

The Etheric Body has Substance and Bleeds.



Yes ! The etheric body bleeds. If an etheric surgical knife cuts into an etheric body, it will bleed etheric blood. That is exactly how precisely the etheric counterpart is matched to its physical expression.

Etheric blood appears as a stain that is a light orange-brown colour, and seems to me to be thinner in texture than physical blood. But blood it is ! Uncontaminated etheric blood is a light orange colour, while a diseased organ will produce etheric blood of a dark, muddy-brown colour.

I have occasionally found it on the walls of our operating room, on Andrew's surgical gloves after a procedure, and on the sheeting of the beds in our recovery room - yet there is no visible evidence on the physical body of the patient of any surgical procedure having been done.

Occasionally, an exception to this occurs in the form of temporary stigmata. This can last for three to five days, and then disappears completely. This is described by Andrew as a memory pattern of the procedure that he has performed. It appears as a thin red line where the etheric surgical incision took place, with a tiny row of dots on each side where the stitching went in to close the wound in the etheric body. We have no idea why this occurs sometimes and yet not at all of the time.

The photo in the top corner of this page was taken immediately after the completion of an Etheric Surgical Procedure prior to disposal. Witnesses present at the time signed statements to say that these gloves were spotless [taken from an unopened sterile surgical pack] prior to the etheric surgical procedure .

Throughout any procedure a witness will see Andrew rinse his gloved hands throughout the period of the operation. One does not generally see the bowl or how it is securely positioned for his immediate use.

After every operation, the surgical gloves are removed and immediately disposed of as they are now considered to be contaminated items. However, on this day in particular, the gloves were well and truly stained with the residue of Roy's etheric blood, and because both Kath and Roy Jolly are gifted healers themselves, Andrew decided to show them the gloves before he threw them into the bin. We were asked if they could keep them. We told them the reasons why they could not be taken elsewhere, and decided to photograph them instead.

As well, two unseen etheric swabs have suddenly materialised as physical swabs. One - a used one - covered in etheric blood from a procedure Andrew was doing at the time; the other, a brand new one that happened to survive the rigors of my washing machine.

The 'used' one appeared suddenly 'out of nowhere' onto the floor of the operating room - right by where I was standing with the patient's husband. We were witnessing the procedure at the time. The swab was a well-stained one with a dark muddy-brown residue clearly visible in the centre of it. It had hardly landed on the floor, just in front of us, when Andrew ceased operating. He swept around the operating table to where we were standing, stooped down to pick up the swab that had just appeared, and took it straight out of the room. It was a movement that took us both by surprise. Nothing like this had ever happened before now.

Andrew returned moments later, changed his surgical gloves for new ones, and completed the operation. After we had finished for the day, I mentioned to him that it was a pity that I couldn't have kept the swab as a souvenir, as so much happens in our operating room that I rarely see for myself. The idea of keeping a contaminated object brought a look of disbelief to Andrew's face. This was clearly not allowed! His did remark though that the dark colour on the swab was due to the fact that it had been used on diseased tissue in the etheric body of his patient. Because of this, it had to be destroyed at once. He said that we could expect 'visitors' to arrive soon in order to repair the 'chink' in the 'protective wall' that separates the etheric dimension of the operating theatre from its physical equivalent.

The message evidently went out swiftly to the department involved, for before the day was done we heard the zipping of tape measures and the tapping of hammers coming from the operating room - yet I still could see nothing. Andrew just smiled!

I am not kidding, here. I recall the loud 'building sounds' that came from the area that we designated to be 'The Treatment Centre', when the operating room was first organised by those in higher dimensions. We were eating our evening meal at that time, and it caused Andrew great mirth; so much so that he left his meal and went down there to ask them to quieten down. I also heard it too. I could go on here and tell you that the actual operating theatre he stands in is much bigger than the physical dimension of our room, and about the corridors leading to 'here and there'... but we will complete the story of the 'other swab'.

