

*A lesson in self-love
from the afterlife...*



written through *Tryna Gower*

be.come

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Edited by: Kristin van Vloten, Chloe Sjuberg,
Jennifer Chernecki, Barbara Swail, Sharilyn Hunter

Design and Layout by: Laura Reynolds, Studio TGP

Author Photograph by: Laura Reynolds, Studio TGP

Illustrations by: Jennifer Chernecki, Studio TGP

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written through *Tryna Gower*

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the most important woman
in my life, my grandmother Adel Doris Spacil.
I love you.

~ **Birdie** ~



WORDS FOR TRYNA

“Tryna Spacil-Gower is a woman of profound beauty and magnitude. Written in a compelling and fresh voice, *be.come* is a guide for each of us to trust in our process of be.coming who we were born to be. Courage is our guide, and is clearly demonstrated and directed by the power of love. The love Tryna shared with her grandma taught her to trust her grandma’s guidance from the afterlife, with every breath she took, here in the present. Through this wonderful journey, we are introduced to Tryna’s unfolding life as a spirit medium, despite her ongoing resistance, and the gift we receive is the knowing that love has no ending; it is the eternal power and grace that resides within the essence of every one of us. This is a simple and beautiful book: two clear indicators that you are holding a true treasure within your hands.”

— **Heather McCloskey-Beck**

Inspirational Speaker / Author / Founder of the Peace Flash Movement
www.heathermccloskeybeck.com

“Tryna is truly a remarkable force in that she has amazingly powerful abilities to motivate and inspire. I think of Tryna as a beacon... standing in her authenticity and sending out the message that it’s okay for us to stand in our authenticity as well.”

— **Ruby Tunke**

Spirit Writer / Author
www.rubytunke.com

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This book was given to you, the reader, as a gift from my grandma and me. I want to thank some very key people that helped me create it and thank the special people who not only participated in my life but also stepped in as loyal, encouraging cheerleaders who wanted nothing but the best for me.

Taryn Tappen, my project manager, for showing up in my life and being the get-it-done girl. Without you, this would have never even been started. Laura Reynolds, my designer extraordinaire, the woman that keeps up to my ever-changing world and creates me beautiful works of art on demand, always. Jennifer Chernecki, my talented illustrator and details girl. Grandma set us up just in time to walk each other to the next phase. Without all three of you this book would never be.

My grandma always picks the best people for me. The most important phase of my life includes my Tribe of spiritually exploring friends. Approximately 20 beautiful ladies, all with energetic gifts of their own, are completely responsi-

ble for allowing me to grow and become how I am today. Without their friendships I would have never had the guts to share my stories and publish this book. In fear of missing a name, I send you all my deepest thanks and love for your roles in my life.

Finally, to my husband Brooks and children Tyler and Koby, for standing beside me through the hard parts of this process. Seeing me sitting at the computer for weeks on end, hair not brushed and emotionally riding a roller coaster, because that's how it really looks to write a book, at least for me. But I am thankful for each and every experience and relationship that has helped change my life for the better.

I love you all,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Taryn', enclosed within a large, stylized circular flourish.

~Tryna~

preface

This is a book that I, Tryna Gower, technically wrote between 2014 and 2016. I say *technically* because although I was the one doing the typing, the bulk of this story was communicated to me by the spirit of my deceased Cree grandmother, Adel Doris Spacil.

To provide context for my grandma's message — a message she wants me to publicly share in the form of a book — I have placed it within my own story. A story of growing up in a mostly white family and feeling like an outsider. A story of culture loss and restoration. A story of abuse and brokenness — as well as healing and spiritual breakthrough.

The events I have recounted in this book are 100 per cent true. I have also recorded Grandma's words to me as faithfully as possible so that I could ensure I wasn't diluting or distorting her message.

It's my hope that by following my journey and absorbing Grandma's wisdom, you will experience the transformations I did. It's my wish that you, too, will learn to how to *be.come*.

And before you begin reading this story, Grandma has a few words to say:

Many will not understand the book at first but will eventually find their way to it because the universe is a bit behind the story. But it won't take long for them to cross over and join, in joy and love.

Be safe, be okay. Love. People will honour the process and take it in and many will re-read for years to come because they feel the word. Family will heal (including mine) and so many others will understand each other so much better as a result of the book. And you, Tryna, will *be.come* your best in the process.

