

Divine Gifts of Healing

My Life with Spirit

Cat Baldwin

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With Love, Gratitude, and Appreciation

To my son, my heart and love who daily teaches me unconditional love, patience, acceptance, and allowing.

First and always, my Source, Archangel Metatron, Archangels Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, Anubis, Mother Mary, Mary Magdalene, Yeshua, the Ascended Masters of the Sophia Dragon Tribe, and all Ascended Masters, ancestors, and Spirit Guides who assist me at every moment.

To all who have, do, and will inspire, activate, and support me in my healing process, that I may support you.

To you, the reader, who knows deep within you that you are so much more and there is so much more. May you fearlessly know and be your infinite Divinity, power, and light.

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Introduction

I can recall lying in the bathtub at a very young age and leaving my body. Difficult to describe, it gave me a great feeling of freedom and safety from the physical family environment of chaos, uncertainty, violence, and alcoholism. Merely my way of dealing with a difficult situation, I was dissociating from my physical environment and connecting with my Higher Self as Spirit. Of course, I had no real knowledge at this time that this was what was occurring.

Although I spent my time alone, I somehow knew I was not alone. Nor did I ever feel lonely. I now understand that my Ascended Masters, Archangels, and Spirit Guides were with me always, right from birth as they are for all of us.

I started working at age twelve to remove myself as much as possible from the energy at home. No matter where, whether school or work, others would seek me out for advisement, support, and counsel. Although I was aware I was very responsible and mature for my age (not much choice there), the counsel given was very advanced, wise, and amazing. With no understanding, I had been channeling Spirit.

I personally and willfully, from ego, chose relationships and situations that were very painful for me. My willfulness was somewhat of rebellion against the strict shame and blame of the religious dogma of the Catholic Church and Catholic education. I am grateful now for that foundation as I developed the acceptance of Yeshua, the Archangels, and other (saints) Ascended Masters. I refused to be confined by social agreement,

popularity, or peer pressure. With dysfunctional parenting, what always ran in my background was “You will never be good enough.”

I had entered the Earth plane with no recollection of who I was in Spirit for several reasons. I chose it before coming here; I had lessons to learn/release from previous lifetimes; I wanted to experience duality (as many of us chose after the fall of Atlantis); and I was here to release for the collective consciousness. The painful experiences were also to acquire authority to step into the mission I was here to live. Mind you, I had no knowledge of any of this until the last ten years or so!

I experienced abandonment, pain, betrayal, co-dependency, deception, fear, feeling unsafe, devalued, and disrespected, judgment, struggle, lack of consciousness, illusion of separation from Source, which empowers others to control and manipulate.

As requested by Spirit, the sharing of my journey with you begins February 19, 2015. If I am guided to do so, the years before this will be shared in my next several books although I am clear, it is no longer important.

This was one of, if not the most impactful event in my life. Experiencing emotional harm and trauma can be shoved down deep until you are clear it must be healed to live into your true self. But when everything is taken from you physically and you are immobilized, well, that's a whole other story.

When we choose to clear our harm and trauma, raise our vibrational frequency, and step into our true selves, we live from the intuitive space of the heart, we love unconditionally, and we are assisted at every moment by the Divine. Life occurs with grace and ease. We are sovereign beings.

I am humbled to facilitate all who are ready to step into their true self, connect with Spirit, and heal. Until then, I send you healing light and unconditional love.

CAT

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Chapter 1

The Call to Selflessness

February in the Midwest ... not much to say about that. This particular day had an odd feel or energy to it. I was off and running for the day ... bank, tanning, my chiropractic appointment with my friend Dr. G, and then off to my Internet broadcast “The Wellness Sanctuary Show.” I was returning to the live broadcast weekly schedule after ten weeks of diarrhea and exhaustion, a complimentary clearing by Spirit of my toxic lymphatic system.

I was finally feeling good physically! I was in a very happy, peaceful, and blessed place as we had moved to a great house in a perfect area and things were really going well. My son just left for Florida two days before, visiting his father after nearly eighteen months. Then ...

“Where am I? What happened?” Fencing appeared for a brief moment of consciousness when the firefighter said, “You have been in an accident.”

In the ER, a policeman assured me that all would be fine as the man who hit me admitted to a few drinks before leaving the house and was texting when he plowed into me at a stoplight at 55 mph. I was physically unable to move at this point and could only thank him and squeeze his hand as he left.

