

We Are All Psychic



KEVIN J. TODESCHI
Executive Director and CEO

MANY A.R.E. MEMBERS are aware of the fact that in September 1931, a group of people came together with Edgar Cayce for a series of meetings that would lead to the creation of the *A Search for God* books and program. This is the same program we are exploring this year in our new "Enlightenment Series" (log in to the Member-Only section of EdgarCayce.org for more information). Some of those indi-

viduals had wanted to work personally with Cayce's psychic information as a means of becoming more psychic themselves. Edgar Cayce consistently communicated a number of concepts regarding psychic development, including the following:

- 1) everyone is already psychic at some level;
- 2) psychic ability is perhaps most helpful for personal guidance and insight; and,
- 3) ultimately, soul development comes first, and psychic development is the result as a natural byproduct.

One of the most profound personal psychic experiences I remember occurred in 1975, when I was in the 11th grade. I had arrived early for a class and was sitting near the front, next to the bulletin board. This was the same classroom used by the astronomy department, and on the bulletin board was a lengthy article from the newspaper about the "Jupiter Effect"—an alignment of planets that would occur in 1982, during which (for a time) all the planets in our solar system would align, forming a straight line with the sun. The article speculated there would be an increase in earthquakes and high tides because of the gravitational pull on the earth.

All at once, while I was reading that article, what I would describe as a "slide" dropped between my eyes and the bulletin board, and I suddenly "saw" myself living in Virginia Beach and working at the A.R.E., "No later than December 31, 1982." To make a long story short, I graduated from college in mid-December 1982, and started working at A.R.E. on December 27, 1982! Somehow, I had seen this happening seven years earlier.

During a lecture Cayce gave, titled "How to Develop Your Psychic Ability," he offered the following:

"Unfortunately, we have all come to think of 'psychic' as something very unusual ... If we understood the real meaning of psychic forces, however, we would have a different conception as to the significance of developing such powers within

There is a potential for personal guidance and insight that we don't turn to often enough.

ourselves. Whether we wish to acknowledge it or not, all of us have psychic forces ... Do not think that every person you hear spoken of as 'psychic' has something very peculiar about him; for you are afflicted with the same condition! You are just as peculiar as he; possibly more so." (5752-2, Report)

The readings affirm that we all have access to a wealth of psychic information through a variety of means: personal attunement, dreams, glimpses of potential futures that are unfolding, hunches, watching "signs along the way"—such as synchronicities—prayer, specifically asking for guidance, and so forth. In fact, the readings suggest that each and every one of us is our own best psychic. And yet, as I often tell this to A.R.E. audiences around the country, I rarely see anyone who is using this gift. There is a potential for personal guidance and insight that we don't turn to often enough.

One of the easiest ways that we can work with our psychic sense is through our dreams. Write out a question you would like help with; for example, "How can I improve my relationship with so-and-so?" or "What can you tell me about this job opportunity?" Read the question before going to bed, and then watch your dreams. If you have a hard time remembering your dreams, pick a family member or friend and trade questions for dream insights. Sometimes we feel more engaged when we are trying to help someone else.

Just as the readings suggest that spiritual growth is a facilitator of psychic perception, Cayce's lecture on psychic development suggests the same thing. In fact, as children of God having a physical experience, he called it our "birth-right." Ultimately, that is why psychic is of the soul.

"The adherence to and developing of the ability to see and appreciate the beautiful, the pure, and the lovely in everything and everybody we contact—everything within the scope of what affects our body, mind, and heart—will develop in us the abilities to be in closer attunement with the Infinite. And this is developing our psychic abilities within." (5752-2, Report)

WE ALL CAN DO IT!

DIANE HENNACY POWELL, a Johns Hopkins-trained neuroscientist and a contributor to this quarter's *Venture Inward*, recently introduced the world to Haley, a nine-year-old autistic girl who can telepathically send and receive detailed messages to the minds of her family and therapists. Psychic Ingo Swann, whose biography has been written by A.R.E. member and contributor Raúl daSilva, proved the reality of remote viewing to military intelligence analysts. Henry Reed, a pioneer in psychic development and training, explains how the history of parapsychology has its origins in hypnosis. John Van Auken, who has helped generations of A.R.E. members learn to meditate as a way of tapping into their higher consciousness, writes about a Russian intuitive who can diagnose illness for people she has never met. Edgar Cayce could do these things and more, and boldly stated in reading 3744-1 that *everyone* can do what he did. We need

only raise our consciousness to tap into the gifts that we already possess.

The stories you will read next, submitted by A.R.E. members and our other contributors in this supplement, support the truth of Cayce's statement. And, they represent just about every form of ESP one can imagine, including precognition, psychokinesis, remote viewing, and the ability to telepathically communicate with loved ones, dead or alive, deceased pets, and angels. So many stories were submitted to the magazine that, in fact, there isn't space to include more than a sampling, and even these have had to be greatly condensed. These and others, which are long and difficult to shorten, can be found on the A.R.E. blog (edgarcayce.org/psi). They have been selected because they represent the diversity of psychic phenomena among our members, which may, one day, be recognized by the world as the birthright that they are, for each and every one of us!

Not Only Time Can Fly!

By James Sienkiewicz

When I was nine years old, I attended a swim camp where our coach led us through a creative-visualization hypnosis exercise. He had us lie down on the floor with the lights dimmed, relax from toe to head, then visualize swimming a 100-meter race in world-record time. Guiding us through the first three laps, he had us focus on the most minute details required to win the race, and then swim the last leg on our own. For me, this final leg of the race was spent outside of my body, observing the scene from a distance. What I most remember is watching the coach, stopwatch in hand, counting off the seconds until the first swimmers reached the end of the pool.

While I never got to compete in a real world-swim-record race, the experience of leaving my body was so enjoyable that I continued to practice relaxation and visualization techniques. Eventually, after reading a book on chakra meditation, I realized that I could accomplish something more. Initial attempts to learn this technique were always confounded by my falling asleep, but with persistence, I was finally able to unite what's called Heaven and Earth, which is the goal of the meditation. And I found myself floating in the stratosphere!

Recognizing this extraordinary opportunity for what it was, I decided to take advantage of the moment. My thoughts went to the first Superman movie when Christopher Reeve flies around the earth fast enough to turn back time and save the life of Margot Kidder's Lois Lane. My goal was different, however. I wanted to fly *ahead* of the rotation and travel into the future. Next thing I knew, I was



This modern sculpture, carved out of driftwood and on display in the Cloud Forest at the Gardens by the Bay in Singapore, celebrates magic and the power of inner guidance. Photo by Una Shields

zooming around the globe. At perhaps the 15th time around, I realized that it was far enough and that I had to go back. The return trip to the present came up a few circumnavigations short of the original number. Strangely exhausted from the experience, I chose to return to my body.

