



Where I Was Planted

Chapter 1

I was born into silence and mud.

The kind of silence that isn't peaceful, but heavy—watchful. A silence that holds its breath while someone decides whether to hit or to laugh. My childhood was a farm in name only. There were no warm barns or big family dinners. Just dry earth, screaming wind, and parents who were always somewhere else—if not physically, then spiritually.

My mother drank. My father drank harder. And between the drinking were the drugs, the rage, the disappearances. Sometimes they'd be gone for weeks—once for three months—leaving me and my siblings with strangers they met in a bar. Four children handed off like coats no one wanted to carry anymore.

I learned early to disappear in plain sight. I watched. I listened. I saw things no child should see. And things no adult could explain. I was clairvoyant before I even knew the word. I would wake in the night with visions—faces, colors, warnings. No one believed me, but I knew they were real. I knew something saw me, even when no one else did.

The beatings came often. So did the silences that followed them. I was molested. Shamed. Made to feel that my power—my sight, my beauty, my sensitivity—was dangerous.

One night, standing in my crib, I remember gripping the bars and declaring, clear as day,
“I’ve got to get the fuck out of here.”

I was two.

Somewhere deep in my soul, I already knew: This life was going to be hard. But I would find a way through. I would find a way out.

I started talking to angels before I knew what they were. I remember the feeling of their presence—soft, steady, quiet, kind. I would look to the sky and know I wasn’t alone. I wasn’t crazy. Something greater was watching over me, even if no one else was.

But I learned to hide my gifts early. In first grade, I remember the moment it became clear that my knowing wasn’t welcome. My teacher walked in looking distraught, and I could *feel* the fight she’d had with her husband the night before. I raised my hand and said, “I’m so sorry you and your husband got in a fight.”

She turned white. Then red. Then furious.

She never called on me again.

That’s when I started to close the door on that part of me. Just a little. Just enough to survive.

But the knowing didn't go away. In sixth grade, I was playing cards with school friends. Suddenly, I felt something rise up in me—I looked at Brenda, whose house I was staying at, and said, “You'd better go say goodnight to your dad tonight.”

She did.

He died that night of a heart attack.

I didn't ask for these visions. I didn't even always understand them. But they kept coming.

So I told my mother. And she didn't laugh. She didn't punish me. She told me the story about the gypsy. “She said someone in my family would be gifted,” my mother whispered. “I think it's you.”

It was the first time I felt a thread of connection to her. A thread of understanding. It didn't last long. But I held on to it.

When I was around four or five, my father bought a bar.

Every morning, he would come home and empty the cash onto the kitchen table—mostly coins. He never said anything about it. He just dropped them there. But to me, they were everything.

I would wake up early and play with them—stacking, sorting, creating tiny cities and castles from coins like they were Legos. It was my morning meditation, my joy. I loved those coins. They made me feel safe, even powerful. I thought all houses must have this—this never-ending stream of abundance.

Because of that, I've never lived with a belief in lack.

Money, to me, always came. I felt it. I lived it.

Even now, I believe that flow comes from feeling.

And back then, the feeling was:

Money is always here.

Eventually, the chaos of my home became too much. I left when I was 13. I went to Europe, lived with strangers who became family, and somehow survived. I returned and worked in New York in the summers. I was still a child. But I was on my own. And in many ways, I always had been.

Years later, long after I had built a life of my own, tragedy struck again. In 2012, my mother was shot and killed by my stepfather in a murder-suicide. I was an adult by then, with a deep spiritual practice, and yet nothing could prepare me for the grief that followed.

Even though I'd been away for so long—away from my family, away from that place—I had created a life of my own. A life rooted in healing, spirit, and service.

But the mud was still clinging.

It's still clinging to me.

When the police called, I returned to where I had grown up. I stayed in a hotel I had never been to before. I was in shock—disoriented, grieving, stunned by what had happened.

And then the hotel phone rang.

It was a landline. No one had the number. But it rang. I picked it up, and I heard her voice.

“Lori,” she said. That was what they called me then.

I froze. “Who is this?” I asked.

“Lori, it's your mom.”

“No... no way. Who is this?”

“It’s Mom.”

And then I recognized her voice. My whole body shook.

“Oh my God... Mom. Mom.”

She said, “I’m fine. But Dick is having a hard time. Will you help him? You’re the only one who can help him.”

That was my stepfather.

Even in death, she was asking me to be the healer. And I said yes.

Not because I had to. Not out of duty. But because it was part of the sacred agreement of my life.

I helped him cross over. I guided his soul. And in doing that, I released something ancient in me too.

Somehow, even in the muck of it all, seeds were forming. Seeds of truth. Seeds of strength. Seeds of something sacred I didn’t yet understand.

But the mud—the dark, dense, messy mud—was my beginning.



Prayer for Those Who Rise from the Mud

Great Mother of the Deep,
She who holds the broken root and the buried seed,
You who watch in silence—
While the soul struggles to remember the light—
Be with me now.

I have come from places where no child should go.
I have walked through doors no one saw me enter.
I have been invisible. I have been loud. I have been lost.
And still—I rise.

Bless the child in me who survived.
Bless the woman in me who remembers.
Bless the healer in me who chose to return
Not with bitterness, but with balm.

Wash me, cleanse me,
Not to remove the mud—
But to honor it.
To say: *This too is holy.*

I reclaim every part of my story.
I name the pain, the vision, the voices,

And I lift them to the sky
Like prayer-soaked cloth
Torn but whole.
May I walk in beauty.
May I walk in truth.
May I walk
As one who has been through the fire
And now tends the flame.

