

# WHY ON EARTH

am I here?

A guide to success in your mission on this planet

by Leticia Parmer

## **Acknowledgements**

Thank you to all who have taught me so much. My cherished children for opening my mind to the magic of possibilities and my heart to love, and to my beloved mother and father for playing the roles I had requested they play on the stage of my life so that I might be provoked into following my passion and sharing my gifts.

Thank you to my magical and wise life partner, Quinto for his patience and inspiration, and to all who helped make this book happen, Maggie for support, Yinka for creative encouragement, Ali for enthusiasm and input, and most of all Angie, whose dedication, sharp eye and practical suggestions were of invaluable help.

Thank you also to all the multitude of people who have brought a lifetime of teachings, from my sacred clients and loyal students to the wonderful wisdom-keepers I have encountered along this life's extraordinary journey.

## Prologue

Why are we on Earth  
and how can we navigate this adventure successfully and happily?

A mixture of psychology, astrology, ancient and original wisdom  
to guide you through the journey of being human.

This book is a collection of vital knowledge, an abundance of which has been directly downloaded and given in visions and channellings, much has been gratefully received from the many wisdom-keepers I have had the honour of meeting along the way, and some gleaned from modern pioneers, but most of all I have learned from the long line of beautiful people I have had the honour of helping and working with as a lifelong Astrologer, therapist and healer.

I sincerely hope these insights will help you on the journey through your human life. My goal is that it will stir within you a deep soul resonance of remembering.

My innate sensitivity blesses me with the ability to vision and to connect with spirits, which in my lonely and challenging childhood was a great help and comfort. However, on reaching my late teens I tried to shut down my sensitive side. In an effort to fit in with what I saw was a tough and inhospitable world, I tried to toughen up, to close the channels that were constantly offering downloads to me. With little self-worth I set off on a wild thrill-seeking adventure, but at 21, I was brought up short, shocked into remembering my connections and shown how my extreme sensitivity and gifts did indeed have a purpose and a place.

From that life-changing moment I have shared my knowledge and connections in the quest to improve the lot of humankind, because I understood that the true purpose of my sad and lonely younger years had been to grow in empathy towards those who suffer and to share my gifts in order to help make their human journey more smooth and hospitable.

Each client or patient triggers a deeper opening to compassion and understanding. I see and feel the pain in others and it has been my eternal mission to offer those who seek clarity and support during the tough times, the tools with which they can make sense of their journey, restore their own power and wellbeing, and remember who they truly are.

From my beginnings, born into a family with an atheist, scientific father and a raptly religious, judgemental mother, I was able to observe both extremes. In my bid to understand life and people's behaviour, I became fascinated by astrology as a tool to unravel the mysteries of the human spirit and to explore personality and purpose. Even to this day I never cease to find these maps of each individual life to be utterly fascinating.

Later, having moved to America, I was called to the Shamanic path. Hungry for learning and connection and keen to add to my healing skills, I immersed myself in the traditions and practice of Shamanism, seeking out, and absorbing from, the knowledge of as many wisdom-keepers as I could find. Further studies with Mayan priests in Guatemala gave me a much greater comprehension of the universe and our relationship to it. Now I combine all my gifts and knowledge in my daily practice of healing individuals who have become lost or damaged in their struggles to find and stay on their true life mission.

The Mayan calendar shows that we entered a new 2,165 year cycle in 2012. This Aquarian age leaves behind the human way of looking outside of ourselves for the answer but instead encourages us to go within to both develop and embrace our individuality and reclaim our personal power and authority.

I see evidence all around me that this is happening. In each person I observe a central pillar of Light that is growing through their human experience, personal exploration and spiritual development. It seems we who have incarnated now have chosen to be here through this momentous period of change. Through turning back to deep inner connection and trust in our individual selves, we each grow our own pillar of Light in order to become ready to offer our particular gifts outward, then unite with others to work together as an illuminated body of humanity.