The next day it felt as if everything had changed. Suddenly, I was seeing, or knowing, around corners. I knew, for example, who was coming to the door before they arrived or knocked, or when playing baseball, I knew that the ball would be hit to me on the next pitch and where it would go, or while driving, I knew when there was a hazard up ahead.

Eventually, I developed my own remote viewing technique. Before setting off on a drive, I would send my awareness along the path to my destination. Without any doubt, this saved me from numerous speeding tickets and a few potential accidents. Imagine my surprise when, years later, I learned that techniques for remote viewing were being taught to soldiers in the U.S. Army and that experiments were or had been conducted at major universities as well as the A.R.E. Thirty years after attending that swim camp, I salute that coach and what he taught us!

Meeting God's Love and Serenity

By Neil Helm

In the summer of 1944 when I was five years old, my aunt took me and my older brothers to hot springs in Montana that had a year-round temperature in the high 90s—close to body temperature and comfortable like a hot tub. I remember feeling frustrated as I saw everyone else in my family swimming. While I had never tried to swim in my life, my free will encouraged me to try, and after only a few strokes I realized I was drowning.

As I lost consciousness, I had a profound near-death experience (NDE). My last thought, as I was taking my last gulp of hot water, was that drowning would be painful. But peace and serenity immediately overcame me. I came upon a beautiful meadow bounded by a lake and then drifted across the lake into a tunnel. I had no fear of the tunnel and I soon saw a bright light at the end of it. I came out of the tunnel and saw a unique light that covered an entire wall on my right. To me, it was God manifesting as light. There was no equivocation—this was the Light of God.

I still have a vivid picture of standing in front of God, with a shower of light crystals, containing complete love and serenity, flowing over me. There are no proper words to describe this feeling of love. God said five words to me: "It is not your time." I then found myself back in my body in the hot springs. My older brother dove into the water, physically touched me, and knowing I should not be under there, he pulled me up. My aunt, a physician who was swimming with us, resuscitated me. This experience was truly a gift and it changed my life forever.

My Guardian Angel Saves the Day

By Theresa Lotz

While driving to town one day I caught a glimpse of my guardian angel in my peripheral vision. I knew right away who it was though I had never seen him before. He was dressed in white, with shoulder-length, light brown, wavy hair, and piercing eyes—but no wings! I thought to myself, "That's neat, but why here? Why now?" I soon found out. My brakes suddenly failed as I drove downhill on a narrow street with sharp curves. The pedal went right to the floor! All I could do was pray that I could stay on the road until I reached downtown where the road leveled off. I had almost gotten there when I heard a voice tell me to turn left at the next corner. That's crazy, I told myself. A left turn will take me downhill again and straight toward the railroad tracks and river! But in that instant, the image of my guardian angel came to mind again. He was telling me to make the turn, so that's what I did. Everything seemed to be in slow motion after that as the car rolled downhill for half a block where I turned into the parking lot of an auto parts store and safely came to a stop. I collapsed in a heap of tears. After collecting myself, I went into the auto parts store and explained to the manager what had happened. He insisted on going out to look at my car himself and confirmed what I already knew. "Lady, you don't have any brakes!"

Hearing Celestial Music

By Barbara Jacobs

During delivery of my second child, I had a near-death experience in which I was moved upward to a place where I couldn't see anyone, but just heard beautiful music. I was not afraid because everything was so very peaceful. When I reached a certain point, I was asked if I wanted to stay or return. I said I want to go back to my children. Later, when I was in the recovery room and told the doctor and nurse the story, they didn't believe me. The nurse said the music must have been the



Souf Sisters Julie Busch, (left), and Kristin Llorente (right) at work on the A.R.E.'s ESP-testing machine. Three out of four hits in a row!

hospital intercom. My husband and friend didn't believe it either. They thought it was the drugs that were administered to me. I began to doubt it myself until I read what Elisabeth Kübler-Ross wrote on near-death experiences. That's when I knew it's true about life on the other side!

F-4 Phantom

By Donna Davies

After the start of a successful Air Force career, a close friend, Captain Willie Mays, was rewarded with an assignment as a Thunderbird pilot. Following six years of flying F-4s, he became a member of the precision aerial flying team. They flew sleek, agile, supersonic T-38 Talon aircraft and demonstrated heart-stopping maneuvers, such as the 360-degree Diamond Loop.

Nine years earlier, my husband Dick and I met Willie at Luke Air Force Base, just west of Phoenix. In no time at all, the three of us became a nearly inseparable trio. While Dick and Willie flew training sorties, I worked downtown at Goldwater's Department Store. Afterwards, they would come home and repair classic Corvettes in our driveway. Most nights Willie joined us for a home-cooked meal, but sometimes he treated us to a delicious dinner in the city. Though we were surrounded by the dusty desert, living in base housing was like living in an oasis, except that the stark silence of the desert dawn would be broken by the deafening, heart-pounding sound of F-4s taking off and landing.

All too soon, the F-4 training was over, and the three of us were split up. We managed

to meet up, however, first in Germany where Willie had been stationed, and then in Florida, and finally in Nevada, where Willie joined the elite six-person Thunderbird team.

On January 18, 1982, when I was driving home from work and listening to the radio, the newscaster announced that four Thunderbird pilots had crashed on the floor of the Nevada desert while practicing a Diamond Loop. We would soon learn that Willie and three others were killed instantly in the worst crash the Thunderbirds had ever experienced. Stunned and overwhelmed, I went through the motions of living, feeling like a shadow that day. I picked up my son from Carol, the caregiver and a dear friend. When I told her of Willie's death, Carol said, "Last night, you were in my dream. In it, you told me your friend was in a plane crash."

Six months later I was at a summer party floating on an air mattress in a swimming pool. In the midst of this peaceful moment, I reflected on Willie's life. After thinking about him for several minutes, I heard an F-4 flying right above me. I looked up into the cloudless sky, searching in every direction, but did not see a single plane. Yet the astounding roar of the engine in full afterburner placed it directly overhead. Instead of growing and ebbing like the sound from a passing plane, the noise stayed impossibly steady. At that moment, I realized it was Willie and started laughing. He was communicating through this mysterious channel of clairaudience, and I was awestruck. He was entertaining me in the most extravagant way he could imagine.

