



My Spiritual Journey

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"Understanding Life"

An Autobiography
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What does life mean to me ?
What's it all about ?

Life, in my opinion, is all about personal discovery; who I am and where I fit in on this journey through the tiny fraction of time allocated to us all.

I believe I actually create the course of my life through my many different experiences, guided to react, (as I most often am), by my emotions, including love, hate, joy and anger.

Further, I am grateful for *every* experience in my life. I give thanks for *all* of life, for the glory of actually being alive. Yes, even for the suffering and pain.

It is my choice to perceive my experiences to be whatever I wish them to be. It's all about how I handle different situations, how I adopt and apply my morals, my belief system, my mindset and attitude, and in the effort I make to recognise the limitations that I have created for myself. And in how I handle those created for me by others.

Add my ego, pride and stubbornness to the mix and life has often very readily become sheer confusion at times.

I often think on this: though we may all have had similar experiences, we often have big differences in the way we perceive

and handle them. On the one hand, this is what makes each of us unique. On the other, this is what makes each of us the same.

For myself, I believe that opening my mind to understanding how my perceptions were reached helped me to form my very own life guidance system. I'd like to share that part of my journey with you.

I thought I should start by sharing parts of my spiritual journey with you. Be warned. Some of you may well think I'm some kind of fruitcake. (But guess what, a fruitcake is at least full of nutrition!)

Then again, I believe somewhere in my tale you will be able to relate to me, especially if you have become aware of your spiritual journey, but you're getting frustrated because you can't understand what is happening to you.

I'm hopeful that by sharing my story openly and from my heart with Truth and Love, you may gain some inspiration to help you understand. You may even re-awaken the person you really are.

Just step out in Love, Faith and trust. All will be great.

A FEW SIMPLE GUIDELINES:

- Enjoy every moment in your life.*
- Give thanks for every experience in your life, no matter how bad it seems. (This helps make it easier to move on to the next experience).*

•*Give thanks for everyone that comes into your life* as there is a reason. It may take a while to understand why, but they will come to teach or for you to teach them. Maybe they'll just help jolt you back on course to your destiny.

•*You must live life now*, for now is all we have. We just don't know what might happen tomorrow. It only takes a split second for our lives to change dramatically. I know this to be true, as I have experienced it.

I have had many experiences in my life and quite a few of them were life threatening. I often used to wonder how I survived some of them.

These experiences have allowed me the wisdom, knowledge and humbleness to step out and share myself with you now.

If only a few can relate to me and it helps them to understand their own journey, then it has been worth while and I am honored to have been of service to you.

Now let's get back to me sharing my experiences...

Lets call this, “Conversations with Bob”

Chapter 1

Hello, my name is Robert Hellyer. You may call me Bob.

I was born and grew up in a little country town called Clive, North Island of New Zealand, population of about 500. It was a great place to grow up in. We lived on acreage bordering a river with plenty of room to move, play and fish. Back then they hadn't invented TV yet, so you made your own fun.

I have three brothers, Bruce, Larry and Peter and two sisters, Beth and Wendy. Only Peter is younger than me.

I experienced lots of good and bad things throughout my early growing up years. I will share some of these with you in later chapters.

I started work at 15, working in, and experiencing, many different job situations. I worked my way up the ladder from ground floor in most of them. I have also run my own business successfully.

I was married at 21 and had two beautiful children, daughter Nadine and son Wade, both of whom I am very proud of and love dearly.

In 1981 I changed my country, moving my family to Queensland, Australia,

Up to this point I never really thought much about how life worked... it just did. Then, in 1992, my wife decided she wanted to end our marriage.

For me, the real search to find some answers as to who I was started in 1993, not long after my marriage broke down.

I've been told since that it normally takes some kind of trauma to set things off.

I was not religious or anything and had rarely attended church unless for a wedding or a funeral, but suddenly I found myself drifting along to different churches. I didn't understand why. I just felt compelled to go.

I supposed at the time that it was part of a search for “me”, a search for my purpose. I had questions. Where did I fit in? What was it I was missing in my life? Why am I here?

I did not feel very comfortable at any of the churches. I found one that did a lot of singing rather than preaching so I went back there a few times.

One night I attended a big business function. When I was leaving, as I was walking down some steps, a woman tapped me on the shoulder. She asked, “Are you Bob?” At my nod, she introduced herself to me. (We'll call her Wilma). We'd actually met once before as it turned out.

How did she find me out of 700 or more people?

Anyway, she asked if we could have a coffee together as she had some things she would like to talk to me about. We went across the road to a coffee lounge where she passed on a couple of messages, (yes, psychic ones!) which I didn't really understand at the time, but which made me curious enough. I listened, then asked, “So what should I do from here?”

Her response was that I should go to her for a psychic reading. Normally my hackles would have gone up at this suggestion, but I surprised myself, as I felt quite comfortable with the whole thing! I had an inner knowing; my instincts were telling me that I could trust this woman. We made arrangements to meet the next evening.

The messages that Wilma passed on to me that evening I can't remember now. I know that a lot of what she shared amazed me. I was astounded that she would know even some of this stuff about me, but the most amazing thing was where and from whom she suggested she was getting her information. The answer she gave me when I asked was that it was from my sister!

I started to laugh, as I had two sisters and both were very much alive.

Wilma set about re-asking who she was speaking with and got the same answer, "Bob's sister!" After a bit of thought, she suggested that my mum might have had a miscarriage.

Wow, that came from left field.

I didn't know at the time that this was going to set off an amazing chain of events.

This sister thing played on my mind so much that I ended up phoning my eldest sister Beth to ask her if Mum had ever had a miscarriage. The answer was "No!" She went on to ask why I was inquiring. I explained what had happened. She responded by giving me the name and phone number of another psychic, one who came highly recommended as one of the best. As luck would have it, he lived not very far from where I was

living at the time.

I made arrangements to see this gentleman, whom I'll call "Ray".

The only reason I eventually got an appointment with Ray was that he was told by his source that he had to see me and that *I should be doing a reading for him*, which gave me a good laugh.

My time with Ray was very interesting and enlightening. He shared similar insights to those Wilma had shared with me, but in even more detail.

I was impressed when I left Ray, but I still had unanswered questions, particularly about my "sister".

These played on my mind continuously for the next couple of weeks.

I ended up phoning my other sister Wendy in NZ and asking her if Mum had ever had a miscarriage. To the best of her knowledge, the answer was still "No!"

In the end, curiosity got the better of me. I plucked up the courage to phone my Mum and ask her directly.

Mum asked me why I wanted to know, so I shared with her what had happened. *She then shared with me that she'd had a miscarriage during her pregnancy with me. Everyone was surprised that I had still turned up. I should have had a twin sister!*

Wow, what a mind blowing moment this was for me.

Seems you can't hide the truth forever. It will come out.

Mum reminded me of a car accident I'd had when I was 16. X-rays revealed that I had two knee caps in each knee. The doctor had commented to me then that I should have been a twin. I'd thought nothing of it at the time.

I had also proven a couple of other things I had been told by Wilma and Ray to be true, so I phoned Wilma and asked her, "What should I do from here?"

She invited me to attend the meditation nights she ran every week. She made me welcome to join her circle.

I attended every week for some considerable time, just to see what would happen. I never saw anything or got any messages. The only the ones I was given came directly from other people in the group. I don't know why I kept going, but something compelled me to continue attending every week.

Around this time I also started to attend a Spiritual church, for no other reason than to have fellowship and be around like-minded people.

After about 12 months Wilma put me on the spot one night, asking what it was I was getting out of the meditations and why it was that I kept coming.

My answer to her was, "I don't get messages or see anything, but the energy here gives me a natural high and something inside me just compels me to keep coming."

Wilma commented, "That seems to be how it all starts in earnest."

Throughout that year the message that others kept repeating to me was that I was “...a great healer.”

At this stage of my journey I wasn't ready to step out, to let go of my ego enough to even *try* to heal someone, even though, strangely enough, I believed I probably could.

Over this period of time, Wilma introduced me to all her friends, who, by the way, were all on their spiritual journeys, some with amazing stories to tell. See! I wasn't going bananas after all. I saw that other people experience strange things as well, only most can't let go of their ego to talk about it. It was really good to be around like minded people. I didn't feel out of place at all.

You know, finally letting go of my ego and stepping out in Love was very difficult to do. It was like stripping down to my nakedness for all to view. Powerful as it was, I needed to somehow put an end to this fear, as it was *simply based on what others may think of me*. In hindsight, I was suffering from poor mindset, twisted perceptions and unsound beliefs about myself.

I began reading quite a few books on spirituality. This helped give me a better understanding of what was happening to me. One lot of books totally resonated with me as being the closest to the truth as I understood it to be. The books were “Conversations with God”, written by Neale Donald Walsch. I took to these books like a duck to water.

Wilma took me along to a spiritual church in Rochedale called C.R.U.I.S.E. I fitted in at this place, as they were all like-minded people to myself. The energy there was really beautiful. With others sharing some of their stories, I was made to feel more

comfortable on my journey. I have become good friends with Jenny, Narelle, Leanne and Yvonne, who run this church. Each of these people had their own special gifts and each gave their all to help myself and others to understand our journeys.

After spending quite a bit more time around Wilma, Jackie, Glennis and others, I was finally able to make a decision to step out in love, truth, faith and tell it just how it's been for me. This is, after all, my *perception* of what has happened.

Strange Happenings

Chapter 2

Towards the end of 1994 I began to gain awareness of new feelings... I just seemed to *know* things. I sensed the emergence of someone or *something* surrounding me, pushing me to *trust* in my feelings.

My journey begins

After meditation one night, while we were sitting around having a coffee, Wilma asked me if I would stand behind her husband and rest my hands on his shoulders, as she wished to see what would happen.

Well, at first nothing happened. I suddenly had the urge to move both my hands to his *right* shoulder. I left them there for a while, then, (I don't know why!), moved my hands to his *head*.

As I did this, Wilma asked him if he had anything wrong with his shoulder.

He answered that he had done some major damage to it in an accident a year or so before. He explained that it was still giving him a lot of discomfort and pain. Wilma then asked him how it was feeling right now. He replied, "Great!"

Wilma then asked him if there was anything wrong with his *head*. *He* replied that he had a headache.

After a couple of minutes she asked him, "How's your headache

now?” His response was to say that his headache had completely gone.

Wilma explained that she had asked me to do this to prove I was a healer.

When I got home that night I lay on my back on my bed and thought about what had happened. Something else was about to happen. You probably won't believe what I am going to share with you now, but it is my truth.

I put my hands together to see if I could feel any energy between them. Sure enough, I could. The energy built up between my hands. I let the energy push my hands apart. I wanted to see how far apart they could be while I could still feel that amazing energy between them. My hands parted so far that my arms were fully stretched out on either side of me. What happened next was totally amazing.

I levitated off the bed and up against the wall, as if I was hanging there on a cross.

The feelings I had at that time were not of fear, but total tranquility, serenity and peace. A blissfulness I had never experienced before. How long I stayed like that I have no idea. Then I was just gently lowered back down onto the bed, filled with a feeling of oneness with all there is.

The next day I phoned Wilma and explained what had happened. She told me it was God's way of showing me that I was on the right path. She was even more sure, she said, that I must be special to have something like that happen.

Funny thing, I never talked to many people about what had

happened, as I knew they would think I was going nuts. You know, the self-image thing. But then I suddenly realized, If others have a problem with me, then its *their* problem, not mine. Even with these experiences I didn't rush out to start healing anyone. I still needed more convincing.

But other things were starting to happen.

When I was on my own, questions would occur to me. To my surprise, the answers would come straight out to me unbidden, as if I was having a conversation with myself. (I still get a good laugh out of this having happened to me at times).

I kept being told to just step out in faith, to let go the ego and just be part of all there is, Love. But I was having a lot of trouble with this. Letting go of ego is not an easy thing to do.

Maybe I still needed more proof. So guess what? I was given more.

I had my first out of body experience. I was taken to a place about 1700 kilometers from where I lived to be shown something I was obviously meant to see. What I saw gave me quite a shock. After this viewing, I was guided to a very old, quaint stone church out in the country somewhere. I entered, to find it full of people. We all seemed to know each other. I spent some time there before returning back to my body 1700 kms away.

Within a few days it was confirmed to me that what I saw in my viewing, and the timing of it, was exactly what had occurred there.

Then, on a Friday 13th (Black Friday), in 1995 (I have never been superstitious), this is what happened...

I had recently met a beautiful young lady by the name of Kim, who had two beautiful children, a daughter who was three and an eighteen month old son. Her marriage had recently broken down, so I offered to take her and the children to dream world for the day to let them enjoy life and just have some fun.

They arrived around 7.30am. Kim parked her car outside on the road, to the right of the driveway. Where I was living at the time, the driveway was on about a 40 degree slope and my car was parked at the top.

In a straight line, down the driveway and across the road, was another house.

On the right side of the driveway was a retaining wall about a metre high.

