

The Family Relationships Chart provided *A Peace that Surpasses All Understanding*

From the soul perspective, there is no judgment of right-wrong-good-bad – we are all spirit having experiences in this physical body while we're here on earth. Spirit is infinite light and unconditional Love, and we always have free will to make our own choices, and then experience the consequences of those choices. And, it's just as valuable to experience what doesn't work (so we know what we no longer want to create in our life) so that we have greater clarity about what works to create the experience of living in Heaven while we're right here on Earth.

From the soul perspective, there is only the interplay of the full spectrum of diverse flavors of energy, with complete Acceptance of who we are, as the creator experiences the diversity of this life and existence through us, as unique expressions of energy – adding what we learn from our experiences to the collective consciousness of the earth and all of humanity.

If we're asleep or unconscious, the ineffective patterns of the parents get passed down to the children. If we wake up, we can take responsibility to make conscious choices that release dysfunctional generational patterns, and add to the reservoir of knowledge that facilitates the evolution of consciousness from one generation to the next.

As of this writing (11/30/14), it's only been four weeks since my mother's passing (11/6/14). I've always experienced a great deal of "magic" that occurs when someone is nearing the time of transition and has a foot in both worlds, as well as the seven weeks after the passing of a significant relationship in my life.

On Sunday, 11/2/14, Mom called me at 6:20am and said that she had a respiratory infection and that it was hard to breath. My mind raced to find something that she could do for herself until I got there. I asked, "Can you take a hot Epsom salt bath to try and help loosen that mucus in your chest?" She said, "Yes, I can do that," and she got into the tub at 6:45am.

My computer crashed right after talking with Mom. (*I didn't know at the time that this was divinely orchestrated so that I couldn't work on my computer, and I had the time and space to spend the next four days with her.*) I called my computer guy and he tried to do some things to correct the situation remotely – and then he said he needed to come pick it up that morning to see if he could copy and save my documents from the hard drive. When he got there, we did a four-way call with my computer guy, my business partner in Chicago, and the business that warrantied the computer – and they set an appointment for on-site service three days later.

Once the computer stuff was dealt with, I packed a bag with some natural remedies, went to the health food store for juices and more remedies, and got to my mother's place at 10:45am. She was just getting out of the tub – four hours later. She told me that whenever the water got cold, that she would empty the tub and fill it back up with hot water.



She also said that she had scriptures running through her head, as well as the herbologist Dr. John Christopher's words saying that Life requires moist heat, not dry heat. She said that she felt that if she got out of the tub that she would no longer be here on this earth, and that she kept repeating over and over again: "I CHOOSE LIFE."

I helped her get dried off and dressed, and then we set up her rocking chair in her sun room so that she was sitting in the sun. I then gave her fresh juices, Green Vibrance®, echinacea, and an oxymel I made with essential oils to help respiration. Then I boiled some water in a pan and put a few drops of the essential oils in the pan for her to breathe the steam.

I spent the day with her cleaning her apartment, doing laundry, making fresh turnips and greens with organic chicken broth, fresh pickled beets, cutting up fresh pineapple for her to snack on (instead of sugar) – and getting the supplements into her every few hours. She didn't want the television on, or any music (*I remembered this is how it was with Bob for 3 weeks before he made his transition*).

She complained that "the pharmacy" (what she called the psychotropic drugs for her bipolar condition) was creating the mucus in her system, as well as the reason she couldn't lose weight (and was now 250 pounds and could barely walk because her legs and feet were so swollen and in pain).

I replied, "Mom – the pharmacy is not creating as much mucus and weight as – the SUGAR." Years ago she had reduced her sugar intake for a while during her relationship with Alfredo, who was diabetic. But when that relationship ended, she went back to consuming bags of hard candy, cookies, and cakes at all her dinner parties, milkshakes from the restaurant in her apartment complex, etc. When we went out to eat, she asked if she could order two desserts. Her ideal dream for her birthday was to be allowed to order unlimited amounts of gelato. (*Eight months prior she had been sick and convalescing for three weeks from what she had called "sugar poisoning".*)

Five days earlier she had me buy her a chicken and a chocolate cake to celebrate her friend Rebecca's birthday (10/29/14). When I asked her when she had started feeling sick, she told me that it was after eating the chocolate cake. Then she said, "Oh my gosh, I DID THIS TO MYSELF!"

(*Four weeks later I was talking with Rebecca, and she revealed that after dinner Mom had said: "How about if we cut the cake in half – and you get one half and I get the other half – and they finished off the entire cake in one sitting."*)

At one point Mom asked if I was still putting "the pharmacy" in with her daily supplements. (*We had weaned her off these drugs a few years ago, but the natural remedies weren't strong enough to hold the bipolar condition at bay, which had resulted in her being Baker Acted again. Yet, she had been asking me for the last six months to again eliminate "the pharmacy".*)

**Rebecca Wilkins,
Analytical/So-2 (#23)
Mom's Friend**



I answered her question honestly. I said, “Yes, I’m still including it. I can’t go through the pain and heartache that we experienced last time. I can’t go through that process alone. My medicine wasn’t strong enough to make a difference. If we wean you off again, I need some help from a homeopathic physician I work with so that the responsibility isn’t all on me – so that I have help from a third party. At a certain point you no longer listen to me, and you would have to agree to listen to his recommendations and shift things if it’s not working.” I was very surprised when she replied, “That’s Smart.”

Over the next few days, she told me a number of times how much she appreciated what I know, and who I am – and that she felt so grateful having me there overseeing things, helping her, and telling her what to do – having someone who she felt accorded with her own values of using natural remedies instead of “pharmacy”. She said “You really know what you are doing – thank you so much for all that you’re doing.”

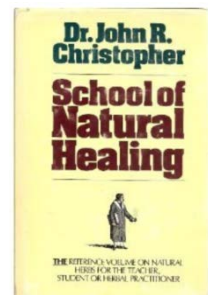
She also said, “Your mind is so sharp, and I couldn’t do all that you’re doing for me. I really appreciate you explaining everything you’re doing, and why you’re doing it that way. Your mind is in the Now Moment, and my mind is usually in La-La Land. My mind doesn’t think of these things to eat – I’m learning so much from you – there’s still so much that I don’t know – you need to be the one to choose my foods and make out my grocery list, instead of me.” *Wow – that was a first.*

On Tuesday, 11/4/14, I called Mom at 6:30am and asked her how she was doing. She said, “I had a talk with God this morning and told him that I’m grateful I can listen to music/sound, and I’m grateful that I can cough up this mucus.” *That helped me feel more hopeful about her recovery.*

Then she said, “You know, there’s a lot about you that I can’t tolerate, but there’s a lot that I appreciate. I feel you are God in my house. I ate turnip soup last night and this morning. You are a ‘Good Woman’ and I said to God ‘I am a Good Lady’. I’m so pleased with you – you’re so valuable as a counselor – there are none to compare with you – not even the ones you talk about and admire.”

I was shocked. I had never heard her say this to me before. My mind raced to remember who I had talked to her about – Dr. Jensen (natural health and healing with food), Lynn McGonagill (energetic healing)? Then I said, “Thank you, Mom – that really means a lot to me. I’m just carrying Dr. Jensen’s work forward by trying to be a living example.”

