



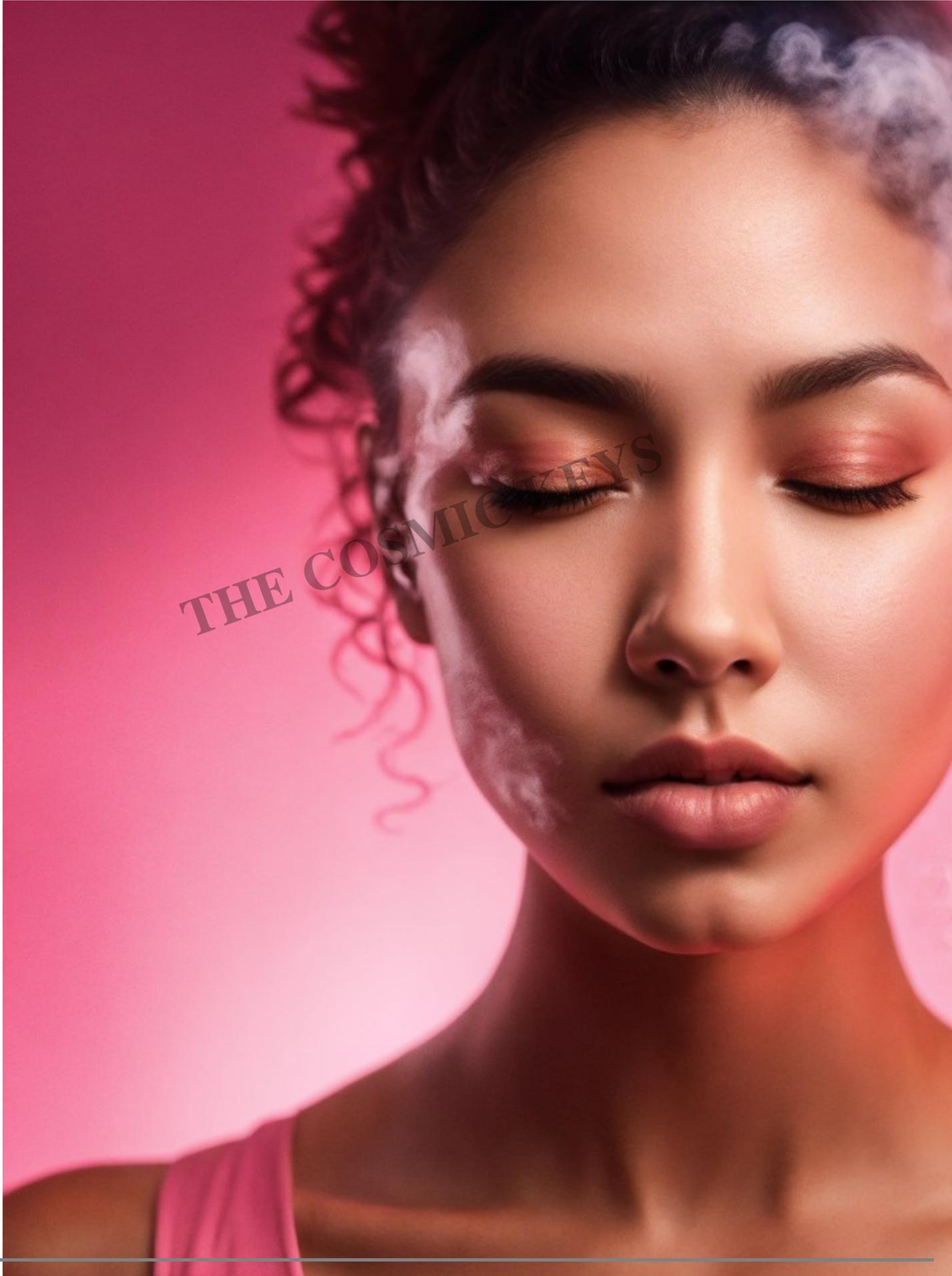
The Strange Smells of Mediumship

Description

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The path to mediumship can be pretty wild and one thing that you may or may not know, is that it can come with some pretty strange smells. Now, as you may have guessed, this includes not only etheric smells from the spirits and ghosts, or experiencing clairolfaction, but also certain physical smells. And because we are now talking about different dimensions, you may want to consider that you have actually experienced such odors without necessarily realizing it! I will share some of the things I have learned about smells and odors over the years.

