

# **Don't Just Do Something, Stand There**

**A new book by Kyla Carson. Publication date to be announced**

## **Chapter 1 Inauspicious Beginnings**

My parents were married in Cairo in 1947. Their mothers used to play cards together, and when my father came to pick up his mother, my mother noticed and admired him. She finally asked him out, inviting him to a formal dance. At first he refused, saying his tuxedo was at the cleaners. To think that for a missing suit, I might not have come into being!

My father was a marvelous dancer, and they hit it off. My mother was not in love with my father when they married, but at 28, she determined that it was “time to get married.” He was a stable and reliable person, which my mother was not, and so they balanced each other. My father apologized for giving her only a 2-carat diamond engagement ring, but with the war on, this was the best he could find. They had a big society wedding.

Marcelle, my mother, was a great beauty. She had irresistible charm which she used to her advantage. She raised flirting to an art form. It was from her that I learned to be a coquette, and that a woman’s intrinsic value lay, to a large part, in her capacity to seduce men.

My mother practiced séances in Alexandria. She told me about one night in the desert when she and her friends were causing a glass to skim across a tabletop. The message was conveyed that the spirit was tired and wanted to stop, but she persevered, until all the doors and windows began to bang open and shut.

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My mother became pregnant with my sister only three months after the wedding. She had purchased an extensive trousseau, which included several handsome cocktail dresses. They had the requisite tight waist and bodice, as was the style. She was very much enjoying the social season at the country club and this pregnancy was threatening to hamper her style. She therefore underwent three unsuccessful attempts to abort my sister because, as she told Vera and me, “I would no longer have been able to fit into my dresses.” I always wondered how this piece of information affected my sister’s sense of security.

My mother had unique methods for treating illness. When Vera was eight months old, she developed a hernia. My mother invented a very novel way of treating her; she threw Vera into the ocean and encouraged a “sink or swim” mentality – if you can have a mentality at eight months of age. Anyway, Vera had to struggle hard to save herself from drowning and her hernia did recede. Not surprisingly, she developed a belief that life is always difficult and the threat of annihilation is never far away.

In *Love Story*, that terrible movie from the seventies, the heroine says the immortal words, “Love means never having to say you’re sorry.” That’s nonsense! My mother should have spent her whole life apologizing to everyone around her for the egregious harm she caused all and sundry who had the misfortune to cross her emotional path. She was thoughtless and innocent and said the most heinous things, without regard for the emotional havoc she caused others, especially her family. I used to tell my husband (now my ex) stories about my childhood and he used to ask me if I was making them up. I didn’t have to – the truth was bad enough.

## Chapter 2 Going Somewhere Else

My early childhood was a struggle to survive. My maternal grandmother, Nona Fortunee, spent a lot of time with me. Apparently I resembled her, and she identified closely with me. A good thing too, because I needed all the allies I could get to thrive in the competitive atmosphere of the household.

My mother's daily song to me was "Be like your older sister," and her litany to Vera was "You have to be a model for your younger sister." This meant that Vera and I had to continuously vie for the position of the "best" child. It impacted on our own bond as sisters.

My grandmother Nona Fortunee cherished me; she would often intercede when my mother was thoughtless and unkind to me. When my mother chased me around the house wielding a wooden spoon, Nona Fortunee would extend her arms, shielding me with her body, and say to my mother, "Hit me, don't hit the child."

She regaled me with endless bedtime stories, which lifted me far from my painful reality and took me on an enchanted ride to the stars. Listening to her weave these magical stories, I began to imagine that there was something else besides *this*. She also believed that when I got sick, it was because "evil spirits" had gotten into me, and so she would exorcise the demons. No kidding! She would light this foul-smelling herb called *bouchour* and waft the smoke around me. Then she would lick my forehead and spit out whatever pestilence was there. Really! And if my fever didn't break, she would give me Aspirin...

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I've often wondered why I didn't turn out to be some raving psychopath, given my inauspicious beginnings. After all, I would have been perfectly justified in being enraged that I was abandoned at birth and repeatedly afterwards.

One of the things that saved me was that I was abducted by aliens. No, really! I know for a fact (trust me on this one) that *someone* or *something* took me somewhere else when I was newly born. I was born in a Catholic hospital run by nuns. Upon witnessing my cleft lip and palate, they concluded that it was a sign of the Devil's cloven hoof, and they left me alone by an open window, uncared for, for three days. I should have died, but I didn't. How come? Simple! My body was there but not my spirit. I was lifted far away from that wretched place and held in loving arms for those three days. Of that I am certain. In my cellular memory, I *know* that I was on some "spacecraft," or something. It is impossible to describe the experience fully.

I am telling you this so that you too can take evasive action when someone is threatening to kill you. You can *send yourself somewhere else!*" How can I do this," you may well ask. IF YOU CAN THINK OF A PLACE OR A TIME, YOU CAN SEND YOURSELF THERE!! It really is that easy. Our imagination is a passport to fantastic and wondrous adventures as well as a means of escaping threats and dangers. These can be physical, emotional, mental or spiritual dangers. You just *think* yourself there and you *are* there!

Okay, you are now saying, “I want to go somewhere else NOW! Show me HOW!” Well, it’s called bi-locating. Padre Pio, an Italian monk who lived during World War II, was observed to be bi-locating and this was documented by several reliable sources. The Americans were instructed to dump their payloads, and he realized that if they did this where they planned to, it would destroy his monastery. So several American pilots reported seeing this monk *standing* in the clouds as they flew by, instructing them to turn back. They did, and his monastery was saved. If this doesn’t shock you, please know that while this was occurring, Padre Pio was also seen to be going about his more earthly duties in the monastery, at the same time.

Try this now. Notice where you are right in this present moment. Perhaps you are at home or on a bus. Now close your eyes, but not if you’re driving a car – if you are you have no business reading this book now anyway! Close your eyes and imagine that you are in one of your favorite places. It could be in nature or even in your own home. See all the familiar sights. Hear all the sounds there. Notice the smells. Feel the warmth or coolness on your skin. Now just take a moment to relax in this wonderful place. Take a mini vacation here.

Now, open your eyes. Don’t you feel different? That’s because some part of you *actually* went there. You were in two places at once.

I recommend that you also do this in times of discomfort. Send part of yourself wherever it needs to go to obtain the wisdom or knowledge necessary to change the situation you’re in for the better. I believe that there are several dimensions in time and space. There may be different versions of you living an entirely different existence from this one. I have connected to my other selves through lucid dreams, which means I intentionally sent myself somewhere as I was falling asleep, with a specific agenda. I must say, meeting an older version of myself was weird, but I obtained very useful information, which serves me in my present life.

How do I practice lucid dreaming, you ask? As you prepare yourself for sleep, ask to go wherever you need to and learn what you require. Remember to request that you recall all this upon awakening. And then fasten your seat belt.