

## AT Last—The Inner!

There were some truly harrowing times now for all three of us.

The first time I packed my bags and moved out of my wife's home was one of the darkest in my life. I felt enclosed in a darkness that was almost literal! I remember sitting on a wall at the shops near to where I had lived and everything around me seemed to be covered in a shadowy darkness. Strangers kept coming up to me and asking me if I was "alright"...I obviously was not! Then, I had no alternative but to go back to my wife and the feelings lightened for me but were made worse for my new partner.

### *The Strange Consequences Of A "Surrender" That Is Not My Own!*

This happened a second time, later, when I put my new partner through the pain of knowing that I was ending our relationship and going back to my "wife" *again!* This time, though, she received the inner advice that she had to just surrender it all and accept whatever happened because "it was all out of her hands" Through her own testing she realised with an absolute surety that there had always been "something else" in our relationship and so it was not her decision as to what should happen next. What happened to me then was scary, to say the least.

After announcing my decision not to leave my wife I went home on my own and slept as fitfully as was usual at the time. In the morning I woke up and could not move a muscle or limb!! I felt completely paralysed. Immediately, I put this down to my having made the wrong decision! "Alright!" I said after a long internal battle and in something of a panic at still not being able to move a muscle, "I will go and live with my new partner!" Immediately the "paralysis" went and I was left relieved and accepting of what I now knew had to be done.

### *At Last- I Turn To The Inner*

In all of this, what helped me the most IN THE END was to be the usual combination of intuition AND some outer confirmation with – at last! – some testing thrown in.

Often, I would take my misgivings now to the Inner, especially in my Quiet Times, when I asked with all the conviction I could muster, to be "shown" the true and

right thing to do. Sometimes I received clear inner guidance. For example, there was one particularly low time, when I was full of confusion and anxiety, and I heard an inner voice say to me: “As a sign that this relationship is right for you both, she (my new partner) will give you a special gift to-night.” Yes, I could accept this as good evidence because there was absolutely no reason for me to receive any sort of present “to-night” and I certainly had not received one for many, many, many nights previously. And, of course, imagine how I felt when I did receive a truly appropriate gift: a beautiful home- made book of “promises and commitments” that touched my heart greatly. My partner said she had no intention of giving me this gift then- until she saw me and saw how low I looked!

### *The Only Time In My Career I Receive Such A Letter*

Next, there followed another example of “synchronicity” that seemed a clear answer to my plea for “some outer sign of what I should do now.” It was when I was thinking the time had finally come for me to move out of my wife’s home but I did not know where to go. We were all three of us going through all sorts of pain and it seemed that some sort of decision was now more than necessary. I, of course, did not want to make it. So, in the end, I asked with all the strength I could muster, for some sort of outer “sign” that would help me make the “right decision”. I had no idea what form that “sign” could take.

Amazingly, in my school post that week came a letter addressed to the “Headteacher”, *such as I have never had before (in 30 odd years!) or after*. It startled me by beginning: “At this time of the year, you may have staff *who are thinking of re-locating...*” and then came the offer of several properties for rent locally! Never had such a letter come into school before and it came just after I had asked for some such sign---Amazing!! Anyway, I rang for a viewing of one of the properties which was so obviously ideal and, as a result, I ended up living just round the corner from my new partner and her daughters.

### *Important Testing*

Still my “wife” did not abandon me. In fact, she visited me in my new home every week and we went for walks together. I think she still felt that I was unwell and would eventually come to my senses. It was while I lived here that I finally got round to doing some testing with a friend. I disguised the questions so that my

friend did not know what I was testing about to begin with, by asking things like: “Would it be the right thing for me to do what I am now thinking of...?” I hoped that by doing this I would eliminate the possibility of prejudice in the receiving (I am aware that any sign of such a wishing can influence the testing. I think one has to be really empty and unprejudiced for the receiving to be true and convincing—more about this later). Anyway the result of this testing was clear that it was right for me to live here for “a time” and that it would *not* be a good idea for me to look to move back in with my wife.

Meanwhile, my new partner was living in “temporary accommodation” until the local council could re-house her and her girls. She stayed there for about a year and we quite enjoyed this time. The “accommodation” was a spacious maisonette above some shops and we particularly enjoyed sitting out on what was the roof of the shops. To us, it was like sitting on the balcony of a holiday apartment! It certainly felt like that to us, anyway. It was warm, too, because it was above a bakery. Alas, I was not allowed to stay overnight here because that would break the terms of the agreement. I did stay occasionally and somehow the “Fraud Squad” got to know of it and we were summoned to “explain ourselves”. We were completely honest about the situation, however, and all was well although, even after being warned of the dangers of staying overnight, I did have a little too much to drink one Christmas and stayed then. Sure enough, the Fraud Office knew and we were summoned again...! Again complete honesty seemed to be the best policy and fortunately the explanation was accepted and all was well, again. After about a year, there came the time when it was likely that an offer of a permanent home would be given and we both decided that when that happened I would move in with my new partner and her girls and we would live together properly.

### *Mysterious Happenings*

Some time previously, my new partner had filled in a form to say where she would prefer to live, if there was the choice, and she had put the names of some of the local villages at the top of her list. However, I began to feel, as the time for a move drew closer, that this should be changed and that the nearby town would be best for us, being near schools for her two girls, easier for me to get to work and for my partner to get to places without needing to drive etc. My partner also had a clear idea of where in the town she would most like to live. A week later a letter arrived

from the council with an offer of a house---in the very same nearby town (still way down on her list of preferences: she had not, as yet, changed it!) and, unbelievably, just where my partner would choose most to live if we were to live in a town!! So we went to view it and as soon as we drove into the quiet, rather old-fashioned street, we both immediately felt it to be right.

Then things got to be a little amusing... We first looked inside the house and said: "It would be perfect if only it had central heating installed". I, because of past experience, felt this particularly! Then, lo and behold, we heard that we would have to wait to move in as the council were "putting new central heating in!" Another time we went for another look and we noticed an old fireplace and a very old-fashioned and, to us, ugly set of lights hanging from the ceiling in the middle of one room. "Oh dear," we thought, "those will have to go!" The next time we went, both had been taken out by the council workmen! We then began looking for other things we wanted changing as a kind of game... "Phew, that ceiling is going to be hard work," I said on another occasion when I noticed all these discoloured tiles on the ceiling. Believe it or not, the tiles were taken down for us and all the ceilings upstairs were artexed!

This then became my *new* home with my *new* family! Once again I found myself having to decorate and furnish an entire house... At last, though, decisions had been made and, hopefully, the agonies of the past months, and more, would settle and life would perhaps, at last, become good for us all. Ever hopeful, huh?