

IN THE STILLNESS,
I LISTEN.
IN THE LOVE,
I RECEIVE.

YOU ARE
NEVER ALONE

*love
never ends*

SIGNS
SYNCHRONICITIES
WHISPERS
DOWNLOADS
FEELINGS
DREAMS

*Guidance is
always around You*

THOSE WE LOVE
NEVER TRULY LEAVE.
THEY LIVE ON IN
OUR HEARTS.

SURROUNDED BY LOVE
GUIDED BY LIGHT

*Thank you
for the signs,
the support and
the unconditional
love. I surrender
and trust*

I AM
HELD
I AM
GUIDED
I AM
LOVED

TRUST
THE PATH
EVEN WHEN
YOU DON'T SEE
THE WHOLE
JOURNEY

OPEN YOUR HEART

BE STILL
AND KNOW

Spirit
IS SPEAKING

I let go
I trust
I surrender
I am
guided

I choose
love
peace
and
alignment

SURRENDER



Tell Me Our Story · Ancestral Healing

Understanding the Language

*A guide to connecting with your spiritual team —
your loved ones, your ancestors, your guides, your angels*

Tell Me Our Story



When we are hurting, when we are wondering, and even
when we are just curious, there's a question a lot of us
carry and never say out loud.

Was that real, or did I make it up.

The song that came on right when I was thinking of him.
The scent of her in a room where it had no reason to be.
The dream that didn't feel like a dream.

We notice these things. And then most of us talk ourselves
out of them, because noticing feels like too much to hope
for.

I talked myself out of them too, for a long time.

So before anything else. You're allowed to have wondered.
You're allowed to think it was them.

They have been waiting for a long time. They want us to learn the language. When you recognize one, when you let yourself believe it was them, they show you more. It's as if they've been waiting to see whether you were listening, and now that you are, they keep speaking. And once you've learned one way they reach you, they try another. A song, and then a scent. A feeling, and then a dream. They broaden it. They're teaching you to understand them.

So this isn't really a guide to signs. It's a guide to the beginning of a conversation. And the ones who love you are patient.

*What follows are some of the ways they come.
Underneath each one, something small to do the next
time it happens. Not a rule. Just a way to answer, so
they know you're listening.*

A song that won't leave you

For weeks I kept hearing "Piano Man." Not once. Over and over, in my head, at odd hours, no radio on. I knew it was a sign. I just didn't know from who.

And then I did. My Great Uncle Bob. He played the piano for me all the time when I was small. Couldn't read a note. Played everything by ear, straight from somewhere inside him. Of course he'd reach me through a song. It was the language he always spoke.

The sign is personal. It's chosen. It carries the fingerprint of the one who sent it, if you sit with it long enough to recognize the hand.

SOMETHING TO TRY

The next time a song won't leave you, don't reach for the radio. Sit with it. Ask who it belongs to. Write down the first name that comes, even if it doesn't make sense.

A visitor who comes before you understand why

Not every sign comes to comfort us after a loss. Some come to prepare us.

Before David died, my great aunt came to me. Sister Lou. A nun, gone for years. She came in a visitation, a dream, clear and present, and I didn't yet know what was ahead. I understand now that she came to walk toward me before the hardest part of my life arrived. She was there first. She told me, "We hear your prayers."

That's one of the tenderest things I've learned. They see what's coming, and they come close.

SOMETHING TO TRY

If someone comes to you, in a dream, a feeling, a presence, don't rush to explain it. Just note who, and when. Sometimes the meaning arrives later. Let it.

The small, ordinary miracles

The feather on the step. The clock that stops at a time that means something. The cardinal, the bluejay that stays too long. The butterflies, the bees, the ladybugs that won't leave you alone. The numbers you keep seeing and seeing and seeing. Easy to dismiss one at a time. That's part of their nature. They ask you to notice, but they are not here to convince you.

If you see one or feel one, ask for another. They know you are trying.

SOMETHING TO TRY

Keep a small list. A note in your phone is fine. Not to prove anything. Just so you stop letting them slip past. Patterns show themselves when you write them down.

A knowing you can't explain

Sometimes there's no object at all. Just a sudden, quiet certainty that they're near. A warmth. A sense of being accompanied in a room you thought was empty.

This one's the hardest to trust, because there's nothing to point to. But it's often the truest. The knowing comes through the heart. We think it needs to be through our head, but it is the heart. And when you feel it and you know ... you won't forget it.

SOMETHING TO TRY

When the knowing comes, don't test it. Just say hello. Out loud, or inside. You don't need proof to answer someone who's already there.

And then they try something new

Once you start answering, pay attention to this.

They don't keep saying the same thing the same way. When they see that you've understood the song, the next one might come as a scent. Then a dream. Then a knowing. They widen it, the way you'd add words to a language once someone's learned the first few.

I think this is the part almost no one is told. The signs aren't random and they aren't stuck. They grow with you. The more you recognize, the more they reach, because now they know you're on the other end.

SOMETHING TO TRY

When something new comes, don't wonder why the old sign stopped. Nothing stopped. They're broadening the conversation. Meet the new one the way you met the first.

*It isn't only the ones we've lost who reach
for us this way. Our ancestors do it. Our
guides do it. The ones who've been with us
since before we can remember.*

*The language is the same. Once you start
listening, you'll find you were never
speaking to an empty room.*

Something to keep

The ways they reach you

A song that won't leave you

A visitor who comes before you understand why

The small, ordinary miracles

A knowing you can't explain

And then, something new

Underneath all of it: a sign is the start of a
language. *When you answer, they say more.*

The next step, when you're ready

*You've been learning the language you
are creating together. This is where you
start to speak it back.*

You don't have to wait for them to come to you. You can go and sit with them. Tell them you feel them. Ask them to share more. If you connect with praying, ask them to pray with you. They are here. They have always been here.

And if you sit with them and nothing comes, nothing is wrong. It doesn't mean they aren't there. Sometimes the quiet is just the beginning of listening.

Whenever you're ready.

With you in it,

Bernadette

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