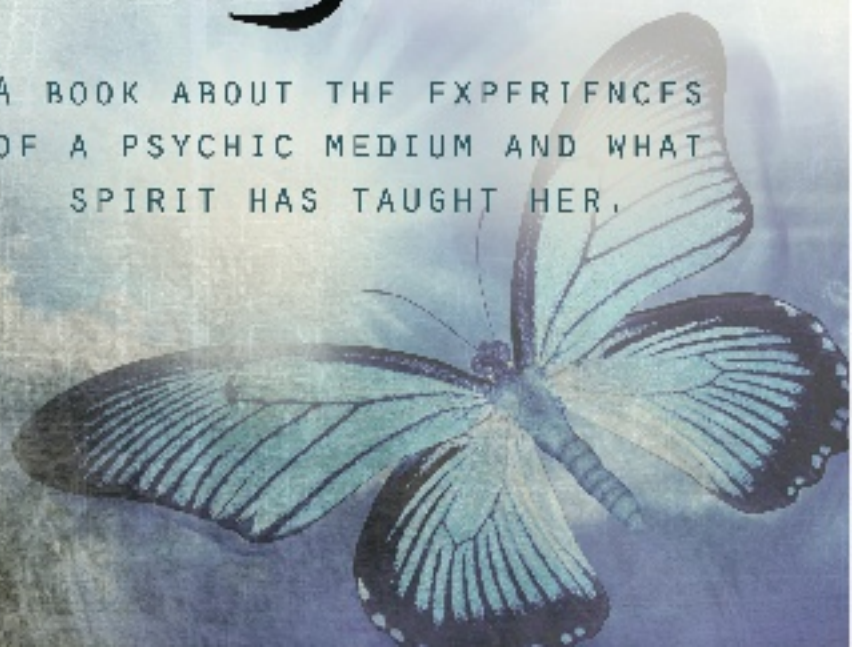


Hera Mackierhan

Until We Meet Again

A BOOK ABOUT THE EXPERIENCES
OF A PSYCHIC MEDIUM AND WHAT
SPIRIT HAS TAUGHT HER.



Until We Meet Again

Hera Mackiernan

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First Edition

Chapter One

Being A Medium

My first experiences with the spirit world began with watching spirits wander around the shadows of my bedroom. My solution was to keep my bedroom light on all night. Which was foolproof until my father walked by on his way to bed and ordered me to shut the light off. I had him outsmarted though. I simply pulled the covers over my head as if they acted like a paranormal shield that would protect me from the shadowy unknown. I used my blanket shield until I began to hear the loud house shaking snoring pouring from the back bedroom. Snoring started, blanket shield down, light back on, it was the perfect plan. Finally I close my tired eyes to get some much needed sleep and feel the edge of my bed move as if someone had just walked in my room and plopped themselves down by my feet. I open my eyes to see there is an impression on the blankets but of course no one visible there to see. I sigh and mumble under my breath if your going to disturb me the least you could do is show yourself to me. Once again I close my eyes and drift off to a not very restful dreamland. What follows is a night filled with dreams of the next day news events, celebrity deaths, plane crashes, ships sinking. All of which I experience with vivid detail.

In the morning I woke up exhausted as if I hadn't slept a wink. I wanted so much to make sense of what was going on. Finally I worked up the nerve to tell my parents

what was going on. I was finally going to tell them about this amazing magical experience I had where I could see the future! In a nut shell I was left disappointed after being told it was just my imagination and to stop making things up. My I have super powers bubble was deflated and I was left scratching my head. I knew I was telling the truth why were they not believing me? I reminded my self of the validations I had experienced, over and over again. And was left frustrated with my parents. I decided I was never going to mention any of this again and keep my experiences to myself. I began to ignore and suppress my psychic abilities, it was like trying not to breathe, and yet somehow stay alive. This left me struggling with why in the world did I have this stinking ability if I have to keep it to myself? At the same time my psychic experiences were keeping my spiritual faith intact and alive while experiencing a childhood that very easily could of created an atheist.

It wasn't until I hit my teenage years I decided I was going to get to the bottom of this once and for all, and started searching the new age section of my local bookstore for answers, no google back then ha! I flipped through some books and finally bought a few. What I read was so comforting and it was a breath of fresh air to know I really wasn't alone in the world. I still wasn't comfortable talking about any of this with my family or friends. After my parents divorce I did feel slightly more comfortable mentioning my dreams to my mother, she was slightly more open minded then my father, but I got a mixed reaction from her. One example of this confusing

