

Through journal entries, channeled messages and personal reflections, *The Skeptic Psychic* explores the possibility that aliens and fairies could exist, a possibility that allows the author to release fear, and ultimately grow into a medium and psychic.

**The Skeptic Psychic: an Autobiography into the Acceptance of the Unseen**

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# The Skeptic Psychic



SUZY GRAF

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## Table of Contents

CHAPTER 1: An Introduction.....	1
CHAPTER 2: Fairies - August 2005.....	9
CHAPTER 3: Dimensions and Realities- late Aug. 2005.....	42
CHAPTER 4: Shapeshifter - September 2005 .....	77
CHAPTER 5: Healing with Hidden Deer - Oct. 2005 .....	111
CHAPTER 6: Digesting the Possibility – late Oct. 2005 .....	138
CHAPTER 7: Conversations with Yellow Dog – Nov. ....	161
CHAPTER 8: Aliens - The Delphi – Dec. 2005 .....	198
CHAPTER 9: Aliens – The Corona – Jan. 2006.....	222
CHAPTER 10: Huichols and Egyptians – Feb. 2006 .....	259
CHAPTER 11: In Conclusion.....	309
EPILOGUE .....	329
DIARY OF RESOURCES.....	331

~ CHAPTER 2 ~

**FAIRIES - AUGUST 2005**

**August 8, 2005:** All summer long we have not had any trouble maintaining our family pool. When my husband, Greg, complained last night that the water had turned green I started to rethink what could have gone wrong with his pool maintenance routine to precipitate this overgrowth of algae. Yet in my heart, I knew what caused the water to turn green. I explained to my family what I have been experiencing over the course of this past week. I have met fairies and they turned the water green.

A few days ago I decided to take the time and relax in the family pool. Before I jumped into the pool I pulled a few weeds in the surrounding flower garden. I smiled at my finished handiwork as I noticed how pretty the gladiolas looked weeded against the large sage plant, the oregano bush, and the chives. The power of the filter pumping water caused the raft to lazily float around the perimeter of the pool. I grabbed the raft and pulled myself aboard and settled onto my back. I know I should have shielded my face from the sun, but the spontaneity of being outside felt so good and so right, that I risked getting a few more age spots. I simply closed my eyes and floated around to the hum of the filter motor and the bubbles it created in the water. Bliss!

I shaded my eyes with my palm to have a look around. Everything was so bright in the sun! I felt wonderful. I decided to enjoy an impromptu meditation. I placed a protective shield around my body, envisioned my chakras, my energy centers opening, and enjoyed a floating sensation while simultaneously feeling the water pulsing underneath the raft. I felt wonderful

*SUZY GRAF*

with the water coursing under my body. Relaxed and happy after my brief meditation, I opened my eyes and lazily watched the vivid colors of summer float by; the blue sky, the green pasture, the flowers.

I watched the gladiolas peaking over the pool's rim as I floated by them. The scene changed as I floated past the pool deck. Then I was by the far side of the garden where the corn stalks were visible, their tassels stirring softly in the wind. Past the grape vines I glided only to return to the gladiolas once again. Around and around I drifted when my attention was drawn to little bright lights by my thighs. I reasoned that the sun must be too bright and closed my eyes as a smile stretched across my face.

I could hear the barn swallows singing on the power line across the street, only twenty feet from the pool. I opened my eyes to watch the barn swallows as they sat, talking and chirping on the power line. I watched one swallow take flight and swoop down to get a drink from the swimming pool and vigorously beat its little wings and arc back up into the sky. I love watching these birds.

I noticed that a few swallows were still sitting on the power line so I decided to project my consciousness into one of the birds. I concentrated and felt myself leave my body. I was in the bird. I could feel the roundness of my body, the body of the swallow. I could feel the weightlessness from being perched on a swaying power line. I felt totally relaxed and my energy felt squashed into the plump frame of the bird. But I could not see or hear anything through the bird. I could not seem to access sight or sound through this little animal. I decided to break the connection and I allowed my consciousness to return to me.