So it is, that in order to feel truly connected and a part of the great body, we must ironically first truly embrace our singularity, our originality, our aloneness, our spiritual beauty and our perfection as a solo, one-off, yet perfectly designed, individual. Only then are we ready to share with the group.

I hope you enjoy the wisdoms and tips I share in this book as much as I have enjoyed the extraordinary journey that has brought them here.

## **CHAPTERS**

- 1. BEGINNING AT THE END**
- 2. YOU CHOSE THIS**
- 3. THE ULTIMATE LEARNING TOOL**
- 4. RELATING TO OTHERS**
- 5. LOVE AND PARTNERSHIP**
- 6. YOUR DAILY ALIGNMENT**
- 7. TAMING THE DRAGON – FEAR**
- 8. MONEY AND MANIFESTING**
- 9. HEALTH**
- 10.OPPOSITES**
- 11.REMEMBER YOUR PERFECTION**
- 12.ENDING AT THE BEGINNING**

## Chapter 1. BEGINNING AT THE END

My first awareness of death came when I was two years old. A family pattern, as it turned out, because both of my parents lost family at that tender age. My mother's father was drowned on the torpedoed ship that should have brought him home on leave from war to her, a mere toddler. My father, aged two, endured the shock of losing his four year-old brother to a freak accident while playing. At their tender ages they were still in that phase of life where we believe we are the cause of all that happens in our world and therefore begins the conviction "It must be my fault, what did I do wrong, how can I undo it?"

The high sprung pram, all polished chrome and black, stood proudly in our hallway in readiness for my baby sister. My mother, usually tense, nail-biting and preoccupied, had calmed during this pregnancy and spent more time with me, which I relished. Aged only two, I delighted in the new, slower pace of my mother and in her attention. In our frenetic household with two lively and mischievous older brothers and a philosophical but somewhat distant father, my innately nervous mother was usually too distracted and tense to stop and give me much more than a sharp look or an anxious comment. Now it was different, her body insisted she take breaks, her condition made her calmer and kinder. As her belly grew she would gently place my little hands on it lovingly saying "this is your baby sister or brother, they'll be here soon, someone for you to love and play with. Here is the pram where we'll place the precious baby when it arrives, and where the infant will sweetly sleep."

Some weeks later, that object stood ominously in the hall, looming over me, casting a shadow in my heart and across my mind. It was no longer a symbol of new hope, it had become a thing of doom, a stark reminder that something terrible had happened to my mother, to me, to our entire family, because my baby sister would never be coming home.

In place of the magic, the dream my mother and I had woven together in those precious intimate moments, there was stark coldness, confusion and a massive sense of loss. There was no comfort to be had from my father either, as he masked his grief by focussing on my brothers who, sensing the change in atmosphere, ramped up their need for noise and disorder. As for my mother, she was 'absent'. Shock and unfounded guilt had sent her beyond grief into a complete breakdown. I lost her. She took to her bed to recover. I was dropped. The contrast from her loving tenderness to this complete unavailability left me in utter confusion and misery and eternally seeking the flaw in myself that surely must have caused this hurt, this shift in the family unit, this disaster, this emotional isolation.

I was not able to gain comfort from my mother. She was 'resting', then gradually returned to her household duties, but as an automaton, emotionally unavailable. She was back to being overwrought, never again to resume that gentle, intimate, loving space we had shared for those short months of her pregnancy. I lost her then, forever. Not physically but emotionally and mentally, and her shock, grief and self-blame were reflected in me. I ached for comfort and in the lack of reassurance, my internal longing and confusion were able to arrive at only one conclusion. It must somehow have been my fault that my little sister suffocated just as she was being born. Otherwise my mother would have surely come back to me with comfort and the love she had shown me before the tragedy which took away the sister who was to have become my playmate.

