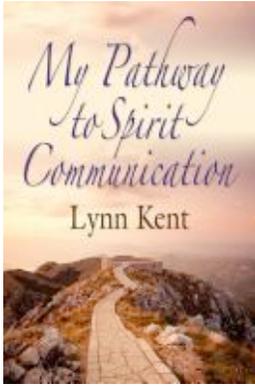


*My Pathway
to Spirit
Communication*

Lynn Kent



From origins of a future medium - to proving life continues beyond the death of the physical body; real life stories and interviews from the personal files of a Certified Medium and Ordained Minister of Spiritualism. Stories of confronting tragedies to accepting forgiveness from the spirit realm, heartwarming experiences are also provided for our own soul's benefit and development beyond belief to the knowing that a person's character and personality survive death.

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My Pathway To Spirit Communication

A real-life beginning to
"Proving the continuity of life"

Linda J. Kent

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Chapter 1

My Beginnings

To tell you a little about my life and not bore you, I have decided to condense most of my journey to Spirit into the first few chapters. A wise man once said that the number 18 is a magical, spiritual number. With respect to this wise man I will do the same and have written 18 chapters for this book.

I came from a Catholic family; Italian on dad's side and Portuguese on mom's side. My Italian side would have a feast day called "Madonna da'Lucche or Mother of the Light. " This Feast Day of Our Lady of the Light, the patron saint of my grandfather's village in Italy, was like a family reunion of the generations. It was celebrated around the middle of August each year; I always remember it being a beautiful day, and I never remember rain. The whole family would go to special mass at the Italian church in Bristol, Rhode Island, Our Lady of Mount Carmel (OLMC), one of the three Catholic churches in the small town of my birth. My paternal grandparents paid for this mass or service for this Saint. (For those who do not understand, if you wanted to have a special mass or service in the Catholic Church dedicated to a saint, loved one, or family member, you could do so for a price; this is one of the ways the individual churches support themselves.

After mass at OLMC or Mt. Carmel, as our church was known, we gathered at my grandparent's house for a feast. There must have been at least 80 of us there throughout the day. It was always the highlight of the summer and enabled me to know my relatives who had recently arrived from Italy; they always arrived later in the day for a different round of food. This scrumptious food was made in the Old Italian tradition accompanied by plenty of homemade wine. I truly loved that wonderful day in August. Knowing and understanding the new arrivals

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helped me to understand many of the messages I received from my grandparents later when attending Spiritualist churches in my adult life.

My maternal grandmother was a very devoted Catholic. My great aunt, my grandmother's sister, still in Portugal in 1917, was reported to be at Fatima when the Miracle of Fatima took place. You can see my Catholic roots went deep. I learned the Rosary from my "Vo-Vo" (Portuguese grandmother) as she had learned it from her mother. There is even a wonderful story related to Spirit that happened yearly when my Vo-Vo was alive and I was a child. Every year that I can remember a white dove would fly to my grandmother's window, the one she hung the clothes from after washing. The window was at the top of the stairway to the bedrooms of her house. This dove would always appear on or around the anniversary of my grandfather's death (her husband), in the middle of January. She believed it was the Spirit of my grandfather letting her know he was still with her and watching over the family. She would say it was a sign and the change in her was always wonderful to behold. I was thankful that my Aunt Rose and my mom kept photos of those I never got to meet; this gave me another way to be able to validate those on my maternal side of the family.

I even went to Catholic school until the 8th grade and marched in processions for Our Lady of Mt. Carmel and St. Elizabeth's Church, in my hometown of Bristol, Rhode Island and received my confirmation at the age of 14. I was always asked to march because I had an "angel gown" made by my Vo-Vo, and I truly loved playing the part of an angel here on earth as a youngster.

Whenever possible, I helped the nuns to prepare the church for services, cleaning the altar and readying the flowers for any service that may be scheduled. I really enjoyed this part of my Catholic upbringing. Yet, there always seemed to be something missing; something I could not quite explain. In fact "the calling" was so great I almost went to New Jersey to enter the convent and become a nun. My cousin Rose actually did go to the convent but came home after only 3 months. It was her experience that made me feel it was not what I was looking for.

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I do give those men and women who honor their calling to the Infinite in that way, much credit for pursuing their path.