I was busy loading stuff into the boot of my car and hadn't realized that Kim had put the children in the car. Suddenly the car started to roll backwards.

I quickly closed the boot and tried to stop the car from rolling while shouting out for help. I couldn't hold it, so I jumped to the side. As the car was coming past me, I opened the driver's door and tried to jump in. Somehow, the open door knocked me to the ground and I rolled under the car.

I remember the front wheel of the car rolling over my rib cage, up and over my back and shoulder, flattening me into the concrete driveway. As the car came off me I seemed to explode up off the driveway. I flew through the air, ending up on the lawn.

My son came out in time to witness me landing on the lawn and my car crashing into Kim's car.

My son asked me if I was okay. I told him I was all right. I asked him to check to make sure the children were OK. When he told me they were fine, I picked myself up, took a step, then collapsed.

When the ambulance got to me I told them I was fine and didn't need them. They insisted, loaded me onto a stretcher, strapped me in and took me to hospital. Just as well.

I spent that day and night in the intensive care unit, as I had a badly bruised heart, three broken ribs and a punctured lung!

The doctors had informed me I would be in hospital for at least six weeks, as lungs don't mend very fast. The next day my friend and teacher Wilma came to visit me. While she was there she gave me a healing. What do you know? My lung healed in three days! The doctors let me go home on a promise that I would rest for the next two weeks.

That healing was a miracle to me.

Just think about what might have happened to the children if the car hadn't run me over. It wouldn't have changed direction to crash into Kim's car. It would have gathered speed as it crossed the road and gone right into the house opposite.

Well, I believed yet another miracle had happened. But I was just getting started...

A dear friend of mine, Harry, invited me to spend a few days with him up on a mountain at a place called Maleny, to relax, recuperate and forget all my problems. I accepted his invitation.

I arrived at Harry's place on the following Tuesday, about midday, intending to stay for just a few days.

As soon as I got to the door, Harry yelled out for me to come in. I opened the door and entered. I found Harry in the middle of the lounge room, performing a healing on someone on his massage table.

I sat there in disbelief, not having ever watched anyone do a healing before. I couldn't stop laughing to myself, until Harry asked for me to come over and help him!

I told him I just wouldn't know how to help.

Harry insisted that I stand opposite him, put my hands on the man's back and, "...just see what happens." Something drew me to do this for him. I guess I did it just to prove that nothing would happen.

But something sure did happen. It wasn't what I expected either. My hands started to vibrate and move on their own to different parts of the man's back. When the vibrations stopped, I just knew the healing must have been done.

When the man got up off the table, he thanked us and said he had never felt better. He felt like a new man, he said, as he left to go home.

Harry put the jug on and was about to make us a cup of tea, when a knock came at the front door. I went to the door to greet an elderly lady, who immediately asked if she was at the right place for a healing. Harry heard her, and yelled out, "Yes, you certainly are!". I let her in.

Harry asked her to pop on to the massage table. Then he asked me to help him perform the healing. I'm thinking, "Here we go again!", smiling in disbelief at myself.

Anyway I did the same thing I did before and the same sort of thing happened. After about half an hour, the lady got off the table, thanked us and said that she had never felt better.

As she was leaving, another arrived. This continued all afternoon and into the evening. At times we had people queued up waiting. The last one finally left about 7.30pm. We were finally going to have a chance to have a cup of tea and something to eat. But first, I had a question of Harry...

I asked him, "Why and how did you organize so many healings in one day?"

Harry's answer really floored me. He explained that he'd only organized the first one! His thought was that God must have sent all the others to test *me*! "So how are you feeling?" he asked. My response to him was that I felt absolutely, amazingly *energized*!

Harry just laughed. We chatted about other things, then went out for dinner.

8.00am the next morning. Harry asked if I wanted to go for a ride to drop his son off at school.

I declined, saying I would just like to sit out on the balcony and have a cigarette. Off he went as I made my way up to the front balcony of his high set home.

What happened to me next you may not believe, but it is the truth as I perceived it to be.

I leaned against the balcony rail, lit up a cigarette and was enjoying the feeling of being alive, when my focus fell on a tree that was laying on the ground at the front of the house, looking pretty dead.

I noticed two green leaves at the very tip. I stared at them.

The next thing, all I could see was a beautiful red vision, a red that I had never seen before. Somehow, I found myself on my hands and knees at this tree, with one hand on the base and the other as far along the trunk as I could reach. Very soon, the tree stood up and came back to life.

I stood up, gave the tree a hug and went back up the stairs to light up another cigarette, absently wondering what had happened to my last cigarette. And how, I asked myself, did I get down to the tree? It's still a mystery to me today, but I truly believe that everything is possible, even if inexplicable.

Harry arrived back before I finished my smoke, got out of his car walked around to come up the steps. He looked up and froze, with his mouth agape.

“What happened to you? he asked.

“What do you mean?” I asked in reply.

“You're glowing *gold!*” he said.

“You think I'm glowing? You'd better take a look at your dead tree then!” I responded with a smile.

Harry looked and was just blown away! He even pointed out the axe he had put nearby to chop the dead tree off at its base!

I then explained to him what had happened, how I'd experienced a feeling of total serenity, of being at one with everything around me.

It was now going on 10.00am. I'm thinking, "I'm going to enjoy just relaxing and chatting with Harry!"

Then someone knocked on the door and asked if they were at the right place for a healing. Well, guess what? This went on for the next two days, with at times up to six or seven people waiting but each day it seemed to finish around 7.00pm

Friday morning early, I told Harry I was heading off home to get some rest. I left before anyone could turn up.

What a truly wonderful experience! I was feeling totally rejuvenated and in really good spirit. I felt truly alive, in a good and happy place with my mindset. I will never forget the feeling of total serenity and oneness with it all. I have been blessed to have experienced this twice so far.

Harry stopped getting strangers turning up at his door.

The next thing that happened was that a family friend, Chris, turned up at my place one Sunday morning about 10.00am. He was in a lot of pain. His first words to me were, "Bob I don't believe in any of this shit that you do, but I have to let you try. I've broken my right hip in a fall off the pier onto the side of a barge a few metres below."

With that, he pulled out his x rays and showed me a half moon break through the right hip.

Together, another friend Ricky and I lifted Chris onto the massage table. I performed a healing for approximately 45 minutes.

Chris went home very disappointed as he was still in intense pain. I told him to go home, jump into bed and rest, as the energy will keep working on him for the next few days.

5.30pm that afternoon, I got a phone call from Chris. I asked him where he was, as there was very loud music and conversational chatter going on in the back ground. He responded with, "I'm at your son's place. We're having a party! I've been wrestling with the boys, playing cricket, dancing and I have no pain! I feel great!"

I then asked him if he would do me the favor of going back to his doctor to demand another x-ray (as they wouldn't just give him one, would they?), and then bring them over to show me.

Chris agreed to do this. He dropped in the next morning with his new x ray's. Guess what? No break all back to normal.

Finally I had some proof, but I also believe that I am not actually the healer. I believe I channel the energy and the energy triggers something within the recipient so that they heal themselves.

Ask any mum, how they heal their children if they are sick or had an accident. They will tell you, with Love. And guess what? They are right! It *is* Unconditional Love. I believe that healing energy is pure Unconditional Love.

About this time I was asked if I would go for a drive and perform a healing. I agreed to do so. After trying to perform the healing, no matter what I tried, I found that nothing I could do seemed to help her. I couldn't keep her still long enough to perform the healing, so

I called an ambulance and sent her off to hospital.

Immediately after that I had a horrible, sick feeling in my stomach. This event really began to bug me. I knew I wasn't understanding some things as well as I should at this stage.

I phoned Wilma to explain these feelings to her, then went to visit with her. Wilma went within, then was able to inform me of the following:

This event happened to show me I can't heal everyone in the physical, as maybe that person needed healing in the spiritual.

The healing energy always works where it is needed most. I don't control where the energy is used within that person, God and the recipient are in control of that.

After this was explained, the upset stomach just disappeared.

All through this part of my journey, since being run over I had suffered from bad lower back pain. It took an MRI scan to discover that I had ruptured two disc's in my lower back. The doctor wanted to operate, to remove the disc protruding out between the vertebrae and then fuse the two vertebrae together.

At the end of the discussion the doctor ordered another scan to be done just before the operation. This was scheduled to happen some 3 months down the track.

On the Saturday night three days before my next MRI scan I went out with my son and a few friends to a night club, which I had done on many occasions. This time it was all to be so different.

I don't drink any alcohol. Never have. I just don't like the taste. The music was very loud as usual, but this time there was a difference. It was as if the vibrations of the music were clashing with my own vibrations. The music was causing my back pain to become severe, so I told the others I was going home.

On arriving home I took a couple of pain killers and lay down on my bed. It is my perception that this is what happened next:

I just popped out of my body and took off, straight up through the clouds, up and up until I was so high, I could look down and see the whole Planet Earth.

I just sat there, staring down. I started praying for the healing of the earth. It was as if a huge ray of light emanated from me to cover the earth. I was enveloped by that feeling of total serenity again. What bliss. What joy.

I remember returning to, and stopping, just above my body. I sent healing to my body, then merged back into it.

The next day my back was feeling pretty good.

I went down to have my MRI scan.

The doctor rang me himself after a couple of weeks to ask me if I could see him immediately. I drove directly to his surgery. When I got there, the doctor and the nurse were standing by the scans, which were up on a screen. He pointed out the difference between the first and the latest scans. The first scan: two crushed discs. The new scan: two completely rebuilt discs full of fluid. A true miracle.

The doctor asked *me* how this could happen. I told him the story of my out of body experience. Both he and his nurse started laughing their heads off. I turned to leave. As I was going out the door, the doctor remarked (between laughs), that whatever I was doing, I should keep doing it!

Two weeks later a bill arrived from the doctor. I screwed it up and threw it in the rubbish. Guess what? I never did receive another bill from him! I think he got his payment in laughter.

Now I know why I never believed that I would ever have an operation on my back. It just wasn't in my future.

Wow, has my mindset and belief system been in constant change! I'm starting to believe without doubt that all things are possible. There is definitely more to us than I had ever imagined. I kept wanting more proof, and I kept on getting it.

That makes three times now that I have experienced the total serenity of oneness with it all. I believe I have been truly blessed to have had these amazing experiences.

Around this time, I was told about a place up the on the Sunshine Coast that taught a ten week course on spiritual healing. I attended this to see what I could learn. I seemed to know it all anyway, but it was certainly good confirmation of my understanding of how it all works.

The big plus from this is that I met someone who has become a very dear friend of mine. Her name is Melita, a lady who is truly on her spiritual journey and who is having her own experiences. Melita was assisting Ron with the classes.

I have been blessed to have all of these special people coming into my life, all for different reasons. I give thanks everyday for the beautiful people that have come into my life.

Through things that have happened and messages I have received I've certainly changed my belief system and opened my mind up to so much more.

I believe there is a lot more to us than we can ever imagine. I'm not surprised when they say that we only use ten percent of our brain. What if we could tap into the other ninety percent? What other world of possibilities might come about in us? I believe that we can tap into our potential by getting in touch with our higher self, our soul. God, if you like.

To do this, we need to be able to sit in silence, still the mind and meditate on a regular basis. If you happen to be like me and think initially that you were getting nothing out of it, then you would be totally wrong. If nothing else, it will give you complete relaxation and peace for at least thirty minutes a day (or longer if you want). When starting off, I would suggest you seek out a meditation group around the area where you live.

Remembering

Chapter 3

Lots of other things have happened to me on my spiritual journey to make me see things differently. The totality of my experiences was so confusing that I was brought to question everything about my life.

On one occasion I locked myself in my room for three days just to revisit my experiences... the highlights, the good and bad in my past, looking to find answers. How did I get through it all? Why did I react as I did to my different experiences? What were the lessons I should have learned?

I came to realize that my spiritual journey was the sum of all my life experiences and reactions. And I'd sure experienced some unbelievable things!

This period was one of the most emotional times I've ever been through, but it gave me so much insight, wisdom and knowledge about myself.

I was able to see how ego, stubbornness and pride got in the way of my achieving so many things, often making situations much worse than they should have been. These traits had always affected the way I had acted and reacted to circumstances. I began to look at life a lot differently.

My belief system changed. I no longer put limitations on anything, as I now believe I am unlimited in my capacity to create. As a member of the human race I was born to it. If I can perceive it and desire it, then without doubt, I will eventually create it, be it

physical or spiritual. The how doesn't matter at this point. It *will* happen, so long as I put the necessary energy and focus into whatever it is that's needed.

I believe we should all know, without doubt, that we already have it all within us (hard one to master). That we have to *start* with Love and belief in one's self. Within self we can find all answers. The trick is to align mind, body and soul.

As for myself, I believe life is here to be experienced. We must enjoy the *now*, because that's all we have that's real.

Ask yourself, “Where did *your* belief system come from?” Just guessing on your behalf, I'd say mostly from parents, grandparents, teachers and friends, and maybe a good deal from religion. By this I mean by the example of others.

