

I was born in 1975. The 19's was not so accepting of "New Age" philosophies. There weren't any Barnes and Nobles at the time where one would have access to shelves of "New Age" resources. I would have to train myself. I am born natural psychic medium empath.

Basically, I'm the spiritual equivalent of a Wi-Fi hotspot for energy. You know how some people just know things? Well, I don't just know, I feel, I see, and sometimes I even smell things that aren't supposed to be there (thanks, phantom cigarette smoke). An empath is someone who picks up on the emotions and energy of others, like a walking, talking emotional sponge, except I don't absorb drama, I feel it. As a psychic medium, I can communicate with the other side, so yeah, I'm basically on a first-name basis with spirits. They'll show up at the most inconvenient times, like when I'm still half asleep and trying to get my coffee. But hey, it's all part of the package. When you're born with this much intuition, it's like the universe handed you the "VIP Pass" to the supernatural—

and I'm so not shy about flashing it when necessary. However, that wasn't always the case.

The Young Empath+Mediumship

My father's younger brother, Uncle Gary, that was a completely different story. Uncle Gary was my absolute favorite. He was energetic, silly, and always up for playing. I remember him flinging me around like I was a rag doll (I'm still not sure how safe that was, but it was fun). I'd soar through the air, weightless, only to be caught in his arms again. Every moment with him was full of joy, safety, and absolute carefree fun.

But, of course, tragedy struck. Uncle Gary and his fiancée Ellen were killed in a horrible motorcycle accident. I was only four years old, and my parents decided I was too young to know what had happened. They didn't tell me. But let me tell you, it's impossible to hide anything from a child who's an empath.

The day of the funeral, I was staying with my maternal grandmother, Shirley. It was supposed to be a fun day, just me and Grandma, but I was about to have an experience that would make my parents realize just how “gifted” I was. After dinner, Grandma bathed us and tucked me into bed. But that night, I woke up with a sense of fear so overwhelming that I ran to my parents’ bedroom and crawled under the covers next to Mom.

That was the night my parents realized I wasn’t just your average four-year-old.

Here’s how Mom remembers it:

“Mommy,” I whispered.

“Mmhmm,” Mom replied, probably half asleep after an emotional day.

“I see Uncle Gary.”

Suddenly, the hairs on Mom's neck stood up, and she felt a cold chill run down her spine. She was terrified of what I might say, but she gathered her courage and asked, "What's he doing?"

"He's waving," I said, casually.

Mom froze. She couldn't believe what she was hearing and, even more bizarre, Dad was sleeping right through it all.

A few moments later, Mom asked, "Is he still there?"

"Yes. And Ellen too."

Silence.

Mom, trying to hold it together, asked, "What do you see now?"

I giggled and then read the letters I saw floating in the air. "G-A-R-Y E-L-L-E-N."

And that, my friends, was the moment my parents realized their daughter had some serious intuition going on. I guess I've always had the ability to tap into energies and emotions, but at that time, I had no clue what was happening. And it wasn't until later that I began to understand just how much of the world around me was... felt rather than seen.

Gary's death was a heartbreak for our entire family. But the vision I had of him and Ellen brought some peace of mind, especially to my Grandma Lynn, who was Dad's mother, and Dad himself. It wasn't until my teenage years that I truly felt Uncle Gary's loss. Up until then, he'd appear most nights in my dreams, well nightmares, if we're being honest.

There's one recurring nightmare I had that I can still picture so vividly. It always took place outside my childhood home, on the same hill. The neighbors' houses would glow warmly in the evening, and there I was, frozen, with fear crawling up my spine. The voices would start behind me, distant at first, but growing louder.

Soon, I'd see the shapes of men, moving toward me. I knew in my gut that if I didn't run, they'd catch me and hurt me. But, of course, my fear kept me rooted in place.

Then, I'd hear his voice. Uncle Gary. I could see him clearly, healthy, alive, and strong, his thick black hair bouncing as he sprinted toward me.

