



Title: Synchronicities

Author(s): Heather Annette Seeley

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wisn.org | 573 Waive'e Street, Lahaina, Hawai'i 96761

Synchronicities

Heather Annette Seeley

At the moment I seem to be basking in the bounty of the synchronicities of the work of Indigenous Mind. The light that balances the shadow is prevalent. I feel honored to see this light of synchronicity at the moment. When I decided to delve into the work of remembering I realized that there would be amazing moments, glorious remembrance and the beauty of reconnecting with my ancestors. I never imagined that I would be blessed with it now.

My Great Grandfather Ward Seeley is showing up quite often these days. After an extended conversation with my Aunt Marion, my father's half sister, in which we told stories of birth and death, of joy and sorrow and family history. Marion found herself in the midst of the conspiracy of spirit. My Step Grandmother, Marion's Mother, Kaye Seeley resides in an Assisted Care Facility in Minnesota. One day a new neighbor showed up and Grandma Kaye decided to welcome her. This woman asked if she was related to the Seeley's from Michigan. She had worked for a doctor in Mayville and Detroit Michigan. This woman was Ward Seeley's secretary for many years. He delivered her children. Marion, after relaying the story to me, indicated that had this happened a month or even a couple of days prior to our conversation she would have thought of it as mere coincidence. But in the wake of our conversation she found herself awe struck by the serendipity of it all. Each day in my prayers I thank Ward Seeley for his presence of my path.

There is a long line of doctors, nurses and healers on both sides of my family. In the living generation there are three western doctors and I. (I am not quite sure how to label my connection to healing at the moment, besides the fact that I am involved with plants and ancestors.) After my maternal grandmother, Annette Bickel's, passing the duty came to the

grandchildren to decided who would have possession of the medical bag that had been in the family for at least two generations. A dark leather medical bag, embossed with E.H. Bickel in gold print under the buckle that held the bag together it held old tinctures, scalpels, medical mirrors, tools of the trade and items that took you back to the time of house visits and non-corporate medicine. Most of the cousins bowed out of the drawing realizing that it had great significance to the doctors but one cousin wanted to be a part. The drawing came down to my two brothers (both are MD's), my cousin and myself. My cousin won. My brother's were deeply distraught by this turn of events. Neither one of them being readily emotional turned within in sadness. I sat dumfounded and disturbed. The event evolved into a family drama in which three hours later my brother's found themselves with my cousin trying to convey to her the importance of this object in their lives. She was unresponsive to their pleas. The wounds were inflicted. Both of my brother's have expressed their need to have the medical bag continue to be passed down to the doctors in the future generations as a rite of passage into the healing profession. They have not heard any response from the Bickel Family.

After the second conversation with my Aunt Marion, she found herself in the basement going through the trunks of old things that she had inherited after my Grandfather's passing. I came home to find a message on my voice mail, " Heather, it's your Aunt Marion. I was going through some of Dad's old things and I came upon Ward Seeley's medical bag and I thought that you and your brother's might like it." That was it. A simple message that send chills down my spine as tears flooded my eyes. Was this true? Had Ward Seeley once again left me awe struck and humbled by his presence? I went to bed that night with tears of joy in my eyes and a smile streamed across my face.

There have also been immense synchronicities within my dreams and waking life. This has come as no surprise and still leaves me pondering, reeling and thankful for the connections of the waking world and the dream world. My Great Great Grandmother, Ward's mother came into my dreams the other night for the first time. I didn't even know her name until a couple of days ago.