I have found that mine now comes from my higher self, from within, guided by my personal experiences and developed from pure Love, the source, God, universal energy... you call it whatever you are comfortable with calling it.

For me, I believe it's God.

I also believe I am my own worst enemy. I have often got in my own way through my ego, stubbornness and pride. Until recently I wouldn't change or even listen to my inner voice, because I couldn't perceive the value in it.

Its all caused by the fear of dropping the false fronts (ego) we all hide behind. For most of my life I was hiding behind my ego and my pride, always attempting to be what I thought others expected me to be. I was Mr Tough, a No-Nonsense, Fight If I Had To, sort

of guy.

Why?

It was no more than to protect that ego-driven image I had decided I *needed* to portray to others.

But not so deep down, that wasn't how I really felt inside.

Back then, I didn't listen or even try to get in touch with my inner self. It didn't matter to me that we all see things differently, even if we are looking at the same thing. I didn't think about my mind's eye seeing something that you don't and vice versa.

I just ignored these feelings and cruised on through life.

Now I see clearly that it was *my own perception* of life that made me unique amongst people. Being unique means being separate. I didn't feel *part* of the world, I felt I *was* the world... and the world didn't often feel like a nice place to be.

Can you see that it's *your* perception of life that makes *you* unique amongst people?

I began to notice, particularly in tragic circumstances, that life still went on around me, regardless of how I, personally, reacted to those circumstances. I noticed that other people reacted differently and for differing amounts of time, but *life went on around me and them anyway*. Like these people, I found myself retreating away from life and into *me*. Yet I had no perception of myself as a healer and I was poorly equipped to address my own fragile, fractured state.

It took a long while, but I eventually learned that by opening my heart to myself and recognising that I could trust my inner self to be kind to me, I was inadvertently opening myself to others who understood. I didn't know it, but I was creating a pathway of understanding that these people could easily tread. Through that healing pathway I was shown the way to a full life.

My life-long perceptions were taking a beating here!

Improving my attitude, mindset and belief system became my focus.

All too often my perceptions began and ended with the *feelings* I had habitually allowed to predominate within me. With me, it was mainly anger and fear. Looming large within that, was the *fear of showing what I thought were my weaknesses to you*. I was trying my best to be in control of *your* perceptions of *me*... and I wasn't even in control of my *own* perceptions of me!

To be true to myself, I know should have started by loving myself. I should have believed in my own inner knowing. But I just didn't know where to start.

I now believe the main part of my journey is to find out who I am, step out... and just be.

I struggled with this concept. As I've said, to me it was like stripping and showing my naked self to the world. It was actually my single biggest fear.

Coincidentally, around this time I started to write a few poems that just sort of dropped into my mind. The messages they carried were important to me and I'd like to share them with you. I called these

poems:

“*Spirituality Though My Eyes*” and “*Life in a Different Light*”.

You can download these (and more), in spoken
verse (mp3 format), free from my website at:

www.free-inspirational-videos.com

Spirituality through my eyes

Spirituality is Love, Peace, Harmony and Faith,
Treating everyone as equals and not having to race.
Finding ourselves in love without a curse,
Loving one another and loving all things throughout the universe.
Becoming as one with all of God's creations,
Lifting ourselves to greater heights and lifting our vibrations.

Tuning in to be in touch with our guides and angels through our own inner spirit

Having total faith in our mighty Father, or creator and believing we can do it.

Love is the answer, that's what it's all about,
Love, love, love is what we should shout.
Instead of destroying each other and raping this land,
Love one another and let's all join hands.
Rebuild this land, nurture it and help it to grow,
Work together in Love, and we will reap the harvest we sow.
Let's find a way to neutralize toxic waste and rid our land of pollution,
We need to hurry now, we need to find a solution.

Fear is the destroyer of just about everything,
Fear of death, failure, success, hurt, the unknown,
fear of someone being better than you,
fear of losing someone or of what your friends may think.
So step out in love and truth, and see what life will bring.
We were not born to be slaves to one another,
And certainly we were not born to kill each other.

Through unconditional Love we can overcome all our fears,
and life will become more fulfilling and joyous throughout the rest of our years.
So come on now, let's work together and lift ourselves with Love,

Care for others, reach out and touch someone and you will feel like you can fly
like a Dove.

Remember Love is the answer, that's what it's all about,
So join me now, Love, Love, Love is what we will shout.

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“Life in a different light”

I now look at life in a different light,
I now look with love, which has given me new sight.
I feel I have finally crossed the line,
Now the world is just great and really just fine.
No more do I worry about things from my past,
I only look forward now, to helping others fast.
With the lifting of my spirit and me finding myself,
I no longer have to put my love on a shelf.
The Love I now receive from spirit is so real,
I give freely that love to help all things heal.
New things and new knowledge now happen every day,
My life is more fulfilling now, in every way.
I only want to help others find what I have found,
For Love is life and there's plenty to go around.
I feel like I am a tower of light,
To help others, teach them to love and not to fight.
Possessions and wealth no longer take priority,
As love and helping others, has the authority.
Life is no longer a burden I bear,
The joy I have found, I just want to share.
The feeling I get when healing someone,
Is so amazing, that I feel life has just begun.
So love one another and love the earth,
and you will be rewarded by the universe.
Come join me now, share your love in this way,
Earth can be like heaven, so come and Play.

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At this point of my journey I performed quite a few healings. I

also spent a lot of time just talking to others, helping them where I could to understand their journey. I was trying to teach people to trust their own inner feelings, to open their minds to love. I believe that all is possible if it is done from love. I believe the most powerful thing on this planet is Love. We would be far better off if we all plugged into its power. The source.

Have you heard the saying; “What you give out is what you get back, only many times more?” Give out a smile and you're likely to get one in return. Think about the consequences of that action. You just made someone else smile and feel good. Good chance they'll pass that on to someone else and the ripple effect can touch many people that day. One smile. How many people might be joyfully affected? Why not give out love?

It's December 1997. I receive a phone call from my sister, asking if I could get home to New Zealand. My mother has had a massive heart attack and is on life support. I take the first plane I can and arrive at her hospital at 4.00AM.

The nurses inform me that it's not visiting hours. I explain that I am a son and I've just flown in from Australia. They understand that my visit could only help her, so they let me go to her bedside.

I sit with her, watching her sleep. I take her hands in mine, and pray. I send her healing. After about twenty minutes she suddenly wakes, sits bolt upright in bed and begins screaming, over and over, “Who are you? Who are you?”

I try to explain. She keeps screaming. The nurses run in and ask me to leave. Saddened, I leave and drive to my sister's place some miles away. We have a cup of tea and a chat before I head for bed.

Before sleeping, I have a compulsion to write a poem for my Mum. This is how it turned out:

A Poem for my Mum

I have been blessed to have you as my mother,
You have always been there when you were needed and gave freely your love to
help me recover.

You have taught me many many things on my way through life, right from
wrong, morals, caring and sharing and how to keep out of strife.

You have shared your love, your wisdom and your knowledge,
unselfishly you sacrificed things in your life to educate me and put me through
college.

Because of you is how I am today,
Loving, caring, sharing and very much like you in many, many ways.

You have shown me the meaning of unconditional love and that takes in much,
much more than just what has been mentioned above .

My Love will always be with you, straight from my heart,
through this life time and the next even though we're apart.

For what you have shared, shown and taught me, your other sons and daughters
and the love you have shown many, many others,

Will never be forgotten as it will passed on down many generations.

I will never forget you, or ever lose sight,
as you move on in Gods Love and Light.

I Love you Mum and always will.

Your loving son Robert. 29/12/1997

I wake around 11.00AM, get up and ask my sister, “How's Mum?”
She replies gaily, “Mum's off life support! She's up, walking
around and talking to the other patients! They don't know how this
could happen... it must be a miracle!”

Thrilled with this turn of events, I shower, get dressed and we
head for the hospital. Mum's not in her room. I find her in another
patient's room, chatting merrily away, without a care in the world.
She lights up when she sees me and we hug.

On the way back to her room, I ask her about her agitation at 4.00AM. She looks at me wide-eyed. "I saw Jesus! How did you know about that?" I explain that I was there, doing a healing on her. She just looks at me with a smug, knowing smile on her face. I give her the poem I had written for her.

Mum was so proud of her poem, she had it printed up properly and framed. She shared it with everyone she knew.

She was to live on for another 12 months, though in a nursing home, as she couldn't live on her own. She argued against this at first, until I explained that, in the first place she would be cared for properly, and in the second place, she had an opportunity to do God's work and help others whilst under care herself.

Helping others with her wisdom and love is exactly what she did for the next 12 months, and she enjoyed all of it.

My perception is that what happened to Mum was a miracle. It was more confirmation, more proof, to me that I was on the right track.

Of all the unbelievable things that I have had happen to me, through me and just around me, none have scared me. They've just given me a better understanding.

So I have also come to know this, "Be very careful of what you ask for, as you *will* get the experience of it... ready or not!"

“Miracles do happen”

Chapter 04

It is now 1998, a life changing year indeed. My daughter is to be married in October.

A life-changing event

15th August is a bad day. I'm involved in a motor cycle accident. For 8 days I'm in and out of consciousness in the hospital, unaware of visitors or of anything that's happened to me.

I finally wake. My daughter sits there beside me, worried and concerned. I say to her that everything will be OK, that this is just time out to smell the roses. She suggests postponing her wedding! I'm shocked. I say, “No!” and make her a promise that I will walk her down the aisle, no problem!

I don't yet know what I've done to myself. I think Nadine knows, but she's spared the explaining, as the doctor walks sombrely in the door, says Hi and begins listing my injuries:

- A cut across my right collar bone that required 4 stitches.
- My left leg ripped open across the lower shin bone.
- The calf muscle opened up along the shin bone to my knee, complete with severed nerves and arteries.
- Crushed lymph nodes in my knee.
- My pelvis split in half.
- Concussion is just an after-thought.

He explains they're not too sure what to do about me. I pull the blankets back to have a look. Black and blue from my stomach to

my thighs!

It's two weeks later. They tell me they've finally decided they'd better put me back together. A metal plate with four screws right through my pelvis. No-one knows if this will do the job or not. Only time will tell.

All I know is that I'm going to be a bed case for some time and possibly crippled for life.

Within a week of the operation a nurse discovers that part of the flesh on my leg has died. They surgically remove the rotten part. A skin graft is too big a risk, I'm told, because if any infections develop they'll quickly travel to the new metal area in my pelvis and I'm a goner.

I'm asleep one day, when a couple of friends, Rick and Donna come to visit. They sit there talking at me, trying to wake me up. I see and hear them clearly as I sleep, but I'm actually watching them from the ceiling. As they go to leave I suddenly wake and explain this strange thing to them.

Maybe morphine, maybe God. Probably morphine, but I like to think, no, I really *believe*, it was God.

Facing the new world

Finally. The end of September and they tell me I can go home. Only though, if I have someone to care for me. I can't take care of myself. My dear friend Harry calls. He mentions a package he's mailed to me, would I look at it please? Fat chance, the way I'm feeling!

My daughter, bless her soul, organizes my belongings into storage

and moves me, wheelchair and all, into her grandmother's place for a month. She's to be married in a few short weeks.

I'd promised, and I'm determined I'll *walk* my daughter down the aisle. No wheel chair. I practice with my crutches everyday, fighting my way through pain and dizzy spells, losing my balance many times. Every day, without fail.

I sit under the shower twice a day and scrub the open wound on my leg with a sterilized cloth until it bleeds, as I'm not allowed to put anything on it and I have to keep it clean.

My daughter's wedding day arrives. Yes, I'm able to walk her down the aisle on my crutches! I give her away, so proud of her. The service finishes. I return to my wheel chair and try to enjoy the rest of the function. I don't let anyone see or know that I'm in so much pain. (The ego again!) I manage to stay till the end.

A couple of weeks later I move in with my daughter and son-in-law, Darren; into their lovely new home. The package from Harry arrives. I say to Nadine, "I think it's probably some networking thing. Stick it in the wardrobe please, I'll look at it later." I've got plenty of other stuff on my mind right now.

I'm still unable to roll onto my side, still have a lot of trouble sleeping, wake on average 5 to 8 times a night. There's a lot of discomfort and pain. I'm also troubled within myself, wondering what I might be capable of actually *doing* with the rest of my life.

I talk with Nadine, explaining that I need to reach out and touch other people's lives in some way. I just don't know the way yet.

Guidance from a dream

That afternoon, feeling desperate, I start asking questions out loud in prayer. I fall asleep and have an amazing dream about a “fruit from paradise” that will help me. In this dream, I'm *walking*. The vision of me walking fixes itself clearly in my mind. From that day I'm never to doubt that I would rebuild myself.

I'm excited and restless throughout the day. As soon as Nadine arrives home I tell her of my dream. Something clicks from my brief conversation with Harry and I ask her to get the package from the wardrobe and open it.

