

The Mystical Psychic is a memoir, one woman's search for identity through the beliefs of Spiritualism, Paganism and "Lightworkers." The author experiments with contrasting viewpoints; the Tarot, Mediumship, Angel Oracle cards, Spiritualist protocol, how to cast a spell, and trusting in manifestation. Her story unravels into acceptance.

# THE MYSTICAL PSYCHIC

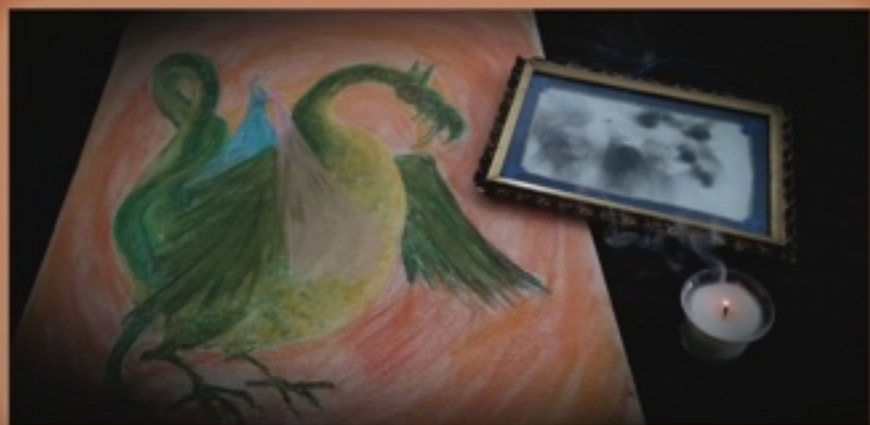
by SUZY GRAF

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# The Mystical Psychic



SUZY GRAF

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## **Chapter 1**

### **White Witch, Green Witch, Red Witch, Blue**

**Friday, November 8, 2013...** I just got home from a séance circle at a friend's home, where, as a student medium, I meet with friends weekly to "practice." There were five of us tonight and we sat together, in the dark, talking and "reading" each other. To a stranger this might appear a little odd; adults sitting in the dark in someone's living room, with the couch pulled close to a central table, the loveseat snuggled perpendicular, and two kitchen chairs rounding off the other two sides of the circle. But sitting in séances has developed into a way to socialize with friends. Come to think of it, talking with the dead is so natural with my friends that little seem to surprise us anymore. So we also delve into a little shamanic journey work where we also converse with aliens, or fairies or...whatever. It was wonderful to share talents and an interest with open minded people. At least I thought they were all open-minded.

We hadn't officially "opened" the circle tonight and were catching up on what we experienced through dreams and

meditations from the previous week, when I was surprised to learn one of us was holding a prejudice. The woman sitting on the couch commented that she had a witch appear in her bedroom this past week and had tried to “get rid of her” several times but she refused to leave. She told us she called in the Archangels to escort the witch out, but they couldn’t help her, they just stood beside the witch and watched.

I didn’t understand why my friend felt the need to banish a helpful spirit without finding out WHY she was standing in the bedroom, so I asked her why she didn’t just talk to the witch.

I could barely make out her facial features in the dark room. I saw her head move, like a dog listening to an odd sound, and then she simply shared, “I was freaked out by her appearance. You know, she wore one of those pointed hats and was dressed all in black.”

The youngest in our group that evening was a practicing Pagan and he was also curious why the stereotypical witch wore a pointed hat. So he plucked his smart phone out of his pocket and googled information about the typical witches’ wardrobe. He spoke as he was reading... “The conical witches’ hat shape was used to concentrate energy into the crown chakra and the dunce cap was not a punishment, but an effort to channel higher learning into the scholastically

challenged.” He scrolled through his phone for a few more minutes while the group of us digested what he had just shared.

I wondered why society morphed the positive influence of a hat used to channel higher learning into the negative projection of an evil being. Our host for the evening said it was getting late and we better get started, so, for me, our conversation ended with the question as to why my couch sitting friend wasn’t willing to “work with” this new witch spirit guide?

I just couldn’t wrap my mind around her logic. I wanted to debate the topic more, but the group of friends sitting in circle with me began sensing spirits in the living room and giving each other “impressions.” I silently listened to the group’s readings but I couldn’t get past society’s, and my friend’s, prejudice against witches. I had let go of my prejudice against Paganism years ago.

The date was **May 5, 2005**. I had been attending classes on spiritual development through a Spiritualist Church since the beginning of the year. I had a lot of fear of talking to “the dead” and, at the same time, was curious as to what they wanted and WHY I was seeing them. I no longer felt peace in the Catholic religion I was raised in; I felt judged and there were too many rules. I stumbled upon a Spiritualist Church

and learned that the Spiritualists don't believe in a heaven and hell, and that the spirit, the soul, or consciousness of an individual continues to live on, even when the physical body dies. So I started to attend weekly "development classes" in an effort to understand the ghosts in my bedroom, but I also broadened my view of how society perceives religion.

I was surprised to learn many aspects of the Catholic Mass, and celebrated holy days, were based on Pagan rituals and dates. I was curious to learn more about Pagan rituals. Before I attended the Spiritualist Church, I was taking a mediumship course through a Pagan store. I was curious about the store, but a little afraid of working with witches. I almost signed up for a course called "Wiccan for Beginners" but I chickened out. I was simply too afraid and I had no support of friends. But now it was a year later and I signed up for that same course in May of 2005.

I had a horseback riding friend who also, silently, practiced witchcraft; she called herself a Green Witch because she loved to work with plants and herbs. The gardens around her home were beautiful and she oftentimes commented about the fairies that helped her. A year previously I thought she was a little nuts. But by May of 2005 I started to understand her perspective. She loaned me books and I learned that witchcraft predates our modern version of



medicine. I never thought the “witch doctor” characterized on the Bugs Bunny cartoons I grew up with as ever having existed. To me Witches, Shamans and Witch Doctors were the stuff of cartoons; make-believe fairy tale characters used to entertain children. But then I never questioned my religion before the fall of the World Trade Towers in September of 2001. I was stepping out of my Christian beliefs into a whole new realm of understanding

I attended my first official class in witchcraft with that friend. She was confident as we stepped into that little shop but I was a little nervous. I felt like a kid in middle school sneaking into an “R” rated movie. I was afraid of coercing with devil worshipers and that I might be creating a relationship that would send me to hell when I died, but then I remembered what I had learned through the Spiritualist Church; there is no hell, no devil and I never die, just my physical body does. Even with my logical mind working in overdrive... I was still nervous.

