.

I looked back at him and said “Is that right....” I was clear not to accept the premise of his statement.

He replied “I will need to take out one and a half lungs and your spleen. When I operate I will be able to assess if I need to do anything else.”

I looked and pointed at him then said “You are the thoracic surgeon right?”

He replied “Yes”

Again pointing my finger at him I then said straight at him “well, your job is to tell me what I need to do to ensure that never happens”. When I said me I pointed to myself and then back at him for the rest of the sentence.

The people with him all took a step backwards.

He looked at me for a couple of minutes, silently, I was asking my angels to ensure he got the information he needed, and then he said quietly and calmly, “get the nurses to show you how to do a supported cough and I want you to cough up as much blood as you can. I also want you to walk around breathing deeply and coughing up as much blood as you can.”

I said “ok”.

He left and the nurse and I simply looked at each other.

I had a fractured sternum and broken ribs...

The idea of coughing and breathing deeply.....

I lay there for an hour gathering the courage to get up and walk around.

I then said to the nurse that I needed her help to get out of bed and she said “I am not allowing you to get up.”

I said “The Doc said I need to get up and walk around and breath deeply and that is what I am going to do”.

She said emphatically “he didn’t mean now”

I replied, “I am doing it now and you can either help me get up or I get up on my own.”

She had a slight grin on her face and proceeded to help me. It took about 5 minutes to help me out of bed and standing. It felt like quite an achievement to be standing there. I set off VERY SLOWLY. One step every 5 seconds. I breathed deeply and was coughing up blood as I had done a few times already while in bed. Every time I coughed up blood I stopped. Then headed off again. I had gotten about 15 steps away from my bed and I was completely wiped out. I had no energy left and I turned around and couldn't believe how far away the bed seemed. I tackled the 15 steps back to the bed as I had tackled the night before. Set my sights on it and visualised my body responding. I got back into bed and lay there recovering. My body was incredibly weak. I have run a number of marathons in my life and those fifteen steps exhausted me more than any of the marathons did.

In the accident every muscle in my body had lost its strength and it was like I was a baby having to rebuild the strength of each muscle.

I continued to work channelling energy into my body and imagining my body rebuilding itself.

The nurse was still sitting at the end of my bed watching me as the other had done all night.

After an hour I said I was ready to do it all again. She helped me out and I set off. I ended up doing a full lap around the intensive care unit.

Once again I got back to my bed completely spent.

As I lay there the nurse asked me, "do realise how lucky you are?"

I replied, "I guess not, which is probably why you are asking me the question"

She said, "There is a thing we call the death speed for certain car accidents, this means that for that speed and above everyone in the car dies. For head on collisions into a stationary object (like a pole) the death speed is sixty km/hr. This week we have had two separate people in here who had exactly the same accident as you, a head on collision straight into a pole. They were both doing sixty kilometres an hour and both of them died, yet you were doing 85 km/hr and you lived. You are pretty lucky."

I knew it was not luck but also sensed that she did not want to know how I had done it. I lay there and asked my angels "how come I survived and they didn't?"

The reply back from them was clear and was "you asked for help"

I asked them back, "what did the others do?"

They said "they see the pole coming up and say 'Oh no!! I'm going to die!' and they die."

I lay there thinking about that for a while.

I thought about all the personal development work I had done on myself over the decades and how intent I was at finding out my limits (or the limitlessness of myself) and how I had learnt to trust myself and what I was feeling. I thought about when I was growing up how I was so concerned about what everyone else thought about me, and whether I was doing the "right" thing. I thought about a lot of stuff. I knew it was not luck...

I looked back on my life and realised the choices I had made when everyone was telling me not to do something that *they* did not like, but I knew was right for *me*.

5 years after the accident I was doing a training in my business for about 100 people and started telling the story of the time I went sky diving, then in the middle of the training I suddenly realised that if I hadn't gone sky diving I may have possibly died in the accident. I stood at the front of the room visibly moved and feeling appreciative of my strength and willingness to follow through with what I know in my heart to be right for me. Let me share with you the story...

Back in the mid eighties (my mid twenties) I was living in a large town in country Victoria and one night I was watching one of those life style shows and there was a segment on Tandem sky diving where you strap yourself to someone who has done a couple of thousand jumps so they know what they are doing and then you jump out of a perfectly good plane and plummet to earth free fall. I had wanted to do sky diving for years but knew if I did it alone I would probably die. I had a bad feeling about the cord not working and the chute not opening. So with tandem sky diving I did not have to worry about that as the experienced person could handle any situation.

I rang up the TV station the next morning and found out where they did the tandem jumping. It was outside Sydney. Well that was ok as my father lived in Sydney and I could go up and stay with him and borrow a car. I booked the flight , rang him and told him I was coming, (I was smart enough not to tell him why I was coming up).

