

Creating a Life of Joy by Debbie Summers

Rosemary Pink is a psychic and healer who lived in Sompting until recently. She now lives and works in Portugal. She has always been psychic, she often saw gnomes and fairies in the woods near her childhood home and, she met her brother, after his death, in those same woods.

When she decided to write her autobiography, *Earth School*, she found it a constant challenge. It was difficult to write down all the awful things that have happened to her but, now that it is finished, she has found that it has healed old wounds. She said, "I kept getting this surge of excitement and I knew that it was spirit with me telling me that it was time to let everyone know my side of the story. My first husband was wealthy, which has given my family the impression that I was leading a wonderful life. I was travelling a lot; I spent time in Saudi Arabia, America, Switzerland, and many other countries, so I appeared to be living the life of Riley. No-one understood just how awful it was."

Rosemary's father was an alcoholic who constantly beat her mother. She used to lie in bed at night terrified, listening for the sound of his bicycle wheels on the gravel, as she knew that this would be the start of the abuse. She would hear her mother fall against the furniture and her screams as she begged him to stop.

When Rosemary's brother died, her parents didn't tell her or her siblings. She told me that, "I still cry when I think about that time and I was in tears when I wrote about that period. I have found it a little easier to cope now that I know that he is watching over me and he will help the pain go away."

"When I was young, I enjoyed running, singing and dancing in the woods near my home. I felt so free whilst I was jumping in the wild garlic patch, singing my favourite songs. This was where I saw my brother a few years after his death. We sang "I am calling you-ou-ou", from the film *Rosemarie*, together. My father had such a violent temper that this was the only place I could escape to. I always felt lucky to live in this wonderful cottage in the countryside, even though we didn't have electricity or a bathroom.

"My favourite subject at school was PE. I was captain of the netball team and we hardly ever lost. I also enjoyed rounders and athletics. I was always competing in one sport or another for my school."

Rosemary left home in the mid 1960s to join the army, just to get away from home. She was transferred to Aden, which is now part of Yemen, and enjoyed her work and the lifestyle there. She met a drummer in a band and fell pregnant. Unfortunately, it turned out that he was married, so she went home to England to have the baby. At the same time, her mother was dying from cancer, and Rosemary visited her mother daily in hospital. She was so worried about causing her mother any stress and worsening her condition, that she kept her child secret from her family and decided to have him adopted. "I have tried to find him, but I have been unable to do so. I miss him so much. If I had known that my mum was going to die so soon after his birth, I would

have had him fostered until after the funeral. It's one of my biggest regrets that I had him adopted."

She received a telegram from Amir, a man that she met whilst in Aden. She went to Aden to visit him and discovered that he was the Commander of the army there. They quickly married and, at first, they had a wonderful time together, until she found herself imprisoned in her sister-in-law's house in Saudi Arabia. She discovered that she wasn't her husband's only wife and that he had two children. She had little knowledge of Arabic customs and didn't speak the language, so she felt lost, hurt and confused.

When Rosemary was pregnant with her son, Tarik, she was so ill that Amir had to take her to Beirut to see a doctor. Amir was convinced that she was having an affair with this doctor, so when she was delayed during her appointment one day, through no fault of her own, he shouted at her on the way back to the hotel. "I was so upset that he could talk to me in this way. How dare he accuse me of having an affair when I was not only ill and heavily pregnant, but I rarely had any opportunity to be alone with anyone. He had me by the arm and was dragging me along the street. I pulled away from him and ran to the hotel. Amir was so surprised that he stood and watched me go. I didn't have the key to our room, so I had to ask the chambermaid to open the door, which wasn't easy, as I still couldn't speak Arabic. I realised that he didn't love me and that he didn't want our baby. I went into the bathroom and climbed up on the windowsill to see if it was high enough up for me to jump and kill myself. As I was standing there, staring out of the window, Amir came into the room in a filthy temper. He made me get down and hit me around the head. It seemed to me that the only reason he didn't want me to jump was because he didn't want other people to think that he had made me do it!

"The trouble was that not only my ex, but also my parents, made me feel so dirty and bad that I am now convinced that I am a bad person. I constantly have to try and tell myself that I am not the person that they thought I was, but I feel that it is a losing battle. I suffer from lack of self-esteem and an inferiority complex. I seem to be able to hide this from other people, but I certainly can't hide it from myself. All I have ever wanted was to be loved, just as I have loved my family and friends. I don't think that is too much to ask, is it?"

Her husband would regularly send her back to England to stay with her aunt. Even though he was a very wealthy man, he would give her as little money as possible to feed and clothe both her and their son.

Back in Saudi, Rosemary found herself pregnant again. Amir was furious, claiming that the child couldn't be his as he had a low sperm count. He forced her to walk through the streets of Jeddah with him, looking for an abortionist. Rosemary constantly prayed to God, asking him to stop this madness, she desperately didn't want to lose this baby. Eventually, Amir gave up, as he couldn't find the address.

Rosemary put up with the constant bullying and abuse from her husband and his family because she wanted her sons to have the best possible education and she knew that Amir could afford to pay for it. She was also frightened that Amir would take the children from her and that she would never see them again.

Once the boys had finished school she arranged her divorce. Whilst checking documents before going to court she discovered that Amir had divorced her many years earlier. She had had no idea. He knew about her psychic abilities so he tried to claim that she was a witch in the hope that it would get the judge on his side.

All through this awful time, Rosemary kept her abilities to see and speak to spirit and fairies. Without this gift, she would have found it much harder to cope with the abuse that she suffered right into her 40s. She is now remarried and enjoys a happy and fulfilling life in Portugal with her husband, Ricardo.

This book tells of how joy can overcome sadness and includes many tales of gnomes, out of body experiences and angels. It shows that it is possible to survive such horrendous violence and still come out the other side a happy and whole (but slightly damaged) person.

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