

Excerpted from [The Happy Medium](#): Life Lessons from the Other Side, by Kim Russo

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Introduction

What's the first word that pops into your head when you think about psychic mediums? It's okay—you can say it. There was a time when I also thought of them as quacks. I imagined that they wore long flowing robes, big hoop earrings, and maybe even turbans. In my mind, they were like those gypsy women who coax you into giving them money to light candles and ward away evil, or to scry into a crystal ball and tell you what your future will hold.

I am not any of those things, of course. I am the mother of three grown sons; a loving wife, married to the same man for twenty-eight years; and until recently, the loyal caregiver of two of the most amazing shih tzu dogs, Mugsy and Maggie, who both lived to the ripe old age of eighteen. When many people meet me, they say I remind them of someone they know. Their BFF Donna, their neighbor Lisa, or even just someone they'd love to hang out with. Occasionally people tell me that I look like Paula Abdul or Kirstie Alley, but never once has anyone said, "Hey, you know—you look like you could be a psychic." I do my own laundry, clean my own home, and cook my own meals. I consider myself to be a very level-headed, grounded, and logical person.

Why am I telling you all of this? Because spiritual gifts aren't granted only to special individuals who sit in the yoga position on faraway mountaintops and chant all day long. They are also given to very ordinary people like you and me. You never know—your favorite teacher, doctor, lawyer, or police officer may possess a keen sense of intuition or any number of other psychic gifts they prefer to keep hidden like a shameful secret.

I kept my abilities under wraps for a long time too. I was an executive secretary for a real estate firm up until the day my husband, Anthony, and I decided to start a family.

Anthony is now retired, but over the years he held as many jobs as he had to for me to be a stay-at-home mom for our three boys. We had always planned for me to go back to work and pick up where I left off once the kids were in school full-time. They are older now and done with their studies, except I definitely did not pick up where I left off. With the encouragement of many sincere and knowing people, I openly acknowledged and pursued my true calling. When I was very young, I fantasized that my calling was to be a professional singer. I loved the idea of standing on stage with a microphone, making people feel happy with what was coming from my voice.

Fast-forward many years later and—though I still love music and I do stand on stage holding a microphone, making people feel happy with what is coming from my voice—it is all very different than I ever imagined. Rather than inspiring crowds with my singing voice, I inspire them with my speaking voice, relaying messages of hope, love, and inspiration from the world beyond. With greater understanding of what psychic mediums can do to enlighten and uplift themselves and others, I have effectively gone from being a reluctant and undercover medium to being, as many people call me, the Happy Medium. I'm able to provide great pleasure to so many people, and myself, doing what I do now.

I'm often asked why some people have this gift while others don't, and my answer always seems to come as a surprise: We all have psychic abilities. Every one of us is born with them. They are part of our spiritual DNA. This gift is about energy and how each of us can use ours best. Science has proved that everything in the universe is made of energy. Essentially, what you will discover in this book is that the energy of the soul has a unique vibratory imprint that is able to transcend time and space. The difference between those who exercise their psychic abilities and those who don't even know they have them lies in developing a better understanding of energy and how our senses—not just our five senses, but our extra ones too—interact with energy to help us know things on a much deeper level.

As a child, I didn't know what any of this meant. I did not understand energy. All I knew was when I was in my bedroom alone, the room was filled with visitors that most people couldn't see. Many of the people I encountered in my everyday life did not understand the science of energy either. I was raised to be a good Christian and was taught that if I loved and trusted God then I had nothing to fear—God and all of his helpers would always be by my side. As it happens, I didn't need to learn this from any church or school because I naturally felt a supreme presence around me from the time I could walk and talk. But some of the same people who were telling me this—authority figures I counted on for validation—were also sending me extremely mixed signals about God's love when it came to the innocent exercise of my extra senses. My heart felt that using all the senses I was born with was right, but the world told me it was wrong.

In my quest to find the truth, I discovered that it does not matter who you are, what you are, or where you came from. It does not matter what religion you were born into or what modality you currently practice. What matters is that we are all a chip off the old block of one Divine Source of life. We were never meant to be separate from the whole. Just as fish cannot survive out of water because they need water to thrive, so do humans absolutely need the energy of this Divine Source to get closer to who we really are.

