

Is enlightenment a state of being, miraculously bestowed upon a chosen few, or is enlightenment achievable by anyone with the desire to be enlightened? Join me as I travel to Ireland and Arizona in search of the answer. In one year's worth of journal entries, reflections from my higher source, and channeled messages from my spirit guides and alien entities, I begin to understand the purpose of living as one with the all.

The Enlightened Psychic: Unlocking the Creative Source from Within

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The Enlightened Psychic



SUZY GRAF

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The Skeptic Psychic:
An Autobiography into
the Acceptance of the Unseen
by Suzy Graf

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~ CHAPTER 1 ~

AN INTRODUCTION

I start my story with a realization that I have nothing to fear from ghosts, spirits, or the “Unseen.” And yet I still haven’t found a reason why I’ve gone through the trouble of discovering the reality of unseen beings. Something inside me understands that this path I am currently on ultimately leads towards enlightenment and has more to reveal. Join me as I delve into a deeper understanding of my emotions; what makes me unique, and how I am actually connected, energetically speaking, to all that is around me, in this dimension and those not yet perceived.

For the reader that chooses a reality limited within linear time, may I suggest reading my first book; *The Skeptic Psychic*. If you haven’t read *The Skeptic Psychic* then please enjoy the following synopsis, a condensed form of my journey into psychic phenomena thus far.

I had been working with psychic phenomena since the fall of 2003, and as I progressed through my new understanding, I slowly morphed into a different person. My traditional Christian religion changed in October of 2005 to the religion, science, and philosophy known as Spiritualism. Concurrently, I began to develop my ability to sense the unseen, as well as to be able to speak to spirit, and to use the never-ending source of energy that surrounds all of us to heal. In 2004, I believed I had spirit guides who were Druids that I named Deb and Red that later changed into a “healing guide” who was a Native American woman named Hidden Deer. When working with Hidden Deer’s energy I sometimes experienced profound insights. But I developed into more than a medium and a healer. I’ve delved into yoga, Reiki, animal communication, shapeshifting, and struggled through my acceptance of fairies and aliens. I’ve learned how to speak in tongues and how to trance and write answers to my questions. I converse with my Spirit Guide, my Control or Guardian Angel whom I

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call Yellow Dog, by typing a question into the computer and waiting for a sensation, a knowing, and then allow myself to type the answer.

My story begins shortly after my last book, *The Skeptic Psychic*, has ended. I've just learned, or rather accepted, that I AM connected to all that is. I AM safe and I will not lose MYSELF by sharing my energy, or accepting that my energy is shared by others and by all that exists around me. I had just accepted that I am not really an individual but part of the building block of all that is. This realization does not mean that I need to forfeit my individuality. No ...this realization is simply, a realization ...a new perspective of all that is. And with this acceptance, I continue on with my journey. The day is April 22, 2006. I'm at a workshop exploring my merkaba field, that energy that makes me ...me. And within this workshop I discover that I am much more complicated than I had originally thought.

~CHAPTER 2~
ACCLIMATING TO MY MERKABA...APRIL/MAY 2006

April 22, 2006: Whew...whew...whew ...the crystal bowl had started to sing its strange circular motioned song. Yes, I said crystal BOWL, not BALL; an opaque bowl with a slightly flattened bottom, this jumbo piece of dinnerware stood over two feet high. The woman sat in a simple chair with a rubber-ended mallet which she expertly maneuvered around the lip of her behemoth bowl, not unlike an oversized finger on the lip of a crystal wine glass.

Whew...whew...whew ...I lay on the floor of the cavernous studio room with my fellow classmates. One of a dozen or so adults lying prone on my back, eyes closed, from an outsiders view, the scene unfolding would be rather odd if one would walk into the room. Whew ...whew...whew the bowl sang, and the group of us strewn haphazardly around the old wooden floors of the antique brownstone's upstairs loft listened as the woman on the chair started to sing. My mind wandered. My body lightened. I was in a nowhere sensation of no longer being present, yet achieving an all knowingness. I no longer sensed myself, my physical body. I was no longer encased in the set parameters of linear time and physical space. I was free!

I sensed being sandwiched between planes of existence. As if I existed within the cream in the center of an Oreo cookie, I was blocked above me by the chocolate cookie nothingness and sandwiched in between another layer of cookie emptiness below. Yet in the middle there was a never-ending bright light; lightning strikes of brightness that emanated out horizontally in a seemingly endless thin horizon ...the jasmine plane. I've been here before, my own imaginary "star gate," my personal vortex that transcends time and space and reality. Not feeling a bit claustrophobic in regards to the barriers of the ceiling and floor of the cookie layers I was encased within, I allowed me to be zzzzzipped away. Moving ...traveling forward ...spinning around and

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around and around ...I was a gyroscope on a mission ...whew... whew...whew.

I first learned this meditation technique, called activating my merkaba, over five months ago, in November of 2005. I didn't ever think I would be interested in Sound Healing. Hell, I never thought I'd be interested in offering energy healing at all! And now, I am a Reiki Master ...and a Level Two Holographic Sound Healer ...and I became a Spiritualist last fall and I "sit" in a Monday morning spiritual development circle. Yes, my life has changed over the past year! I talk to dead people on a weekly, if not daily, basis and I lay hands on other people, called Spiritual Healing, usually every Sunday during service. It was one of my fellow classmates from my Spiritualist development class that recommended this workshop. And just as I wouldn't have sought out to develop this meditation technique on my own, I'm glad I've learned this new ability to be aware of how my inner self works, to be aware of the atoms vibrating within me ...to be aware.

Whew...whew...whew ...I can hear our teacher's voice coaching us, encouraging us to search within, to find bits and pieces of our lost souls, our "past lives," and to heal the issues, the trauma from these "past lives" that we still carry with us today.

Whew...whew...whew ...I'm back in the jasmine plane, that horizontal lightning bolt of awareness and then, I'm at the base of a building. The scene in this meditation/altered-state experience is now as familiar as the vehicle for which I arrive through. There is brown-red sand everywhere. The landscape rolls in sandy dunes and the only item that breaks the monotony of sand is one large, upright rectangular building. I am at the base of this building composed of red sandstone-like material, which is conservatively embellished with one small square window way up high. No entryway, no door is visible, and just as I approach the structure I am magically inside.

I've seen this room before! It looks like a documentary I've seen on the history channel about Constantinople's underground cisterns built by the ancient Romans. But this place is slightly different. I KNOW this

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space is not just a cistern or some ancient storage tank. No ...this space is a Roman bath. A large and spacious cavernous room that is somehow very familiar. The scene changes within my meditation once again and I am experiencing, or is it remembering, a past life?

I was a Roman soldier at a feast where my companions and I were lounging on pillows and eating, talking and laughing. I wore a yoke of metal armor and was also wearing robes. On top of my right shoulder was a piece of metal that held part of my robe, and I knew that this piece of jewelry was important and that it symbolized an achievement I accomplished, an honor. This feast was, in part, a celebration in observance of the defeat of my army over another. I was looking around me and feeling out of place. I saw the poor thin slaves working too hard, in contrast to the fat Senators laying around me, stuffing their swollen faces with yet more food. I was sensing the uneasiness of all these people. There was no harmony here, just misery and deceit.

I was feeling guilt over the "barbarians" that I had massacred. They were a harmonious people whose society chose to live, work, and play as equals. They were happy, loving and resourceful, and I was ordered to destroy them, their civilization, and their way of life. They were targeted by Rome for destruction because they did not live the multiple class lifestyles of the typical Roman citizens. Instead they chose to be without class, without honoring of wealth or power. These now conquered and crushed people simply shared. They lived as one; one community where all prospered or suffered equally in a bucolic existence of love.

I, as this Roman soldier, felt a sense of hatred towards the people I shared the dining hall with. I, as the Roman soldier, felt a sense of hatred towards the injustice, the deceit, and the absurdity that wealth creates in people. And lastly it was I, as the Roman soldier, who realized that I hated myself. I hated what I had become. And it was when I was experiencing this feeling of hate that I was able to let go of the emotion. I suddenly understood that the hate I was feeling was not important. Hate was but a simple emotion trapped in a circumstance

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of life. And with that realization I saw the most beautiful opal-sparkling-baby-blue color behind my closed eyes. I watched the pastel colors shift and change, as if emanating from a disco ball light and I slipped into a non-remembering state when I was startled back to awareness by my teacher's soft voice coaxing the class back.

The bowl was slowing, and with the vibration behind my ears still ringing, I gingerly pulled myself up into a seated position. I've experienced past life regression before, both assisted and spontaneous during a meditation, but I never fully realized the purpose of recognizing the event, or rather the emotion behind the event. I learned through my Reiki training that emotions can somehow become lodged within a person's aura and cause illness. But could I be harboring stale emotions from past lives? I listened as our instructor explained.

My energy field is like a spinning, moving blob. There is the physical, three dimensional self that is visible, but there is so much more. I have an aura that expands beyond my physical self. This is the part of me that "senses" when another person walks in the room. My teacher explained further ... when I develop psychically, I am expanding my aura and thus begin existing further out and away from my three dimensional physical core. It is this expansion of my aura which creates a new awareness of all that exists around me, and consequently creates a new "psychic" awareness as well. But there are caveats, old blocks that I may harbor within my outer being that I need to acknowledge and overcome if I am to achieve a higher awareness of all that is. And today, during the merkaba workshop I greeted and conquered one of those blocks ...a long ago intense hatred of injustice. And I was able to allow that old emotion to leave. Cool!

Now that I am home and journaling this into the computer I begin to doubt what I experienced hours earlier. Could I have fabricated today's meditation? I don't think my mind would have pulled together bits and pieces of history channel shows. I wasn't THINKING about anything during the crystal bowl's song. I was simply relaxed and I

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allowed. No one suggested Rome in the room. We all journeyed on our own path. I've been to shamanic drumming before where I would allow my meditation to develop and I'd follow a quiet pantomime of an event with an animal or spirit guide. But today was different! Today I was EXPERIENCING me reliving something I did. This is hard to explain. The time is late and I'm tired so ...for now ...Namaste.

