



**A**re you psychic? Do you remember times in your life that were more than coincidence? Are spirits real? Recently, I began to ponder my psychic ability and was reminded of past experiences that I had neatly tucked away. We all witness synchronistic events in our life and wonder what caused them. We think of a friend and, within minutes, she or he calls. Or we hear words, sounds, music and voices that remind us of someone, yet when we look, no one is there. The phone rings but no one is on the other end; electrical items fail and a few minutes later they work. These may be signs of clairvoyance (seeing), clairaudience (hearing) or clairsentience (feeling) that a spirit is trying to communicate with you. The works of Allison DuBois and James van Praagh and the memoir of Elisabeth Kübler-Ross all reassure that spiritual encounters happen all the time and that there clearly is life after death and a world "on the other side".

### PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

Synchronistic events occur in my life daily. The more I tune in, the more they happen. I have also been touched by "otherworldly" encounters. I have faint memories of seeing figures and images during my childhood yet do not know what they meant or who they were. Some more recent events sit stronger in my mind and tell me I have connected with the other world, although only briefly. I have seen angels often in my life and in the room of a dying woman. I have heard the voices of a female clan sing by her bedside soon after she passed and seen smoke leave her feet the day after she died.

### Spirits leaving and sharing peace

I was 31 years old and attending the funeral of my grandmother. Despite her elderly years, it was a sombre day. After the service, we circled around as the coffin was lowered into the grave and were invited to place flowers on the coffin as our final farewell. I dropped my flower and said my goodbyes. Within seconds, I watched a band of white light leave her grave, heading up towards the sky. Mesmerised, I felt like my grandmother's spirit was leaving in that exact moment.

Instantly, I knew she was at peace and I was overcome with joy and happiness and a peacefulness all of my own. My grief

disappeared. I felt like laughing, celebrating that she was free and without suffering. I looked around, wanting to share this joy with my family, assuming they were having the same experience. Yet no one was. I was confused and didn't know why I appeared to be the only one who had just seen this amazing "passing of spirit".

All I could feel was overwhelming calm. The safety in this experience has held its own through my life. From that day on, I have not feared death. Yet for years I was too scared to tell anyone.

### Calling to be there

A friend had a brain tumour. The night before he passed, I had a vision in my bedroom. Mal looked like a black shadow, standing in the doorway, and I had an overwhelming knowing I would be with him when he died. How? I woke startled, sweating and shaken. There was no one in my room. In the morning when I woke again, my body tingled, I was nervous and unsettled. I kept myself busy, deciding to do my grocery shopping.

However, something extraordinary happened.

Driving in the car, another energy pulled me, taking me somewhere else. Somewhat unconsciously, I drove across town and arrived at St Vincent's Hospital where he was in care. I was nervous for two reasons: first, I didn't know if Mal had already passed away in the night and, second, because I wasn't very close to his family and, to say the least, it seemed unusual for me to be there if he was, in fact, about to die.

His ex-wife, whom I didn't know, was in the room and wasn't sure if Mal was well enough to see me. Then she invited me in. We chatted a while, I sat next to Mal and held his hand, talking to him and then saying nothing while I watched him struggle harder and harder to breathe. Within about 15 minutes, there was complete silence. I saw

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another "body" of Mal's hovering in the room above his physical body, trying to return to it. Mal had stopped breathing; he had died. I felt an overwhelming sense of peace for Mal and myself and saw this in his face. The message and feeling from the night before were true. I was with Mal when he died. How to explain it? I can't.

There are so many experiences that happen and many I know I don't allow. The more centred I am or the more emotionally raw I am, the easier these messages and sightings come through. I sense that many of us have stories of our own; experiences we have either kept to ourselves or shared with a rare few.

Why do we rarely share these experiences or fear knowing more? Until our fear is taken away, we will continue to hide from, criticise or belittle what we fail to understand, rather than see our own psychic abilities as offering healing and life-opening experiences. For me, these experiences have heightened my sense of life and love in moments of pure truth and given surreal feelings of peace. If each of us lets our truth guide the experiences of our life, we will open to a new sense of believing in the world beyond.