9/11

By Randy Lauen

This, from my dream journal on September 3, 2001 (8 days before 9/11):

"I was at my childhood home with my mom. She went outside to the garage, where one of our dogs was trying to get inside. I went outside, too, and we saw some stormy clouds that were moving in. We then saw an American Airlines plane flying very, very low and diving. It swerved to the right and crashed into the trees behind our house. We ran inside and I called 911. Emergency crews arrived and started finding body pieces. They made us sign our names with two different pens for some reason."

It wasn't until several weeks after 9/11 when I was looking through my dream journal that I made the connection between those events and my dream. It freaked me out. In hindsight, I've always thought the signatures with two pens foreshadowed the extra security measures added after 9/11. Signing your name is a form of identifying ourselves,

and we had to do so twice, each time with different instruments.

Time, Space, Patience, and Pickles

By PMH Atwater

One concept in Cayce's readings used to bother me greatly. While in trance, he often described the three dimensions governing the earth plane as "Time, space, and patience." (1554-3) Patience was not just a virtue or attribute, but a physical dimension of existence beyond time and space, yet auxiliary to both. This made no sense to me, until one evening when I was canning sweet pickles.

I was adding sugar when the thick, bubbly-hot pickle syrup boiled over—and I mean *all over*! That thick sugary goo spread out to cover the entire stovetop and quickly coated the inside surfaces of all burners, drip pans, the oven, and the inner framework of the whole appliance, as well as the large drawer beneath the stove, all the pans in that drawer, the sides of nearby cupboards, and finally puddled underneath and to one side of the stove. The mess was unbelievable. What happened next was even more unbelievable.

Instead of screaming in horror, which would have been typical for me, I calmly stepped forward into what seemed to be a resplendent, gauzelike, misty netting. As I stepped forward, time and space seemed to overlap, fold, then converge into each other, while my movements slowed tremendously. When I reached for the kettle, it was as if my arm glided through a bright gauze, which I experienced as threaded strands of tiny, sparkling bubbles. My entire body registered sensations of touching and being touched by this stringy fabric netting. There was a smell present similar to that of ozone.

Without thought or effort, I gently and ever so easily removed the kettle and put it in one section of my divided sink, turned off the stove, filled the other section of the sink with hot sudsy water, and proceeded to get to work. After cleaning the stove, I unplugged it from the wall and pulled it out to the middle of the kitchen, mopped the floor, pushed the stove back, and plugged it back in. Not just once did I scrub and mop, but three times. Sugar syrup is quite sticky! When the job was completed, I looked at the clock. *Six minutes had elapsed. Only six minutes!* At least 40 minutes should have passed and possibly an hour or longer.

The surprise of seeing the clock snapped me out of the state I was in. Dimensions readjusted, while time, space, and motion resumed their rightful speed and proportions. There was enough syrup left that, with more sugar and water, I was able to complete the project.



A.R.E. members (left to right) Betsy York, Dan Rusthio, Kay Stuckey, Jon Shatat, and Larry Zippe enjoyed touring China together and with others in 2017. The attraction of touring together, says Shatat, is the opportunity of communing with people who may have been together with you in a soul group in a past-life incarnation. "It's time-traveling!" he added. "You feel the magic."

It wouldn't taste just right but at least the job would be done. After finishing, I sat down while my mind raced with questions.

When I had first stepped forward in response to the boiling over, it truly seemed as if I had stepped from one dimension of existence into another. Even the composition of the air had changed to that of a buoyantly, touchable, completely visible substance of a string-like netting. Colors, sounds, sights, sensations, even smells, had somehow been altered and enhanced.

When time and space had ceased to exist in the states they once were (or what I was accustomed to), unlimited versions of both had instantly filled my kitchen, enveloping me as they did. This peculiar paradox had enabled me to automatically access infinite amounts of pure energy. I had become a human dynamo because of this, accomplishing the impossible without the slightest effort or tension and in less time than imaginable. My awareness of what was happening as it was happening, and my actions and activities throughout, had been that of total *slow motion*. As I had gone about the task of cleaning up the mess, everything, including me, had felt weightless, bouncy, peaceful, and harmonious. And I had felt unified with everything, as if I and all the objects in my kitchen were similar in essence and connected to each other.

Was this what Cayce meant, I wondered? Had I accidentally experienced the dimension of patience? Had I discovered the dimension where effort and stress were nonexistent, energy unlimited and readily available, and time and space the same as nothing at all? I like to think that I did!

My Lecture Topic Was ESP

By Elaine Hruska

When I was on the A.R.E. staff in Virginia

Beach, I used to give 'survey lectures,' the free one-hour afternoon talks which are open to visitors. My topic was ESP. One day, a man walked into the mini-auditorium where the lectures were held, just about 10 minutes before my talk was to end. This was not unusual, as visitors were often invited to step into the auditorium at any time during the talk.

At the conclusion, another man who had been present for the whole hour, approached me, apologizing for his difficulty in keeping awake. Then he told me he had drifted off and had a dream. He dreamed he saw the outside of the A.R.E. Library/Conference Center. A man walked up the steps, opened the door to the Center, walked across the lobby and opened the door to the mini-auditorium. The dreamer immediately awoke and recognized the man in his dream as the same man who entered the room late and taken a seat.

I was just as amazed as he was and simply said to him, "Oh, you had an ESP experience." Imagine listening to a lecture on ESP and having such an experience as well!

Letting the Subconscious Mind Do Some of the Police Work

By Robert Brown

As a police officer patrolling the streets of Phoenix, I sometimes have what must be some form of psychic experience. One time I answered a call on a home invasion (cat burglar), where a man was chased from the scene of the crime. After processing the crime scene, I drove to another part of town where I parked and was observing traffic. A vehicle three blocks away crossed the street, and somehow, I just knew that this driver was the burglar. I stopped the vehicle and interviewed the man even though he did not resemble the description of the man who had been chased from the crime scene. As it turned out, he confessed to being the burglar who had just fled and also confessed to four other burglaries, leading me to their locations. This information must come from deep within and I do not question it with my conscious mind. Sometimes we've got to let the subconscious do the work without the conscious mind interfering.

