

Share
the
Light

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Thank You,

With Blessings, Love and Light

To all who encouraged me in this endeavor.

A special Thank You to my daughter,

Tammy, who is a constant source of

Light and who is always there for me with

Words of Wisdom and encouragement.

*Many Blessings to all of the friends and loved
ones who have crossed over and in
doing so, have shared some of their
experiences before leaving this earthly realm.
We Love You!*

A special thank you to Kathi
Phillips for all of your help and
for being such a dear friend.

I LOVE YOU!

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PART 1



Beginning

I am writing this book to encourage everyone to share their own personal light and love with others. By doing this they are bringing light and hope to all who touch their lives. "Sharing the Light" is the ultimate gift of each and every one of us.

It has been my life long desire to help people. I started this quest at a young age by working in convalescent hospitals and later in an acute hospital. I have been blessed with a nurturing and compassionate soul.

Unfortunately, working in these facilities often put me in close proximity to suffering and death. Although death is still somewhat frightening to me, when I was younger, it was terrifying. I wish I would have known then what I know now. Everything happens in its own time and for a reason.

As a very young child, I was terrified of the dark and of dying. It was as if it was instilled in me from birth.

I was one of four children and the only girl. Did these fears come from a lack of nurturing and a need to feel more protected? Was it a carryover from a past life experience? Maybe both.

As far back as I can remember in my childhood, there was never any hugs, kisses, bedtime stories, or a barrage of other things that most children are blessed with.

My parents were very hardworking people and ecked out a living from the land, but parenting was not their forte.

As a child, I often felt that if I or my brothers were to have died from any number of plausible causes, a grave would have been dug on the property and we would have unceremoniously been dumped in and probably not been missed by the few people that knew us. Possibly a few neighbors we had would have known, but I am not sure of this, even to this day. I am almost positive that the law would not have been involved.

Alcohol was a major problem in my parents' lives and eventually was a cause of many

hardships that we endured as children and later carried into our adult lives.

Life then was very rural and hard. My family probably broke almost every law there was and they got away with it.

Coming from a family where emotional nurturing was virtually nonexistent and love was seldom shown, has made me a strong advocate that one of the best things we can do with our children and loved ones is to let them know that they are loved. Many of our loved ones already know that we do love them, but we need to tell them "I Love You" and then tell them again and again. You can never say "I Love You" enough. It brings light and joy into their lives and makes their heart feel warm. Love is light!

It was not until recently, many years later, that I realized that my father was a pedophile. Somehow, I had rationalized that he did these obscene things, only when he was drinking or drunk. (As if that was an excuse!!)

This was not the case. He also did these things when I was a small child and continued as I entered my teenage years, often without a drink under his belt.

Before continuing with this book, I do need to let my readers know, that I do not hate or dislike, or hold a grudge against any of my family. I love both the living and dead and I'm truly saddened by some of their actions. I hope that the light shines on them brightly both here on earth and in Heaven and that they are happy. Holding a grudge, feeling hatred and thinking unkind thoughts for past deeds, only hinders our personal and spiritual growth, as well as theirs.

I digress on the purpose of this book. This may possibly be a book for another time. I intuitively feel that the information I am sharing now, will be of great help to people during these changing and challenging times.

As I quickly continue my journey through childhood, I am leading up to a time when my life changed dramatically.

A few days before my eighth grade graduation, I confided in my only friend, telling her several things that my dad had been doing to me for many years. She was an only child, very loved and protected, and she told her mother of my dire circumstances. That's when my life changed forever.

I did not know it at the time, but it was actually divine intervention. I thought my

life was over, but my angels were looking out for me. There were long hard months ahead, but I did survive and became a stronger person for the adversities I endured.

On the day, of the night, of my eighth grade graduation, what is known as Child Services today, arrived at my school and placed me in a foster home. Needless to say, I was terrified not only of living with strange people, but also the threats that were made on a regular basis by my dad, that if I ever mentioned to anyone what he did to me, not only would I be taken away from home, which had already happened. I was now waiting for the physical abuse or worse. With this drastic change in my life, it seemed like he was some kind of prophet.

Due to my overwhelming fear of my father and the emotional loss of my mother and brothers and the familiarity of what I had known as my home, I felt abandoned. While in the foster home I never saw my mother, except in court, and she never called on the phone. I started having traumatic nightmares about my Dad. There was a court hearing and I testified. My father and mother also testified and lied, saying that I had an over-active imagination and read too many books. The nightmares continued and seeing Dad in court, intensified my fear of him. He looked

at me like he hated me, and my mother acted like she was disappointed in me. She never hugged me or said a word to me.

A few months later, I was committed to a State Hospital. I was not told at the time that this was where I was going. An officer of the court, an old lady named, Aggie, picked me up. I cried for four hours, which is the length of time it took to drive to my new home at the hospital.

I already missed my foster parents! I had become extremely fond of them. They were so different from what I had experienced in my short life. They were kind and loving to each other all the time. There were no harsh words, drinking, or physical abuse. It was so foreign to what I had been used to, and it warmed my heart and gave me a sense of hope to see that kind of love between them. His name was Benny and her name was Virlie.

I was never to see them again, but even to this day, I think of them fondly. Although they are on the other side now, I send them love with my thoughts.

The State Hospital was a real nightmare for me at first. What a tragic place. Some people had lived their whole lives in this place.

When I arrived, I was put in a ward with other women and given Thorazine, which made me sleep a lot at first. Then they stopped the medication. Every night, I was locked in a bedroom with two other women. There was a window by the head of my bed that had bars on it and looked out over the State Prison, a mile, or so away.

Once a week, everyone in the ward sat in chairs that formed a circle for a group meeting. After a few of these meetings, I was not required to participate, as I had become the focus of attention for a couple of women who were extremely mentally ill. Somehow, they had acquired a pair of blunt-tipped scissors and were determined to get a lock of my golden hair. It was a frightening experience for me. Orderlies had to be called to physically restrain them. I was afraid that they were going to hurt me, or worse.

When fall arrived, I started my freshman year as the only student in a little room, with my own private teacher.

When my birthday arrived in November, my mother, father and brothers came to see me. My mother got a pass from the hospital to take me to a hamburger place for lunch. It was a long trip for them and I know that it was at my mother's insistence that they

come. My father was as dark and negative as ever. When we finished lunch, they returned me to the hospital. My mother gave me a cute little pair of ceramic mice that I have kept to this day, tucked away in my cedar chest.

Strangely, the hospital became my home and I was happy there. I had school and I was content with my studies and a little bit of freedom going to this little classroom, a short distance from the hospital. Then fate intervened again. After class one day, I was told that I would be going to a foster home the following day. I was told that there was nothing wrong with me and that I did not need to be here. Despite my objections and tears, the next day another court officer arrived and drove me to my new home on a small ranch, with eight other foster girls. These foster parents were good people. They were very religious and hardworking and they expected each of us to do as we were told, which we did.

I became very fond of this place, but fate was forever knocking on my door. This time, the court decided to send me back to my home and a court officer picked me up and delivered me to my parents' doorstep.

Again, another change, which I had no say in but eventually adjusted to, and it was obviously a part of my life plan.

During this two-year time frame from the foster home, State Hospital, foster home, and then back to my original home, my life was touched by many people, as I also touched many other people's lives.