

UNCOVERING
INTUITION

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*Guidance, Inspiration,
and Exercises to Unlock
Your Inner Wisdom*

SHERYL WAGNER

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For Curtis and Clay—
you are forever an extension of my heart.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE—HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

There is a version of you beneath ego and personality, beneath the roles you play in your life, i.e. parent, partner, friend. Feel beneath the conditioning and strategies that have helped you survive. Beyond survival, image and identity lies your true nature and a source of power and inner wisdom. You are here for a purpose and discovering that purpose is your divine right. To discover it, you need to go within yourself.

There have and will be many more signs along the way of your inner journey. Roadblocks, detours, and distractions will require your courage, patience, and determination. There will also be signs that grab your attention, ignite your inner fire, make you uncomfortable, and inspire you to seek truth. My hope is that this book is one of *those* signs.

I have spent a great deal of time thinking about who would read this book and what you would need to hear. My story comes to you not at random but through the manifestation of your dreams and mine. We are all connected in our inner journeys towards truth and love.

Use this book as a guide for connecting to and understanding your intuition. The exercises are meant to support, awaken, or expand your spirit and perhaps make you feel less alone. I hope that you will take what feels relevant to you and leave the rest. Scribble notes in the margins if you'd like, practice the meditations in any order that feels right to you, and read the lessons in order of what you feel most curious about.

I hope you will treat yourself with love and compassion as you work to develop and understand your inner wisdom. Please be gentle with yourself as you explore this inner world. Even if we haven't met, I know that you have experienced many kinds of heartbreak and that your soul seeks healing and understanding that you can give to yourself. There is so much magic and mystery ahead for you. You are meant to have a free, spacious, fulfilling life. There are many beautiful moments waiting for you beyond this one. These universal truths connect us.

Love,

Sheryl

P.S. If you would like to share your thoughts, ideas, or how you came to hold this book in your hands I would love to hear from you. To share directly with me email contact@sherylwagnermedium.com.

Introduction

Uncovering My Intuitive Life

When I look at my life and the ways my intuition has helped to shape it, it's easy to be drawn to the dramatic moments when intuition seemed to intervene and save me: The moment I decided not to get in that car or walk out of that house, or the chance meeting that altered my life. I've often felt saved at the last second, course-corrected, diverted.

The truth is when we choose to listen to the subtle energetic guidance—our intuition—which lives naturally within each of us and is always present, we can tap into the magic that lies in the quiet space of every moment. We are not limited in our course corrections. There is no way for us to miss our destiny—we cannot “choose wrong” and go completely off course.

What happens is that we choose wrong, and we feel it. We make concessions that disturb our inner peace and create unrest, and we feel it. When we try to numb, escape, or dismiss this pain, we gaslight ourselves and become disconnected from our intuition. We become comfortable with the unrest. We become so accustomed to pain and disconnection that we forget what alignment feels like.

For me, this disconnection stemmed from tragedy and led to burnout that forced me to realign my life. Now, living in alignment with my intuition and purpose feels so freeing. But it was not always this way.

A Different Sort of Child

When I tell people I am a psychic medium, they typically want to know about my childhood or ask questions about my past, especially:

How did I know I could do this? I don't feel that my life has been any more or less remarkable than anyone else's, with perhaps the exception that it has been uniquely touched by death.

Death has been a theme throughout my life: People close to me have passed and I've had communication with them afterward. I've had dreams that predicted death. My own near-death experience in 2004 answered questions I had always had about the Spirit World and made my purpose clear to me.

Like many people I work with who experienced trauma, I have extremely vivid memories of my childhood and then there are gaps. I can remember standing up, holding onto the bars of my crib, and looking at the shadows on the blank white wall of my bedroom in our apartment. I'm told that I wasn't shy yet; I was quite talkative. My mom tried to convince my preschool teacher that I was a genius because of my extensive vocabulary for my age, but I quickly proved that theory wrong. Once I was enrolled, I would not speak or participate in any of the expected ways. Throughout most of my schooling, I was constantly disappointed as I remained lost in my own mind most of the time, always running late, distracted, and constantly forgetting things.

