

BASED ON THE GHOSTLY TRUE STORY

LITTLE VOICES

She wasn't looking for them...they simply found **her**.

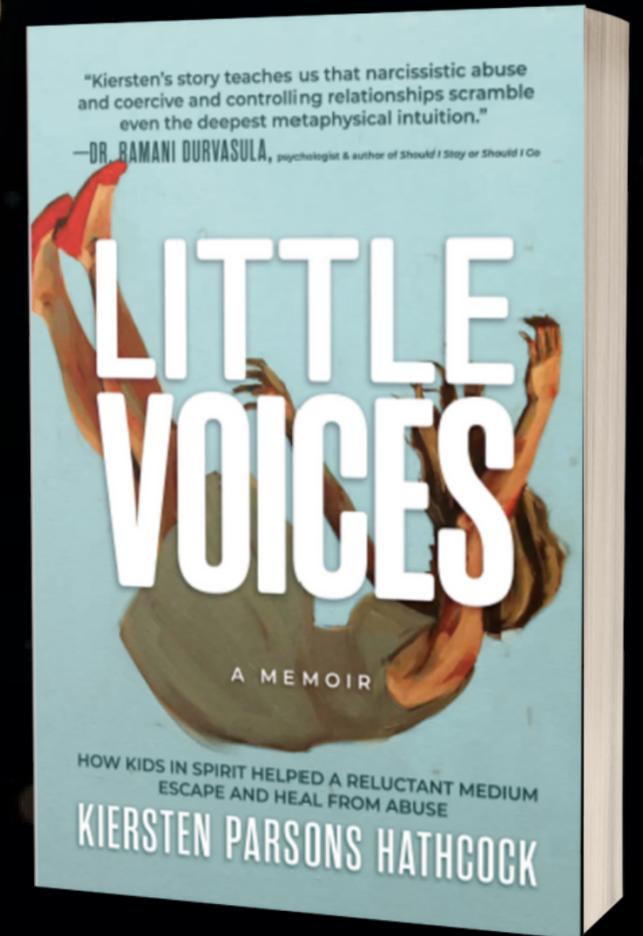
LITTLE VOICES

A spine-tingling, suspense-filled drama (feature or limited drama series) based on the forthcoming memoir LITTLE VOICES by Kiersten Parsons Hathcock, a Shark-Tank winning entrepreneur and mom of two turned late-in-life medium who works with detectives and grieving parents. Set in a small town and NYC (or large city).

Foreword written by decorated NYPD Detective Mark Pucci. **RELEASE DATE: SEPTEMBER 20, 2022**

Included in this pitch: Logline, book trailer, outline, character bios, and examples of cases.

CATEGORIES: Drama | Paranormal | Crime



LITTLE VOICES

LOGLINE

In this **MEDIUM** meets **DIRTY JOHN** drama, an ordinary mom is visited by the ghost of murdered children with a message for her: she could be next. After getting the attention of an NYPD detective, she sets off to help these broken families get answers and heal – but can she save herself?



MEETS



LITTLE VOICES BOOK TRAILER

LITTLE VOICES **Outline**

Never in a million years did Kiersten Parsons Hathcock—a Shark Tank-winning entrepreneur and mom of two—think she would suddenly start channeling children in spirit at the age of thirty-six. She never expected that, while she was helping them reveal the secrets of their deaths, they would help her see dark and painful secrets buried in her own psyche.

As a skeptic and firm believer in science, she struggled with her newfound intuitive skills and the reason they were coming to light. She powered through fear to reach out to strangers and police detectives, like NYPD Detective Mark Pucci, with the messages she received. After receiving two years of validation that what she was experiencing was real, helping families and law enforcement became a mission. It had to be—the kids were coming to her for help. But questions remained: Why were they coming to her? And why did so many of them talk of sexual abuse they endured in their lifetimes?