She takes a video from the package. I ask her to put it on. Wow! There it is, the very scene from my dream, complete with Tahitian natives showing me a piece of fruit I'd never seen before!

I only watch for a few minutes. I pause the video and ring Harry to share my dream with him. I can't remember ever being so overwhelmed by my thoughts.

Harry tells me about this amazing fruit from Tahiti, the South Pacific island paradise. He'd been trying to get in touch, but my mobile had been off during my time in hospital and he'd given up 'til now. He explains that Noni fruit is going to help me. I've never heard of it, but I'm not about to ignore my dream, or Harry's caring words.

Harry organizes for me to have a visit from a bunch of people that live close by. The people come; Brian and Mary, Robert and Shirley, Russell and Debbie and Clive and Bev.

I feel blessed. A bunch of strangers with so much love in their hearts coming to *me* to share their testimonies. Don't worry... I also know that they want me in their networking business!

I'm struck though, by their earnest desire to help *me*. This is first and foremost in their conversation. The business comes second in their minds, and in mine. I decide to join as an agent, in order to buy the juice at the cheapest price. Clive kindly leaves me with some product to try until my order arrives.

I start drinking Noni juice. It takes only three days for me to notice changes. I'm sleeping all night! It might not sound much, but to me it's my first Noni miracle. Within days my headaches and dizzy spells almost disappear. Within weeks most of my pain eases off to tolerable levels. No need for pain killers! I'm feeling really good. Still can't walk about under my own steam and the wheelchair's taking a beating.

I need to go to the bathroom. About to drag myself into the wheel chair when I see my crutches standing over in the corner. I make a decision. From now on I'm using my crutches instead of the wheel chair whenever I can. In my mind I relegate the wheelchair to extended outdoor trips only.

I spend a couple more weeks on the crutches. Noel, a friend comes over. He's brought me a walking stick! I instantly eye it off, with some reluctance, and christen it "...the ugly stick". I know what it's taken to work just with the crutches...

Noel has been really good to me. He's often come over to pick me up in my wheel chair, just to help break the boredom for me. I say nothing, but I decide to try the walking stick when I'm alone. I'm actually able to manage quite well for short periods. Good one, Noel!

My Mum dies...

A phone call. My elder sister, who lives in Alice Springs. Mum

has passed away, was I fit enough to travel? I tell her I am. We make arrangements to meet up in Sydney airport and go the rest of the way to NZ together.

I arrive at the airport. Someone is meant to meet me and get me to the international airport. No-one turns up. I'm on my crutches, trying to carry my luggage. A bus driver sees my distress. Wonderful man! He takes me to the international terminal, where I'm able to use one of their wheel chairs. I'm making my way to the terminal as fast as I can. I'm panicking, struggling with low energy and pain. I'm already a few minutes late for the flight.

Suddenly a couple of airport staff come running. Mr Hellyer? Mr Hellyer? They rush me onto the plane, which was held up from leaving because of my sister and God's will. I'm exhausted.

I stay for a couple of weeks after the funeral, then return home to Brisbane.

A major decision is made...

Within a couple of weeks I make the decision to walk unassisted. It's been that way ever since. (I still have pain and it's sometimes severe, but my daily dose of Noni helps me get through most days without pain killers).

I also start applying Noni Supplement Cream to the open wound in my leg. What happens over the next 4 weeks is quite amazing. I watch as new layers of skin grow over the wound, with no scabbing at all. This astounds me.

For many months I spend a lot of time on my back. I can only stay on my feet for short periods and can't sit for very long. I have both plenty of time and the inner peace to go deep within. (Very

fortunate, as I can't seem to concentrate on anything else for long; maybe read 1 or 2 pages in a book, before I have to put it down).

I think that this is happening to show me I can learn a lot more by going within. I am remembering, correlating and filing what I already know.

I can't help thinking that it's great the way everything works, how people will come and share themselves with me when, in darkness, I so desperately need them. Wilma joined me when I first became aware of my journey, to teach and guide me. Through her, many others. Now, through a dream, more people with love in their hearts come to share with me.

Is this coincidence, or is there a plan for me?

A special friend indeed

During this time I attend a meeting to do with Noni. I cannot imagine ever forgetting what happens this night.

I'm standing inside the entrance, talking to someone. I notice a young man approaching. He stops in mid stride, and just stares at me. I finish my conversation, inadvertently turning away from him as I do so. He taps me on the shoulder and introduces himself to me as Vanya, insisting that he just *had* to meet me, and that I may not understand what it was he was about to say to me.

I tell him I'm pretty spiritual and open minded; it would be okay.

He explains that he sees auras around people, but he'd only seen an aura like mine once before, and that was on a high priest! He thought I might be that person, or someone of the same sort. We chat for a while.

Something clicks in my mind. I'm able to explain to Vanya that the reason we just *had* to meet is to do with a troubled six year old boy I'm working with, a boy who *also sees auras*. Here's someone who can explain better than I ever could! We make arrangements. As soon as they meet, the little boy jumps straight into Vanya's arms and they are able to work together. Because they both see auras. Clearly a case of, "When the student is ready, the teacher will come."

Vanya and I are to become good mates.

The Neck Bone's connected to the Knee Bone...

It's some ten months since my accident and I'm still coping with a lot of pain and stiffness from my neck, and then my left knee starts to lock up on me. My doctor finally refers me to yet another specialist. He takes x-rays of my neck from lots of different angles, then tells me that I'd broken my neck in the accident as well!

The break had happened through the right side of my neck, with three vertebrae involved. These vertebrae had fused themselves on the left side to compensate. If that hadn't happened I wouldn't be here sharing this with you now.

A few more x-rays and they find splinters of bone floating around in my knee. Another operation needed.

The doctor says to me, out of the blue, "You know, you're blessed! It must be that you have more work left to do on this Earth and that's why you're still here." Actually, by this time I'd seen seven or eight different specialists and all of them had commented that I should have been dead, let alone still able to walk.

I have a screw loose...

It's eighteen months now since the life changing day of my accident. The plate and screws in my pelvis have come loose, causing me an awful lot of pain and discomfort. X- rays show that the screws have been chipping away the bone. Another operation.

The doctor tells me that the plate and screws were only designed to just hold me together. No-one thought I'd walk again, so it wasn't designed for that purpose.

The doctor is a bit concerned. There's no choice but to remove the plate and screws, but would there be enough natural bone and tissue left to ensure my body was able to hold itself together? Perhaps they can design a metal box to support the pelvis? I refuse this offer. I choose to simply have the plate and screws removed, as I have faith in my ability to heal and I believe everything will be OK.

For the next ten weeks I struggle to walk every day without success. It hurts. A lot. It suddenly occurs to me that I should try drinking more Noni juice. I go from taking 30ml a day to drinking 120ml a day, just to see if it makes any difference. Three days later I start walking again. Pain and joy in equal measure! The pain gradually decreases over time, but it's never to go away entirely.

Another hurdle

But there's one other thing, another hurdle I have that I must jump. Right from the medical aftermath, when I was just a mass of broken bones and bruising, I had wondered about it. As time had progressed I'd asked about it. I was eventually told that there was a 90% chance that I *would be impotent* for the rest of my life. The doctors were sad, but the nerve damage was such that there was

nothing they could do about it. Believe me, *that* made for some sleepless nights!

Well, I'm now at the two year mark and I've sure had some very embarrassing moments in my sex life. I'm still certain everything will be OK, but I'm just as sure I need some help. I head off to the GP to ask about Viagra. It doesn't work for me. Back to the doctor for a stronger dose. Try again. And again. Then, Bingo! A successful mission. And guess what? I quickly find I don't need Viagra to get the job done. You little beauty!

You could try telling me and the doctors that this isn't a miracle, but I'd have to advise you to save your breath!

I'm feeling very pleased with myself, confident and a little more out-going, rather than introspective and worried. I spend quite a bit of time at meetings for Noni.

A Friend in Need

I meet a young mother with a little boy. She is struggling with a marriage bust up. I help her to find a house, put down some carpet and move in. We quickly develop a special connection, a close, platonic friendship, but I worry about her a lot.

One night, after I leave a meeting to head off home, I suddenly decide to take a detour and drive past her house. I have a feeling that something isn't right with her, so I try to phone her. No answer. I arrive at her place. All in darkness. I go to drive off, but I just can't do it. I have to check.

I knock on the door. No answer. I walk around the house, calling out and checking windows. The dining room window is partly open, so I put my head in to take a look. I hear a sobbing noise

from the kitchen. I call out, but still no response. I jump in the window to investigate.

There she is, sitting on the floor up against the cupboards, holding a knife in her hands with the point of it *in* her chest. Blood trickles down her chest. She tells me to go, over and over.

I sit down beside her and talk, doing my best to help her understand that her problems aren't good enough reason to kill herself. Eventually, she hands me the knife.

Thank God I'm learning to trust my feelings and inner knowing.

Several weeks pass. I get the same feeling that all is not well with her. I head off to her place again, guided by nothing more than my intuition. This time she's swallowed a bottle of pills, Aspirin or Panadol or something. She's really sick. I take her in and they pump her stomach at the hospital. After this experience, she chooses not to be alone and goes back to her husband.

So far...

It's now three years and two months after my accident. I'm walking and I'm no longer impotent. I feel strong within myself. Nerves in my left leg have regenerated. It's great to have all the feeling and most of the sensation back. I believe my body will repair itself, that I will be totally healed.

I still suffer a lot of pain. I still suffer if I sit for long periods.

The doctors told me I would likely be impotent and that I may never walk again. I chose not to believe them. I focussed on my physical problems with nothing more than faith and a belief that I would be OK. It just goes to show, that if you have faith, belief,

determination and a clear perception of what you want, you can achieve almost anything you wish for in life. I'm living proof of this and I give thanks for this truth every day.

My motto is: Winners never quit and quitters never win.

Funeral service

When my father in law Alan passed away, the family asked if I would do the funeral service. I agreed, thinking I was to do the eulogy.

The next day when I rang to find out how long would they like the eulogy to be, I was informed that they wanted me to do the actual *funeral service*. This was very scary. My father in law was not into religion and wanted a simple funeral. I had never imagined in my wildest dreams that I could, or ever would, be able to perform a funeral service. I'd always thought that it was done by a church minister.

Naturally enough, I didn't know where to start. I chose to talk to Jenny from my church about my situation. She was able to give me a format to follow and encouraged me to go ahead and do it. She was sure I would do a good job.

For the family and Jenny to have that kind of faith in me was overwhelming and *very* encouraging. How could I not do it?

The day came for the funeral. I was very nervous, but tried my best to just take it in my stride. Fortunately, everyone seemed impressed by the service. So much so, that after the service I was approached by 3 different people who wanted to book me to do their service when they pass over!

I just laughed and told them to give me a call when they pass over.

It just showed me though, that if I put my mind to the job, I can do almost anything! And if I can do it, so can anyone else. Talk about stepping out of one's comfort zone! This was probably the first and last funeral service I'll ever do, and you can be sure it won't go down on my job resumé!

The World of No Money

My accident found me unprepared. No insurance or financial protection in place. Not a contingency plan in sight. Like most people, I'm ten foot tall and bullet proof. You see, nothing like this would *ever* happen to me.

Now I'm learning that life can change dramatically in just a split second.

So my physical injuries are not my sole challenge. I'm also facing some major financial challenges I have no idea how to handle...

Maureen

I'm blessed that this accident happened on my way to work. For the first 2 years I'm covered by Work Cover. I've got an income and all my medical bills are covered. Eventually Work Cover decides to give me a small settlement to get me off their books. I live on my own money until it runs out , then I apply for a disability pension. Not being able to work to earn a living is very frustrating.

It doesn't take long. I'm quickly in debt and really starting to struggle financially.

I'm pretty desperate, when, out of the blue, I get a phone call from

a lady I'd met a few times. She wants to meet with me for a coffee. We meet. She asks me how much I owe. I tell her it's none of her business. She says that God has sent her. She writes me a cheque, there and then, for a few thousand dollars, more than enough to cover my debts.

I tell her I can't accept the money, as there's no way I can repay her. Her answer? "...One day when you're in a better position!" She was very persuasive, and with that reassurance I finally accept, with gratitude and love. Thank you Maureen, and thank you God, for this wonderful blessing. I don't doubt it; Maureen is truly an angel of love sent by God.

Miracles are abounding in my life, not least the fact that I'm always able to be positive. I choose never to worry about my financial problems. Sooner or later they'll be sorted out.

Life is too precious, with many, many experiences still to come. I welcome every experience. In the back of my mind I decide that no matter what happens, I'll never quit trying to find *me*. I see all my challenges as simply stepping stones in the search to find out who I am.

Eugene

I spend time talking with less fortunate people than myself. Some judge these people simply as "undesirables", but I see love in them and understand that each of them has just been on his own journey, and that that is just a part of who they are. Perhaps a little oddly, I find that most of their journeys have included similar experiences to my own.

Eugene becomes a close friend. What a beautiful soul! One of the most giving, generous people I have ever met. He helps me out on

many occasions when I have a desperate need. Another angel sent to help me on my journey.

