

# **It Will All Make Sense When You're Dead**

*Messages from Our  
Loved Ones in the Spirit World*

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*For Jefe*

*We give our loved ones back to God.  
And just as He first gave them to us and did not lose them in the giving,  
so we have not lost them in returning them to Him.  
For life is eternal. Love is immortal. Death is only a horizon  
and a horizon is nothing but the limit of our earthly sight.*

-Author Unknown

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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

The individual experiences recounted in this book are true. However, names and other descriptive details have been changed to protect the identities of people involved. Sentences, phrases, and dialogues in quotes have been taken directly from notes or recordings of actual readings or message circles I've conducted. Most of the dialogues quoted here are verbatim, though some quotes have been edited for clarity only.

Mediumship is the art of translation. When speaking for a spirit person, I may adjust or correct something I've already begun to say. I may repeat myself until I'm satisfied that I have delivered the spirit's message accurately. To illustrate this, I've retained the repetitive or run-on style of dialogue in one or two instances.

Spirit people, mediums, and clients are equally represented by both genders. To that end, I switch pronouns freely throughout this book.

## INTRODUCTION

I keep seeing an octopus on the inside surface of my closed eyelids, and it just won't go away. It appears sideways, head on the left and tentacles all stretched to my right, just floating there.

I ignore it and keep talking to my client, who is paying \$150 for a private hour with me. Sue, who will become quite a gifted psychic medium herself in the next few years, is sitting eagerly on the edge of her chair across from me. When I open my eyes, I see that *her* eyes are glued to my lips, as if she's willing them to form the words she's been waiting to hear.

We're talking about her minister grandfather, long dead. He's here in the room with us, in my awareness anyway, offering a kind of spiritual support. His wife joins him, followed by Sue's mother. They all show me such specific details of their identity that Sue is satisfied I'm not just making the whole thing up. Despite some sadness and trauma in her youth, Sue and the spirit people are having a pretty happy reunion.

And yet, this octopus.

It hovers here, overlaying the whole transparent group of spirit people. My experience tells me that psychic impressions and spirit communications are defined in part by their persistence. My experience also tells me that ninety percent of all the impressions that come through are symbolic, and it's part of my job as a medium to decode the symbol and translate it to the client.

Let's say a client asks me to shed some light on a career change he's contemplating. In response, I get the impression—through clairvoyance—of a record going around and around on a turntable. Because most of the time the impressions I get are symbolic, I wait for a moment to see what sort of feeling this turntable evokes in me. By concentrating on this turntable, I may soon become aware

of the feeling of just going around in circles, of treading the same old ground, and of going nowhere forward. When I feel that my internal interpretation of the symbol is complete, I would say to that client something like, “If you change careers I feel that you won’t be addressing the feeling of being on a treadmill. I feel that in a short time you’ll be going around the same issues all over again.”

If I should concentrate on the turntable in my mind, wait for a feeling, and get nothing, then I assume the turntable is meant to be literal and not symbolic. I may say to the client something like, “I see a venture into music or recording.”

For forty-five minutes of my reading with Sue, I’ve been aware of this octopus and have been waiting for the next part, the feeling it evokes, so I can put it into words for my client. And I get... nothing. No feeling, just octopus.

I continue to ignore it, knowing eventually I will have some sort of feeling about this creature overlaying everything that’s coming through. I mean, it *has to be* symbolic, right? I know Sue isn’t a marine biologist, or an exotic veterinarian. She’s a stay-at-home-mom for heaven’s sake. What the heck would a literal octopus be doing in her reading?

I try to force myself to attach a feeling to it. Maybe she’s feeling like lots of hands are pulling her in different directions. She has four kids, so that’s possible, isn’t it? Maybe she’s in deep water, over her head. Oh God, maybe she has a brain tumor or something! Yet every time I try to feel one of these interpretations, it seems to slide right off.

Finally, because we’re running out of time and I’m nearly breathless with curiosity, I say to Sue, “I don’t know what this is, but I’m just going to tell you what I see. Maybe together we can make sense of this.”

(My teachers would kill me for breaking a cardinal rule of readings. Never, never, never leave it up to the client to interpret the symbols!).

“I see, oh gosh, I’m sorry. I see, um—jeez, I’m so embarrassed—I see an octopus.”

Well, you would have thought I’d just informed Sue she’d won the lottery and would never have to work another day in her life. She shoots up out of her chair, pen and notebook flying, she’s shouting, crying, laughing and hugging me all at once. And there I am, feeling

awfully proud of myself and acting like I knew this would happen all along. At the same time I'm thinking, "Spit it out lady, what the heck does this mean to you?"

It turns out her former fiancé had passed away before their wedding. His name was Jacobus, and she had lovingly nicknamed him Octopus.

With her validation, a whole flood of new information and messages come through, and another satisfied customer leaves my office. I make a promise to myself that in the future I will not wait, but I will say *exactly* what comes through.

That was years ago, but to this day I still find myself letting rational thought leak into my readings. At a message circle just last week I kept seeing a butterfly over the guest to my left. She and her family were enjoying a visit from her sister in spirit, who had passed from uterine cancer. Every guest had received a unique message, with deeply personal details. It was the kind of wonderful event where it seems everyone, for a moment anyway, truly believes that death isn't real, and that they're really all together again. Maybe they'll doubt their experience later on at home, but for now there is a genuine connection in the present moment.

The butterfly evoked no feeling in me during the circle, so I recognized the need for a literal interpretation. My conscious mind was arguing with me, however: *A butterfly? Come on, is that the best you can do? If you say that you'll sound just like those fake New Age mediums who wax poetic about the eternal nature of love and offer vague, abstract "messages" from who-could-ever-prove-it Native American spirit guides.*

So I said nothing. After the circle was over we were all chatting, and the subject of childhood nicknames came up. Guess what? The guest to my left had been dubbed "Butterfly" by her dead sister. Part of me wanted to leap up and say, "I saw that! She had that all around you!" But no one has faith in a medium who tells you she sees what you already told her.

Once again I vowed to myself and the spirit people, "I promise I will say exactly what you impress on me."

And boy, have they been impressing me to write this book!

What follows is a story of how my mediumship career unfolded. The patience and persistence of my own and my clients' spirit people have

been instrumental in my work and in writing this book. While my clients here in the physical world are the ones who pay me to translate between the other dimension and this one, I am equally obliged to the spirit people. I consider them to be my clients on the other side. For the past year or so these spirit people have been nagging at me to sit down and tell these tales. They want me to tell you how they spend their time, and how contacting a spirit person can lighten the burden of grief, guilt, or regret.

They want me to teach you how you, too, can develop the skill of mediumship.

These ancestors, friends, and colleagues want me to tell you that even though physical death has intervened, forgiveness can still be given and received. Most importantly, they want me to show you that love and life continue, that they're still part of the family and witnessing both important events and little moments, and that we will all meet again in good time.

They are always delighted when a physical loved one comes calling, and are eager to share their perspective on their time in the physical world. As more than one spirit has cheerfully told me: *"It will all make sense when you're dead!"*

Priscilla Keresey  
New York, September 27, 2011