First, we should probably clarify the difference between a spirit and a ghost. Quite simply, a spirit has crossed over to the other side whereas a ghost is caught in between the physical and the spiritual dimensions. And believe it or not, some ghosts are perfectly happy with their ghostly status. I will share a quick side story to illustrate this. I was traveling in England a while back, having lunch with my mentor (also a medium) at an old pub, when he suddenly sensed the ghost of a woman who had worked in that very pub in the 18th century. I then watched with amazement as he rapped his knuckles on the dining room wall to the ditty, Shave and a Haircut, and listened as the ghost rapped back! She was perfectly content staying to haunt the pub where she had lived such a happy life and has no intention of ever crossing over back to spirit. I never realized that there are happy ghosts who choose not to cross over ever.

So now that we understand the difference between a ghost and a spirit, I will share some other stories. One spring, I was visiting Montreal, when I decided to tour one of the historic properties from the Colonial France era. I was looking at some paintings in a room with a few other visitors, when I was suddenly assaulted with the unmistakable stench of body odor. Like any other human on the planet, I of course then started discretely sniffing the few people around me to see if I could identify who it was coming from. It really is comical thinking back to it!

Well, long story short, I couldn't figure out who it was. The smell then followed me as I went downstairs to the basement level of the old house where there were the remnants of an 18th century kitchen and massive fireplace. When I later asked my guide, Yellow Feather, who was making the smell, he said it was a ghost! It was a man who had lived in the house during the Colonial era who was trying to get my attention. Yellow Feather said that when a ghost senses a medium among the physical objects they used to own and the places where they used to live, it's like shaking a big bag of candy in front of them. They just cannot resist! I could not believe that a ghost could make such a stench nor that I could actually smell it. How amazing is that?





Another time, it was New Year's Eve and I was walking in the forest as I do every day, when I reached one of my favorite spots by a stream. Now, this spot is very remote and it is rare that I see other hikers anywhere nearby, which is frankly what makes it so peaceful. I was contemplating the holidays and the start of the new year when I suddenly began to smell the very distinct odor of a cigar. I was completely confused – it was one of those moments when your brain can't absorb what is happening and time seems to stand still as you try to figure it out. I went step by step through the logic. First, I looked around – there was no one to be seen. Then I tried to come up with an explanation – how could I be smelling a cigar in the remote forest? Could it be woodsmoke? Nope, I was positive it was a cigar.

And then it came to me, it had to be an etheric odor. And then I knew – it was my guide, Winston Churchill! He is always chewing on a cigar, with a brandy in hand. And I said "Happy New Year, Winston!" It is so sweet that he came for a visit and it reminded me that we always have the spirits when we need them.



And there have been other etheric smells. One time I was driving about 10 minutes down the road to a lake near my house, when I started to smell the faint odor of woodsmoke. It was outside my house when I left, it was in my car when I was driving, and it was several miles away at the lake. I went through the same logic as when I was in the forest. How could the same odor be following me around at different places outside, miles apart, and even in my car. And again, I finally realized it was Yellow Feather! It really is exciting once you realize how often the spirits use smells to get your attention.

It also is worth mentioning that when Yellow Feather was telling me about the smelly ghost in Montreal, he explained that smells are some of the easiest phenomena for ghosts and spirits to produce and for the medium to perceive. Clairaudience, for example, is much more difficult. I will note that one medium I know who channels Gaia, also known as Mother Earth, smells mud after she comes through. I have also heard of a medium who channeled a coal miner, and was able to smell and feel the soot in his



nose and lungs after.

As for physical smells, I will share some of my experiences of sitting in a seance room. You may or may not know that there are physical mediums on the planet who are able to produce ectoplasm in a seance cabinet. The spirits can then manipulate this into hand shapes or pseudopods, and so forth, to interact with the audience. Yes, ectoplasm is real! Below is an image of physical medium, Helen Duncan:



Because of the extreme danger that can occur if ectoplasm is exposed to light, it must be produced in complete darkness. What you may also not know, is that a membrane in the body can produce ectoplasm behind the pancreas wall of the medium, and ectoplasm is composed of urine, water, bleach, and three elements not found in the periodic table! Much more on seances and ectoplasm in future posts.

Now, I am not yet able to do this myself, but I have sat in seances with numerous physical mediums and have experienced being in close proximity to ectoplasm and even being touched by it. It is an awesome thing to experience (if you haven't yet done so) and it has taught me a lot about mediumship. And no disrespect to the living or the dead, but I will tell you that ectoplasm does not smell good! To me, it almost smells like formaldehyde. In fact, one physical medium I know always has to shower after seances to wash off the smell of the spirits. This is not surprising considering the elements that make up ectoplasm.

What stories do you have of experiencing strange smells in your life?

And now I will leave you with one final story. When my mother was pregnant with me, she kept smelling flowers everywhere she went and couldn't figure out why. And one day my aunt turned to her and said, "It's your baby."

God moves in mysterious ways. Namaste.



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