Eugene helps me by sharing parts of his journey. He is too macho to allow another man to put hands on him, so no, I can't do a healing on him. I visit with him often.

One day he asks me, "Bob, how come when you come over and visit, my pain often subsides and I feel better?" I explain that if I'm in the same room where a healing is required, it will often happen, as my energy will fill the room.

From this point, Eugene rings me regularly to ask if I can send him one of those "absentee healings", and of course, I do.

Poetry

I find time to write another couple of poems: "Who am I" and "Our Home".

Who am I

Who am I, Who am I, Who am I
I am me, I am me, I think, I am me,
I am here having a human experience.
Experiencing all the joys of life,
All the sadness, suffering, the joy, the love
and all the emotions.
But throughout our lives, we are always,
searching, searching, searching.
My journey it takes many different paths
and I experience many different things,
Some good, some bad, some happy, some sad
But life goes on and on, but I'm still
searching, searching, searching
I live on this planet earth and

here I find many worlds within this world.
Because we are all so different,
Yet so alike, but so unique,
Yes we are Love and Light.
But I have found instead of searching
the world out there
all I had to do was search within
because when I go within
That's when I find the answers
and that's where I find me
That's where I find who I am.

By Robert. A. Hellyer
22nd May 2002 ©

Our Home

Our body is our temple, it's the place where
we reside,
Its what keeps us anchored here, far and wide
So why do we abuse this place. This place
where we live
It is like the holy grail, we should take good
care of it.

We should put the right fuel in this body and
keep it well maintained.
It will serve us a long, long time and we will
really gain.

Mankind has really raped this land and robbed
it of all the good things,
We are destroying the soil with chemicals and

poisons,
so our fruit and vegies no longer have all the
nutritional things.

But what I have found, after prayer and
through a dream,
Is a Fruit Juice all the way from Paradise it
seems?
It comes from unspoiled lands that the trade
winds blow around and the rich volcanic soil is
unspoiled, Like we can only dream.

Morinda© is the company that found a way to
bring this special fruit juice from Tahitian
Paradise, to the western world,
Maybe one of the richest sources of nutrition
is what science has unfurled.

TAHITIAN NONI© Juice is the source, taking
the world by storm.
Those that are drinking it are feeling so great
and ever so well; they feel like they have been
reborn.

This simple fruit juice is changing people's
lives all over the world, in wellness, wealth
and time freedom, as we take it to the world.

Remember our body is our temple, it's the
place where we reside.
So drink TAHITIAN NONI© Juice as it makes
us feel good inside.

Written by Robert A Hellyer

Financial disaster

I borrow more money to produce a card and CD package using my handful of poems. I call it, "A poem for my mum".

I'm unsuccessful in selling my production, as I simply don't know how to sell it. I'm unable to finish paying the printing company. They decide to force the issue and suddenly, I'm bankrupt. Nothing I can do, so I accept it and refuse to worry. I also refuse to add the money I've borrowed from family and friends to my list of creditors, as I intend to pay them back every cent, plus.

(But what a small minded company. Yes, I owed them a couple of thousand dollars, but it's cost them *four times* that to send me into bankruptcy.)

Pushing aside despair, I give thanks for this experience, as it makes it possible for me to see a whole other side to life. No matter what happens, life goes on. How I handle things comes down to my mindset.

I truly believe that everything in my life will come back into balance, that there is nothing I should worry about.

Anthony

Anthony, another good friend of mine, comes down with cancer. He's hospitalised briefly. His wife Cora and another friend call me early one morning to say that Anthony is close to death and asking for me.

I walk in. He opens his eyes, smiles at me, obviously very weak. I go to his side, put my hand on his forehead. He looks up with a big smile. I tell him everything will be OK. He leaves me very

peacefully.

Days before, I made a promise to Anthony. I would take care of his wife Cora when he was gone. Cora is from the Philippines. She doesn't know how to cook or drive. Over the next few months I teach her how to drive and cook.

A friend helps me on my way

My friend Vanya. Lately, he has been teaching me how to build my own website and how to drive it using his software programs. When my body allows me sitting time, it's perfect for me. It gives me a way to touch more people.

I've quickly found that I need to write content for it. My story however, develops in a higgledy-piggledy way. I need to structure it as best I can so that people can get the most from it as easily as possible. My website, coupled with a push or two from friends, becomes the reason for me to write this book.

All my life has been leading to this. Right up to now I've never really had my story clear in my own mind. I tell people snippets, but never the full story. I'm no writer, so who would want to read anything I write? Why would I put myself in a position to be judged on what is perhaps my least real capability?

Ego again. This is my best attempt to rise above it.

Another lesson

How is my ego affecting me lately? Well, for more than five years I have avoided anger and learned to accept things as they come. I've been doing well, but...

Just a few weeks ago I had an experience that set me right back. I

got ripped off by someone, and boy, oh boy, did the ego, pride and stubbornness come flooding back with a vengeance. I said a few nasty words and made some threats. Had the person concerned been in front of me I would have tried to take my anger out on him physically.

I guess I can never really get rid of my ego. It'll always be there in the back ground, and things will always come along to test me. I can only suppress it and try to manage the circumstances as best I can. On this occasion, I gave thanks for the experience and let it go.

Once again, attitude and mindset control how I decide to handle any situation. It's up to me as to how I will react.

I have come to realize that I have been on a journey all my life. I only became aware of it in 1993, so there are many other experiences still to come. But who was I prior to 1993?

Why did my life journey develop the way it did up to 1993?

Perhaps I should tell you about my early life...

My early years

Chapter 5

I had no idea or awareness of what spirituality was throughout the early part of my life. In fact, back then I don't believe anyone I knew ever spoke about spirituality. Now I realise that I have been on this journey since birth and that miracles have happened throughout my life.

These experiences have helped me find a progressive awareness of myself and who I am; helped me indeed, to find the inner wisdom and understanding to connect with my higher self, my inner being, with the power to commune with my God.

My Story

Growing up on acreage with a river as one boundary was really great. There was room to move, grow and play. With such a small town population around us, everyone knew everyone else. As a youngster, life wasn't always easy though.

My Dad was very strict. As ruler of the household his word was law and he often felt the need to take his frustrations out on the rest of the family, particularly us kids, by beating us whenever he felt it was needed. He was over six foot tall and he used to get *very* angry.

I remember being held by the hair and flogged with kettle cords, razor straps and canes, whatever took his fancy. At one time, in the midst of a beating, he told me that I wasn't his son. That stuck with me for years.

I put a stop to the floggings when I turned fifteen. I'd had many

fights by this time, and knew I could handle myself. I recall standing up to him like it was yesterday. Dad was preparing to flog me again when I closed my fists and told him that this time I was going to hit back.

Dad stopped dead in his tracks and said that if I ever raised my fists to him again I would be thrown out and never made welcome in his house again. My response was to tell him that if he never tried to flog me I'd have no reason to raise my fists. He didn't ever try again.

I have forgiven dad for his treatment of me, as he probably didn't know any better. He was bought up that way, so it was all he knew, besides which, it all went towards helping make me who I am today. I am pleased to give thanks for these experiences, not least because I was able to determine from them that I would *never* treat my own children in this way!

I've found that a lot of life is about forgiveness and giving thanks.

Dad ran the Clive Swimming Club. I started swimming when I was five. My eldest brother Bruce was a New Zealand champ. In the winter we were all involved in the Clive Rugby Club. We were a physically active family.

My earliest little miracle

I was just six years old when one day my younger brother Peter and I decided to play on the jetty. The river was a bit swollen. Somehow Peter managed to fall in. I reached down with one hand, grabbed a handful of his curly white locks and lifted him back onto the jetty, without thinking anything of it. When I look back now, how was this possible?

I believe that there was no thought of limitations in me, no thought that I couldn't do it, so I just did it. Small miracle indeed!

When I was fourteen and working at Dad's Superette, the big freezer caught on fire. It was so big that it normally took four or more people to move it. Dad just picked up one end of it and dragged it out onto the floor, unplugged the power and extinguished the fire. Under normal circumstances he could never have moved it on his own.

Once again, I believe there was no thought of limitations.

I now know that there is much much more to all of us than I ever believed or even thought of as possible.

Not kissin' cousins...

At twelve years of age, my cousin Chris and I had an uneasy relationship. A bunch of us were playing at a friend's place when somehow a bit of a fight started between he and I. Chris picked up a spear and from the look in his eye he fully intended to run me through with it. I ran. He chased me. As I went around the corner of the house I slipped over. Just as well I did! As I went down, the spear went over the top of my shoulder. Had I been upright he would have got me through my back. I quickly got to my feet and gave him a yet another hiding.

A few months later I was at the swimming club. Chris turned up and asked me to step outside, as we had some unfinished business. When I faced him outside, he pulled out a big carving knife. He told me he was going to cut me up. I don't know how, but I disarmed him and gave him another flogging.

Chris and I became good mates after this and went on to get into

all sorts of trouble. The miracle was that neither of us was seriously injured in either event.

At fourteen, Chris and I were in town on a Saturday afternoon, just walking up the street. Two blokes in their twenties came past in a car and yelled out something uncomplimentary. Chris and I gave them back a bit of lip.

They parked their car and came running up to us, looking for a fight.

The first one, twice as big as me, threatened to pick me up and throw me through the shopfront window behind me. I told him if he was willing to pay for the damages, go right ahead. He did. He picked me up and through me through the window.

The whole window caved in as I slammed through it and slid across the shop floor, while huge shards of glass crashed down around me.

Just as this happened the police turned up. They arrested the two blokes. My bloke got a heavy fine and had to pay for a new front window.

The miracle here was that I never got a scratch, just a bruised ego.

I hated having to fight. My biggest fear was that I would kill someone. I even went to karate training to learn how to block to defend myself. As with swimming and rugby there was a lot of self discipline involved. It taught me a lot about myself.

Puberty strikes

I had my first sexual experience when I was thirteen. At fourteen I got busted by the girl's mother. Dad came home that night, pulled

me aside and told me I had better be careful or I would be married by the time I was sixteen. He then told me I had to go to the girl's place to face her parents.

I had no fear about doing this and went the next day. After laying down a few laws, her parents told us that there would be no need to have sex in public places again. If we needed to do it, we should use her room! They even explained how to protect ourselves properly.

I was blown away by the the openness of her parents and the fact that they did not discourage us. For this to happen back then, when nobody discussed sex, was pretty amazing. It showed the love and trust they had in their daughter. They knew that we wouldn't stop, so they allowed it to happen safely under their own roof.

The big, wide world

A couple of years later I decided to run away with another friend, Ronald. We hitch hiked our way to Wellington and rented a room at a hostel. We had just enough money for a week's accommodation.

We were walking back to our unit from down town a few days later. Two blokes and a girl walked towards us. As they passed Ronald chose to make a smart remark to them.

They ignored us, we thought, and just kept walking. So did we. As we were nearing our unit, a car pulled up in front of us. Five blokes jumped out and blocked our path. They mouthed off at us for a while. I wondered why they hadn't started throwing punches, until I looked behind us and saw another six or seven blokes running up the hill toward us. Then I knew what was coming. I

immediately picked out the biggest mouthed bloke, who seemed to be the leader, and knocked him off his feet. It was on...

A high concrete wall ran along behind us, so I backed up to it. With these blokes all trying to get at me at once, they did little more than get in each others' way, which I found quite funny, as I was landing quite a few good punches of my own.

One of them decided to crack me over the head with a beer bottle, which knocked me out for a second or two. As I came to, I saw five of them carrying my friend like a battering ram. They charged him head first into the back of their car, then just dropped him on the ground and took off!

How amazing that we came through that fight with only a headache each! Over the next few days we caught up with most of these guys and dealt with them one on one.

Making do...

Out of money, we were breaking into cars in car yards for somewhere to sleep. We ended up getting caught by the police and taken to the watch house. The police searched our bags and found a couple of stolen items in Ronald's bag. He was taken to court the next day.

The police just kept me locked up for the week in the watch house. I had a strong feeling that maybe my dad had asked them to keep me there to teach me a lesson.

Eventually the Police escorted me in a paddy wagon to the bus stop, put me on a bus and sent me back home. They were well organised. I tried to get off the bus about 4 times, but at every stop there were police who wouldn't let me off.

This was very embarrassing, as none of the other passengers wanted to sit with an obvious criminal. That's what they were calling me. Mum and dad were waiting when the bus got to Hastings.

The stay in the watch house taught me that I would not ever want to be locked up again.

Getting mobile...

I bought my first car when I turned fifteen. A 1936 Morris 10. Wow what a feeling! Freedom at last. When I turned sixteen I got a job at the local meat works, (having put my age up to eighteen to get it), so, moneyed-up now, I sold the old Morris and bought a 1948 Vauxhall J with a sunroof.