Always on His Birthday

By Ann Puryear

Tragically, my son Hank was killed in 1984. Ever since then, and always on his birthday, we have had conversations. One time, we greeted each other as usual, and he said, "I'll be seeing you soon, Mom." I replied, "Am I getting ready to cross over?" and his response was, "No, I'm coming there. I'll be Ben's baby." My youngest son, Ben, and his wife, Beth, already had a baby, and had often said that one was

quite enough—no more babies for them! I'm not sure exactly how I responded to Hank's comment, but I didn't forget it. One afternoon about six months later, I received a telephone call from Beth who said excitedly, "Ann, guess what?" I could have finished her sentence for her, but I didn't. I let her tell me what a surprise her pregnancy was to them. When Madison was born, I went to the hospital to meet my five-hours-old granddaughter. The nurse said I could hold her. I carefully placed her on my shoulder with her head facing out. She then shifted her head and turned it, snuggling it under my chin. Five hours old! Not possible, except that she was really 34 years old. And it doesn't stop there. Madison has black hair and brown eyes and is tall, slender, and athletic—just like her Uncle Hank; and in stark contrast to her blond-haired, blue-eyed, big sister. Madison is now 16 years old and is taller than I am. It is not unusual for her to walk up to me, place her hands on my shoulders, and looking down into my eyes, say in a solemn voice, "I love you so much!" I am quite sure that I have been given the double gift of more time with my son, and a beautiful, loving granddaughter.

The Proof Is in the Recipe

By Gladys McGarey, MD

My two youngest children and their spouses were recently helping me to convert my library into a guest room. This involved building the frame of a queen-sized bed. I was in another room, enjoying their ongoing banter and laughter which was like a symphony to my ears, when suddenly the laughter turned into an uproar, and I had to go in and find out what was going on. David had picked up a small wooden box which had belonged to me when I was a teenager in India, 87 years earlier. Inside was an old newspaper clipping of a recipe for eggplant casserole. What made David and Lee so hysterical was the number of times in their 34-year marriage when Lee would make an eggplant casserole, and David would say, "This is good, but I wish you could make it like my mother used to." Now, here was the recipe, appropriately titled "Dr. Gladys' Eggplant Casserole." None of us knew when the recipe was written down or where the clipping had come from. None of us had put it in the box, and there was no one, from this dimension of consciousness, who had access to it. But there it was—manifested through Creative Energy!

I'm a Believer

By Stephen F. Kulick

On a warm summer day many years ago, I was shown my death in the lifetime just before this one. I had been all alone in our backyard,



The Proof Is in the Recipe

sitting cross-legged on the grass, just staring at a yellow dandelion when I suddenly found myself lying in bed, not breathing and then drifting out of my body through an open second-story window. I knew that I had died. Since no physical pain was evident during this experience, I was not emotional in any way. Is it any wonder that I have been a believer in reincarnation all my life?

An After-Death Visit

By Theresa Lotz

When the youngest of my two daughters was murdered, my world was shattered. A beautiful, intelligent, creative, and talented young woman, Traci was only 25 years young when she was strangled. Over the years, I had on occasion, shared with her my thoughts on what might happen when we die. The day after her death, while I was still in shock and trying to absorb the thought of never holding her in my arms again, she appeared to me in my living room. She was radiant! Her smile nearly covered her whole face and she said to me, "It's great, Mom. It's just like you said. I'm free; I'm free, I'm free, I'm free..." With those words, she moved backward and away from me until she was out of sight. I knew without a doubt that my "baby" was not only safe but happy too.

"Think What You Are Doing!"

By Leonard Rinaldo

I first spoke to my deceased father in a dream, shortly after his death. We met outside the hospital in the city where I grew up, in a building that I had not seen for 40 years. There he was standing in front of me! Happy to see

him, I said: "Dad, you look great! How do you keep yourself looking so good?" As he smiled back at me, I instantly realized why he looked so young. He was dead.

After that first incident, he visited me (or I him) repeatedly in my sleep. One night, however, in the middle of one of our visits, our conversation was abruptly terminated. Two ethereal white fingers pierced my forehead and a voice said, "Think what you are doing!"

Somehow, I instantly realized that I was retarding my father from going on to where he needed to be. His helper (the one with the fingers) was so frustrated with what was taking place that he had intervened. Because we all have free will, he didn't say, "Stop what you are doing!" Instead, he said, "Think what you are doing!" I now understood that, by selfishly wishing to be with my father, I was keeping him from moving on.

The next morning, when I was standing in the shower, I told Dad that we could not meet anymore and that he should listen to his helper and move on as he suggested. I have never had any conversations with him since.

Stranger Things

By John Holland *

When I was 10 years old, I climbed halfway up a favorite maple tree only to realize that the branch holding me up was breaking. With a loud snap, the thick weathered limb gave way, and I began to plummet toward the ground. An image of me lying in a hospital bed with multiple broken bones flashed before my eyes.

Suddenly, I realized that I wasn't falling that fast at all—my arms and legs weren't flailing, and I didn't even think to scream. I was being handled with extreme care, descending, floating as if in slow motion, with my eyes open the entire time. In fact, it felt as if I'd come as close to flying as a human being could imagine. And then I landed softly on my back, without a scratch. I truly feel that someone or something—some miracle—had carried me down to safety.

This was only the beginning of even stranger things that would come to interrupt my daily existence. A few weeks after the tree incident, I was running down the street to visit a neighbor. I sprinted up the apartment building's stone stairs, and seeing that the front door was wide open, I felt lucky that I could just dash into the hallway without being buzzed inside. I started inside but found myself knocked back on my butt as if I had hit a wall. Something stopped me from going into that building. Slowly, I stood up and reached out with my hand to see if there was some sort of invisible force field, similar to the type that

Captain Kirk from Star Trek might stumble upon in one of his adventures. But there was nothing there.

Looking back, I realize that I had been prevented from going into that building for a reason. Either I was being stopped from hurting myself at that exact moment, or I bumped into "something" or "someone" on their way out of the building. Whatever it was, I was sure most people would not have seen or felt it—well, most living people, anyway.

*Psychic John Holland will be presenting at the A.R.E.'s Annual Reincarnation and Soul Life Conference in Virginia Beach May 4-6, 2018.

Reiki Spirit Healer

By Karen Smith

I didn't get to say goodbye to my step-father before he passed. When I put the final touch on his memorial video, he appeared at my side, put a hand on my shoulder, and with a characteristic wave at the screen, said he was very proud of me. Two years later, he appeared to me again, projecting love, and said things were going to get "very bad." I should be prepared. The next day, my then-boyfriend told me he had put his son in hospice, and without fluids, he was expected to pass within three days. He ended up not passing for 37 days! "Very bad" was an understatement! Now his son is one of my spirit healers when I do Reiki.

A Remote Rescue

By Sidney D. Kirkpatrick*

When I was an infant living in Long Island, New York, my mother was awakened in the middle of the night by a telephone call from her mother in Baltimore, some 300 miles away. Grandmother told Mom that I was upstairs in my crib suffocating on a dry-cleaning bag. Sure enough, that's how Mom found me! I had apparently pulled the plastic bag off a nightstand and somehow managed to roll myself up in it. This was the first of two occasions when Grandmother remotely came to my rescue.

