

An imperfect Gift

When Finn was 3 years old my brother died in Australia, I became anxious and my son Finn had ongoing tonsillitis with high fevers.

Everything the doctors did made him dangerously ill.

I gratefully heeded the advice of Anna van der Lip, an elderly Dutch Quaker. Again and again I put his small, hot body in a cold bath, then wrapped him in a wet sheet and covered this with blankets and a hot water bottle.

The sheets became dry with his fever.

I bought a juicer and fed him fresh, organic, vegetable and apple juices.

He regained his health and kept his tonsils.

That was just the beginning of learning & practicing natural, holistic healing and healthcare.



When he was young, fifty years ago, forty years ago, thirty years ago no-one knew about autism. Even I, as a mother who researched everything with a desire to understand, only learnt about autism five years



ago. That was too late to prevent the ignorance of the Health system from misdiagnosing autism, labelling it mental illness and coercing us both to take addictive, disabling psychiatric drugs.

It soon became apparent that these Psych drugs brought only harm. Finn's creativity and zest for life shut down. His fine, healthy, sportsman body became distorted. The psychiatric drug Olanzapine/Zyprexa has long been known to disrupt the body's message system, cause pancreatic confusion and diabetes.

During Finn's life people arrived, unbidden, at my doorstep to tell me something about Finn 'that I needed to know.'

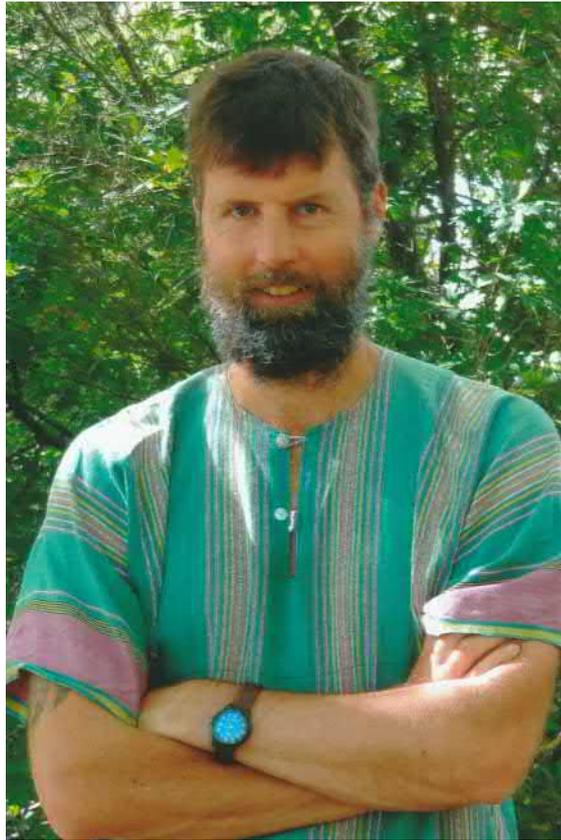
"He is very sensitive. Almost too sensitive for our earthly vibration. Imagine a baby with no skin being put into a hot oven.. it's something like that for him."

"He is more 'out there' than you. He has some kind of job communicating other intelligences in the universe to this world."

"He is very powerful. Protected all over. You have chosen each other to learn something."

"He was one of the first Doctors in Boston to prescribe chemical medication. Now he wants to reassess natural and chemical approaches to healing."

"He needs a lot of space and time alone to fulfil his function."



Six weeks ago Finn said loud and clear.

“My body and soul have had enough.” We looked deep into each others eyes. He vomited foods he had once eaten, became thin and weak with a bloated belly and legs, yellow eyes and skin.

“His liver is damaged and he has pancreatic cancer,” was the conclusion.

THE CAUSE: Ignorance of autism

and Olanzapine/Zyprexa. A Psychiatric drugs.

His dying to earthly life was messy and meaningful.

HOLY WEEK 2022 WHAT HAPPENED?

Monday 11th April. A harsh tubular steel Hospital bed and commode are delivered. They invade Finn’s calm bedroom.

Tuesday 12th April Blood, faeces and urine everywhere as Finn tried to use the commode. His legs don’t work unless he lifts each one at the knee and places it down. I got a large sheet of clear plastic and laid it over the carpet. Mopped up the sickening mess each morning. Nausea from the appalling sights and smell. Heavy sorrow for his distress.

Wednesday. 13th April Finn is no longer eating. He got stuck in the bath. It was almost impossible for us to get him out. Last bath

Thursday 14th April He can't get out of bed. I am changing & washing bloody sheets and undies 3 times daily.

