

# **Living Between Here & There**

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**Linda S. Raubolt**  
East Grand Rapids, Michigan  
E-mail: [moonsbreath949@yahoo.com](mailto:moonsbreath949@yahoo.com)

*Before I begin my paper, I would like to invite your skepticism and ask you to suspend judgment as I talk about my everyday experiences. I expect that much of what I will be saying may be new, surprising or even a bit threatening for some of you. Thank you for listening.*

## **Living Between Here & There**

I would like to relate a conversation, author and essayist, Suri Hudtvedt had with her father which she wrote of in her book entitled, *Yonder*.

“My father once asked me if I knew where yonder was. I said I thought Yonder was another word for there. He smiled and said, “No, yonder is between here and there.” This little story has stayed with me for years as an example of linguistic magic: it identified a new space---a middle region that was neither here nor there---a place that simply didn’t exist for me until it was given a name.”

I, unlike Suri Hudtvedt, have always known “yonder,” the place between here and there. However, I refer to it by another name, “my world.” A place where I have been frightened, embraced, nurtured, protected and loved; this realm has

always been part of my reality. With a foothold secured by the cultural traditions of my Romanian and Mexican ancestors, I have been able to move freely into that vast landscape which is filled with energy, love and life. The place where those loved ones who have passed on, the many words already spoken and the possibilities yet to be imagined can be met, heard and seen. It is a bridge that connects us to the energies of the ages; a remarkable arena of wisdom and knowledge that lies just beyond what our minds know. I have spent my life “living between here and there.”

I am the medium identified in our title, or as my husband refers to me, an intuitive therapist. I read energies. My maternal grandparents were told by their dear friend, who just happened to be a psychic, that their first grandchild would be gifted; “she will have the “third eye.” They believed their friend and her words were true. As a child I saw beyond and through what was immediate and I can recall being able to see what was to come. Fortunately, the adults in my life did not dismiss me as having an overactive imagination or even being crazy. I was never silenced. Rather, I was encouraged to speak of what I saw and heard. My mother would write down the words spoken by her little girl and became my validation when those foreseen situation actually occurred. (I always knew when my Aunt Carol was pregnant even before she did. I was four for four with those predictions, which always came in the form of a dream.) My mother continues to

this day to write down my predictions, so that later she can remind me,

“Remember, you said that would happen.”

Growing up was not an easy task in the “land of in between.” With no physical mentors to educate or nurture my budding “clear hearing ear” and “third eye.” I managed to devise different ways to deal with the voices, faces and dreams which were constants in my life. As a very young child, it became clear that all I had to do was ask them to leave me alone. I didn’t know what they wanted and really couldn’t help them. As I got older, I would tell them if they had a message for some one they had to bring the person to me and sometimes they did. Books became my source of information and helped me understand my abilities and introduced me to my spirit guide, who became my mentor. Ever present, ever watchful, he has always been my light in the place between here and there. Protecting and directing me inward to seek and explore my soul for the answers to my many questions. He is my link to the great omnipresent energy, from which, I believe, all life and energy originates.

My work is done through individual, group and telephone readings. I literally have clients around the globe. I am often asked to make “house calls” when clients are experiencing unusual situations in their homes or on their property. (I was asked to visit an out building where the property owners experienced a very uneasy feeling upon entering. The long dead previous owner

still lingered along with his brutal sadistic way. This was the spot where he would go when punishing his children, beating them first and then locking them inside; this information was verified by neighbors.)

The energies come in many ways; pictures, scenes, descriptions of items all played out like a video running through my mind. Names, songs, books, etc, all bring a special light to my viewpoint. I hear their words and see their faces, yes I do see dead people when they want to make themselves visible. I sometimes feel the physical pain they suffered during life. In other words, I am clairvoyant (able to see beings/spirits, objects or information that originates from another dimension (An example of this occurred prior to a weekend workshop I was presenting. I began seeing the figure of a tall man with long dark hair tied back in a ponytail as he roamed around my home. He wore a plaid flannel shirt, jeans and work boots. I had no idea who he was but felt that perhaps he was there in anticipation of a reading I would be giving. And sure enough one of the women at the workshop who requested a private reading turned out to be his daughter. I was able to facilitate a conversation between father and daughter at a time when this daughter needed her father's loving words of wisdom and a reassurance that he continues to be there for her.). I am as well clairaudient (able to hear sounds and words which come from another dimension (Often during a reading I will hear a dog bark, a man cough, or hear music as though it is being performed right in front of me, I

