

Chapter 1

CHILD'S PLAY

My earliest memories of the deceased making an attempt to communicate with me was when I was around eight years old. I remember lying awake in my bed, filled with the fear that the nightly visitors would hurt me in some way.

They would always come out when it was dark and at the time when I was halfway between the worlds of dreamland and being awake. I would see movements out of the corner of my eye, hear the shuffling of feet and loud whispers of people shouting single words into my left ear. Words like “HEY!” and “MICHELLE!”.

At this tender age, I had no idea that I was communicating with the spirit world and would cover myself with a blanket all the way up over my head, leaving only a tiny opening for me to poke my nose and eyes out of. I would even cover my ears to block the occasional yelling into my left ear.

They came to visit me every night and they all seemed to want to tell me something important...to communicate with me in some way, but I didn't know why. I only knew for sure that they were dead – that they would come to me at night – and that they scared the living crap out of me to the point that I would not sleep without a light on.

They never tried to hurt me in any way and I never actually felt them touching me. I think that somehow they knew that I was frightened but could not resist their need to make contact with me.

I suppose that the constant exposure to these nightly, unexplainable visits had numbed my fears to an extent. I got used to seeing the shadows from the corner of my eye, the whispers in my left ear and the overall sense that I was not alone in my room at night.

As I grew older my fear began turn to curiosity. By age twelve that curiosity had become insatiable and I'd spend most of my free time trying to figure out what they wanted from me.

I did all of this so called “research” during the daytime of course, since I was still secretly terrified of the dark. I experimented with seances, using the Ouija Board and candle divination.

I would employ the assistance of my younger brother, Derek, and sister, Margo. Pulling them quickly into my new obsession with the afterlife. We mostly used the Ouija board to make our contact with the spirits and it didn't take long for all three of us to be hooked on a daily routine of attempting to make contact with the spirit world.

We would sit around in a circle, following the directions provided on the inside of the game box. We asked questions of the spirits that would make contact with us, most of which were children with ages close to our own. In the beginning, the contact we made was innocent and lighthearted. We had lots of fun learning all about our new spirit friends.

One day, however, things turned around and what was once fun and innocent, turned into something that you'd see in a horror movie (or so we thought). The once good messages of getting to know you turned to messages of threats from spirits with the most unusual names – non-human names.

We were at the point that all three of us were afraid to be alone in the house and sleep evaded us. It was time to get rid of the Ouija Board for good!

The flying shot glass

One of my most memorable Ouija board experiences was what I like to call “The Shot Glass Experiment”. The shot glass experiment wasn't really a planned experiment, in fact it was born out of desperation. After numerous contacts with the ghosts that we believed were haunting our house, Derek, Margo and I were beginning to experience a type of mass hysteria amongst ourselves. The more we used the board, the more negative the messages would become and before we knew it strange, poltergeist type things were occurring.

Things would move on their own. We would hear banging sounds throughout the house (and always in rooms that we were not in).

We were freaked out on a regular basis. In an attempt to calm us from our fears and anxieties, and in order to re-gain control of her hysterical children, our mother threw away the Ouija board for good. I can't say as I blame her. I mean we were out of control! Informing her that we had inside knowledge that our home was haunted and that Satan himself held the deed to it! Not to mention our constant screaming and running from invisible intruders.

I'd have done the same thing if I were my mother. As I look back now and laugh about it all, I can see why she was so frustrated with us and that damn Ouija board!

“Now what are we to do?” I asked my brother in disbelief that my only connection to the other side had been tossed in the trash. He had the perfect solution to my problem though, and suggested that we make a homemade board out of cardboard and use a shot-glass as the pointer.

And so we went straight to work on creating the shot-glass experiment.

When it was finished we went to it, much like little addicts looking to get our fix of the paranormal. There was no blessing of the board or calling in our guides to protect us before beginning. We were on a mission and we didn't know any better.

The three of us sat at the table around the board. Each of us placed a couple of fingers on the rim of the shot-glass that had been turned upside down on the homemade board and we began. I asked if there was anyone in the room with us and the shot-glass went flying out from under our fingers across the board, then clear across the table finally landing somewhere in the middle of the kitchen floor.