April 24, 2006: I was at my Monday morning spiritual development circle today and had a very odd sensation. The group of us was being led by Joseph into a meditation as preparation to practicing our mediumship, or what I call talking to dead people. I've been sitting in this circle since January of 2005, and the group today was the usual "regulars." The meditation was through, and I allowed energy to escape from my third eye as I peered into the unknown. I was immediately surprised at a difference. I still felt the "whew, whew, whew" of Saturday's workshop and it appeared as though I was "in" the otherside of the veil, not simply peering into it! I sensed a spirit next to me just as I would sense any one of my classmates next to me. I didn't know what this being wanted. I just knew that it wanted to step into me, attach to me or speak through me. I didn't like the sensation!

I couldn't articulate my feelings sufficiently enough for the rest of the development group to understand the near sense of panic I was experiencing. After asking, I left the circle to go downstairs. I needed to get out of that energy and I felt better in a different space. As I am typing this into my computer, I still sense this spirit, this being, or entity near me. I need to hitch the trailer for my daughter's riding lesson. No time to contemplate any further today ...for now ...Namaste.

April 26, 2006: All I wanted to do this morning was to journal my thoughts, my new story into the computer, but the darn lap top won't go on! Yesterday my daughter was initiating the start up program on

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the computer while she was engrossed in an argument with my son. To make a long story short the computer got turned off at the wrong time which seems to have confused the poor machine and now it won't go back on ...UGH! So I'm using the old desk top computer to journal these thoughts down today.

I don't know why I seem to have become so "unlucky" lately. Come to think about it, ever since I attended last Saturday's "sound healing" class, I've been plagued by little misfortunes. I wonder if some invisible force could be testing me to see how I react to being frustrated. I don't lapse into a quick anger like I used to years ago, but I do sense frustration and I find this computer problem frustrating! I was looking forward to a day to myself and the comfort of my familiar laptop. The kids are back in school, and this would be my first day of solitude in more than a week, so life should be easy. I don't understand why life is throwing little obstacles, like the laptop breaking, in my way.

Joseph, a friend and sometimes leader of my development group, suggested that I may need to reconfirm with my spirit guides that they are still "allowed" to work with me. He cautioned that energetic changes in my body had occurred during last Saturday's workshop, and that these shifts may be interpreted by my Spirit Guides as a purposeful path toward repelling their help. I wonder if my Spirit Guides need permission to continue to help me just because my energy might have changed or evolved. I politely listened to Joseph's opinion, but now that I have time to contemplate, I don't fully agree with him.

But if I am vibrating slightly out of synch with my unseen helpers and, Spirit Guides, how do I help these vibrations to realign? Thinking of my Guardian Angel I search for Yellow Dog. I can feel Yellow Dog near me and yet far away too. I can sense my form spinning when I use my inner eye, and I wonder if my outer merkaba field is somehow less accessible. I sense Yellow Dog as near, then far, and then near, and then far ...I am confused! Could Joseph be right and I need to re-

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establish a connection with my guides? Is the teaching I received from last Saturday causing my separation from Yellow Dog, or is this block somehow connected to the entity I encountered last Monday morning?

I can barely sense Yellow Dog near. I allow my fingers to type into the computer: *"An entity, an entity, an entity!!! Spin faster and push him out. Spin harder and let him fly away. For this was the problem, this is the problem. Take the time now. Go...."* So I stopped typing into the computer and sat down to practice what I learned in my workshop last Saturday.

I went into my living room, placed my "sound healing through the crystal bowl" CD into the machine, lit a lovely new incense that I recently purchased, and settled into my easy chair. With the lights turned down low I initiated the spinning merkaba meditation. I "lost time." I thought I was "meditating" for just five minutes, but the CD player has been running for over a half of an hour! I feel more balanced and now that I am back sitting in my office chair and typing into my computer, I also sense that something within my chest is more open, which is similar to a feeling I had after I meditated last night.

Allow me to back track in time to last night's meditation ...I was having a bad day yesterday and was consumed with frustration over the loss of my laptop. I initiated last night's merkaba meditation with the intention of losing the frustration and tension I was holding in my body. After relaxing into a state of bliss, I was rewarded with a twitch in the front of my chest, followed by a twitch of the muscle that lies beneath my breast, and sensed an overall electric jolt of release throughout my body. This was the normal self-healing meditation that I've learned and expected.

But wait a minute ...I didn't feel any twitching or releasing of my muscles after the brief meditation I just did moments ago! If I scan my body now, I sense a broadening of my shoulders or chest, the same sensation of a broad chest I experienced during last Saturday's healing of my past lives or rather "my lost soul fragments." I can sense Yellow

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Dog behind my right shoulder now, and I feel comforted at being able to sense him again. I'm confused ...does the entity that I sensed around me before have some connection with my lost soul fragments?

YD: *"Little One ...your soul fragments are your own. These are not, nor can they be disturbed or distorted by any other beings. The entity is a separate event. You have successfully spun him out of your being, your outer most fields of energy. He will need to stay away now. He will no longer be a concern to you."*

Q: "What could I have done different on Monday that would have allowed me to stay open to the group's activities, yet kept me protected from this entity?"

YD: *"Do not lament that which is passed. The proper course would be to have cleansed all that participated in such a group endeavor and the practicality of such a cleansing may not be appropriate nor acceptable to all participating in the group. Next time call in your guides first **before** you allow yourself to open up to any group participation. First, talk to us, for we are your eyes on the other side. Talk to us. Allow us to see what you are unable to see. We will alert you to the unseen. You need to learn this ...NOW ...for your abilities are progressing. Your possibilities are endless. First you must set in place common sense practices".*

I understand Yellow Dog but it takes me so much time to mentally say the proper words and recite a prayer for guardianship, thanks, and protection. And by the time I think of the proper words I lose the interest in meditating because I am THINKING too much. The English language is a big block for me when I meditate. I would rather sense your presence and understand that I am safe. Ah, now I understand what I am doing wrong. I have been trying another person's procedure for 'calling in' my guides. I have tried, numerous times, to mimic my friend's rituals, but the more I get caught up in the words of an opening prayer, the more detached I feel to my own energy or my own guides. This was why "speaking in tongues" seems so natural for me. When I speak in tongues and feel the voice of Hidden Deer coming

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through me I know I am in an Angelic vibration, just as when I can't speak in tongues I know that the energy around and through me may harbor an entity or an imbalance around me. As much as I value my friend's experiences and opinions, I think I'll rely on my ability to speak in tongues before I start any further meditations. Thank you Yellow Dog for your loving assistance in helping me to understand that which is not known ...Namaste!

April 29, 2006: Today is opening up to be a bazaar day. I am going to listen to Ted Andrews speak in Northern Massachusetts and was feeling a little guilty about leaving my son and daughter home alone all afternoon. Then a friend called and invited my daughter to an amusement park for the day, and the computer guy called and will come to our house around 1:30 to work with my son on fixing the laptop. Now I can leave the house knowing that both my children are occupied and the computer is FINALLY going to be fixed. Thanks spirits!

I have felt compelled to re-read "*Voyager Secrets of Amenti*" by Ashayana Deane. The book is similar to reading a text book but I am intrigued with Deane's belief that you make your own destiny or reality by manifesting the thoughts you want to materialize. Deane also uses concepts of Aliens and Sacred Geometry in her book that tease my brain, but somehow, these theories do make sense.

I did some meditating yesterday and have sensed the presence of another voice, but instead of the low comforting voice of Yellow Dog which feels like a low warm hug when he calls me Little One, this new voice feels more like a female vibration with a motherly, lighter, caring sense. This vibration calls me "Dear" and at first I thought this was my sister who died fifteen years ago, but now I feel that this voice must be that of a new, female guide.

Q: "Yellow Dog, can you give me any insight as to who this being is that calls me "Dear", and can you also give me any insight as to what she was trying to say about my mother?"

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A: *"Oh Little One. We are pleased that you understand. We are pleased that you know that there is more than one of us now, for we are a collective. We are the ones assisting you. Not just the one being. Allow me to invite her in..."*

I can sense a new energy that is not Yellow Dog and she feels familiar. She feels like Deb, the guide that called herself a Druid who I first met in the fall of 2004. I mentally ask this new energy; "Are you the same teacher I came to know as Deb." And while I wait to write the answer I sense swirling emotions, swirling beings, close, then far away.

A: *"Yes dear it is me. I did not fully leave you, yet I allowed others to step in who could help you with that which you could not understand, for this is the way. We work together. We assist each other. I am the being that you have known for a long, long time. Call me Deb if you wish for this is the reality for which you now know. I come, I touch, I share all that there is. I teach. This is my purpose to help to teach you about those things that you no longer remember.*

I have had many successful lives, many productive lives, and many spiritual developing lives. For this reason I have digressed into the other dimensions. Yes, I did say digress, for I needed to understand. I needed to pull into the other dimensions to fully understand and teach those that have not yet ascended. This was my path. This is how I learned. This, too, is how you are now learning. You, too, went back. You, too, lowered your frequency to experience that which you could not fully understand. This was a path that you chose to learn through.

Learning, evolving, expanding, these are all the purpose. For if we can expand the understanding of a reality, then, we can best help those trapped within its boundaries. I have digressed back into the earth. I am part of the earth, as are you, but I accept these vibrations as part of my whole. I accept the animals, the plants, the sky, and the rocks. I accept all of nature as being part of the vibration of the whole. This was my learning. This is your learning also.

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The end of your opening is near. The circle is almost complete. The possibilities of your realities are opening. Allow the pieces of information to mesh. Allow the models to group together into one grand image. For then you will truly understand the reality of your current life. And with this understanding comes acceptance. And with acceptance comes sharing, teaching, allowing the full understanding to be a gift to all of those who choose to learn. Entice those to learn. Tempt them with those that have already learned. Allow the models of success to be your guide. For the ultimate reality is perfection. The ultimate reality is happiness. The ultimate reality is peace. Peace, for not just one, but peace for the whole. Peace for the whole of humanity. Allow the process to unfold. Your mission is unfolding. Your destiny is already set. Do not worry. Allow it to unfold. We will help to clear the path. We will understand and allow the perfection to be achieved. WE are always with you. WE are the one...Namaste."