once had the spirit of a mother singing the song that she would sing with her daughter when the daughter was little). I am clairsentient (able to receive a silent thought, message or projected emotion from nearby or from another dimension and/or experience it as an actual physical and/or emotional sensation (An example of this ability occurred during a group reading where there were ten people present. I felt as though I had been hit on the head with a very heavy object, the pain was horrific. I went on to describe the young woman I was seeing; she was married and a mother. She was most eager to let someone know that she was all right. As I spoke of this woman and her pain one woman in the group said she understood and knew the message was for her. Her best friend had been killed two years prior in a robbery attempt at a fast food restaurant. Her head had been crushed with a baseball bat by one of the assailants; she was young, married and a mother of two). What I see, hear and feel comes to me through my own perspective (On one occasion I told a woman that her mother was coming through holding a dog. I was seeing my sister's dog, so I knew that the dog either had to be an Irish setter or had a name which was like a drink for my sister's dog's name was Brandy. The woman very tersely said, "I'm not sure why she would have Cocoa with her, she never even liked that dog.). These loving spirits guide me to the words, names and objects which will be recognized by their family members and friends. Some examples given to me are so obscure while others are simple and to the point. One

never really knows what is going to come through. I tell people to leave their expectations at the door. It is wise to expect the unexpected. Unlike the Victorian mediums of yore, I use no cabinets or table tipping, no strings attached to fabric to make the ghostly apparition appear. I see, hear and trust the words and feelings sent to me through the energies present. (I once met with a woman who wanted to hear from her mother who had recently died. All I felt was my lungs filling with smoke leaving me breathless. This woman said actually I was correct. Her mother on her last visit to her home six weeks prior, had gone into the closed garage, started the car and laid down with her face exposed to the exhaust pipe. )

I come with the energies and my clients come with their skepticism, anxiety and at times a list of questions; “non-believer” questions. Who are you? What do you call yourself? What is it you really do? How do you know that? Do you see them? Never ending questions, whose answers expand the mind and heart in a direction not often considered. My world stretches out into the far regions, where few have visited but all have pondered.

People come to me in hopes of finding “the place between here and there;” “the place where dreams go” (Vida, 2005). While they believe there might be more to this life’s existence than meets the eye, “yonder” can be a very scary place when traditions have prevented them from adventuring beyond the confines of

their “boxes.” Boxes created by dogma passed down through the years or perhaps only thought of yesterday.

Although we are all intuitive, not all of us feel comfortable admitting that we have had experiences that cannot be readily explained. Consequently, I become the validation for my client’s internal experiences, for I do not seek “scientific” objective proof. The information I provide, reassures them that the sounds, voices, shadows and unfamiliar feelings they are experiencing are real. They are able to open, what I like to call, their “door of awareness;” allowing their own souls to be infused with knowledge and energy by those loved ones they have lost.

The power of the energy cannot be turned off, but rather turned down, much like a dimmer switch controlling the light in a room. When I am with a client my energy switch is dialed high and bright and when my life calls, I am able to dial the energy switch to a very low setting. While I am able to connect with my own departed loved ones, the sometimes inevitable “knowing what is to come” is a major burden especially when it involves my own family and friends. (I awoke one day knowing that my youngest son would have a car accident that very day. There was nothing I could do to prevent the accident, only understand it for its life experience and ultimately accept that it would occur and it did. Fortunately, no one was injured and we all learned from the incident.)

My abilities have been part of my life for as long as I can remember; I know no other way to exist. This is my “normal.” I take the past, bring it to the present and lighten the future. But it can never be turned off, believe me I’ve tried.

I believe we are souls seeking knowledge and wisdom from each day of life experiences. With our “doors of awareness” open, we can with intellectual curiosity venture into the realm beyond what the mind knows. A cosmic arena of enlightening energy awaits us. Ultimately, we came here today for a reason, many reasons. This time we spend together is not a coincidence.

In a letter from Georg Groddeck to Gizela Ferenczi, following Sandor’s death, dated 19<sup>th</sup> of February 1934, he wrote:

“Even before going over to psychoanalysis one of the underlying principles of my medical thinking was the conviction that in human individuals there are – apart from the psyche which is the subject of scientific investigation - thousands and millions of more or less independently existing souls which continuously unite and separate, group and re-group, and probably exist quite independently at times.”

I believe Groddeck’s words, for each year, through the IFPE organization we souls group and re-group in an ongoing exploration of “the reach of the mind.”