I opened my eyes and looked up at the bird and sent out silent thanks for the experience. Then I floated past the gladiolas. Again I saw the little bright lights. I closed my eyes. I

*THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC*

could see fairies hovering above my legs. Their dragonfly wings were buzzing in flight as they hovered, looking at me. I opened my eyes. Fairies? Did I just see fairies as clearly as I have experienced seeing dead people in the past? I've caught moving images behind my closed eyes before but these were of human forms. This seemed too unreal. But, then again, so was the idea of my consciousness jumping into a bird and now I accept this ability as a fact. Curious, I floated another lap around the pool as I rethought this short burst of sight, this glimpse into another reality, that I had just experienced.

I saw little beings that were not as skinny as Walt Disney's Tinkerbell but were stockier in build with dark straight hair and pointy ears. The one I saw the clearest was a male with a page boy hair cut that resembled the "Mr. Spock" character from the original *Star Trek* TV series. I had the image of these fairies in my relaxed mind. Then the image disappeared as my mind registered the unbelievable. Was I picking up these images in a meditative state or was I really asleep and dreaming?

My mind wrestled with these questions as I floated past the deck, the corn stalks and the grape vines. As I was approaching the flowers I closed my eyes, cleared my mind, and centered myself. Fairies landed on my legs and were looking at me. I could actually feel them on my thighs but I was not too freaked out. It was too hot and I felt too relaxed from floating around in the pool. This did not make sense. There were fairies sitting on my thighs! As I floated towards the deck the fairies took flight and left.

Wide awake from this reoccurring visitation I decided that the pool no longer offered the respite I was searching for. My garden was infested with fairies! Or, at least, the gladiolas were. Or was I finally going nuts! I needed time to think this through. I left the pool and returned to the house to eat lunch. As I was

*SUZY GRAF*

chewing on my sandwich my mind reeled with possibilities. Could the Angel workshop have planted this fantasy into my head? Or did the Angel workshop open my mind up to a reality that I haven't experienced before?

Later that night my encounter with the fairies resumed. I was in my bed enjoying a deep sleep when suddenly I woke up to a terrible dream that I was being squashed like a little bug. I had no memory of the dream's content, just the way the nightmare ended. I awoke to a sensation so real and life like that I thought I was killed, smashed, squashed, flattened. I jolted to consciousness confused, my heart beating. I opened my eyes to a still, dark, room.

I didn't understand why I just had this horrible nightmare. It was late and I wanted to return to sleep. Still agitated by the fright sleep was not returning so I decided to do one of the exercises I learned in my Angel class from this past weekend. I envisioned Archangel Michael sticking a vacuum hose into my crown chakra and sucking out all the agitation I was feeling, that yucky energy. Then I asked Archangel Raphael to fill up my body with green healing energy and asked that this loving green energy fill the void left by the agitated energy that was sucked out of me. This process took ten minutes and upon its completion I tried to return to sleep but something was wrong. The emotion was still there. I could feel it in the room, pressing its presence next to mine. I knew this invisible being wanted to communicate. I've learned from past experiences that I wouldn't be allowed to return to sleep until I understood what this being wanted so I decided to automatic write into my journal. I asked my guide, Yellow Dog, what was in the room with me and why did I have this horrible dream?

Yellow Dog answered me: "You have traveled with the elementals. You have seen the fairies, danced with them, worked with them. They want you to know they are real. They



*THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC*

will work with you if you wish. But their tests and trials are severe. They tolerate not. They are strict. Yet their powers are so strong. Their reality can overcome ours. Do not play with them. Respect! Remember to follow the rules, learn and listen. They teach. They are unyielding. Provide for them and they will reciprocate. Harm them and they will remind you of your mistakes.”

I then felt the energy start to shift, to change. This time when my hand wrote I knew the message was not from Yellow Dog for that loving feeling was gone. I felt that this message was coming directly from a fairy as I wrote; *“I can see you too now. I am watching. Honor my space and I will honor yours. I may be small but there are many of us. And we will try to understand.”* I also wrote down the name “Thomas.” I felt the energy leave and I knew my nightly visitations were finished. I put down the pen, rolled over and fell back asleep.

When I woke up the next morning I was curious. Before I got out of bed I asked Yellow Dog to enlighten me as to who visited my room last night. He explained that they were fairies and that they did not appreciate the chlorine that we used in the pool. I accepted this explanation but I wondered what I could do about the chlorine. After all, the pool needed to be maintained. A few days passed and I had forgotten about this incident until the pool water turned green.