Q: "Wait ...What was the information I received yesterday about the heart? I felt you say something about the heart being sick. Is this information I need to know? Is my mother really sick? Is Greg's mother's heart failing? Please let me complete this thought that I tapped into yesterday."

This is weird. I do not feel Yellow Dog or Deb. I feel a void of swirling energies. I cannot feel which is which. I try to feel the words. The way each being addresses me. The way I feel when each being addresses me. Yellow Dog I feel in my heart. Deb is a warm feeling that comes up from my root. Energetically they each feel very different. So I wait for the words. Then, if the feeling coincides, then I know to whom I am speaking to.

YD: "Very Good Little One."

Deb: "Yes, Dear..."

Q: "OK...is either of you going to answer my questions?"

A: "We do not wish to cause you any anguish. We do not wish to cause you any concern. We only wanted to get your attention. With this intriguing question we knew you would work out this problem of

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the dual beings being heard. The problem of not feeling fully connected to Yellow Dog is not a true problem but rather a step in your evolution. For you are able to understand more than one source. Do not worry about the issues of yesterday."

I have a hard time sorting out my imagination and the speaking of the unseen. I sense that the aforementioned paragraph is coming from Deb, because her vibration is similar to that of my horse, Ginger. And when I sense Yellow Dog near his vibration comes from my heart like a warm loyalty. The time is getting late ...for now ...Namaste.

Still April 29th: It is now around 10PM and today was somewhat disheartening because I learned that my laptop computer had crashed and swallowed up all my journal entries for the past two months with it! I am saddened and frustrated at my stupidity over not saving my information as well as the loss of my laptop. But, on a much more positive note, I did enjoy the Ted Andrews talk I went to today. The author of *Animal Speaks* was a very interesting and enjoyable speaker.

I got lost driving up to Northern Massachusetts which caused me to arrive a little late. I walked in after Andrews' opening statements and at the beginning of a lovely indigenous story about two Native American children and an eagle. I found my seat and allowed myself to settle, to breath, relax, and enjoy the tale. While I had my eyes closed I decided to push the energy out of my third eye to "see" where Andrews was. I sensed that Mr. Andrews stepped back out of our dimension and was in a sort of far away void as he channeled or recited his fable. I say "channel" because the energy felt like it was emanating from an outside source.

I am tired from the long ride today and emotionally drained over the realization that my computer died taking with it a month and a half of journal entries. For now ...Namaste.

April 30, 2006: I went to bed last night still upset over my computer crashing and the loss of my diary. I felt betrayed by spirit. If

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they can converse with me, then why couldn't they warn me of the computer breaking? I was sulking when I turned the lights off, and when I noticed the bright lights behind my closed eyes, I ignored the lights. I knew my guides were near and that I could pick up a pen and journal wisdom, but I ignored the lights and the unseen beings. I felt abandoned and hurt. I needed time alone. I needed time to think. I fell asleep.

I dreamt about Zombies last night, which usually was a frightening subject for me thanks to a childhood viewing of the old black and white classic horror film "Night of the Living Dead." This 1950's flick seems silly when I am wide awake but in the night, in a semi-conscious state, my mind fears Zombies as "scary bad guys" because they are unstoppable, because, well, they are already dead. In last night's dream, the Zombies were outside my home while I was inside with my husband, Greg. When Greg commented that the Zombies were outside surprisingly, I wasn't afraid and didn't wake up from my dream in a state of fear. I stayed in my dream and knew the dogs were outside and discussed with Greg that we better let the dogs back in the house because I didn't want the dogs to get eaten by the Zombies. In my dream I let the dogs back in the house and locked the doors. Then I woke up without a feeling of fear, and as I lay in my dark room staring at my ceiling, I started to wonder why my unreasonable fear of Zombies had left me. Perhaps this was part of the Merkaba training I underwent two weeks ago? I wonder if by recovering "lost bits of my soul", I have also resolved some old latent fear issues. Too much to contemplate and time to get ready for church ...for now ...Namaste.

May 2, 2006: I woke up in the middle of last night because I felt healing energy pulsing through me. I stirred to consciousness because this strong line of energy was entering through the top of my head, and I felt concern because I did not consciously initiate or invite this stream of energy. As I became aware of the sensation I remembered a comment made during my development class; "You may fight them

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(spirit), but in the end they will get their own way.” And as I lay in bed I lamented that I didn’t like being anything’s puppet, and although I don’t need to be in charge, I want to understand what spirit is doing to me BEFORE I wake up with a sensation!

When I felt the energy and my consciousness started to stir last night I momentarily blocked the stream due to my half-asleep state. When I realized what I was doing, I calmed myself, and asked Yellow Dog if the energy was ok. Immediately I sensed a warm flush of reassurance, so I allowed the energy to continue. Like the spiritual healing I receive in church, the sensation was pleasant, and I found myself drifting back into sleep. When I woke up this morning I remembered this dream;

I was in a department store with my daughter. We were together on the fourth and top floor. I was looking at velvet dresses which were sewn together and resembled the pattern of Victorian style crazy quilts. We were also looking at small animal figurines, and I was intrigued by a small salamander made of peridot and silver. My daughter announced that it was almost three o’clock, and she wanted to go to a different part of the store which gave away birds if you qualified. Then we were together in the main lobby of the fourth floor, by the stairs or escalator where I saw seven doves in a large cage. My daughter was pleased because she qualified to acquire these seven birds when I noticed a card with a picture of a horse on it. I knew this card was for my daughter, and it was from my deceased father-in-law. Then I woke up thinking about how I was going to build a large cage for the doves.

I am not sure of the meaning of this. The store that was in my dream wasn’t familiar; I don’t think I was ever in that place before. I concluded that the dream must be symbolic and there must be a hidden meaning ...so I looked up the animals; dove, horse, and salamander in *Animal-Speaks* or *Animal-Wise*. Then I researched the meaning behind the minerals; peridot and silver in Melody’s book, *Love is in the Earth*. I spent almost a half of an hour analyzing the text

and trying to formulate the true significance of this dream but could find no cohesion. Frustrated, I decided to go ahead and ask Yellow Dog his opinion, to which he responded.

YD: *"Oh Little One ...Your mind is such that you interfere with what it is that we truly wish you to know. Accept this gift from your child's grandfather. Take the beauty of the dream. Embrace the knowledge that is allowed to be shared. This is the way ...Namaste."*

Once again, Yellow Dog gives me a riddle to solve a riddle! Things to do ...for now ...Namaste.

May 4, 2006: I woke up this morning to the dizzying sensation of being enveloped in a wave of energy. When I realized that the sensation was a sign that spirit was near, I reached for my pen and journal that lay on my nightstand and wrote: *"Parallel Universe mimics one another, alabaster overlays. Learn this way. Learn through a 'buddy system', a feeling of a loving friendship, not that of intimidation, that we often experience on this plane when a teacher works with a student, one on one. You become students, students of the next level. Students of what is to be. Students of what will become. We show the way. We teach that which is unknown. So the transition is easy. The transition is smooth. Allow the flower bud to unfold. Allow the knowledge to spill forth. Learn, share, enjoy. This is the way; the way of oneness, the way of the future and the way of the next level. Learn, learn, learn ...with time you will acclimate. With time these new patterns of behavior will become natural. With time a new reality will unfold. Allow the logic to assemble. Allow the new rhythms to go forth. Allow the new heartbeat to pave a base setting. Then this base, this beating of reality will allow a new symphony of realities to emerge. Allow and enjoy."*

After writing this down I fell asleep and woke up later to the usual household noises of my husband getting dressed and my son closing the bathroom door when I realized I could sense an energy flow pulsing through my body that started at my tail bone and seemed to

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exit out of my cheek bones. I was not alarmed by the energy and decided to consciously push the energy out of this spot in my cheek bones. With my consciousness focusing on the energy as it exited below each of my eyes, I began to experience a journey.

I feel a sense of bliss. I can see sand in the distance. Yet there is grass beneath my feet. I see palm trees. I smell the sea salt in the air. Yet there is no humidity. This looks like Florida. But the air is so different. It is hot. But the air is dry. I get a sense of sandy grit within the air. Sandy grit mixed in with the grass. Yet the air is still. I feel peace, quiet, no bugs, and no humidity ...just comfortable, dry warmth.

I would have liked to stay in this place much longer but it was time for me to get out of bed. As I am typing this into the computer, I am not quite sure where I was in this morning's journey or how I got there. I think I was in Egypt, and I guess I was somehow stepping through another dimension to travel there. I suppose that was why I felt the vertical wave sensation when I first woke up. This was a cool experience, and I hope I can travel here again soon ...Namaste.

May 5, 2006: I woke up this morning knowing an odd piece of wisdom and quickly wrote this down: *"The bee-this is the animal I unreasonably fear the most. On the surface it is the sting that causes the fear. But through study, it is the communal living, the losing your independence, to be part of the whole. This is what the bees are truly known for. The Borg are the Science fiction aliens that I fear the most. It is the concept of forced communization and losing your individuality to be with the whole that scared me away from evolving. The thought of losing my individuality, is this my actual fear and not a fear of aliens? I am an alien! A middle self, isolated from the earth, the lower self. A middle self isolated from the sky, the higher self. A middle self that fears to leave this isolation, and it is the isolation that causes the paranoia. For once the lower and higher self are revealed, there is ever knowing, ever loving ...bliss.*

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Unlock the key. Live your birthright-a birthright of oneness, a birthright of happiness. Do not be led into a spiral of deceit. Unhappiness is not the path. Isolation is not the path. Participation in the whole, this is the path. Cooperation with all the energies, this is the future. Open your heart and accept. Learn, then share the knowledge. For your struggles will help others to overcome theirs. Your triumph will be the triumph of many. Your analyzing will open the doors for all. Unlock the realities of your limitations. For, with the recognition, then you can truly evolve. Find the obstacles. Unlock the fear. Then the selves can blend. For the fear keeps the middle self separate. The fear keeps the middle self ... (I am interrupted by early morning talking and lose the connection. I drift back, back to the channeling...)

