

My Mom When A Medium Loses a Loved One

This time it was my mother lying there in the hospital bed getting ready to make her transition. But, I am a medium, so why am I so sad. I knew about the higher side of life. I knew that she would be going to a better place, free of pain. Yet my pain was excruciating. I was still aware of my abilities to see both sides of life. I found myself truly experiencing a cross between grief and the curiosity of wanting to see what would actually happen as my own loved one, my mother, made her transition to the Higher Side of life.

As a medium, I have helped so many people through their process of crossing to the Higher Side or dealing with grief. I have described the experiences of what their loved ones have shown me as they were getting ready to cross, who was there and what was happening. But, this time it was different, it was my mother. The strongest woman I have ever known was lying there fragile and small, tiny and unable to speak. The pain was unbearable. My sister had called me from New York that Tuesday morning with word that my mom didn't have long. The health aid overheard the nurses talking, saying that she wouldn't make it through the week. I rushed home from my office, threw a few things in a bag and drove to New York immediately.

I arrived, and found my sister waiting in her hospice room. Just a little oxygen to help her breathe and some pain medication. It was obvious the time was close. My sister said, she was told to give her permission to go. She asked if I could do that. She said, "I was the strong one." I took my mother's hand and started to pray and send healing. I told her I loved her and that when the time was right, that she could go that all of us would be okay. Then my sister joined in and told our mother, she loved her and as we both wept, we gave our mother permission to go the Higher Side.

It wasn't just then, but maybe an hour later that I saw this vision behind my Mom's head. I saw my Father's Spirit. He appeared quite young with a beautiful head of thick golden hair, strapping muscles and a smile on his face. I could see him take my mother's hand and start to lead her out. She looked so young also, with longer hair and a radiant smile. I later found a picture of them when they were dating. This is how they looked in the vision. But each time he tried to take her, she would start to go and then pulled back into her body. This happened four or five times and then the image disappeared. It wasn't time yet.

It was quite late and I was exhausted from the trip and my sister from being at the hospice for so long. We both kissed her and went to my sister's apartment for the night. Sleep wasn't easy. We shared a bedroom just as we'd done as girls. We comforted each other with stories of our youth. Mostly, we spoke of the gifts our mother gave us throughout our lives. Her knitting, sewing and baking were to be envied by all who saw or tasted it. Both, her strong opinions and loving way kept us laughing for quite awhile. She was quite a woman.

The following morning we awoke, got dressed and immediately went to the hospice. We were joined by other family members, our brother, my nieces, and great niece. It was hard because we knew that she wouldn't be here much longer. At about 1:00 PM we left the room to have some lunch and when we returned, both of my siblings and extended family said that they wanted to leave for the day. I said that I would wait until 4 and drive to my sister's home. I sat there with my mother, holding her hand. A little after two, I saw a white mist leave her body through her mouth and nose. I knew it was time.

Mom always said that she loved her kids, "all the same." Anytime I told her I love you, she would reply, "I love you, I love all of my children." It must have been the Libra in her; she always spoke of our equality in her eyes. It was 3:15 and I got an overwhelming urge to leave. It was like I just couldn't stay another minute. I went to the parking lot and as soon as I pulled out, I received the call, she had passed.

I kept kicking myself, "Why didn't I wait?" Then I heard back, "All of my children are equal, I love them all the same." That was the message I needed to let me know that I was to leave. She wouldn't have had me there and not her other children. She wouldn't have wanted any of us to feel guilty about leaving. She went in her own time.

When she was here, she would say, "I don't understand what you do." I would explain that I speak to people who have crossed and give their messages to the people who have been left behind. And I would further explain that when she eventually crossed, I would speak to her. She would laughingly say, "I won't speak to you!" I'd say, "Yes you will, I'm the only one who can hear you." It was her way of being equal to all of her children. This is how she spoke to all of us at once.

Two days later, we were in her home giving the grandchildren plates, pot and pans, dividing photos and artwork when my sister said "We have to go back home, food will be delivered at six pm and we needed to get back. My mom always kept her house amazing clean, she would never leave her home with anything out of place. As we were getting ready to leave I said that I'd come back tomorrow to pick up the house when the lamp that sat on the TV started to flash. Not just I, the medium, but my sister and brother all saw it. In unison we expressed her dismay about the mess that was being left. More amazing, that she had communicated to all of us at the same time. Letting us know that she loved us all the same.

Three weeks later at a Sunday service, while I was leading the Healing Meditation, I saw the Spirit of my father. I wondered why he was there and just waited. Suddenly I saw my mother walking in, across the platform asking my father, "What is she doing?" He replied, "Never mind, she knows what she's doing." I just laughed, things do not change all that much when they cross. A week later the medium serving our church gave me a message from my mother stating evidence that was irrefutable. She gave a physical description and spoke of the lemon tea that she had for me. My mother always had Lemon Zinger for me when I would go to visit. And then she said, "Now I understand what you do." I can't even begin to tell you how much those words meant to me. After

all this time and after crossing over, she knew and she understood what my life's work is about.

My beautiful little mother, Sonia Straus, has come through many times, directly to me and through many other mediums. What a blessing that is.

Being a medium did not take away the pain of loss. That pain is real and the grief should be experienced, but the healing that could happen because I could see her and talk to her has been profound. Sharing the story with some of my clients was a healing for us all. I questioned whether or not to share my very personal experience, but decided that if it helped the people I shared it with, it should be written. It proved to me beyond a shadow of a doubt, not only that my mother's Spirit is still alive and well, but that my father, the one love of her life came to greet her and take her to the Higher Side.