Her question would soon be answered when memories of childhood sexual abuse came flooding back into view. But it would take leaving her eighteen-year marriage—and falling into the arms of a charming man who turned out to be an abusive predator—for her to understand the other reason that the kids were coming to her.

She wasn't just helping them—they were on a mission to save her life.

While Kiersten's late-in-life mediumship ability is extraordinary, the wounds she'd buried that led her on a toxic path is a story many abuse survivors can relate to. Little Voices vividly inspires everyone to explore their own patterns, uncover their hidden pain, and trust their intuition in order to rise from the ashes.

LITTLE VOICES

Prologue/Opening Scene Overview

Shovel in hand, staring at the hundred-year-old oak tree, Kiersten knew this was by far the hardest thing she had to do. She had to keep going for the little blond girl in spirit and her parents who were still grieving her disappearance. And for her own broken heart thinking about what the little girl endured at the hands of sexual predators. No stranger to hard work as a self-taught carpenter and furniture designer, she dug up hard-packed soil under the hot California sun until it was too dark to see....

...All the while not fully understanding just how much was left to uncover.



MAIN CHARACTER

Kiersten Parsons Hathcock

Kiersten is a down-to-earth mom (originally from Ohio) who believes in seeing the best in people. She's kind-hearted, well-spoken, can easily be goofy or serious, and has a deep love for kids and animals. She's hardworking and believes you can do whatever you set your mind to. And she's justice-minded to the nth degree.

Character Arc: In the movie or limited series, you see Kiersten transform from a skeptical woman who only believes in what she can see and touch to a woman who has no choice, based on proof, but to believe in the afterlife. She courageously forms partnerships with law enforcement. Her intuition is keen but doesn't detect a predator in her midst. She has to learn to trust her intuition all over again in order to survive. All while she grapples with the realization that she's an abuse survivor not once—but twice—in her life. With the help of the kids in spirit, she digs deep in order to finally break free and stand up to the abuse. In the process, she heals the child within her that couldn't stand up to the abuse when she was little.



Actual photo of Kierste



Character
Stock Photo

LITTLE VOICES

Scott Hathcock MAIN CHARACTER

Scott is Kiersten's supportive, loving husband (age 38 in the beginning of the book). He's tall with an athletic build and dark hair. He's also a talented artist/singer/actor turned nonprofit CEO.

Character Arc: Scott has that "it" thing people talk about. He's a talented Southern gentleman from an upper middle class family. In the movie or limited series, you see Scott support Kiersten's intuitive awakening. You also see him display signs of Peter Pan syndrome while enduring multiple layoffs. He begins to rely heavily on Kiersten for support and strength when he, as he puts it, loses his mojo. You see Scott blindsided by Kiersten's choice to separate despite it not being a surprise to many around him. During the separation, he works hard to rid himself of codependent behaviors and owns his part in the marital meltdown. In the end, you see him understand and support Kiersten's healing journey. Kiersten and Scott never officially divorce, making reuniting in 2017 that much easier.



Character Stock Image

Actual Photo of Scott
+ Kiersten

LITTLE VOICES

LITTLE VOICES

MARK PUCCI MAIN CHARACTER

Mark is a tall, silver-haired, decorated NYPD detective with a New York accent. He's retired but owns his own detective agency. He works on many high profile cases and is highly respected in law enforcement. At the core, he's a family man who is very justice-minded and full of integrity. Mark is also sensitive and caring and believes in the power of intuition. He wrote the foreword for Little Voices.

Character Arc: Mark enters Kiersten's world when they both volunteer to work on a high profile missing persons cases in New York. He immediately recognizes that Kiersten is different from other mediums he's worked with in the past. Over the course of the series or movie, they work on cases together and he helps her navigate serving Tony with a restraining order. At the end, Mark asks Kiersten to join forces with him to start a nonprofit that helps families of crime victims.