The new, unused swab had been left behind on the operating table by the surgical staff for me. No doubt they reasoned that I would find the swab when I did the laundering. They also knew that I was disappointed at not being able to keep the contaminated swab, and had decided to leave me a clean one instead. I didn't see it there as I cleared the linen from the operating table, taking it straight to the laundry for washing. But, on completion of the washing cycle, I shook the sheets out and something fell to the floor. At first, I was puzzled on its appearance as I thought it must have been the residue of the tissue I used to cover the pillowcase on the operating table. I recall wondering to myself as I stooped down to pick it up, as to why it hadn't disintegrated in the washing cycle as tissues always do. Once in my hand it was clear that it was like nothing I had ever seen before. It was a piece of material about two inches square and appeared to have 2 - fold lines across it. I called Andrew to come and have a look at what I had found. He was curious, and



described it as one of the swabs he uses during a procedure - pointing to the lines where it is generally folded into four when it is handed to him.

I still have it to this very day. [\[see scanned image\]](#)

The structure of the swab's material has often been discussed with visitors to our Treatment Centre. Clearly, it is not the same material as one would expect of a physical swab used in a conventional surgical theatre. It more resembles a material I once used, decades ago, when I inserted a stiffening material into the collars of blouses that I used to make. I can't recall the name of it now. It was something like 'Vyella'. This type of material is the

closest I can associate with the 'feel' of that swab.

Andrew said that Etheric Surgical materials provided are unique to the etheric dimension, and so it is difficult for these to manifest in physical form when there is no molecular structure that they can relate to. Hence, they choose the nearest pattern.

To continue with the boundaries of the dimensions built into the operating theatre being secure. They need to be! Generally speaking, very little gets through at all. However when it does, as I earlier mentioned, specific engineers are on the job to secure the 'doorway' that is used to bring materials and equipment to the physical dimension of our Treatment Centre. We still laugh at the time we found an unused pipe cleaner on the floor of the operating room. We were alone in that room at the time, renovating the cover of the Allenbury operating table that Andrew uses. There were no visitors in the house at the time, either - at least not in the physical sense of the word! Yet here it was! A pure white, unused, pipe cleaner on the floor. It surely wasn't there when we first entered the room. No one in our household smokes a pipe, nor have any visitors to our home, either. In the twenty-three years I have lived in this house, I have never purchased pipe cleaners for any reason at all. We have no idea how it got there - unless it was put there for us to find.

Another etheric object that I have caught a glimpse of is the etheric suturing thread Andrew uses to close a wound in the etheric body. This took me by surprise, as it was quite unlike the 'gut' that was used in conventional surgery. To best describe it, I would have to say it appeared as a strand of gossamer-like thread, sparkling as though bathed in sunlight. It demonstrated glints of rainbow colours, refracting from its cellular structure. It was breathtakingly beautiful to see, and I made comment to Andrew that he was so very lucky to have such beautiful materials to work with. He agreed with me, and said that he had gotten used to it and now took it for granted. He went on to say that he forgot that people like me are simply unaware of what it is like to experience the beauty of form in the etheric dimension.

And to complete this little article, let me tell you that, from time to time, both myself and others have had the experience of being with Andrew during a consultation experience; and during this time Andrew has asked if we would pick up something from an unseen etheric tray and pass it on to him. Admittedly, on the first experience of such a situation, one feels decidedly foolish reaching in the direction he is pointing - seeing nothing - and then noticing that you actually do feel something just underneath your hand.



The shape of it becomes clearly defined in one's mind - so clearly that one can describe it perfectly. However, naming the instrument correctly is more difficult for some, and might come easier if one had experience working as a surgical assistant in an operating theatre.

The one hiccup that we all seem to agree upon is that when one picks up an unseen etheric instrument, one is looking for some definable weight to be associated with it

- yet there seems to be no weight at all. It is confusing, and perhaps due to that fact that our physical brains have learned that all perceived objects have weight. Andrew said in reply to our comments on this matter that you become more aware of weight with experience.

Clearly, our working day is not filled with extra-ordinary experiences, and the moments that I have spoken of have occurred over a number of years.

END... Written by Pam Phoenix.