It wasn't thrown. It slid around as if there were invisible fingers guiding it. My sister ran out of the room screaming and crying. She never touched a Ouija board again. As for my brother and me, well we just thought it was the coolest thing in the world. Nevertheless, we didn't use the Ouija board much after that. We were a little freaked out.

It wasn't long after that I'd decided to focus my attentions more on learning to read the Tarot cards. They would be “safe” for me to use and I figured that I'd be better off to step back from the ghost hunting for a while. I had acquired a Tarot deck that had been previously gifted to my mother by my psychic aunt, who was convinced that my mother had “the gift” and insisted she learn to read them.

The Tarot deck, sat unopened in a cupboard until the day I asked her to give them to me so I could learn how to do readings.

She agreed (probably in hopes that it would occupy me enough not to build another homemade Ouija Board, and not so long after, I began reading for family and friends. During readings for my high school friends, spirits of deceased loved ones would come through and make themselves known.

I didn't really like that much and whenever a spirit came through I would keep the message short and sweet by acknowledging that they were there and moving on with the traditional safe Tarot reading.

By the end of high school, I had lost interest completely in knowing what the ghosts wanted and instead just wanted them to go away. I had developed an interesting method to block them out. I had started smoking marijuana and for about a year, smoked lots and lots of it.

I had inadvertently discovered that if I got really stoned before bedtime, it would dull my connection enough so that I could get a peaceful night's sleep. I also found it quite enjoyable during daytime hours and since my friends at the time were all doing it as well, I thought to myself...why not?

Marijuana was a savior for me at that time in my life. It was a short lived savior and fortunately for me, never led to more serious drugs. My parents will tell you that those were my rebellious days.

So if you are one of those people who believe that drugs can enhance and amplify your psychic connection, I'm here to tell you firsthand that drugs and alcohol will surely block any psychic connection that you are attempting to make. I also would like to stress the importance to not make the mistake of thinking that you can use drugs or alcohol as a tool to disconnect your energy from the spirit world. There are safer and more effective ways to do this that I'll outline for you later in this book.

That said...

If ever there was a time in my life that I wanted to turn my back on my gift, it would have been during this time in my life. I had been unsuccessful at finding out what the spirits wanted with me, my friends thought I was a bit freaky, I couldn't understand why they showed themselves and spoke only to me and besides, they still scared the living crap out of me.

I was raised Roman Catholic with a strong belief that this type of communication was a form of communicating with the devil and as much as I tried, I was not able to fully turn it off. This "gift" prompted me to question my religious beliefs for many years thereafter, all the while I stuffed my spiritual connection deep into the back-burner of my life.

It wasn't until my early twenties that I was able to fully understand this gift and how to effectively make a connection with the deceased.

I spent years reading books on the subject. I researched the phenomenon, conducted more of my own research and began to surround myself with people who had similar interests as me.

In the '90's I had begun to apply what I learned by offering my services through a local new age store where I worked.

My dearest friend Sha and I worked at this place together. Sha and I had gone to grade school and high school together. Although we were friendly with one another in school it was ten years after graduation before we realized how much we had in common.

We started teaching classes at this new age store. It became important to me to share what I had learned with others so they could know and understand how to properly use their own skills. After all, I didn't want others to make the same mistakes that I had made so many years ago.

It had been a long time since I used marijuana to disconnect from the spirit world. I made sure to clear and protect my own energy on a regular basis and prior to making contact with spirits. I began to ask the spirits what they wanted from me and they in turn would tell me.

It took me a long time to learn how to translate the images, feelings and thought sounds that were sent to me from beyond, but once I educated myself and learned how to properly use my gifts, I was able to let go of the fear and open my heart to it.

I found that the more I allowed the deceased to communicate with me instead of blocking them out that the messages would become clearer and I would get better at it.

I also found that by protecting my personal energy I was able to control and only attract spirits of a higher vibrational level. The nightly visits from spirits would lessen and I was able to finally sleep.

I'd constantly find myself in situations where the deceased would come forward to connect with their loved ones giving messages of hope and comfort.

If you are interested in communicating with the deceased, this book will help you find your way. I suggest that you learn everything you can about your gifts so that you are educated and protected before you begin and that you use what resonates with you and leave what does not.

It is my hope that by sharing my journey, you can somehow find your way too!