May it be so,

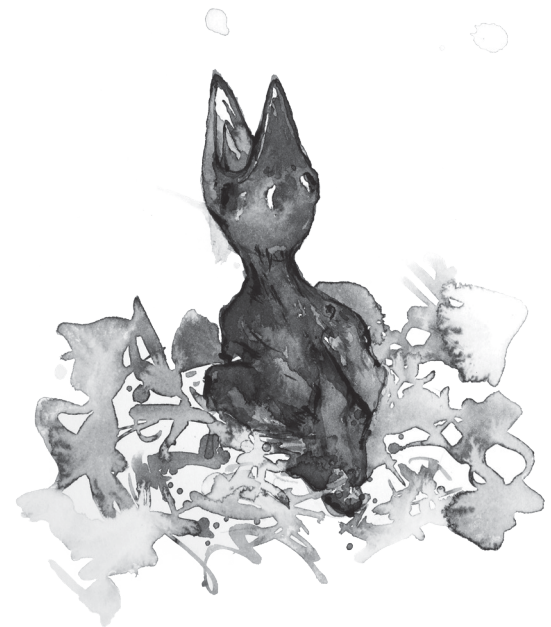


Adel D. Spacil

the end

chapter 1

conversations about the end...



Grandma died on March 27, 2010, at the age of 82 years old. Three years prior to her departure we had an unforgettable conversation. This is the story of that conversation, and the many unforgettable conversations that followed it.

Sometime in 2007, I am sitting on the old decrepit iron stackable chair with a thick heavily-stained floral cushion that Grandma purchased from the Sally Ann. I am facing her kitchen entrance. Grandma comes out of the hallway in her usual perfectly-pressed white silk blouse and navy

blue slacks. At 79 years old, she is frail and has lost a lot of weight. Her hair is thin and white and you can almost see her entire scalp. She is barely able to walk without support as her legs have become weak from many years of sitting indoors cooking, cleaning, reading and sewing. When she comes around the corner her expression is disheartened and worried.

I look up into her small and wrinkled face. Her five-foot-tall body stops and stands right in front of me. She is cradling a cast-covered arm that was hurt in a fall caused by the mild stroke she suffered a couple of weeks ago while cooking in the kitchen. She knocked herself on the stove or cupboards and fell to the ground, breaking her frail arm instantly.

“Gram, what’s the matter?” I ask. “You look sad.”

“Birdie,” she replies, using my childhood nickname. “I am scared to die.”

Gathering my thoughts, taking a deep breath, and shifting my body, I try to hold it together emotionally. I hadn’t been expecting such a bold statement to come out of her. I know

this is big. This conversation needs to be handled with absolute delicacy and the greatest tact that I can muster. My nerves are vibrating, but I put on a strong front for her.

“Grandma, why are you so scared to die? I mean, really, we are all going to die one day, you know.”

I try to use my voice in the most loving tone possible with just an edge of playfulness to lighten her fears. It is the best I can pull off at this moment. I have a reputation for being a sarcastic jokester among the members of my family, so I know I can get away with this. What other option do I have anyway? This conversation feels really strange and uncomfortable.

She appears to be deeply concerned, kind of checked out, and really sad. “I just don’t know whether I am going up or down,” she says, while she points her finger up to Heaven and then down to Hell to signal the severity of the topic.

“Oh, Gram, you are so going up!” I cheekily respond.

“How do you know that?”

“Well, it’s because you’re Catholic, Grandma!”

Good one, I say to myself, giving myself an invisible pat on the back for my super-intelligent, quick response. I even surprised myself with that one!

“Aghhh,” she snarls and walks off muttering in her native Cree tongue. “Do you really think so?” she asks, praying for some sign of hope.

Looking for a quick exit from this intense conversation, I finish it off with: “Heck yeah, of course! I mean, you go to church; you’re a good girl, Gram. The big guy up there knows that,” while pointing up to the heavens. I personally have never spent more than the occasional funeral or wedding in a church, so what would I know about the rules of God and church, Heaven or Hell? But my words seem to satisfy her temporarily. That is enough for me.

A few minutes later, she follows with: “How do you really know I am going to Heaven? What will it be like?”

“Well, Gram, as you know, I haven’t obviously been there yet, but from what I hear the place is pretty spectacular!”

Still trying to make some fun come alive in an uncomfortable situation, I continue with my perky attitude and witty comebacks. But I know I still haven’t really helped Grandma feel better, and looking at her I can see that she’s right. It’s getting close to *that* time for her, all right. What can I do? Her situation is obvious and she knows it.

So I throw in my final slam-dunk move. “Grandma, I have an idea. Why don’t we do an experiment? When you get to the other side, why don’t you send me a signal to let me know you are there?”

“What?” she asks with a disbelieving and doubting face.

“How about this? When you get to the other side, why don’t you mess with my pictures and I will know that it’s really you?”

Scrunching her nose, she says, “Aghhhh, no, that’s silly.”

“For example,” I say, “turn them over, tip them upside down, make them face backwards... just do anything weird with them and then I will know it’s you!”

This idea comes to me out of nowhere. I am a professional photographer and most of my family members enjoy and appreciate the value of photographs. Grandma’s walls are covered in them. I am surprised at my suggestion to her but I don’t let her know this. Grandma flicks her hand in the air and walks away, appearing to have no interest in this idea at all. For some reason my instincts tell me to stay with this thought. Something about it feels weird, strange and significant. I file it away for a later date.