Fear grew inside my heart, that I was somehow basically flawed, wrong, bad, though I knew not how, so I was at a loss how to fix it. I strove forever to make amends, to be "good" enough to perhaps earn some love back from my distraught mother and to earn

some time and attention from my confused and increasingly distant father. I was later to learn that the baby had simply been born with the cord around her neck, and despite the hospital staff's frantic efforts, she could not be saved. It was no one's fault, but after this tragedy all in the family shouldered the confusion and self-blame and reacted to it in their own particular way.

Two years old is a tender age to encounter the ripples and waves of loss, or to be plunged into a sea of grief, watching those we need to be a tower of strength and support, themselves crumble, themselves lost, themselves searching for help. To make sense of it as a mere two-year-old, to see my rock, my sustenance, dissolve in shock and mourning, unable to fix the problem, unable to comprehend its cause, nowhere to go with my grief and longing, I took the blame.

My mother's sudden coldness was a shock. I was innocent of the fact that she had tried to terminate this fourth pregnancy early on and was thus now engulfed in guilt, or that she'd grown to love and look forward to this new little one who had not been dissuaded from surviving the pregnancy, or that it was my mother's own colleagues, nurses like herself, who delivered her a perfect baby girl, blue and strangled. Had I been mature enough to know these things I would have understood that none of this, my sister's death, my mother's breakdown, my father's unavailability, had been of my making. But I didn't, and it branded me for life.

Somewhere inside of me, some infant logic told me I needed to be extra GOOD to earn and keep my place in the family. I longed for that mother I'd glimpsed, warm and tender, connected to me and sweet. Now, feeling neither nurtured nor reassured, I didn't realise that a seed had started to grow in me. A seed of fear. Fear of my mother. Something deep, dark and unmentionable. Unconsciously a terror crept in. If I hadn't killed the baby, maybe she had! Thus, as her moods became increasingly bitter and aggressive, I shrank back into the shadows. There was no safety here.

I was four when one afternoon the doorbell rang. I followed my mother and stood behind her skirts as she opened the door to a police officer. "Did you know the little girl?" I heard him say. He was talking about my four-year-old friend across the street, the girl with whom I'd been sharing playdates and at whose house I had been playing only yesterday. But today there was just the police officer saying "We are making enquiries, I am sorry to tell you we have taken the mother away, it seems she has killed her daughter". My mother's legs buckled and I felt the wave of shock and fear engulf me. Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide! This was a subliminal confirmation. Mothers do kill their daughters. Another vow to myself, I would have to be EXTRA GOOD, just in case my own mother decided I was too much!

I was lonely and afraid. My mother's tension and stress, depression and aggression ruled our world. I adored my calm, kind and gentle father and longed for him to scoop me up and become my saviour, but he kept out of the firing line as much as possible, each day leaving as early as possible for work and arriving home long after I was asleep. Weekends he huddled away in the workshop he had made in our garage, taking my brothers with him, teaching them the magic of craftsmanship and engineering, but leaving me as 'caretaker' to the 'problem' mother. Oh how I longed to be included in their world of companionship and fun, in the fold of the menfolk, in their calm, creative, adventurous and fascinating kingdom, but instead I was relegated to the house where the 'dragon', the 'problem', dwelled.

My kingdom became our small back garden. A place of escape where I could find peace and connection. The trees, plants, insects and birds were kind, they did not judge or scold

me, they soothed me, accepted me and all became my friends. More than that, they became teachers. It was quite normal for me to feel their moods, sense what they were needing, understand what they were communicating and to share mine back with them in an easy telepathy or speaking their language with them. As these effortless connections were formed I encountered such an abundance of love from all the beings of nature, such truth and reality, that outside felt more like home and family than inside the house. The natural world had become my true solace. Immersed in nature, I was at peace and never alone as I could connect with plants and with creatures of every size and type, learning their tongue and their ways, hearing their thoughts and their habits. We shared something I could not find elsewhere and it was abundant with love. Under the open sky with the smell of earth in my nostrils I would become lost in a space of peace and communion until my reverie would eventually be shattered by my mother's angry or irritated voice hauling me back into her agitated world of rules, imperfection, frustration and dissatisfaction.

