



A Lucid Dream Healing of My Dad

By Ginny Miller © 2015

For the past few years my father has been going in for regular checkups and blood draws. During this time his platelet count slowly declined, to the degree that last February they scheduled a blood draw to see if he has leukemia, and would require treatment. He had his blood drawn on Thursday, February 12th, and would get the results back on the following Tuesday. At the time, I felt really concerned about this, and on Sunday night decided to incubate a lucid dream with the intention of doing a healing. In the early morning I had an amazing dream:

"I find myself awake and dreaming as I walk through a department store. I remember my Dad and that I need to find him to do a healing. I go to the counter and ask for a phone. I call my parents' number and my father answers. I say "Hi Dad," and he says "Oh, you are here." I tell him where I am and ask him to meet me outside. I step outside, the day is gray and overcast. People are dressed warmly with coats and scarfs. I am standing on the steps of this department store. It is an older building and a downtown that I remember from growing up in Redding. I find myself looking to find my Dad. I am a ways from the street and I am anxious to find him so I walk to the road out front to wait. The pavement is damp as if it has rained recently. Everything is incredibly crisp and real - the smell of recent rain, the slight chill in the air. I am there. I see my Dad's black pickup truck pull up. He gets out. He walks toward me wearing a dark blue driving cap pulled down over his face that I don't remember seeing him wear before. He has on a black leather jacket.

He kneels down in front of me, I kneel as well. I put my hands on his shoulders. I look upward and ask for his healing. I look at my Dad as he raises his head to look at me. His face illuminates from within and looks translucent and he is younger looking, like in pictures I have seen when he was in his late teens and first married. His eyes are sparkling and he is smiling. We know that the healing has happened. I smell the fresh scent of rain on the pavement. I remember this day and always will. The dream fades."

I share my dream with my Dad the following morning and I also give Ed Kellogg a call later to share it with him. I am feeling so certain that his tests will be good as this is one of the most amazing lucid healing dreams I've ever had.

My father goes to his appointment on Tuesday and calls me that evening. The test results are not good. The numbers are down. When he asked his doctor what this means, she tells him it means he

has leukemia and needs chemotherapy. She schedules more invasive tests on him to follow up as well.

I am speechless. I hang up. I am in tears. I am disheartened. I am completely broken in spirit and belief at this time. I call Ed. I leave a message. I tell him I no longer believe in lucid dreams and especially in lucid dream healing. He returns my call and tries to reassure me by telling me sometimes lucid dream healings may take time. He sends me lots of information and material to send to my Dad for him to look into regarding ways to heal from cancer. For a few days we do this. My father is open to everything.

Then, a most wonderful thought comes to me - they had drawn my father's blood three days before I had the dream. I am thrilled with this knowledge! I share it with my Dad. He is skeptical, but as always, very open to everything regarding healing. We share a close bond in this way and always have. I want to tell him he does not need to get the CAT scan that they have ordered, but I feel I have intruded with so much information that I do not. My Dad and I talk about the upcoming CAT scan. He remembers he has lesions on his liver that have been there for years and have caused no problems, but he jokes "Wait until my doctor sees those!" We laugh. His CAT scan comes back completely clear - even the lesions on his liver have apparently disappeared. They cancel the bone marrow biopsy surgical procedure that they had scheduled. I am thrilled.

About a month later my Dad goes in and gets his blood drawn again and retested. This time his test results look miraculous. His platelet count went from 71 up to 101. His doctor looks stunned at the results, and says she's never seen anything like this happen before. My Dad asks her if she would like to know what he's done, but she doesn't. She does encourage my father by telling him, "Well, whatever you are doing keep on doing it."

Amazing. My dad needs no further testing or anything at all. Aside from the lucid dream healing, he has now made many healthy changes to his diet and lifestyle. He continues on a regimen of healthy eating and walking two miles a day that he began even before this wakeup call.

As an experienced lucid dreamer for more than 10 years, I've had many wonderful dreams. Each and every lucid dream has been thrilling, enlightening, and most magical. From flying on the back of Pegasus, to even having a heart-healing conversation with my sweet dog Diggity after she had passed on. But this healing of my Dad is one of the most amazing and profound bar none, given not only what happened in the dream, but because of the events that followed it in the waking world. I am a believer in the value of lucid dreaming and especially of lucid dream healing. To sum up, I would have to say that lucid dreaming is my preferred state of "being" and to those very special people that share this incredible gift, it is with love that I share this, in the hopes it will inspire others. I wish you all wonderful and exciting times in "the dream time."



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