Watch nature. See how she functions as one. Learn from the earth. For man, too, should be able to co-exist. Sense and co-exist with each other. Yes-differences do emerge. Competition will emerge. But mass issues are not natural. Mass issues do not exist between large groups of species.

Only man unites as a supreme force. A supreme force disconnected from the whole of the earth. A supreme force bent on being separate. A supreme force that abuses the earth, each other, abuses, through ignorance, the wholeness of one. How to be one is unimportant. What is paramount is to find peace in balance. Balance in the community. Balance in the existence as a part of the whole.

The bee is not unhappy in its assignment. The bee functions as part of a whole with purpose and harmony. The bee vibrates with the oneness of the hive. The bee is part of the whole. Find the bee within you. Then you, too, will understand the answers ...Namaste."

May 6, 2006: I found a pair of dead bees, yellow jackets, floating in my horse's water bucket this morning. No time to reflect further upon this discovery for I have to get ready for tomorrow's horse show ...Namaste.

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May 7, 2006: Today was the first Horse show of the season and my mare, Ginger, surprised me by behaving wonderfully for my daughter! The day started out with us being ten minutes behind schedule when I drove my horse and daughter down our country road. I was going to stay straight at our first stop sign but my daughter suggested taking a right so we could enjoy the scenery on the residential road that intercepts the main thoroughfare at the next stop. I was traveling down this familiar house-laden road when I saw a large squirrel sitting upright, holding something between his front paws, off to the side of the road. I was driving slowly due to the speed limit of this heavily populated area and had a good look at the squirrel whose eyes seemed to follow my rig as we drove by. I asked my daughter if she saw the big squirrel alongside the road, and she commented that she didn't see any squirrel.

More than a year ago I figured out, through meditation and animal communication, that my horse Ginger felt empowered by squirrels. Without trying to sound too crazy I explained to my daughter that my horse Ginger thought that squirrels were great protectors because my horse was frequently startled by the squirrels that rustled high in the tree tops that bordered my horse pastures. My horse shared that the squirrels can move the tree tops and can chirp noises that cause other squirrels to rustle other trees. Even though a squirrel never actually jumped on Ginger and hurt her, to my mare, the squirrels were magical and represented the prospective predators that could live amongst the tree tops. I believe that Ginger revered the squirrel as her power animal, her totem, and her protector against the unseen. I realize my explanation that my horse has her own animal guides may sound silly but I KNOW that Ginger has a soul. I KNOW that Ginger talks. So I BELIEVE that Ginger has a squirrel as a spirit guide.

I forgot about the big squirrel that we drove by on our way to the horse show until I was driving down a long stretch of scenic road when; bop, bop, bop, another squirrel crossed the road. This squirrel didn't interfere with my driving or cause me to slow the trailer down.

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He just bopped across the road far enough ahead of us so we could see him, and this time my daughter did see the squirrel as he sat still at the side of the road and appeared to watch us drive by. I pulled my truck around another turn and a little closer to the horseshow grounds when a third squirrel with tail bunched up high made a mad dash across the road to avoid being hit by our truck. My daughter and I looked at each other and smiled.

At the horse show I rode Ginger for my daughter in the warm up ring, and the mare appeared unusually relaxed. My mare is half Arabian and typically acts “spooky” in the morning, and this morning she never offered to spook once! My daughter then mounted Ginger and rode her around the arena where, again, the mare stayed on the rail obediently. Today was a success! My daughter was champion in her division and received FOUR ribbons; two firsts and two seconds!

It is Wednesday morning as I am typing this into the computer, and I just stopped recording my story in order to answer the phone. The phone call was from last Sunday’s show secretary who shared that my daughter didn’t pick up one of her prizes, a \$20 gift certificate! I wonder what the statistical probability is that the moment in time when I choose to write about last Sunday’s horseshow, the show secretary would call me. Maybe the squirrels are lucky for me too? For now ...Namaste.

May 8, 2006: I woke up before the sun rose and scribbled into my dream journal the name “Boru” and, *“You must think of realities that the human brain can understand, realities that the human brain can process.”* Afterwards, I fell back asleep only to wake up to write down information about a moose. I honestly do not remember writing this into my dream journal, and when I was reading this later to transcribe it into the computer it took me quite a while to understand that the word I was reading was “moose” and not “moore.” This is what was in my dream journal:

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“The moose represents many things, many ideas, and many memories of times long forgotten. Allow the moose to pave the path. Allow the moose to forge in the milky mire of understanding, for he knows how to navigate muddy waters. He knows how to stand upon muddy ground. Sure footed with delicate lip yet very large and strong, the moose has few enemies if healthy and full grown. Enjoy the solitude and protection while under the wavering wisdom of moose.”

I picked up Ted Andrews’ book, *Animal-Speaks*, and was surprised to discover that nearly four pages were dedicated to the moose. I read many attributes about the animal that paralleled my own experiences. I learned that the moose was a solitary animal and that it can camouflage itself and shapeshift. Immediately I began to question HOW MANY animals were listed in Andrews’ book as shapeshifters. After perusing the Index I learned that Andrews listed only the moose and the raven as associated with shapeshifting. Then I read the following passage which sent shivers up my spine; *“...The moose can teach the ability to move from the outer world to the inner. It can teach how to cross from life to death and back to stronger life. It teaches how to use the thin thread that separates life and death to one’s advantage. It is not unusual to find individuals with strong Moose medicine working in **soul retrieval**.”*

Could I still be struggling, subconsciously, through the experiences of my past lives? The level two of Paul Hubbard’s lightbody/merkaba course which I took on April 22nd, helped me to incorporate pieces of my lost souls into my outer aura. I wonder, since I have been working on rebuilding myself as a whole, could this be why I have been dreaming so much lately? Am I somehow working in my sleep at retrieving parts of my past lives?

Just this morning I was talking with a friend who I channeled healing to last week. We talked about the parallels between what I saw happening during his healing, and what I experienced during the “soul retrieval” exercise I went through during the workshop I attended on the 22nd. When channeling the healing to my friend I saw

him as a torus of energy, it was as though energy streamed into his head and out his tail bone but then arced up and away from him, only to return again. The image would be like how magnetic fields are illustrated around the globe of the earth. When sharing this healing with my friend last week I sensed little bits and pieces of energy floating in his aura. I heard myself explaining that these bits of energy were actually pieces of his lost souls. While on the phone this morning we joked about how confusing the concept of having pieces of other lives floating within one's current aura was hard to understand. How can we not be living in linear time? Could we actually be living all of our lives within different dimensions or realities or concurrent times? Could we somehow be living all of our "lives" simultaneously?

Now that I am typing this into the computer and had the time to research Moose in Andrews' book I am amazed at the synchronicity. I was just talking with a friend about soul retrieval and now I realize that a dream I woke up to this morning that is associated with the animal "moose" which Ted Andrews' book refers to as having an association with soul retrieval. Much to think about ...for now ...Namaste.

Still May 8th: At my development class this morning we discussed our differences in how we perceived and manipulated energy verses how we perceived spirit messages entering our bodies and how to differentiate between beneficial or non-beneficial energies that could be attached to a spirit message. Stories were also shared on how to delicately give a spirit message to another person in public without appearing crazy. The conversation took most of our class time, and we only practiced a five minute meditation at the end of class with the intention of discovering an energy flow that would allow us to access a clear channel to the "other side of the veil."

I chose to go and sit in the back of the church under a beam of sunlight streaming through a stained glass window. As soon as I sat down I could feel the presence of someone in spirit. I was engrossed in

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this odd, otherworldly sensation and found myself only half listening to the teacher who led us into a meditation. I sensed this spirit trying to press his or her energy into my heart and throat chakra and immediately remembered a similar experience two weeks ago, when I panicked at sensing a spirit intruding into my aura. Last month I felt threatened and instinctually pushed the spirit away. But today I felt different, oddly safe. I decided to initiate a merkaba of protection and formed a ball of energy, a globe of light around myself and blew my aura out. Instantly I achieved a pleasant healing-like state of energy within my own body. I became lost in the happy-high feeling of euphoria that I was engulfed in and quickly forgot about any spirit as I enjoyed the bliss. I was surprised when I heard the teacher end the guided mediation that I had unintentionally ignored.

I had nothing to offer to our circle when we discussed our meditation, and I quietly listened while the other people in class shared their experiences; some received colors, some received valid messages and then it was my turn to talk. I told them that I felt a presence and as soon as I started to talk I felt the presence, a pressure of a being pressing against me! The leader of our group explained that the spirit was looking to step into my body, to share my body and speak through me. I was offered a choice... IF I wanted to trance I could, OR I could simply ask the being to leave. Today I felt safe and agreed to open my energy up and try to allow the spirit to speak through me.

As soon as I heard my voice agree I knew who the spirit was. *I was the spirit of a skinny woman who I think died of tuberculosis, or a similar lung ailment. I, as this woman, was thin, but well dressed in a slim gown that looked like what a 1920's "flapper" would have worn. My hair was slicked down tight against my face and I wore pearls and held a cigarette perched in a slim holder.* I allowed her to speak through me, and she talked about how lonely she was. I half listened to what I was saying, or rather what the spirit was saying through me because I was more interested in what I was seeing through her eyes,

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or rather my own eyes through her consciousness for as I was talking I could see the church in a different time, as if I was looking through HER eyes. *The church was empty and the floor boards were not painted as they are now but appeared as a dark brown wood.* She talked about how she would often come to this church to think, and she said that this building always made her somehow feel better. She also said that she couldn't understand where everyone was and why she was always alone.

The leader of our group asked her questions. He asked her if there was any one with her. She said; "No." Then he asked her if she saw a light to which she responded; "yes" and added that; "the light makes me feel as though I am a child." Then our teacher questioned the person within me, asking her if she saw anyone by or near a bright light. She said she saw hands. He told her to go into the light which she must have done because I felt the pressure leave me.