Now that I shared my fairy story with my family last night and watched for their reaction. Surprisingly my two children and husband patiently listened to the possibility that fairies could exist. When I shared that the fairies said that they didn’t like the chlorine in the pool and the coincidence that today the pool water had turned green, my husband’s reaction surprised me. Instead of balking at my suggestion of the existence of fairies, he became argumentative towards his use of the chlorine. He started talking to the air, spewing: “The fairies

SUZY GRAF

better get over their problem with me using the chlorine. They've had it pretty good here, living in our garden. They can put up with me using a little chlorine to maintain the pool!" My husband was talking to the fairies as he would to our cats. He was talking to beings that exist with us, but remain independent in their choices. Greg's reaction to the fairies challenging his use of chlorine in our pool had sealed my new found belief. Fairies really do exist!

As I am writing this into my journal, I wonder if the fairies are actually living in another dimension. Is this why I can see them when I meditate? I have the ability to see the deceased that exist in another dimension. Could it be possible to naturally interact with the fairies within my dimension? Perhaps their metabolism, their existence, is so much faster than mine. Is this why most people usually don't sense them? Could the existence of the fairy realm be to humans like the flapping of a hummingbird's wings so sped up that the human mind can't comprehend its existence? Humans accept that dogs can hear pitches of sound that humans are unable to detect. People also accept that cats can see images in the darkness where the human eye cannot see. I wonder if a whole species of being co-exist on this planet without humans being aware of them? Could there be a fairy sitting right next to me and I wouldn't be able to naturally hear, smell, see or sense them? This was an interesting theory that I'll have to think about some more.

I bought the Doreen Virtue book titled *Earth Angels* last week. This book talked about incarnated souls and I found the section concerning incarnated elementals very interesting. As I read about the attributes of elementals, I am reminded of a friend I know. I wonder if she could be an incarnated fairy. I asked Yellow Dog about this and wrote the following answer.

YD: *"Your friend is very wise and very, very old. She has existed on your planet in the woodlands for centuries. She*

*THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC*

*the show horse you want him to be. Enjoy this beautiful Sunny Day! Namaste!"*

**Still November 4<sup>th</sup>:** This evening I worked on the same friend that I had sensed the small blue aliens being around before. Similar to our first session, I visited briefly with my friend before I started the healing with Hidden Deer. The topic revolved around the UFO that my friend thought he saw in the evening sky the other night which he described as a bright light in the sky that changed colors in a way that was atypical for a satellite. The excitement in his face as he described the prospect that the lights in the sky he saw was, indeed a UFO was infectious. I wasn't convinced but I enjoyed the possibility of wondering.

It was with this discussion held in my mind that I began to work on my friend. His energy was very different from last time I went to his office to channel healing to him. His chakras were no longer closed but instead permeated energy. This energy felt different from the Earth or Angel energy I was used to feeling. This energy pulsated like low sound waves under water. Hidden Deer chanted through me quietly and I had my eyes closed. Then I saw them; small metallic silver/blue people. I counted three of them standing off to one side of the room. I remember chuckling to myself that only moments before my friend was excited about seeing a light in the sky that might be a UFO and here I was in his office looking at three actual aliens!

I told him about our visitors and channeled Hidden Deer's, or someone's, interpretation of why the aliens were in the room with us. I explained that these aliens were watching us from another dimension and were simply peering into ours to observe this healing. Then I sensed a concern over the weak energy in my friend's legs. This was when I realized that I knew the alien's thoughts. I interpreted that the alien's did not understand

*SUZY GRAF*

how humans use their feet and legs because in their world beings use their feet differently and healing energy is freer to travel through the feet.

I also received information about bones...bones of birds? The alien has bones like birds? Are our bones lighter than theirs? Or are our bones heavier? I didn't understand the full intent of what the aliens were trying to tell me and channeled this confusion over interpretation to my friend. As I am talking to my friend and interpreting the aliens I am not understanding or thinking but simply saying the words. I don't worry about the believability of the situation nor the absurdity that I am interpreting the thoughts of aliens that are observing us through another dimension. My friend appears unfazed by the bizarre scenario unfolding in front of us for he jokes about how he should learn T'ai Chi Massage so that he can learn to heal through his feet!

