



PEBBLES *IN THE* POND

Transforming the World
One Person at a Time

WAVE TWO

compiled by
CHRISTINE KLOSER
“The Transformation Catalyst”

Transform Your Trauma Into Your Triumph

From the Best Seller Book “Pebbles in the Pond
- Wave 2”

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TO MY SURPRISE THE CAR KEY WOULD NOT SLIP INTO THE DOOR LOCK.

BANG!

A violent blast deafened my ears and knocked me to the ground. I lay there on the cold, concrete floor of the parking garage, unable to move my legs. Thousands of thoughts converged into one microsecond. *What’s happening? Why can’t I feel my legs? Why are they shaking?* Looking over my shoulder, I saw him. Our eyes met and horror filled my veins. My ex-boyfriend, Jay, stood just a few feet behind me holding two rifles, one under each arm. Confused and terrified, I asked, “Did you shoot me?”

Wearing cowboy boots and a leather jacket, his six-foot-three frame silently towered over me. Trembling, I asked, “Why did you shoot me, Jay?” I frantically ran my hands down my right leg, then my left, feeling for wounds.

“If I can’t have you, no one can!” Jay’s gruff, booming voice echoed off the cars and walls in the parking garage. “Look at me!” he insisted, As he aimed the barrel of one rifle directly at my head. “Look at me!” I froze... couldn’t breathe...couldn’t think. “TELL ME WHY I SHOULDN’T KILL YOU RIGHT NOW!” he demanded with his finger on the trigger.

How should I answer him? What will stop him? He’s about to pull the trigger again! Suddenly the memory of my mother’s instruction to “never stare down an angry dog” flashed through my mind. I looked away from Jay’s penetrating eyes, not wanting to provoke him. “No, Jay, don’t!” I pleaded. “You love me. You don’t want to do this! Please, Jay, stop!”

Attempting to gain protection under my car, I pulled myself forward. I found none. To my dismay the undercarriage of my compact two-door was too low for my head to fit under. Determined to escape, I crawled arm over arm towards the front bumper and the

garage wall. Continuing to point the barrel at me, Jay followed my every move as I slowly dragged my unresponsive legs across the garage floor.

I have to get away! I have been through so much already! I have so many dreams to fulfill!

“LOOK AT ME!” Jay’s voice suddenly exploded again. “LOOK AT ME RIGHT NOW!” Obediently I jerked my head around as ordered, praying Jay’s face would not be the last thing I ever saw. “No one will want you the way you are now! This is all your fault! You are to blame!” Jay’s angry voice screamed “LOOK AT ME!” Abruptly he pivoted the rifle, pointing it under his own chin.

“No, Jay, don’t!” I cried out. “I love you! I really do love you! You need help, that’s all! You just need help! Please! Don’t do this! Please don’t kill yourself! Go, now! I won’t tell anyone! Just go!” I pleaded.

Jay blasted, “If I let *you* live, I’m not going to leave you with anyone else to love!” before bolting out of the parking garage and disappearing into the darkness. I listened to each pounding boot step fade as the distance grew between us.

I knew instantly he meant he was going to kill the people I loved! Frantic, I scanned the ground for my car keys and located them under the passenger side of the car. Driven to warn my family, I dragged myself closer and stretched under the car to reclaim the keys. I reached up to the door handle and slipped the key into place. Just as I heard the door unlock, the garage filled with brilliant light. Headlights! Someone was coming! Help was here!

A female driver was at the wheel. Her wiper blades swished the rain from her windshield. Our eyes met as she stopped the vehicle. “HELP ME!” I shouted. Her eyes looked away to scan the garage. She spotted the rifle Jay had laid on the floor. That was the turning point for her. The car backed away and out of the underground garage. “WAIT!” I yelled. “COME BACK! I NEED HELP!”

How could she leave? Oh, God, please give me strength!

I yanked at the door’s handle until the door opened. I lifted my body up and across the front seats. I inserted the key in the ignition and started the engine.