All the time our teacher was talking with the woman through me I could sense a round, swirling vortex of energy with a dark black hole in the center. The vortex reminded me of a picture of a round galaxy. After the invisible-spirit-flapper-woman went "into the light" our group discussed our impressions of the event. All of us sensed the room lighting up as if a bright light bulb was in the middle of the circle. This wasn't the sunlight for the sun would have been streaming in from just one side of the church and would have been colored by the stained glass. No, this light was in the middle of our circle and we all sensed the brightening, so this light was real! Pretty cool ...for now ...Namaste.

Tuesday morning, May 9, 2009: I woke up this morning tired from a night of traveling and wanted to write all the "dreams" I was experiencing but could only recall this one. In my dream *I had woken up because I knew there was a car in the road in front of my house. I got out of bed and looked through my bedroom window and could barely make out the license plate on the back of the vehicle, through*

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the dark mist of the night, lightened only by a faint moonlight. The license plate was unusual for it had many digits, and I struggled with a scrap of paper to write the number down before I forgot. The license number was long with perhaps twelve digits grouped in twos or threes. I made out the form of a man in the road by the car and I planned on calling 911 as soon as I got the number written down, but I was too late for I heard a noise downstairs. I knew an intruder was in my house!

Then the intruder was outside my room! I couldn't understand how someone got upstairs so fast! I just saw him outside, and now he was here! I felt my household was threatened, and for some reason I went into the bathroom adjacent to my bedroom. Then I am stabbing this intruder! I am stabbing this man in his back with a yellow pencil! I aim for the back side of his heart but my pencil punctures his shoulder blade area instead. I raise my hand to stab him again and...

...I wake up. As I lay in bed and adjusted to a full consciousness state I quickly shifted from a sense of feeling threatened to a sense of disappointment. I couldn't understand why I was behaving violently in my dream-state and I felt great disappointment towards these primal tendencies. I lay in bed staring up at the dark ceiling feeling a little ashamed at how I behaved in my dream when I heard a faint beep. Hearing the beep repeat changed my thoughts from remorse to curiosity, and I pulled myself out of bed to investigate. I followed the noise in the dark, walking through the hallway, down the stairs, and into the living room, where I discovered that the culprit was a cordless phone. I fumbled with the receiver, trying in vain to get it to balance onto the receiver in the dark, but the green light on the handset wasn't working. Realizing that I couldn't establish a recharge on the receiver I opted for plan "b" and turned the phone over and ripped out its battery. The phone was now silent and I felt my way through the living room, up the dark staircase and crawled back into my bed.

Once more I lay in bed and stared up at my ceiling in a dark room. I settled in, ready to accept sleep, but began to ponder how easy it just

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was for me to venture out into the darkness. I walked down a darkened hall and fumbled down the stairs and around the living room only to return the same way, without the lights on, and I was not afraid! I have advanced over the past few years! Yes, I have lost much of my fear; fear of the dark, and fear of the unknown. I fell back asleep marveling over these accomplishments, forgetting all about my feelings towards my dream. For now ...Namaste.

Still Tuesday May 9th: I felt compelled to channel/write the following before going to bed this evening: *“Models of modalities, impressions of importance, and realities of roles. These are all comparisons, comparisons of abilities, and comparisons of capabilities. The reality ultimately stems from the source, the ability of the human brain. The capability of the human mind; compare, evaluate, isolate, and ultimately compose. Compose a model, an outline, a basis for understanding. Then you can form a belief. With belief stems learning and ultimately knowledge and wisdom. If the steps of learning are outlined and if the process is logged, then others can follow these steps. Others can understand. For like the 100th monkey, humankind will understand.*

This is MY need; to document, to lay out a plan and to allow others to follow by reading my story. To allow my struggles to be an interest so others may open a door to their other realities and new possibilities. Enlightening, this is the purpose of my book, enlightening through example with love and honesty.”

Wednesday, May 10, 2006: I intended to sit at the computer and transcribe thoughts, but I felt the need to channel the following: *“Yes, you need to help bring up the vibration. You need to help raise the energy. You need to help prepare the species for the next level. Like a physician. The human species needs to be assisted into the next wave on harmonics for this is the natural progression of things; a progression with love, a progression of peace, and a progression that*

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leads to a harmonic dance of lives. Lives that entwine with each other, lives that support one another, and lives that can fulfill each separate need while supporting the harmony of the earth, the harmony of the one ...Namaste."

~CHAPTER 3~ IRELAND...May 2006

Thursday, May 18, 2006: I woke up this morning with the need to write this early morning channel: *“Reality can only be processed within the limitation of the human brain. For if the brain doesn’t believe, then the brain cannot accept the Unseen as a possibility. Without this acceptance, without this surrendering to the possibilities, then the brain, and thus, the human, becomes limited in what they can comprehend.*

Find the child within, the imagination of possibilities, for then you can really grow. For then all that is unseen, unexplored, untouched, becomes a possibility, a possibility to manifest as reality. For without permission, without the willingness to experience, then your world remains closed; a box of existence, a shred of the true potential of Mankind.

Venture out, take the chance, allow your imagination to expand, develop, and most important, allow your mind to play. Play with colors, play with shapes, and play with imaginary friends. For it is through play that the child learns its most impressionable lessons. It is through joy and love that we experience our most memorable experiences.

Grow like the mighty oak. Branch up and out to the Heavens of knowledge. But do not forget about your roots. Do not forget about Mother Earth for without her love and nourishment, without the joy of existence, then the oak would topple for it is both sources that create strength.

Enjoy the human vessel. Allow its existence to be joy, bliss. Relish the senses; the taste of food, the song of the bird, the sight of a clear blue sky. Then with this joy allow the imagination to wander. Remember the experiences imagined during this time. Feel the joy; wonder at the possibilities, embrace the knowledge hidden within...Namaste.”

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When I woke up to write this into my dream journal I was experiencing visions or little snippets of figures, times, places. I wrote down the name “Fred Sullivan”, “third infantry or division”, also “Knight Templar” and something about oily jeep parts or the undercarriage of a jeep. I also drew a quick picture of a bronze coin textured with many, many dots and the image of a snake or dragon. There also was a hole punched out of the center of the coin.

May 21, 2006: My parents arrived at my home today to watch my two teenage children while Greg and I prepared to leave for our twenty-fifth anniversary trip to Ireland. Amid the confusion of my parents arriving and Greg and I packing to leave, we only had this evening to visit. Greg opened a few early birthday gifts, one of which was a symbol of our upcoming trip, a small stuffed lamb. I was impressed with how cute the lamb was, and after a little evening libation, I found myself packing the lamb in my luggage and heard myself promise, dub the lamb as a traveling gnome with the intention to snap pictures of the lamb as we traveled the Irish countryside. Before going to bed tonight I told Dad about my morning dream and asked him if he remembered knowing a man named Fred Sullivan who possibly could have been an old army buddy from the Korean War. Other than admitting that the Korean and the Japanese coins may have had dragons on them he couldn't remember the Fred Sullivan name. Perhaps the name was a spirit that worked through me and wanted to be recognized? Another mystery unfolds. Time for Greg, the lamb and me to go to bed and rest up for tomorrow's trip! For now ...Namaste.

Monday, May 22, 2006: Greg and I drove to Logan International Airport in Boston today. Our trip to Ireland had finally arrived! I never thought we would be going to Ireland when we started to make our plans last fall. No, I went to the travel agent expecting to book a trip to England so I could visit Stonehenge. When our travel agent questioned

why I wanted to go to Stonehenge I was reluctant to give her the full story. I am a Spiritualist and believe in spirit guides who are unseen beings that help me when I work with energy, and I also believe that beings exist within other dimensions. During the winter of 2004/2005 I was working with spirit guides that called themselves Druids. At the time I didn't know what a Druid was, I simply woke up knowing that a Druid was trying to speak to me in my sleep. Time went by and I started to write down my dreams and I began researching Druids in books, and it was after reading one of those books on the evening of January 6, 2005, that I had the most vivid experience while drifting off to sleep.

I was thinking about the photograph of Stonehenge in the book I was reading that evening, the configuration of the rocks and the spacing between the boulders. I started to fall asleep when I was startled awake by a vivid scene of purple energy exploding from the center of the Stonehenge circle's rock formation. Awakened I realized that I was "dreaming", and I remembered the dream: *I was at Stonehenge, walking amongst the giant stones. Then I walked into the grey stone. I sensed a purple explosion of energy in my forehead, my third eye, and this was what woke me up.*

When I was fully awake, I realized that I simultaneously sensed the explosion in my head as I lay in bed while also experiencing it "out of body." I was seeing the explosion of energy out of the middle of the Stonehenge circle as if I was viewing the event while suspended in the air. The sensation within my body was so powerful and the view in my mind so vivid that I knew that someday I would get to England and lay my hands on those stones! I knew that there was an energy, a vortex perhaps ...something waiting for me in that circle. I wanted to experience this energy in my current three dimensional body ...but how could I explain all of this to our travel agent?

When our travel agent told me that Stonehenge could only be viewed behind a fence she must have seen the disappointment in my face because she quickly added that Ireland had many stone circles

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that were not fenced off. As a matter of fact, Ireland had many ancient sites open for tourists to explore. Her enthusiasm about Ireland was infectious, and after all, Greg was $\frac{3}{4}$ Irish. As Greg and our travel agent looked through brochures, I recalled a dream I had a few weeks earlier. In that dream I was in the office of a travel agent who told me I'd be going to Ireland. "Wooo ...freaky!" I silently thought as I joined Greg and the agent's conversation. The plans were changed ...we were going to Ireland!

Back to my current time ...the wait to board our plane at Logan International Airport seemed much longer than the actual overnight plane ride. Once loaded onto the plane and air-bound we ate dinner and I fell asleep watching a poorly written recent American comedy on the little airplane screen suspended from the ceiling a few seats in front of me. When I woke up, my watch read 1:06 and I looked out my porthole window. The sky outside was brightening with the sun peaking above the clouds. I realized that morning was happening on a different side of the globe. We chased the sunrise and lost five hours for it was actually just after 6AM.