The shop was small, a single room crowded with candles, crystals, jewelry, and an odd assortment of knick-knacks. I felt claustrophobic. Folded metal chairs were positioned in a circle formation in the middle of the room, which crowded the store’s shelves smashed against the room’s periphery. Nervously, I chose a seat, but my friend wanted to explore. I

wasn't sure what I was feeling; afraid, brave, curious, and worried. I didn't want to be sitting in the shop alone, so I shot out of my chair and followed my friend as she shopped amongst the crowded shelves littering the exterior of the shop.

I had found a cool necklace and was thinking about buying it when my friend pulled me over to a display of hanging crystals called pendulums. I've seen pendulums before, I even had a psychic douse with one in an effort to find out my spirit guide's name, so I wasn't impressed by the dozen or so tear drop cut crystals hanging peacefully from their chains. The display was composed of a single notched board suspended from the ceiling, which allowed each pendulum to dangle, lined up in a row. I've purchased crystals shaped like these in a necklace form before, and these stones were pretty, but I didn't understand why my friend dragged me away from the jewelry. And then she showed me her "trick."

"Watch this" she said as she ran her hand in front of the display.

As if responding to her command, three of the dozen crystals started to rock, while the rest stayed still.

"See, these crystals like me!" my friend stated. Then, as if to prove her point, she waved her hand in front of the display

and the same few pendulums rocked back and forth in response.

If the movement of her hand was causing a breeze all of the stones should have been swinging. And if she had somehow disturbed the suspended display, again, all of the stones should have moved. But only three were moving! I wasn't quite sure HOW she was making those few pendulums move, but I was entertained. She asked me to try and as I ran my hand in front of the display I was surprised that two pendulums moved for me which were different from the ones that "liked my friend" while the rest stayed still!

"That rose quartz is fond of you."

I turned around to see a woman, dressed in a long black dress, long black hair, and a sweet smile. She introduced herself as the shop owner and reiterated that the rose quartz pendulum liked me. I thought it odd that a piece of stone, basically a rock, could "like" anyone. I looked at the shop owner's kind face and sensed her sincerity; this chick really did think stones could like a person! I was curious, so, one more time, I passed my hand in front of the display and, of the two stones that moved, the pink one, the rose quartz, rocked the most. I bought that pendulum while my friend bought a different one. We barely made it back to our seats when the woman presenting the evening class began to talk.

Our teacher for the evening was dressed very similar to the shop owner I was just speaking to; long black dress, long black hair draped over her shoulders and a multitude of rings sparkled on each hand. I tried not to judge, and swallowed my stereotypical prejudices as I listened to this Halloween garbed teacher. She made perfect sense as she taught us the history of witches; women were the healers of rural communities, and these same women had the respect, and resulting power, of the community. I learned that the village witch was no different than a small town's doctor today. She was the one who understood how to treat the ill, and like the psychiatrist of today, or the village priest, she was also called upon for spiritual and mental support. The village witch was the person who rural communities relied on for help and support. And then society started to change.

Men conquered the countryside in an effort to unite the land into one, large kingdom or empire. This meant the smaller communities that remained independent with the help and support of witchcraft were a threat. Witches had power, and respect, while the kingdom, empire, and later organized religion wanted all the power and respect of each village. The kings, emperors and religious leaders needed, and wanted, to stay in control of ALL the people. So the small, rural

communities, and their individual dependence upon the village witch, needed to be stopped!

Propaganda was one of the tools used for an efficient power grab. Religious power houses created the illusion of a place called hell, first to control the people, and then started the illusion of witches as devil worshipers to scare the populace away from dependence upon witchcraft. The result was the mega power of first Rome, and later the Christian, Jewish, and/or Muslim churches, taking control of the communities. Witches were never “evil.” The myth was created in order to control the minds of the people.

After sharing the history of witchcraft, our teacher passed out a variety of handouts. These articles gleaned from an assortment of religious and government publications spewed hatred against women who were in control. Before going to that evening class I never really questioned the fact that most of our society was being ruled by men. That was simply the way it was. But sitting amongst my fellow women students I, somehow, understood that women were equal with men; they could be leaders too!

We also learned about different kinds of witchcraft religions. Our teacher practices Wicca which she explained as a sort of hybrid of ancient pagan beliefs mixed with aspects of modern religions. We were shown an altar where our

teacher displayed little statues of Jesus, Mary Magdalene who was presented as Jesus' wife, Saint Germaine, Egyptian Goddesses Isis and Horus and a cat which represented a Goddess called Bast. We reviewed handouts and spent almost an hour learning how to set up an "altar," how to "invoke" certain spirits, and how to "cast a circle." I expected to watch our witch teacher cast a ritual and experience a thrill... like watching a magician make something disappear. But I was disappointed. The Wiccan ritual our teacher performed was very similar to the service of the Catholic Church I was brought up in. They both used incense and candles to speak to beings; the Catholics called them Saints, while this woman prayed to Gods or Goddesses along with the Saints and Ascended Masters such as Jesus. Not only was I surprised that this witch ritual would include my Catholic Saints, and Jesus, but the witch also called upon Mother Earth.

I couldn't help myself but every time I heard our witch teacher talk about Mother Earth as a person I needed to stifle a smile. My mind kept regurgitating visions of the margarine commercial toting "not messing with Mother Nature" that I saw on television as a child. There were too many pop culture clichés, too many ingrained prejudices in my small mind associated with witches, witchcraft and even with Mother Earth. I never thought of Mother Earth as a being one could

pray to. But then again, I never thought a rose quartz pendulum would like me. I left that evening a little confused, as if I had been lied to for years and was being shown some long lost truth.

After the class was over I spoke with the shop owner who recommended a book which would explain what I learned in class a little deeper. I bought the novel called “*Book of Shadows*” by Phyllis Curott, a memoir of a Manhattan lawyer’s exploration of witchcraft. I started reading the book before I went to bed that night. On page 26, I found a quote; “*Learn to follow your heart and you will come to know that it is not the destination, but the journey that matters.*” And boy what a journey I was on...