I didn't have it for long. I lost control of it on a wet, slippery corner, flipped it, rolled three times, crashed through a fence and ended up in a paddock. My head was sticking out the top, where the sunroof used to be, with the roof squashed in only inches away from either side of my neck. I can only imagine what would have happened if the car had rolled one more time. It was another miracle I wasn't decapitated, that I'm here now, able to share this with you.

My ego was hurt the most, as I'd just written off my pride and joy and I didn't have insurance. My feet were caught under the seat though, and when I finally got out, I found my knees were very sore.

One thing leads to another, I find. A few days later I went to see my doctor about my knees. Nothing broken he told me, just badly sprained. Something odd though; Xrays showed I had two knee

caps in each knee! The doctor explained that I should have been one of twins. I thought nothing more of it.

When he wanted me to have an operation to either remove one from each knee or tie them together, my response was that my knees hadn't bothered me before, so I'll keep them just the way they are, thanks.

Shotgun fun...

I soon got myself another car. Not long after, myself, Chris and a couple of others were invited to a party at Green Meadows. When we arrived there was no sign of anyone, so we turned around to head back into Napier.

Suddenly a man jumped out into the middle of the road and pointed a shotgun at us. I pulled up. He came up to my open window, put both barrels of the gun against my head with his fingers on the triggers, and threatened to blow my head off.

Chris started abusing him. Incensed, this crazy bloke walked around the front of the car, keeping his gun aimed at the windscreen all the time, and then put the gun against Chris's head!

He accused us of doing wheelies on his front lawn, then told us if we ever came into his street again he would shoot us.

As we were driving off, Chris yelled abuse at him. I could see the bloke aiming his gun at us and zig zagged as he fired. Pellets hammered into the boot of my car and one ricocheted off the driver's side mirror and dug into my cheek.

The boys all wanted to go home, get our shotguns and go back after this crazy bloke. I thought differently. I drove straight to the police station and reported what had happened.

The police sent a squad car out and arrested the man. He got off with a heavy fine and had to pay to have my car repainted. Am I blessed or what?

Back then I never thought about how much protection I must have had around me. I just thought I was lucky. I used to shrug things off, as if these things were a normal part of adult life.

Fighting for life...

By this time I had been involved in many fights, as my friend Chris would pick a fight with someone every time we went out. If there was more than one opponent, I would have to back him up. My mindset was that you backed up your mates, no matter what.

I was still a skinny little bloke at about 65 kilo's, but I was super fit. I trained for swimming for three hours a day in the summer, ran ten miles most days, plus I was always keen on football training.

Nothing stopped Chris, including long odds. On one notable occasion, it was three of us against twenty one of the mongrel mob. We got quite a flogging. Fortunately, nothing broken, just bruises, cuts and scratches.

Another time it was Chris and I against nine blokes.

I used to be terrified and begin shaking before a fight started. Strangely enough, once things started I became very calm, cool and collected and went about dealing with the situation the best way I knew how. I was a bit like a machine in some ways.

On three occasions I had people pull knives on me. Each time I

successfully disarmed them and dished out a bit of a hiding, all without getting a cut. It's a miracle I survived my fighting days.

Hunting trouble...

From sixteen on, I took up duck shooting. I also did a bit of deer stalking and pig hunting. I wasn't on a spiritual journey back then and never really pondered much on life. I just lived it.

I shot a duck one day. It landed in the middle of a big pond. I waited for the wind to blow it towards shore, but it got caught up on something. I stripped off to swim out and get him. I should mention that duck season is mid-winter in New Zealand. Very cold.

As I got to the duck, my feet tangled in thick weed just below the surface. It really grabbed hold of me. I started to panic. I got more tangled. The more I panicked, the more I got entangled. A thought suddenly came to me. Relax! Totally relax!

I did just that. I just floated slowly out of the weed, took a deep breath, grabbed my duck and swam back to shore. If I hadn't listened to my higher self, I know I would have drowned.

Another memory

When I was 17 I went to Wellington for a weekend with a group of friends. It was wet, windy and cold. We met a guy from Australia just after we got there and we all spent the day together. One thing led to another in our conversation. The Aussie bloke made a suggestion. He thought it would be great to have a séance that night. To set the scene properly though, he also suggested that we take a walk through the graveyard up the road before we got into it.

My mates and I were a bit ignorant about séances. We had to ask what a séance was. He explained that we'd all sit in a circle around a board with a glass in the middle. We would use the glass to communicate with the other side, "the dead", so to speak. We all thought it would be something different and maybe a bit of fun. It was fun all right! ha ha.

Just before midnight we walked through the grave yard. There was a little light about the place and we could see where the earth in some places had subsided and in others where damage had been done to crypts, so that we were able to see parts of coffins. In one place, we even saw part of a skeleton. Pretty creepy place at midnight! We were all fairly subdued when we left.

Off we went back to the unit, which was just a single room with bunks in it. There were six of us all told, but one bloke wouldn't join in on the séance. He stayed up on the top bunk.

When the séance started, the glass began to move about and the Aussie guy was able to spell things out. We all believed that someone was pushing the glass. At least up until our friend on the bunk started saying it was all bullshit and made other rude remarks about what was happening. He'd just made a particularly nasty comment, when suddenly the glass took off and flew towards him on the bunk. Our friend jumped off the bunk and ran around the room, but the glass followed him! He finally managed to duck under it and it smashed against the wall. The séance had come to an abrupt and violent end.

The experience scared all of us. I don't know about the others, but I've never since involved myself in another séance.

That night left me believing that there was something more to us

all, a spiritual reality that I couldn't quite grasp. Nowadays I have a better understanding about it, as it fits in with so many other experiences I've encountered on my journey.

This incident became yet another unforgettable experience that I refused to talk about for fear of what others may have thought of me.

Luck's a fortune...

At home I slept in a room separate from the house. Most nights I slept with my door open. One night I woke to a noise outside. Peering out, I spotted someone sneaking around. Out I went after him.

I chased him over to the river bank, but he was lost to sight once he hit the scrub. I stood there on the bank, straining my eyes to get a glimpse of movement.

As I stood there, I felt something whistle past my ear. A shot rang out. I ran back to my room, grabbed my shot gun and went back to search for him, sliding prone over the river bank so he couldn't see my silhouette. But no luck. He had long gone.

By now I'm thinking I'm the luckiest man alive. I'd have been a simple target, standing there, silhouetted by the moonlight, looking down into dark scrub. To have that sort of luck is a miracle in itself.

Guys and Girls...

I have been blessed in that I love the company of women and they, in turn, seem to be comfortable in my company.

After I turned eighteen I started to settle down a bit. I had started

courting my wife to be.

We went to a party one night where she got so drunk that I had to carry her out to the car. On the way out we walked past two guys who made some horrible statements.

Because my girl friend was so drunk and sick, I ignored them for now. I drove my girl friend home, dropped her off, then went straight back to the party to sort out the two foul-mouthed fellows. By the time I got back they had gone.

I asked around if anyone knew them. I learned that the huge one was an ex-heavy weight boxer, a man who had been banned from the ring for using metal in his gloves.

I asked around at the meat works the following week and was told by a few people that I wouldn't want to go after this guy, as he was pretty brutal. After a couple of weeks I had forgotten all about him.

Then one night at football training I got a message from one of my team members. Someone over by the swimming baths wanted to see me. Over I went. It was foul-mouth from the party. Huge man. The proverbial seven feet tall and two axe handles wide. There was no mistake. He was here to fight. He came at me swinging. I ducked and wove about, blocking punch after punch.

He dropped his guard for a moment. It was my opportunity to hit him square on the nose, then flip him on his back karate-style. I put him in a hold, my leg across his neck with his arm twisted over my leg. I applied a lot of downward pressure, so much, in fact, that he feared for his life and started screaming.

I heard a car door close and foot steps coming towards us. I turned my head to look. A big hobnail boot was coming straight at my head. I released the big bloke's arm to block the boot. This allowed the big bloke to roll over. Once free, he poked his fingers in my eyes so I couldn't see him. Then he and his mate kicked the hell out of me.

I had a fractured rib and a bruise the shape of a boot on my chest. Actually, I was thankful I didn't have a lot more damage done to me. What I was really annoyed about though, was the fact that some of my team mates had just stood at the fence and watched all this happen. Not one of them stepped in when the second one started in on me.

Where was “help your mates”?

In those days my ego and pride wouldn't allow this to rest. When my broken rib came good I started looking. My friend Chris finally called me. The two guys involved were drinking at the local pub. I got in my car, picked up Chris on the way and went to meet with them.

I walked straight up to the huge one and knocked him out. Chris dragged his mate outside and gave him what for.

I threw a jug of water over the big man to wake him up, as I wanted to dish out some more punishment on him. He woke and pleaded with me. Never had he met anyone so small with so much ticker! Especially one who packed a punch like no other! Couldn't he buy me a drink and be friends?

I ignored him and walked outside to see that Chris had sufficiently battered and bruised the other bloke.

I certainly wasn't spiritual or forgiving in those days. I just stood up for myself, my morals and pride. Or should we just call that ego?

I believed that we are all equals. I treated others as I expected to be treated... with respect. If others brought violence to the table, that's what they got in return. An eye for an eye.

That was my mindset then.

Family ties...

Life had started to run along smoothly for me. I worked my way through several different departments in the meat works, though work there was only seasonal. I tried many jobs in the off-season. I found I got on well with everyone, that I was able to communicate well wherever I was working.

I got married at age twenty one. We had a beautiful, big wedding and a block of land was our wedding present from my new in-laws. We had our first home built there, then sold it two years later to buy a house on two acres.

Our first child, my daughter Nadine, came along when I was twenty three. What a proud and joyful moment her birth was to me. My son Wade arrived a bit over two years later to complete my happiness. They both continue to make me proud and bring me joy. What a wonderful feeling the love of family is to me.

By this time I had been promoted to supervisor at the meat works, over-seeing three departments. I caught a man stealing meat and had to fire him. He threatened to kill me next time he saw me. If he got the chance, he would run me over.

Over a month later I was in the city, walking up the main street. There he was, walking toward me with a couple of mates. They stopped in front of me. I said to him, "Here's your chance. If you want me, here I am right now."

He replied with a smirk, "I know where you live and I'll get you *and* your family all at once."

I told him if he was ever to step a foot on my property, I'd shoot him. Then I told him he and his mates could have a go now and end this thing. They backed off and walked away, throwing more threats over their shoulders.

I spoke of this incident to a policeman friend of mine, to find out where I stood with the law. He told me I couldn't do anything but call the police if he ever showed up. I told him straight, in turn, that if this bloke ever turned up on my property, I would shoot first to save my family.

One night soon after my wife and I were watching TV. She quietly said to me, "Don't turn your head, but there's someone looking through the window. He's dark, with long hair." I was amazed at her calm.

Without looking at the window, I got up and said out loud, "I'm going to the toilet." I went to the closet, grabbed my semi-auto .22 rifle and quietly went out the back door, I climbed up the trellis and crept onto the roof.

I was walking quietly around the roof, searching the ground below, when he suddenly came out from behind a tree at the corner of the driveway and took off down the road. I jumped off the roof and ran after him, firing a few shots at him as I went. He ran into a big maize paddock and I lost him.

Again, I wasn't very spiritual back then. I would have killed to protect my family. A threat against me I didn't have a problem with, but when it involved my family, well that was different.

My first dream time...

Jumping off the roof also wasn't a problem, I had done that before. I'd never worried about the limitations others tried to put on me. I'd often been told that I'd get hurt jumping from that height.

Then one day, while playing indoor basketball, the archilles tendon in my right heel snapped. It snapped so loud it sounded like a rifle shot. It wasn't until I lifted my leg and saw my foot just drop down out of control that I realised that I had done some serious damage.

At 8.00AM the following Saturday morning I was trolleyed in to theatre for my operation. It was the day of the New Zealand trotting cup.

As I was coming out of the anaesthetic I had a dream. Mid-morning my wife came to visit. She asked if I would like to have a bet on the cup. I told her I had already seen the race and the result for the treble. I gave her the names of the horses and told her it would pay \$1400 dollars.

It played out exactly as I had seen in my dream under anaesthetic. How could that be? Did I somehow travel a few hours into the future while in that relaxed state? At that time in my life journey, I just shrugged it off as just something that “happened”. You know, like a dream, some meaningless coincidence...

Career changes...

In 1978 I suddenly decided I wanted to do something different. I guess I needed change, a new challenge in my life. I wasn't happy with my great paying meat works job anymore. I wanted a job in *sales*. The urge became so strong I resigned and went and found a job in real estate.

When I started in the game, there was no-one available to teach me the ropes. I didn't think of that as a drawback. I just started by going out to meet all the vendors, to get to know them and their properties. Where I could, I advised them as to what I myself would do to help get their place sold. Without realising it, I was just trusting in my inner knowing.

After six months I hadn't sold much, so I quit.

Over the next week or two, I got phone calls from other agencies, each asking me to come and work for them. The first three phone calls, I just told them I wasn't interested.

On the next call, I asked the chap, "Why are all the agencies in town trying to convince me to work for them? What have I got to offer that's so special?"