The sunrise was beautiful for I could see no land below me, only a sea of clouds that bounced back the early morning light. As the volume of sunshine increased the carpet of clouds began to glow as though trimmed from an inner light. The shadow of the plane's wing allowed my mind to remember that I was functioning within my reality and not simply imagining the surreal blanket of silvery puffed cotton trimmed in a sparkling, shimmering soft silver hue. I looked above the wing, off to the front of the plane's nose where I could see the half sphere of brightness rising up amongst the glowing white blue sky. The sun shined so bright that I glimpsed quickly at it from the corner of my eye and noticed that no stars could compete with the bright light of this new day, but the moon struggled to be seen. I could make out a ghost like snippet of a crescent moon positioned above the rising sun. The scene of the crescent moon above and the rising sun looked too

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perfect to be real. I smiled at my fortune to be able to take the time and enjoy this unusual perspective of a daily occurrence.

I drew my face closer to the scratched plastic window and reveled in the sensation of being in a suspended state with an endless sky above and nothing but puffy glowing clouds below when rushing wisps of white blocked my view. Like a sudden swirling band of thick fog the plane descended into the clouds. Disappointed that my view was blocked, I settled back into my seat and closed my eyes only to have the sunshine burst through the window and brighten behind my closed lids. I looked at my porthole once more and saw that the clouds cleared, and once again, I saw the sun shining brightly above. I leaned over and peered out my window and looked out to a beautiful blue sky with puffy clouds bordered by the blue sea of the ocean below the wing tip. Then, in the distance, I could make out the greenness of land. Ireland!

Curious, I looked out my window while the plane fell down slowly out of the sky, and the land appeared to be drawn up toward me. I was surprised at how different this landscape appeared from that in New England because instead of trees and roads and buildings and river/lakes, I stared down onto a sea of green. Like an old patchwork quilt of green velvet with green fuzzy stitches made with green chenille yarn, the landscape was green field after green field with every field trimmed out or bordered by a never ending hedge of green bushes. Now I understood why Ireland was called the EMERALD Isle!

The patches of green pastures were irregular shaped. The border hedges struggled to twist and turn to confine the greenness. As the plane descended even further I made out little forms. It wasn't the houses and moving automobiles I usually see while landing at home, but the forms of animals with miniature cows in one field and bloated balls of miniature sheep in another. So many herds of domestic animals lay below the wing's tip and all appeared oblivious to my plane's descent with their heads grazing peacefully on the never ending green turf. We touched the runway and speeded by the

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oblivious forms of animals. I felt the forward pressure against my seat belt as the plane's brakes whirled its displeasure at having to stop. The runway was nearing an end, the plane was slowing to a crawl, we turned the corner and the engines shut off. We were here! We were in Ireland!

After standing in line for immigration and gathering our luggage, we met our driver Shawn in the front of Shannon International Airport. Shawn was a pleasant, smaller man with a hard Irish brogue that added to his charm. Greg and I followed him out of the terminal into the Mercedes sedan parked in front of the building. I felt excited about the adventure that was about to unfold, but I still sensed confusion over the change in time. My body knew it should be sleeping but the sun was marching high along the sky. I settled into the car and noticed that there were not tall trees here like in New England. No trees, but all around me was a thick green grass bordered by low bushes. The temperature was cool, but the air was so clean, so crisp. This land felt so different from home!

Our car pulled out into traffic and we drove away from the airport on the "wrong side" of the road. This "city" felt so small, the roads seemed smaller, narrower. The neighboring cars were all compact sized. I did not see one SUV or full sized pick up as we pulled onto a fast moving country-like highway. I was chatting with our driver, enjoying the scenery when I noticed a beautiful rainbow outside my window! The colors were so vivid; the purple was a rich shade that I have never seen in the United States, and the blue was almost an aqua. The green in the rainbow seemed to glow a luminescent shade. I looked closer, and ever so faintly I could make out the twin! This was a double rainbow! The second rainbow was faint compared to the bold colors of the first, but together they formed a dual arch that magically disappeared into the Irish sky. I settled into my seat enchanted by this place!

Our first stop was the "*Cliffs of Moher*" which were rocky mountain-like protrusions that overlooked the angry waves of the

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Atlantic. The drop down to the ocean was nearly 700 feet, and the gigantic rock formation extended almost five miles along the coast. The view from on top of this wall of stone was purported to be “magnificent.” Our driver parked in the parking lot, and Greg and I dutifully walked up the long path leading to the overhanging cliffs. I still wore the dress pants that I traveled in, and although I had retrieved an additional sweater from my luggage I was still cold. The wind blowing off the ocean was biting, and I was struck by the wildness this area held. The sky was an angry grey, and the winds were blowing in brief powerful gusts as Greg and I dutifully climbed the marked path. I had my head down to buffer the approaching wind and was startled when a group of tourists walked briskly past me. They were heading down, towards the parking lot and the warmth of their cars, or the visitors center building, while Greg and I ventured further up, up and away from civilization.

The ground was leveling out, and I realized that we had reached a high point on the cliff. I looked out over the ocean and could see a dark sky approaching. The wind began to howl. Greg and I stood on the rocky crevice with our hair blowing like Catherine and Heathcliff in the movie *Wuthering Heights*. If I wasn't so darn cold, I would have savored the moment. Greg seemed mesmerized by the rough seas, so I joined him and watched the approaching clouds, the high waves, and the swirling sea. But my mind started to wander and I looked at the retaining wall that was constructed in front of me.

Our guide later explained that these walls were built to stop the occasional tourist from falling into the ocean. The stone used appeared to be slabs of a natural rock that had housed fossilized shadows of ancient sea creatures. I reached out to touch a slab of the rock and placed my fingers into the swirling impressions left by snake like creatures in the mud, before this stone was a stone. I inspected the stone closer and wondered if these impressions could have been manmade. The stones were very pretty, and I wondered why the builders chose to make the wall almost four foot high for it blocked my

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view of the ocean. Greg's voice brought my attention away from viewing the wall, and I followed his eyes to stare out across the Atlantic.

We stood on a horseshoe-shaped shore and could watch the sea as it beat against the shoreline opposite of us. The view would have been grand if the sky was blue, but a greyness was rolling in towards us. The sky had changed from blue to a large grey mist, and Greg shared that it must be raining out in the ocean. With this realization, we turned and started our descent off the cliff but we were too late. The rain arrived, and the wind appeared to push us down the path. It was as though the rain and the wind was blowing us down the pathway, and this was when I became grateful for the sturdy wall. The wind blew and tried its best to knock us over. We were both wet and the experience would have been fun if I wasn't so cold. That wind was bitter!

When we entered the Cliff's of Moher Visitor Center we were cold and wet, but unharmed. After enjoying a cup of hot tea, Greg and I joined our driver Shawn in the comfort of our warm car as we drove off to another ancient site. I was still a little cold, but eager to see all I could and enjoyed the scenery from our car as it skillfully wrapped around thin country roads. The green lushness of the area unfolded into a barren landscape. In this new terrain the green grass dotted the hillside amongst outcroppings of grey and white rocks. Islands of grey rocks amongst the green grass would change to islands of green grass in a hill of grey stone and amidst all of these fields were the sheep that appeared as occasional nimble puffs of white that seemed to defy gravity as they miraculously balanced on cliffs and near vertical hillsides.

Finally our driver Shawn announced that we had arrived at our destination as he pulled the Mercedes alongside a desolate country road. I wondered if our driver was playing a joke on us as he deposited Greg and me in this empty place. A cold blast of sea air greeted me as I exited the car. Shawn pointed to the trail that would lead to the

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Dolmen we came to see, and Greg and I trudged off dutifully into the light mist that hovered over the trail. We followed a path only distinguishable by beaten grass, and I was concerned that we were not going the right way when a set of tourists emerged from over the hill and greeted us with a nod as we passed them on the trail. We crested the hill, and I noticed the colorful raincoats of a dozen tourists as they walked amongst the barren grey rocks of this plateau.

This area, the Burren, was a landscape of naked limestone domes, and as I walked on this elevated grey stone I wondered where the dirt was. This was a curious place. Like a huge old bumpy parking lot with cracks in the cement several inches wide, I had to walk carefully because one false step, and I may find my foot twisted in a fissure between the rocks. I had to keep my eyes on my feet as I approached the dolmen, and as I picked my way amongst the rocks, I reminisced about a scene from the first *Star Trek* movie when the crew stepped on similar rocks when confronting the “Voyager” craft.

Finally, I stood in front of the Poulnabrone Dolmen; an ancient structure which resembled an oversized Fred Flintstone dining room table. Similar to a stone two-sided lean-to, this structure was composed of HUGE stones forming parallel walls with a larger huge flat boulder as a roof. The structure was large enough to allow a person to walk through it, but the site was roped off, which most likely was a precaution, just in case one of these multiple tonnage stones of this 5,000 year old structure should topple onto an unsuspecting tourist.

I tried to appreciate the uniqueness of this experience, but the wind was so cold! The stone ground I stood upon was cold! I was cold! I attempted to bury my comfort and enjoy the intellectual aspect of this place. As I examined the Dolmen, my mind wondered why, why was this built? Could it be some sort of a religious altar? And how did these ancient people move those giant stones? The mystery in front of me was intriguing, and I ached to tap into the stones, to be able to touch them, and see if I could pick up on any psychic impressions. But

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the site was barricaded by ropes, and I was too damn cold to meditate anyways! Sensing my shaking teeth, I snapped a few pictures, then we decided it was time to leave so we retraced our steps back to the waiting Mercedes.