**May 17, 2005:** Today I’m writing about the psychic development class offered through a Spiritualist Church I went to yesterday. We had a new lady in our group who considers herself a “white witch.” The small, non-athletic looking, pale, thirty-something lady that shyly joined our group was the first publically announced “witch” I ever sat in circle with, other than the ones I met a few weeks ago at the *Wiccan for Beginner’s* workshop. I just finished reading the “*Book of Shadows*” last night and questioned if I was impressed by the character in the book, and imprinted her personality on the stranger/witch in our development circle

this morning. I wasn't sure if I wanted to like this woman or if I sensed she was a nice person. There was something about being in her presence that felt comforting even though she complained about the spirits she had evoked into her home. She told stories about not being able to sleep after she had cast a circle, and then how she saw spirit in her living room too, right next to her altar! The more she complained and pleaded for help, the more I realized just how far I have come in my own psychic development. I wasn't nearly as afraid of spirits as this woman!

Our group listened as the witch-student told her story of evoking a spirit and then how she forgot to banish the circle and the entity stayed in her home. Then, while trying a different ritual on another day, another spirit/entity also took up residence in her apartment. I felt sorry for the woman and tried to understand why she was evoking spirits in the first place instead of invoking the help of Gods and Goddesses as I had learned in my Wiccan class. I was prepared for an interesting debate of inviting in higher spiritual beings for assistance versus accepting the assistance of any evoked spirit which could help in a situation when I heard another classmate speak.

“You've brought them towards you. Don't you see! By evoking spirit you invited them into your home. Excuse me



for saying this, but you are like a psychic hooker with the red light on. You call in any class of entity to help you, ask for them to appear, they do, and now you are complaining that you can't get rid of them. Why aren't you more discreet in who, or what, you ask into your home!"

At first I was shocked to hear Sharon blasting our new student. Then I was a disappointed, because I wanted to hear more about our new witch friend's inability to get rid of entities, and Sharon was ruining it! I felt cheated out of a good story but also a little surprised that Sharon exploded into her tirade, which was out of character for Sharon, who usually smiles and accepts everyone with dignity and patience. But today she had absolutely no patience with our witch friend. I was confused.

Sharon never critiqued anyone who sat in our circle before, and there have been a few that have tested my patience. The one student who irritated me the most was sitting next to Sharon today. His name was Joseph; a royal pain in the ass, but I liked him. Underneath his dysfunctional façade was a man who truly cared, and liked, people. But his dysfunctional façade was, well, extremely dysfunctional.

Joseph enjoyed socializing on the edge of etiquette and reveled in the power of his self-imposed Shock-Jock attitude. I met Joseph the first time I attended this same class in the

Spiritualist Church. Like it does now, the class met on Monday mornings, in the dankly dimness of an antiquated basement. At that time I was like today's white witch, afraid of ghosts who lived in my home and visited at night. But unlike the witch that came to today's class, it wasn't Sharon that confronted me, I was approached after class by Joseph.

Four months before meeting the white witch, when I attended my first class in a Spiritualist Church, I had hopes of participating in class and then disappearing afterwards. My plan was to fade into the room, melt into the furniture, absorb information, only ask questions if I had to, and quietly slip out of the only door exiting the building when the class was over. Unfortunately for me, Joseph had other plans for the "new girl."

Back in January, my first class had ended like today's, around noon. I was one of a dozen adults, standing in a circle at the end of class, praying. The short, round woman who taught the class led us in a soft voice as we all closed our eyes to listen. We were instructed to "send healing" to the sick, to the men and women in our country's armed forces, and to those who suffered from emotional loss or upheaval. We were coaxed to "feel the energy" of the circle, and allow the "energy" to float away to the people who need "healing and

support.” Then our teacher announced; “The circle was closed.”

I felt so relaxed and weightless when standing in circle after that first class. I hardly sensed the other people standing in the room with me! Lazily I opened my eyes, and quietly, respectfully, I gathered my coat and purse, readying myself to slip out the door. I jumped when Joseph laid his hand on my arm and said, “You better get something to eat.”

I recoiled at his touch; partly because he was a stranger to me, partly because I still had a weightless, spacey feeling and, well, I was surprised he was standing right next to me!

At first I was alarmed, then annoyed, and finally curious as to what he was talking about. I allowed him to lead me back into the abyss, to the far side of the basement cave, away from my only exit escape.

At the far end of the basement room, next to the kitchen, the other students congregated around a long folding table that held coffee and donuts. “Eat” he commanded as I stopped in front of the offensive confectionary. I was on an allergy free diet and, in an effort to battle my asthma I was not supposed to eat wheat, sugar, and God only knows what else lies inside the bowels of a donut. Joseph must have sensed my reluctance. “Eat” he retorted.

Trying to force a smile, I chose a chocolate donut thinking, “Hell, if I’m going to eat one of those processed cakes, it might as well taste good.”

I took the damned donut and followed Joseph towards a nearby table and chairs. I sat down obediently, prepared to do whatever penance needed so I could leave. Patiently, I listened to Joseph talk, and tried not to be distracted by the powdered sugar clinging to his neatly trimmed mustache. “Mediums need to ground after talking to spirit. You’ll crave sugar. I think it brings you back into your body and helps you to focus better on your surroundings again. It is not good to simply jump into your car and drive home after sitting in circle. Give yourself time to ground.” Joseph mumbled while half chewing his donut.

His face squinted when he talked, his longer fingers accentuating his speech. He seemed to be enjoying his audience of one. I pulled at my water bottle and lightly nibbled on the donut. He was, well, weird. Curiosity kept me glued to my chair.

Joseph latched onto a new subject. “See this?” He held up a large can of Arizona Green Tea. “This IS healthy. It has vitamins and green tea is good for me. Plus it gives me energy. You should be drinking it too.” He seemed happy with sharing.

I munched on my donut, barely able to nod an okay before Joseph latched onto an entirely new subject. “I played nude volleyball once. It was a coed game. And even though I wanted to see the girl I was dating naked before the game, when we were actually playing, I was concentrating on hitting the ball so much that I didn’t notice her breasts. See, before we started to play the game I wanted to see her boobies. But once she was naked, I was not interested. Don’t you think that’s odd?”

A pregnant silence followed.

I wasn’t sure how to respond to the lingering question of boobies and volley ball. I looked up at the fifty-something man, with donut dust on his mustache. My mind raced. Was he simple minded, a pervert, or did he have a really odd sense of humor? I got up and left, not sure if I should return next week to another class. But I did.

Over the course of these past few months I started to understand Joseph. I no longer blushed at the mention of private body parts. I even started to reciprocate with my own innuendos. I really didn’t understand why a grown man insisted on talking about sex like a virginal teenager. I found his behavior to be more irritating than offensive or obscene. I even questioned if he was a closet gay who needed verbal bravado in order to cover up for what he really felt. And

through all his socially awkward opinions, Sharon stood by him. She would smile and point out his faux pas with grace and patience. And today Sharon was verbally reprimanding our new white witch friend. I didn't understand her reaction but, like my numbness towards Joseph, I accepted her ire.