Mom replied, “Well, I’m not carrying Dr. Christopher’s work forward – but I’m recommending his work whenever I have the chance. And I kept my word to myself to spend the money to send his *School of Natural Healing* book to Demetrius even if he doesn’t read it – so that I could hold my head up and not act dishonestly, or not keep my word like my street children...



“I know you do whatever you can for me. I love you so deeply – I worship you – I appreciate these moments of talking together and clearing the consciousness.”

We'd had our differences over the years, and I was deeply moved and awe-struck by this amount of gratitude and appreciation for who I am, and how I am, coming from my mother.

After I hung up the phone, I regrouped and re-evaluated my schedule. The on-site computer tech was scheduled to call and arrive at my place that afternoon, so I felt to get to Mom's as early as possible since I would have to be leaving earlier. When I got there she was still having a hard time breathing. Her cough was very gurgly and although she was coughing, she was having a hard time getting it past her throat and up into her mouth to be able to spit it out.

I gave her all the remedies and supplements and asked if she'd taken a hot bath yet? She said she didn't want to take a bath while I was there. I told her that we needed that mucus to ripen and loosen so that she could cough it up and get it out of her chest, and I'd stay with her – so she agreed.

I was going to go to the kitchen and do some dishes, but she asked me to stay and be with her while she was in the tub – she didn't want to be alone. I agreed to stay in the bathroom with her and told her that I never feel alone – that God, my guides, angels and teachers are always with me. She asked who they were, so I shared some of who I call upon every night before I go to sleep: Jesus (peace), Mother Mary (comfort), St. Germaine (liberation)...and others.

She was having trouble breathing and getting comfortable in the tub, and turned over to have her chest in the water. At a certain point she said that when she had a migraine headache that her mother would never shut up, and she asked me very nicely if I would mind being quiet. I said, "sure". I started to get up to go to the kitchen, but she said, "Please stay – I don't want to be alone – I just need you to be quiet right now." So I settled back down and pulled up my legs to sit on the toilet seat in the most comfortable position for me – Indian style.

My mind started thinking and wishing that I had brought a book to read. Then I heard the words: "You don't need a distraction, just meditate." So I started meditating, created an energy vortex and a bubble of light around us, then called in my guides, angels and the healing light beings, and then Mom's guides, angels and healing light beings – and then I put forth a question and asked, "What to do?"

I immediately heard and saw: "Lungs = Grief". While maintaining the meditation, I quietly asked Mom if she was feeling grief? She immediately responded: "Yes!" So I asked, "What about?" She said, "My mother – she just wouldn't shut up, and she poisoned our minds against our father!" I could feel the pain, anger and blame energy that she was still carrying with her all these years.

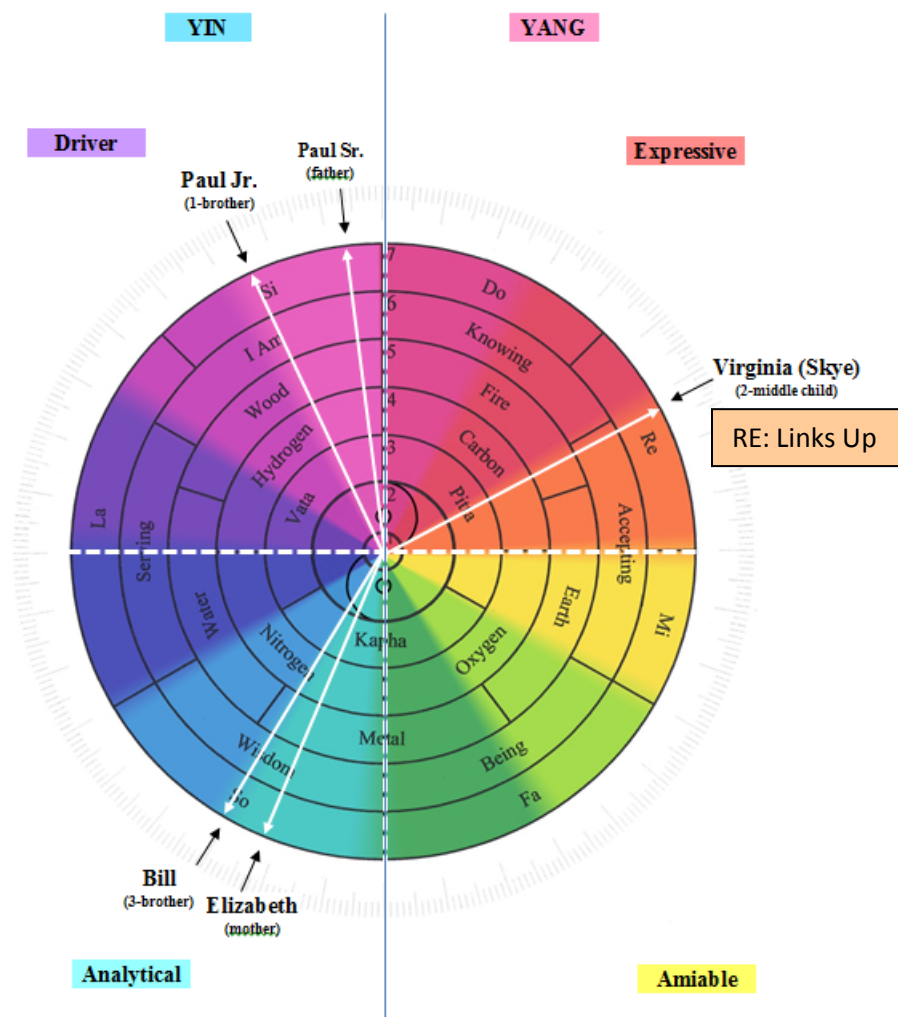
Then I received an image, but kept quiet.

At that point, Mom said that her claustrophobia was getting overwhelming and she needed to get out of the tub. So I helped her get out, dry off, put on a robe and get into the rocking chair in the sun.

Once she was settled, she asked me if there was anything else I had gotten in my meditation. I told her that I'd gotten an image. "What image?" she asked. "Well, I'll have to draw it for you," I replied. So I got her clipboard with paper and pen and quickly sketched a rough image of her **Family Relationships Chart**.

Sacred Typology is a way of getting an objective reading of archetypal or symbolic energy dynamics and patterns. In other words, it takes **Relationship Dynamics** out of the realm of Personality reactive nature, and reveals the Essence and Being energies, along with the deeper meaning and purpose of the Soul's journey of learning about and experiencing these energies...

Mom's Family Relationships Chart



Then, for about 30 minutes, lots of connections about Mom and her biological family relationship dynamics channeled through. I can't remember everything, but the gist was...

Mom had always described the relationship between her mother and father as growing up in the middle of World War III. She had a love-hate relationship with both parents.

I showed her that her mother's arrow was in the **Analytical** area. **Elizabeth Charlotte Buethe**, was a #22: **Kapha/Analytical/So-1** type.

(Elizabeth's mother had died when she was a baby, and her father was wealthy so she and her brother had been raised by a French governess. Her father was a successful businessman who owned a meat-packing company. Elizabeth went to law school and became one of the first women attorneys; president of the National Women's League, was in high-society and did a lot of social entertaining. She studied philosophy instead of religion (Plato, Socrates, Aristotle) and didn't value her husband's beliefs. Later in life she became a high school civics teacher. At the end of her life she signed her entire inheritance over to a Masonic Home to take care of her, leaving nothing to her family.)