Although I attended a Catholic school and attended mass every Sunday and, of course, “holy days of obligation” (never did get the obligation part right), it seemed like I knew something else was going on around me that I could only sense and not see. It was hard to explain even then. I had to ignore what I was feeling and sensing most of the time. Yet, I knew I was different and because of my very Catholic background I was afraid to talk about it, especially in a Catholic school. As far as the “obligation days” went; it seemed to me you should not be obliged to go anywhere to talk to God on certain days. You should be able to pray freely, when you choose, and not have to pay for it.

My parents, Margaret (Perry) Mazza and Pasquale Mazza were strict Catholics. Yet they were very open minded and believed in acceptance of all religions and encouraged me to investigate other religions. They encouraged me to investigate other religions, so I did!

My mom’s best friend was Jewish when she was a young girl working at one of the factories in Bristol on a “victory shift” during World War II, a time when it was not “in” to be friends with anyone German or from the Jewish faith. My mom and her family felt quite differently. Friendship should not be based on one’s religious persuasion. Although their lives have taken on different priorities, they still communicate and that friendship still continues to this day. Spirit has been good to them, they are both in their 90’s and still in communication.

This is part of the diversity I grew up with in the 1950s and 1960s. I feel this understanding of all religious beliefs started with my ancestors, I just keep expanding the path in a different way. Yet, I still felt there was something missing.

Because of my mother’s friendship with her Jewish friend, Shirley, it opened the doors for me to pursue my interest in different religions and my friendship with those of the different religious beliefs in the years

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that followed. The generations stayed friends. Nancy, Shirley's daughter, and I spent many summers together and we were close for most of my adolescence. This enabled me to get a bird's-eye view of Judaism. In the summer we would take turns staying at each other's houses. She would stay at my house in Bristol and I would stay at her house in Warwick. She learned about Christianity, and I about her Jewish religion and customs. Nancy always said she was going to marry a Portuguese boy.... and she did!

We also had friends that were Episcopalian or Protestant. Although very Catholic, by the amount of Catholic churches we had in Bristol at that time, our small community was pretty diversified as far as religion goes. I was interested in what was going on in all the churches. I needed to decide for myself what the diversity was all about. As a young girl I just could not see why certain people could not associate with certain other people because of their religion or color of their skin for that matter. My parents did not think that way so to me it was still all the same Infinite God. Fortunately I still feel that way! I felt very lucky to grow up learning a little about many religious beliefs.

Later on in my metaphysical studies of Hinduism, Buddhism and Muslim religions, diversity was only lightly touched upon. I have found that at the root of all these beliefs, including Catholicism, there remains two major tenants: belief in the afterlife and that there is one all-knowing Being!

Diversity comes in many ways. At a young age I learned acceptance of homosexuality through close friends, Smitty and Laura, they were like family. In my young years they were like an added aunt and uncle, and in later year's very good friends. Laura had a cousin that was "gay". At first I thought it was because he was happy all the time, because he was. As I grew in body and mind I learn that it was a label for men who were attracted to men, but it was already instilled in me to accept them and not allow judgment on that reason alone. I have met many of those who are attracted to the same sex; they are smart, understanding and courageous. In the 50s and 60s it was not understood at all! This early

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acceptance actually helped me in years to come, in acceptance of all sexual persuasions and religious pursuits. This does not change the person they are inside. My family was so accepting of all people and their religious beliefs, I believe this helped me in the work I do now. Unknowingly all my experience and understanding of diversity as a young girl and later into womanhood prepared me for my future in a very gentle way.

Chapter 6

Sari & Baby

LYNN: Sari called me about 9 p.m. on a Sunday night sounding devastated and in tears. She had found me in the Yellow Pages and was drawn to my ad “Afterlife Readings”. I was in the middle of getting ready to relax and retire for the evening and almost did not answer the phone. It may have been just laziness on my part after a very busy Sunday of readings and classes, but my guides thought differently, so I answered the phone. Something in her voice sounded desperate. Instantly I knew she was not a crackpot when her opening sentence was “You may think I am a little flakey but”.... I knew instantly that I could not put her off even at this late hour. She explained to me that she was desperate to find her little kitty that was like a soul mate to her. Her kitty, “Baby”, had not been home for three days and this was not like Simba, and at times also called him Baby. We made an appointment for the following Wednesday, and as Spirit always makes sure I am in the right place at the right time, I ended up seeing Sari a day earlier. Because of Sari’s inability to leave the house and my desire to get a sense of the area that Simba was familiar with, I went to Sari’s home.

