

The air lay like breath upon her shoulders as all the agitations of her earthly vessel took their rightful place and she was free. Completely in possession of her right mind, emerging from living on the edge of what-if, she listened only to the sound of her bare feet padding on the talcum dust of the road and took comfort putting one foot in front of the other. Worry and blame, shame and guilt, all exposed as impotent imposters. The Power resided in her hands and her feet. Will and willingness would be enough. –Book Excerpt