Actual Photo of Mark



Character Stock Photo

Tony MAIN CHARACTER

Tony is six years older than Kiersten, tall with dark hair and blue eyes. He has a Svengali-like charm. On paper, he's an accomplished designer from the East Coast. He wears a leather biker jacket and boots. He comes across as the bad boy with a golden heart. In reality, he's a sexual predator who woos multiple women at the same time, many of whom are/were married. He abuses them on every level possible and cons them into giving him money. He's the Dirty John/Tinder Swindler character.

Character Arc: When Tony enters the picture at the lowest point in Kiersten's life, he appears to be full of integrity and heart. He tells Kiersten that he's been looking for her (his soulmate) his entire life. Over time, you see him for who and what he is: an abusive sexual predator with no conscience who sought out Kiersten for personal gain and preyed on her when she was most vulnerable.



Character Stock Photo

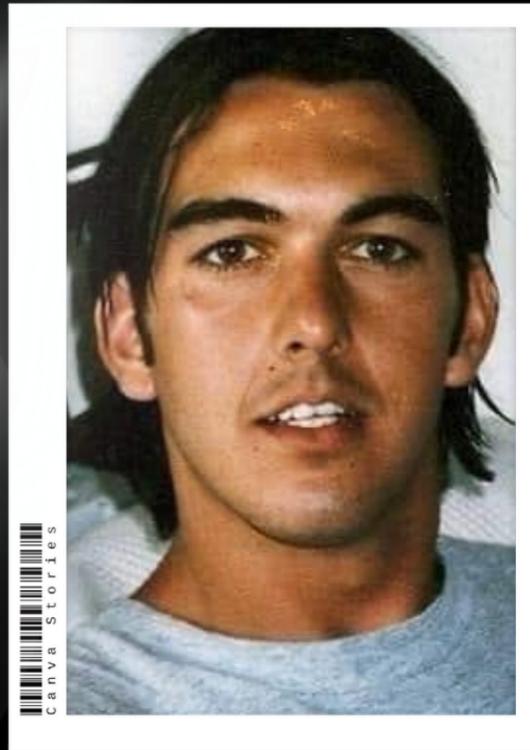
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Kids/Young Adults In Spirit - Main Characters

Jason

23-year-old - Tall, dark haired (actual photo of Jason included below)



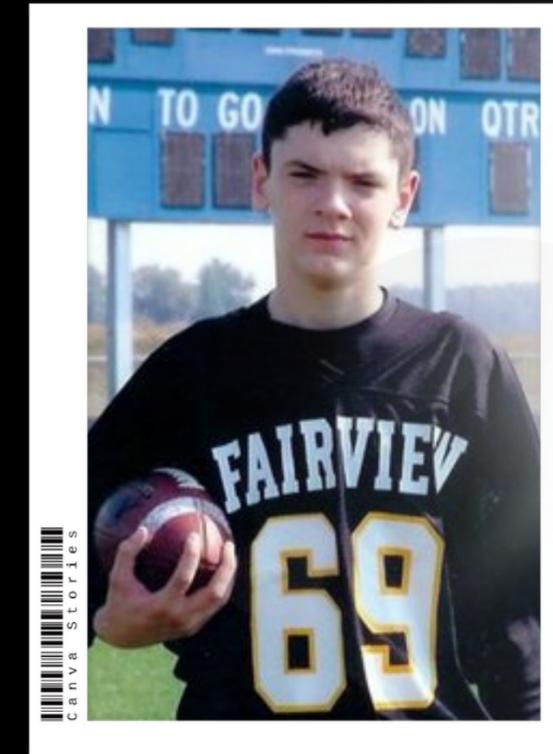
Carrie

Eight-year-old blond girl (actual photo of Carrie NOT included for privacy and protection)



Nate

13-year-old with dark hair (actual photo of Nate included below)