It was in this apartment where one day I dragged my mother over to meet Josh, the toddler next door. My most significant relationships have all begun this way. I am drawn across the country, across the world, a parking lot, a church aisle, moving through the world instinctively often in opposition to my personality to meet the people I'm meant to meet and have the experiences that I'm meant to have. Meeting Josh was no exception. This first meeting led to our mothers becoming lifelong friends and with that, we all became a family. Eventually, Josh would become an unlikely but important teacher to me both here and in the Spirit World. The many seemingly random meetings of my life remind me that when we are acting in alignment with our intuition, we don't need to force anything, and we cannot miss what is meant for us.

I didn't speak much in my childhood or adolescence, and it was typical for me to go entire school days in complete silence. I would refuse to answer questions and try to get away with just shaking my head yes

or no. But I didn't think my silence was strange except when someone—like my peers or frustrated teachers—would ask, “Why don't you talk?” I remember in high school walking behind a group of girls who I thought I was quite friendly with, listening as one of them struggled to describe who her class partner was. “You know, she's that girl who sneezes a lot, the one that never talks.”

Oh right, I thought, that is definitely me.

My silence as a child makes sense to me now, since as an adult I was diagnosed with inattentive ADHD. But I also think of myself as a highly sensitive person who struggles to cope with overstimulating environments.

I didn't realize it at the time, but there was a lot happening for me in my silence. What had begun as a coping strategy gave me the space and freedom to develop a rich inner world that would eventually cultivate my connection to the Spirit World and to my own inner knowing. Although various traumas have caused me to struggle to stay connected to my body and intuition—and at times I have put parts of myself away in order to conform to expectations and achieve things throughout my life—my intuition has been the thread that's silently pulled me along, saving me, and eventually leading me to create a life I love.

The ADHD diagnosis came in my thirties. If I would have received this diagnosis sooner it may have mitigated many of my early struggles, especially as I tried to regulate my inattention with substances throughout my adolescence. If I had understood my neurodivergence, I could have treated it with medication and been better able to deal with my environment.

Instead, I used everything I could just trying to fit in, manage my anxiety around feeling different or to just disappear. As a kid, it meant not speaking and then developing an eating disorder, which allowed me to become smaller and feel invisible. As a young teenager, I turned to pills and alcohol to self-regulate.

After I confessed to smoking marijuana at a temple youth group, my parents decided I should attend Narcotics Anonymous meetings where I met an array of interesting characters. The meetings were not helpful

to me as a struggling teenager, but I liked them because everyone said exactly what they were thinking, which was comforting.

Intuitive people recognize both truth and the lack of it, and an authentic truth connection was missing from my life. I recognize now that as a highly sensitive person when someone is lying or being ingenuine it takes a lot of energy for me to feel comfortable in their presence.

Beyond substance abuse and restrictive eating, I tried to disappear by disconnecting from my body. I spent most of my time thinking and imagining, which allowed me to escape feeling my emotions. But the truth is, this disconnection began during a moment that is much more difficult to talk about.

When I was fourteen years old, I was sexually assaulted by a man who was supposed to be driving me home. I know the exact moment my body entered complete disconnection and survival mode: Looking out the car window, I saw only a dark dirt road on either side; I weighed about ninety pounds and was miles away from anything that could help me.

To survive that trauma, I had to completely disconnect from my body and my mind. Experiencing this at the beginning of adolescence meant I would continue to hide parts of myself away for years. Especially when it came to being gay.

Whenever I felt threatened after that assault, I disconnected from my body. Because I couldn't be fully present, I didn't develop a healthy expectation of feeling safe in romantic relationships and eventually ended up in an abusive relationship in my late teens. But after escaping that relationship, I met my ex-husband, Mike in one of those random meetings that seem to happen to me. Mike was kind and in contrast to my prior relationships, I felt safe with him. I am grateful for our relationship, not only because we have two children together, but because our relationship—and ultimately our friendship—allowed us both a safe space to grow.

I realize now that being married to a man kept me somewhat safe emotionally. Though I knew I was attracted to women, I didn't come out publicly until my children were teenagers. The more I tapped into

my intuition and learned how to use my psychic/mediumistic abilities, the more I felt comfortable in my body. Eventually, coming out as gay was the natural next step in becoming me.

Breaking Down and Breaking Through

Inattentive ADHD causes me to get lost in my own thoughts and remain quiet instead of running around making lots of noise like the Hyperactive Attention Deficit Disorder we tend to associate with kids. For me, the noise and chaos are internal and often not visible to others.

