

SNEAK ATTACK

Meditating with a group of like-minded beautiful souls should be a wonderful experience. It was. Until I was attacked! Thank the heavens and angels that the foolish woman invader timed her attack at the wrong time for her, and a good time for me.

This was not a sudden or frontal attack. It was slow, purposeful attack that sneaked up from behind when my attention was diverted. I was in a deep and beautiful meditation. I was in such an altered state that it took a few moments for me to notice. That was all it took for her to get a strong hold on me.

As has happened to me other times, the only way attacks seem to have gained entry was because I was not fully paying attention to my own protection. Duh! (Yep, that head-slapper seems to be a reaction I often have when I've been careless.) I have since learned to do better, and it has been a very long time since I was attacked. My protection and attention are both much more fine-tuned and constant. Experience is a great teacher. But this was a long time ago.

At first, it was simply uncomfortable. I dismissed the crawly feeling in my back and neck as unimportant. I thought it had to be an insignificant change in the room temperature. I was so focused on the ethereal that my body sensations were on a low level of awareness. That, too, is something I have since learned to adjust. I now stay alert on all levels of being no matter what I am doing. My body partner is quite good at taking care of us when my spiritual self is otherwise occupied. That night I had not yet learned to maintain full awareness on all levels of being. I was a little vulnerable. Someone with strong skills could get through to me. That was then! Not now!

I was sitting on the floor in a modified lotus position, scanning deep within the cosmic records when I noticed that something was very wrong with my body. It finally got my attention. I also noticed that my subtle body systems were not fully functioning. Pain spread through my entire being, starting from between my shoulder blades. At first it was mildly uncomfortable. As it grew, it felt more and more like sharp claws or knives slicing through me. Tearing me apart.

I was caught by such surprise that I did not have time to put up initial barriers. I thought we had done a pretty good job of protecting our space and ourselves. I soon found out different.

Someone had hitchhiked through one of the group member's energy field and slipped through our protection barriers. (Again, I can now pick up on and protect against such intrusion. This was several decades ago and I had quite a bit to learn.) That hitchhiker remained quiet until everyone was in deeply altered states to jump out at me. It took a little bit for her to get through what protection I had in place. This was long before my encounter with the walk-in demon discussed in another story.

Soon the pain was excruciating. As she slashed and ripped at me, I began moaning in pain, and crumpled into a small ball. Unfortunately, that left my back unprotected from further attack, and she kept going. She kept tearing away bit by bit. At least I was already on the floor, so when I fell sideways, I did no further injury to myself. I apparently made enough noise for others to notice.

By then, a wild screeching was assaulting our senses. Everyone came out of their meditations, clutching their ears in pain. They noticed my condition and began rushing to my aid. Here are some of the comments I remember.

“What is that awful screeching?”

“Something is attacking Laverne. We have to help!”

“A wicked old crone of some sort is tearing her to shreds!”

“I can’t get the attacker to stop.”

“We have to get it to stop before it murders her!”

“Her emotional and etheric bodies are already shredded. The thing is trying to kill her body. We have to stop it. Now!”

“It is not a demon. It is an energy projection of a very angry and evil woman.”

“Somebody start setting up stronger protection for her and for all of us. Remember to leave a hole, or opening, in the protection so that we can use it to send this awful thing out of here when we break it lose. Don’t worry about destroying it, just get rid of it!” This was from my good friend Julie, level headed and powerful.

All the while I lay moaning in pain, attempting to gain my self-control and protect myself. Other than wanting the attack to stop, all I could think was, “How could I have let this happen? I should be better than this!” My very soul was screaming for relief. I soon let the guilt go and began my warrior priest work.

.....(*read more in the book*)