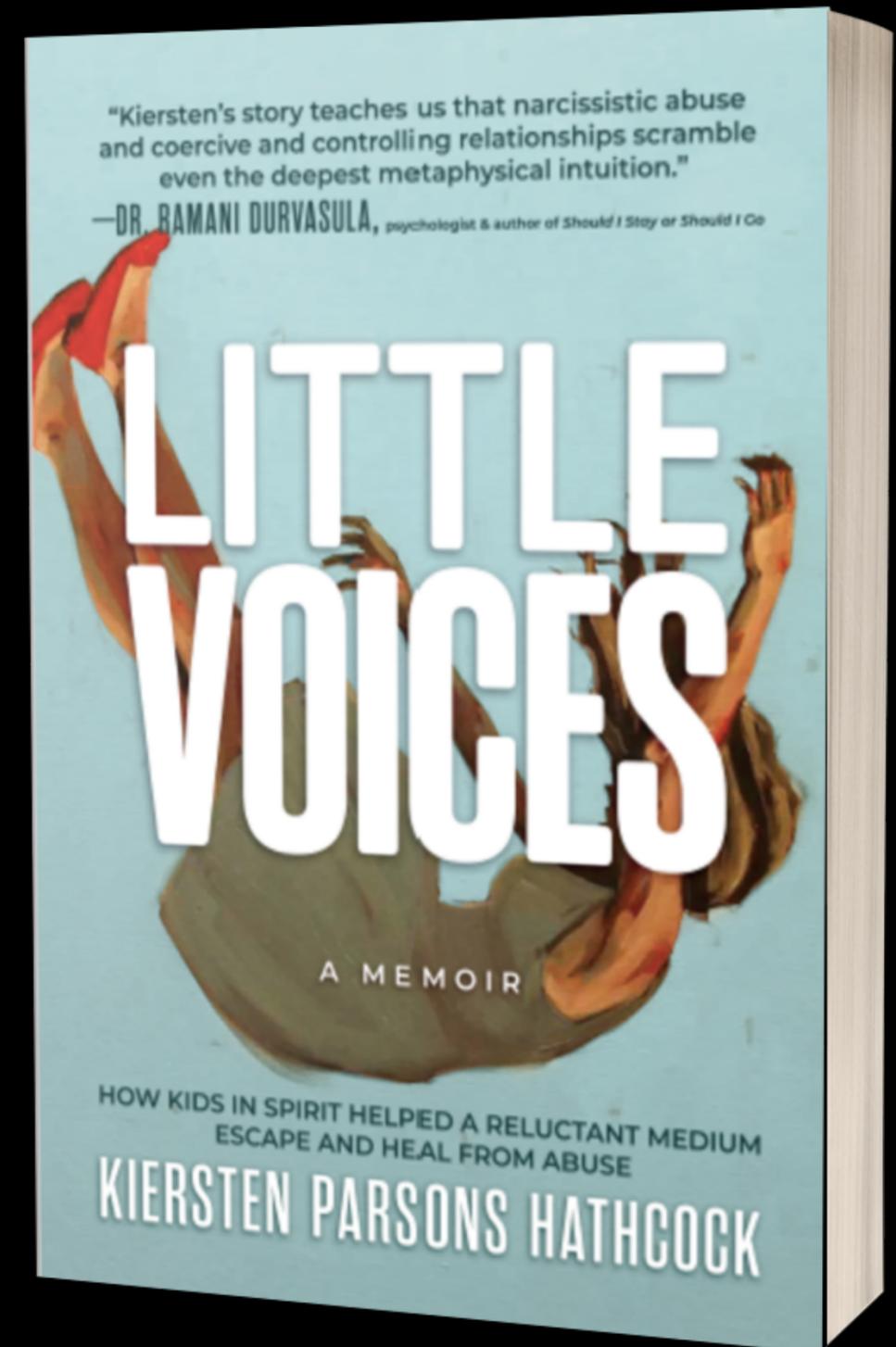
CASE EXAMPLES

The following pages contain examples from cases Kiersten has worked on with detectives and with families.