* See Sidney's article, page 50, on reading recipients Fontaine and Edith Fox

"Get on with it, girl!"

By Nancy Clark

I was nine years old when a schoolmate in Indiana told me about reincarnation. The moment she explained the concept, I knew it was true. "So that's what happened!" I said to myself.

Reincarnation made sense to me because of something that I had experienced several years earlier, after seeing my deceased great-aunt in a funeral home. Back then, I had wondered where she had gone to. Was it the same place where I was before I was born?

1

1. There was a Master come unto the earth, born in the holy land of Indiana, raised in the mystical hills east of Fort Wayne.

2. The Master learned of this world in the public schools of Indiana, and as he grew, in

From *Illusions: The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah* by Richard Bach

I had a sense of "knowing" that the place was very nice, and I wanted to go back, but I couldn't remember the details. The only thing that seemed to register was, I am here now in this new place, so I might as well make the best of it. I remember that day because it was the same day that I learned how to sit on a swing and pump my legs. We had a little park across from our house, and after watching the other children play on the swing set, I taught myself how to climb onto the swing, pump my legs, and make it swing all by myself. Freedom! Liberation!

Fast forward to my mid-30s when I got divorced and was feeling discouraged and depressed about my family life and former husband. I never doubted that there was a higher power, but I was puzzled by how often it seemed that bad things happened to good people and good things seemed to happen to people I considered undeserving. This was my mindset on a day when I was walking through our shopping center when, out of the blue, I then asked myself, "How is that working for you, Nancy?" The answer was self-evident. The real question was, what I was going to do differently. So, I told God that if he hadn't noticed, I was a good person and I didn't think I deserved the mess I was in. I wanted help right that minute!

Just as I said these words to myself, I entered into a strange altered state, which I can only describe as non-judgmental. I was Nancy, as before, only free from victimhood. I soon found myself standing in a bookstore staring at a book with a picture of a blue feather on it. The name of the book was *Illusions: The Adventures of a Reluctant Messiah*, by

Richard Bach. I picked up the book and read the first two sentences, which were written in long-hand and included actual smudges on the page: "There was a Master come unto the earth, born in the holy land of Indiana, raised in the mystical hills east of Ft. Wayne. The Master learned of this world in the public schools of Indiana..."

You could have knocked me over with a (blue) feather when I read these lines! I was born in Ft. Wayne, Ind., and we lived in the hills east of the city where I had been raised and had gone to the public school.

Needless to say, I bought the book and went home to read it. One very meaningful statement in the book echoed the work of Edgar Cayce: "Every person, all the events of our lives are there because you have drawn them there. What you choose to do with them is up to you."

I can't say that I haven't had some setbacks with the "why me" victim syndrome, but I will be forever grateful for the mystical wake-up call whose answer was so swift and direct, saying quite bluntly, "Pull up your big-girl pants, go learn to pump that swing. Now, get on with it, girl!"

Not Always a Still Small Voice

By Irwin Davidson

I was driving in a snowstorm when my vehicle went into a skid. Having taught driver education, I knew all the things you were supposed to do to get out of a skid. Nothing worked! Just then I heard a voice in my head screaming, "Brake, brake!" Braking is the one thing you're not supposed to do when in a skid. But, I instantly slammed the brake to the floor and the vehicle stopped immediately, with the driver's door just inches from a telephone pole!

Telekinesis

By James Sienkiewicz

As a teenager, I studied Qigong, a holistic system of coordinated body posture, movement, breathing, and meditation, which can be used for health and spirituality, as well as martial arts. Rooted in Chinese tradition, it is generally viewed as a way to cultivate and control qi (chi), or life energy. It was this training that is the only explanation I have for what once happened when a partner and I were playing billiards in Crested Butte, Colo.

My teammate and I won the first game against the reigning champions with relative ease. However, by the second game, my partner came up short, and the other team had only to sink the 8-ball to win. As one of our opponents lined up the shot with his pool cue, I tried an experiment using Qigong power

to move the cue ball.

Standing some six feet from the pool table, I inhaled as much energy as I could from inside the room and from the ground beneath my feet. Then I forcibly exhaled while pushing my right hand across my body's mid-line (as taught in Qigong) and focused my energy on our opponent's pool cue at the cue ball. The surge of energy was so strong that time slowed and an immense image of the cue ball suddenly filled my mind's eye.

The voice of our opponent snapped me out of my time warp. He stood back away from his shot and asked his partner and me if we saw what had just happened. The cue ball and only the cue ball had inexplicably moved several inches just as he was about to shoot.

The game continued, and my opponent chose to shoot the cue ball from the new location. My second attempt to perform this magic was fruitless, as I was spent. They won the game. Still, the incredible nature of what I had accomplished was not lost on me. *I had moved the cue ball several inches!*

This experience brought with it serious aftereffects. For the first week afterward, I suffered the symptoms of a concussion. As I sought an explanation for the way I felt, I found that other practitioners of Qigong had had similar experiences. The Chinese actually have a term for it: Qigong Psychosis. As you might imagine, I'll not try it again. But it was an eye-opening experience!

My Yorkie and His Spirit Companion

By Regina Kukay

I awoke to what seemed to be a clap of thunder and thought I must be having a lucid dream. Then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, which stopped outside my bedroom door. The door slowly swung open and Cato, my beloved Yorkie who'd passed away the week before, bounded in, pounced upon my face, and greeted me with licks and laps of love. I felt his softness and smelled his special scent. He gave me a final gleeful look in the eye, the last lick, and went back outside the door where, to my surprise, I could see that there waited some kind of larger spirit which had carried him up the stairs and opened the door for him.

Elementary School Precognition

By Helen Dunbar

In the 6th grade, getting on my school bus, I looked back over my shoulder at a house near the bus stop and heard someone or something say, "That house is going to burn down before the bus returns!" Sure enough, while we were away at school, it burned to the ground. Thank goodness no one was injured.



A Visit from Dad

A Visit from Dad

By Christine McLaughlin

One night, when I came home to visit my mother, I felt my deceased father's presence enter our dining room, and he wasn't alone. My dad's brother, Mac, and their half-sister, Gertrude, also both dead, were standing next to him. I heard Gertrude say that she had brought them, and was "holding the space," whatever that means.

I called out to my mother, who was in the kitchen, to come quickly into the dining room. "Dad is here, and so is Uncle Mac," I said. I then pointed to where I had seen them. From the kitchen, Mom had a look of puzzlement on her face and looked back at me as if I was hallucinating. Suddenly, the chandelier hanging over the dining-room table started to spin around wildly, independent of any influence, except, apparently, my father wanting to get our attention.