“Hey, it's ok. I can handle these guys. Go. You're safe.”

And just like that, I'd be able to move my feet again. I'd bolt up the driveway like a racehorse, heart pounding in my chest. When I finally made it to the top, I'd glance back and see the figures shrinking in the distance, knowing that Gary had taken care of them for good.

Those dreams went on for years, slowly becoming more and more infrequent. When I was lucky enough to have one, it was a treat. But one night, the nightmare came back and this time, Gary wasn't there. I was alone, and I knew then that

he'd moved on. Even now, every once in a while, I'll still get the same nightmare. And every time I wake up, I think of Gary and smile, grateful for the hundreds of times I was blessed to see him in my dreams, even if they were nightmares. His presence, even in the shadows of my sleep, felt like a tether to something deeper, something that both comforted and unsettled me.

At the time, I had no idea the significance of what had happened. I was just a four-year-old who saw my uncle waving at me, spelling out names I shouldn't have known how to spell. But years later, I would come to understand that my innocent conversation with my mother that night wasn't just a strange, eerie childhood memory, it was a gift. A gift of peace, of closure, for a family shattered by sudden, unimaginable loss. My mother, still rattled by what I had seen, couldn't keep it to herself. She told my father, who told his sister, and eventually, the story reached my grandmother, Grandma Lynn.

Grandma Lynn had lost her son in the blink of an eye. One moment, Gary was alive, vibrant, full of laughter the next, he was gone. She hadn't had time to say goodbye. There were no warnings, no signs, just a phone call that changed her world forever. But when she heard what I had seen, something in her softened. For the first time since the accident, she allowed herself to believe that maybe, just maybe, Gary wasn't really gone. That somewhere, in some way, he was okay. That vision of him waving, standing with Ellen, was a lifeline, however fragile, to the son she lost too soon. And though I wouldn't fully grasp it until years later, my ability to see what others couldn't had already begun its work, bringing peace to those who needed it most.

When I was in 8th grade, I ventured to spend my summer Grandma Lynn in Florida. That summer, I learned that my visitation of Gary the night of the funeral had given her strength to carry on.

“There’s no question in my mind that he came to you that night,” she said after I revealed I had little to no memory of it.

“You were his messenger. How else could he convince us...” She sobbed before continuing, “That there is an afterlife and he and Ellen are there. Waiting. Happy. And safe. That’s what you gave me that day. And I’ll never forget it.”

Grandma wiped her falling tears before reaching out to hold my hands. Her manicured palms were silver, then her silk comforter. She sighed and giggled.

“I know it’s awful to say, but maybe that’s why I feel closer to you than the other girls.” (Meaning my sisters.) “You were the last one to see my baby.” Grandma bit her lower lip, and I knew, or felt, what she was thinking. Had she said it aloud, it would have been, “You saw my baby whole. Not broken, bloodied, and cold.”

Instead, she said, “I swear sometimes I’ll talk to him.” She giggled hearing those words aloud. “I tell him I miss him and wish I could hear his voice one last time.” Grandma’s gaze was distant, and I

knew the conversation with her deceased child was being privately replayed in her memory. I did my best to vibrate my love through our energies, as I understood a mother never stops grieving for her lost child. I knew her sorrow was something she'd carry with her until the day she died. Only then could she let it go because she'd no longer need it through the gates of Heaven, where Gary would eagerly greet her.

I realized grief is not necessarily something you carry as a heavy burden. It is something deeper, like a soul tattoo or imprint that never goes away. Always there for the one impacted, as it blends with one's old self, creating someone new. Not necessarily someone better, just someone different. I'll never forget how Grandma allowed me to share in what her grief felt like that day. As if sharing a sandwich with a close friend, I was able to physically digest what she felt. It wasn't until later, alone with my own feelings and emotions, that I prayed I'd never have to experience that form of loss. I prayed to God, "Give me everything else, but not that!"

Stay tuned for a young empaths journey through the preschool and kindergarten years.