I will consider myself a student of the Universe for as long as I live. I do not claim to have all the answers regarding the world of the unknown; however, by sharing my journey of discovery with you here, it is my goal to help demystify some of it for you in the simplest way possible.

As you continue to read you will learn how the spirit world ultimately opened the door for me to share my knowledge through television and books, and how what I've discovered along the way affects you too. I hope to encourage you to let go of the limiting fears and beliefs on the subject of life and death that have been passed down to us for generations by our respective families, governments, and religions.

Together we'll explore such questions as Where do we go when we leave our physical body? Who will we meet when we get there? How can we best communicate with those in these other realms? And, as the title suggests, What can we gather from their knowledge to help us achieve greater purpose, peace, understanding, and balance in this life and the next?

This book is also intended to be a practical guide to seeking, finding, talking to, and learning from Spirit directly. It invites you to engage in greater self-discovery and to recognize and use the power within you to connect more fully with others—with those who have wisdom to share from the great beyond, with your loved ones in the here and now, and with your deepest soul, which has been evolving through many lifetimes to become the person you are at this very moment.

It does not matter where you are on your spiritual quest; my aim in writing this book is to help everyone. I hope that it will give you the tools to begin your own remarkable journey, and that as you read my story with an open mind and an open heart, it may even give you the courage to find and begin using your own gifts too. Trust me, there's a divine reason as to why you picked up this book. The spirit world clearly has a message for you, so ready or not, here we go!

Chapter 1:

Don't I Know You from Somewhere?: How a Past-Life Regression Proved That the Bonds of Love Survive Physical Death

"Hold on, Anthony! Hold on," I said, trying to calm us both down. My husband was sound asleep, and yet he was gurgling and desperately gasping for air. No, he was not having a bad dream. He was revisiting a former lifetime in which he had died by drowning. He was telling me all about what had happened to him, when suddenly the roiling waters pulled him under again. In that moment I worried that Anthony was in real danger—that if I didn't act fast enough, history might repeat itself. What made me think I was ready to conduct a past-life regression?

That's right. Those of you who watch my television show, *The Haunting Of . . .*, know me as a medium, but before I ever ventured to do my first psychic reading, I was into practicing a very different modality. I hypnotized people to help them explore and uncover pastlife memories. My loving husband was my test case. Not only is he a very patient and agreeable spouse, but he is also what is known as a somnambulist—the perfect candidate for hypnosis because he can reach a deep enough level of sleep where he is capable of retrieving information and answering questions without the influence of the conscious mind. Only 20 percent of the world's population has the natural ability to reach this state. Lucky me!

On the night of that first session with Anthony, as he was struggling to stay afloat, I quickly thumbed through the pages of the library book I was using as a guide for my little experiment. I must have missed some important detail. "What do I do now?" I thought. Thankfully my gaze fell on the answer. As I threw my husband a lifeline according to the book's instructions, I made a mental note: "Next time, tell him to look down and observe his past life, not relive it. That is, of course, if he grants me a next time."

Fortunately, he did grant me subsequent regressions over the years, and what I discovered during those sessions was that he had lived many, many prior lives. More than one was spent at sea. But before I relay the story of how he was a ship captain and explain its relevance to my understanding and current practice of mediumship, I must tell you that I am and always have been a natural-born skeptic. I am a truly logical person who doesn't believe in things I cannot see, feel, or touch. I don't want to just know if something is possible; I always want to know how something is possible. Although I'm very well read on the subject, most of what I know about the spirit world was learned by doing, which happens to require a healthy dose of that skepticism and a good deal of curiosity too. My quest is always to break things down to their simplest component, and I do that by asking questions. Lots of them.

One night, while sending Anthony back to a previous lifetime, his answers to my questions truly shocked me. I never gave him any suggestions as to where to go—what time period or what age—because when you lead the mind, its responses are not original. He began, as always, with a rhythmic breathing. That's usually how I know he is in a trance and that he has arrived at his destination. Anyone who does hypnosis will recognize this type of breathing.

