

Carried on Spirit Wings

A Journey Through Darkness to Light

Self-published by Ann Maria Dunne in 2021

'It is an extraordinary book...she has the soul of a writer. Only an amazing traveller could write that book. ...If I had to recommend a book about dying, this is the book I would recommend...I have never read a better book of someone facing up to the one big challenge of our lives - how do we leave? Ann Maria Dunne has written that book.'

- Peter Sheridan, playwright, screenwriter and director.

'A beautifully written book of a life well lived with courage, curiosity and fortitude. I couldn't put this book down... her struggles and fears are all revealed in a most engaging and flowing way. Highly recommended for anyone interested in living more deeply'

Amazon review.

Ann Maria's autobiography was self-published in January 2021 just a month before her death. We worked on this remarkable life story together during lockdown in 2020. Her story is a remarkable one. As a child, Ann Maria witnessed her father's death and grew up in the shadow of her mother's psychiatric illness. She lost her husband, the love of her life, while still in her twenties. Struggling to come to terms with this devastating loss, Ann Maria embarked on an extraordinary spiritual journey.

A truly indomitable spirit, she travelled the globe seeking wisdom from gurus and experiencing sacred healing. Even in the face of a terminal cancer diagnosis, Ann Maria continued to seek transformation, healing and enlightenment until the very end of her amazing life. Ann Maria, a psychotherapist and founder of Ireland's first holistic lay retreat, Chrysalis, wrote a book that is an inspirational tale of overcoming tragedy, living and loving. Most of all, it is a story about hope.

Brief excerpt from Carried on Spirit Wings, a scene where Ann Maria is two years old and has just witnessed the sudden death of her father at her home in New Jersey:

As the ambulance men covered the man's lifeless form, his wife's ragged sobs were the only sounds in the reverential hush. Women wiped the tears from their cheeks with the backs of their hands, and the men solemnly lowered their heads. Some filed out after the stretcher and stood in silent salute as their neighbour's body was loaded into the back of the emergency vehicle.

Sometime after, Angela Byrne rose to her feet in shock. 'Where's Ann Maria?' she asked, her eyes darting around frantically.

'She's okay, Angie. We're watching her,' one woman replied. If Angela hadn't been in such deep shock, she might have noticed that the women were unnerved; they glanced at each other before one added: 'It's just she got into Gene's car, and she's locked the door, and won't come out.'

It was weeks later before the women told Angela Byrne about the sight they witnessed. The little girl's hands were balled into fists, her head was thrown back, and the primal screams of grief that reached their ears, even from inside the locked car, shocked them to their core.