response from her was when one of my older brothers had come over for a visit. He was attending college a few towns over. The night before he visited I had experienced a vivid dream where I was riding in the passenger side of my mother's car and she was driving. While we were driving around in the dark, we saw two teenage girls walking on the side of the road. As we approached them in the car, the car suddenly swerved off the road and started speeding toward the girls. The car hit one of the young girls, she smacked the windshield, with a look of horror on her face as she bounced off the car and landed on the side of the road. When it was time to drive my brother back to college, I insisted on going for the ride with them. My intuition was screaming at the top of its lungs that the dream was about that night! I was way too nervous and anxious to stay home by myself. I was convinced if I went with them I could warn her of impending danger. The trip back to my brother's college went off without a hitch. We dropped him off, said our goodbyes and I switched my seat, and buckled myself safely into the passenger side of my mother's tiny blue Toyota Celica. Off we went headed down a poorly lit Massachusetts small town road, which could be kind of creepy at that time of night. I was still convinced my mother was about to commit vehicular homicide, and she was thoroughly annoyed with my begging and pleading with her to turn around and take another route home. My anxiety was through the roof as my horrible dream was unfolding before my eyes. She told me to stop panicking nothing was going to happen. A few moments later we turned down yet another poorly lit road, and ended up

behind a huge gray pick up truck. A moment or so later we saw the teenage girls from my dream walking on the side of the road. I immediately pointed them out to her and said please be careful as we approached. My mother tried to hide her fear but it was written all over her face. Suddenly out of nowhere the gray truck in front of us swerved and started speeding right toward the girls. He swerved right back onto the road seconds before he was about to hit them, as if he was playing chicken with them. Thankfully no one was hurt and we continued on our way back home. My mother was truly shocked and amazed by what happened. And finally acknowledged that the only way I could of known what was going to happen that night was that I was psychic. The following day I overheard her talking about it on the phone with a friend. Then it was never mentioned again. It was like it never happened. Looking back, she likely had no idea what to make of the incident, what meaning it might have had or was afraid of how others would perceive her for acknowledging what had happened. I have no idea what she was thinking. For me it was quite obviously a warning for her to be careful at that particular moment in time. But her reaction confused and angered me. I had proven myself psychically finally after not being believed for so long and pretty much got a slap in the face for it. So once again I made my mind up I was never going to mention any of this again. I put my books away and was back to trying not to breathe again.

I continued to have prophetic dreams not only about others but about important events in my own life as well. I

had a vision of meeting my first husband about a week before we met. The vision was so vivid I knew it was him as soon as I saw him, and when he told me the name of the street he lived on in Plymouth, this was even more validation that it was him I had the vision about. This also happened with my second husband as well. When we were being introduced, as soon as I finished the sentence, hi nice to meet you, something whispered in my ear, this is the man you are going to marry and spend the rest of your life with. Well as soon as that thought left my bubble, I thought to myself wow I must really be losing it. I was instantly attracted to him, but the thought of us getting together at that time seemed impossible and crazy. I was already unhappily married with no plans at that time of leaving even though I was not happy in the marriage. The feeling I had seemed so right even though it made no sense what so ever at the time. In the days and weeks that followed, just about every night I experienced vivid dreams of my self and this man I just met, together as a happy couple. It seemed so real when I woke up in the morning I was so confused I really thought I was losing it. Then to top it off, one afternoon when I was napping before the school bus dropped off my oldest two sons, I experienced a vision of this cute little baby boy smiling at me wearing nothing but a diaper. Something said to me, this is your future son that you are going to have with the man you just met. When I woke up confusion set in once again. The vision felt so right and I knew in my heart that baby boy was mine. I knew without a doubt that this was going to happen even though it seemed so impossible at that time in our lives. Eventually we did get together, and

we now have two amazing girls and that same cute little baby boy, who gave me a major deja-vu moment when he was just six months old, smiling at me wearing nothing but a diaper. Though these visions were hard for me to decipher at the moment I had them, they have given me personally the evidence I needed that our bodies do in fact contain a soul.

From my experiences and some of what I have read I have come up with what I feel is a proper definition and explanation of what psychic abilities are, and how they function. The terms I am using describing the six parts of what I call the sixth sense, I learned during my mediumship certification course. I feel psychic abilities function as a sixth sense. Most of us are born with some sort of psychic awareness, with varying degrees of effectiveness. Although there are some people who are born with a sixth sense that does not work, just as some of us are born blind or deaf. I believe this explains why not everyone believes in what my self and other mediums do. They simply have no concept, its comparable to trying to describe the color red to someone who has never seen color. I also feel telling everyone that they can connect with spirit is misleading for the psychically deaf. It seems so unfair to the individual who really wants to connect with a loved one who has crossed over and simply can't through no fault of their own. They may come to the conclusion they have done something wrong concerning their loved one, the loved one doesn't want to communicate with them, or the loved one didn't cross over and is not happy or at peace on the other side.

That being said, those who are born with some psychic ability can strengthen their senses. In this way I like to compare the sixth sense with artistic and musical talents. Most of us have the capacity to pick up a pencil and draw a picture of some sort, and possibly improve our drawing technique with the aid of art lessons. There are some highly talented individuals who can pick up a pencil and create an awe inspiring work of art with little or no training. Again, another way of looking at the sixth sense is to compare it with the other five senses we all know so well. Many of us are born into the world with 20/20 vision. Some will be born needing some type of corrective lens to see clearly. Unfortunately some of us are born into this life blind. So it is with psychic abilities, most of us can be taught to some degree, to use our sixth sense effectively, and experience a glimpse into the world of spirit. I'm the artist who never needed an art lesson. Psychic events are something that came as naturally to me as breathing.