"KIERSTEN IS EXTREMELY LOGICAL AND FACT-DRIVEN. THE MOST AMAZING PART...IS THAT SHE WASN'T LOOKING FOR ANY OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER . . . IT SIMPLY FOUND HER."



NYPD DETECTIVE (RET)
MARK PUCCI, FOUNDER OF
THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE
FOR LAW AND JUSTICE



LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

Carrie was kidnapped and killed in the 1970s at the age of 8. She was murdered by a pedophile/predator who also has connections to many pedophile rings across the US. Related cases are still under investigation.

Names, dates, and locations have been changed for privacy and protection.

The following pages are from Chapter 2: Awakening.

LITTLE VOICES

at you that the space between the left and right brain is actually much smaller than most. You are in a constant state of taking everything in on both the left and right sides of the brain, so much so that the nervous system becomes overwhelmed and a rhythmic response mechanism is created to soothe the mind and body. In a nutshell, it's why you started stuttering out of nowhere."

This was already the best visit to a doctor ever, in my opinion. Not only did she intuitively understand him from the get-go, but she also did not make him feel broken, as traditional medicine had succeeded in doing. Everything was right with him—she considered him highly gifted with the mind of a detail-oriented director. This completely resonated with my own intuition about my precious son.

And get this: she saw children for free or for a small donation to a nonprofit she'd founded. We didn't have a lot of extra cash, so we donated whatever we could afford at each visit—sometimes only twenty dollars. She went on to explain that Noah was highly sensitive. We had already figured that out in kindergarten, but it was wonderful to hear it again three years later.

During the appointment, she laid him down on the table and surveyed his energetic field by waving her hands in a circular motion above him. She picked up on vitamin deficiencies and recommended specific foods and regimens. After several appointments, we noticed a decrease in his anxiety and his stuttering.

As far as I was concerned, the man was Mother freakin' Teresa. We continued to travel north every few months. While the visits had everything to do with Noah and nothing to do with me, one day she asked to speak with me privately after her session with him.

Noah busied himself in the waiting room drawing Anime figures in his sketch pad. Meanwhile, she and I walked into her nearby office lined with bookshelves filled to the brim with texts on every kind of holistic treatment and herbal remedies. I nervously took a

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seat in the chair in front of her desk, wondering why she pulled me aside. She sat down at her desk and smiled warmly, making me feel more at ease.

"There are many children in spirit around you," she started. "The work you do and are meant to do is really important."

"Oh my God...how did you know?" I asked with a dumbfounded look on my face. "I haven't told anyone except for my husband."

"I can see and hear them, that's how I know."

"It's been happening for a year now," I explained. "I thought I was losing my mind at first."

"You are most certainly not losing your mind," she said.

Her instinctive understanding stunned me. She went on to explain that she's had her gift since she was a child, and it proved very useful when she worked as a police officer turned FBI agent before she started her healing practice.

Wait—what? This incredible woman who had multiple graduate degrees, worked all over the world, and saw highly sensitive children for free, had been a pistol-wearing FBI detective at one time? I was gobsmacked.

Naturally, after hearing what she said, I called Scott on the way home and told him about our conversation. Little did we know, this was just the start of many "holy shit" moments in our lives. The next one came when I stayed with my dear friend, Kelly, and learned about a little girl named Carrie.

* * *

I felt like I'd been digging for days beneath that tree. In actuality, it had only been a few hours. The weight of the clay-like dirt was heavy on my shovel, and hard on my shoulder. Still, I pressed on. It wasn't unusual for me to put my all into whatever I did—I'd been doing that my whole life. I knew I couldn't stop until I found what Carrie, in spirit, kept urging me to find—evidence that she was abducted and

LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

continued....

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brought to Kelly's house decades ago. This was not going to be easy, but I was determined.

"Kelly, how much longer do we have until we're supposed to go downtown and meet your friends?" I asked.

Kelly looked at her watch. "You still have about two hours.... Any luck yet?"