“Who can we call for you?” ... it’s amazing what the mind can do when the body is in major trauma. I gave them my best friend’s phone number and must have passed out, unsure of any

of my injuries or the severity, not even believing that this had happened on a frigid February day at 3:30 in the afternoon.

The next time I opened my eyes, my best friend was squeezing my hand, in tears. I remember asking her to call Dr. G and panicking about how in the world we are going to tell my son. My producer was holding my right hand the next time I regained consciousness. How long had I been laying there?

“She is going to be none too happy when she sees how you have had to cut up the front of her hair!”

“There’s no other way to stitch these deep contusions. There are four stitches needed in the skull right next to the brain and then possibly twenty or more on the top of the head.”

“Nurse … grab her!” My friend had gotten nauseous and dizzy, nearly passing out … blood was everywhere. I had six fractures in my spine as well and had to be kept completely immobilized.

I awoke to IVs in both arms, so out of it, so thirsty. My hospital door opened and in walked my son. He had taken the earliest flight home to be here for me. We hugged and cried. I was so very grateful to see him. I am certain that he is the first and foremost reason that I chose to stay here. Yes, you are reading that correctly, I “chose” to stay, I “chose” this accident. What? So a bit about me.

As a Vibrational Frequency Practitioner, I provide High Frequency Living Educational Programs, Life/Spiritual Advisement and I am a Spiritual Teacher and Certified Chios Master Teacher. I am also the owner of the Midwest Chios Energy Healing School where I teach Lightworkers to become the healers they have been called here to be. I support anyone

who is seriously committed to walking their spiritual path and to healing themselves, completely.

At fifty-six, I am in extraordinary health and condition as I have exercised and taken care of myself for most of my life. I became a vegetarian for the spiritual purpose of “Do No Harm” nearly seven years ago and have been on my spiritual path all my life, particularly in the last ten years.

I surrendered my life to serve Spirit from the time that I was born, but it had finally become clear to me when I was guided on a higher path. Each day I ask for my highest good and the highest good of all involved. No matter what occurs, I am at peace knowing this and that the blessings of whatever may occur will become evident in time.

There was no anger toward the person who chose to change my life in mere seconds. He himself is on his own path and this had to occur. It was four months after the accident that I was contacted by the local state attorney’s office to discuss the extent of my injuries and to inform me that felony criminal charges were being brought against this individual. Karma always prevails without our self-righteous anger or judgment. Several of my intuitive gifted friends received the information that I was asked to selflessly take the hit in place of two small babies that would have died in this accident if their car had been in place of mine. I chose to take their places. What mother wouldn’t?

I felt a deep sorrow and loss of my Jeep Sahara, which was my faithful companion for fifteen years. That vehicle saved my life many times and her service was now complete. This may seem an odd statement to most. Just know that everything is energy as we embark on that conversation throughout this share of my life.

My first two weeks were a blur as pain medication poured into my veins. I was on a catheter for nearly seven days and did not leave my bed. Dr. G sat next to my bed, holding my hand and sharing my tears on so many occasions. As I lay in a fog, so many beautiful nurses spent time talking with me, encouraging me, and serving my needs. Each of them sought answers about particular things in their lives and I spent a great deal of time counseling and sharing my chosen field of healing.

For anyone who has been hospitalized, you know that you are constantly being awakened to monitor vitals, take meds, and talk a bit. On my second night, I heard young children crying and asked the nurses why this was occurring. It would seem that I was on a floor that was shared by the pediatric ward. Hearing these babies crying, I could feel the fear of their loneliness, not knowing what was going to happen as I myself felt this as an adult.

As I closed my eyes, I summoned the Spirit energy of Mother Mary, the Divine Mother, to walk the ward and comfort these children with the presence of her Divine and Motherly Love. The crying stopped that night and did not reoccur for the two weeks I remained in the ward.

As my friends came and went, one leaving me the phone number of an attorney, the darkness the medication was causing created fear, depression, and uncertainty as to whether I would ever walk again or recover from this. My mind was unable to focus or have any clarity to pull in healing energy for myself or to contact with Spirit for strength. Synthetic medication does not resonate with the human body. Did I have the physical strength after just completing a ten-week bout with diarrhea? Did I even want to fight my way back?

I spent a great deal of time alone as my best friend was only there two times a week, bringing my son to visit. She claimed she couldn't afford the gas although I offered to pay for her gas to spend more time with my son. The truth of the matter was clear. She had her own things that took priority over her best friend who was experiencing the most challenging time of her life. She had all my friends and family thinking she was with me daily, checking daily, and selflessly putting her own needs aside.