**Elizabeth,
Kapha/Analytical/So-1
(#22)**



I showed her that her father's arrow was in the **Driver** area, so he was a different type. **Paul Harold Dunakin Sr.**, was a #14: **Vata/Driver/Si** type.

(Paul also went to law school and was an attorney, and had met my grandmother while they were working in a bank together. He had grown up on a farm, his mother grew a large vegetable garden, canned the harvest, and knew about herbs and made home remedies for people in her community. Paul had married Elizabeth for her social prestige. They got married right before the Great Depression hit, and during the depression he created a large Victory Garden on their property in the city of Wheaton, Illinois. His family had been spiritualists, and he studied Edgar Cayce and donated money to the Cayce Foundation, which his wife was furious about. They had a law practice together called Dunakin & Dunakin that they ran out of their home. He later became an entrepreneur and successfully turned around an Electronics company that had been going down the drain. They divorced after the children were grown. Towards the end of his life he joined the Episcopal Church, and paid money to wear the collar of a deacon. At the end of his life he maintained control of his money by putting \$750,000 into an educational trust that eventually reverted to a religious trust for seminaries in the Episcopal Church, leaving nothing to his family.)

Children Bring Essence Energy Gifts

Children bring gifts of specific kinds of energy to the relationship between the parents. There are other systems that identify the energy coming into the parent's relationship even more specifically than Sacred Typology, but we'll just keep things simple here. Often each child's **Essence** energy symbolizes what is needed in the Relationship at the soul level at that time.

I showed Mom how her eldest brother, **Paul Jr. (#14: Vata/Driver/Si)**, was the exact same type as his father. Perhaps one of the gifts of his **Essence** to the parents was to help them set the direction of their Relationship by bringing them greater awareness about what they could release and let go of to reconcile their differences, thereby enabling them to create unity instead of separation, harmony and peace instead of war.

Now there were two arrows in the **Driver** area of the **Family Chart**. (**Driver** types often have an entrepreneurial nature, and both father and son became entrepreneurs during their life.)

Then Mom (#17:**Pitta/Expressive/Re-2**) came along as the second/middle child. Perhaps one of the gifts of her **Essence** was to help the parents activate and **Link Up** with new, original and creative ideas about how to transform their Relationship and create delight instead of opposition.

Mom was a different type than either of her parents and brothers – and her arrow was out there all alone, on the other side of the chart. (*Another reason she may have felt unwanted was because her father had wanted five boys, and having a girl as the second child was a disappointment.*)

Then the third child, her younger brother **Bill** (#8:**Kapha/Analytical/So-1**) was the exact same type as his mother. Perhaps one of the gifts of his **Essence** was to help the parents with more effective communication and setting mutual goals.

Now there were two arrows in the **Analytical** area of the **Family Chart**. [**Analytical** types are often studious, and Grandma was always reading books (**Analytical**) and became a school teacher; and Bill finished his college degree in the Navy, and then worked as a computer programmer (**Analytical**) for a big corporation.]

I showed Mom how she was the only one on the **Yang** side of the chart – all the others were on the **Yin** side. She had always felt alone, lonely and like she wasn't included, or didn't fit in. (*That energy pattern continued throughout the rest of her life. I had also noticed through the years that what got her into trouble was expressing the excessive **Driver** or **Analytical** energy that she had been surrounded with, but was not programmed to work for her in this lifetime.*)

I shared that each type lives in different worlds, and receives and interprets the world differently – and that her biological family didn't understand or relate to her because as different types they interpreted things in a different way than she did. As a **Pitta/Expressive/Re** type, one of her natural gifts was new and **Creative** ideas, as well as **Linking Up** with others. Unfortunately, she thought there was something wrong with her when those other types in her family weren't receptive to her ideas and didn't **Link Up** with her.

“My mother called me Effervescent” Then she said, “My mother always called me **Effervescent**,” and I replied, “Yes, one of the qualities of your **Essence** is **effervescent**.”

After a silent pause she asked, “My father called me crazy – is that also a quality of my type?” With deep love and compassion in my heart, I said, “No, Mom – crazy is NOT a quality of **Essence**.”

Mom's Family Relationships Chart

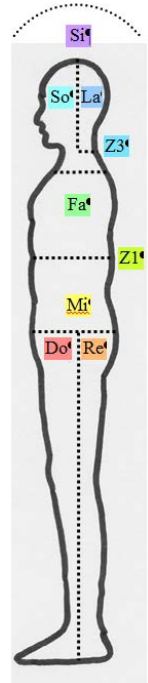


Then she asked me, “Why was my mother always touching my behind? She was always touching me there...was she a lesbian?”

I smiled and replied, “No, she wasn’t a lesbian. As a mother, she was just noticing your **Essence** – just like she did with **effervescence**. The **Re-Note** area of the body is the buttocks and back of the legs, and she was just unconsciously recognizing the physical area of that energy in you.”

*(The unconscious expression of **Re-Note** energy bounces back and forth on the polarity stick between **Pleasure** and **Pain**. Mom had always been adamant about not following the middle path – and described herself as someone who experienced the extremes – all or nothing. She had definitely experienced lots of **pain**, and had often used sugar as a way to vicariously experience **pleasure** and a sweeter life – as something to help soothe the **pain**.)*

At a certain point I got an image of her experiencing the extremes – but it wasn’t a judgment of her, or making her wrong for that choice. The feeling that came with that image was of a very loving, compassionate soul perspective that saw a much bigger picture of the value in those choices...



What I shared with her as I was interpreting that message, was that her soul chose to experience the full spectrum in this lifetime – the extreme highs and extreme lows of everything from having lots of money and social status on one end of the stick, to being homeless and without any money on the other end of the stick. The value of having the full spectrum of experiences was that it gave her greater wisdom and compassion for others. Her life’s experiences had helped her release judgment and relate to all and everyone – no matter what their level of education, social status, background or beliefs.

What also came through was that her soul had come into this life making a choice to take much of her life’s journey ALONE – as a way to learn and experience the journey of becoming more **independent** and less **dependent**.

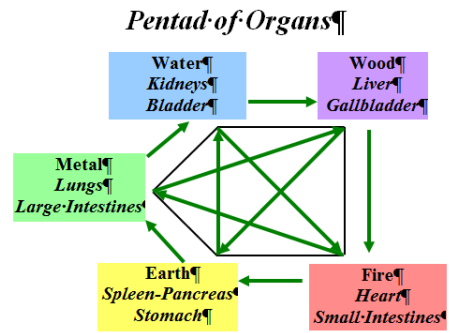
*(Hearing this connection coming through reminded me that no matter what was going to unfold in this journey with her, that I needed to remember to respect the **independent** choices she makes, and do whatever I could to serve and support her wishes and values.)*

When I finished interpreting the objective energetic dynamics of her **Family Relationships Chart**, Mom had deep gratitude in her heart for me sharing this perspective, and thanked me for taking the time to have this conversation with her. She said that this perspective gave her “**A Peace that Surpassed All Understanding**”. Then she shared, “I always wanted to know ‘Why’ about so many things, and this answered ‘Why’.”

The next day, Wednesday, 11/5/14, Mom called at 7:10am and said that her energy was very low, that she was exhausted and was still having a difficult time breathing, and wasn’t able to cough up the gurgly mucus. She said that after she used the toilet, that it took her 30 minutes to sit and rest on a chair before she could make her way back to the recliner in the other room.