I smiled reassurance towards our new class member as the awkwardness of disagreement settled. Our teacher arrived and opened the class with a prayer; a silent invocation for only the "highest and the brightest" into our circle. Then, with our spiritual circle cast, we followed our teacher's instruction for today's "exercise" called "guess what was in the bag."

A brown bag was placed in the center of our circle of chairs. Our teacher then led us into a meditation with the intention to empty our minds enough so we could "receive messages from spirit." I learned in class that spirits use my own thoughts and memories to communicate, but first I needed to stop my thinking mind, which is the same as clearing my mind, so random thoughts could emerge. I received really odd, random thoughts and I didn't have a clue as to what they meant!

I saw a grotesque baby doll of placed together parts which reminded me of the scene in the Disney Movie/Cartoon called "*Toy Story*." In the movie the naughty boy had taken his sister's baby doll and destroyed it; the hair was cropped

uneven and short, an eye was missing, and the limbs were replaced by an erector set. Besides simply seeing the image of the altered baby doll, I also had a feeling, or a sense. The doll looked ugly, but the soul of this toy doll was still pure, still good. Then another image popped into my mind.

I saw a brief movie clip from the original “*Planet of the Apes*” movie. It was from the end of the movie when the gorillas and orangutans had chased the humans into a network of caves. The apes in the movie believed humans did not have the ability of speech and ape species were superior to humans which were considered animals. I saw a brief snippet from the movie where the ape picks up a human baby doll to examine it and the ancient mechanized doll from the defunct 20<sup>th</sup> century calls out “ma-ma.” The meaning of the scene was confirmation that man, indeed, had evolved before the apes.

The third, and last, image I received was of something constructed to fulfill a ritualistic purpose. Like a voodoo doll or a mixture of witches herbs placed in a bag. I felt this object was created to inflict evil upon someone. The last scenario was forming within my mind when our teacher told us time was up. We were told to open our eyes and share our “impressions” of what was in the bag. I told my classmates about my pieced together baby doll, *the Planet of the Apes* scene and my sense of a voodoo doll. My classmates also

“received” odd images of things “pieced together.” I was surprised so many of us had similar feelings. Then it was time to open the bag.

I felt myself lean forward to watch as our teacher opened the bag and pulled out a homemade medicine wand, made of a two foot long piece of rawhide wrapped wood. There were three symbols carved into the stick. I believe these symbols were called “runes,” angular stick writing resembling the letters of “PSE.” At least that was my impression from the quick look that I had of the object. Our teacher was passing it around but I couldn’t touch it. The wand had a huge purple amethyst crystal point at the end of it and I felt a strong wave of unpleasant energy. As much as I wanted to, I couldn’t hold the object to examine it. Once it was visible and out of the bag its presence in the room made me feel nauseous!

My classmates also felt evil or negative energy coming from the wand. One person commented that the wand felt like a weapon, like a gun or a knife. Another person felt the amethyst crystal positioned at the end of the wand was unbalanced, and the stone should be cleansed, and then it could be a useful tool for healing. I listened to my classmates and agreed. Something about that wand felt wrong... I did not like it. I voiced; “It should be buried, destroyed or somehow neutralized.” But our teacher, Patty, wasn’t concerned with



any “power” the wand might hold. She was more interested to understand WHERE it came from. Our class gave her a blank stare and eagerly waited for her explanation.

Patty was a great story teller. Not only did she believe in spirits, but she frequently told stories about the aliens she had encountered when being teleported into a different reality. I looked at Patty’s oval face and slanty eyes. She kind of looked like an overweight grey alien; standing less than five feet tall; her weight caused her to walk with an awkward gait, as if she wasn’t meant to walk upon our planet. I was prepared to hear a tale about aliens, or ghosts or strange lights and Patty did not disappoint. She started to describe a theory or belief of Spiritualists; a form of physical mediumship called *apports*.

Derived from the French word *apporter* or “to bring,” an *apport* is when an item from another time, and/or from wherever dead people hang out, somehow appears in our time. Patty explained how she misplaces, or “looses” an item and “finds” another item in its place. Just recently she went to retrieve a favorite bracelet from her dresser and, in its place, was the wand she brought to class. She doesn’t know HOW it got in her bedroom. And she was pretty pissed off that Spirit traded her favorite bracelet for the wand. She wanted the bracelet back!

Joseph was amused with Patty's story. Sharon sat quietly; her demur attitude had resurfaced after the day's exercise. I leaned forward to see the expression on the face of our "white witch" friend. She appeared overwhelmed with the group I sat in. I don't believe she received what she was searching for that day. I wished she could have been helped by sitting in our group that morning, but she wasn't. Even though she never returned to our spiritual development class, I was thankful to have met her

I drove home that afternoon trying to understand the overwhelming sensation I felt when I held Patty's wand. I couldn't wait to talk to someone and share the very odd feeling the wand gave off. So, when my husband, Greg, got home from work I eagerly shared the story of what I experienced in what he called my "psycho development class."

Greg was content as a non-practicing Catholic, and was curious to hear about what I was learning about Spiritualism and now Wiccan beliefs. I told him about the morning circle; my impressions of the amethyst wand and how Patty received it from spirit through an apport. I expected Greg to be curious about the negative "energy" I felt emanating from the wand. But it wasn't the "powers" of the wand that Greg found unusual or unbelievable. He was fascinated with my teacher's

story of the appearance of an apport and the dematerialization of her bracelet into a healing wand.

I was surprised Greg didn't get the gist of my story. Who cares about apports. I wanted to know WHY the wand had such a negative feeling!

Then I started to analyze Greg's reaction and I suppose NOT thinking about items materializing into thin air as strange was odd after all. I accepted the phenomenon of materialization and apports as a fact. And my fellow students, my Spiritualist community accepted stories of apports as interesting factual stories too. My socialization and community were student Spiritualists; a bunch of adults, trying to understand what dead people have to say. Just like how my Wiccan friend's community believed that crystals have personalities and could choose a person. I've never thought about a common belief swaying an expected outcome. I wasn't able to share with Greg the uneasy sensations I felt that day when I held "the evil amethyst wand." I simply gave up my end of the conversation and explained more about the phenomenon of apports.