Within moments we were zipping along the narrow, hedge lined country roads. I was no longer cold, but nausea was rumbling up my esophagus as I tried not to focus on the scenery. Finally, we arrived at our destination, an Irish pub located in a quaint town that resembled the back streets of Cambridge, Massachusetts or in Portland, Maine. Neat, colorful buildings lined up in a row, touched each other, forming one long mass of a rectangle. The only designation that separated the businesses was the use of color, and signs with shop fronts appearing to occupy the ground floor and the second floors housed living quarters. The Irish pub Shawn directed us into appeared welcoming, but was sparsely populated when we entered. We were both happy to be out of the sedan, and Greg looked forward to his first pint of Irish draft and I was able to settle my stomach with a meal.

I left Greg at the table and went in search of a rest room and experienced a strange sense of déjà-vu. I dreamt of this place before! A few months ago, I remember a dream *where I was walking into the back of this same building!* I passed through double doors and was in a wide staircase of Victorian era woodwork. The stairwell snaked both upstairs and down. I knew the restrooms were down this cement like staircase, which flowed into a small cement block corridor. I walked down the stairs and noticed that the décor of the basement of the building was more industrial than upstairs. I easily found the restroom off to the left, and it wasn't until I was leaving the restroom that I recalled what happened in the rest of that old dream. *In my dream I got lost and confused and felt a sense of panic.* But I knew where I was going today. I noticed a man in the hallway as I was leaving the ladies room. He was either entering or exiting the men's room, and it was seeing him that allowed the memory of my dream to unfold further. *In my dream I felt threatened by the man in the hallway.* In actuality, in

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my current reality, this man was just minding his own business. I felt a little confused at seeing him and wondered if his presence was just some kind of a prop, a way of stirring my memory into another existence, in a different dimension. I quickly made my way up the stairs and returned to our table where I shared my experience with Greg. I still don't know if my previous dream was proof that I had lived in Ireland in a past life, or was the dream a premonition of today, or was I experiencing parallel dimensions? I can't say for sure, but the experience and the sensation was so odd!

My stomach was feeling better when we left the pub, and the drive to our hotel went by quickly. Before I knew it, we were in Galway, and checked into our suite at Glenlo Abbey Hotel. Like many buildings in this country, this hotel had quite a history. The first phase of construction was in 1740, and a cut stone Abbey was added on in the early 1790's, but before the Abbey was completed the wife of the owner died. All work ceased, and the Abbey was never consecrated or used as a church, and this space today is used as the hotel's dining room. A different family purchased the building in 1855, and third owners acquired the estate in 1897. The current owners purchased the building in 1984 and they renovated and expanded the property. I wished I had more energy to enjoy this gorgeous estate while it was still light outside, but I was just too tired and cold. It had been a long day since we landed in Ireland this morning. Greg and I were sleeping shortly after we checked into our suite.

Having caught up on our "jet lag", Greg and I woke up later that evening and enjoyed a wonderful late dinner of gourmet food and fine wine. The atmosphere was charming. Our waitress was charming. The food was excellent! As we enjoyed our multi-course meal of fine food, great wine and, of course, each other's company, Greg shared his impressions of today's events. He felt that the rain we encountered on the Cliffs of Moher was no ordinary rain, but rather an odd "micro-burst" of a gale force wind mixed with a steady brief rain. Greg postulated that the windy downpour was a cleansing energy that we,

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or more importantly to him, I, was supposed to experience. He also felt there was also significance to the cold, cold, wind we experienced while standing on the limestone flats of the burrens. I listened to Greg's theories and recognized how unusual it was for Greg to talk about energy to me! It was his sincerity that convinced me that, perhaps some energy shift had occurred this morning on the Cliffs of Moher and on the limestone flat of the burrens.

The next morning I awoke early, temporarily confused as to where I was and what time it was. Not yet four A.M., UGH! I rolled over to go back to sleep but there was a dream still in my memory. I dutifully picked up the hotel pen and paper on my nightstand and journaled: *"You started the health craze. You started the realization of the purpose of the human mind; the consciousness taking the role of healing of your own body, mind, soul. You started the reality that we all have these abilities within ourselves. We just need the confidence, the desire to want to heal, the confidence, the desire to be whole again. The confidence and desire to not use any form of illness as a handicap or crutch. We need to apply ourselves as a whole human. Not to try and feed off each other. Heal yourself. Be whole. Then love each other. Together, the strength of the whole is bliss.*

You are all the sons of God. You, mankind, were made in God's image, God's children. You all have the miracle of healing. This miracle you can all perform on each other, on yourselves. The suffering of the masses is no more. Heal. Heal one another. Spread this knowledge; a knowledge of your being, a knowledge of your heritage. Share, learn, and perfect yourselves. For pain and suffering, original sin, these were not your intended paths. Health, happiness, bliss for all of mankind. This IS the intended path. ENJOY!"

As I was writing this, I remembered some of the dream I was experiencing: *I see myself in a mirror. I am wearing a rain poncho. Then my garment, myself, changes into a Shaman in a bird suit, which was a suit of feathers that a person would wear.* I remember this bird suit from a dream I experienced over a year ago, in January of 2005. At

that time, I discovered that the man in the bird suit was one of my Spirit Guides, an ancient Druid that I called Red. I was not sure of the significance of the bird suit, and I was tired, so I wrote down what I could and rolled over to fall back asleep.

This time I woke up remembering scenes from the movie called *Dragonfly* and I wrote: *"The Dragonfly movie ...Pieces and Bits from the 'Unseen' can lead to a wondrous end and an insight of much importance. Listen to your own voice within. Find your own truth. Then you can travel the path that is tailored to suit your own needs as an individual, your own needs as a true light-being from God."*

I continued to fall in and out of sleep during the early morning and journaled pieces of channels: *"Take the time to see the rainbow. Feel the rainbow. Allow yourself to imagine the Unseen. Then you will allow yourself to see all new possibilities."* Then I channeled wisdom about the "Voyager" books which concerned many different alien species that appeared to have affected the human race over the millennium. I wrote: *"The Voyager books have too much information, too much detail. Allow yourself to understand basic concepts; the concept of being helped by loving unseen beings and the concept of healing yourself both in this reality and the unseen soul of the true you. Recognize that others may not have intentions that are in keeping with our greater good. Understand this with love, not fear. Be patient. Put out your intentions. The loving unseen beings will sort out the conflicts. Self heal. Self protect from other's intents. For thoughts can be harmful. Lovingly put yourself in a color, a light, an invisible shield of loving defense. Not just a shield that will guard against the harm, but a shield that will bind with the self love of others for it is through this union of all that mankind will precede on to the next level of existence...Namaste."*

(As I review this wisdom I know that these words were not my own because I don't talk about God this way. Hell, I do not usually talk about God at all! Yes, I believe in God but I don't ever preach to anyone about my belief in God. So, if I am crazy, then I really come up

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with some interesting insight while I am half asleep, and my personality is totally different when I formulate these insights. But I believe that the information I receive in my semi-conscious state has to be channeled from another source. I can see no other logical explanation.)

Wednesday morning, May 24, 2005: After my early morning writing I fell into a peaceful sleep and, surprisingly, woke up feeling great! I am not sure where it is my sub-consciousness travels to, but I seem to slip into sleep and experience brief muscle twitches, like mini-electrical releases of my body, and when I wake up my achiness is gone. I “twitched” away any stiffness I had from Monday night’s plane ride during my Tuesday afternoon nap, and last night’s sleep appeared to have finished easing out any residual soreness. I was happy that I started today without pain!

Greg and I enjoyed an Irish breakfast of fresh scones smothered in rich butter and met our driver to see the Boyne Valley by 9AM. As the Mercedes pulled out of the long driveway, I looked at the beautifully manicured lawn and garden one last time, sorry that I couldn’t have extended our stay a little longer. The time seemed to be flying by too fast! I sighed as we settled into the car and enjoyed watching the lush fields of rolling grassy hills as we traveled east across the midlands towards the north of Dublin. Our driver, Shawn, shared that Newgrange would take a full day to explore, so we made no detours on the way to the historic site. In no time we had arrived. Shawn dropped Greg and me off at the “visitor’s center” where the friendly man at the counter asked if we wanted to see Newgrange or, for one price, we could extend the tour and see Knowth also. Deciding to take full advantage of this Bronze-Age site, we paid our Euros for both tours and walked down the designated path to the bus stop where a tour bus drove us down a narrow, hedge lined, country road that appeared too small for the behemoth of a bus we were sitting in.

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The bus' seats were widely spaced, and eager tourists chatted in various languages. Greg and I sat silently absorbing the ambiance of the bus ride; a little nervous that the bus may not round the next corner, coupled with trying not to intrude upon other's conversations. I heard the bus driver talking to one of my fellow passengers who questioned why this visitor's center was built so far away from the actual monuments. The passenger asked; "Why not build the center closer and eliminate the need for the buses?" The bus driver answered that the roads that lead to these sites were very narrow. The cost of buying the appropriate private lands and widening the roads to accommodate the resulting tourist automobiles and busses would be too high. The government chose the path of least interference. Hence, hourly buses shuttle the visitors to and from the site.

Our bus stopped along the base of a nondescript hill, and the content of the bus emptied. I turned to watch the bus navigate a tight u-turn on the dead end road and was surprised to see the driver navigate the monster around the turn. My curiosity satisfied, I turned back to the entrance of Newgrange only to discover that Greg and I were the only tourists left standing by the old wrought iron gate at the foot of the hill. Silently Greg and I walked up a path that arced around to the right, when off to my left, I saw Newgrange.

I was surprised to see a well manicured, large grassy mound faced on one side by a sea of white quartz stones that glimmered brightly in the morning sun. As we walked closer to this huge mound of grass perched on a wall of quartz, I noticed that the quartz rocks, which were approximately 8" in diameter, were mixed with an occasional grey stone at an approximate ratio of 30 quartz rocks to one grey rock. I thought the rock's pattern resembled an old linoleum kitchen floor with a splattering of grey color within the sea of white quartz. I wonder if the excavator that restored this site used his personal sense of decorating when installing the smattering of grey stones, for something inside me thought the quartz rock exterior should be pure white.

