

My mother, Anne Cantrell, had a way about her that was a mystery to some

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My mother had a way about her that was a mystery to some people. She was a quintessential introvert, some might even say a bit of a hermit. I don't know that she ever felt completely understood by anyone. While she never expressed loneliness, I know she never felt like she truly belonged anywhere.

Her interest in alternative healing and natural remedies might, in another era, have drawn suspicion and even ridicule. Even in today's world, where science reigns supreme, alternative methods for healing are still seen as nonsensical "fluff". Her decision to find alternatives to chemotherapy I know put her under scrutiny. I also know she would have wanted people to know that she would have done surgery, but by the time she found out about her cancer, it had already metastasized to her lymph nodes and doctors REFUSED to operate.

There is a treatment called "Hyperthermia", whereby cancer cells are killed when exposed to high temperatures; however, Cancer Centers of America would not ALLOW this procedure to be done without being done in conjunction with Chemotherapy. This essentially left my mom to her own devices. It must have felt very alienating seeing that the very system we rely on to help us was systematically against her at every turn.

Her discovery and full implementation of the ketogenic diet into her life did in fact slow the spread of her cancer. She was at Stage 3 breast cancer for over 2 years before it started progressing further. At the end, it wasn't the Cancer that killed her. The greatest irony is that it was the implementation of pain medications (morphine and adivan) that suppressed her respiratory system and took her down.

She was a Leo, she wanted a life that was grand, where people lived and dreamed big.

For those who knew her, she might repeat in desperate tones that she longed for a larger house in the country. To many, this thought seemed disjointed: a bigger house, Why? But the truth is she would have loved to be like the women in the 19th century, who hosted great "Salons" -- gatherings in their homes where creatives and young people of broad thinking debated. She would have wanted them to peruse her extensive library, have gourmet food to whet their appetite, and genuinely spark their minds---

I think her calling, her path, was that of a spiritual teacher/guide. She saw that we must acknowledge our past to heal our patterns---How emotional wounds keep us from moving forward.

My mom had a sincere desire to help people through astrology, just as it had helped her so many years before. Whatever it was the person was struggling with, she had a way of tuning into them and providing insight into what they might be going through. She had an ability to make people feel truly heard, which often is all people really need for self-discovery and actualization.

The day after her passing I was reflecting in the dining room/office, and was called to her bookshelf. I picked out a book called "In the Company of Sages", and turned to any page (her style of inspiration) and it was talking about the spiritual guides/teachers in our lives:

Georg Feuerstein was quoted: "The enlightened teacher communicates by his or her mere existence ...he or she no longer suffers from the presumption of being a finite being with a body and mind that is ultimately separate from other beings. An enlightened person lives as, and out of, the fullness of the single Reality. Therefore, his or her sheer presence has transformative power, which is an advantage to those who can attune themselves to it....The teacher's communication of that which is Real has a purifying

effect on the disciple who receives this spiritual transmission. And that is its whole purpose. The teacher's transmission can have very different effects in the disciple. Regardless of the effects, the primary function of spiritual transmission is to intensify the disciple's whole life."

The teacher "consciously attunes to the student to vibrationally uplift the aspirant on inner planes" they feel a responsibility to the student and make a "conscious effort to promote the student's evolution."

... they bestow "tangible and mysterious blessings". Also, a spiritual teacher can be the "match that lit our flame, and for this we'll be forever grateful."

As the author suggests, "We're fortunate indeed if we ever get the chance in this lifetime to spend time in the presence of a teacher capable of leading us to an expanded state. That gracious being shows us glimpses of the goal, and teaches methods that activate all of our potential.. as maturing individuals."

I know I benefited so much from her wisdom, her insight, her heartistic listening, which always in itself seemed to remedy whatever it was I was going through, or at least take the edge off. I was indebted to her for my life, and have since relied on her for my bearings in life.

The book goes on, "A relationship with a spiritual teacher tends to become a focal point for some period of time. But we often try to freeze this experience into permanence, failing to recognize it as a phase. When we find an awakened teacher, we experience devotion and gratitude, surrendering from a place beyond the rational mind, feeling a cord of love connecting us. But sometimes we must part ways, even if we are profoundly grateful for the teacher's guidance and uplifting influence."- 180

She was the first one I went to when I was struggling with some indecision. When the world became too much, she was a haven I could go to for unbiased advice and support.

However, no matter how much of an influence she was, "Everything in life is cyclic . All things begin, develop, change and eventually come to an end. We find a teacher, receive teachings, and eventually we need to move on and become more independent, even if we love that teacher deeply. Our needs in the life cycle change. In many cases external training under the guidance of a spiritual teacher concludes. Either the teacher dies, or we leave in a state of fullness, having absorbed liberating knowledge , ready to establish our own life path."

Essentially, "The guide can point the way, but we have to find our own path home."

I couldn't rely on her anymore for my direction. She was being pulled from me with each passing day. She knew it too, and one day she told me, "I can't help you anymore." I could no longer depend on her to be the one I always went to. "Rather than trying to explain this experience with my rational mind , I was being instructed to live in devotion--not to a person, but to the divine that I now knew dwelled within me. So the next task was to make myself and my life a vessel capable of holding more infusions of that blissful cosmic energy." It was up to me to pull my own self up from now on.

Without her ever saying it exactly, she knew I had to move on without her; she knew I had other work to do. I had to start coming to my own aid. "My teacher realized that I needed to focus on my career and working, even though I had to move away and wasn't able to spend any more time with [her]. [she] told me to go and not feel bad about it. It was time for me to fly on my own. It felt wonderful that I could leave knowing I had [her] full confidence." I couldn't hold onto her forever. I truly do hope she is now in the company of the sages and thinkers she so revered in her studies.

The other book I was drawn to, that I know she pointed me to, *The Archetypal Cosmos*, also had a message for me. The fact is, with her death, "she" is gone, but her consciousness is not. The page I opened to reminded me of this. The line she herself had underlined some time ago was a revelation: "The field is now open." Food for thought...