



## **The Saurumba Messages**

I have always been a student of truth. I eagerly devoured all knowledge which came to me in many forms. However, after tiring of poring over other-worldly tomes of esoteric teachings in my efforts to separate truth, falsehood and “poetic licence”, it was suggested to me that I write my own book. A daunting task. But, on mulling it over, I began to get the idea of a little book which may appeal in a simple way to others who seek the truth,

Therefore this book is not intended to fill the pews of any church and does not lend itself to any creed or particular way of life. There is no bloodshed, violence or bad language - there is no need.

As everyone knows, the best place to begin is at the beginning: However I won't bore the reader by regressing to my formative years as this book is about much more than its author. Rather, I shall gloss over these years giving the reader a brief synopsis of myself.

I lived the first twenty-odd years of my life in a fairly ordinary manner. I did not consider myself (and neither did anyone else!) to be a particularly spiritual person although I have always been interested in the truth. Life has been hard in places as it is with most of us and it is only in retrospect I can see a lot of the hardships were brought about by myself in my never ending search for something which I was unable to define.

But, as with most things, a point is reached and in my own case it came with the depression. I went through one bout of depression after another with small periods of remission in between. This lasted about two and a half years during which I tried various treatments, orthodox and alternative. I took up new interests but always there was the inner compulsion to look for something which, by this time, I believed was non-existent.

When I think back I am shocked to realise how difficult it must have been to live with me at this time. My husband and daughter were very supportive but as time passed I became more and more unreachable. My nadir was reached when I came to the conclusion that if I could not find my reason for being, for living, then I had no wish to go on doing so. I came to this decision quietly and privately and I told no one.

Soon after this my husband Hugh (nine years later we divorced) brought me a book on meditation in the hope it would help me relax. I had no particular interest in anything by this time, much less meditation and the book lay gathering dust for a while before I finally read it.

There was something in the meditation which drew me like a magnet; getting in touch with the God within seemed infinitely more real than sitting on a draughty pew of a

Sunday. There are plenty of excellent books on meditation should the reader be interested. I mention it here because I consider meditation to be the stepping stone on which I crossed the spiritual Rubicon and also as a beneficial self-help therapy which anyone can use.

It was entirely due to half an hour of meditation each evening with my husband that we discovered I had a natural leaning towards healing and Hugh has the ability to see and to hear Spirit. This ability was rather weak at first and caused him a lot of strain and headaches; he explained it as using a muscle which has lain dormant and grows strong with exercise. So Hugh's ability increased and I found a great wonder in healing although both these abilities were confined to immediate family only at this time.

As Hugh's mediumistic "muscle" gained strength he discovered he was able to have conversations with various spirits, some who were known to us, others who were not. I must point out that all this happened in a natural and very gradual manner and no upset was caused to either of us. In fact I believe infinite trouble was taken on the side of spirit to ensure that this was so. After each conversation we would try madly to recount what had been said and write it down. A few months later the conversations became longer and the best way of ensuring a verbatim account was to record each session on tape.

As the sessions progressed there became one who visited more often, who spoke for longer than the others. He introduced himself as my teacher and guide, Saurumba. I will mention here that at this stage Hugh merely repeated what he heard the guide saying and then I would reply. He was not in any kind of trance he was, to use his own words, "a telephone."

My early conversations with Saurumba were humorous and chatty, not at all what you would expect in a communication with a discarnate being. Saurumba has become very dear to me and I have the utmost respect for him and his work which he executes to the very best of his capabilities and I feel privileged to know him although he has always insisted that the message is more important and for this reason has, on numerous occasions, taken a back seat.

Things carried on in this way for a short while until one evening Saurumba announced "Now the lessons will begin." From then on our sessions became the lessons on which this book is based (it was at Saurumba's suggestion that the book be written.) Nothing marks me as a writer of books except the feeling of wanting to share this knowledge with all who will listen. I had found my reason for being.

We knew when Saurumba was there by the peacefulness which pervaded the room. When the lessons proper began other spirits ceased to manifest as often thereby lending their power for our lessons. Saurumba and I would talk for about 45 minutes and because this was longer than Hugh's previous contacts, he would enter a light trance from which the guide could relinquish him instantly should anything serious occur. Now Hugh had no recollection of what had been said but would emerge deeply refreshed afterwards.

There is no doubt that this method of communication required a lot of trust from Hugh but by the time we had progressed to this stage Saurumba had become a familiar friend, as indeed had our other spirit visitors, and so Hugh was able to accept this next stage quite naturally.

So now we have Hugh in a light trance, no longer repeating what he hears but allowing the guide to speak through him. It may be worth mentioning that Saurumba employs no foreign accent or mannerisms but the voice is a good deal softer than Hugh's (Glaswegians are not known for their dulcet tones!) although the accent is

basically the same. I must also mention at this point Hugh's dilemma - was it really happening or just a figment of his sub-conscious mind? He would refuse to allow me to discuss in advance anything I wished to bring up with Saurumba for this reason. Basically this little book is based on the lessons and may also serve as an indication of our progress and it is hoped it may help in some small way all who read its pages. Enjoy the book.