I moved to work on my friend's head; his forehead/third eye, his ears and the top of his head or his crown. I noticed that the energy coming through his crown was not the Angel or Spirit energy that I sense in Spiritual healing. This energy was foreign to me, undulating and very soothing. I then felt compelled to return to my friend's feet. I sensed that the aliens were somehow working through me and were discussing with Hidden Deer how to treat the low energy in my friend's legs and feet. Hidden Deer thought that a psychic mud pack would draw out the stale energies and stimulate a fresh energy but the aliens wanted a more technical solution. My hands moved and I could feel a block of energy around my friend's feet where they placed a pair of silver mechanical boots. I could sense my friend's frustration at not feeling the presences around him when I was channeling what little I could understand.

I returned to my friend's head and allowed energy to travel into his third eye. I talked and lead him through a brief journey.

*THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC*

Somehow the aliens were instrumental in this. I could hear them discussing where to lead him in this journey; “A red sandy landscape? No. Water? No. Outer space? Yes! Outer space!” Finally, they all agreed. I began to channel the guided journey. I coached my friend to bring his consciousness to his head and to feel his feet far, far away so that he felt he was 20 feet tall. Then I channeled that he was leaving his body, up to the ceiling, out of the building, up into the atmosphere and into outer space. We shot through the atmosphere quicker than I’ve experience before. I was concerned that I might not be in control of the situation and heard myself reassure my friend about our ability to return. He did not seem concerned but lay on his back with a bliss-like smile on his face.

We were in the weightless abyss, floating. I’ve been in this “place without time” before and understood that the scene would soon be changing, an event would be unfolding. I also somehow understood that the purpose of this event was not for me. We waited for my friend to get an image. He started to journey and shared that he saw an Asian man. He was in his early 30's. He was in a factory, like an old "sweat shop". Yet the man was alone, playing a violin. He acknowledged my friend at the moment they made eye contact. The Asian man stopped playing his violin then the image was gone. We returned to the office, our reality, our time.

I went back to channeling healing and closed the healing session for tonight. My hands were motioning and I thought Hidden Deer was sealing my friend in a protective egg but something was different about this protective energy egg. It felt like a thick gelatinous substance. Hidden Deer had covered my friend in goo! Then a bright light shone through and the substance melted away from his body and pulled the negative energies out of his body and melted into the Earth. The healing was finished.

Before I left my friend's office we visited and discussed the bizarre healing and the journey my friend had just experienced. Who was the Asian guy in my friend's meditation? Was he part of my friend's past life or maybe a man existing in another dimension? Or did we accidently drop in on a guy playing the violin on the other side of the Earth? We joked about the Asian man's perspective in regards to this event. What if this man was enjoying playing his violin in the solitude of his industrial studio apartment and the "ghost of my friend" stepped in to look at him. What was reality? We can only guess.

And what about these aliens that my friend calls "star people"? My friend seemed touched that they were so close to him. I am still stunned by the bizarreness of all of this. I accept dead people as normal. Then I learned how to accept fairies. Now I need to drop my prejudice against aliens too? Do they exist in different planes or realities, just like Spirits, Angels and the Fey? I left my friend's office with more questions than answers.

**November 5, 2005:** Early Saturday morning I awoke and wrote the following in my dream diary: *"Thick atmosphere sort of like the water. Bathes in energies, energy all around, this is how we live. This is how we are comforted. Like whale noises we speak. We hear yet feel the vibrations of speech. This is normal for us. (To experience this as a human you must) take a bath. Sit in the bath to meditate. Use the water to feel the sound. This will help you to understand. Feel the sound through your skin. Not just through the bird bones of your ear. Take time to do a small meditation daily. We will enlighten. We are always near.*

*Listen to the sound of water. Listen with your body. Hear with your skin. Then you may begin to understand. Thick, viscous air is normal forces. Your water is the closest to our environment. Our water and air are one. Our atmosphere*

THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC

*supports our way of communication. Our speech here is like your speech under water; buffled/marbled. Do not despair. Together we will form a path."*

**November 6, 2005:** My husband woke me up this morning by saying in an agitated voice; "Sue, I've just been scanned by aliens!" I usually stir out of slumber slowly but the urgency of his voice brought me to full consciousness. I sat up in bed and listened to him explain the strange and vivid dream he just had.