“Dear God, help me. HELP ME!” I prayed. Lying across the front seat and below the steering wheel, I put one hand to the gas pedal and the other on the wheel. From this vantage point, my only guide was the ceiling of the garage, which I could barely see through the portion of window above the dashboard.

Inch by inch, I escaped the scene of horror as I drove my car with my hands.

Alternating from the brake pedal to the gas, I made it out into the street. I strained to pull myself upright into the driver’s position and leaned on the horn. I screamed out the window, “PLEASE! SOMEBODY HELP ME!” Lights flashed in the distance, making their way towards me! Tears streamed over my cheeks. Within seconds the paramedics were instructing me to unlock my front door.

“You need to call my mother!” I screamed. “You’ve got to warn my family! Hurry! He’s going to kill my family! They’re in Cloverdale! Please, you’ve got to warn them!”

“Miss, you’re injured. We’re here to help *you*!” the medic said.

“I’m not going *anywhere* until you send them help!” I insisted. “I won’t let you touch me until you do!” My panic was relieved when the medic reached for his radio and I heard him call in my information to the authorities. I released the door lock. The paramedic cautiously laid me over the steering wheel as another flashed a bright light into my car. My clothing was cut away, layer by layer, and there it was... a bullet hole in my back. I had been shot. No exit wound was found. An overwhelming feeling that I might not survive swelled over me as I was lifted into the ambulance. I looked up into the warm eyes of the paramedic and asked, “Would you hold my hand please... in case I die before I make it to the hospital?”

He gripped my hand firmly, looked straight into my eyes, and flatly stated, “You are going to live, my dear.” With those words of encouragement, I experienced a comforting wave of peace wash over my body.

Upon arrival at the hospital emergency room, I was examined by the doctor and a portable x-ray machine was rushed to my bedside. Just then my mother and stepfather arrived, without my sister. “Mom, where’s Chanty?!” I demanded.

“Your sister is at work, sweetheart, no need to worry,” my mother reported, quivering with emotion.

Dr. Bright Eyes, as I remember him, interrupted us. “I have good news! Look at this x-ray!” he began. “The bullet is lodged in your spine and has cut one of your main cords.”

Where is the good news in this? I wondered. The doctor continued, “The nerve is cut. However, it is not entirely severed. A few thin fibers remain intact and the best course of action is to leave the bullet in place. Removing the bullet guarantees paralysis; leaving it in place offers a glimmer of hope.”

In that instant I clung to the shred of hope he offered. The vision of walking, running, and dancing again was the life I was choosing. I was only twenty years old and earlier that day I had received my acceptance letter for the new semester of college. I had just begun to live my life!

I was whisked up to a private room and a guard stood outside my door. The nurse told me she was giving me something to help me rest, but I didn’t expect to be sedated for several days. Upon waking three days later, I questioned what had happened and the nurse explained they had knocked me out to aid my body in recovering from the trauma.

The back pain came on strong as the medications wore off. I was committed to taking as few drugs as possible. I did not like the way the medication made my brain foggy. I had my mind made up to fully heal and return to all the activities I loved, and the physical limitations were not going to stop me.

The extraordinary athletic coaches I’d had during my childhood had instilled in me the benefits of determination and visualization. The moment that smiling-eyed doctor offered me my shred of hope, I claimed it as my destiny. I meditated on my strong, vibrant body returning to perfect health! Spirit over matter, I was determined to walk again!

My legs remained numb, yet I understood my mission: to get my feet and legs moving again as soon as possible. I called upon the teachings of my basketball coaches who taught me to visualize the ball in the net *before* the ball left my hands. I started with bed exercises, learning to move my listless legs and feet.

My devoted mother faithfully stayed at my bedside. We bonded in new and heightened ways. We shared positive visions of the future. During our special time together she reminded me of a favored bedtime story from my childhood: *The Little Engine That Could*. I reacquainted myself with the empowering concept and began to say mantras to the familiar tune. “I know I can! I know I can! I am strong! I am strong!”

