## **Lighting Up The Universe**

## **By BRANDI VAN**

I couldn't believe my grandmother was about to die. It was a stormy day in mid-July, and I could hear the thunder crackling outside as I looked down at my frail Nunny. Imagining life without her was an unbearable pain. Happy memories swarmed through my mind as tears rolled down my cheeks.

I glanced around the room at my family members, who were all feeling the same way. Sobs and sniffles filled the hospice room as we all held hands, surrounding our family's matriarch in disbelief that it was our final goodbye.

As she took her last breath, I felt a strong feeling in my stomach I'd never felt before. It felt as if a magnet was inside me, pulling me up to the ceiling. Although I wanted to be looking down, viewing my grandmother for the last time, this pull I felt to look above the bed was an incredible force I couldn't ignore.

When I looked up at the ceiling, I instantly realized what this magnet represented. I was feeling my grandmother's soul leave her body. It was an unbelievable feeling, light and jovial, one I've never felt since. Furthermore, it was a breathtaking sight.

Imagine a kaleidoscope with the most magnificent colors you've ever seen. Magentas, royal blues, brilliant silvers. These radiant colors were forming a large star, pulsing in and out like a beating heart. At this moment, the way I viewed death changed forever.

My intuition reassured me my grandma was at peace. I could feel the warmth from her angels' hugs welcoming her into the spirit world. I could sense her soul was calm and tranquil. I knew she was on a journey to an amazing new place where struggles no longer exist. I also perceived this would not be the last time I saw, or spoke with her. And I ended up being right.

Although I knew I was clairvoyant from a young age, I had convinced myself I wasn't strong enough to control or develop my ability. I had seen a few ghosts here and there, but I tended to ignore them. However, after this magnificent experience, I couldn't ignore it anymore. I knew I had a unique skill, and it was meant to be shared with others.

I started to read books, watch television shows, and listen to podcasts on the supernatural and paranormal to start my spiritual journey. Through my research, I was gaining knowledge on the topic, but I was finding there were no classes, no college degrees, and no clear path to learning how to develop my talent. Since the topic was taboo, I didn't feel comfortable talking to anyone about it for fear they would ridicule me or think I was crazy, I became extremely frustrated.

After years of research, I finally found a medium who was also a mentor. I jumped on this opportunity and was ecstatic to get started. I met with her once a month. She taught me what I needed to know, gave me homework to do, and provided me with exercises to work out my psychic "muscle."

Within a few short months, I was a psychic and a medium. I was able to communicate and receive messages from Spirits, and I was able to communicate with my grandma again. It was amazing how quickly I was able to make this transformation once I found someone who could tell me exactly what I needed to do based on their experience. It made me wonder why there wasn't a class on this and why it was so hard to find someone to teach me.

Then it struck me. I wanted to be a mentor, the best mentor possible, so no one else would have to go through their journey alone. I wanted it to be easy to find, so people's journeys could be accelerated. I wanted to be their starting point, their path, and their coach, cheering them with every step.