I arrived in Sydney four days after I saw the show and borrowed a car and drove the two hours to the airstrip that they operated from.

I might add that at this time I was having a lot of trouble in a relationship. I loved this girl but it was not working out. I was also reading a book of Richard Bach's called Bridge Across Forever. This book was about the concept of soul mates and whether we really are destined for a particular person. The part of the book I happened to be reading at the time I arrived in Sydney was when Richard couldn't handle the relationship with his soul mate and went up in a small single engine plane. It crashed and the chute did not work. The situation was remarkably like what I was setting myself up for. I wondered if Spirit was trying to tell me not to follow through as I would die before my time. In my heart I knew it was important to follow through. I knew I wanted to conquer the fear of death. I knew it was important. It took 20 more years for me to understand just how important. I also know that those two days in Sydney set me up powerfully in my life to push through fear and not be controlled by the unknown.

When I arrived at the airstrip it was busy with planes taking off and people moving around everywhere. It was a beautiful day very little cloud and the sun was shining.

I registered and paid my money. They explained that the money was not refundable. They took me through the training and suited me up.

The wind picked up and I was then told that above a certain wind speed they can't tandem dive although regular sky diving was still happening. During the day while I waited for the wind to die down I read my book and watched the other sky diving and visited the toilet so many times that there was nothing left in me at all...

I waited all day from about 10 am through to dusk. They were most apologetic and said if I came back at 5 am in the morning the wind was always low at that time of the morning and I would be able to jump. I said ok and set off home.

I got home and had dinner, read my book all night, I wanted to know if Richard died. I was trying to figure out if there was any message for me in the book. This story happened before I learned how to communicate so clearly, as I do now, with my angels/spiritual helpers.

I got out of bed early and had a little breakfast knowing that anything going in at this point was going straight through me...

I arrived at the airstrip at 5 am and the air was still. The guys were amazed that I showed up. They said that nobody had *ever* come back the next day. They took me up in the plane and at the top I was told to step out onto the small metal plate on top of the wheel. The plate was only big enough for one and a half sets of feet. I was hanging onto the metal bar **absolutely terrified**. I actually felt like I was jumping to my death.

I was not going to pull out and if I was meant to die here and now then so be it. The guy strapped to me yelled out "Jump" and I let go. At that point I lapsed into semi consciousness. My eyes were open but everything was black. I was not consciously aware of my environment, or where I was or what was happening. But I could hear a voice way off in the distance. The voice was yelling at me to tuck up my legs as we were in a tumble. His mouth was right next to my ear but it sounded like he was a mile away. After a little while I tucked up my legs, not really knowing what was happening or why. It felt like a dream and that I was curling up into a foetal position and I had no idea what was happening or where I was. As I tucked up my legs, we flattened out of the spin and he said to me "one more second and I was going to pull the rip cord".

We were free falling to earth and I knew at this stage there was *absolutely* nothing I could do about it. If I was going to die at this point I could not stop it. So I decided to enjoy the trip. **I accepted my situation.**

I looked around and couldn't believe how weird it was to still be experiencing the feeling of falling and getting faster.

Eventually he pulled the rip cord and I let out a "whoopie" !!! He said to me "They all do that". We came down and landed inside the small circle. All of the other sky divers came up to me and asked "Did you love it?"

I replied "Absolutely!"

They then said "So are you going to do it again?"

I replied "No"

They all asked me,

"Why not?"

I replied "because now I've been there and done that!"

That experience set me up so I was able to release my fear of death.

Back at the hospital in the intensive care unit.

During the day I was still incredibly focused on healing myself.

The third time I got up to walk and breathe deeply I set off around the intensive care. Each time I went for my walk the nurse was right next to me ready to help if needed. She never held me when walking, I guess she sensed the importance of me doing it for myself.

This third time she said to me “What do you see around you?”

I replied “A whole lot of unconscious people”

For the 16 hours or so that I was in the intensive care this was the only time I looked at any other patients, it wasn't that I ignored them it was that they were not in my consciousness or awareness.

She then said “Why do you think that is?”

I held my hand up to her, palm out and said “I don't want to know , I am focused on getting well!”

She then said to me “I have phoned your surgeon every 15 minutes and told him that you don't belong in my Intensive Care Unit”. I smiled and agreed with her.

This time on my walk I did two full laps of the large room. During the second lap she asked me “Would you like to have a shower?”

I looked at her and said that I would and that I am sure it would help me feel better and feel nice and refreshed.

When I got back to bed, she said she would be a little while getting it all ready and that she would come and get me soon. She was now leaving me on my own. A clear sign that she could see me getting better (although I was not aware of this at the time).