Psychics will utilize the other five senses in conjunction with the sixth sense when connecting with the world of spirit. Along with that the sixth sense is a combination of six different types of psychic awareness. They are claircognance, clairvoyant awareness, clairentient, clairauidience, clairgustance, and finally clairalience. The first claircognance, is the knowledge of future events, knowing intuitively what is going to happen without any prior knowledge about the situation. Some people call this a gut feeling. The second clairvoyant awareness, is seeing in your mind's eye a future event, or

images and messages from spirit in the form of pictures. Mediums are using this sense along with their physical eyes when they see spirit. When I see spirits, they appear and disappear with the blink of an eye. It is very fast and easy to miss, but after seeing the spirit with my physical eyes, my clairvoyant sense kicks in and takes over and I begin to receive images in my mind's eye from spirit. The third is clairsentient awareness. This sense allows the medium to feel the physical sensations the spirit felt before passing. Along with the emotions the spirit wants to communicate to the living. This is how mediums can receive specifics about how a person passed into spirit. One example of this, I was reading for a woman who's loved one had passed from cancer. Prior to passing this individual had to consume many medications. When I connected with this woman's spirit, I got the sensation of being nauseous and was shown the inside of a hospital room. If I had only been shown the inside of the hospital room, I may not have been able to validate for my client that I was connecting with the proper individual. Many situations occur inside the setting of a hospital room. Operations, broken bones, births, deaths, heart attacks. I could of come to the conclusion that this individual had been part of the medical profession during life. This is a good example of when two or more types of psychic awareness are needed to work together to help validate the proper information. The fourth clairaudience, hearing inner or outer thoughts that are from spirit. This can be very subtle and is not one of my stronger psychic senses. During a reading I rarely receive the name of the individual I'm connecting with. When I begin a reading, I

dive right into the details the spirit is showing me rather than trying to figure out what their name was during their life time here on earth. Many mediums have a better clairaudient sense and can hear names better than myself. For me personally it is just a waste of my time, and the clients time. There are two additional senses. They are clairgustance (clear tasting) and clairalience (clear smelling). With clairgustance, the medium may taste a favorite food, or possibly like with the nauseous feeling, get a bitter taste in the mouth. Clairalience happens quite often. When my grandfather visits he brings the smell of cigar smoke along with him. I think many of us have had that moment, they swear they can smell the inside of their grandparents home, or their grandmother's baking. However brief those moments might be, they are real signs that our loved ones soul is in our presence. Spirit is very subtle with the signs they send us and these signs can be very easily overlooked. Often what we imagine a sign from spirit might be, is just not realistic to have happen here in our physical world. The spiritual world is working at such a higher and faster vibration than the physical world, which is why the information from spirit comes at us so fast, and is so easy for us to miss. Our loved ones who have crossed over into the world of spirit are sending us signs each and every day. The best way to notice these signs is when the mind is quiet, and we can be calm and concentrate. Mediums often miss important details because the information is bombarding the medium and all of her senses at an extremely fast rate of speed. There are times when I am connecting to spirit I feel as if I just consumed twenty cups of coffee. The energy is so strong

and so fast at times my hands will tremble and sweat. I urge anyone who desires to connect with the other side on their own, to first practice meditation. Meditation is by far the best way to calm and quiet the waking mind and body so that you are able to connect with spirit.

Every reading is a learning experience. Most messages are straight forward, but some are not. Some mediums will always receive the same symbols for each reading, for example being shown a certain color flower will always symbolize an upcoming anniversary etc. I will not always receive the same symbols and mine for the most part are straightforward. Spirit will just show me a scene from their life, or I will feel their emotions. I'm not quite sure why different mediums have different styles of reading and connecting with the other side. I feel spirit conforms to each mediums unique personality. I myself am very direct in my personal life, almost a little to blunt at times. The whole concept of reading between the lines goes out the window with me. Spirit knows this and just throws everything out on the table. In the end the message is what matters no matter what style of communication a medium brings to the reading. Even though I feel spirit is direct with communicating with me, each reading, every life experience, each spirit that is trying to communicate, is as individual as we are.

It has also been my experience that some clients are easier to read than others. I'm not sure why that is. At times we have a spirit come through and the client has no idea who they are because they personally didn't know them while they were living. And there are times when a

client only wants to hear from a particular loved one who has passed and just doesn't want to hear anything else. It is so important to keep an open mind to all of the information that is coming through during a reading. There is always a chance another family member can confirm the information for you after the reading is over.

It has been a long spiritual journey for myself to get to a point in my life where I am truly at ease and confident in my abilities as a psychic medium. I now can finally see and understand the purpose of the events from my past that left me wondering what the point in all of it was. I am now so very grateful to have the opportunity to bring a smile of comfort to those who come to me looking for answers. It warms my heart to be able to help others in such a profound way.