I saw his eyes roaming around beneath his lids too. They were retrieving information about his surroundings. My first question, of course, was "Where are you?"

He told me, "I'm in the middle of the ocean."

“What are you doing?”

“We’re on the ship.”

I noticed he was taking five breaths between answers so I paced my questions accordingly. “Who’s steering the ship?”

“I am. I’m the captain.”

“Are you on the ship alone?”

“No, I’m with my brother.”

At that moment I saw him getting very, very uncomfortable. His forehead furrowed and his eyes squinted as if he was in pain. “What’s the matter?” I asked.

His response was weak but audible. “My brother. Very sick. No food, no food. He has a high fever.”

“Why does he have a high fever?”

All Anthony kept saying was “No food. No food.”

Then I asked, “What’s your brother’s name?”

“William. Billy.”

That’s when I instructed him to look into Billy’s eyes. “Who is Billy? Is Billy in your life today?”

A very surprised look crossed his face. “It’s Joseph,” he said.

Joseph, by the way, is our middle child.

After getting over my own surprise I asked, “What are you doing?”

“I’m fishing. I have to catch a fish. We have to eat. There’s no fish in sight. I have to take care of my brother.”

I wondered aloud, “Who’s older—him or you?”

“I am. I’m the oldest.”

Now this would definitely be the time to tell you that in our present life, Joseph and my husband have never behaved like father and son. They have a wonderful camaraderie. They are truly close. But whenever they would fight I’d have to tell Anthony, “You’re his father, not his brother. Why are you arguing with him the way a sibling would?” I’d say the same thing to Joseph. “That’s not one of your brothers—that’s not Nicholas or Anthony Jr. That’s your father. You cannot talk to your father like that.” Until this very moment there was no rhyme or reason as to why either of them acted this way with each other. But after that night, it all made perfect sense.

Anthony told me, “Billy’s throwing up on the side of the ship.” Then he added again, “The fever’s bad.” Just as he shared this information I heard Joseph call out to me from the hallway outside our master bedroom.

“Mommy, I feel sick,” he said. Standing at the threshold of our door, he vomited right then and there. I hopped out of bed, leaving Anthony still in his past life. I grabbed a towel and ran to my son. Joseph was burning hot. He had a temperature of 101. I cleaned him up, gave him some aspirin, and walked him back to his room. I still don’t really understand what happened that night. Did Joseph go back to this same life Anthony was revisiting? Was he just so in tune with Anthony that he naturally gravitated there too? Or is this evidence of the theory that we live in parallel universes where all of life—past, present, and future is happening at the same time? I have no idea. But this much I do know—we share a much deeper connection with many of the people in our lives today than we realize. And this connection clearly transcends time and space.

As a side note, the very next morning Joseph showed no signs of fever or sickness whatsoever. He ate a hearty breakfast and was fine—completely fine. No virus. Nothing. Why am I telling you all of this in the very first chapter of my book?

Well, for a couple of reasons.

First, because I think it proves right up front that mine has not been an ordinary life. How many people do you know who’ve been driven to hypnotize their husband to help satisfy a compulsive curiosity about the mysteries of life and death—a curiosity that began at age nine after a chance encounter with ghosts and continues to this day with thousands more spirits occupying my space?

But it’s also here to illustrate where “Let them lead you”—my personal mantra, and the mantra of this book—comes from. As I’ve said publicly many times before, I never asked for this life, but I firmly believe this life chose me. Yes, I’ve asked countless questions that have gotten me deeper and deeper into this pursuit, but who wouldn’t under the same circumstances? The point is I’ve always known that there is another place we all come from and that what we presently see is not all there is. My team of spirit guides knows everything about how I think and how I process things. And one thing they knew for sure was that in order to get me on board with my mission, they would have to give me hard-core evidence of this invisible world that most of us cannot see—this invisible world I was to become an interpreter for. I wouldn’t have the understanding of life that I do today—a small part of which I just shared with you now—without their incredible resourcefulness and guidance. So with an open mind, let’s backtrack together to the start of my story and allow the events and what I took away from each of them to lead you to a greater understanding too. Remember, when the student is ready, the teacher will appear. I promise you it’s going to be a wild and fun ride.