Pointing again, I directed Mom's attention to the dining room and said again, "Dad is here." She walked toward me and saw the chandelier swinging and burst into tears. Her hand flew up to her mouth, and she said over and over, "Oh my God, Oh my God, Christine. Your father is here."

I could hear my father's voice say, "Tell Mom that I love her and thank you for taking care of me." (My father had been an invalid for two years before his death; I had helped care for him). He joked that Mom really did stay with him for better and for worse. Above all else, he kept emphasizing that he loved us and wanted her to be happy. He also said that he didn't want to frighten us and thought pushing the chandelier was a good, safe way of letting us know he was there. He said we would meet again, and then the chandelier slowly stopped spinning and came to a standstill.

House Guests

By Lorie Kazan

Recently, I invited a friend to spend the night. She was in town to prepare a memorial service for her father who had passed away after a devastating illness. The next morning, she kept referencing the bathroom as if I would somehow know what she meant. "What are you talking about?" I finally asked. It turns out, she was up at 5 a.m. and kept trying to get into the bathroom. (I only have one.) But the door was closed, the overhead fan roared, and lights blazed through the beveled glass part of the door. "I got up a number of times," she said. "I was worried about you, but finally I just went back to sleep." The strange part about this is that I wasn't in the bathroom. I was sound asleep until 7. Even if the cats had awakened, there's no feasible way they could have activated two switches, shut the door, and somehow opened it and turned everything off by the time I woke up.

Doc Jeff's Chest

By Alexis Gradishar

My journey back to health began when I had reached the point, with gastrointestinal problems so severe, that I thought I was going to lose my life. I had gone from 135 to 110 pounds and was unable to digest food without excruciating pain. I had been to a variety of doctors and tried several holistic treatments with no success. In despair, I visited my long-time friend Andrea, who introduced me to dousing with a pendulum. At this point I was so desperate, I was willing to try anything.

Working with Andrea and the pendulum, I was guided to a book on her shelf about Science of Mind, a metaphysical religious movement to which my husband Brian's family had belonged. As I leafed through the book, I experienced what today I recognize as intuition at work. Brian's grandfather, Avery Jeffers, a chiropractor everyone called Doc Jeff, who had died 30 years earlier, came to mind. I didn't know anything about him, but I had the distinct impression that I should know more about him, and that, come what may, I should consult Doc Jeff's old steamer trunk in our garage, which the family had never been able to unlock.

The next day, Brian and I pulled out the old trunk. Because the lock was broken and the key didn't work, Brian figured he was going to have to break it open. But I tried the key and the lock popped open. He blurted out, "No way!" I too was stunned, but the longer I thought about it, the more sense it made. There was a right time and a wrong time to open the chest. This was the right time.

Brian slowly unpacked the trunk, starting

with stacks of framed diplomas that chronicled Doc Jeff's transition from a pharmacist in the 1930s to his receiving his chiropractic license in 1945. A number of boxes contained family photos, slides, and home movies. An attaché contained a hairbrush, a toothbrush, a pair of glasses, a wristwatch, and a small round Science of Mind club pin.

Next came the discovery of the supernatural side of Doc Jeff! Here was an astrological natal chart, a detailed horoscope, and notes written in pencil from a psychic reading. What Brian pulled out next seemed even stranger: two handmade crystal energy wands and instructions on how to use them. Doc Jeff, I quickly realized, was not your run-of-the-mill chiropractor! He used mystical healing as part of his practice.

But this was only the start of the discoveries. Toward the bottom of the chest, we came across a thick black book and binder containing compilations of Edgar Cayce readings. In addition to files on how to treat gastrointestinal problems was a typed speech Doc Jeff had written about what he had derived from the Cayce readings. There was even the vintage Smith Corona typewriter he had used to write it.

At that time, I had only a vague notion of who Edgar Cayce was. Thanks to Dr. Jeff and the contents of his trunk, I would learn considerably more. Here, set out on our garage floor, was the coursework that led to my recovery. Doc Jeff and Edgar Cayce were not present in person to supervise the treatment, but it felt like they were with me in spirit.

Goodbye Mom, I Love You

By Jennie E. Taylor*

In 1992, Mom was diagnosed with lung cancer. Although it wasn't clear at the time, the cancer had already spread to other organs in her body, so although she had surgery to remove one lung, she never truly recovered.

Her condition continued to worsen, and she ended up back in the hospital in early 1994. My brothers and sisters and I were all there in her room, gathered around her bed, when she insisted that we all hold hands together and make a circle around her. Suddenly, Mom began making strange movements with her arms—arms that she had previously been unable to lift due to pain. As we all watched, she raised both of her hands to her forehead and then swung each arm outward making a sweeping motion from the middle of her forehead and then to each side with arms spread wide. She continued this several times, moving her hands quickly to her forehead and then back outward to each side. I would later consider that perhaps she was clearing her



Doc Jeff's Chest

crown chakra or her third eye.

Watching her gave me the feeling that she was following instructions from some unseen teacher. At one point, my sister Bobbie leaned down to Mom's ear and began singing a song about angels. As soon as the words were out of Bobbie's mouth, Mom started nodding and saying, "I know, look!" She then pointed up to the ceiling in the corner of her hospital room. We later talked about how we all got chills as we looked up to that corner and expected to see the angels ourselves. Of course, we couldn't see what she was seeing, but there was no need to, as we understood and felt sure that she was seeing them.

That night, I stayed close to the hospital at my sister Joey's house in the very bed Mom had spent many months in, following her surgery. In the middle of the night—in what seemed to be a dream—I felt a presence surround my body and "squeeze" me. I felt for sure it was Mom saying goodbye. I called out in my mind, "Goodbye Mom, I love you, I'll miss you!" And just as I said those words, the phone rang. The hospital called to tell us that our mother had just passed.

I call my experience a dream because that's the closest word for it. But it wasn't a dream. Mom was saying goodbye.

* See Jennie's article on Faith on page 49.

Guardian Angel to the Rescue?

By Robert Harris

While vacationing with my wife in Virginia Beach, one day I decided to go for a swim. There was no one else on the shore, but I wasn't concerned as I had always been an excellent swimmer and had had extensive training in the Navy. Besides, my wife was

there with me. I hadn't been in the water for very long when I suddenly realized that I was being pulled away from shore by a powerful rip tide. I tried desperately to swim back to the beach but the current was overpowering. No matter how I tried, I was unable to make any headway. Soon my wife realized that I was in trouble. She tried in vain to find someone to help but there was not a soul in sight. Exhausted, I finally slipped beneath the waves, taking water into my mouth and nose. I was sure that I would die. Suddenly, a sense of peace came over me. I was no longer afraid, and I could only suppose I was losing consciousness. Then I heard beautiful music. I can't describe it except to say that it was the most wonderful music I had ever experienced. Just then someone grabbed me under my arms and began pulling me to shore. He got me back on the beach and pumped the water out of me. How was it that the man was able to swim out and pull me back in against a rip tide that I, a professional swimmer, couldn't handle? How was it that the man just happened to appear at the right time? Was it just coincidence or did something supernatural take place? I may never know, but I suspect that my guardian angel, if I have one, had come to my rescue.