Unfortunately, she felt the need to call two of my closest friends because she needed support and couldn't believe that she hadn't eaten for seven hours the day I lay in the ER. When I shared that it occurred to me that the most horrendous time of my life was just an inconvenience for her, the response was that "No matter what she did it wouldn't be good enough." When it had stopped becoming about her as I contacted my other friends for my needs and support, she disappeared completely out of my life. This after eight years of supporting her through life-changing occurrences, even opening my home to her for six months, rent free.

She cried about "how mean" I was being to her at a time when I don't even recall where I was or what was said. I was not able to fulfill her needs as I lay in a bed unable to move. The removal of someone who took and gave little, possessive of my time and energy, became a true blessing in my life. I ask each of you to look at your relationships, even inside your family, and release all that no longer serve your highest good. More discussion of that to come shortly.

I would spend thirty-two days in the hospital, and as time progressed, I would find out who my friends truly were. Some went completely out of their way, driving hours to sit and

encourage me. This was one of many blessings that would come out of this challenge.

Although the doctors kept threatening me that I would be going home in four to seven days, I fought for myself and my needs. I was incapable of even getting out of bed by myself. I finally made it clear that I was going nowhere until I felt I could do the basic things on my own.

My catheter was removed after seven days and I was getting assistance to the bathroom but doing well. When getting out of bed with assistance one afternoon, my left hip made a cracking sound and I experienced excruciating pain. Although I was rushed to X-ray, nothing was found. This became a mental setback. I began to give up, not care whether or not I survived this any further.

That evening, one of my Chios Energy Healing practitioners walked through the door and sat at my bedside. She knew I needed her without even picking up the phone to call ... our love connected us. As she placed a beautiful angel statue and two heart-shaped healing crystals on my hospital tray, she grabbed my hand.

“Remember, you are not alone. Call on the Archangels and Earth Angels, your Ascended Masters, as they are with you. We will call on them now to protect, heal, and empower you.” As I wept, I felt the presence of Divine energy. It was truly at this point that I would commit to my complete self-healing through Spirit and all natural methods as I had always done. I knew the guidance and support would come from Spirit on this path of Divine healing so that I may share with my students and patients. Yes, you are fully capable of healing yourself, body, mind, and spirit. This was merely one of the extraordinary gifts that was given to me.

The nursing staff continued to lovingly prod me to get up with the walker and start up and down the hallway. “Are you serious?” That was my only thought for nearly two weeks. When talking with the head doctor of the rehabilitation unit, this is where I was to be transferred for two weeks of rehab. He didn’t think I was capable of qualifying for his program but little did he know that he just challenged me!

The hospital continued to threaten that I would be leaving in four days. I certainly think that this was because I had no medical coverage whatsoever. You read that correctly. I have counted on Spirit for nearly seven years to show me the path of Divine health and they always have. I also did not have to have coverage as I was responsible for the support of a disabled adult. I will share the miracle of this shortly as my journey progresses.

Needless to say, it took every ounce of energy I had to walk a few steps with my walker and get “qualified” to go to rehab. The pain was quite intense, even on five different medications. One day while sleeping, a Dr. Solomon entered my room, looked at the board with all my medications listed, and loudly pronounced, “You are going off of three of these. You also need a blood transfusion as well.”

I never saw her again, but clearly knew this was King Solomon, one of my Ascended Masters that had come to take control of the situation! The nursing staff knew nothing of a Dr. Solomon either. To this day I have no idea if or where I had internal bleeding or just blood loss from my head wounds. I received my transfusion and away we went to the rehab unit.

It was my daily conversations with my son and visits from a few family and friends that helped me continue to move forward. Still feeling foggy and unclear, I started a rigorous

rehab program. We were awakened by 7:30 a.m. for breakfast and assisted by OT (occupational therapy) to wash up and brush teeth. For the first time in my life, I had no concern about my makeup, my clothing, or my hair, for that matter!

I had so much blood loss on my head that my blonde hair was actually red and had many Rastafarian knots! I liked it ... “I don’t know who you are?” my friend Rachel said, laughing. “The lady with perfect makeup and hair always done ...” All my energy was going into the simple act of moving down the hall with my walker. Oh, how priorities change.

