



# 'Grief unlocke

An inspirational spirit guide and the pain of loss helped me create art with a spiritual heart. **By Claire Johnson**

**I**n the darkness of my motel room, lying there on the cusp of dropping off to sleep, the words suddenly burst into my mind. I was hearing them in my head, in my voice – as if they had been dictated to me by someone.

*'Question ye not your future for it will be shown unto ye as an open book,*

*And ye shall dance across the pages with love and light and colour...'*

Where on earth were these words coming from?

'Am I going mad?' I panicked.

I leaned out of bed, fumbling for a pen, desperate to write the words down in case I forgot them.

'What are you doing?' My mum's voice rang out in the darkness.

We were on holiday together,

**'I adored being a mum but needed more than cooing and nappies'**

visiting friends in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and sharing a room.

'I'm writing something down,' I said.

Come the morning, I'd written down five sentences of beautiful, poetic sentiments.

I was unnerved. I was a 28-year-old fashion designer living the high life – a life I felt in control of. But these words, I wasn't in control of

them. The beautiful words kept coming, usually nipping into my mind between sleeping and waking.

I wrote them all down, but was too embarrassed to talk about them. But when I did confide in a friend, an astrologer, he had an explanation.

'You're channelling those words,' he told me. 'They're coming from a higher source – a spiritual guide.'

'Channelling?' I said, bewildered.

It took me months to accept the idea that the words were coming to me from some sort of spiritual being. I named him Twitchy, because my arm would twitch when I was about to receive a message.

So now I knew the source of these beautiful, positive affirmations streaming into my mind. But why was I getting them?

In 1993, two years after Twitchy first spoke to me, I had filled seven notebooks with channelled words. I now firmly believed that Twitchy was my spirit guide, and an Ascended Master.

'These are amazing messages,' said my brother Julian. 'You've got to get these published, and get them out to more people.' So I did, and called my book *One From The Heart*.

Although Twitchy continued to pass his wise and encouraging words on through me, he took a back seat in my life when I fell in love, got married and had my children: Louis, now 18, and Florence, 16.

I adored being a new mum to Louis, but I needed more than cooing and nappies.

'Why don't you paint?' my husband Andrew suggested. 'You always had a talent.'

In recent years I'd been teaching fashion at a college, but I hadn't painted since I was at school. Still, I gave it a whirl and painted flowers, shells and typical still-life stuff. Nothing out of the ordinary.

I didn't realise that there was



actually an incredibly powerful connection between the words I channelled and my paintings until something happened that turned my world upside down.

I was at the hospital with my mum when she got the awful news. She had pancreatic cancer.

I drove her home, both of us shell-shocked. There was no cure. My amazing mum, my best friend, was dying.

Later that dreadful day, I walked into my art studio at her house, where my mum – a talented artist herself – loved to watch me work. I stood there looking at the vibrant hummingbird I'd been painting. I'd started it because of an intuitive feeling that I had to paint one.

'How can I be painting this, the biggest, jolliest painting I've ever done, when my mum is dying?' I asked myself.

It made no sense to me. Then

Twitchy made everything clear by putting the words into my head early one morning when I was in bed.

'We are all supposed to be hummingbirds. You have to seek out whatever it is in life, whether real or fantasy, to keep your vibration high and to raise the vibration of others around you.'

*'Inspire others to raise their vibrations to match yours instead of you being drawn down into the lower negative energy that is around.'*

I realised the hummingbird painting was meant to be a positive affirmation for me when my mum





# d my healing gift'

was ill. We took each day as it came, and I always wore my most colourful, fun clothes and jewellery – all part of me being a hummingbird.

Then one day, three years ago, a black and white line drawing was channelled to me. No colours – just a lot of black.

During the previous three months, I'd been plagued by a constant headache. When I finally went to see my cranial osteopath about it, he said: 'The headache is because you're blocking a dark energy. I know you only paint in pretty colours, but go home and confront that dark energy by painting something black.'