"This is terrible." he whispered in pain. His yellow eyes implored me to do something. Thursday night I woke up with a shock to the sound of myself wailing loudly like a distressed baby.

Friday 15th April Easter. Good Friday. Finn can no longer swallow. We considered other ways to take morphine for the pain. The patches were too strong a dose for him. I decided to forget morphine or anything else and hope he would sleep more. He slept off and on. Woke quite alert in the afternoon.

"How's Mum?" he enquired in the whisper remains of his voice. That went straight through my heart. He seemed to be growing in stature, as though he was relinquishing a role and returning to the fullness of his True Self. The daylight came and went. Even though I am exhausted I will sleep in the room next to his, I decided. I checked on him every two hours through the night, changed his soiled linen, clothes and the pads which held his constant excretions of blood, brown urine and clotted bloody faeces,

Saturday 16th April Full moon in Libra. At 3.30pm I was awakened by a very loud thud. Six foot three and used to a king sized bed, he rolled off the narrow hospital bed.



His legs and arms did not work any more. His huge, heavy belly full of pancreatic cancer, bile and distorted organs hurt and pulled his body to the floor. He had become heavy with the weight of immobilised, fluid-filled legs. I moved the mattress to the floor but could not lift him on to it. He was half conscious with shock. I phoned the Hospice. "I'll call an ambulance," was their response. No way! I wanted a peaceful, gentle solution. NO drama. No rushing to hospital. But who could I phone at 3.30am?

This is where the Universe works in amazing ways. Miracles. Synchronicity. In 2020 I had slipped on dry eucalypt leaves and hurt my tail bone. An English osteopath Chris York, rebalanced my energy flow and later, with Finn and young Jenny, partook of a weekly creative class to "Unfurl True Self." We got to know each other well. Chris had just been loaned a flat nearby for a few days until he left for UK on Monday. Who else could I phone at 3.30am? Luckily his mobile sound was on. He arrived in minutes. After several attempts we eventually got Finn onto the mattress and made him as comfortable as we could.

Two hours later I roused myself to check Finn. Wet with sweat, his eyes were rolled upward as in some meditators, his body rhythmically rocking and gasping as if in a seizure. Was this delayed shock? Was he in pain? I stayed still and waited. The telephone rang. It was Sarah, a Scottish Hospice nurse.

"I understand that Finn fell out of bed. Would you like me to come and sit with you?" Yes I would. Sarah was lightly, solidly present as we sat on the floor either side of Finn on the mattress. She spoke in a low, calm voice and introduced herself to Finn. His rocking and gasping changed to a lighter gasp for breath. His eyes came back to centre and looked at us.

"We will wash you Finn, change the sheets and make you more comfortable."

"I think that Finn is passing," Sarah told me. Look! His hand is very relaxed." She lifted a lifeless, beautiful hand. "I'll get some disposable cloths and you get the warm water." We washed him reverently, changed the sheets and wet pyjamas. I brushed his hair. He looked slowly into my eyes. Love poured between us.

The next phase was ten or so minutes of wonderment. With widened eyes and short breaths he looked this way and that. At the blue sky out the window, at Sarah, myself, the ceiling, the room. It was as if he were astonished to perceive multiple dimensions that we could only feel. My heart raced with the Oneness download.... that I felt. It was almost too big for my system to incorporate.

I walked out to put the laundry in the washing machine and breathe.

“Skye, there’s a change.” Sarah’s voice sounded excited. “It’s just his young, healthy body holding on,” she whispered.

He had become still. His eyes were open straight ahead and still, soft. There were long pauses between breaths. I made myself comfortable on the floor beside him. How beautiful he is. His hair, his noble features, white teeth. My eyes filled. I resisted an urge to hold his hand with the thought, “Let his soul fly.”

“It’s time to leave you two now.” said sarah. Everything became very spacious and peaceful, timeless, eternal, almost celebratory.

When his breath stopped he still looked real lying there. But it was empty. His soul left quickly without a backward glance.. Speeding into known realms that were always more ‘home’ to him than the earthly role he played. We both knew he ‘was about his Creator’s business.’ The moment seemed ordinarily vast.

Later that day, that lifetime, a sensitive, reverent, Maori Woman funeral director assessed the weight of Finn’s earthly body.

“Is it ok if I get my husband and two sons to carry Finn to the trolley?” she asked. She summoned her three huge Maori men. Like some chiefly rangatira, ceremonial procession they carried him on a stretcher, past our Wood stack, past my new garden with jonquils already sprouting, and into the waiting vehicle. Hands over my thumping electric heart I watched it move slowly down the long driveway.