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Confessions of a Skeptical Psychic: Throwing the Baby (Jesus) Out With the Bath Water

by Duann Kier Sywanyk

I have a confession to make. Years ago, when most of my friends in high school were living relatively normal lives, I was a teenage fundamentalist seriously seeking souls to save from the hellfire and brimstone of eternal damnation. I'm sure you can understand what a serious responsibility that was, especially since my family, friends, acquaintances and even perfect strangers on the street didn't necessarily want to be saved! I believe it was my way of trying to save myself, for I had a really deep, dark secret locked away within my soul. I even obtained my master's degree in religious education from an accredited seminary without ever sharing the secret of my personal truth. My secret truth is that I come from a long line of psychics and, for some reason, most mainstream religious denominations-to put it lightly-frown upon my spiritual gift.

Could I really tell my fellow fundamentalists that I had dreamed what just happened or that I could do remote viewing or that pictures and objects sometimes talked to me? Nor could I tell them that after my mom's dad died, the two of them got together in her dreams for closure. When alive, he had prayed in church for rain and brought a deluge to the county. The church asked him to pray for it to stop. He did and it did.

My other grandfather left me a message, after his death, introducing me to Edgar Cayce and to the discovery that I was born on the 10th anniversary of Cayce's death. Occasionally one of my dead grandmothers rides along in the car with me, giving me messages she wants delivered to family members, and the other one likes to rearrange my biscuits in the oven as they bake. There's also the uncle who was a "water witch" and the great-great grandfather who made his living by talking to cows and horses.

Sounds like a perfectly normal family, right? I now know that there are other families out there like mine, but during those childhood years I didn't have a clue. I just knew we weren't supposed to talk about it in public.

Even though Christianity is based upon Jesus rising from the dead and multiple other miracles, its followers haven't always looked kindly upon people whose actual everyday lives reflect such a reality. The more I studied fundamentalist religion, I came to realize that my gift would probably not be a subject of polite conversation. Doing in-depth studies of the ancient prophets of the Bible was incredibly healing, yet I ached to discuss the messages I believed Spirit was sharing with me in the 20th century!

Just being a woman rather than a man preparing for the ministry caused enough problems; I didn't think they were ready for my gift, too. I eavesdropped as conversations grew more and more heated over whether women should be allowed to preach from the pulpit or even speak aloud in church. For my own vibratory balance and healing, I began referring to God in only feminine terms. And then finally, I confess, I even threw the baby Jesus out with the bath water. My unusual assertiveness, however, stopped short of confessing my spiritual gift. Joan of Arc heard the voice of God and was indeed canonized in 1920, but not before the church had already burned her at the stake.

It was around this time that I began looking outside mainstream religion for some understanding. I found it in the healing energy of the women's movement and new age spirituality. I not only began to learn of others throughout history who had possessed spiritual gifts both similar and dissimilar to mine, but I actually began to meet some real live people in the present time who possessed these same kinds of gifts. It brought me much healing energy, but I also confess some frightening energy as well. Why? Because I was also finding out about the terror of the witch-hunts and had learned during my master hypnotist certification that I had probably been put to death for my gift in a past life. Even though Jesus said, "*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God*" (John 3:3), I didn't know if this was the right life to bring it up again. There's even still a law in many North Carolina counties stating, "It shall be unlawful for any person to practice the arts of phrenology, palmistry, clairvoyance, fortune-telling and other crafts of similar kind." It's a



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I also have to confess my vibratory energy was at a rather high hypocritical density. I had been adamantly referring to Spirit in only feminine terms, therefore I was only seeing Spirit as just a bigger me. Hadn't I accused my male counterparts of doing the same thing? After quite a struggle, I began to try to birth my suppressed male energy and incorporate it with my recently birthed female energy. From that miraculous union-or reunion-the vibrational healing energy of Spirit was reborn in my life.

And lo and behold, I have come back full circle again. Call Spirit what you will-Goddess, God, Mother, Father, Universe, Energy, whoever or whatever- I don't believe Spirit is just a bigger one of us. It's the other way around. Spirit is **in** each one of us! Jesus said, *"The kingdom of God is within you"* (Luke 17:21), and I now find the baby Jesus I had thrown out with the bath water has grown up into an ascended being-one of the exemplary models for our evolution of Spirit in human form.

Thank goodness Jesus didn't say we had to be perfect to be healed or to be of service. Spirit brought me to eastern North Carolina after a failed marriage, preceded and followed by the failure of friendships I also thought would be lifetime commitments. But even after such personal failures and defeated energy, I finally confessed my gift in this place.

Why did I find vibrational healing in Jacksonville, the hurricane magnet that has made North Carolina a perfect poster child for the-hopefully modified-earth change prophecies? In Jacksonville, NC-home of Marine Corps base Camp Lejeune-I have found the most diverse community of spiritual energy in the world, coming from almost every possible spiritual influence in the country and vibrating into almost every other country in the world. Marines are the original creators of the Toys for Tots program, and multiple awards have been presented to Camp Lejeune and also Camp Pendleton in California for their exemplary recycling and environmental projects. Daily, around the world, marines and sailors protect the weak, feed the hungry, drill for water, build bridges, dig through earthquake rubble and even rescue kittens from flooded areas. The Buddhist Sutra of Hui Neng 3 states *.to the enlightened, everywhere is the same.No matter where they happen to be, they are always happy and comfortable.* Obviously, I haven't been very enlightened in some of the places I've been, but this place is definitely enlightening me. It is in this military community that I have experienced Spirit almost everywhere and in almost everyone with whom I have come in contact, whether Buddhist, Christian, Islamic, Jewish, Hindu or Pagan.

A couple of years ago when the local newspaper wanted to write a story about my psychic gift, I realized it was time for me to welcome fully into my life this vibratory energy that is healing our planet and continues to heal me even unto this day. I finally confessed my psychic gift. It was still not without some fear and trembling, especially since at the time I was being considered for Educator of the Year at the local college. But God told Jeremiah, *"Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee"* (Jeremiah 1:8). And after the publication of the article, I actually began to feel delivered on a daily basis. I did end up being awarded Educator of the Year, but I soon chose to leave the college.

Now, as *The Skeptical Psychic*, I go about my work humbled that Jesus told his disciples they would be able to do even greater things than he did (John 14:12). It seems that the more I confess my gift, the more Spirit seems to increase it to bless others and me-even healing the regrets about my past.

This article is actually the next step in my own evolution of vibrational healing energy, from being written about to writing about myself. It took only my willingness to step out of the shadows into the healing energy of the light. But it's scary-your shadows come with you. The Old Testament biblical prophet Jeremiah had to do it. I had to do it. Do you? *"He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God"* (John 3:21).

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