Within one week I was standing, though I was held by supportive therapists as I teetered on my legs. The following week I advanced to using a walker with assistance. I would swing one foot in front of the other by using my hips as swivels, all the while visualizing my legs strong and moving fluidly again. Each day I was getting stronger. I was ecstatic when I graduated to walker-walking without assistance, and started doing laps up and down the hospital hall. I would set my goals a little farther each day, and thrived on the encouragement from my mother, visitors, nurses, and caregivers.

Even though I was physically mobile using the walker, I only had about fifty percent of the feeling in my legs. The doctors could not assure me as to how much mobility would return to my lower extremities, yet all agreed they were surprised by my success thus far. In three short weeks I was ready to leave the hospital and continue my physical therapy on my own.

“Sweetheart,” my mother announced one morning, “I want you to stay with us during your recovery. To be sure you’re safe and cared for... taking the prescriptions... eating well.”

Us? I thought. You want me to go back into the silence of our family secrets and forget about all the abuse there? Home with you and Chanty, yes... but home with him? My stepfather? I would rather not subject myself to his rampages again.

“Okay, Mom, I’ll come to your house because I would love your help. It’s the best option as I don’t want to be alone right now. However, no prescriptions; I want to remain clear-minded and stable on my feet. I’ll heal much faster that way.”

Once in the house, I began a rigorous self-healing routine of physiotherapy sessions and home exercises during which I pushed past the pain with my sights on my goal. I visualized myself walking the white, sandy beaches of Hawaii and body-surfing the waves that set me free. Motivated by a deep, inner strength stronger than my limitations, I pushed myself harder with each passing week and emerged one Sunday morning, dressed and ready to reconnect with friends in the congregational community.

I pushed my walker through the doorway and onto the porch. Invigorating, brisk air filled my lungs and rejuvenated my senses. I felt wonderful being alive! *One step at a time*, I reminded myself. *I know I can, I am strong*. As I slid my walker inches forward, a sharp, sudden bolt of energy jolted down through the top of my head down the back of spine down to my legs. *My legs! My legs! Oh, my God, I feel my legs and feet!* “MOM, LOOK,” I proclaimed, “Look, I am walking!” I stepped away from the walker, threw up my hands, and gave thanks.

By Monday morning I was on the phone planning the details of my trip to Hawaii. A few weeks later I was there, in Honolulu. I arrived alive and walking! I filled my days and evenings with nature, swimming in the ocean, soaking up the sun, hula dance classes, and enjoying the life I had envisioned in my mind.

Only three short months after the shooting, on my twenty-first birthday, I was experiencing and living in paradise. I was the miracle of my own making. That day I set my intention. No more reliving the details of my nightmare with Jay; no more allowing people to feel sorry for me. I wanted the shooting behind me, and right then vowed to myself not to reveal my past to anyone in my future.

Since then I've dedicated my life to continue learning and sharing the empowerment and healing tools most helpful to me during my recovery. I became a sought-after holistic healer, wellness consultant, and life coach, and enjoyed empowering individuals, corporations, and celebrities, all the while keeping my own ordeal private.

Twenty years later, however, in May of 2011, I was awakened in my sleep by what can only be described as a divine voice – a profound and clear command telling me, “Callie, the world needs to hear your story. You need to share it!” Simultaneously a movie appeared in my vision that allowed me to witness my story, now played by actors, for the benefit of others.

We all have within us the strength to create miraculous lives, *if* we choose to. Your beliefs, Your commitment, and Your Spirit are here to empower you to triumph over the trauma in *your* life! Connect with and command the strength of Spirit within yourself.

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Callie Kares has impacted the lives of tens of thousands as a trusted Master Intuitive Energy Practitioner, Miracle Mentoring coach, Retreat Facilitator and Powerhouse Speaker. Through her powerful journey from abuse and paralysis to standing triumphant, Callie is living proof of the strength within the steadfast Spirit. She shares her extraordinary transformational methods empowering others globally. Connect to live the Life of Your Dreams and receive Callie's free audio meditation, “The Self Empowerment Key” at www.CallieKares.com.