

# **One Woman's Miracle: Everyone's Journey**

*My Amazing Journey  
from Death Back to Life*

**SYLVIA L. MARTIN**

## ONE WOMAN'S MIRACLE: EVERYONE'S JOURNEY

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## *About the Author*

Sylvia Martin was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1937. After World War Two and her father Jack's discharge from the Australian Army, the family moved to Wollongong where she was educated and started her career in nursing at just seventeen years old. It was in Wollongong that she also married her husband Michael, who worked for the New South Wales Police Force, rising to the rank of detective in the Criminal Investigation Division.

After their four children left home, Sylvia and Michael moved to the Sunshine Coast in Queensland to retire. Sylvia has been a widow for many years now and after her Near Death Experience in 2005, she has given many talks on her amazing journey. In this, her first book, she relates these events and wishes to share with you the knowledge to realise Who You Really Are and What Your Purpose in Life is really all about.

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*Readers' Responses to One Woman's Miracle,  
Everyone's Journey*

*"This world is perfect, but then you have to understand what perfection is as far as the Universe is concerned, not your own idealism, which is usually created from your own belief systems and teachings. This book will help you understand how right the experience you are now living is perfect in every single one of us. How could it not be! Oh! Do not let me hear you say 'then you must not have suffered' for it is usually the opposite that is the case. For when your suffering (emotional pain) reaches a certain point, you have the chance to turn your idealism into perfection. When this transformation takes place, I say your understanding will become like the tide. Try making the tide come in, when it is not, but once you wake up, try stopping it when it does."*

—Mark Bootle, Mudjimba

*"I highly recommend this amazing book. It will be a shining light in your time of need. When I read it, it was like I was going on a personal journey of self-discovery."*

—Gwen Hodder, Point Arkwright,  
Spiritual Counsellor and  
Hypnotherapy Practitioner

*"One woman's inspiring journey from adversity to 'The Other Side' and back, to share her knowledge and wisdom."*

—Sandi A. Buderim

*"Sylvia is a very special friend, I have known her for many years and she has so much love to give and helps many people to move on. She is amazing for what she has gone through. This is a wonderful story."*

—Jenny Burns, Eumundi

*"Sylvia Martin is a survivor, no matter what the challenge, she deals with it. She comes through with a smile on her face. When she was critically ill, the doctors said they could do no more, however, she proved that the Spirit is stronger than the body and fought her way back; a superhuman effort. She is serene and kind, nothing is too much trouble, she is always there for those who need her, it is a pleasure and privilege to be her friend and this book will help many in need of direction."*

—Kaye Perrett, Yass



## *Dedication*

*I dedicate this book to my fellow Earth Travellers  
who are seeking higher knowledge.  
To Who They Really Are in their quest for happiness,  
inner peace and understanding of  
this third dimension we call Earth.  
Never deviate from your passion  
for you can achieve it all.*





## *Preface*

Sometimes in life, things are just meant to be. After my Near Death Experience in May 2005, I experienced ten months in hospital over a period of seventeen months and an additional couple of years recovering from the ordeal. During the operation my bowel was accidentally cut.

I knew I needed to write about all the experiences I had during this time, both Earthly and spiritually, but my health was so fragile for so long, the thought of it all was just too much to think about at the time.

Many friends and family members would say to me, "You have to write a book about all these things" and I would reply, "Yes I will, when the time is right."

Well, years went by and one morning at 4 am on the 2nd of February 2013, I woke up with a voice in my ear saying to me, "Time to write your book." I hopped out of bed, grabbed a pad and pen, sat down and started my book. Going back over my childhood, I wrote for over two hours, then the feeling faded, so I put the pad away.

Three days later, the huge urge came again, so after many more hours of writing, this book came into being. However, I only wrote when that energy came within me.

It has been the most wonderful experience writing about my life. I would recommend it to everyone. Just going through all the different phases of life and letting go of so many things that really are quite irrelevant is truly cleansing and helps remove any emotional cobwebs from our psyche.



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## *Introduction*

### *My Amazing Journey*

This is the story of my life; of how I was a work-in-progress from an early age and the amazing journey I took to find myself and in doing so wake up to Who I Really Am. This story spans decades of emotional heartfelt pain and is about my struggle of letting go of the conditionings of this world and of this dimension. This book is about how nearing the latter part of my life, I had the most amazing experience of all, an experience of death and what I learned from that. This experience completely changed me and the way I look at life; it put all the missing pieces of the puzzle of life together.

It is my hope that you enjoy reading this book. True, you may find parts of it controversial, but perhaps it may also awaken in you something for which you have long been searching.

From the first time you open your eyes in this lifetime, to the last time you shut them in this lifetime, the only

thing that can happen to you in this life is a continual flow of events that is within the human experience. Once you understand it is the “Isness” of life and the *circumstances* of life and you refuse to pay the experiences of life with emotional pain, there is no price to pay.

It is just the “Isness” of life.

# I

*Wake up! You are so Much More  
Than you Think*

*M*ay I share with you a journey, one that had no apparent hope and even led to death, but out of which came trust, acceptance, understanding, inner peace and life.