My Own Field of Dreams

By Marita Garin

I awoke in the middle of the night to the sight of my deceased father, standing at the foot of my bed. He looked as he did when he was in his 40s, wearing a brown suit I recognized. I asked him "Dad, what are you doing here?" He said, "I've come for your mother, go get the scissors."

Being familiar with Cayce material, I understood that he was referring to the cutting of the silver cord which binds our soul to the earth plane. In my mind, I went to a back room and looked in a drawer. There were no scissors. That meant to me that it was not time yet for my mother to transition. Further, as I was the one who was sent for the scissors, this dream was telling me that I was to be responsible for her until her death.

Mom lived another 11 years before she died at age 90. Those final years were not happy for her. She became blind, slipped into dementia, forgot she had ever been married, and could not remember her last two children. I visited her at her nursing home as often as I could, but after she was gone, I grieved that I had not been able to make her last years on Earth happy. I would bring her fresh strawberries when they were in season, chocolates which she loved, and kept up a correspondence with her dear friends. But was this

enough? Could I have done more?

Not long after her death, Mom appeared to me in a dream, standing behind me on my left. I had a feeling that it was Mom, but I was afraid to look at her because I thought she would disappear. She drew alongside me, and yes, it was her. She asked me, "Do you have enough money?" Interesting timing, because recently my finances had improved, so I could say to her, "Yes." I asked her how she was doing. She said, "All my friends are here. I am so busy and so happy, cooking, and sewing." She looked like she had a suntan, which was very unusual. My mother never had a suntan, and so I thought later, well, she must have been somewhere where there is a lot of sun. As with my father, she looked to be in her 40s. Walking along, we came to a mound of earth, and she just faded into it as in the movie *Field of Dreams*. I sent her love, as she did me; a certain message to let me know that I was not to be concerned that I could not make her happy during her last years on Earth. She was happy now.

A Wrinkle in Time

By Raúl daSilva*

Back in 1967 I was working in Pittsburgh during the day and attending the local university at night. I would sign out of the office at 5 p.m., then go directly downstairs and catch the 5:15 bus to campus. One day, I signed out of the office as usual, took the bus, and got off at the campus stop, also as usual. It always took me exactly 10 minutes to walk to the hall where my classes were held. By 5:55 p.m., I expected to be sitting at my desk.

This time, when I entered the classroom, I realized right away that I had walked in on a class already in session. I looked around and noticed that everyone, including the instructor, was strange. Therefore, I quickly but incorrectly assumed that I had walked into the wrong room. Out in the hallway, beyond the door, I saw that it was the correct room, so I then quickly assumed that the last class had been extended beyond its time limit. Glancing into another room across the hallway, a room always empty in the evening, I saw it was also filled with students with an active class in session. Stopping a young woman in the hallway, I asked her if she knew why the classes were held over so late. She looked at me with a puzzled expression and said, "These classes are not held over, they don't let out until 5 p.m."

For a stunning moment I began to think that I had somehow mistakenly walked out of my office, downtown, at 4 p.m. instead of 5. But quickly I recalled that others had signed out with me. I told the woman that it was just about 6 p.m. and she rejoined that I was



There are two different angels who appear in front of my Christmas tree when invited. The one shown is the shorter of the two. Photo by Grace Mitchell

incorrect and that my watch was running one hour ahead.

Finding a telephone, I called my office. The receptionist, usually gone by 6 p.m., was still there. She greeted me and asked if I had forgotten something. I told her I was at Shadyside and the university campus and she laughed and said, "Right, you made it there in two minutes?" Then I realized she was telling me I had just walked out of the office. She assumed I was downstairs calling from the lobby of the office building where we worked.

Completely baffled, my head spinning, I decided not to think about this and just to let time explain this puzzle to me. How was it possible to gain one hour of time or to expand one minute into one hour? No, I would not think about it. But now I had a full hour to spare before my class started. Somewhat in shock, I decided to walk outside in the cold drizzle and pull my thoughts together. For obvious reasons, I recall that event vividly and remember pulling up the large collar on my raincoat over my ears. Then I drifted toward another building, apparently a science hall. When I entered, I noticed that the lobby was cavernous, as in a museum or library. Glancing around, I saw an interesting facade or replica of a facade of an ancient temple over to my right. I found myself walking toward it. When I was about six paces in front of the temple facade, I realized that my perceptual reach had gone beyond the time and space of that cold and rainy November evening.

Now I felt a hot sun on my shoulders, almost as if I were in a dream within a dream. Children were playing, noisily, off at a distance. The unmistakable, spicy and pungent aroma of olive oil filled my nostrils and lungs. Behind me, I heard a large cart being hauled by what I assumed was an ox. Turning around with the burning desire to see it all, I fainted and fell to the marble floor. Moments later, I was shaken awake by someone and asked if I was okay.

When I got back to my Pittsburgh apartment, I announced to Renee, my wife of only one- and-one-half years, that she should divorce me because I was now losing my mind and we couldn't afford the psychiatry bills soon to come. She listened to my story and patiently said that she didn't think I was losing my mind. The next day she brought me books on Edgar Cayce and others. These works helped me to understand and put into perspective what I experienced, and would plunge me into a lifelong path of seeking. I learned that no matter our grasp of logic, intellectual level, or what we believe reality to be, we cannot trust the careful, intricate structures we have set up and in which we so fervently believe. It is just not real. Ahead of all of us are joys and wonders that we cannot possibly conceive.

* See page 24 for an article by Raúl on artist and remote viewer Ingo Swann.

Letting Spirit Lead the Way

By Paula Quinn

While attending a John Van Auken lecture, I was distracted by a purple haze floating up and around the woman who sat in front of me. I leaned forward, peered over her shoulder, and saw that it was coming from the woman's hands. Excited by what I was seeing, I hurriedly wrote her a message: "Your hands are infused with a beautiful red and purple light and have the power to heal many."

I folded the paper and was about to pass it to the woman when my higher self told me to make a correction—"not red and purple, but violet!" Of course! That's the healing color of the Violet Ray, which is one of the appliances recommended by Cayce. I did as I was told and passed the message over the woman's shoulder, then sat back to hear John's concluding remarks.