Reflecting back to that spring of 2005, I had changed. The idea of apports, or spirits trading objects from another dimension, had become normal after spending four months sitting in a weekly spiritual development class. Many unusual

things were discussed during these classes; I learned to trust “my imagination” as messages from Spirit, just as I began to BELIEVE what others shared when they trusted their own imagination. I was learning to have faith in a reality I couldn’t see. And from that same, unseen reality, I was searching for direction, or some higher wisdom. I was raised in the Catholic religion, and based what I believed through religion as truth which I suppose is why most religions talk about “faith.” And now my basis of truth had changed, and, through Spiritualism, I believed I had also found my new faith.

**May 21, 2005:** Today, a group of people from Monday’s development class decided to get together during the evening and practice. According to Spiritualism, this is called a home circle. The leader for the evening was Joseph, and even though he was adept at being a medium, Joseph was, well, Joseph, somewhat inept at being human. But my classmates, and myself, respected his ability to “talk to spirit.” So when I was included in the group of eight sitters for the evening, I was happy to travel to another classmate, Ted’s, home.

Ted was a “snow bird;” he traveled to the south in the wintertime and returned to Connecticut to live from late spring into the fall. His home in Connecticut was a small space; neatly placed dual couches straddled a coffee table in a petite, shotgun style cottage. I squeezed my way into the

room and settled in between Sharon from class, and a woman dressed in a smart business ensemble of linen skirt and blazer complete with broach, earrings, necklace and matching bracelet. Sharon introduced me to Kay, a woman who was raised as a Spiritualist and was on the path to becoming a Spiritualist Reverend. This seemed to impress Joseph, which was why Kay was invited to our circle. Something about her energy felt false, almost haughty. I naturally sense people's energy and didn't care for the serious nature I felt from Kay. I wanted to have fun that evening and she appeared way too serious. I analyzed and then accepted her nature and my first impressions of the overly dressed, and settled in for the excitement of an evening séance.

To use a metaphor, I was like a homebound child just introduced to the idea of playing with a ball through the team interaction of sports. Joseph was the kid in the playground who owned the ball and would lead us into an impromptu games while Kay was the learned soccer player who wanted to instruct us on the "proper" way to play soccer; the rules of the game, etiquette towards players and the best techniques to kick the ball so we could all learn to excel in the sport. I was hungry and eager to learn about all of the sports included in alternate dimensions; the football of Shamanism, the baseball of Wicca, and the basketball of the Paganism. I wanted to

LEARN EVERYTHING while Kay's mission was to teach us simply the one sport, the soccer game she knew and loved so dearly, Spiritualism.

I knew that the traditional message circles practiced through the Spiritualist Church was intended to communicate with those that have crossed over. We practiced communicating with spirit all the time in our development group class in church, which at first was very exciting. But I, Joseph, and some of my classmates were a little bored with practicing in the same frequency. We were ready to try a new "game" tonight. I wasn't quite sure WHY Joseph felt compelled to invite Kay to this circle. But I wasn't the group leader, so I simply accepted the direction our congregation of eight would be journeying into that evening, and eagerly awaited the upcoming experience.

Joseph had included me in one of his "three way calling" conversation earlier in the week and he seemed very excited about this evening. He wanted us to all share part of our consciousness and somehow safely leave our bodies to "experience" an alternate realm of existence. We were looking for a group meditation leading into a group consciousness where we could talk and compare our experiences as they were unfolding. Joseph talked about the seven vibrations he worked through. He understood the

vibration where people in spirit resided but he also felt other frequencies, and he was eager to explore those tonight. Joseph told me he was curious; if we, as a group, could all experience the same meditation experience, then perhaps we could somehow tap into a new, and higher, knowledge? The idea was exciting!

Joseph started the circle that evening with a group meditation. He placed two candles on the coffee table sandwiched between the two couches and, in a quiet syncopated voice, Joseph instructed us to look at a flame, and then coaxed us to look away. Joseph's voice worked our minds as one; persuading our eyes to focus on the flame or away with the intent of emptying our minds of everyday thoughts, concerns and worries. I felt myself being partially hypnotized as I followed what Joseph was saying and prepared myself for a group journey. I was feeling light, as if half asleep and felt surprise when Joseph's quiet voice changed and his voice boomed; "candles out!" Pre-appointed hands reached out and placed lids on the two candle jars, the room grew still, quiet, and dark.

I felt anticipation and comfort in the still darkness when, suddenly CLAP, CLAP!

Joseph clapped his hands and I nearly jumped out of my skin while another in our group yelped in surprise. Joseph's

previously quiet voice morphed into something new; a booming voice bellowed confidence beyond his normal personality. He ordered Ted to “open the circle.” Obediently, Ted said a very nice impromptu prayer that he appeared to be channeling from spirit. Then Joseph turned to me and asked me to speak. I had just started to speak in tongues and was a little nervous about what Joseph was asking. I innocently asked if he wanted my response to be in English or a Native tongue. Joseph didn’t answer my question and instead responded with a curt; “Go!”

My thinking mind let go and something inside me responded as I allowed a low pitched, Native sing-song chant to escape my mouth. I chanted three or four sentences then felt finished so I became quiet. The room was spinning, I felt high. I wasn’t sure if the weightless sensation was because I just channeled a song or if I was simply nervous at sharing with the group. But now that I am typing this into my computer, I think it was the energy of channeling a song from the spiritual realm of existence.

I was becoming more comfortable with chanting and speaking in tongues. I believed I was sharing consciousness with an ancient spirit Shaman who I called Yellow Dog. I had demonstrated my ability to chant in front of my congregation, and my classmates before. So I knew most of the people in



that evening's circle were comfortable with my newfound ability. But I sensed a tension to my right and somehow knew the would-be Reverend did not approve of the sound of my Native tongue. Thankfully, the sense of judgment was brief, because I lapsed into a wonderful sense of not caring as I heard Sharon sing a familiar old church tune in response to Joseph's prodding.

The sound of Sharon's voice was Angelic and the combined energy of everyone in the circle seemed to accept her song as gift. I sensed Kay relaxing, as if hearing the familiar tune brought Kay back into an agreement to join the circle once more. My eyes were closed, the room was dark, and the space felt weightless when I heard Joseph ask Kay for a brief invocation. Kay confidently invoked the help of spirit and the aid of Infinite Intelligence to protect and help our group of eight. One by one, Joseph approached the rest of the people in the group, requesting each person to either sing, pray, or offer some wisdom. In an odd way Joseph knew what he was doing. By asking everyone to participate was also agreeing to be part of the evening circle, and, hopefully, part of one mind, one consciousness.