Approximately one year after our first initial Heaven/Hell conversation, Grandma’s memory starts to slip. She is forever repeating her life stories over and over to anyone who will listen. Her comments about being afraid to die pop out again. So I pretend that I have never heard it before and repeat my response just as I did the first time.

This time she responds with: “Pictures? How on God’s green earth do you think that will happen?”

“Grandma, I honestly have no idea at all. But let’s do this experiment. Let’s try it, okay?” I am getting a little bit excited about it now for some weird reason. “If it’s possible, then we get to do it together.”

She kind of shrugs it off as weird yet again, but something inside of me says, “Stay with this.” I know I need to complete my mission. I hope that I have enough time before the Creator takes her away from me to convince her to do this. Luckily, this scenario repeats itself one more time in the following year. She seems to be hearing me now. The mission, for the time being, feels completed.

On her final day on earth, March 26, 2010, Grandma lays in her bed. She is cranky and uncomfortable, with many people coming and going. I know I’m not going to get much time to be alone with her before she dies.

We are all pretending that everything is fine, making her believe that she is going to get better and get out of the hospital. We had been visiting, laughing and giving her

24-hour support while she rested in bed. Grandma is very uncomfortable. She isn’t eating, can barely breathe, and keeps talking about getting the frog out of her throat. Her lungs are filling up with water and the nurses are giving us a heads-up that time is short.

On the inside I am so nervous. I have never witnessed anyone actually die before. What will it be like for me and for her? Other family members are sobbing and stressing when they leave the room, but although I am nervous, I don’t actually feel like crying at all. I can’t cry; I don’t even have it in me. It surprises my dad. “You kids are so strong,” he says, shaking his head.

Late into the evening in the hospital room on March 26, I notice Grandma raising her hands and arms very peacefully into the air. She makes fists with both hands. She seems to be punching the air ever so gently and her facial expression looks focused. I glance over to my dad who is seated on the other side of the hospital bed. I use my body language with a nod of the head to ask, “What is she doing?” He throws back an “I don’t know” with large eyes and a shrug of his shoulders.

Chapter 1

be.come

“Grandma, what are you doing?” I gently ask. Because of her lung situation, she barely whispers out the word “*bannock*.” “Bannock?” I repeat.

After a couple of seconds pondering the word, I realize what’s happening. “Oh, Dad, she wants to actually teach us how to make bannock before she dies!”

“What are you talking about?” he asks with a very serious look on his face. He’s emotional and stressed and knows that his mother will be leaving him very soon. He’s in no mood for my sarcasm or any antics. I tell my dad that I always used to ask her to teach me how to make bannock so that I could have at least one native skill or hobby and we just never got around to it.

It appears she is ready to teach me.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Cree-Métis spiritual warrior and award-winning entrepreneur Tryna Gower shares her story and offers inspiration through an international group she founded in 2014 called be.real. Tryna was born into a multi-cultural family with Cree, Métis, Irish, Polish and Czecho-

slovakian roots. Growing up in a primarily white household, she always felt different from the people she knew as her family. But her grandmother Adel Spacil (formerly Big Charles) showed her the true meaning of unconditional love through a relationship that didn't end with death.

Beyond the grave, her grandmother continued to guide her back to her aboriginal roots, and even channeled be.come, a book with a special message for humanity, through Tryna. Born in British Columbia, Canada, Tryna is grateful for the connection she feels with her homeland and the vibration of her ancestors. She loves inspiring others to be.come their true selves by developing their own intuitive and leadership gifts. Follow Tryna Gower at www.trynagower.com.



**This book is your guide to
learning HOW you want to be.**

Not *WHAT* you want to be, but simply how. Some of the greatest books of our time have changed our lives by teaching us to manifest what we want — especially material things. While that's helpful, this book takes you back to the very first step: the kindergarten of learning to create a reality that is exactly how you want it to be.

By taking you on Tryna Gower's real-life journey of death, healing, and love beyond the grave, be.come will teach you one simple skill. It's a skill, a concept and a practice your family, school or employer never taught you. be.come imparts a knowledge that's hard to find elsewhere — there are no universities or online courses that teach it. It's the simplest lesson in the world, but it has more power than war or affluence.



Author Photo by: Laura Reynolds,
StudioTGP.com

And if there was ever a time to learn this lesson, it's now.

Canadian communicator Tryna Gower spent two years channeling this book directly through a connection with her native ancestors. At 35, this Cree Métis woman started to experience the gift of a lifetime. After the passing of her Cree grandmother, Adel Doris Spacil, her intuitive abilities awakened at a radical speed, and she was asked to provide this very simple lesson to humanity.

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