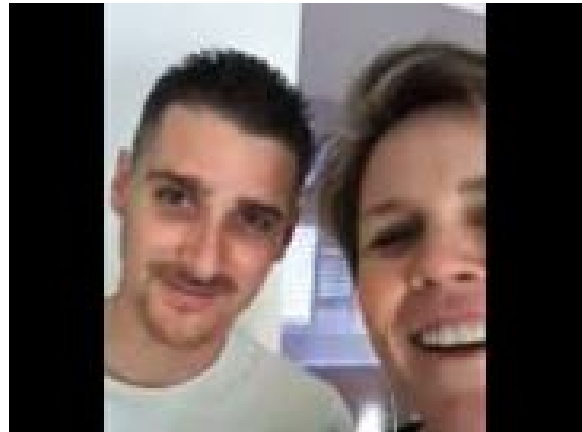




## *Listening and a Tribute to Justin and Joey Nilson*

Last night I received a text message from my nephew Cory's little boy Justin Nilson. He simply said, "Hi Aunt Cindy" I hadn't talked to, or seen Justin in over a year and a half. This little boy is so special to me and his text, from out of nowhere, was such a splash of sunshine into my world. You see, his father, Cory, lived with me for about three months when I was in Palmdale. We hadn't really connected for years, but then we did. He moved in because of circumstances related to his life...which was very difficult at the time. He had



been injured and couldn't work, had a family to feed and was on way too many meds which caused a whole slew of other problems. So I took him in. We had the most amazing talks. He was struggling to get through the pain day in and day out, and I could sense his inner struggle as well. We spent several nights just talking and I could relate to his pain – I've been there. And, I could relate to his fear, for I've been there too.

As I left to come to Kentucky to meet my friend Sylvia for the first time in person, April 8th, 2011, Cory took me to the local 'park and ride' where the Shuttle Bus Company was based and dropped me off. I asked, "Are you ok?" He said with a smile, "Ya... Aunt Cindy, I'm fine!" We hugged and I left for my much-anticipated trip here to Kentucky.

The next day, I got a text from my mother that Cory was dead. It simply said: "9-1-1 CORY IS DEAD!" He had hit his limit and shot himself on the street. I immediately called my mom, and my mother and I just cried and cried on the phone. My friend Sylvia, who I had come to know over the many phone calls during the previous six weeks, just held me and cried with me in disbelief. It perplexed me why Cory had to go this way. I was devastated and so was our entire family; especially his four children.

My mother said, "He found your gun Cindy." I said, "What?!" She repeated it and told me that the last thing he told his wife was he intended to go to my house, find one of my guns and kill himself. I was suddenly quiet, almost restrained from talking, and still in shock at the news of his death, let alone this new information. And then I remembered the promptings I received before moving back into my house in Aug of 2010; the same house I raised my kids in, only now, it was just me. Spirit said, "Leave your guns outside. DO NOT take the guns in the house." I thought at the time that the prompting was sort of strange but during the past four years that I've been studying the Tao, I have distanced myself from any and all weapons, violence or video/TV programs that show or condone violence.



I did *exactly* what I was told and secured all my weapons three times what I would normally do, and then secured them off site, away from my home. In that moment, I remembered this experience and explained to my mother that this was entirely IMPOSSIBLE and that I knew it was NOT my gun that Cory used. Later, I received confirmation that indeed I was right; it was NOT my weapon. Thank God. Thank God!

Last night, while on Facebook, I gave my phone number to Cory's son Justin and he called me. His brother Joey, named after my father, got on the phone and the first thing he said was, "Aunt Cindy, why did you leave your gun in the house?" I was able to explain to this little boy, tenderly, what really happened. That his father, in his excruciating pain, made a choice to release himself from this life, but that his love for him continues. And I cleared up the misconception about the weapon being mine. It was one of the most piercing conversations I've ever had in my life. I felt their relief when they were given the true and correct information. And even though it still doesn't bring their father back, it was a relief to know that it wasn't my weapon that he used.

They are all in foster care now. I spoke to the boys' foster dad and his vibration was that of an Angel. He was kind and compassionate. When I asked the boys if they 'liked' their foster family, Justin said "Oh, very much. He is so kind and wonderful...we love him so much." It brought tears to my eyes. Tears of peace and joy because I know how 'rare' a really good foster family is.

I know sometimes Facebook gets a bad rap and it is often used for stupid and petty comments, attacks and the like. But I believe Facebook is a gift to the world, and has played and will play a vital positive role as the collective consciousness moves toward healing the planet.

Although the loss of my nephew is tragic and perplexing on so many levels, I'm so glad I listened, did what I was directed to do, and followed the promptings of my inner voice, or the Spirit. And I'm so glad that these little boys have Facebook to reach out and get the support and love they so want and deserve. I was able to put them in touch with my mom, and after many months of silence, the connection has been restored. She was able to put them in touch with their other grandma, who they were 'mad at' because she was apparently the one who 'stepped up' and called to get them the help they needed. It's my hope and prayer that more healing continues there.

Life is a perplexing journey at times...as we strive to reach higher, and expand our awareness of who and what we are. What I know is that every moment is a gift. Every conversation can be healing or corrosive. I've struggled lately to let go of some pain of my own and yet, today, as I woke up, remembering the miracle of how these little boys embrace forgiveness in their hearts every day, I realized, "Here are my teachers. Here are my Angels. Listen, Cindy! Follow their example of pure love. They have no requirements – no expectations."



I know every one of you is a gift to my life. There are many, many people I have not met, and yet, I know someday I will meet you. I pray for your happiness and wellbeing each and every day. I pray we will all LISTEN and heed the promptings of the Spirit, and know that no matter how much time we have with each other, we ARE making a difference, as we listen to that 'still small voice' even when we don't understand why.

Thank you, Justin and Joey. Your courage, your love and your example of forgiveness, are constant reminders for me to reach higher, every day and with every breath I breathe.

I love you, Aunt Cindy.

Thank you so much for reading this. I have many more stories like this one; stories that have shaped my life. You can read them on my blog at [www.lifelinehealing.wordpress.com](http://www.lifelinehealing.wordpress.com). I welcome you also to visit the Lifeline Healing website at [www.lifelinehealing.org](http://www.lifelinehealing.org) to read the many testimonials posted there and for upcoming events.

Feel free to email me at: [cindy@lifelinehealing.org](mailto:cindy@lifelinehealing.org) and stop by my Facebook fan page at [www.facebook.com/lifelinehealing.org](http://www.facebook.com/lifelinehealing.org).

*Much love and many blessings,  
Cindy Sommer, Energetic Healer  
Lifeline Healing*