

Chapter 4

“Go Out and Dig in the Garden”

Luke 1:35 The Holy Spirit will come on you, and the power of the Most High will overshadow you. So the holy one to be born will be called the Son of God.

Luke 1:30 But the angel said to her, “Do not be afraid, Mary; you have found favor with God.

Before bed I had prayed and wrestled over and over with the thought of having another baby. Could I do it at this age? Would the baby be healthy? How would another child affect Landon our son? How would I continue to sing, dance, and produce our shows non-stop with little sleep, adding another child to our already hectic lifestyle. The incessant night-time mind battering began. I looked lovingly at Landon my son, who was sleeping next to me and just 3 years old. I turned over on my stomach to try and calm my thoughts and began to pray. I cried out to God in my desperation to know the answer, and fell asleep on a wet pillow case.

I woke abruptly feeling a kind of dense form of “air pressure” standing next to the bed. Then I heard a female voice gently call my name from about 3 feet away:

“Kymm.”

I sat up and looked around. No one was there, but the room was lit up with pink light from the morning rising sun, —or was it more than that? How could morning light come into the room if the shades were pulled down behind the curtains. I was confused by this, but felt peaceful at the same time, bathing in a kind of pink “loving light.”

Then I heard the voice again, within my inner ear and outside of my physical ear.

“Go out in the garden and dig”

With this statement of action to take, I was given what I call “an instantaneous download image.” (or in better terms clairvoyant communication with the Heavenly realm.)

For me, this is the way that the heavenly realm communicates with a quick movie screen frame placed in my mind, that has an embedded download of information that is lightning fast.

In the scientific and metaphysical world, they call this occurrence clairvoyancy. In the Christian based religion you might have heard “spiritual eyes or eyes of the heart,” in Catholicism the term is “biblical gift or charisms,” but no matter what you are comfortable calling it, it’s one of the ways that God and His Heavenly realm can speak directly to us.

In the past, I used to excuse these communications as something I “made up,” or my mind would come in and tell me to down play them. But it happened so frequently and with accurate validation, that I began to trust my intuitive gift from my creator.

Even though I was new at the intuitive realm, I knew that I did not actively generate this “movie screen image” with my own thoughts or imagination, and this “quick downloaded movie frame” showed me *exactly* where to “dig.” I saw a mental photograph of the rose garden with a white arrow pointing at the base of one of the rose bushes in the garden with the feeling “Dig Here.”.

My mind immediately argued with the female voice.

“I am not going out in the garden right now it’s too early, and if Landon wakes up, he will get scared and not know where I am.”

There. I told her. I mean really? It was winter right?why would I go out to dig at dawn?

A few moments passed where I got into my mind race.

“See, you are making things up again, no one is answering you. It was probably a dream!” my mind came in proudly. The smaller more gentle

voice inside said quietly “How could it be a dream, if I was awake when I heard the voice?”

”My Mind” was quiet for a millisecond.

Then again, ever so gently the voice came with a type of truthful firmness I can not describe in earthly terms.

It was more like a simple statement with no emotional attachment, and the intent of “it is happening now.”

Also, I was aware that when “she” said the phrase, it was “colored” soft pink. I actually felt the color inside of me, and in my head along with the hues in the room with the sun rising. It was like a bath in pink light inside and out.

“She”— whoever “she” was, was not really detoured by my mind. The voice emitted patience for eternity, as in the eternity of forever and ever and ever and ever and ever and it never got annoying to her.

“Go out into the garden and dig”

“*Really?*” I said inside to myself. I looked at Landon sleeping. “You could probably go?”

I saw my body moving already to get up, and said reluctantly “ok I am listening.”

I grabbed my fluffy short pink robe, pink shorts, and grey Ugg boots that someone described on me as looking like a Clydesdale horse because of the short fur at the ankle.

I stumbled down the stairs and across the cold grey and white marble tile, and ventured out through the large black french doors in the entry way.

As I opened the door, it was really brisk, as in an actual real winter morning for Southern California. I walked around to the back of the house following the direction of the “downloaded” picture the voice had placed inside my inner vision “movie theatre screen.”

When I walked into our rose garden, it seemed as though time did not exist. The air was still and it was no longer brisk or at least I did not notice it anymore. I sat down on the old cracked and sun beaten sitting bench in front of the water fountain feature. Hummingbirds came shooting like curious and confident falling stars. They would instantly hover over the water and stare at me with red, green and blue colors in their delicate angelic hand painted feathers.

At one moment, there were 3 hummingbirds that met together in front of me as if *cued*, floating effortlessly and hovering in sound. It seemed an eternity that they just floated in mid air like tiny fairies with Heavenly tidings. They gazed at me curiously, as though I were some new strange pink robed flower, but with the confidence and direction of something commanding them to witness what was to occur.

I am not sure why I sat down on the bench first instead of just going to dig. I just felt like I was in some sort of air pressured energy vortex. It felt surreal. The voice did not come again, but the “download of the mental picture” did.

I looked passed the fountain and saw the spot the movie screen “picture” directed me to go to. It was a particular red rose bush that had lots of cottonwood dried leaves piled around it. It was to the right of the rose bush where the movie picture had displayed a white arrow “dig here.” I knelt down and brushed away 4 inches of leaves piled up and got to the soil. I dug down about 3 or 4 more inches with my fingers. The dirt was dark and soft from rain and watering. As I dug, I thought maybe I had found a rock just there. But I didn’t find a rock.

Like an archeologist, I carefully brushed away the dirt on some kind of figurine.

Low and behold...as I brushed away the dirt and dug deeper to scoop it out around the edges, I realized I had a figurine of the Blessed Mother in my hand.

Mother Mary.



I fell to my knees. I was in awe or shock. I began to cry and hold the figurine near my heart. I let out primal heart tones like “oh oh oh.”

I literally could not believe my eyes. It all came rushing over me that Mother Mary was actually talking to me and asking me to dig this statue up out of the earth. A statue of her- the Divine and Holy Mother.

It was the sign I asked for, or at least I took it as the sign to try for another child, specifically Lyric who would come to be born two years later.

I never told many people about the “Lourdes -like- direct from- THE MOTHER- message”, because in some ways, I really did not believe it. I almost couldn’t totally absorb what had happened. It wasn’t until years later when she came to me again in my darkest hour did I know that I

needed to share and write this book you are reading right now. The oddest thing about the tiny statue was that she had no hands. They must have fallen off from being buried for many years? or perhaps they were not there when it was buried.

It would be many years before I would be told the meaning of a figurine of the Blessed and Holy Mother of God with no hands, which I will share with you in the coming chapters ahead.