“Let the nurses help you. They want to get the knots out of your hair and help you shower. Make them happy.” Being vulnerable was very new to me and I had to rely on others for everything! Off to my first sit-down shower I went. It wasn’t until two days before I left that my OT nurse couldn’t take my knots anymore and made me sit while she worked on them ... got all but three!

I had no idea what CT was but was soon to find out. Cognitive therapy was there every morning, quite early, to assess the extent of my head injuries. Can you imagine someone coming in and asking you to repeat words in order even on a good day? Needless to say, I did not look forward to these visits or the exercises.

I was having extensive trouble finishing sentences and thoughts. The work they were giving me, which would be simple for almost anyone, was very challenging. This was quite frightening to me as I had a mind as sharp as a tack. I was able to take on several things at once with great organization. Did I incur brain damage? Would my cognitive skills return?

I did the work every morning but cried after they left. I will regain all I have lost. I knew this as I could now run energy and call all my Archangels and Ascended Masters. My power never

left. They never left. I filled my room daily with white light and love and daily I got sharper mentally as the nurses continued to come in for support of their own.

Rehab sessions twice daily took every ounce of energy in my body. I just didn't want to do the work, which truly was so unlike me. My morning sessions I did fine but after lunch I struggled to stay focused, I had no energy, and my pain was more intense than after the morning meds. The rehab team was gentle and understanding but persisted the best that they could. Every day was like rowing upstream for me. I could not put any pressure on my right leg or hip and had to walk with that leg partially elevated using my walker.

I celebrated as Sundays approached as that was our FREE day! ... I spent it sleeping and thinking about home. When I walked the halls to rehab, I could see my subdivision out the window. So close yet so far! I missed my son, my life, my practice. Through Divine strength and teamwork, my son and I kept up with mail, bills, and some of my patients too. Imagine no income while lying in a hospital ... what about rent, what about my office payment? Two beautiful landlords who were not interested in any payments until I was back to work ... a \$2,000 tax refund and \$2,000 in donations as Spirit covered all I needed, as always.

I was maneuvering a little better after nearly two weeks in rehab with a proposed release date of March 21. Four days before my release, I hit the darkness again, the drugs were wreaking havoc on my system. I became despondent, I totally lost my appetite, and the mere smell of food was making me nauseous. I didn't want to go to rehab or talk to anyone except my son. The hospital actually thought I was faking this because I didn't want to go home ... seriously?

My sister became panicked as she could hear my despair in my text messages. I cried and asked her to please come and visit and bring my son as well ... maybe that would help. I had no energy to do my second round of rehab daily and refused to go several days, just lying in bed staring at the TV. I was truly afraid that something was physically, seriously wrong with me.

I asked the rehab doctor exactly what was in the medication he was giving me. I was on Oxycodone and another pain med that contained Tylenol. We first eliminated the Oxy and waited with no change, just more pain, but I was willing to deal with it. My body does not do well with Tylenol and I requested we change that med, but my request fell on deaf ears that felt they knew better.

Three days before my proposed release, my sister and brother-in-law along with my son came into my room and asked for my nurse. That evening, one of my favorite nurses was on shift, hugging me and reassuring me that all was going to be okay. I called her “Mommy” as she was Hispanic and I had a deep appreciation for her love and caring demeanor. I had struggled that day through a forced shower where I shook the entire time. Afterward, a very long walk to the “practice” kitchen where I had to rest twice before arriving and practicing how to get into the refrigerator and get food about did me in. How was I possibly going to function at home?

My normally quiet son was very agitated at the lack of answers for my downward spiral and grabbed my nurse. He begged her to advocate to the doctor for me as I could not possibly go home in this state of mind and pain. She did and the next morning my request to go off the particular med I had a concern over four days ago was honored. Every possible test from blood work, EKG, and urine analysis was given to ensure there was no underlying health issue before my release.

Within one hour of changing my medication, the darkness started to lift, my strength returned, and a smile was back on my face as I knew I would soon be home.

“Cat, do you have any of your enzymes here with you?” asked Dr. G.

“I don’t know. Take a look in that bag over there,” I replied.

“Perfect! Exactly what you need right now is here. Start taking your kidney enzymes and let’s start clearing the toxins from your system now.”

Everything I need always arrives in Divine timing!

I was sure on board for that plan. I was still having minor concentration issues, which challenged my calling in healing energy. Reaching out to all my Archangels and Ascended Masters, I thanked them for my Divine healing and for help in arranging for me to be home in my high-frequency healing environment in a few days!