Yes people, Sari’s kitty had not returned. If you are one of those thousands that have felt the closeness of a cherished pet from the other side of life, you know that they are still with you, loving you and protecting you. It is not unusual for an animal to enter the reading especially if the client wants to hear from their pet. Animals are honest and loving. They will always "be there" for us, whether it be here or from the other side of life. When you lose a parent, child or an animal, we all have to deal with the loss in our own way. Some of us need help.

Sari: “Lynn you were starting to pick up Simba like crazy for a few days before. He had disappeared on Thursday and by Saturday I was going “machugana” (Sari’s word for crazy). The reason I feel my story

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belongs in your book is because my whole view of finding you in the first place was a feeling of powerlessness. I knew that day when he was 2 hours late; I was never going to see him again. My greatest concern was that he was injured and hurt and suffering somewhere. Remember, those days were raining and horrible and cold. I was devastated to think that his little body was being ravaged by nature and the elements. I found you in the phone book and on a Sunday night I thought for sure I was going to get an answering machine and instead I got you. You were so kind and so real to me that there was a connection of trust. You told me that you felt that I was correct in my feelings but it may be too soon because of the closeness of his passing. You were going to come to me on a Wednesday because you were going to be in Warwick but you ended up coming on Tuesday”.

“When you first started, you described my uncle that I was not too close to, and I could not figure out why Baby would be with him and not with someone I was close to. You said that this uncle was helping Simba to get to where he needs to go. This all happened in my living room at that time I had Baby’s favorite chair there and you sat in it and started giving me all kinds of information that you could in no way have known. I just knew that Simba was communicating through you in some way”.

“We went into Jacob’s (Sari’s son) bedroom and you were immediately attracted to Baby’s blanket and you put your left palm down on the blanket. You told me about charkas opening up wide and the energy coming from that blanket. You also gave me more confirmation about Baby. That was Baby’s blanket”! (Sari called Simba, Baby)

“You had told me during the reading that Simba was safe and very happy. He was getting as much shrimp and lobster, as he wanted. It was his way of letting me know it was truly him, he loved shrimp and lobster and we fed it to him all the time, and that he was truly happy and he was being treated really well. During the reading you kept asking if he had a red collar on him. You kept seeing a red collar. You had told me that a car had hit him but someone had honored his little

body and put him to rest. Because you kept seeing this red around the neck my thoughts were that he had broken his neck or something. You also described a cat he was following and you saw that other cat walk across a dangerous street and he tried to follow. I had told you then that I knew of the cat you were talking about. Two hours after you left that day, I was looking out my front window and I saw that cat I was thinking of...that cat was wearing the red collar. I think you were picking that up because it may have been the last thing Baby saw”.

“You then turned your attention to Spike, (Baby’s best friend-cat in our home) and you laid your hand on him. Although he sort of bolted when you first came into Jake’s bedroom he did not move when you approached him and the minute you laid your hand on Spike I noticed that Spike was purring and purring and purring, like you were giving comfort to him too. You mentally started to introduce yourself to Spike and told him who you were and what you were doing. I could see him opening up to you. In fact it is hard to hear you and I speaking in some areas of the (taped) reading at that time because all you can hear is Spike licking the microphone. Spike had communicated to you, “Why did they take him away from me”? You made him understand that Simba (Baby) was not taken away; he went out for a walk and was with the Angels. Although he still looks for “Baby”, Spike is much better since that day. He was like the dominant mother/father cat to Simba. He always protected him and loved him dearly”.

“You started to describe the front door and Baby coming back. (Personality wise or a reincarnation) You explained that there would be another kitty that was in need of a family. You also said that I might find two. We did search shelters soon after your visit because although no animal would take the place of Simba, Jake and I were going downhill fast. I felt the sooner we had another animal to divert our attention the better, especially my son. We knew we could not replace him, but we needed something. You said we would just know by looking at the animal that it was the right one. I thought at first I pushed it a little too soon in my grief, however, with both their unique personalities, we ended up with two “Izzie” and “Simon” became

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healers in our life. Simba's personality was so unique that we needed both of these lost babies to help us heal. My son, Jake has bonded so well with Izzie and Simon. Together they sort of make up for Simba's personality. We love them both and Spike is getting on with both of them but he never stops looking for Simba. He has taken to looking out the window since Baby has gone, I do not know maybe he sees something that we cannot. You also told me about some of the subtle things to look for as far as Spirit was concerned and there are times now when I sit in Baby's chair at a particular window that I sometimes feel a soft stroke across my cheek or my hair move. You also told me to be aware of what took place at bedtime between the stages of just being awake and just getting into sleep. I found that when playing a certain sound on the sleep machine, at that point when wakefulness meets sleep, I hear Baby as I do on the EVP of our first part of the first tape I did with you. As far as my Baby is concerned you have brought me much peace".

