

The Message and the Stones

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Rosanne and I met on the 19th of May and quickly became close friends. She was going to BC for the summer and I knew I would miss her. Hers was a very spiritual journey, one that would expand her already amazing gift and she was very excited. We spent a lot of time together, me learning from her, absorbing all I could. One morning, just a few days before Rosanne's scheduled departure on June 27th, I awoke with a voice telling me to give her my "stones".

When Rick and I were in St. Martins, New Brunswick, on the Bay of Fundy near the mouth of the St. John River in 2001, we walked along the beautiful beach. It was covered in an array of small, colourful stones and as we wandered along it, I picked a number of them to bring home with me. They were plum size and in pink, green, burgundy, white, turquoise and black and white striped. When we returned home, I placed them in the planters beside the fireplace and never gave them another thought until the morning I heard "the message".

I gathered them up in a box and gave them to Rosanne to take with her out to BC, not really knowing why. One day, after Rosanne had been out west for a while, she was fishing at the Fraser River with her mom and she had the stones with her. While she was sitting there, she looked around her and saw stones, the same colour, size and shape as the ones I had given her. She asked her high guide, Running Bear, what she was to do with the east coast stones and she was told to roll them into the river, bringing the east and west together. It was a very spiritual moment for her and has a significance we are yet to know.