Somehow she had also found out that her blood pressure was high – 180/65 (*I saw the image of the Pentad of Organs, and my feeling was that this was heart and lungs – pneumonia*).

That kicked me into yang/urgency mode. I went next door and woke up my neighbor, Daniel, and told him that I needed his help to move Mom’s recliner closer to the bathroom.



Daniel drove, as I felt such a deep sense of urgency, and was emotional with tears. I silently prayed all the way to her home. I called in God and the angels to be with me and her, asking for guidance of what to do. My mind knew that she didn’t want to have anything to do with doctors or hospitals, but my heart was breaking from a knowingness that this situation was on the brink of life or death. I was not yet willing to accept death as an option. And I knew that this situation was way beyond my own capabilities, and all I could see were different scenarios of asking for help from outside sources to get her re-stabilized – so that we could buy her some more time.

When we got there, I asked Daniel to wait out on the front porch while I went inside to talk with Mom privately. She was in the recliner chair, with just a towel over her, and said she was experiencing the deepest claustrophobia attack that she’d ever had, and that she couldn’t even wear clothes. (*I understood that she was feeling the heaviness and labor of not being able to breathe or sleep for the last few days.*)

I started out by telling her that I was going to respect her wishes, and that she had the final choice in the matter, but that my Heart needed the opportunity to share what I was feeling and seeing, and ask if she’d go along with it. She agreed to hear me out.

I then told her that this situation was critical and way beyond what I could do for her. I found myself “begging” her to allow me to either call the paramedics, so that they could help re-stabilize her in her home; or let me take her to the Emergency Room, with the proviso that I would not allow them to check her in to the hospital – and I would stay with her the entire time.

She then very calmly and slowly said to me: “No...I’ve given up wearing my glasses and my dentures because of claustrophobia...I’ve given up wearing my jewelry because of claustrophobia...I’ve given up wearing shoes because of claustrophobia...why would you think I would allow what you’re asking?” With tears in my eyes, and with a very heavy heart, I said, “Okay, I just had to ask.”

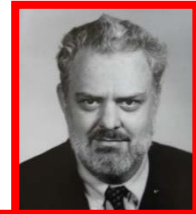
My heart was breaking, but I knew I must respect her wishes and allow her to be in control of this decision, and of her life. It was one of the most difficult things I’d ever had to do, but I surrendered my will to her will – and it took some time for me to come to a deeper level of acceptance.

My heart and mind were in an uproar of turmoil. Instead of separate stages of processing the death of a loved one, I found myself immersed in processing the emotions of all five stages simultaneously: grief, pleading, anger, resentment and acceptance.

I had already pleaded with her to allow a different scenario; and I was now angry and felt resentment about her choice; while at the same time I was in the process of releasing my own control trip and accepting her choice.

I quickly switched gears to channel all this emotional energy into rearranging her physical surroundings so that her recliner was only a few feet from her bathroom. It took three of us (me, Daniel and Rebecca) working many hours that day to clean, clear and rearrange the space and the furniture, and then move her into the sun room next to the bathroom.

During the day, my mind was racing with questions and various scenarios. I'd previously been a care-giver during the final stages of Bob's life (and Mom had been there to witness what I went through the last three months that he was alive). It had been a full-time job – even with the help of Hospice. But I wasn't going to have the help of Hospice in this situation, because that needed to be prescribed by a doctor – which she wasn't going to allow.



**Bob Hess,
Pitta/Fire/Do (#1)
Teacher, Author**

I felt a heavy burden. My mind was thinking that this means more responsibility – time, effort, work for me, without help. I wondered, “How am I going to live my life – how am I going to shift things to rearrange my schedule? How am I going to not lose myself in this process, like I did when I was trying to keep Bob alive?”

By the end of that day I was exhausted, and after I'd done everything I could to set up everything within arm's reach for her, I told her that I needed some time/space away from her – to replenish myself. She said, “Okay, I understand, I'll just go back to communicating with you by writing you letters.” I was a bit surprised by that, and I reassured her that all I meant was that I needed some time in the mornings for my Self, and that I would be here every afternoon – and that I would bring fresh groceries and make all her meals, and help her with whatever she needed.

She smiled and told me to have faith, and said that this experience with her wasn't going to be like my previous experience. At the time I didn't know what she meant by that, but I was too emotionally drained to ask.

The next morning I spent many hours journaling, and in prayer and meditation, and I experienced a state of deep peace as I came to a fuller Acceptance of Mom's choice, and saw how I was going to shift things in my own life to accommodate this new schedule.

Although I'd told her I'd be there in the afternoons, I felt to get over there in the late morning. But as I was getting dressed, my computer guy called and said that he was already in my neighborhood after finishing early with a previous client, and he wanted to bring my computer over right now. I reluctantly agreed, and then I tried to find Daniel to house-sit while the computer guy was here – but Daniel was nowhere to be found.

I felt a bit edgy and impatient while my computer guy was here for much longer than either of us had anticipated. Finally, at 2:30pm I could wait no longer, and I told him that I felt I needed to wrap things up and get over to my mother's place.

I drove to Mom's with a strange feeling of simultaneous peace and urgency. I signed-in at the front desk at 3:15pm and went up to the seventh floor. I opened the door and didn't see Mom in her recliner – maybe she was in the bathroom. “Mom? I'm here...Mom?” I walked into the back sun room and there she was...slumped on the couch...eyes closed...was she asleep? I went over and nudged her – “Mom?” Then I noticed that she wasn't breathing. “Oh, Mom...” and I slumped into a chair and began to cry.

She had made her transition before I got there. At first I felt terrible for not getting there earlier that day. When had she died? During the night? Earlier that morning? What were her last hours like? She hadn't wanted to be alone. She had always loved the beach and the water, but had been afraid to put her head under the water...and now she had died from drowning, suffocating from the excess water in her lungs. Had she had a premonition all her life about how she was going to die?

Ask and Ye Shall Receive – Being Guided to the Answers

It wasn't until the next day that some of these questions were answered. I had a feeling to go to her home and bring all the fresh foods and juices back to my place. The timing felt *divinely orchestrated* because just as I was packing up the car to leave, Rebecca got off the bus and walked by my car.

Rebecca told me that she had checked on Mom at 10am the previous morning, and she had seen her in that slumped position on the couch – and that Mom was still breathing...but that Rebecca knew that Mom would be gone by that afternoon or evening. Then Rebecca told me that the day before that, Mom had told her that she was going to have to cancel Thanksgiving plans, because she was going to heaven very soon (which Mom hadn't said to me).

All of a sudden I felt like a lightning-bolt had struck me with the awareness that the timing of everything had been *Divinely Orchestrated* so that I wasn't there to see Mom in those final stages, because it would have been too difficult for me to see her like that and not want to do something more to alleviate her discomfort and inability to breath. Now I understood what she meant by “this experience will be different” – she already knew that she wasn't going to be here for much longer.

Looking back over my last four days with Mom, I noticed that there had been a shift in her after I shared the soul perspective of her **Family Relationships Chart** with her. That perspective had helped her release grief-pain-anger-blame about her mother...and understanding the objective energies of her family dynamics had given her *a peace that surpassed all understanding*.