I hated school. I couldn't focus, always afraid to make a mistake as I anticipated my mother's sharp voice pointing out a failure, a wrongness, making it clear I should be ashamed of myself and needed correcting. A lifetime of these anxious criticisms had left me with little confidence. I barely spoke except in a whisper, walked with my head down trying to stay invisible, too filled with fear to hear the teachers' words or respond adequately to their requests. School reports were always shaming "could do better", "should try harder". But I was in hiding, my world of imagination or time spent in nature, my only safety, my refuge of joy.

As I started to turn the corner into womanhood, with no reliable role-model and eternally seeking guidance, I experienced a life-changing moment. I was 13 when a girl in the playground brandishing a book demanded "When is your birthday?" On telling her May 1<sup>st</sup> she read carefully "You are plodding, thorough, stodgy, fixed, stubborn, unimaginative, immovable". I was indignant. "No, that's not me!" I quietly protested "I'm quite changeable, full of imagination and I'm always flowing with everyone else's wishes, where are you getting this from?" To which she replied "It must be true. It says so in this astrology book". In that moment something shifted in me. Little did I know this was the pivotal moment that would change my life forever. The flame had been lit, the path before me had opened up and I was about to find the guidance that had been lacking my whole life!

After school that day I went straight to the library and searched out books on astrology. I was determined to prove the girl in the playground wrong! She had described someone that was not me with such conviction that I had to get to the bottom of it. I decided I would simply show her why astrology was not only inaccurate, it had to be absolute rubbish.

What a surprise was in store for me when I opened those books. My first encounter with the ancient art of astrology revealed an intriguing door that beckoned me to step through, and on the other side of that door a whole world began to unfold before my eyes which was far deeper and far more complex than "I'm this sign, you're that sign". It was technical, detailed, meticulous, scientific, with fascinating diagrams and charts and a whole history going back to ancient times. The more these books revealed to me, the more I became amazed, hooked and intrigued. Little did I realise back then that I had started on an obsession that would last my whole life and become my life's work. Here were the keys I had been looking for, the keys to understanding human nature, human purpose, human beings. Perhaps also the keys to understanding my own family.

My rational mind had sought to confirm that planets couldn't possibly explain in detail who we are or the way we behave. Yet as I began to learn from those books how to draw up a

natal chart, its accuracy astounded me. It was laborious work, maths was by no means my strongest subject, yet so enthralled was I that I was prepared to labour over logarithms to convert ordinary time into sidereal time (star time) and thence be rewarded with the makings of the map, onto which I'd place planets in their correct locations in the houses on this chart wheel and, *voilà*, a complete picture emerged!

At first I drew up my own chart, over and over again, unwittingly I had begun intense training. The absolute magic when interpreting those planetary placings, was that it gave me an incredibly detailed and spot on description of my character, gifts and challenges. I became intrigued to look deeper, I needed to see if it worked with other charts, I had to explore further. So I began working on the chart maps of each of my family members, and time after time it was more than spot on, it was a window to their inner worlds and motivations, to their innate gifts and strategies, and personality types. I was able to understand at last what made everybody tick. I had found the key and I was hooked.

Eventually, having exhausted that source of individuals, I started drawing up and analysing friends' charts. Over and over the chart would describe the person's characteristics perfectly. There on the paper was the essence of their unique personality, their innate gifts, their natural career path, even the dynamic they would have with their own parents and their own children. All in such detail and without fail the information revealed would be absolutely accurate, right on target. I had the visual codes, the keys to the secrets of the soul, EVERYTHING! This was truly astounding!