The last person had just finished talking when Joseph's booming voice announced; "We needed to send out healing

energy to ‘raise the vibration’ of the circle. Ted, give me the name of a person in need of healing.”

“Paul” was Ted’s quick response.

“Pauuuuuulllllllllllll.” Joseph blurted out in a long, lowwww, tone.

“Paaaauuuullllllllllllllllllllll” the people around me sing sang in a two syllable response.

Joseph repeated saying Paul in a hum-like manner, and this time he allowed his breath to escape in a low and long single note. I easily joined in, echoing the name Paul with the other seven sitting in the circle. Ohming was fun, but I struggled to control the exhale portion of my breath. I had to cheat; I re-inhaled and rejoined the toning group on a fresh exhale.

I was aware of Joseph taking a deep breath as he bellowed;

“Paaauuuullllll...Oooooooohhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!”

I think he made his breath last almost a full minute!

“Paaaauuuullllll...Oooooooohhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmm” our group was able to extend our breath/name/ohm even longer! The small space reverberated with the song, as did my oxygen depleted lungs. I was a little lightheaded as my mind registered the quiet enveloping the room. I barely sensed anyone near.

The ohm song appeared to move energy, and I felt oddly happy, even giddy! Then Joseph asked another person for a name and we “ohmed” for Beatrice, then a Randy, and then a Frank. And with each name/song the room’s energy increased, which could have simply been my ears recovering from the loud volume of eight joined voices which lapsed into the quiet stillness of near breathing. I waited for Joseph to “call for” another name, but the room had fallen silent. In barely a whisper Joseph announced; “It has begun.”

His voice then increased in volume as he demanded; “Voices, I need to hear voices.” A brief silence was followed with Sharon talking about “sensing” the “presence” of a woman named Marion. As she spoke, describing this Marion as being alone in a home, I saw, in my mind, fuzzy slippers and a house coat. I asked Sharon if she saw Marion as an elderly woman wearing slippers and a house coat, to which Sharon disagreed. She said she was getting the image of a young woman. Joseph quickly agreed there was something unusual on, or about, Marion’s feet. I waited for another person in the group to share an “impression,” but the other five sitting in our circle didn’t sense her. I heard Joseph thank Marion for coming into the circle, and then he prompted another person sitting in our circle to “share” what they were experiencing.

A woman sitting on the couch opposite of me shared that she “Saw an image of a Victorian woman with old fashioned lace-up boots.”

The man next to her quickly agreed, adding; “I saw a brief flash of a fancy ruffled skirt, like that of a saloon girl.”

Ted added more about the skirt in question; “Red and black, I think the skirt was velvet.”

I chirped in agreement, while another person offered the skirt was brown.

As if offering a solution to the skirt-color dilemma, Joseph confidently announced; “This Victorian girl is in front of you, Kay. She wants to assist you as a new spirit guide.”

I could sense Kay’s confusion. She was used to traditional message circles; where one person taps into a spirit’s energy, relays a message, and the rest of the circle would sit as a silent audience, accepting the message. I sensed Kay’s energy next to me and reasoned that, the way our readings were offered, as group participation, was foreign to her. She must have felt out of her element and uncomfortable with the haphazard voices barking readings all around her. I heard the tone in her voice strongly disagree; “I have no such woman as MY spirit guide!” Joseph appeared unruffled by Kay’s agitation and kept the circle’s energy moving forward as his voice boomed; “Voices, I need to hear voices.”

Within seconds a man's voice described the presence of a small woman, and while he spoke, others happily shared tidbits of what they sensed as well. Kay even started to join in and our group of adults, sitting in a circle in a small cottage, in the dark, seemed as one mind, all sharing pieces of an invisible mystery.

Joseph must have sensed the harmony in the group... for he started to "channel" an entity and, well, the circle became a little bizarre.

"I am Oxo." Joseph boomed.

The room grew still as we were trying to figure out who, or what, exactly was happening.

"Sharon, chant" he ordered. "Choose a Power Animal." Then, as if answering his own question he belted out; "I choose the bear."

I could feel the energy in the room change from heady and light, to a low, low pulse. The energy felt similar to how I feel when I meditate while holding crystals at home. I wasn't afraid, but very curious. I've never felt this kind of energy while in spiritual development class before and wanted to see what kind of spirits would appear to us.

One by one people called out the names of animals they chose for a power animal, or an animal spirit guide. The chanting woman took a breath, chose a panther, and then

resumed her sing/song. I heard; “horse,” and then “eagle,” and then “wolf” being called out by different voices within our group. I announced peacock would be my animal, and settled into the couch, enjoying the spinning sensation emanating up from the floor.

“An Elk... the Hawk” more voices joined in.

My legs were shaking, the energy was building, a swirling around and around energy. I counted seven animals called out, and when Joseph, or rather Oxo asked for the last animal, I heard Kay’s high pitched voice rebel; “This is NOT how you do a circle. What are you doing?”

Joseph, or rather Oxo, did not direct his question to anyone; he simply ignored her tone and demanded that the rest of the group claim an animal.

It must have been his condescending voice because Kay was getting really pissed off. Her high pitched voice almost shouted; “What are you doing? This needs to stop!”

And the energy did stop. I was no longer swirling. I have never felt such stillness as the dark room became very, very silent... waiting.

Her loud tone seemed to snap Joseph out of his trance, because the room grew silent. I could feel the energy of the circle change. Gone was the wonderful deep, deep pulsing sensation. I was in my body once more and I felt so heavy!

Kay's complaining brought us all back to awareness of sitting in the cottage. Like someone suddenly woken up from a deep sleep, my thinking mind was trying to process what had just happened. But another in our group was quicker than I to comment; "What the hell was with that Oxo shit Joseph?"

Her insults appeared to calm the agitation I was sensing emanating from Kay. I sat quietly and listened the drama unfold as another woman spoke; "And I thought we were Spiritualists. What's with this Indian stuff? Thanks for stopping that Kay!"

Joseph did not defend himself, nor did he make excuses. He simply stated that he was channeling, which seemed to add fuel to the tirade of comments from Kay and another woman sitting in the circle. The common consciousness of the room was gone and was replaced by separate minds disagreeing.

I listened to the debate unfolding around me and even though I couldn't see faces in the dark room, I could sense the emotions. Sharon seemed confused, like a person running a race caught by a rope. I've done shamanic journeying before, as has Ted, and I sensed that Ted was as lost as I. Like two people who were in one room and suddenly found themselves sitting back in Ted's living room space. Moments earlier, the energy was building towards a climax of... something, when,

everything stopped and we were thrown back into the reality of sitting in a little cottage. It took my heart a few moments to catch up with my thoughts.

