

Kat's Blast from the Past

What can one say about 4+ decades on the planet? It's been quite a ride.

I believe that it is important to see our history from the point of view of 'the lessons learned' rather than remaining stuck in the drama experienced. By doing that, my past has given me strength. Seeing every event as the gift to myself that it was has removed the feeling of being a victim and allowed me to become self powered. So I have chosen to present this 'brief history' from the perspective of 'lessons learned;' both this writing and in the [interview](#) that Mary K Weinhagen (our amazing editor) did with me recently.



I grew up in a very interesting family community resting comfortably within another community. It was a fascinating place to grow up because I had an example of so many different life styles to observe. My Grandparents were farmers on a hundred acre farm and most of their 8 children had built their houses on the perimeter of that farm.

My Mother worked in corporate, my father was a skilled tradesman, a couple of my aunts were stay at home Mom's, one of my uncles was a truck driver and yet another owned his own business, running a wrecking yard and body shop. Today I appreciate the diversity that I was surrounded by as it demonstrated to me the idea that there were choices in life. I didn't have to be what my parents were.

I was the cute little blond girl with the big blue eyes. I was also a very quick to anger and highly spirited. If I was a child now, there is no doubt I would be one of the many children who are drugged up to keep them in line. (I also raised a spirited child and I did go down the drug therapy route with him... my conclusion? If I had it to do over again I would have found another way as he is still trying to find his way back to good, even now at 28. The repercussions of the drug therapy were way beyond anything anyone had ever expressed to me. Live and learn I guess...)

I was also the kid that got picked on. Both by my many cousins that were also all my neighbors and at school which was very hard for me, I just never seemed to fit in. That feeling of being an outsider followed me all through high school and into my 20's.

Where I did find solace was with nature. From the time I could walk I would sneak away every chance I got to spend time exploring the flowers, trees, rocks and animals on our farm. My habit of doing that must have been difficult on my parents when I was still a toddler. Always wandering off to be alone and explore things. (Mom and Dad, forgive me!!) However, heading out into the forest and feeling connected to that is still one of my favorite things to do. I feel one of my greatest joys there. *There is magic in the woods.*

Rocks have always intensely held my attention. My family used to camp every summer in Northern Ontario which is very rich in multiple kinds of rocks and crystals. I can remember my Dad having a melt down one summer because of the '300 pounds of rock' I had put in the camper to take home. I also have fond memories of my rock hunting like the time my Mom watched for rattlesnakes while I chipped a tiny piece of Jade out of a boulder and another time when my Dad made a special stop just so I could look for rocks. To this day Wayne and I maintain an enormous rock and crystal collection. *There is also magic in the rocks.*

I have always pursued magic. I don't think there was ever a time that I didn't believe in it. While my studies (the ones I did in my own time) covered many forms of magic, I always felt like what I was seeking was eluding me. It wasn't until I became aware of Law Of Attraction (LOA) in my 30's that I started to feel like I was touching on what I had been looking for.

I saw magic in everything and I also saw a lot of rules. The rebel in me could not accept that there had to be a ton of rules in magic. Besides, rules made the magic feel more like a chore than the freedom I thought it would feel like.

Whether it was religion or Wicca or herbology or fitness and nutrition, I mostly studied the philosophy rather than the facts, stories and myths associated. This is a regret I hold today because if I had looked just a little closer, I would have noticed that every one of these things contain the simple magic that we call Law Of Attraction and it wouldn't have taken me so long to get where I was trying to get to.

While there was all of this mystical stuff going on, there was a great deal of reality raining down on my head as well. By the time I was 12 I was the kid you did not want your kids hanging out with. My extremely rebellious nature set me up to do whatever it was I thought my parents didn't want me to do. That served me in that it caused me to pursue the magic and many other things I wouldn't have dared otherwise. However it also caused me to pursue things that made me a social outcast.

As a 20 something one of my friends once said of me that I was a, 'little girl who liked to hang out with dangerous people.' Sex, drugs, motorcycles and the criminal element was my fascination for many of those years. Somehow I had wrapped freedom up with doing whatever was against the system.

I don't regret any of those years; they very much shaped who I am today. I learned compassion for those who chose to live outside the boundaries of what most of us consider a good life. I heard the stories that allowed me to see what would push a person in that direction and why some people make those life choices. I learned that sometimes they experience joy and sometimes they experience sadness and that each of them are on a journey seeking their way back to who they really are, as misguided as their choices may seem to the rest of us. I guess I had experienced all of those events more as an observer than a participant. I always felt safe even though the drama was in full swing all around me fairly often.

That journey into the questionable also gifted me with my son. Sometimes it is hard to admit – even now – that I had a baby at the age I did. 6 months after turning 16 I had a bouncing baby boy and no clue what to do with him. I grew up with 20 some odd kids around me and being one of the older of so many, I spent enough time being responsible (and resenting that) for kids that having my own wasn't on my list of things I wanted to do. I guess it was destined to be however, because there I was.

I don't think my son knows this but I believe he saved my life more than once. He was the person who forced me to have the strength to keep going no matter how bad things looked. He was the love that kept me on my feet. I hadn't realized the impact he had on my life until recently. He truly was a gift from heaven. Today he has a son of his own and I am experiencing another gift from heaven. I just love being a Grandma. I get to go out and buy toys and play with the little fellow and I don't have to clean up after him. What fun!!

Not wanting to overwhelm you the reader with an entire book, I will stop here for now. You can also listen to me being [interviewed on this topic by our editor, Mary K Weinhagen](#).

In coming issues, it is my intent to tell you more specific stories of how I got to here; including the ups and downs, the twists and turns and most importantly, the uncertainty that turned into this life I enjoy now. It wasn't ever easy, but it sure was worth the effort.

See ya next time. :-)

In Gratitude
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