When I told my friend, Ginger, about the drawing I'd channelled, she asked me: 'Is it black dark energy – or is it truth?'

I realised it was the latter. And that was something I hadn't been facing up to – my mum's cancer. Recently her health had been failing, and we all knew she didn't have long left.

So I started to paint the picture that had been channelled to me,

**Hummingbird was a positive affirmation during a dark time**



starting with the black horizon. At first I didn't know where I was going with that painting, but Twitchy was there to guide me. 'The challenge is to bring something of yourself to this painting,' was his message.

So I did, by weaving a silvery river through a field of lavender. And in that lavender, I painted hundreds of healing amethysts.

That was when I ground to a halt – I couldn't finish the painting. A year passed and I still didn't know how to complete it.

Then, when I was lying in bed one night, an image flashed into my mind. It was me, lying on my back in a lavender field, looking up at a starry expanse of sky, feeling the wonder of the universe and life.

The next morning I headed off to my studio with a spring in my step. I painted the rest of the silvery river, taking it up through the dark mountains and up to a moonlit sky bursting with magical stars. I called it *Path Of Light*.

When my mum next saw the painting, she looked so relieved.

'I can sleep at night now,' she said. I looked at her, puzzled. 'My life is that river, and with your painting, you've shown me that the bend in the hills is the point of faith,' she explained. 'I have to trust that when you go round that bend, all will be well.'

Within a week, my mum had died. She'd 'returned to source', just like the river in my painting, weaving up the mountains and joining the sky.

Of course, I was devastated. Saying goodbye to my mum was the hardest thing I've had to do.

At the wake after the funeral, a friend of my mum's – a psychic – gently touched my arm, and said: 'I don't know if this means anything to you, but your mum is showing me a beautiful, shining night sky full of stars. She says: "That's where I am."' This was wonderful. I burst into



**Harvest Of Hope and Path Of Light were both channelled from my spirit guide**

amazed, comforted tears. After my mum died, I was so immersed in grief that I didn't paint for two years.

Then in April this year, Twitchy helped me finish a painting that I'd started when my mum was ill.

It's really bright – a huge sunflower nestling in a pink heart and a field of poppies. Like my other paintings, it represents part

## 'People say the pictures speak to them in times of grief and pain'

of my journey. And Twitchy helped me understand that, by giving me these words:

*'Tis time indeed to step into your bright future with a sense of peace and understanding of the lessons from the long night of the soul.'*

My husband gave me a name for my painting – *Harvest Of Hope*.

I made prints of both *Harvest Of Hope* and *Path Of Light*. Together they're called *Compassionate*

*Companions*. So many people have requested copies of them, saying that the pictures 'speak' to them in times of grief and pain, that my artwork helps them through the dark days and nights.

My responsibility now is to get the wonderful words and messages in my book and images that come from the universal consciousness (because that's what is really speaking to us) out to as many people as possible, to start to heal and give hope.

We're living in difficult times, and we're feeling the need for spiritual help more than ever before.

I used to design clothes – lovely clothes, but just clothes at the end of the day. And now they're gone, but no one really cares.

What I'm now helping to create in my new life is so much more satisfying, and it really matters. It's art that's filled with positive healing energies from the universe, art with a spiritual heart. ■

### WANT TO FIND OUT MORE?

You can keep up to date with Claire's latest channelled writings by visiting her blog at [www.artsofalchemy.blogspot.com](http://www.artsofalchemy.blogspot.com)

### READER OFFER

Claire's book, *One From The Heart*, is available to Spirit & Destiny readers at a special price of £10 plus p&p (rrp £15). Claire is also offering a discount on her *Compassionate Companions* prints. Buy two plain prints on watercolour paper for £50, or £85 for two hand-finished prints. Visit [www.clairejohnson.eu](http://www.clairejohnson.eu), quoting code SAD11 when ordering. Offer ends 30 November 2013.