As soon as the applause ended and the lights were turned up, there was a shout from the woman in front of me. She was waving the message, hugging her companions, and thanking God for the confirmation. Then she turned and looked at me. "Did you write this? Is this message from you?"

"Yes, I wrote it. But it didn't come from me; it came through me. I saw the beautiful light

around your hands, the violet infused with gold; and was told what to write."

The woman—Amanda—laughed as she hugged me. "Do you know why I came all the way from Memphis with my friends to this Edgar Cayce conference? I was seeking confirmation of my chosen path. I am studying to become a Reiki Master, but folks back home have been telling me to get a real job, and I was about to give it up."

I looked lovingly back at the woman who would become my new friend, grateful for the knowledge that God had chosen me this day to be his messenger.

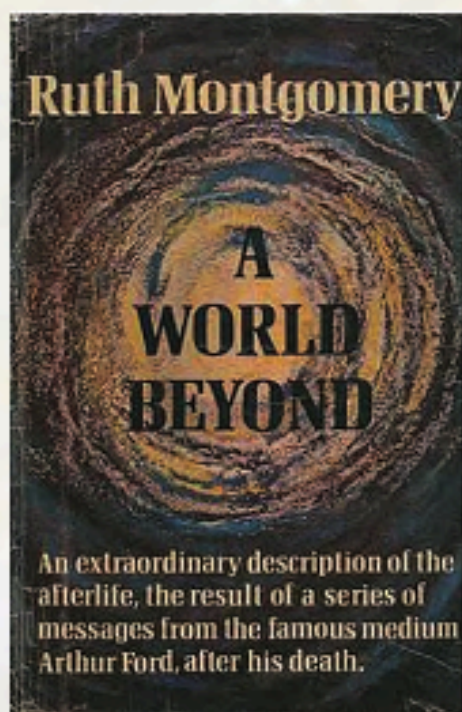
When the Student Is Ready, the Teacher Will Appear

By Lin Marchitelli

A friend of mine gave me a book to read, as she found its contents to be quite profound. It was Ruth Montgomery's *A World Beyond*. This book so fascinated me that I waited for each new book she wrote and read each one at least twice. The concept of reincarnation and a Creator who loves us, even though we may not yet have discovered how to love ourselves, was both logical and comforting to me. I began putting a lot of energy and enthusiasm into the search for my true spiritual nature and wanted to be a part of some association where I could share with others who were on the same spiritual path.

A co-worker suggested that I talk to a mutual friend, JoAnn, to see if she could put me in touch with this type of group. I went to her office one day and told her what I was looking for. She asked me if I knew a name for such a group, and I remembered that Ruth Montgomery had mentioned the A.R.E. in her books, but I didn't know anything about them. Since she had no knowledge of A.R.E., she said she would see what she could find out.

The next day she came to me and presented me with a large packet and asked, "Is this what you are looking for?" It was a membership packet to join A.R.E. which had come to her mailbox the very day of our conversation, and she did not know how they had gotten her name. I considered this to be a sign of something significant and joined right away. I was amazed to find that, not only would I receive magazines and newsletters from them, but they also offered local "A Search for God" study group meetings each week in private homes. That was in 1987, and I am still in a study group and have volunteered at the Edgar Cayce Center in Houston for many years. My involvement with the Cayce work has brought me to a different view of life and beyond, and I am very grateful.



When the Student is Ready, the Teacher Will Appear

Long-Distance Friendship, Cayce-Style

By Nancy Pohle Chrisbaum *

Some years ago, my good friend Shelly took a great job in another state. We were both very excited about her success, but disappointed that our friendship would change drastically. Since we were both steeped in the Cayce readings and were diligently working on developing our intuition, we decided to work with the Cayce methods for maintaining psychic connections with others.

We first committed to meditate and pray at the same time of day on a regular basis, and then we did various experiments by alternating who would be the target and who would be the seer. After meditation, the seer would focus and write down any impressions gathered, and the target person would document what she had been doing at the specified time.

On one occasion, after meditating and praying for Shelly, I focused for a moment and then wrote down a description of the room I had envisioned. What I "saw" was a blue meditation cushion on the floor next to a high bunk bed with a ladder attached, and what looked like the hose of a vacuum cleaner beneath the top bunk. The furnishings didn't seem to make sense as my friend didn't have children then, and I knew that she didn't own a bunk bed. Furthermore, I couldn't figure out how the vacuum cleaner would be where the lower bunk should have been. Nevertheless, I wrote it down. When I read the description to Shelly over the phone, she did not comment one way or another, so I assumed I was totally

off the mark.

It wasn't until later when I visited Shelly in her new home that I was able to clarify what I'd seen remotely. She showed me around her house, and when we stepped into the meditation room I was startled—it was exactly as I had "seen" it. The blue meditation cushion was on the floor and the bunk bed was actually a built-in loft bed with a ladder attached. Instead of a lower bunk, there was space under the top bunk where Shelly kept her vacuum cleaner.

Those months of connecting remotely were incredibly valuable for us both. Not only did the experience help our friendship adjust to the distance between us, it strengthened our faith in the power of our intuition, and proved to us that we are connected, regardless of physical separation, by ESP.

* Join Nancy at her *Awakening Your Energy Body* conferences in Houston, May 19, 2018; and in Virginia Beach, June 16, 2018.

"Luce Lucina, Bella Luce Lucina."

By Karen Noé *

While I have experienced many psychic experiences since I was a young girl, the most intense and life changing one occurred about 20 years ago when I was going through a very difficult period in my life. One morning, I sat at the edge of my bed and asked God if I was going to be okay. With that simple request, a brilliant light began to approach me from the other side of the room. Unsure of what it was, I spoke out loud to it and demanded, "If you are not of God, please leave!" However, the light continued to come toward me, and eventually enveloped me. Suddenly I heard an audible voice that said, "Luce lucina, bella luce lucina." Since my grandparents were Italian, I knew what that meant: "Light, little light, beautiful little light." I immediately experienced an incredible peaceful feeling and knew everything was going to be okay—and it was! Through other experiences and meditation, I've learned that special light was St. Francis of Assisi, who has continued to guide me in extending peace in the world. Years later, the late Dr. Wayne Dyer, along with other angels and guides, have joined together with St. Francis, calling themselves the "We Guides." I am so honored and humbled that they are helping me with my life's mission.

* Join Karen and the late Dr. Dyer's daughters, Saje and Serena on Sept. 7-8, 2018 in Virginia Beach for *The We Consciousness Conference*.

—For more members' stories, please visit edgarcayce.org/psi. 