

Chapter One The Medium

From the time he was a small child, Sid Patrick knew that he was no ordinary person. Like so many who have communicated with spirits, he grew up assuming it was a normal part of who he was. He never questioned it. Like many others, he found himself caught up in simply living life. He was born to help others, bringing messages of hope to those in pain. Nothing in his life was a coincidence. His entire journey has been a series of serendipitous adventures that brought him to where he is today.

He told me the story of his childhood:

Many years ago, as long as I can remember, my Aunt Ethel, my maternal grandmother's sister, read playing cards for her friends. She wouldn't read for the family except for one particular aunt. She didn't want to know certain things about family so she would not read them. She was very accurate.

I do remember as I go back even younger, when I was about two or three years old, we rented a very old two-story apartment above a garage. I can remember the old time bathtub. The floors were very distinct in that they were very old wood floors. You could see in between the slats down into the garage below. My parents slept in the living area. My sister and I shared the bedroom. There was a lot next door to this place that we rented.

I remember going on these journeys, where I would visit this man. He had white hair and a white beard. I later learned that he was one of my guides. The memories are very sharp. I remember him serving me toast with maple syrup and milk. His house was one big room, very open. The whole scene reminded me of the old Shirley Temple movie, Heidi; the grandfather's

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house. The kitchen was antiquated with a large wood burning stove. On top of it was an old drip coffee pot. He did have a toaster, though. We would sit and talk about life in general. I journeyed to see him at least once a month. I walked across the lot on those days and went into his house. But other days, the house wasn't there. Now that I'm older, I relate to him. I know who he is but then I had no idea. He's been with me that long. I remember him at that very young age showing me things. He talked some but he did more by showing me things like places I would go or things that I would do. I remember him showing me Egypt. I haven't gotten there yet, but I've gotten to Africa. I remember him showing me pyramids. I can smell the coffee and the maple syrup to this day. He would give me black licorice and I would take it home. I have lots of connections with licorice now. He was a wonderful person that would never do anything wrong. It's as clear as a bell.

Another entity that I encountered at a young age was a little red-haired boy. He often played hide and seek with me. It was usually at night when I was ready to go to sleep. He would peek around a corner then duck and hide. He would stick his head from around the corner then move away giggling. I later learned at a spiritual camp that this little boy was my doorkeeper. A doorkeeper, sometimes referred to as gatekeeper, is one who brings spirits in for communication. They open the doors for communication between our world and the worlds of spirits. This little boy remained my doorkeeper until my mother's death. Now she is my doorkeeper. When I do a reading, I give my mother a sign and ask her to bring the spirits in. When I take my wedding ring off, my mother knows that I am ready to work.

She guards that door for me. She protects me to keep love and light and only good things coming through. We pray to Archangel Michael for protection then she opens the door.

The lady who raised me came from the Louisiana/Arkansas line. She told me ghost stories growing up. She took me to the place where she had grown up. I spent a summer there with her when I was nine years old. She showed me haunted places in her home town. We shared many stories about our experiences.

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Sid's aunt taught his older sister how to read playing cards. His younger sister had the gift of prophetic dreams. But neither of them went down the same path as he. He began to read cards at age thirteen. Then as a young teen he pushed away from the metaphysical focusing on school and social activities. He admitted fighting against some of his intuitiveness. Fascinated by healing, he enrolled in nursing school. A guidance counselor urged him to change his major to embalming. At the time he did not realize that it was Spirit directing him. The suggestion felt right for him so he followed it. Oddly enough, once he had completed his courses and began working in a funeral home, many of his relatives died one right after another.

As an embalmer, he found that his greatest talent was as a restorative artist. He was able to restore badly decomposed or damaged bodies from accidents so that their loved ones could see them. He used various make-up effects to rebuild tissue around the eyes if they were sunk in, bringing back their natural look. It was in this line of work that Sid learned about grief and how to help others handle the loss of a loved one. The experience humbled him, enabling him to become more compassionate. His goal became to do all that he could to comfort those who experienced the loss of a loved one.

One of the most significant lessons he learned was how different cultures dealt with death and the grieving process. The one thing that helped to align him spiritually was the symbol on the top of a pole in the funeral home. The symbol could be spun to whatever symbol to match the religious path of the family. There was a cross on one side, a Star of David on another, so forth and so on. Sid called this his "Aha!" moment. He realized that we are all connected, no matter what our path is.

He said, "It is one spin. We're one people. No matter what culture you are, we're all on the same journey. We are all from the same family."

When Sid's mother died, he fell into depression and denial. The most painful event of his life is actually what opened the doors for his life to take a dramatic turn. He spent some time hiding from the feelings of loss that he felt. He tried to be strong

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for the rest of his family. After about a month, he finally let down his guard and had his moment of reckoning. He faced his grief head on.

Sid explained:

I enrolled in an intuitive development class. In one of the exercises, we had to go to an old house. We had to describe what we felt at the house. Others picked up on a fire and a murder, but I said all I could see was some cop who fell through the porch and broke his leg. I was actually disappointed because that was all I saw. Much to my surprise, the instructor called me days later. She worked for the police department. She learned that after our visit to the home, one of their deputies had gone to check on it. He fell through the porch and broke his leg. It was then that she informed me that my gift was to see ahead not behind. She offered to work with me more but eventually moved away. I continued studies on my own.