Half an hour later she came back and got me. I got up still needing her assistance and we headed off to the shower.

She undressed me and sat me down completely naked in one of those white plastic chairs and put the handheld shower rose into my hand and said she would come back soon. I couldn't move anything, all I could do was sit there in the same position that she put me. I was unable to move the water around at all.

It seemed she was gone for a while when she came back and poked her head around the door. She asked if I was doing ok to which I said yes.

She then said “I have some nurses here is it alright if they come in?”

With a very big smile on my face I asked “and what do they want to see?”

She replied with a lovely laugh “They want to see you in the shower!”

I laughed back saying “I thought so...bring them in!”

The other nurses all crammed into the shower room as I sat there naked holding the shower rose. My nurse said “how long do you think this intensive care unit has been here?”

I said “I don't know, a maybe 70 years I guess.”

She said “yes , and you are the first one to ever have a shower in it. We couldn’t figured out why they put a shower in an Intensive Care Unit where people are given sponge baths!”

We all laughed.

They went on to explain how the shower had always been used as a storage room so they had to clear it out and clean it up.

Lynette and Amber visited me often during the day.

By about 4 pm the orderly came and wheeled me out of Intensive Care and took me to a ward.

After I was wheeled down to the ward, Lynette and Amber wheeled me to the hospital cafeteria and we all had dinner together and chatted about ordinary stuff.

That Monday night I would have liked to have slept but there was a nurse from hell on the ward who banged all the trays and mops and buckets and walked around loudly all night.

I was rubbing into my chest a very special healing cream and taking special nutritional supplements that I normally take daily. Lynette had brought them in for me.

On the Tuesday morning the orderly came and took me down to x-ray again and they took more chest x-rays and then wheeled me up to my bed again.

Every hour and sometimes more often I went for walks up and down the corridors still breathing deeply and still coughing up small amounts of blood. I was independent and moving at a pace slightly slower than normal walking pace.

I had a couple of phone calls and a few visitors. One of these visitors was the intensive care nurse who was a friend of my sisters.

When I was in the ward a nurse came in who was doing a study on what causes injuries in serious car accidents so the car manufacturers could adjust the designs of cars to minimise these injuries.

She asked a lot of questions

One question was “was there anything that obstructed my vision?”

My answer was “Yes”

She asked “And what was that?”

I answered “My eyelids!”

She wrote it down not realising I had made a joke and then she looked up at me and I could see her assessing me. She then laughed.

I then said “the airbag dust stopped me from being able to see where to steer the car to safety”

The nurse was also a nun. She talked with me about how incredible it was that I was alive. While she was interviewing me an engineer was assessing my car. A week later when my

friend Michael and I went to look at the car and collect a few things from it the man who was storing it asked “how many people died in it ?” Michael said that no one died, and you are looking at the man who survived it. He was shocked and said how incredible it was I was alive (or words similar)

On the Wednesday morning the thoracic surgeon came to see me and pulled the curtain around me and was shaking his head from side to side saying “I have never seen anything like it ...”

At this point I actually thought , “maybe this is worse than what I have been allowing myself to realise.....”

He said, “I so didn’t believe the x-rays I took yesterday that I called in the top thoracic surgeon from Melbourne and he and I have been awake for 24 hours pawing over the x-rays from Sunday evening and yesterday morning and he agreed with my original diagnosis of taking out one and a half of your lungs. He also agrees with my current diagnosis, that you now have two brand new lungs of a teenager who never smoked”

I said “I am 43 years old”

He said , “I know...”

I was so excited ... I had succeeded ...

I asked “ what happens now?”

He replied, “You can go home”

I asked “how soon?”

He replied “as quickly as possible. I hear you are doing healing techniques and that you are also taking supplements, and this clearly is working for you and you would be better off at home.”

When my lift arrived an hour later to take me home, I walked out of the hospital under my own steam.

Within two weeks of the accident I was able to bang my chest like Tarzan.

My broken ribs and fractured sternum were healing nicely.

Wouldn’t it be amazing if we all trusted ourselves and the ideas and inspirations we pick up?

How much do we really trust ourselves?

I know over the years since 1987 the belief and trust I have in myself and what I am capable of, has increased enormously. This is primarily because of the same work I now share through www.enjoyinnerpeace.com.au At this website there are many items that enable you to pursue your spiritual growth while at home or through sharing with other like minded people on the same journey.

If you wish to learn how to work with your Spirit Guides like John or are wanting to learn more about who you are, where you have come from, where you are going and why you are here, then go to his web site www.enjoyinnerpeace.com.au

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Firstly watch the 20 minute video on the Our Story tab

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John tours the world teaching people how to talk with their Spirit Guides, trust themselves, find their life purpose and have courage to pursue it.

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