He told me that as the vendors I'd worked with had progressively sold their homes, each had wanted to deal with *me* to purchase their new home. None of the agencies could believe the level of rapport I had built up with the vendors.

After many interviews I started back in real estate with a new company. I sold our home on two acres in Clive and brought a home in Napier, closer to work. This was the first home we were able to buy with cash. Wow! What a feeling.

No more mortgage! Paid cash for a brand new car too.

I went on to become a very successful salesman. Then, in 1981 the company I was working for set me a goal to sell over a million dollars worth of properties. If achieved, I would win a trip for two to Tasmania, all expenses paid.

I achieved my goal within a couple of months. In their wisdom, the company decided not to give me the trip, as I had achieved the goal too easily in their view. This really annoyed me. After all, they were the ones that had set the goal! So, in March 1981 I took a couple of weeks off anyway. I took my wife to Australia, to Townsville in Queensland, for a holiday. I had a friend living there.

While there I spoke to a few real estate agencies. Before we left to come home, I had been offered about ten jobs.

On the plane home my wife and I decided we would move to Townsville. Our decision was mainly for the benefit of my daughter, Nadine. As an asthmatic, she suffered chronic attacks that hospitalised her several times a year. I also felt that no loyalty was due my employer.

I went back to work. On my first appointment that day I showed and sold our own home. We auctioned off our furniture and belongings and made our move as quickly as we could.

I moved to Townsville before the family, found a place to rent for a short period and got it set up for the family to arrive in a couple of weeks.

I started work selling real estate. Wow! What a difference the people were here. I wasn't used to having to show so many homes to a buyer to get a sale. In New Zealand, I would normally only have to show someone three homes to get a sale. It was much

tougher here.

We purchased a house opposite the school our children were attending. I tossed in the real estate and we brought a run-down fashion boutique that was turning over less than a thousand dollars a week. We spent a few weeks evaluating the place, then decided to re vamp the shop completely and take on a franchise with a company on the Gold Coast.

Before too long the turnover was over \$4,000 per week, so I left my wife to run that and got a couple of part time jobs.

I ran a video shop at nights, worked for Qantas two days a week and spray painted pallets the other three days a week. I then graduated to a job with a security company and did that for a year or so.

Toward the end of 1984 we had some trouble with the franchise company. We decided to sell the business and our house and move from Townsville. My father passed away and I couldn't go back to NZ for the funeral because we had settlement happening on our business the same day.

We moved on with no plans as to where we were going or what we were looking for. We put our furniture and one car into storage and just drove, determined to just enjoy a new adventure. We checked out every town between Townsville and the Gold Coast and then into New South Wales through to Coffs Harbor.

Back in these days there was nothing to worry about as everything just seemed to fall into place and Nadine's asthma had improved dramatically.

We had almost made a decision to drive back to settle in Moroochydore in Queensland when we got talking to a real estate agent over lunch. We decided to rent a house for six months and put the children back in school in Coffs Harbor.

Dispensing with dreams

I couldn't find a job there. I tried to buy a general store, but couldn't raise the extra funds required for the purchase, even though we had half the money required in cash.

Then, after an early morning dream, I went to the dining room, got some paper and pens together and started drawing up what I'd been shown in my dream.

It was a design for a tube dispenser for toothpaste or any other tubed product.

I drove regularly to Brisbane and back, a five to six hour drive each way, to research patents. If there were none, I would register mine.

During this time our lease at Coff's expired, so we decided to move back up to Moroochydore, Queensland.

As we approached Brisbane we decided to get off the freeway and take a look around the Springwood, Mt Gravatt area. We liked the area and on the spur of the moment we found a place to rent in Mt Gravatt.

We moved in when the furniture truck arrived and the children were back in school within a few days.

I registered my patent, but my wife didn't want me to spend

anymore money on it, so I just let it go.

The Used Car Game

I was talked into taking a job as a used car salesman. I'd never had any interest in cars apart from driving them. In fact, I didn't know much about cars at all. But I'd always got on well with people. On my first day I was able to sell three cars. I went on to become one of the top sales people.

When our lease was up, we purchased a house in Springwood. Within two years I was promoted to manager of one of the company's used car yards. Some twelve months later, late on a Friday afternoon, I received a phone call from the owner of the company. Out of nowhere he began yelling at me, screaming obscenities at me like I was his dog. I hung up on him, called my sales staff over, handed the yard keys to them and told them I didn't think I would be back.

I got in my car and drove up to the main dealership to sort this out. *Nobody* was going to speak to me like that and get away with it. When I got there his secretary told me he had gone for the day. I ran into the general manager, who told me what had happened and why it was that the owner had chosen to go off at me the way he did. He said that he had sorted it all out.

I stewed on this all weekend. On the Monday morning I went to work an hour early. I opened up the yard and got it ready for business. When the first sales person arrived, I gave him the keys and told him I had some unfinished business to take care of and probably wouldn't be back.

When I arrived at the main office, I went to open the door to the owners office and his secretary told me I couldn't go in as he was

in a meeting with someone else. I took no notice and barged in anyway.

There was a long table with about twenty chairs around it. The owner was seated at the far end with a client. He stood up and ordered me out of his office. I just stood there until he came close enough for me to grab, then I grabbed him by the shirt and tie and pulled him outside the door. I pinned him against the wall and lined him up for a punch in the face.

I told him that maybe everyone else he employed felt he was god, but I didn't! He was just another man and I wouldn't *ever* allow *any* man to talk to me the way he did.

He very quickly agreed and apologized. I let him go. He told me I still had a job, but that he would be watching me closely.

He paid me a couple of surprise visits over the next couple of weeks, thinking he could find fault with my work. He ended up telling me that I ran the best presented yard in the whole company and he didn't bother me again.

Not long after this I was offered another manager's role with a different company, so I took it.

One thing I have always done is to stand up for what I believe, no matter what the cost. I don't believe anyone is better than anyone else. We are all equals, we each of us experience life in our own unique ways.

My life in turmoil...

Three months after my marriage broke down in 1992, I chucked my job in, as I was really unsettled. I drifted from used car yard to

used car yard, only staying about three months or so at each one. I lost all my will to make money.

I started to mix with others, like people who smoked a bit of marijuana. I decided to try it. It helped me relax, if nothing else. I spoke to no-one about what I was going through inside. I hid that turmoil from everyone around me, you know, put on the happy mask instead of showing the truth.

I was really good at this. After all, I'd been hiding behind a mask for most of my life.

But this was the first and only time in my life that I was *totally* out of control. I still had a lot to learn.

“Life”

Chapter 6

In this chapter I've chosen to depict many incidents and experiences in my life to illustrate my “normal”, fear-driven approach to circumstances at any time. It was natural to *me* to act and react as I did to what was happening around me at the time. My experiences and how I handled them are more than just signposts on my journey. They *are* my journey.

In some ways, putting together a life in proper context is like putting together a huge jigsaw puzzle. It is my *perception* that guides how the pieces fit together; how I have come to value the importance of love and other emotions, my belief system, my mindset and attitudes, my physical and mental limitations and my health – in fact, how I *choose* to view everything that is important in life.

So let's take a look at how it all fits together for me, remembering that life has many different aspects, with each being as important as the next, so I don't list them here in any specific order. After all, it is the experience of it all that is important.

Just remember all of this is how I perceive it to be.

Life should be lived, enjoyed and experienced by every emotion and all of the many different feelings we have. Life is constantly in motion and is constantly changing. There are so many different ways we seem to look at love, so...

Lets start with Love.

If you were to risk your life to save another's... that's unconditional

Love.

The love we receive from our parents and siblings in most cases is unconditional.

Parents

Sometimes we might not think this love is unconditional. I had a very strict father who ruled by fear, but I believe he was probably brought up the same way. In his way he taught me not to be like him.

Children

I chose never to treat my children as I was treated. And I never did. I would love my children no matter what they did.

Partners

Falling in love with the person you want to spend most of your life with is a very, very deep love. But many people seem to put conditions on this love. They take up ownership of their partner and try to change that person to do things their way. I believe that this is what causes most marriages to break down. Conditions of this sort often do not allow the other person to grow, to be who they were born to be.

Partnership love is about inspiring and uplifting each other. It's about helping your partner find who they are, with each treating the other as an equal, unique, loving individual with the right to have their own life experiences.

For any relationship to work, there must be complete trust and honesty. Each must inspire the other to be themselves. Each must accept the other for who they are, without conditions. We are all on the journey to find ourselves.

Friendships

The friendships we make on our journeys, the caring and helping you both experience and give to others, is love. We seem also to put conditions on this love, born of our own expectations and desires.

There's no mistake why it is that people come into your life. It is always to allow them to help you or for you to help them in some way. Sometimes it can take a long while before we realize the reason. Some people come into our lives for extended periods and some for only a short time. This depends on what you need to learn from them or what they need to learn from you.

We should always treat each other with love and respect; as equals. Love and respect includes the giving of guidance, but it is not about *control* of the other. Guidance is about love. Control is about arrogance and the wielding of power. Guidance allows equality and respect. Control engenders inequality and lack of respect.

To learn this lesson I've gone through all my ups and downs. I now treat each as a part of my journey, as an incident or experience, a signpost on my journey if you like. And I give thanks every day for every experience and look forward to the next.

We all perceive things differently and our perceptions are based on what we have been taught as we grow up. We all have this in common: what we are taught is based on the perceptions of others.

Religion as an example...

As an example of the way each of us lives with the perceptions of others, lets take a look at religion, taking into account the different

denominations and the very different ways it is taught... Religion has many differing interpretations. Too many for me to mention here, but all seem to claim, “But is there not only *one* God?”

Just as all the different religions perceive their interpretations in a different way, it must eventually be that *you* must see it how *you* best perceive it to be. You must make up your mind as to who's way is right and who's way is wrong – for you. Actually, it makes one wonder if there really are “right” and “wrong” religions.

I guess it depends on our mindset, principles and how we perceive it to be with the knowledge we possess at any given time.

The difference between us...

The same thing applies to our everyday lives. If we were all to look at the same thing, we would all see something different in the way we think of it or describe it, even if that difference is only minute. It's what makes us all unique as individuals, here having our own experiences.

Perception is based on the knowledge that supports an individual's belief system, morals and emotions. I believe an individual's belief system comes mostly from parents, grand parents, school teachers, religious instructors and friends, in fact, all the people that surround each of us throughout our formative years.

The conclusions and directions passed to us through these years are limited by society's need to control our developing minds, so that each of us will tend to reflect common values and perhaps live more comfortably together. The efforts of “enlightened” people are generally over-whelmed by those who are not so enlightened. Everyone has an opinion, no matter what level of thought and

knowledge is really behind that opinion.

I believe each of us must take the differing views of others we encounter on our individual journeys and evaluate them to find our own level of enlightenment - to find who we really are. Sometimes we're just too busy living up to someone else's expectations of who we should be, that we forget about self and what we might expect or want for ourselves.

I believe we are unlimited, that all each of us need do is connect and align our mind, body and soul to achieve bliss, the oneness with all there is, the wonderful sense of *belonging*.

Our potential

I have read reports that say we only use about ten percent of our brain. I wonder what is locked away in the other ninety percent?

My belief system has come to me through my personal experiences, (as way out as they will seem to some of you), and my own inner knowing. It is not solely based on the perceptions of others.

I have had amazing and (even to me), unbelievable experiences, but only when I was in tune with my inner spirit, my higher self. In alignment with mind, body and soul.

It was in this state that I was able to levitate and get down to the tree I helped heal at Harry's place.

Now I understand how Jesus was able to walk on water. He was so in tune with who he was, perfectly aligned in body and soul; unlimited... *and* coming from unconditional, pure love.

I believe Jesus was trying to show us how to tap into the higher self, (our souls, if you like) and unlock the full potential of who we are – beings with no limitations. Jesus was totally enlightened and he tried to teach others his way. He believed in himself and it all came from unconditional Love, unshakable Faith and his Belief in who he was. He stepped out in pure faith to show us that there is so, *so* much more to each of us than we believe is possible.

As far as he was concerned, he was unlimited in what he could do. No one had told him he couldn't do it.

I believe if we can really connect properly to our higher selves, by aligning our body, mind and soul, then new worlds of possibility will open up to us. I keep working towards total enlightenment to achieve this state being for myself.

The “how” of it...

I believe we can find a way to achieve the perfect alignment of mind, body and soul, all working harmoniously as one, to achieve almost *anything*.

Once again, the search is from within. It begins with believing you are a lot more than you think you are at the moment. It is not easy to achieve this “perfect alignment”, because of our emotions and the embedded teachings of generation after generation that limit us.

Through my personal experiences I have found that there is a lot more to me than I ever believed. I just needed to reach in, find it and connect.

The path is meditation. I understand why monks meditate so much. It brings them the feeling of the oneness, of belonging to all

there is, of learning through inner knowing, of God.