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Greg and I joined the large group of tourists congregating in front of the mound. A pleasant, red haired woman, our tour guide, talked in a charming Irish brogue while situated in front of the opening to the passage grave. We learned that the winter solstice sun would rise, and only once a year, if the weather was clear, the sun would beam through a small opening above the main door and illuminate the passageway within. I listened to our cheery guide, but was watching a pair of barn swallows that were perched above the entrance to the structure. They chortled and chattered loudly as the guide gave her talk, which prompted her to comment that she doesn't usually compete with birds in order to be heard. Our guide then split us into two groups, for not all of us could fit into the tight chamber at once. Greg and I wore stickers that designated us to the later shift so we wandered off with a dozen other tourists to take some pictures and wait for our turn to view the interior of the Newgrange mound.

I wandered around to the rear of the large mound and inspected the huge engraved stones that lined the mound's base. I would have liked to have found a space to meditate, a place where I could be alone and not be surprised by onlookers. But there were so many people milling about that I couldn't find a spot where I could be alone **and** be next to the stone base. Choosing not to be frustrated, I resigned myself to simply existing as a tourist, and I snapped pictures of the boulders, the scenery, the stuffed lamb and Greg. As I walked around the large grassy structure, I was amazed at the huge size of the boulders that made the base! How did those people move those huge rocks? The big rocks had ancient writing, deep carvings of long ago, forgotten symbols, that are believed to have been made over 4,000 years ago. This place was intriguing, and so, so ancient!

My watch read the appointed time, and I walked around the mound toward the entrance only to be struck, once again, by the size of this place! Having underestimated the distance Greg and I arrived at the entrance just in time to bring up the rear of our portion of the tour group. Like a scene from the 1960 film *The Time Machine* we all

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obediently walked single file through the opening in the rocks with our guide standing at the entrance like an Eloi, shepherding her flock towards our demise by the hands of the hungry Morlocks. Our guide cautioned us to lower our heads as we entered, and I followed Greg's back into the tight aisle way, sensing the closeness of this small tight space, and then the space widened into a cavernous room where Greg and I lined the wall with the rest of our group. Happy to see no Morlocks, I drank in the space which was electrified and surprisingly well lit. Greg and I silently explored the niches in the wall, the carvings on the ceiling, and the stone placement that composed the arched roof while our fellow tourists jockeyed for position and plastered themselves unobtrusively against the interior of this man made cave, careful not to block each other's views of this magical place.

I drank in the space, noticing the cathedral central ceiling in contrast to the crawl spaced height of one of the niches carved out of the exterior walls. The niche which lay directly in front of me was very plain, resembling a mere indent off the circular center room without any change in ceiling height. Similarly, the niche to my left reflected the normal pitch of the cathedral ceiling, however this space sported an interesting inscription of three tight spirals chiseled into the rock. The niche to my right was the most ornate having been inscribed with many, many, swirling spirals. The ceiling was very low in this corner of the cave, and an apparent altar or a basin made of heavy stone sat on the floor of this space.

Our guide shared that the true purpose of the three niches off the main room of the space was unknown, for the people who made this cave had left no understandable written language. My mind was intrigued by the space, but I felt no grand sense of being here before and no overwhelming sense of energy. Perhaps I was feeling no unusual energy because I shared this man-made cave with so many other onlookers? I was contemplating my unremarkable psychic reaction to the space when our guide turned the lights off, and we all gasped at the darker than darkness that blanketed the cave. In an

effort to emulate the sun that would illuminate this space during the winter solstice, our guide flicked a switch and a single lamp beam filled the cave with light. Our guide shared the fact that the “window” above the main entrance was angled in such a way that the winter sun would illuminate this dark space for only 17 minutes every year, and then the cave would fall back into blackness for another year. Photography was not allowed within the structure so, after our brief light show, we all filed out of the mound while yet another group of visitors waited to enter. The show was over, we all trounced down the path, over the hill, back to a waiting bus that wound its way back to the tourist center. This place was busy!

Once at the tourist center, Greg and I boarded a different bus to take us to the other burial ground known as Knowth. Greg and I were the first ones on the bus, and we kidded that we were to have a private tour. I started to giggle as the bus door’s closed, and we rocked out of the waiting area. We were to have a private tour! We chatted with the driver as he wound his way among the thin, hedge trimmed, country roads. I was still amazed that these buses were able to navigate the narrow roads!

The bus slowed to a stop and deposited Greg and I at the foot of yet another hill. We trudged up the path to meet a pleasant young woman wearing spiral shaped earrings and a pentacle on her baseball cap. I sensed that this guide was either pagan or “New Age.” Greg and I were her only tourists, so I felt confident to ask the questions that interested me. We discussed the energy fields and vortexes that some believe surrounded these ancient sites as well as the importance of using quartz within the structures. The young woman smiled as she shared her love of Ireland’s ancient places, as well as the fact that she practiced Reiki too. Then her charming Irish accent stilled and she started to whisper, as if some unseen tourist police was watching her. She confided that the tour guides were not supposed to talk about any mystical beliefs, and then, sadly, our guide resumed her practiced

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dialogue regarding the beautiful engraved boulders that surrounded the site known as Knowth.

I listened obediently, but my mind wandered as my eyes feasted on the curious engravings in the huge boulders all around me. I asked our guide if she believed that no one understood the meaning of all these symbols engraved on the rocks. She stilled and looked at me and with a serious tone told me that I was fortunate to be living in America and to have ancient people, the Native Americans, still available to answer questions. She confided that if I want to truly understand the Ancient people that built these places in Ireland, I should take the opportunity to learn the oral tradition of Native Americans. Unlike the ancients of Ireland who lost their old ways to the religion of Christianity, American Indians still understand the stories of **their** ancestors.

I was astounded by this woman's perspective, for I just traveled all the way to Ireland in search of the vortexes and the mystery of the energy that I felt through meditation, when I traveled to Stonehenge with my spirit guides late winter of 2005. And the tour guide in Ireland, at this site called Knowth, was envious of me and my apparent accessibility of the living Native Americans, people that live only miles from my own home! What a paradox. I traveled to Ireland in search of an ancient society that I believe never existed in America, while this same ancient knowledge does exist in America. In America we may not have National monuments documented as over 5,000 years old but we do have another treasure, an ancient race of living people that still pass on their traditions. Ancient people, whether Native American or Druid, all lived during the same time period. This new perspective was curious to my brain because I always thought of my Druidic spirit guides as being so different from my Native American guides, and they are as different as I am from a contemporary person living in Ireland today!

Greg and I didn't spend much time at Knowth because the burial cave within this massive mound of a building was not safe to view

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from the inside. We enjoyed the markings on the exterior of the site, took pictures with our stuffed lamb mascot posing in front of the monument, the engravings, the huge boulders, and then we boarded the last tour bus of the day. Once at the visitor's center, I purchased the book; *Lost Science of the Stone Age* by Michael Poynder. The back cover states that this book "proves that 5000 years ago, subtle energies that bind all living things, were widely understood by an enlightened Neolithic priesthood..." The book is filled with more theories and physics, perhaps its content will mean something significant to me, with time.

Greg and I had left the Boyne Valley late in the afternoon and had no time to enjoy the city of Dublin. Shawn gave us a brief tour of the city from the back seat of our car and then we drove to an original 12th century Irish Castle called Clontarf Castle Hotel. The exterior of the antique structure was preserved in the main hallway of the larger addition that formed most of the hotel's lobby. Like an interior cityscape, I could stand in the lobby and look up at the ancient tower of the castle. The renovation, the preservation of this old structure, was well thought out and the energy of the hall was old, medieval, and had a sad sort of starkness to it.

The bellboy led us to our room on the fourth and top floor. When I walked into the room I felt as though I was in a castle. The bed had a heavy wooden headboard and the television was hidden in a bulky wooden cabinet. The exterior wall of our room housed slanted windows which were part skylight and part window. These "skindows" were draped in heavy red velvet which shone through the room with a pink glow. The room was well decorated but something about the ambiance was unsettling. I longed for the peaceful, loving presence of the place we slept at the night before.

Our dinner reservations were for 8:30 PM which was very late for me to eat but my body was still confused as to exactly what time it was. I discovered that the island of Ireland was further north than I had expected and, therefore, being late spring, the days were longer

than in Connecticut, and the sun didn't seem to set until after 10PM. After a hardy meal served by stout men dressed in medieval period costumes, Greg and I retired to our room and quickly fell asleep, both tired from the driving and the walking around Newgrange and Knowth.

May 25, 2006: Sleep came easily last night and yet I awoke this morning feeling odd, and as I lay in this medieval-like room I tried to analyze why I felt light-headed and a little dizzy. Could it be; jet lag, the bottle of wine Greg and I finished off at dinner last night, the medication I was taking for my sinuses, or the fact that our room was very warm because the skylight-like windows allowed in the full morning sun? Then I remembered that I woke up several times during the night because I sensed a spirit in our room. I remember trying to communicate, but like tuning into a radio station far away, the connection was full of static. Analyzing further I remember I couldn't get a view of the spirit's face or the silhouette of the body so I didn't know if this was man or woman. This spirit did not feel loving or wise and I received no wisdom to write during the night, nothing to channel. He/she was simply a pesky spirit in human form.

Come to think of it ...I woke during the night several times, sensing this being floating across the room, levitating above the ground around twelve inches as he/she moved without the use of his/her legs. I was tired and was more irritated at being bothered during my sleep then fearful of this being. I tried to send the spirit to the light during my semi-conscious state only to awaken again and ask my guides for help, and then fall back asleep. Finally, when I realized the spirit wasn't interested in being shown the light, I lost my patience and told it to get the hell out. The last thing I remember was falling back asleep. I'm not sure if it was the stupid ghost that apparently lived in my room or if I was somehow physically ill, but this Thursday morning I woke up with one hell of a headache!

Is enlightenment a state of being, miraculously bestowed upon a chosen few, or is enlightenment achievable by anyone with the desire to be enlightened? Join me as I travel to Ireland and Arizona in search of the answer. In one year's worth of journal entries, reflections from my higher source, and channeled messages from my spirit guides and alien entities, I begin to understand the purpose of living as one with the all.

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