



A Quantum Moment

Messages from the Other Realm

VOLUME 2 ISSUE 12 December 2019

Bad Things Happen/Good Things Happen

Bad things happen. At least, we see them as bad, but actually they are not *that* bad, and I could argue, they are good, a good thing to have happened. I will explain.

I recently experienced someone stealing my Christmas present to my son. The day I planned to wrap them up and put them out, I couldn't find them. Being of the age that I am, I immediately thought I was losing my mental faculties, you know, the kind where your husband discovers the keys to the car in the refrigerator and you're fretting about where the keys have gone to. That kind of mental incapacitation. The downhill slide. You see, I've been known to hide things for various reasons, never to find them again. So, was this another of those times?

The gift was three men's dress shirts, still inside the cellophane, partially wrapped with the store's complementary Christmas wrapping. The shirts, return labels and the package it all came in was stashed away as a bundle (as it turns out) in the night table next to my bed, for when I had time to wrap them properly for Christmas morning. The day the cleaning crew came to clean my home I was called away to help a friend. Normally I would be home working alongside them, but this day I couldn't make it back in time.

I spent two days looking for those shirts. I looked in every cabinet, every drawer, I looked behind the TV and yes, in the refrigerator—and freezer. I prayed that I would be shown where they were. By the time my son came for his Christmas visit, I was distraught, having no present to give him. He chuckled (knowing me) and went about looking for them himself. Still, no shirts.

Christmas morning, I felt the urge to look once again in my bedroom, in the night table cabinet and was stunned to see laying there, the package in which the shirts had been mailed. The shirts in cellophane with the store's Christmas paper, the return labels were not. They were gone. I knew instantly that they had been stolen. I wasn't forgetful after all!

It wasn't the first time something I was missing that I needed desperately suddenly appeared. For example, years before, when I needed a certain spreadsheet for my tax preparation I had looked and looked and looked for it, not finding it anywhere. I was distraught as I couldn't prepare my taxes without it. I gave up, walked upstairs from the garage where I stored files and there it was lying on top of my desk. Exactly what I was looking for. Spirit does this for me from time to time so it wasn't that much of a surprise when this package turned up in the very place I'd looked five times before. I was being shown, yes, they were stolen (what I was beginning to

suspect). Not that the fact that the shirts had been stolen made me feel any better really, at least I had the answer to the riddle (and I hadn't put them in the refrigerator).

Gazing at the package in the cabinet I saw clearly in my mind how it happened that the shirts had been stolen. I went to my monitor that broadcasts what is captured by the surveillance cameras around my home, and played back the video of that day, their visit to my home, and the video revealed both the thief and his method. I have been told by Spirit that there is benefit in all things that happen to us in our lives—the bad things that happen, as much as the good. This morning I realized what the benefit was of the theft.

The whole situation had been choreographed as a set up to show me I should be more alert, that I should be more discerning about who I invite into and around my home, my place of refuge. My being called away that day to help a friend allowed the theft to take place. I needed to be reminded of discernment, watchfulness. No real harm was done in the reminding. The shirts will be replaced. My son will get his gift sometime this month. I can afford the loss.

Finding the benefit has settled me down. I still need to fire the cleaning crew, but another will replace them. They are replaceable, but next time I think about hiring someone to come into my home, I will give it much more thought and consideration. Given this time of intense conflict, a little extra vigilance is apparently warranted.