

The Irish Castle

An Anecdote From Brian

My wife and I spent several weeks in Ireland on vacation, just traveling around enjoying the sites, the food, and the culture. We made it a point to visit the ruins, stone circles, and portals, just to check out the energy. Amazing place to go play. Doing one of the typical tourist things, we signed up for a dinner at one of the castles. It was fun, a bit crowded, the food was good, and they put on a show. All in all, worth the money.

What I found most fascinating was a slight indent in the stone wall to the side of the stage where they were performing. I got a strong sense of something, but couldn't quite see it. Right after dinner, everyone was taken back downstairs for drinks and cookies. As we walked past, I tried to get close enough to the wall for a good read but it was roped off. Nuts.

My wife and I mingled amongst the group. After a while, I found myself talking with one of the curators of the castle. I asked why the castle changed hands in the early 1800's, and that got her attention. "How did you know that?" It wasn't part of the tour. I told her I had a knack of picking up little tidbits like that. She seemed comfortable with that response. I decided it was safe enough to proceed a bit further without disturbing her. After we chatted a bit more, I told her I noticed something significant about the wall upstairs. This peaked her curiosity. "Which wall are you talking about?" I told her what I experienced, which was very little. I mentioned I could get more if I could get closer to the stonework. To my pleasant surprise, she invited me upstairs to take a look. Excellent!

Perfect situation for an in-depth reading. We had the room to ourselves, it was quiet, and I could touch the stone. The moment I made contact, it started to flood into my consciousness. When I read at this level, I have very little sense of what's around me [physically]. I simply get the information and speak it aloud. There's no editing; it's just information.

What I saw was an altar, from a very long time ago. The parents had lost a young child to illness. It was devastating. The mother created the altar along the wall, placing flowers, stones, cloth, and other remembrances of her child. There she would grieve. Every day. For the rest of her life, and then further. She could not let it go. Her spirit continued the process. Unending. Until recently. Wait. Very recently. Up until just last year. And now she's moved on. But why now? After so long. I could get nothing more from her, or the wall. The chain of information stops. I feel my breath, and come back into this place.

I felt a little lost at first, then recognized the surroundings. I turned and looked at the curator, and found her crying. I gently touched her shoulder and asked if she was all right. She told me that a year ago she had a miscarriage. It was the most difficult experience of her life. She was completely unprepared, and had no idea what to do with the feelings it brought up. She found herself coming to the castle each day (before anyone else arrived) and sitting in a chair next to this wall. It gave her comfort as she grieved her loss, but she never knew why. Then one day, quiet unexpectedly, the pain just walked away.