The day after that, it had been my turn to experience and then transmute fear energy. It felt as if any residual fear that hadn't been processed the previous day was then passed to me to experience and transmute – which then gave Mom more room in her Being for Peace of Mind,

Light, Confidence in Faith, connection with God and fellowship with her own guides as her soul was readying itself for her to make the transition to the next step in her journey.

The Magical Journey Continues...

At this point (12/23/14), it's been seven weeks since her transition, and I've been feeling her palpable presence in my Heart, my Life, and as part of the *divine orchestration* of magical experiences of Family Reunions and Healings that have unfolded during these seven weeks. I've followed her promptings: "*bring things to Light, and the Truth shall set you free.*"

Simultaneously, there has been a parallel journey of making use of the **Family Relationships Chart** as a tool for friends to release judgment (of themselves and others), by taking the **Relationship Dynamics** out of the realm of Personality reactive nature, and seeing the **Essence** and Being energies. This has brought greater light of awareness, as well as compassion and understanding of the energies that their soul has been playing with and learning about during their time on this playground called earth.

I keep hearing two phrases repeated over and over again like a mantra: *Family Healing* and *Baby Essence Gifts*. Thus, I am following this journey to see where it takes me. My mother grew up in a Horror Story (dysfunctional family), and before she died we were able to rewrite her story by using the **Essence** and Soul perspective to answer her "why" questions about many things. Understanding the deeper meaning of why her Soul chose certain experiences, the particular family to be born into, and the deeper value of taking much of her journey alone, released pain-anger-guilt-blame, and resulted in *a peace that surpassed all understanding*.

Now I am feeling guided and inspired to explore the **Family Dynamics** of the next generation of this Family Tree (my own biological family), and discover the **Baby Essence Gifts** that my siblings and I brought into the Relationship of our parents. From the finite human perspective (looking from the outside-in), the Horror Story of my own dysfunctional family was like living in one long terror flick – which resulted in everyone experiencing damage.

The symbolic energy languages don't remove the past damage that came from free will choices that were made out of fear; but they clearly define and help us discern the difference between functional and dysfunctional expressions of energy. This then gives us the opportunity to make conscious choices of what to release and eliminate (dysfunctional behaviors), and what to accentuate and nurture (our TRUE **Essence** nature) as we move forward. It provides an opportunity to release dysfunctional generational patterns, and participate in the evolution of consciousness so the next generation starts out another rung higher on the ladder.

Elizabeth's Family Relationship Dynamics

Virginia Merle Dunakin (#17:Pitta/Expressive/Re-2) was told that she was a "loud mouth" from the day she was born, when she screamed at the top of her lungs to announce her arrival into this world. Her nickname was Ginny, later Gigi, and much later Skye.

She was friendly, gregarious, and wanted to **Link Up** and **Connect** with anyone and everyone, and didn't understand why she didn't seem to be allowed to – or why she wasn't accepted.

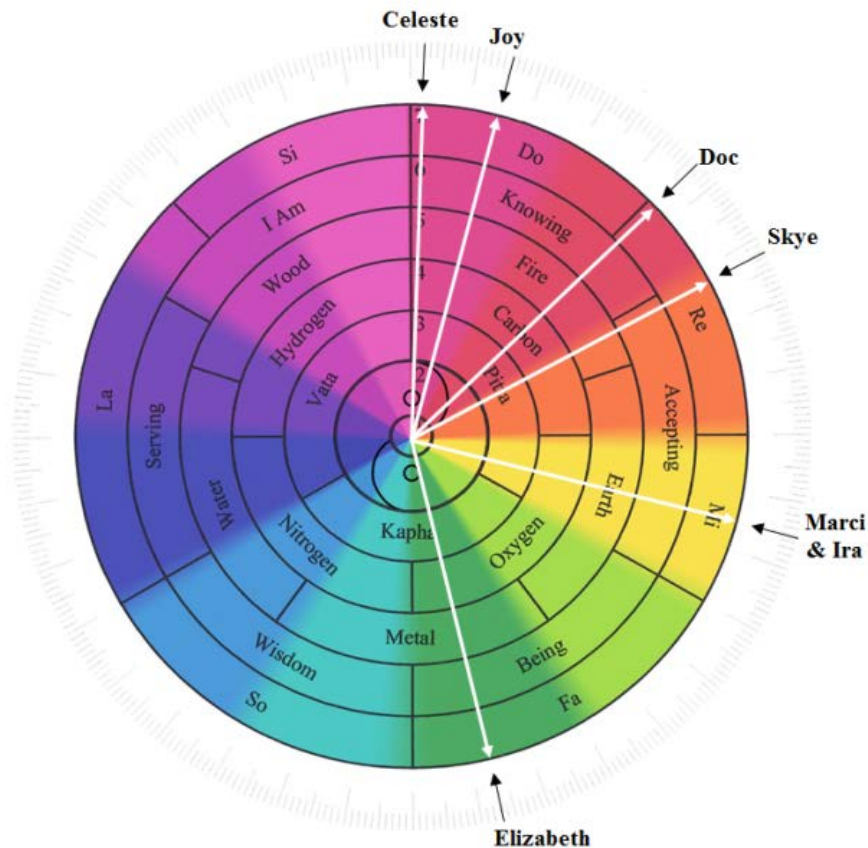


Virginia "Ginny",
Pitta/Expressive/Re-2
(#17)

Her **Analytical/So** mother wouldn't let her learn how to cook by helping in the kitchen. Instead, she was always asked to set the table and create the centerpiece and decorations. She also wasn't allowed by her brothers to play with them in their treehouse, with a sign posted: "no girls allowed". Thus, she played alone, in her life-size dollhouse in the back yard, having tea parties with her collection of dolls. **Re-Note** types want to feel connected. All she wanted was to feel like part of a family. Although she went off to college to study Interior Decorating, all she really wanted was to be a mommy and have lots of children.

Elizabeth's Family Chart

Reveals the 7 Layers of the authentic YOU and Relationship Dynamics



Ginny met **Ira Blount Wagner (#5:Pitta/Amiable/Mi)** when they were in college together at Washington University, in St. Louis. Ira was five years older, majoring in Architecture, and was almost finished with college by the time she was beginning. Sometimes **Mi-Note** types have issues with procrastination, and he had procrastinated on writing his thesis, so he hadn't graduated yet.

Ira's father, Blount Rafford Wagner, was a postal clerk in Evansville, Indiana; and in a writer's club, hoping for his manuscript to be published. He had met his wife, Dorothy Lillian Osborne, in high school.



Ira "Spec" Wagner,
Pitta/Amiable/Mi
(#5)

Ira was the eldest of four children, and was born pre-maturely and almost died. Because he was so tiny and frail, he was given to his mother's parents, Cora and Ira Osborne, to be nursed to health and raised. Being "just a spec of a thing" earned him the nickname of "Spec".

The Dunakin family had prestige and social standing, and Spec was very interested in climbing the social ladder. (*The pattern repeats of the man choosing a woman who could help him climb the social ladder.*) Ginny couldn't wait to move away from her parents and start her own family; and thought that she should jump on the chance to get married when Spec asked her (thinking that no other man would ever ask her).

