

My Spiritual Calling ... and Answering

By Sandy McCune Westin

“Who’s there? Who’s speaking to me?” The voice is not audible, yet seems to be clearly present inside my head, though not my own. When the voice has been especially emphatic, it almost seems to echo within me. Rather than assume it to be from some divine source, I prefer to think of it as coming from my “Guides”. Those unseen presences have never steered me wrong, appears to want only what’s best for me, and have at times spurred me on to new levels of comprehension and achievement in ways large and small.

The messages I receive have been as mundane as “Slow down; there’s a cop over this hill” or “Call home - right now.” Others have delivered a level of wisdom that seems bafflingly obscure at the time, yet useful later in life such as “Everything you need is right at hand” or “What you are aware of you are responsible for.” At times they have prompted me to respond positively to opportunities which opened doorways to achievements I could never have foreseen. That voice is often with me when I’m capturing an experience or thought in writing.

Is it intuition? Perhaps the guidance from a loved one who has passed over? One such voice seems to be a very good cook. I’ll get a nudge to impulsively try a combination in a dish I’ve never heard of before from a friend, magazine or cookbook. The results are often unexpectedly dandy. Or that time in the ‘70s when I was dancing in a disco, suddenly grabbed my partner’s arm and said, “Let’s get out of here.” Within seconds of leaving the dancefloor, a fistfight broke out on the very spot where we had been just moments before.

Perhaps the most prominent such experience I’ve had was an answer to a heartfelt prayer. My first husband had been called into the military during the Vietnam era and, rather than be drafted into the Army, had chosen instead to go to Lackland Air Force Base in Texas for Officers Training School. That left me 1700 miles away from him, alone in a three room apartment in San Jose, California. I would not see him again until he graduated in twelve long weeks. One night the loneliness pressed down so hard on me that I began ranting out loud to God, “We’ve only been married a year! I miss him so much! We have too much love to just share between the two of us. Send us a son.” I was startled by a voice so clear that I looked around the room to find who was there with me. Its message shook me to my core. **“It Shall Be So.”** And ten months later, it was. His name is Christopher.

Some will say it’s my guardian angel, or my own Higher Self that has access to knowledge beyond the five senses. Perhaps so. Such proffered explanations, however, tell me something else – that I’m not alone in experiencing such vivid moments of guidance. The day may come when we as a species delve far enough into the unknown to uncover an explanation for what many have experienced first-hand. Perhaps the walls between our dimension of existence and yet another become thin enough at times for a window of awareness to form, allowing a glimpse between our world and another. And perhaps the day will come when two-way communication of such messages will no longer be considered an oddity, but a conversation between friends.

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