

I experience the world through multiple forms of synesthesia.

Synesthesia is a neurological condition that causes the brain to process information in one or more senses at the same time. There are many types and degrees of synesthesia. People can have one form or multiple forms and experience them as mild, medium or strong. Some synesthetes can hear colors, feel sounds, taste shapes or “see” music as colors when they hear it.

When I was younger I used to tell friends having synesthesia was like having your senses automatically cross wired.

Today I prefer to be kinder to myself and describe my synesthesia as a gift of seeing, feeling and experiencing life as “interconnected” through my senses.

I experience my senses differently in multiple ways. It’s part of my being, it’s automatic and natural for me. The challenging part is trying to describe it.

For convenience I refer to the colors, sounds, textures, patterns, feelings and movements I experience collectively as frequencies and or vibrations interchangeably.

It is simply the way I experience the world; it always has been. My earliest memory of seeing energy was as a 4 year old in church, seeing hundreds of brilliant droplets of gold over the altar and above a priests head. The droplets looked like shiny bright drips of liquid gold. As the glistening golden droplets elongated, they slowly rose upward towards the chapel’s ceiling, instead of downwards.

When I was 5, I remember seeing soft colored energy around trees and plants as they communicated together out in the forest we played in. I saw soft pastel colors when I heard music. In kindergarten I excitedly used finger paints to create the colors I saw around me that I couldn’t put into words. By the time I was 8 the soft colors I saw with music started to become brighter, bolder, deeper and more active as I began listening to the Motown sounds of the 60’s.

I “see” sound, I “see” voices, I “see” music and I “see” background noise... all as color, shapes, textures and patterns... moving through space, changing and interacting with other sounds, energies and frequencies around it, never the same.

When I close my eyes I see it with my minds eye, as if I’m in endless space. I also experience seeing a lot of sounds outside of myself, around my personal space. For instance, as I am writing this, the ceiling fan above me is making a tiny clanking sound with each rotation. Today it looks like little 2 inch golden brown screws without the tops, pushing up towards the ceiling with every clank. Yesterday the same sound looked like small black triangles pointed to the right. My husband just sneezed in the other room and I saw it as a faint ball of orange fluff.

All background noises, have colors, shapes, textures, patterns and movements. Natural sounds are the most beautiful of all. The wind, birds, buzzing insects, all have the most gorgeous frequencies. Unfortunately many mechanical sounds such as cars, airplanes, humming refrigerators, fans, machines, etc, have an annoying color frequency to go with their annoying background sound. I have learned to tune out, ignore or tone down most mechanical background noises to quiet, dull shades of fuzzy gray, although some of the patterns and shapes continue to subtly move.

I see sound in conjunction to hearing it. It's never separate. Music and voices often move across entire rooms. Imagine large, colorful shapes and patterns moving through space. Each note or word lingers and moves through the space as the next sound or instrument enters and they interact and overlap with each other. I can also close my eyes to see music in even more detail.

In addition to hearing and seeing sound, I feel sound in different areas of my body, from large areas on my head, back, shoulders, torso, legs, backs of my knees, to the tops of my toes and more. Music especially, lands in different areas of my body, either right above my skin, on my skin, or various levels within my skin and deeper all the way in to my organs. The areas the colored sounds land in and on, have shapes as well. For example music often lands on long rectangular patches on the outside of my arms, on several large squares on the tops of my thighs, as circles on the backs of my fingers, ovals on the fleshy parts of my thumbs, stripes on the backs of my knees and patches on my toes and bottom of my feet.

Most of the locations that music lands on remains constant but the size, shape and depth changes as the sound and music moves on and through me. Some areas experience feeling the color of sound more than others. An example of feeling/ experiencing sound for me would be blues music. Blues music often enters deep into my chest and belly, where everything inside feels like a huge open and endless cavern. The music fills it with swirling, pounding, vibrating colors and shapes, everything pulsing and echoing inside of me, moving to the rhythms, each instrument, lyric and note moving and interacting with the others within this internal cavern. It is an absolutely spectacular experience.

Some styles of music I dislike can be slightly uncomfortable. Thankfully I have learned how to energetically mute sounds or shut them off. I still hear the music playing, but internally I do not have the cacophony of colors, shapes, patterns and movements to go with it.

I also sense energy and frequencies around me that I interpret as visual color, textures, shapes, patterns and movements. This is even more challenging to explain, it is simply my reality.