*A few weeks before she made her transition, she said that she had gone from **depending** on her parents to **depending** on her husband. When things got rough with her Relationship with Dad, she had fear of leaving him because she had never developed the skills to hold down a job or develop a career. Reviewing what she had learned from her life, she said she would always recommend that a woman experience the **independence** of having her own career before she ever considers getting married.*

Although Spec and Ginny were both **Pitta** types, they didn't marry for love, and didn't really know each other that well. Ginny was a lot more fiery, **Expressive**, loud and outspoken, which could sometimes be embarrassing for other types (and later became embarrassing for my Dad). Spec was more **Amiable**, laid back, easy-going, avoided confrontation, and his procrastination on finishing school, passing his Architectural board exams, paying the bills on time, participating in family activities, or even coming home for dinner became points of contention in their Relationship.

Baby Essence Gifts

Often the baby's **Essence** energy symbolizes what would serve the Relationship at the soul level at that given time. Spec and Ginny got married in September, 1955, and I was conceived on their honeymoon and was born nine months later, June 22, 1956. I was named after my mother's mother: **Elizabeth Charlotte Wagner (#21:Kapha/Amiable/Fa)**.

**Elizabeth Charlotte,
Kapha/Amiable/Fa-2
(#21) First Child**



I'm an **Amiable/Fa**, and my parent's relationship was missing **Heart** energy. Perhaps the deeper meaning of me coming right at the start of their Relationship was because that's what was missing and needed from the very beginning. Other **Essence** gifts that **Fa** energy brings are greater stability by deepening, expanding and exploring the **Heart** of a Relationship at deeper levels. **True Fa** energy functions as capable and stable with balanced emotional and mental steadiness.

I was not a **Pitta** type, like my parents. **Pitta** is more active, creative energy that is innovative and gets things started and moving. **Kapha** is more passive, receptive, stabilizing and nurturing energy. Perhaps the message to my parents was to be more receptive and listen to each other, the better to form an alliance and partnership with camaraderie, instead of rivalry or competition.

Nicknamed Twig

Mom was very creative and innovative, as well as into nicknames – and she nicknamed me Twig. That name was so unusual and different (and I wasn't skinny like the popular model "Twiggy"), that I memorized Mom's story of the deeper meaning behind that name and recited it whenever someone asked me my name: "*I was the first child and first grandchild on my Mom's side of the Family Tree – so I was the first Twig on the Family Tree.*" The kids at school would often laugh and then call me Branch or Leaf. I was really embarrassed when Mr. Howard (my 8th grade math teacher) looked me up and down and said, "You don't look like a Twig."

In my 20's I'd gotten married, started studying various forms of Typology, as well as the power of the Word and the vibrational frequency and power of names as words. The morning after leaving my husband, I was feeling very unloved and vulnerable. My teacher took me into the garden to look at a fig tree and then asked me, "What is a Twig?" I thought for a moment and replied, "A tiny stick."



He then asked me to ponder the idea that a twig leeches energy from the branch it's attached to, and suggested that I "remove the Twig from the branch, plant it in the ground, and then nurture it to grow into a strong and beautiful tree." Then he asked what name was on my birth certificate, and I told him Elizabeth Charlotte.

Looking up the meaning of names, Twig is defined as a slender shoot of a tree; and can experience intense extremes of expectation-disappointment (**False Shock One energy**), elation-despair (**False Fa energy**), as well as a driving energy with a lack of patience (**False Driver energy**) – all of which I'd experienced a great deal of, but wasn't programmed to work for me in this lifetime. Those are qualities of an unconscious Personality caught in reactive nature.

The deeper meaning of Elizabeth is "God is my Oath, My God is Abundance, God's promise of contentment (**True Fa energy**), thanksgiving and devotion." That was a life defining moment for me. That's the day I shifted my identity from Twig to Elizabeth and started the journey of aligning with my TRUE Essence. The intention was to start reversing a pattern of *depending* on outside sources for sustenance, to *depending* on my relationship with God for sustenance.

Mom's Wish to Create a Family

Getting back to the other members of my Family Tree, Mom's deepest Heart's desire had been to create a family – and she wanted lots of children. Her first two children brought nurturing **Amiable** family energy. My sister **Marcella Irene Wagner (#19:Pitta/Amiable/Mi)**, was born September 10, 1959, and she resonated with Dad's **Amiable/Mi** energy. In fact, she was the exact same type and degree as our father.



Marcella Irene,
Pitta/Amiable/Mi
(#19) Second Child

One of the **Essence** gifts that **Mi energy** brings is greater **Ease of Movement** with deeper levels of **Understanding** after taking some form of action. Perhaps the

message here was that it was time for them to try to be “good buddies” or best friends so that they could come to a mutual understanding and work together as a team while building their family together.

Family Dynamics

In **Type by Three**: Mom, Dad and Marci were all **Pitta** types; while I was **Kapha**. (*For the first 40 years of my life I often described myself as “a lonely little petunia in an onion patch” – there’s that pattern of feeling lonely and like no one understands.*)

A New Model for Raising and Educating Children & Families would provide this essential typological information to parents as soon as the child was born. If no one in the immediate family was the same **Essence** type, then an extended family member or friend would be found to spend some time with the child – to help reinforce and nurture their True nature while they’re growing up.

In **Type by Four**: Mom was **Expressive**, while Dad, Marci and I were all **Amiable**. **Amiable** energy is the ultimate home, family, children, resources, mothering, nurturing, comforting and understanding energy. In an ideal world (an enlightened society with everyone making conscious choices to release ego and operate with the most functional behavior) – an **Amiable** husband and children were the fulfillment of Mom’s Heart’s desire by drawing to herself the potentials of a family with the **Essence** of this family-oriented energy.

But looking back at how life unfolded, the dysfunctional expression of these energies is what we ended up experiencing. The family split in half. I ended up having a deeper Relationship with Mom, and Marci ended up having a deeper Relationship with Dad. Perhaps I was bringing the energy of emotional and mental stability to serve Mom, and Marci was bringing the energy to release procrastination and take action with greater ease of movement to serve Dad?

Sexual Revolution of the 1960’s

In later years, I heard many stories from Mom about the horrors of her wedding night, as well as the difficulties that Mom and Dad experienced with their sexual Relationship. For a number of years Mom thought it was all her fault and blamed herself. Dad had told her that he had an affair with another woman while they were engaged – during the summer before they were married. But Mom had remained a virgin and had never had sex with another man.

It was now the 1960’s, during the era of the sexual revolution, and at one point, Mom had a new and creative idea about how to resolve their difficult and unhappy marriage. She told Dad that she wanted him to be happy – and that she was giving him permission to take a lover, and that she was going to take a lover – and they were going to experiment with having an “Open Marriage”.

Experiencing that the problems in the bedroom were not all her fault was a huge turning point for Mom’s self-esteem.



1965 was the first time that Dad committed Mom to a mental institution, while we were still living at 843 – 60th Avenue South. In 1966, I remember Sunday afternoon rides to the pink streets where my parents had bought 3 lots with 42 trees, and Dad was in the process of designing their dream home – and he would roll out his architectural drawings on the table and show us how he was designing the structure around the trees, so that only 3 of the trees would need to be removed.



But in 1967, Mom would arise at 4am and take early morning bike rides through the pink streets to enjoy that neighborhood. One day she came home all excited and told Dad that she had found our “interim home” – where she wanted to live until their dream home was built. In April 1967 (I was 10, Marci was 7), we moved into this “interim home” in the pink streets: 1226 Serpentine Drive South.