The role of our emotions

Love, joy, happiness, sadness, anger, fear, hate, jealousy, doubt, low self esteem, frustrations, insecurities, highs and lows...

Our many emotions cause us to *feel*. Through feeling, we act. So many of our emotions are chosen for us by others because we accept the limitations their teachings have imposed on us during our formative years.

As an example, the sight of seal cubs being slaughtered saddens and perhaps sickens many people. For others, it is a sight to rejoice, to be envied, as it means food and shelter for a family through the money that's earned. It's almost as if our emotions can be preselected for us by the teachings of others, the social environment we live within.

Fear

The most prevalent emotion, the greatest driving force we know, is *fear*. Most of our actions in life are based on fear of consequences. It is fear that our social structure uses to control us, right down to our spiritual existence through “organized” religion.

Organized religion seems to be almost completely based on fear of consequences. Creating fearful consequences for our actions is a tool that's been used to “control the masses” by individuals and groups since time began. I believe this tool is used by many different power-oriented parts of society to control our society generally.

Fear takes control. Fear destroys. Yet we often don't even know what our individual fears are really based on. We each need to go

within to find this out. For me, I believe that the greatest fear for each of us is fear of the naked truth of who we are, recognizing our vulnerable, mortal selves.

What we find on our inner journey will often go against most of what we have been taught and told. The controls imposed on us using fear to keep us limited. Yet we allow this control to continue.

Like Jesus, if you were to reach that state of being, the wonderful alignment of mind body and soul, then you would realize that there is nothing to fear, that there are no limitations, only those we put on ourselves and allow others to impose.

Don't allow others to define your fears. Don't allow yourself to be defined by your fears. Please listen to your inner *self*. In this way, become aware of who you are and how truly magnificent you are.

Love

Love embraces joy and happiness. In love our mindset is to enjoy. We have to live for now, because that is all that is certain. Live in Love. Now.

In Love, you can trust your positive emotions

Openness

Be open and welcoming towards others. In this way you will always quickly experience what it is to be one with kindred others.

Acceptance

Accept that others are essentially of good character... until they prove otherwise.

Trust

Trust only you and your God completely. As you cannot know others, or the God of others, so your trust in others must be earned by the individuals themselves... with their *actions*.

Respect

Respect the rights of all others to be who they are and to take their own God as company on their personal journey.

Your Judgments

Judge others on their actions, not on their beliefs. Avoid making judgments on others until their actions towards *you* make it necessary. Be guided in your decisions by the inner you and your *positive* emotions, not by the imposed *beliefs* of others. Beliefs are not facts.

With *negative* emotions, you can't trust yourself...

Sadness

Sadness upsets us and drags us down. Sadness usually comes about when something ends. How long we continue to be sad about that ending is up to us. The more we focus on sadness, the more sadness we will get. Sadness is a mindset.

Give thanks for the experience of that feeling and move on, or change your mindset and perception of that event.

Anger

Anger is the force of aggression in us all. Anger is a loss of control. Deny yourself control and matters may get to be far worse than they needed to be. There is no need to get angry. Bent pride, ego, questionable principles and fear cause the feeling.

Let it go. Come from love and see what happens.

Hate

Hatred is engendered by fear. *Hatred though, destroys self, not the hated.* Hate is like a boil; it starts off small, keeps festering, gets bigger... and ultimately explodes. The pain is all in you, from beginning to end.

Change your perception of the object of your hatred. Look at it from another angle.

Jealousy

This “little green monster” will break up relationships, make you angry and so easily bring out a side of you that is not nice. Jealousy is a fear of loss. Jealousy is also a loss of love in *you*, where you trade love for the beginnings of hatred.

Envy

Envy is simply the business of counting another man's blessings instead of your own. Be who you are, live as you best you can. Don't value material goods beyond their true worth to *you*. It is *your* dream that counts, not another man's. At a minimum, be satisfied with the gift of life and the provision of shelter and sustenance... all else is icing on the cake.

To envy others their talents or their beauty is no more than a waste of time. Appreciate them, yes, but you should understand that you have greater reason to appreciate *you* more.

Greed

“We already have everything we need, but there'll never be enough to satisfy man's greed.” Your needs will be satisfied at a very basic level. Choose your wants carefully, so that they are

relevant to your goals in life.

Worry

Worry sucks you dry of all that is positive. If you allow yourself only to think positively, you cannot worry.

In all cases, set your *own* limitations on your negative emotions.

How do we apply this knowledge?

Within us all is a potentially deadly assortment of emotions. If the wrong emotions get mixed together, we can explode without the slightest thought to consequences. At times, each of us can be a bit like a ticking time bomb.

The only way to consciously control our personal well-being is to make deliberate choices about the attitude we adopt at any time. To find and keep this control over ourselves, the tool we all have available to us is Mindset.

When we wake each day, we subconsciously make a choice as to whether we are going to have a good or a bad attitude for the day ahead.

Sometimes we will wake up angry and not know why. Maybe a bad dream, maybe a scary out of body experience. We don't understand why we feel the way we do. Too often, without thought, we then adopt this "waking mood" as our attitude for the day.

The Choice

Will I be angry all day? Will I take my anger out on others to upset their day? Or will I choose to listen to my favorite piece of music

and, as I listen, change my attitude to a happy, positive one through my choice? If not music, then meditation, to realign my body, mind and soul? To consciously make this choice each day is a mindset for me.

I find it better to go through each day with a positive, happy attitude. It inspires me and others around me. I'm regularly asked, "How come you're always happy and content?" I explain that it's because I *choose* not to worry... about *anything*. I know worry can only damage me. And I've never seen worry solve a single problem.

I want you to try something next time you're out and about. Smile at a complete stranger who looks at you. Watch that person for a few minutes and see how many people he/she passes that smile on to. You will have started a chain reaction. A little smile can break down many barriers, cutting through them to the person inside.

I believe a genuine smile allows others to see the real you. For a split second you radiate pure love, the essence of who you are.

What attitude do I choose?

I base my daily attitude on how I wish to be treated for that entire day. I find that what I give out is what I get back, with interest!

So how do you want to be treated today? Choose to treat others this way and go out to experience the feeling. Never blame anyone else for *any* consequences, good or bad, as it is your choice that counts here. Accept and take responsibility for consequences.

Our health

Despite my injuries and medical trials, I place extreme importance in making and keeping my body at maximum good health. My

body is the mortal temple of my soul. Simply said, I need it to exist, and I wish to exist at my best. My health is solely *my* responsibility.

Good food, appropriate exercise and positive attitudes. A simple formula for a long, comfortable journey through life. As we start to become progressively more enlightened on our journey, we can learn to heal our own ailments.

As I've mentioned, worry causes more illness than almost anything else. Stress is a killer. Worrying about something is not going to change the result. It will only make life less comfortable,

What you put out is what you get back.

Life can get pretty confusing. One thing is clear. What has been passed down to us for generations doesn't seem to work so well anymore. Bygone myths and societal attitudes shrink in importance in the face of the individual's access to more and more information in this high tech age. Information is the stuff of ideas and achievement. Our individual truths will emerge when we take this information and start looking within ourselves for answers.

Dismiss fear and open your mind to the all possibilities. "What the mind can conceive and believe, the person can achieve."

I know that my dreams and prayers come true. Yet my conditioning and the conditioning of others around me say that this isn't true, that it's not "logical". Yet I have come to believe that we are unlimited in our abilities.

They told us the earth was flat. They told us we would never fly. They told us computers were a waste of time. Rupert Murdoch

even said that the internet would "...just go away!"

Our world today is run by computers and far reaching technology that just keeps getting better and better. This has come about because *someone said it was possible*.

We should remove the word "can't" from our vocabulary, because all is possible.

Every year our athletes and horses get faster and faster, breaking records over and over. The competitive nature in all of us can push us through our limitations. Total self belief that it can be done and, Voila!, it happens.

Our perception, our beliefs and our attitudes can move us to achieve anything. More and more, as individuals, we need to open our minds and search within. We must learn to listen to our own instincts, to focus on is what we wish to bring forth and contribute to our lives and the lives of those around us.

Life is about each of us understanding our individual experiences. With these findings, the pathway is laid for each of us to find our true selves by bringing mind, body and spirit together into alignment, to work as one in perfect harmony and balance.

Allow your light to really shine. Help and teach others. This is my truth, my belief. I think that peace and harmony on earth is possible, that we are all connected, that we are all the same energy. If everyone found their own truth, we all become the source, the fountain of universal energy. Love. God.

Only then we can break down the barriers and step out in faith, love and truth.

An Invitation

My name is Robert Hellyer, most people call me Bob.

I was born and grew up in New Zealand in a little country town called Clive. We lived on acreage with one boundary being the river. I started work at fifteen and tried out many jobs and worked my way up the ladder in most. I have run my own business successfully. I have experienced many situations in my life, but often wondered how I made it through some of them. These experiences have given me the wisdom to bring this to you.

This book is all about YOU beating the odds. I can help you to beat the odds.

After a near fatal motor bike accident in 1998 and being in and out of consciousness for 8

days, I remember when I finally awoke and said to my daughter, “At least I now know what I have to do with the rest of my life... I just have to reach out and touch other peoples lives.”

My goal in life is to touch you and help you to remember who you are and/or to wake you up to what you already know deep within.

I am going to be talking on many subjects, example; life, love, emotions, perception, belief system, attitude, health, mindset, limitations, ego and experiences, as these all make up our lives and how we react to different situations.

I will share my journey and experiences with you.

Everything I talk about will be based on my perceptions. My aim

here is to help you to beat the odds by giving you a chance to look at things in a different light.

I am able to do this because of what I have experienced in life.

Like you, throughout my 59 years on this planet, I have experienced many, many situations, overcoming such obstacles as:

- Going through the death of my parents,
- Divorce,
- Being told by doctors I would never walk again and would be impotent for the rest of my life. ... and
- Being forced into bankruptcy... *just to name a few.*

Chat to me and find out how YOU can overcome all types of obstacles and have whatever it is you want in your life.

This is Robert Hellyer wishing you much love, joy, happiness, health and wealth in your life.

A SPECIAL THANK YOU

A special thanks must go to a very dear friend of mine Mr Peter Blood for the tremendous job he has done in editing all of my bad grammar. Peter must have been in tune with me to have done this so well. He has also done this for me out of the goodness of his heart.

This was done through pure unconditional Love. I had only known Peter for a year or two and we don't see much of each other, but we had a connection from the day we met. Peter has also helped me with my website. I will be forever grateful.

I think this helps prove to me that when a student is ready people will turn up to teach and guide us. Or just give freely of their time and skills to help us on our way.

Also a big thank you to my dear friend Vanya Markiewicz for sharing his knowledge and internet marketing skills with me. If it wasn't for Vanya and what he has done for me, none of this would have happened. Vanya and I have been good friends now for over 10 years. Vanya has also done this through unconditional love. Thank you Vanya.

Thank you to all my family and friends around me for your encouragement.

Comments from different perceptions

“Bob shares his insights into life through the lens of his own colorful life experiences. I have known Bob for a few years, but never known the intimate details he lays out in his book. It’s a full and frank life story and includes some things that really amazed me.

Bob’s questioning of life and its challenges may help us to evaluate our own life experience. His quest to understand life’s ups and downs is a healthy place to be at. I admire Bob’s honest and forthright manner in writing his thoughts.

A seemingly ordinary bloke, who on delving deeper, turns out to have some profound thoughts. If you would like to understand your own life, maybe Bob’s experiences will give a reference point, to compare. We are all on a path of discovery and here is someone who enjoys the journey.”

Rod Alfred (Brisbane, 2008)

Great read Bob. It will help many people I'm sure. Love the poetry. I hope or wish I was as positive as you are after all you have experienced. I just loved it Bob. Thank you for sharing it with me.

Your friend Cheryl.

What an amazing journey you have had. Thank you for sharing it. The messages and the way you look at life is certainly very inspiring and I am now working on changing my mindset. Thank you Bob. You are a breath of fresh air.

Nigel.

I have known Bob for 26 years and we have become like brothers.

Bob has been through much and to see him develop this piece of work is sure inspiring. We have been together on this Spiritual Journey since Bob came to my humble home in Maleny.

He learnt there that he could be of service in a greater capacity for all mankind.

I admire his in-depth words and found it very compelling to keep reading once I had started the book. Refreshing and very inspiring as we all have had a little of Bob in us.

Harry Balodis.

An inspiring story of truth, love and understanding, of life.

Tania Osborne.

I have read Bob's book. My thoughts are that first it is written with complete honesty. At no time have I thought otherwise. I loved the depth and also the lighter moments of this book. It had me intrigued what the next chapter had in store. Bob has had a lot of lows in his life, but as you can see in this book, has come out a stronger and better man. What he has seen and done Spiritually just amazes me.

Good on you Bob, well done!

Narelle Cresser

Robert Hellyer pulls no punches as he gives his own perception of his “spiritual journey” throughout his present life on planet earth. Read this dynamic account and see what new perception you may gain regarding your own life experiences.

Warren Middleton