Imagine walking into a room full of friends you're excited to see. The energy feels good, exciting even, joyful and full of love and laughter... all of that has colors, textures, shapes, patterns and movement moving through and around the room. The room looks

like it is full of kaleidoscopes expanding and interacting with each other. Sometimes rooms can be full of active, colorful energy without anyone in it. Other times there can be dense empty patches of color and vibration around certain areas filled with people. There are times when I am in a room that has or feels like a certain color tone. I can be in a white room, leaning against a white wall when the wall and surrounding area feels robins egg blue, or the space across the carpet feels like grey and gold.

Synesthesia also affects my sense taste. I often taste synthetic, chemical, perfumed and manufactured flowery scents in various parts of my mouth, gums and tongue. They have colors, shapes and specific areas in my mouth that they land in and they taste horrible. For example, inside my upper lip and the out sides of my gums have rectangular patches, my tongue has oval patches and the upper portion of my mouth has stripes that these awful scents land in.

Most natural scents and foods have a fainter color and shape as they move through my nose and mouth that I don't even notice. Some distinct flavors have distinct textures. For example salt is yellow and red, undulating, wavy and has some jarring square or angular edges.

Every living thing has its own subtle energetic color frequency. Every voice has its own unique sound color frequency. Every person has a baseline color frequency unique to themselves. Individual facets of someone's frequency change continuously as they interact with the energies, colors and frequencies around them.

I am absolutely open to seeing or describing someone's loving radiant sound, energy, color, and frequency when it's mutually agreed upon. I will only agree to do that during scheduled sessions. It has taken me a lifetime to learn how to work with these gifts and set boundaries around what works for me. Let me be clear, I am only open to see someone's loving radiant frequency when it's agreed upon while I'm in a session. Everyone has a beautiful radiance within them that is worth seeing.

I am not here to see or explore someone's "stuff", wounds, traumas, negative energy or personal business. While we all have some of that as well, that's being human, and I don't want to see it as much as you don't want me to see it. I am not a mind reader, medium, therapist or medical intuitive. I have the gift of seeing sound, energy, frequency and Angels. I'm here to offer the gift I see back to you, back to the world.

I spent the first half of my life trying to hide my gifts of seeing differently, to turn it off, tone it down and not talk about it. I was told by mother and teachers in my early years to never say such things. In my teenage years friends made fun of me asking what I was tripping on. I was often shut down, dissed, made fun of and called crazy or worse.

For the last 30ish years I have learned how to manage it, to turn it up, turn it down or turn it off. Now I am able to use it creatively and in service when I want to. I own it fully as my gift. Not special, just different as we all are. I cannot sing a note or tell you what notes I'm hearing. I absolutely love music. I would love, love, love to sing or play an

instrument. I love music, hearing it, seeing it, feeling it and experiencing it... yet I can't hold a note or sing a tune at all.

I've tried, taken group lessons, therapy, all that. I just can't carry or distinguish notes the same as others. And I'm ok with that, it's not my gift. Others are amazingly gifted at music and because of their gifts I get to enjoy it. My gifts allow me to enjoy music in multiple ways that enhance the experience for me and I'm grateful for that. Just don't ask me to sing a note, I am that bad.

In 2019 I saw angelic beings and guides after my brain surgery. While I wasn't surprised that I "saw" Angels, I was surprised that I saw "Angels", so many of them up close and personal. I was surprised to see so many Angels hanging out everywhere. Sometimes there are a lot Angels around certain people and other times there are none. Often Angels hang out in large groups... who knew! Angels can amass in large legions and come to love and support us when needed. Most of the time I see Angels outside of myself, around people, in surrounding areas wherever I am, in my office, on cars, in trees, down the street, all of which can be quite amusing. They also come to me instantaneously in my meditations, in my minds eye, when called upon.

Throughout my life I have tried to express all the sounds, voices, music and vibrations that I see and experience with synesthesia, through my art. My mediums and expressions have changed as I have changed. To learn more about my synesthesia art, about Seeing the Sound of You and the Art of your Intentions, please go to the Awareness Art page on this site, or visit AwarenessArtStudios.com

The definition of synesthesia per the Britannica: **synesthesia**, is a neuropsychological trait in which the stimulation of one sense causes the automatic experience of another sense. Synesthesia is a genetically linked trait estimated to affect from 2 to 5 percent of the general population.

More information on synesthesia:

Per Boston University,

Q: "Is synesthesia a mental health issue?"

A: No, synesthesia is not a disease. In fact, several researchers have shown that synesthetes can perform better on certain tests of memory and intelligence.

Synesthetes as a group are not mentally ill. They test negative on scales that check for schizophrenia, psychosis, delusions, and other disorders.

To reiterate, synesthesia is not a mental health issue, it is not a disease or brain damage, nor schizophrenia, delusional thinking, autism, hallucinations, a weakness or a brain abnormality.

Living with synesthesia IS normal, fun, fascinating and a gift I am grateful for. xo