Joseph was unnaturally silent. He acquiesced to Kay's complaints, kept quiet and allowed her to "finish a proper circle."

Other than the very sudden change in venue that evening, I can't really complain because Kay was good at leading a Spiritualist circle. She led us through a brief meditation and focused our imagination into an angelic-type realm where the spirits of deceased people resided. Then the evening's group of eight held a traditional message circle; where one person would channel a message for a spirit, and the rest of the group would remain respectfully quiet. We practiced text book mediumship, which was interesting if you were receiving an accurate reading, but moot if you've sat through multiple readings, which all of us have.

Practicing mediumship was a little boring, but the sensation that enveloped the room was absolutely wonderful! I should have been upset that Kay ruined Joseph's circle, but I wasn't. I was floating in a sense of peace and love. I sensed the spirit of a man standing over by Ted and had the oddest experience; I sensed the presence of the spirit, then I would hear native chanting in my left ear, and then the words of



what to say seemed to pop into my mind. The energy of the circle helped me to easily sense a spirit was near and, for the first time, I discovered that if I listened to the chanting in my mind I could understand what the spirit had to say. Cool! I told Ted things about his friend and was pleased when he confirmed that I was correct!

The circle lasted around an hour and then Kay led us all back, thanked spirit for their help, and announced that the circle was closed. I blinked as my eyes adjusted to the lights turned on in Ted's small cottage. Ted retrieved a few boxes of pre-ordered pizza from his little kitchen area and crowded the open boxes onto his coffee table. I grabbed a piece and sat back down next to Kay, curious to understand her better. I wasn't sure how to start a conversation. I noticed the sparkle of little pieces of rose quartz strung together in her necklace and asked about the stones. I've felt the energy from rose quartz as calming and loving in a social situation and I was curious if Kay felt that way too.

Kay momentarily stopped eating, looked down at her necklace and then told me; "Oh these pink stones. No, I don't wear the necklace for any metaphysical reasons. I just like the color. And you should know that crystals are unnecessary when doing mediumship. A true medium does not rely on any outside energy, such as crystals, to talk with spirit."

I didn't receive the answer I was looking for. I could sense energy from crystals when I wear them and I was simply curious if Kay did too. So I asked her if she felt any energy change while wearing the necklace. Kay's face was a blank slate, like she didn't understand WHAT I was talking about. "No, they are just pretty to wear" she innocently answered.

I've used crystals to journey, to meditate with, and even in my Reiki practice. I wanted to get a conversation with Kay started so I could understand Kay's Spiritualist point of view. Words seemed to stumble out of my mouth as I struggled to explain to her the different sensations I've experienced when I've held different types of crystals. Kay listened to me and then, as if she was communicating from a totally different belief, she stressed that when she works with spirit she needs to "raise the vibration" so only a "higher energy" is invited in.

I tried another tactic to save our floundering conversation. I agreed with what she was telling me and tried to explain MY point of view. I described the different frequencies I've felt beyond the higher vibrations of the spiritual realm, like the lower, deep, slower energy I felt when I rode a horse, or when I "talked to" pets. Kay listened to me, but she didn't seem to understand what I was saying. It seemed to me like she was regurgitating information from some Spiritualist

textbook; “Don’t you know you NEED to RAISE your vibration to talk to spirits?”

I was confused. The witch/teacher from my class earlier in the month had talked about invoking different people and energy, but Kay the Spiritualist insisted there was only one way to invoke spirits. I knew there was a difference when I psychically talked with an animal or pet verse when I spoke to a spirit. And I was curious to understand if the same energy I felt when talking with animals could be used when sitting in circle with friends. I was trying to understand WHY Kay found Joseph/Oxo’s energy so offensive. I was curious what would have happened if Joseph/Oxo and the animal spirit guides were allowed to take us somewhere. But I couldn’t seem to get my point across.

To her credit, Kay was struggling to keep our conversation going too, and sensing my frustration she offered; “Deceased pets exists in the spirit realm too.”

I smiled back at her and, thankfully, she turned and started a conversation with someone else. I felt relieved. Kay and I were comparing apples and oranges... I wasn’t getting my point across, nor did I understand hers.

I had mixed feelings as I drove home that night. I didn’t believe I was in danger when I worked with lower energy, but Kay felt so confident that a circle should only operate in

higher vibrations. I couldn't understand WHY Kay didn't feel other levels of vibrations. I've always felt comforted with the lower, deeper, energy when around animals, or even when I sat with the women at the witch workshop. My mind considered that, maybe; I was working with unsafe energies. But at the same time I KNEW I was safe. I was confused!

**May 24, 2005;** After class today Joseph, Sharon, and our teacher, Patty, discussed what could have, or perhaps should have, happened in the circle held at Ted's home the previous weekend. Patty spoke with Kay on the phone the same night we had that strange circle. According to Patty, Kay bragged about "saving" the circle, and then Kay accused Patty of not teaching her students the proper way of holding a circle. Patty told us what Kay said; "A medium, or one connected to a 'higher' presence should always sit, or organize, a spirit circle/séance. If I wasn't there to save the circle, I don't know what would have happened to your students!"

Patty was upset with Kay and then chastised Joseph for inviting Kay in the first place by nearly yelling; "Kay is known to not like Shamanism and therefore would naturally balk at the mention of Power Animals. Why the hell did you invite her in the first place?"

Joseph defended himself. I was getting uncomfortable, as was Sharon. Joseph argued with Patty as he justified his

actions; “Kay had never been exposed to Shamanism and I thought she would enjoy the experience.”

In the blink of an eye Joseph looked away from Patty and focused his attention on Sharon; “You should call Kay up and explain it to her.”

And then he included me; “And you too, explain to her how YOU talk to the animals and how you sense energy. You should let Kay know that she ruined our circle!”

Patty was angry at being called an inept teacher and Joseph was obviously frustrated, and taking it out on Sharon and myself. I allowed the tirade to settle down and, surprisingly for me, I didn’t even consider Joseph’s impromptu request. Hell, I didn’t even know Kay, let alone her telephone number. I allowed him to rave, just as we allowed Patty to share tidbits of gossip about Kay. I felt like I was back in high school! Thankfully Sharon intervened and suggested we pray for the situation we were all involved in. Joseph and Patty stopped their complaining while Sharon led us into a brief meditation/prayer to “raise the energy” of the situation. Thankful, I sensed the frustrated energy leave the room and peace and happiness flood in all around us!