I gave up trying to understand the 'how', I simply knew for certain, astrology worked and was a phenomenal tool for comprehending humans. Of course I had no idea at the time that part of my insatiable drive to comprehend people had been imprinted in me by the unconscious aching longing to crack the code of my unfathomable mother. I was unaware that with each chart I cracked, I was somehow getting closer to being able to read my mother, then maybe, just maybe, I could obtain an ounce of that love and understanding I ached for, from her. Nor was I aware that the drive to analyse and delve into the 'science' of astrology reflected the quiet analytical scientific way of my father and thus in some way brought me closer to him too. I was, however, aware that I possessed another sense which I could employ in my divination of any chart, a sense that was honed during my lonely childhood. The ability to hear messages and intuit knowledge, basically, to download information from guides and spirits.

By the time I was 20 friends were saying "You're really good at astrology, you should do it professionally". Surely not, I thought, that's not a proper job. Yet I had run out of people to draw up charts for, so I gingerly put my toe in the water and advertised my services as an Astrologer. A simple postcard in the newsagent's window "I will read your Astrological Chart" and my first client materialised. Oh, now it was 'game on'. It was all very well doing this as a hobby, but to actually charge a fee and take that step into the unknown with complete strangers, that was another matter entirely. Would it still work?

I was nervous as I met the lady, my first client, in a cafe. To make matters worse, she had a poker face, so I was not going to receive any feedback or acknowledgement during the reading. She sat still and silent as I commenced. My confidence could have been shaken, but with so many charts under my belt I had absolute faith that the information within her chart could not be wrong. So, as she stayed unresponsive, I took a deep breath and dived in. As soon as I started, I was back in the zone of certainty about astrology's gifts and my accomplished, somewhat psychic, way of interpreting a chart. I ploughed on as she remained still, listening but not responding, not even the twitch of an eyebrow! After one of the longest hours of my life, when I had explained in detail what her chart revealed, everything about her self, her family and her life, her gifts and challenges, I sat back and

looked up at her. She simply shook her head in wonder, jaw dropped open saying “How can you know me THAT well, you've never even met me before?”. Phew! It worked just as well for complete strangers as it always had for the people I knew. Yes, it still worked even when I was being paid to do a chart professionally. Thus my career was born.

Thousands of charts and all these years later, I have learned so much. One of the many gifts from astrology has been the knowledge that each of us is unique yet we are all PERFECT just as we are. I have never seen two charts exactly the same, even identical twins charts, of which I have done a few. The subtle differences, even when there are only minutes between birth times, are clearly shown. Each chart is composed of the same ingredients, just differently mixed. I have had the privilege of spying on humanity while being equipped to unconditionally reassure them of their perfection while showing them that they are on track. I have had the great honour to be the map reader for the souls who wanted a reminder of who they truly are and what they came to Earth for, in order to help them get back on their personal path to knowledge.

I love my work with a passion. It was not a plan but more of a natural evolution that astrology would become my career. So I am eternally grateful to that girl in the playground who unwittingly provided the spark that lit the flame of passion in my heart, and to the unseen guides and spirits who not only befriended me in my lonely childhood, but have stayed with me to help guide and interpret my readings, healings and the sharing of love and understanding for all the facets of my fellow humans. Also, through my quests for understanding I grew to realise who my mother truly was. Instead of trying to fix or change her, I accepted and felt compassion for her journey. Now I realise how blessed I have been that she brought me all those experiences and learnings that were tailor made, in order to motivate me into becoming the healer I am today.

## **THE GREATER GIFT**

Little did I know that one year after that first astrology client, I would receive the greatest opening to wisdom I would ever experience. Knowledge shown and given to me directly from Source and so profound that it could never have been gleaned from the written word. I had to experience it, and from the moment I received this teaching my life was changed forever.

When I was 21 I died! It was not at all what I had expected to happen as I set off on my big travel adventure. All my life I had been enamoured with the idea of exploring new horizons, seeing fresh landscapes and experiencing different cultures. I had a huge curiosity about the world, about life, about people. I wanted to know more. Just after my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday my dream was to come true, I was about to satisfy that inner craving. ....

.....