LYNN: During Sari's reading for Simba, (Baby) her parents and other relatives came into the reading and that is where the healing really began.

Sari: "Lynn, you described my dad to me and I had asked you some questions, like is it pop or soda and you said something about a river and I said St. Croix then you said river again. You were like a kid at Christmas, you got so excited, you said wow, what is that, started laughing and then you said: "is that a dog at the bow of the boat"? There was no way you could have known that my dad always went out with his dog on the river, all the time, it made so much sense to me. I said, "That's my dad". Then I gave you a woman's name and the physical changes that came over you and the emotion that bowled you over with her, your body language sort of closed in and you were observing what was going on within yourself, I knew it was my mother. You said she needed to be invited, and I could see many reasons why my mother would have to be invited to speak to me. You see, I talk to my dad all the time but I have never talked to my mother. You said you were getting such a rush of love that you seldom felt that it was hard to

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explain. My mom at that time, through you, started to apologize for so much. She told you there was so much that she had missed out on, so much where I was concerned and needed forgiveness. I asked you to tell her that I understood completely about her illness and there was no need to apologize but it gave me an immense amount of peace”.

“You also brought through my grandmother, you kept saying something about the earrings, and the true confirming thing about that was that my grandmother got me my very first pair of good earrings. I had not thought of that in over 30 years and I had to even ask my sister about that. I asked her if she remembered if our grandmother came with us to buy the earrings and what they looked like and she said gold-filled cameos, which you described to a “T”. You also said “studs” but my grandma corrected you and said “posts” because she said that “studs” was an inappropriate word to use. You then asked me if this was a “particularly religious woman” and I just cracked up because my grandmother was very Jewish, very kosher, very religious and very proper. She also had many ideas about my family that I didn’t agree with.

“It is incredible the healing that has taken place, because of the people that came through you, my mother, father and my grandmother and the messages they had for me. I am still astounded that it was Baby that led me to this other incredible healing”.

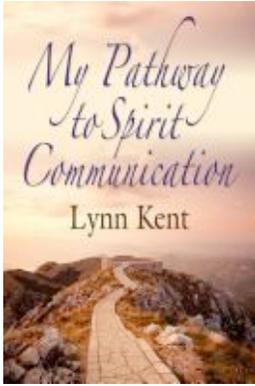
“Lynn you also conveyed to me the understanding that they were happier, they are getting along and were still trying to help those that were left here on this plane. You kept saying “unconditional love”. You did not know or could not know the hell my father’s family was. These people were walking dysfunction definitions. You, through Simba, and through my need to seek my little kitten’s beautiful Spirit, provided me with peace and opened the door for me to understand and work on forgiving with these people. They, through a ripple effect, really messed up when they were alive”.

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“I tried to talk to my father’s brother, who is still alive, about some of the things you said to me. He was not hearing it though; he will not accept the “life after death thing”. Yet when I asked him about the numbers you kept giving me, like an address 222 or 22—. I asked my uncle what the address was where he grew. He said don’t you remember? Uncle Shoi lived only a few blocks up the road from where you lived on _____St. you were 2100 they were 222...something. To me that was my uncle Shoji’s way of saying that they were so close but yet so far apart. My dad and his brother did not speak. My living uncle never asked how you knew that, Lynn but I think he is still wondering”.

“What I got from my session with you was an overwhelming sense of well being, peace and a weight lifted. Many questions were put to rest. When people pass from this life, I have always had the trust that they are going to a better place even though we all have our own perceptions about that. You confirmed to me that they do and try to be better people once there. Thank you”.

LYNN: Sari had many personal closures that day I went to visit her for confirmation that her “Baby” was in heaven. Yet, because of her love for this gentle animal she received peace of another sort with many of her relatives on the side of Spirit. There is much more confirmation that Sari had given to me about what I had told her. I have left them out of this book because those messages were for herself and her family.



From origins of a future medium - to proving life continues beyond the death of the physical body; real life stories and interviews from the personal files of a Certified Medium and Ordained Minister of Spiritualism. Stories of confronting tragedies to accepting forgiveness from the spirit realm, heartwarming experiences are also provided for our own soul's benefit and development beyond belief to the knowing that a person's character and personality survive death.

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