

With the weight of the world on my shoulders, a rune reading was just what I needed to cheer myself up.

'Perhaps the stones will have some good news,' I told myself.

God knows, I needed it. I'd just split from my long-term boyfriend. And working all hours for my degree course at a London university had left me burnt out, exhausted.

The rune reader shook her stones, threw them on the table.

'It'd be really good for you to go to Glastonbury,' she told me. 'It will help you grow.'

I blinked. Glastonbury was where hippies gathered for the pop festival, wasn't it?

But I needed a break. So a few weeks later, in April 1994, I headed off to Glastonbury.

My B&B was a gorgeous little cottage by a meadow.

'Just what the doctor ordered,' I sighed happily as the owner showed me around.

The cottage was full of beautiful crystals and the shelves were filled with spiritual books.

My eye was drawn to photos on the wall of an Indian man with long hair and moustache.

'Who's that?' I asked the owner.

'Meher Baba,' she answered.

'Oh, right,' I said blankly. The name meant nothing to me.

Next morning, I took advantage of being on hols to sneak off for a nap. As I drifted off, the bedroom door opened, a man walked in. I recognised him



Seems something was drawing me to King Arthur's last resting place!

Ann O'Keefe, 45, from Brighton, East Sussex

straight away. It was Meher Baba, the man in the photos on the walls...

He sat next to me on the bed, his kind brown eyes twinkling.

Unconditional love poured from him.

He stroked my hair. All my worry, stress and heartbreak faded away.

Then the door rattled in the wind. I woke up. Meher Baba had gone.

Feeling as if I was floating on air, I wandered into the kitchen where the woman who owned the B&B was washing up.

'The guy in the photos was in my bedroom!' I gasped.

She smiled. 'You've had a visitation.'

Exploring Glastonbury, I went into a spiritual shop. The owner made me a special set of rune stones. Holding them in my hand, I

Rune stones: My destiny

knew I'd found my destiny.

Back at home in London, I started doing rune readings for family and friends.

Meher Baba had been a spiritual guru who'd died in 1969. He never spoke after age 30, communicating only by hand gestures.

Well, he hadn't needed words to get his message across to me. It was crystal clear. I'd been sent to Glastonbury to find my true path.

I finished university. And in 1999, I moved to

We vowed to love each other forever



Brighton to work as a rune reader and healer.

And there was something else, too. I had a feeling that was where I was going to meet the love of my life.

On my regular bus journey to work, I got chatting to a woman called Janice Grira.

Soon, we were best mates.

One night in July 2002, she rang.

'I'm going out with my friend, Symon,' she told me. 'Fancy coming along?'

'Are you trying to set me up?' I laughed.

Janice denied it but

I knew she was playing Cupid.

We met Symon in a pub. With his blue eyes and cheeky grin, he was gorgeous. We got on like a house on fire. I felt as if I'd known him forever.

Soon, we were madly in love.

In January 2003, Symon, now 45, and I stayed on a friend's boat in Portugal.

One evening, we were sitting on the deck.

'Let's get married,' Symon said.

'Yes,' I beamed.

In May 2005, we travelled to Glastonbury for a spiritual ceremony, which took place in mystical Chalice Well Gardens. Holding hands between two yew trees and sipping sacred well water from two chalices, we vowed to love each

other forever.

Walking through the gardens, we came across two beautiful chairs carved from wood. A beautiful,

blonde-haired woman appeared from nowhere.

'Those chairs were made for you,' she smiled.

She took pictures of us on our camera. Then disappeared.

Symon and I looked at each other. I knew she was an angel.

Walking further, we came across St Margaret's Chapel. An old woman was standing outside, as if she was waiting for us.

In her hand was a Red Admiral butterfly. Without talking, she gave it to me. The butterfly rested in my hand.

It was obvious to both of us that the angel and the butterfly were signs, showing us that our love was blessed.

We had another official wedding service at our local register office in July 2007, but

it meant so much to me having a wedding ceremony in Glastonbury, where my spiritual path had begun.

I've got a couple of photos of Meher Baba in my house. They always make me smile. Now

I know he was an enlightened being in a physical body sent to communicate with us.

When the student is ready, the teacher comes, and that's why he came to me that day – to teach me through love.

Thanks to Glastonbury, I found my soulmate, as well as the work that was my destiny.

I can't explain the amazing things that had happened there. But Glastonbury is the heart chakra of the world, a place where magic takes place....

• To contact Ann go to www.livinglifefully.net



Wedding day: With Mum and Symon



We had an official wedding service, too

Watch it!

Check out this fascinating old footage of an interview with Meher Baba

Go to www.youtube.com/chatitsfate