Mom absolutely loved this old Dutch Colonial home, and spent her days going “junking” at junk shops, finding great deals, and then refinishing furniture, finding special deals on fabric at “Yardage Unlimited” and sewing curtains, reupholstering furniture – and creating each room with its own theme and color scheme. She knew how to make things beautiful on a very thrifty budget – and did almost all the work herself.

Joy Renee

In September of 1967, Mom was thrilled that she was pregnant again. (*I didn’t learn until years later that the father of this child was her fisherman friend, Rob Lassie.*)

Mom’s third child, and my half-sister **Joy Renee Wagner** (#15:Pitta/Expressive/Do) was born May 28, 1968. I turned 12 a month after Joy was born. I remember helping Mom pick the name of this baby. Renee is a French name meaning reborn, and the deeper meaning was Joy Reborn.



Joy Renee,
Pitta/Expressive/Do (#15)
Half-Sister, 3rd Child

Dad was usually working late or hanging out at Murph’s Tavern, so it felt like he had removed himself from participating in our family life. Thus, Mom had taken it upon herself to continue moving in the direction of building her family with or without Dad. My feeling is that Joy’s **Essence** gift brought the energy of Hope and New Beginnings – with **JOY REBORN** into Mom’s life (and it was no longer about my parents as a unit).

When I was 12, Mom brought me and Joy along with her to a 3-day weekend Metaphysical seminar. That’s when we met Doc and Eleanor Reed. Doc was one of the teachers conducting that seminar, and Mom fell in love with his deep, resonant voice. Doc and Eleanor started visiting frequently as family friends. Mom had always had frequent migraine headaches. Doc was a chiropractor, and he would give Mom chiropractic adjustments to help relieve her pain. He also adjusted Marci and me, and taught me how to do adjustments.

Our 1968 family Christmas card was a family picture with Dad holding Joy on his lap, who was now 7 months old.



Joy died on April 17, 1969, when she was 11 months old. Mom had a migraine headache that day, but put Joy in the back seat of the car to return a dish she had borrowed from a friend. When she got home, she didn't want to wake Joy who was napping. So she went inside to call Doc, get a cool cloth for her head, and accidentally fell asleep. When Doc arrived, he asked her where Joy was. Mom jumped up and ran to the car, grabbed Joy and did mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, commanding Joy to not leave her – but it was too late.

I saw the ambulance leaving just as I was walking home from school. Dad (along with Mom's father) charged Mom with murder and she was taken to jail, and then moved to the mental ward a few days later. Doc and Eleanor helped our family move through that experience. Mom was devastated and wanted to replace Joy, but Dad didn't want any more children.

Celeste Aurora

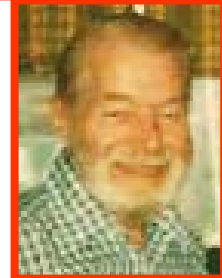
Celeste,
Pitta/Expressive/Do (#15)
Half-Sister, 4th Child



In the fall of 1969, Mom was thrilled that she was pregnant again. (*I didn't learn until a few years later that the father of this child was our family friend, Doc Reed.*) Doc had now become a regular fixture around our home, and I saw and talked more with him than I did my own father. Years later Doc would describe how he had fallen in love with Mom and told a story of seeing sparkles of light in a halo around Mom's head when they were in a bookstore together. This may have been the only child that Mom conceived with love.

I turned 14 in June of 1970, and Mom's fourth child, and my half-sister **Celeste Aurora Wagner (#15:Pitta/Expressive/Do)** was born a few weeks later on July 3, 1970. I also remember conversing with Mom about naming this baby. Celeste means celestial or heavenly, and Aurora means dawn, morning light (corresponds with **Pitta** energy), and Aurora Borealis is a beautiful display of heavenly light. Thus, the deeper meaning of Celeste Aurora is Heavenly Light.

Wilbur "Doc" Reed,
Pitta/Expressive/Re-1
(#2) Cissy's Father



Celeste's arrow is very **early Do**, which is considered on the cusp of **Si (Endings/Death)** and **Do (Rebirth, New Beginnings)**. The gift of her **Essence** was replacing the death of Joy, and signified a new dawn, a new day, a new ray of Light, with another New Beginning – this time bringing **HEAVENLY LIGHT** into Mom's life.



This picture was taken on Easter, April 1972. This is the last time that Mom and Dad were together, and we were a family. Dad was holding Cissy, who was 1 year and 9 months old.

In the spring of 1972, I was not quite 16, and Marci was not quite 13 years of age – and we both were in the rebellious stages of the teen years. Dad had been an absent father and hardly ever at home as we were growing up, and left all the child-rearing responsibilities to Mom (even though he kept putting her into the mental institution every year or so).

Dissolution of Family

In the late spring or early summer of 1972, Mom got up one day, cleaned the house and wrote us a letter telling us that she didn't know how to handle the rebellious energy of her elder daughters, and felt unloved, un-respected and unappreciated. She took Cissy (who was not quite 2) with her, and drove out of town – sightseeing as she made her way towards her mother's cottage on the northern Michigan-Wisconsin border. Unfortunately, she ran out of money for food and gas in Washington, DC, and ended up staying at the Scientology Institute for a while. During that time she went into a state of catatonia, and Cissy was molested while in the care of others.

The very same day that Mom left town with Cissy, Dad brought his secretary, Vicki Forbis, home to spend the night with us. We'd never met her before. Vicki was 11 years older than me, and she slept in the twin bed in my room. She talked about girly things with Marci and me, and at the time, we wondered if we would finally experience a "normal life" with a "normal Mom".

Vicki Forbis Wagner,
Vata/Driver/La-2 (#25)
Step-Mother



Little did we know at the time, that this **Driver/La** type would take complete control of our life, bring an end to our family, and ultimately ended our relationship with our father and youngest sister. Dad shifted his name and identity from "Spec" to Ira when Vicki came into his life.

Vicki had been married twice before, and told us that she had been beaten and kicked in the stomach by her ex-husband, resulting in no longer being able to bear children of her own. She said that she wanted a family with children.

According to the court records I found when clearing out Mom's files, Dad filed to divorce Mom on August 14, 1972. On November 1, 1972 in the Answer of Guardian Ad Litem with Counter-petition: the records show that Mom didn't have an attorney and didn't want a divorce – and she asked for Dad to go to counseling with her, as well as for her to be allowed to see her children and live in the marital home. [This document lists our ages as: Elizabeth (16), Marcella (13), Celeste (2).]

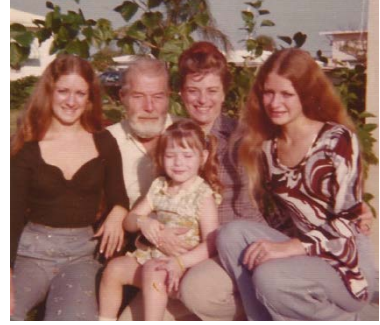


The judge signed the Final Judgment of Dissolution of Marriage on December 22, 1972. Dad and Vicki were married December 29, 1972.

April 10, 1973 Mom filed a Notice of Hearing regarding alimony and visitation rights with her children. May 3, 1973 Mom was awarded Visitation Rights, and Dad had to pay the fees. June 14, 1973 Dad was found in Contempt of Court for not paying the attorney fees.

(Darn that procrastination pattern.)

In the meantime, Doc had divorced Eleanor and bought an apartment complex in Madeira Beach that he managed and rented out units to seasonal visitors. Mom was living there with Doc. Christmas of 1973, we were allowed to visit Mom, and she had a photographer take a holiday picture with all of us as a family.