*We were on the street where Greg's business and my church were located. (This is a reality because the church I now belong to is located up the hill around eight buildings away from Greg's store.) I was with my church friends, walking and conversing in the distance while Greg was at the bottom of the street looking up at us. Then Greg started to fly which felt like a swimming motion through the air. He flew back to our house and then settled back into our bedroom, back in the bed with me beside him. Then, in the distance, from the corner of our bedroom, he could see a bull, a grey black bull. The bull trotted towards him, coming from the far right which is the location of our bathroom, towards Greg's left. The animal had a loose jointed, ambling gate. The bull was of a slighter build than our traditional modern day bulls and moved gracefully, with purpose.*

Then Greg felt an earthquake feeling and he was stirred to consciousness feeling this sensation of being suspended in jiggling jello. Greg woke up and saw a red orange light beaming into our room from our bathroom. Greg explained that the light was touching his body and causing the jiggling sensation. He watched the light move from his feet, towards his head and then back to his feet then the light disappeared. Greg explained that this felt as if he was "scanned" like a piece of paper in a photo

copy machine. Greg knew he was being scanned by aliens and he woke up with this strange knowledge.

While Greg was being “scanned by the aliens” I was holding my two large crystals and envisioning the Archangels removing the pain from my right shoulder. Or at least I was trying to relax my shoulder muscles but I couldn’t achieve a meditative state of healing for I knew that more than the Angels were in our room. I peered behind my closed eyes and saw the figure of a man who wore a tan camel hair trench coat and I also sensed a woman figure but couldn’t see her clearly. I assumed that these spirits followed me home from the restaurant I was at last night. I didn’t want to be bothered with these spirits so I placed myself in a bubble of energy and hoped they would go away. It was early, I was tired, my shoulder hurt and I wanted to feel better! I tried to remain calm and not allow my frustration to turn to anger. Then I briefly thought the bedroom was brightening. I opened my eyes to see if the sun was shining through our windows but the room was still dark. I rationalized that the wayward spirits must be causing the lights behind my closed eyes or maybe the fairies were here. I was still trying to achieve an energy flow when Greg pulled me out of my meditation to share his story about the aliens. I sensed no “aliens” in the room. Not that I would know what aliens felt like anyway.

One more observation was that during the time that Greg was being “scanned” and I was trying to initiate a self healing our dachshund had scampered towards the foot of the bed. This was unusual for Lily because she usually buries herself under the warmth of our bed linens. When Greg started to talk to me I noticed that Lily was out of the covers sitting by my feet, waiting. Was she sensing entities in our room? What was going on with Greg? Was I feeling the presence of these “alien” beings also? Was this light that I saw behind my closed eyes the



*THE SKEPTIC PSYCHIC*

same light which had "scanned" Greg? Was Greg developing the ability to tap into other dimensions or was Greg just being drawn into my energy field when I initiated my own self healing?

Greg and I discussed all of these possibilities over breakfast this morning. Was the bull Greg saw in his dream a spirit animal, a sort of protector or was the bull a sign that the stock market was improving? Were the aliens simply checking Greg out just because he was accessible or were these aliens associated with the healing I did Friday night?

It is now almost 9PM on Sunday evening as I type this into the computer and I think I understand why Greg felt the aliens this morning. Could they want me to give the message I received on Saturday morning to my friend I channeled healing to on Friday? I will get in touch with my friend tomorrow and relay this channeled message to him. I feel a little overwhelmed with the information I am receiving and am channeling. I do trust Hidden Deer, her healing and wisdom. I am just mystified at how this is all unfolding. I will journal any new developments. Goodnight and Namaste.

**November 8, 2005:** It is early Tuesday morning and once again I felt the presence of these aliens in my room. I allowed myself to write: *"Good morning, we are trying to understand, trying to experience life in your reality. It is so different, so open, and so lonely. (In our world) we can always feel each other no matter how far away (we are from each other). In your air we need to actually be by the aura (of another) to feel. Then this can be too much. For the other entity has no preparation to our approach. I stay then in the outer bands of the aura. Then I can better acclimate to interactions with other humans.*

*Enjoy the clarity of sight, especially the colors! For in our world colors are distorted and muted. This is why we (have*

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