I opened my eyes and looked at Sharon, marveling at her natural ability to defuse an ugly situation.

**A few weeks later, on June 4, 2005,** I was invited back to Ted's little home for another psychic circle. Kay was not invited, neither was the other woman in the circle a few weeks back who voiced she was unhappy with "all that Indian stuff." I was relieved when I walked into Ted's cottage and learned the overeducated Kay was not invited to our little group. I didn't want to be critiqued as to how we should "communicate with spirit." I respected the knowledge Kay had gained in studying Spiritualism, but I wanted to understand how I perceived energy. When Joseph called me with the invite for the evening I was told; "This time we will reach a Shamanic plane of existence."

I drove to Ted's house full of expectations.

I don't know how ten of us crammed into his tiny living room, but we did. Two people were actually sitting in the hallway that led to the kitchen. And even though our circle was a haphazard elliptical shape, we were able to achieve a wonderful pulse of community energy. I was surprised to discover the woman who led our spiritual development group, Patty, decided to come to the circle too! I was excited to explore the deep energy I was accustomed to experiencing when meditating at home, and I was grateful that our teacher was there to help out!

Joseph led the same meditation and when he clapped his hands as a sign to put out the candles, and even though I knew the noise was coming, my body involuntarily jumped. Joseph opted NOT to ohm, perhaps he felt ohming wasn't needed without Kay sitting in the circle with us? Kay, as a Spiritualist, was used to song when initiating her spirit circles to "raise the vibrations." I was happy not to ohm, or sing, as I was in the awareness of Kay not sitting next to me.

Instead of ohming, Joseph led us through a meditation. He coaxed us to envision flying up and out of our bodies; into a place above the atmosphere, above the stars, and into the black abyss of nothingness. My Reiki teacher coached me to this place the previous winter, and I've traveled to the same place when I've meditated at home with a crystal grid, so I was comfortable. I easily slipped into a semi-hypnotic state, traveled into an abyss of nothingness, and then floated, waiting for an image to appear.

I was surprised when other people shared their experiences... we all started to experience alternate, or past, lives.

One woman started to talk about being a Native American. She explained feeling confused, and in pain. Another woman in our group helped her to find a pond of water so she could see her own face. When the Native

experience played out further, we learned that the woman's reflection was that of a man who was very sad. I heard Patty's soft voice join the group consciousness of this Native man. I heard her coax the Native man spirit/alternate life to accept what he needed to do. I believe the struggle had something to do with leading a group of people.

I was watching a different scene unfold behind my closed eyes while listening to the group's impressions. And even though I was experiencing being somewhere else, my ears sensed the Native man's troubles and sensed him resolving the conflict, which changed the energy of the room into one of bliss and joy. I longed to bask in the happy energy filling Ted's small home, then the energy shifted again as the man across from me spoke about being a knight. Another man in our group joined in, sharing that he also sensed being a knight and they were in medieval times together. At first they shared with the group what they were experiencing, and then they grew silent. Another person began to talk... and so the circle of past lives progressed.

I tried to stay engaged with what was going on in the room, but I was experiencing my own journey while other people were concurrently voicing theirs. I was a child, in India, wandering through a market place. I felt the wonder at seeing all the wears offered in various merchant's stalls. I was



especially fascinated with a snake peeking its head out of a traveling charmer's basket. I had no money to offer, so the snake charmer's helper tried to shoo me away, but I lingered for several moments, watching as the cobra swayed his head to the tune of a flute. At another stall were monkeys in crude bamboo crates. One monkey had his little fingers reaching out. His hand was like that of a child, the demeanor pleading. I reached out and almost touched the hand when the monkey vendor slapped me. I involuntarily flinched in my seat, which brought me back into my body enough to listen to more about the knight's regression unfolding across from me.

I told my group of friends what I was experiencing, but no one sitting in the small cottage experienced a life at the Indian market place with me. I heard a woman in our circle start to complain that her husband was dead. I heard her cry and one of my classmates comforted her. I heard the drama others were voicing and returned to my experience in India. I was a child, simply enjoying being amongst merchants in India. I left the monkey vendor and went to look at beautiful bolts of fabrics.

I heard people sharing messages from spirit. Ted told a woman that George was near and he said she should have the tree out back trimmed. The woman thanked Ted, and a brief discussion of how to trim a tree developed. Then another

person had a message from Ted's grandfather. And so the spirit messages proceeded. I basically ignored the group, happy as a child in magical India.

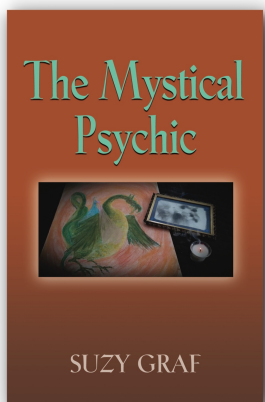
Then the energy started to change and I heard Joseph's obnoxious voice blurt out advice. He declared that he was "Oxo." I felt India fade into the memory it never was. I was back in my body, sensing the people around me. And also sensing a deep energy emanating from Joseph as he continued to give advice to one person, and then another. Oxo told me; "I need to function more in a higher plane."

I barely listened to him. I was floating on a deep high, enjoying the sensation of heaviness mixed with weightlessness.

When the circle ended our group shared experiences. Ted and his friend joked about their past life together as knights. Our teacher, Patty, was fascinated with what she called ancient spirits. She said she felt an ancient energy that she used to work with years ago. Patty obviously enjoyed herself, but mostly kept quiet during the circle, and seemed pensive when the rest of us shared our experiences.

I left feeling tired and a little buzzed. I enjoyed reliving memories of my past life as a child in India, as well as listening to others share what they had experienced. But I was a little disappointed we didn't experience the same energy

from a few weeks ago. I was hoping to see what would happen if Joseph/Oxo called for our Power Animals. In the spring of 2005 I was confused as to what I should be doing. So many sensations, energy vibrations of frequencies! I was searching for answers. Someone to tell me what I should be doing, and which energy to choose!



The Mystical Psychic is a memoir, one woman's search for identity through the beliefs of Spiritualism, Paganism and "Lightworkers." The author experiments with contrasting viewpoints; the Tarot, Mediumship, Angel Oracle cards, Spiritualist protocol, how to cast a spell, and trusting in manifestation. Her story unravels into acceptance.

# THE MYSTICAL PSYCHIC

by SUZY GRAF

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