Dad and Vicki had bought me a little yellow fiat as an early High School graduation present. One day I took Cissy outside to help me wash the car and have fun together playing in the water. I took our shoes and socks off so that we wouldn't get them wet.

All of a sudden Vicki came out yelling and screaming about me taking Cissy's shoes and socks off – she had fear there could be snakes in the grass that would bite Cissy (even though we'd never seen snakes in the yard before).

Without even talking with Dad, Vicki restricted me for this. I had never been restricted in my life. My father was nowhere to be found to discuss this situation with, so I packed a suitcase, apologized to Marci for leaving her and Cissy there alone with them – and I left home and lived out of my car, going to school by day, and sleeping at various friends' houses at night.

Eventually, Doc invited me to move into one of his apartment units and I commuted to Lakewood High School during my senior year. Mom and Doc attended my June 7, 1974 graduation ceremonies, while Dad and Vicki were missing in action.

Dad Moved to Jacksonville

At some point in 1974, Dad, Vicki, Marci and Cissy moved to Jacksonville. On Feb 15, 1974 Dad was found in Contempt of Court for still owing a balance of \$87.50 attorney fees (*the price of procrastination*). A year later, on Feb 20, 1975 Mom filed a Motion to be awarded alimony, and asked to be allowed to live in the marital home since Dad had vacated that home.

While in Jacksonville, Marci experienced **cruel (Dysfunctional Driver)** treatment from Vicki – both physical and psychological abuse. This resulted in Marci leaving home and moving to Orlando to live with Vicki's parents. Now Cissy was left alone with Vicki and Dad.

On May 23, 1975, a Judge's Order stated that no attorney's fees would be awarded to Dad's attorney until Mom had a private attorney to represent her, and if she couldn't find one, that the court would appoint one. It also stated that Dad was not allowed to sell the marital home without Mom being represented by an attorney, and that the attorneys should make every effort to settle.

On June 24, 1975 Dad's attorney said that the situation was serious and that the house may go into foreclosure; the next day June 25, 1975 the court appointed Julian Miller as the attorney for Mom.

On August 22, 1975, Mom filed a Petition for Award of Alimony. This document stated that after the Final Judgment of the Dissolution of Marriage on December 20, 1972, that she was involuntarily hospitalized at the Medfield Medical Center pursuant to the Baker Act pending the question of her mental stability; and at this present time she was in Arcadia at G. Pierce Wood

Memorial Hospital to determine her mental stability. Her attorney also filed an Objection to the Sale of the Marital Home (*she loved that home and still wanted to live there*).

A Joint Petition for Sale of Real Estate, in “as is” condition for \$31,500, was filed on April 6, 1976.

House Left Unattended

On Nov 4, 1976 a Joint Stipulation and Release of All Claims was filed. Mom as Virginia Reed signed it on Oct 15, 1976; then Dad signed it on October 21, 1976. Mom had been asking for alimony and for Dad to have to reimburse her *for his negligence of leaving the property unattended which then allowed vandalism*; Dad continued to claim financial hardship. After all costs and attorney’s fees were paid, they were left with net proceeds of \$13,941.17 to be split equally between them, with the agreement that they would release each other from any further claims or actions – with Mom agreeing to never ask for alimony again.

Lies Told to Cissy

Cissy was physically and psychologically abused during her life with these two people, and was told lies about her mother and sisters.

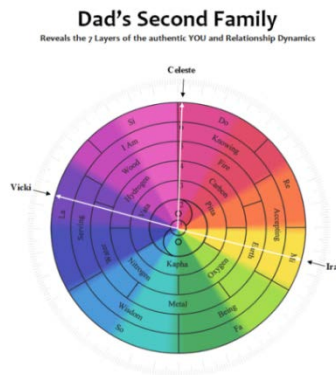
Cissy was told by Vick that Mom was the leader of a satanic cult that vandalized our home. (*Mom would never have done that to the home that she had loved and nurtured, and put so much of herself into.*)



Cissy was also told by Vicki that she and Joy were twins, and that Mom felt that the wrong twin had died – and that Mom was out to find and kill Cissy. (*The mind that thought up that story was sicker than Mom ever was.*)

Once they were living in Jacksonville, Vicki (and Dad?) restricted all communication between Cissy and her biological mother and sisters.

The unconscious and dysfunctional expression of **La-Note** energy bounces back and forth on the polarity stick between **Control** and **Chaos**. It can be manipulative, dictatorial, mean, cruel and vindictive. Vicki’s energy was so **controlling** that my father never communicated with me directly once she came into the picture.



Vicki used the conscious expression of **La energy** while she was a secretary, helping Dad to **Structure & Order** his business.

But at the same time, she also **restructured** Dad’s life to **eliminate (Vata)** connections with his first family, and just focus on building a life with his second family.

The unconscious expression of **Vata** energy manifests as **destruction**. Our family had been torn apart and split in half – as though we had been ex-communicated from each other.

How Mom Reconciled Things in Her Mind

Mom never got to see or communicate with her youngest daughter after 1974. She reconciled this by thinking that she had to give up her daughter to Vicki, since Vicki couldn't bear children of her own.

Over the years, Mom had often wanted to find and communicate with Celeste, but heard that Celeste was afraid of her and didn't want to **Link Up** or communicate with her. Mom didn't want to force herself on Celeste, and towards the last few years of her life, she finally **accepted** that Celeste may never know how much she loved her until she had passed away.

Mom missed having her children and grandchildren in her life so much that towards the end of her life she had two life-size dolls that were her pretend grandchildren that she could hold in her arms and love.

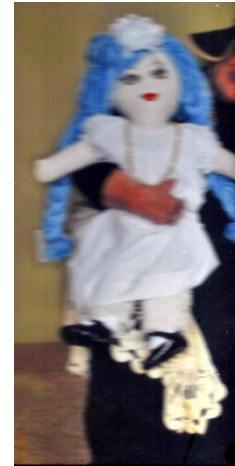
Dolls were a connecting link throughout her life – what she turned to when she felt lonely and alone, or when human relationships were vacant from her life. She told me that her dolls were quiet and listened to her, they couldn't talk back to her, and they were something she could count on always being there for her.

All three of Mom's daughters went their separate ways and lived their separate lives. But the common parallel thread was that each eventually found and developed a RELATIONSHIP with God in their life.

The languages they spoke were different, and their paths and walk were unique to each of them...but that was the key that started shifting things from dysfunctional back to functional for each of them.

Mom was right, it wasn't until she made her transition that a Light began to flicker in all that murky family darkness...and bringing the Truth to light led us on a journey of **Family Healing** and the sisters coming back together again.

Elizabeth Wagner is a mentor whose life's work includes the study of rays of light and color, vibrational frequencies, energetic correspondences, ancient classical forms of typology, and unifying all authentic forms of typology back together in one place, in one chart. She created the typological programs with color-coded typological correspondences to help others get further faster in learning and integrating their unique vibrational frequencies and what corresponds with their real and true nature. She is a practitioner of plant, herbal and energetic medicines, specializing in sacred typology, food as medicine, reversing disease, integrated yoga, mind/bodyworks, relationships, energetic healing, conscious entertainment, and the Ray as an ascension tool.



Elizabeth Wagner,
Amiable/Fa (#21)