As I look back on my life in a reflective state of being, I can see how we come full circle. From *birth to death*, sometimes things happen in a cycle that does not always go to plan.

As a young woman growing up and also throughout my childhood, I really did not have an inkling of what lay ahead in my life's latter stages; events that would lift me entirely out of my conditioning of how life was meant to be. Sure, I was taught like everyone else that this is the way we conduct ourselves in this world. Growing up, we were taught to have good manners, respect for elders and to never question why. Just do what you were told, never answer back; children were to be seen but not heard. Remember, I was born in 1937, near the end of the Great Depression and I

didn't know any better than what I was told. Namely, never to question authority! What a different world it was back then compared to what it is today.

As a child, I had many strange experiences, like finding myself at the very early age out in the backyard in the middle of the night, knowing I had been somewhere with different people—but I couldn't remember where. I just knew that I always felt safe and loved by these other people. My family put it all down to sleep walking, but I used to tell my mother Sylvia, whom I was named after, that I had another family somewhere else. I was always asking her if I was adopted.

One night, when I was around five years old, my mother was taking me to the toilet which was in the backyard in those days and we had just lost our much loved cocker spaniel, Jilliwinks. We were all very sad about it and just as we walked up the path that night, there on the grass in front of us, in a bluish white hazy light, was Jilly. We went up to her and patted her and she felt like wet velvet; then she just disappeared.

I also remember the search lights in the sky at night and all the windows blacked out when we lived in a suburb of Sydney during the Second World War. There was a boundary rider on a horse going from house to house of a night to make sure there were no lights to be seen. My mother was a warden and



had had her turn of duty going around the streets as well, to check on any lights. She had a tin hat and a haversack with a gas mask in it. During these years of war, my brothers and I knew a war was happening far away, but didn't really have a concept of what was really going on. Our mother read all the letters from our father Jack to us and he would write on the top of them all the places he had been to on all fronts of the war. We all hoped and prayed he would come home safely to us.

My father was in the army, as were most of the men around us, so neither my two brothers Bill and John, or myself, the baby of the family, saw our father for six years. I look back on those years and think how hard it must have been for our mother, especially in moments like when she received a telegram from the war department saying our father was missing, presumed dead after the taking of Crete. It was a truly devastating time. Everyone rallied around us, but as I was only around four at the time, I didn't really understand the significance of it all. I knew I had a father somewhere, but didn't really remember him.

My mother was terribly upset and traumatised by this telegram, so my Auntie Elsie came to stay with us to comfort her. That night, I was awakened by a beautiful lady standing by my bed. She smiled at me and told me my father was not with them and not to be sad. I woke my mother and told her what had

happened, she kissed and hugged me so tightly to her and said in such a tender voice that I had had a lovely dream and we would pray for my dream to come true; but it was so real to me.

Just a few days later, new neighbours moved in. They were lovely people who went on to become lifetime friends. What came next, I remember so well but I need to tell it in my mother's words.

Uncle Eric, as we called him, along with Auntie Ena, came over for a welcome-to-the-neighbourhood cup of tea. My mother showed him the telegram. He took off his glasses and held the telegram and went into a deep trance and began talking to someone unseen in a foreign language. He then said to my mother, "This one is not with us, he is still on the Earth plane, you will receive communication about him in nine moons (months); he will be found where the palm trees sway." Of course, my mother and all of us were so excited about this strange happening. Mum told my uncle what I had said about my lovely lady and he replied that I had a predestined future to fulfil, which would unfold as I grew up. He said it would be a life with many hardships and emotionally draining things to learn and overcome, but that the latter part of my life would see me conquering it all. What's more, I would have a full understanding of why I was here on this earth.

How absolutely true all his words were. This is the reason why I have written this book to help others

to wake up and realise that the worst adversities in our lives are the greatest gifts to help us understand. To help us learn and discern Who We Really Are and Why We Are Here in this third dimension. Why we have our individual experiences and our choices in how we deal with them is how we take control of our own destiny.

The wonderful news about our father brought much needed happiness to our daily lives, especially to our mother. Every Saturday night a séance was held in our lounge room and through Uncle Eric we kept track of our father. Nine months later, Mum received a telegram from the Red Cross saying our father had been found in a Scottish hospital in Lebanon. To this very day, I still have those telegrams. My dad had been rescued after spending days in the sea, marooned and striving to stay afloat off Crete, a wallet with our photos in it clamped in his teeth. How lucky he was to have been a good swimmer, as he had been a life saver at Byron Bay Surf Club in his youth. He clung to the hope that there was another chapter of his life yet to be written and told us many years later how we were never out of his thoughts and how he longed to get home to us.

Rescued by the local people, Dad was taken up the mountain and with their help, was finally found in Lebanon.

For my mother, this experience was also a journey. She herself soon became a wonderful trance medium

and it just took meeting the right people to bring out her own psychic abilities, though of course the time was right as well. I have found everything that happens to us has to happen at the right time in order for it to be understood.