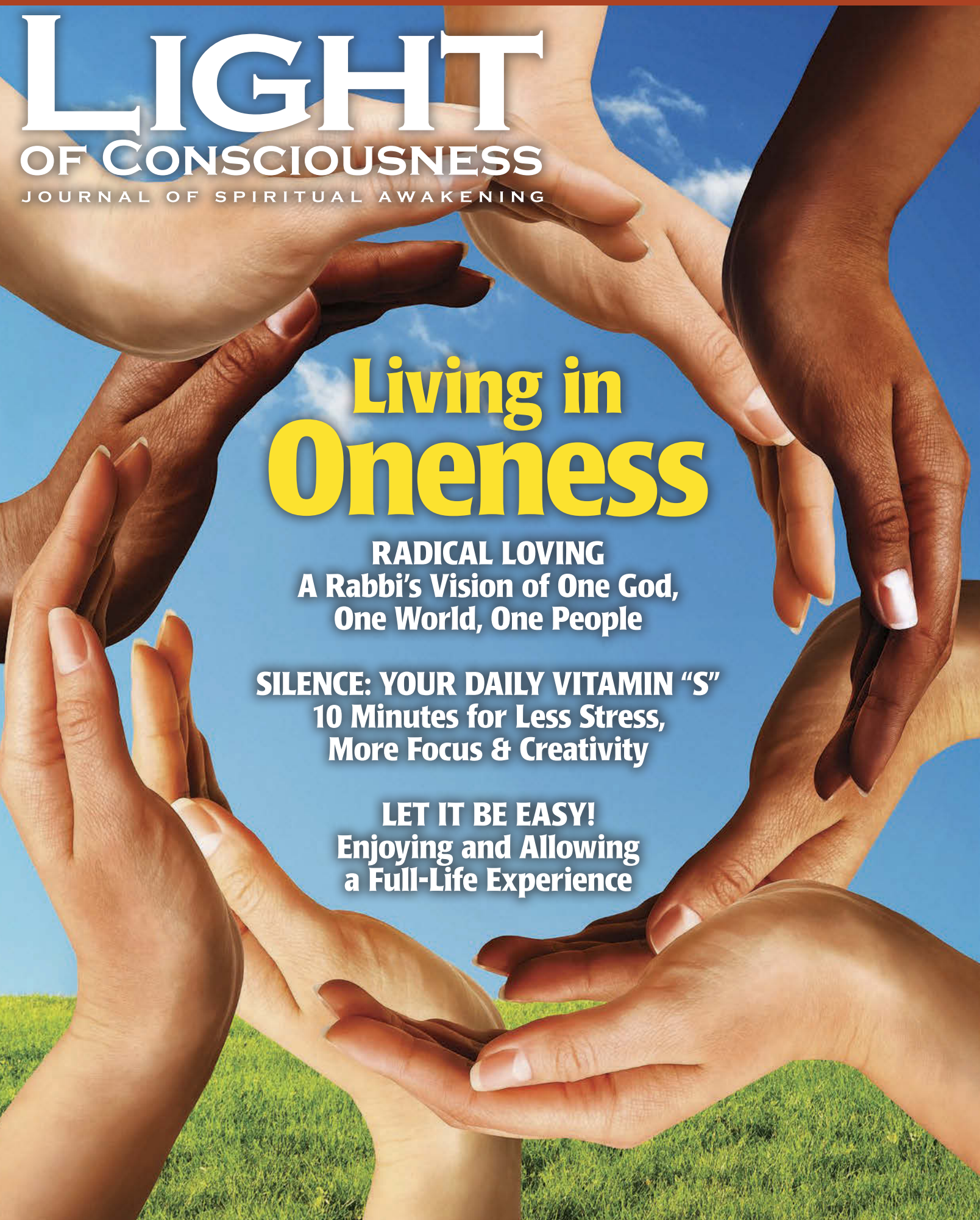
GROWING CONSCIOUSNESS: A Gardener's Guide to Seeding the Soul

LIGHT OF CONSCIOUSNESS

JOURNAL OF SPIRITUAL AWAKENING



Living in Oneness

RADICAL LOVING
A Rabbi's Vision of One God, One World, One People

SILENCE: YOUR DAILY VITAMIN "S"
10 Minutes for Less Stress, More Focus & Creativity

LET IT BE EASY!
Enjoying and Allowing a Full-Life Experience

Angels Among Us

Cancer was both the best and the worst thing that ever happened to me because I experienced divine intervention that changed my life. **BY MARILYN ZAGHA-KEESHAN**

Having cancer changes everything. If you survive, and more people do these days, it is hard to forget about it and move on with life. Every unexplainable pain is accompanied by the question of whether the cancer has come back. Cancer was both the best and the worst thing that ever happened to me because I experienced divine intervention that changed my life.