One night when my own kids were babies, I was working a waitressing job I loved. It was a busy night at the restaurant and as I raced around, I was blindsided by an important guest who was a local celebrity—my boss watched in horror as I almost ran her over. Then I served bread with pine nuts in it to a table with a nut allergy. The guests at the table promptly asked to speak with the manager, who had just finished consoling the guest I had almost knocked over. I remember my boss saying to me, “You’re smart, you care, I feel like you could do anything. I can’t put my finger on what’s wrong with you, but you’ve got to get your shit together or you can’t work here.”

I was in total agreement with him and couldn’t put my finger on it either, so I quit. I believed that there was something wrong with me that had yet to be discovered and I wasn’t quite ready to face what.

After that job, when I started to make sense of my neurological differences and treat myself accordingly, things started to improve. I went back to work for my family business selling cars, which I loved. I was successful there because I was very good at reading people and knowing what they would want when a customer would walk into the showroom, or when someone was wasting time and I needed to let them go.

In the middle of one of our busiest sales weekends of the year, our finance manager walked out. Because my boss was desperate and with a showroom full of customers waiting to sign for the vehicles they had just purchased, he asked me to fill in as finance manager.

It took an excruciating six months for me to become not only pro-

ficient at the paperwork, but I soon developed a better sense of myself and stronger boundaries. I was elated—finally I was great at something! My ability to read people or know which pressure points to work with the banks helped get my deals done. I like to think that I used my psychic abilities for good, and people responded to my authenticity in truly wanting to help them.

Thriving in this environment meant mostly putting away the sensitive and intuitive parts of myself. In return, I enjoyed financial success and the approval of my family. Before I worked at the dealership, there was a firm policy that no women from the family were allowed to work in the business.

But my grandfather made an exception for me because he felt I was a hard worker. I'm sure he thought my extremely unemotional and quiet ways were a benefit, which was probably also why I was one of the highest-paid employees in the company. As a thirty-something woman working in the auto industry I had to fight extremely hard to justify my salary, which was defined by my monthly revenue goals and could be tracked to the penny on an Excel spreadsheet. As my dad (who was also my boss) loved to point out, "You make more than your husband, for crying out loud."

If you'd asked me, I'm sure I would have said I was healthy and happy, but I was still restricting food in a misguided attempt to stay disconnected from my body. At that time, I did not enjoy eating at all and never felt hungry. But my body showed me I needed food when, in the middle of racing around at work, I would suddenly panic because I couldn't feel my feet. So, I would eat a bag of almonds, but they tasted horrible. I was so used to this way of existing that it seemed normal and took years for me to regain feelings of hunger. Even now, sometimes when I am stressed, I crave that lightheaded feeling of starvation.

I've learned that disordered eating looks and feels different for everyone. For me, it was a symptom of my refusal to live as my true self. Being completely disconnected from my body and my emotions meant I couldn't feel much of anything. Knowing myself as I do now—as a deeply emotional and intuitive person who is fulfilled by working with

grieving clients—I recognize how much energy it took for me to suppress who I was and work in the cold and aggressive environment of car sales.

But I was definitely tough enough. I rarely showed any emotion at work and would rather have been hit by a car in the showroom than shed a tear, proving to everyone that women were not tough enough to work in this business. I was so completely shut off emotionally that there was a running joke in my family: I didn't even cry when our dog died.

My conditioning had led me to believe that success was defined by making money, taking up the least amount of physical space possible, and not feeling any emotion whatsoever. So the day after my dad had a heart attack, I broke the news to the rest of my management team by sitting in his seat at the head of the conference room table, coolly letting them know that he was probably going to be okay but that we had work to do. I felt really in control of my success...until I wasn't.

In April 2017 after we returned from a family vacation, my son had a severe mental health crisis and required hospitalization. Fearing for his life triggered flashbacks from my own near-death experience, and I ultimately had a breakdown that led me to reconnect to not only my emotions, but my mediumship and intuitive abilities. When I was forced to face the reality that my mental and physical health were in crisis, I could also no longer keep my emotions and awareness of the Spirit World separate.

I began hearing the voices and seeing the loved ones who'd passed of some of my finance clients. Although I had come to understand by then that I was communicating with my own loved ones who had passed to the Spirit World and others that felt familiar to me, I had never heard of mediumship beyond what you'd see on TV in the 90s, or stories of my great grandmother reading tea leaves.

