

A Reading That Struck Home

Experiencing The Mystery of Afterlife Visions

One reason I was drawn some years ago to study at a Christian Spiritualist church was to explore my own psychic aptitude. For several years I attended weekly classes at the church, where I was in a group who practiced clairvoyance, psychometry, telepathy and other related paranormal abilities for which I've long had some ability.

Like many of the legitimate scientists who've studied psychic matters, I believe nearly everyone has some level of psychic ability. From my years of Spiritualist classes, I learned there were some psychic things I could do, and there were others that presented challenges. I learned, for example, that I'm not a medium who communicates with dead people, nor am I a channel who allows non-physical entities to enter my body with the purpose of communicating with living people. I'm not very good at psychometry, which is getting messages psychically by touch from physical objects, but I'm better at telepathy, which involves mentally sending or receiving messages.

As with any gift or talent, in psychic matters, practice is vital. I believe this to be especially true when developing psychic abilities, because opening the portals to one's own unconscious and learning to raise one's psychic "vibrations" do not come naturally, for the vast majority of people anyway.

It was my abilities in telepathy and clairvoyance that enabled me to perform readings at the church, where I would psychically connect with other people to share any insights or visions I'd pick up.

It would happen like this: after the Sunday morning Spiritualist service, people sometimes would stay after to have readings from one or more of the church's ministers, of which I was one. At the beginning, I often found it to be mentally exhausting, especially when I'd be asked to give three, four, or five readings in rapid succession.

Personal experience has taught me there's no guarantee a psychic connection can be made, on demand, with another person. Sometimes the connection is made, sometimes not. And even when it's made, the quality of the connection can vary greatly.

For perspective, I've personally witnessed readings given by two psychic celebrities: the mediums John Edward and Sylvia Browne, whose styles were very different. Sylvia Browne received and dispensed with audience questions rapidly. A woman asks her: "Is my sister still alive?" And Sylvia responds, "Yes," often with no elaboration as she waits for the question from the next person in line. John Edward claims to be an intermediary between the dead and the living, which means he must make connections on both ends, which would be an arduous task. He told a group of us how sometimes he suffers physical discomfort when the dead person's spirit is adamant about getting a message through to a person who has not connected psychically with John. I saw this happen, and his pain was visible and unsettling.

In some readings I gave, I could only describe what I was "seeing" and let the recipient decide if my vision was meaningful. Other times, I knew I'd delivered a solid "hit." I still look back on those readings with awe and gratitude.

I want to describe the most unusual vision I experienced among the many readings I gave at the church. To me, it was an extraordinary reading because there is no way I could have sensed the details of what I psychically perceived, as the meaning was unclear to me.

That Sunday, a group of six people stayed for readings. I knew a couple of them, but the rest were strangers to me, including one woman who was well into her eighties. When it came time for me to give this elderly woman her reading, I

prayed and concentrated and let my mind go blank, as was my usual practice in trying to establish the psychic connection.

For some time, all I could see was darkness, like a dusk, until a golden glow arose slowly in the background. Out of the glow I saw several silhouetted figures step forward, and out of the group of silhouettes stepped two men, still silhouetted and of indeterminate age. As I watched with my mind's eye, the two men turned toward each other and held out their hands, almost as if forming a cradle. They stayed that way for several moments and then the entire scene faded.

I described the scene to the woman as it unfolded. When I lost the connection, I opened my eyes and told her with some regret that there was nothing more I could add. She smiled with a faraway gaze, but said nothing. When all the readings had been given and people were departing from the church, the woman came up to me and thanked me profusely for her reading, which I thought was odd because of its scant detail.

Then she told me I'd seen her two older brothers, now long deceased. She said when she was a young child her brothers often would form a cradle with their arms, just as I'd described, and would carry her around the house and the yard, giving her rides she greatly enjoyed. She had tears in her eyes as she explained to me that the reading showed that her brothers were in the spirit realm, watching, and patiently waiting for her.

Now I ask: How could I have received that image? It's unlikely it originated from my own unconscious. Is it an image the woman harbored in her own unconscious that I was able to perceive? Or was the image, in fact, a gift from the realm of departed spirits?

I have no answer, only amazement.