After retiring from my full-time job as a school social worker, I began work in a hospice program guiding patients and their families through their final stage of life. I had ideas on what next steps in my career should be when I started to get a variety of odd symptoms. Eight months later, in March 2020, I was diagnosed with Angioimmunoblastic T-cell Lymphoma. My life and career came to a halt. I couldn't focus on my clients. I was too overwhelmed with my body symptoms, doctor appointments, and had more tests in one month than I had had in a lifetime.

Right after I was diagnosed, I had a dream. I was on a bus in Brooklyn that stopped at Brooklyn College

MELITA | STOCK.ADOBE.COM

where two big intersections meet—Brooklynites call it The Junction. Instead of the usual buildings I saw huge glimmering crystal palaces and everyone was getting off the bus. It wasn't my stop but it was so appealing that I wanted to get off as well, but I woke up instead. This dream was so vivid and unforgettable, I couldn't stop thinking about it. I thought this place was heaven. That the bus stopped at The Junction was a message—I certainly was at a transitional point in my life. I was filled with anxiety, worry, curiosity and fear. Am I going to die? Am I ready? Did I make a difference? Did I accomplish goals, live enough, love enough? These thoughts occupied my mind constantly. My life in many ways was unconventional and difficult but I had accomplished a lot. I felt proud of myself but did that mean I was ready to die? Then, two weeks later I had another dream where I was on a train platform with a little boy heading toward another train platform. I looked over to my left and saw my crystal palace in the distance. My waking thoughts were that I have places to go, things to see, and because my palace is in the distance, I am going to survive.

These dreams were unusually vivid, unlike other dreams I had which I usually forgot about upon awakening. I believe I experienced messages and divine intervention from my spirit guides, showing me that this was a pivotal point in my life. I was going through the motions of doctors, tests, and consultations but when I had the dream the reality that my life could end was startling. The second dream was a tremendous comfort because now I was convinced that I would survive and that treatment was just something I had to get through.

I had another amazing experience with divine intervention after chemotherapy when I was preparing for stem cell transplant in August 2020. The preparation included having a catheter put into my chest that stayed in place for the next month. All my medicine, blood transfusions and more would go through the catheter.

When it was time to have my new baby stem cells removed from my blood, I received a visit from my spirit guides. During the process of removing these stem cells, my nurse discovered that the catheter was leaking blood so I was immediately taken to the surgical unit for repair. The nurse practitioner taped it up and told me to come back the next day before my next appointment; if it was still leaking, he would have to restitch it. The rest of the day I moved about tentatively, afraid to disturb the catheter. When I went to bed that night, I saw three ladies at the foot of my bed somewhere near the ceiling. The woman in the middle was showing me a sewing movement and the other two were leaning toward me with a caring gesture. They appeared as transparent white images but clearly formed. I squeezed my eyes shut thinking, *maybe I have cataracts,* but when I opened my eyes, they were still there. I watched them, curious and clueless but not afraid, and soon fell asleep. When I got to my appointment the next morning my catheter was indeed still leaking and the nurse practitioner restitched it, just as the woman who appeared the night before had shown me.

I think they appeared to me to show me they are there watching over me, helping me along the way. My angels never showed themselves again, but during my month-long hospital stay I often felt their presence. Stem cell patients are extremely vulnerable to infection, so we all had our own rooms. Each room had a computer where the nurses would record whatever treatments were provided throughout the day and night. Often, I fell asleep before they left, so it was not unusual to think the nurse was still there. But when I opened my eyes to look, the room was always empty. When I saw my empty room but knew I was not alone, I was grateful because I felt my angels and guides were watching over me.

I spent the last two years at home regaining strength, giving my immune system time to grow, and staying safe from Covid. I have not felt the presence of my angels like I did while being treated, but I have become more aware of the significance of coincidences and dreams. I am always comforted by the belief that no matter what is happening in my life, I am not alone—I am watched over, loved, and learning life lessons along the way.

Marilyn Zagha-Keeshan is a New York State certified social worker who spent her career working in community based mental health clinics with children, couples, and families before moving to the NYC Department of Education. Later in her career, she worked in senior centers and hospice programs where she provided counseling and taught stress management and meditation to seniors, hospice patients and their families. She enjoyed her career in public service until she was diagnosed with angioimmunoblastic T-cell lymphoma in March 2020. During treatment, her years of journaling for personal expression found its way to essay writing where she was able to share her cancer experiences and life lessons through her blog and with facebook. Marilyn continues to be of service, volunteering virtually, facilitating support groups online for caregivers of Alzheimer patients. Her essays can be found on her blog marilynmuses.com and she can be found on Facebook and Instagram.

This article first appeared in *Light of Consciousness* magazine, Autumn/Winter 2022.
Please see Light-of-Consciousness.org