Increasingly, I had this overwhelming feeling that my life was somehow coming to an end, I just couldn't understand how. I'm not sure how to explain this other than to say that I had a knowing that I would die or cease to exist somehow. What I didn't realize was that it was actually

true in a sense—my life as I had known it was ending and a new way of being would begin. I made the decision to start sharing this information and my connections to the dead with my therapist.

I was sure she would say that the visions I was experiencing and voices I was hearing meant that I needed hospitalization. But to my surprise, she suggested that I make an appointment to see a medium. She had lost her dad when she was twelve and swore that this Medium had helped her to know her dad was at peace. I emailed to make an appointment but wouldn't learn until three months later—after we had become friends—that this medium was the son of the doctor who had helped me make sense of my medical trauma thirteen years earlier. During the session, he told me I was also a medium, that I was going to start to develop my mediumship, and that I would eventually teach mediumship to others and write a book about my life.

A few months later, I quit my job at the dealership and began doing free mediumship readings out of a small, rented office space. I attended the Arthur Findlay College in the United Kingdom to study mediumship, which ended up being a great confirmation of what I'd been experiencing.

Everything on that trip felt like it was perfectly designed and orchestrated by the Spirit World to support me on my journey. I felt an overwhelming sense of homecoming to myself and returned to Boston with more confidence in my abilities and understanding of who I was and what I must do. I met a woman from Switzerland at the college who had talked about being in a women's empowerment group and now I knew that was something I wanted to create—a place where I could support others in making authentic connections with one another.

When I started a women's empowerment circle in my town, it quickly grew into what is now my weekly mediumship practice circle. After a year, I moved the circle to a spiritual center because I wanted to create a more diverse group. As I conducted private readings and demonstrations and coached developing mediums, my business continued to grow. I traveled back to England and Holland to study medi-

umship, met some amazing people, and had incredible experiences learning about and working with the Spirit World.

Emotionally, things have developed for me at such a rapid pace, it seems my life has been a perpetual process of coming out over the last three years—first as a medium and then as gay to my children and my community. Sometimes I joke whether the next realization will be that I'm actually an alien living on this planet. Of course, looking back on it all now, I've always known on deeper levels that I was a medium, just as I've always known I was gay. I just didn't have a word for it.

It's never big dramatic moments that create our life, but instead the quiet spaces where we allow ourselves a voice. We have the power to choose which voices to shut down and which to allow space to grow and thrive. Once I began to listen to this inner knowing, everything began to shift. As I wrote down my intentions, they became my life, and my life changed.

It is an ongoing process to stay in alignment with my intuition. The more I do, the more my life opens up in ways beyond my imagination. In this book I'll share how reconnecting to my intuition has transformed my life, and the accidental and intentional ways I've worked to develop an intuitive life.

As I write this, I'm years into my business as a professional medium. I have recovered from my disordered eating. Starving myself was a way to gain control of my life, but once I started making decisions from my intuition, I no longer needed it.

My hope is that by sharing some of my story with you it will help you connect to the magic that is already present within you.

This book can be used as a guide for intuitive development or as a tool as you continue to delve deeper into your own inner wisdom. My greatest wish is to leave you feeling empowered, validated, and more connected to yourself so that you remain (or assume) the role of the ultimate authority in your life. I wish for you to feel as free and vital and loved as you truly are, to feel your own aliveness and purpose stirring within you until it simmers over.

I



Part One

Uncovering Your Intuition—Getting Started

I



An Intuition Primer

Is it Intuition or is it Anxiety?

If you're here, chances are you're curious about exploring your intuition. Perhaps you've had some signals from your life that tell you it's time to tap into your inner voice. Discomfort, fear, and burnout can be powerful clues that we need to turn inward to discover the truth. But we don't need to wait until a crisis moment to listen.

If this is the first time you are considering listening to your intuition, the idea can be frightening. The notion that you know exactly what you want and how to get there can be overwhelming. It can be much more comfortable to throw your arms up and say things are beyond your control and there is nothing you can do. I'm here to tell you that there is so much goodness waiting for you beyond this comfort zone.

Intuition is accessible to everyone as a natural instinct. If we are honest with ourselves, we can admit that there were many intuitive signals leading up to that moment of crisis, but we ignored our inner knowing.

I don't believe in randomness. My life has led me to believe each of our interactions is inexplicably linked to the next until we arrive in our present moment.

Right now, you and I are inexplicably linked, just like everyone and everything that exists. Consider that you are exactly where you are