Eventually Sid began reading clients. He later studied under a parapsychology professor, Tom Clark, at University of New Orleans. Professor Clark offered healing circles in his home. The circle evolved into mediumship development. It was this mentor who told Sid that he saw him travelling to Sedona. He also saw Sid travelling to Camp Chesterfield in Indiana, a training facility for mediums. Three months later, he was invited by a friend to a Saints game in Phoenix, so he got his experience in Sedona. Soon, he ventured to Camp Chesterfield, where he had his first real contact with his mother.

He studied with a medium that had him write down two questions about two people who had passed on. He wrote down his questions, then folded them and held them in his hand. She sat across from him at a table and held his hand. She read the questions word for word without looking at them. She answered them. This is a form of mediumship that is called *billets*. She described Sid's mother to him as she came through. Sid could smell her scent. He also witnessed something called *spirit writing* while there. They put several blank cards and pens into a

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basket. They prayed over it. He could see that the cards were freshly opened index cards with nothing on them. After they prayed the contents were examined. Someone handed Sid a card. The card had a yellow rose on it. This was his mother's favorite flower.

Sid returned to New Orleans where he returned to college to pursue his career in nursing. He also resumed his studies under Tom Clark. Not long thereafter, Tom died. The night he died, Sid was returning home to New Orleans from Mississippi unaware at the time that Tom had passed. As he drove along the highway, he saw a gold light that shone right through his car. Sid saw Tom inside the gold light. Sid called Tom's partner. He was then informed that he had passed that night.

Sid went on to describe what angels and spirits look like to him.

He said:

Do you ever pump gas? Have you seen that waviness from the heat and the fumes rising from the nozzle? That's what it looks like. That's how I know they are in a room when I see that. They are a transparent form then they take on a figure. When I saw an actual spirit for the first time, I was in Chesterfield. I saw it and at the same time, this medium artist drew the exact spirit that I saw.

I saw something similar to that at the hospital, under the door of a room, so I ran into the nurse's station and hit the code button. Later, the other nurses asked me how I knew to call for help. I told them that I could see the angel coming for him. After that, every time someone was passing at the hospital, they would call me. I was there to hold their hand and make sure nobody passed alone. I had some heartbreaking experiences.

I had a young man come into the hospital this one time. I could see he was passing. He had come in to have a lump removed. He found out he had leukemia. He was only twenty-six years old. He died within forty-eight hours. He had to have tests run. The doctors would not give him pain medication because it would interfere with the tests. I held that man in my arms.

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He looked at me and said, 'I'm going to die tonight.'

I told him that I would do everything I could to help him through this transition.

He passed at 2:00 AM.

There was another nurse who worked with me treating a patient who had coded. She hit code then she did this strange thing. She and I did this tunnel vision thing. I told her that she had to leave that room. Then I put some nitro paste on her that indicated that she had a heart issue. Most people, if they are not having a heart attack, will get a headache. She didn't. After much arguing with the doctor, I got him to agree to keep her in the hospital. Further testing proved that she had a cardiac issue that would have killed her on the way home had she left the hospital. She had this condition that you only get if you have birthed twins. The pressure puts a small rip in the heart. Over time it increases in size. She had the twins nine years before. It had been building up for all that time. She was so grateful to me she said, 'What can I do for you? I want to do something for you.'

I told her she could 'dance at my wedding' and she did. She and her husband flew in and danced at my wedding.

After his mother's death, Sid realized that he had ignored many signs pointing him to work as a medium. It was only after many years of soul searching was he truly able to embrace his gift. He had spent many years reading cards as a psychic but pushed aside mediumship readings until 2006, when he visited a friend who invited others over for readings. When Sid realized that there were about ten people who wanted readings, he excused himself to retrieve his cards. His friend stopped him and said, "Forget the cards. Just sit here and read the people."

He began reading them one by one; tuning into their energy. As he did this, he realized how clearly the spirits of their loved ones spoke to him. He began to see what their loved ones were wearing, how they died, and other details that he was able to relay to his sitters (persons receiving the message). This

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experience proved to him that there was some connection with Spirit that he had to explore.

It is no surprise that many mediums, like Sid, wind up on this path after a painful loss of a loved one or a near death experience of their own. Even though many have lifelong experiences with Spirit, it is often times the death of a close loved one that becomes the catalyst for pushing that person further along on the path of a medium.

Sid's journey has been one of exploration. He believes that we are here to experience and enjoy the journey. He also believes that there is more than one journey sometimes.

When asked about reincarnation, he replied:

Yes, I believe in reincarnation but our goal is to come back as better people. Our ultimate goal is to become that higher spiritual consciousness so we can become one with our maker. Does that mean when we come back is it always better? No. Just because you come in on one level of energy doesn't mean it is going to go up. It could go down or it could remain the same.

He also expressed that love and selflessness were the key to connecting with Spirit.

His philosophy is:

As long as you have love in your heart, the world is at your fingertips.