"I wish I could say yes," I said, wiping sweat from my brow.

Kelly and I had been friends since we were little; we were like sisters. Visits to her home had always been filled with wine drinking, laughter, kids' birthday parties gone awry, and hilarious recaps of what we remembered from our formative years.

But in 2010—the same time I started to awaken intuitively—my stays with Kelly also included some strange, unexplainable goings-on. I started to notice that my toes would feel like they were being tugged on from beneath the blanket while I slept in her guest room. As if that wasn't creepy enough, I felt as if there were others in the room I couldn't see. You know that feeling you get when someone is staring at you, so you turn to look, and there they are? That's how I felt.

My dear friend endured the woo-woo ride with me and never once said, "You're flat-out losing your mind, Kiers." In fact, Kelly remained super supportive. When I started telling her about what was happening whenever I stayed at her house, she was open and relieved. She even confided that a few strange things were happening that she couldn't explain—toys with dead batteries had been lighting up and making noise, her razor would fly across the shower stall when she was in it, and the dogs and cats were acting out of sorts and refusing to come inside.

By this time, Nate and Noah's healer had helped me understand that I wasn't losing my mind when it pertained to what was happening at Kelly's. I knew there was truth to what I was seeing and feeling, and Kelly knew it, too.

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Prior to the visit where I dug beneath the spider tree, I started to tap into what was happening at Kelly's. Sitting at the kitchen table one day after dropping the kids off at school, I was sipping my coffee, cherishing a few minutes of quiet before I had to start building toy box orders. Out of nowhere, I saw a vision of a young girl with blonde hair who looked to be around eight years old flash across my mind. Then I heard her. She said her name started with a C and that she'd been kidnapped and murdered in the 1970s. And she said there was evidence in Kelly's backyard. I noticed, again, that chills covered my body, but they were mostly showing up on my right side. I made a mental note that she hadn't crossed into the light yet.

As usual, I grabbed a piece of paper off my nearby desk and jotted down notes. It was the most disturbing message I'd received to date. Immediately, I called Scott at work to tell him about it, and when my friend Stacey called to ask about getting the kids together, I told her, too. My gut told me she was a safe person with whom to share, and my gut was right. She, too, had experienced a strange phenomenon but admitted that most of the time, she buried her head in the sand about it all.

Then it was time to call Kelly.

"I don't know any children with the initial C who passed in the 1970s, but I believe you," she said. "And I wonder if it's connected to the weird shit that's happening in my house."

"Do you know anything about who owned your house before you bought it?" I asked.

"I don't know much actually, but maybe it's time to find out."

I hadn't really done any research at that point; I was simply following the little girl's instructions. After I hung up, I started looking for reports of missing kids who fit the description. Later that night, Scott and my friend Stacey started researching as well. We jokingly called ourselves the Scooby-Doo gang; it helped to minimize the fact that this was really serious, dark stuff. We were spooked, but on a positive note, it seemed the more I trusted my own intuition,

LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

continued....

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the more my husband believed in it, too. And the more Stacey felt comfortable trusting in—not ignoring—her intuition as well.

Scott thought maybe it was time that he spoke with a psychic himself. He was curious about possible job prospects after being laid off by a major TV network. I recommended that he call Vicki, a psychic medium I'd come to know and trust as I traversed my awakening. Maybe she could tell him something about his next career move.

A week later, I flew to Kelly's house, hellbent on getting to the bottom of what really happened there years prior. While I was digging beneath the tree, Scott went to his in-person reading with Vicki in LA. I knew her to be incredibly intuitive, as well as gorgeous, down-to-earth, and not the least bit carnival-side-show fortune teller. It's why I was drawn to her and why he immediately felt he could trust her.

After they discussed Scott's next career move, he asked if she could tell him anything about Kelly's house. He said I was there and that some weird stuff was going down. Before he could say anything else, she blurted out, "There's some really, really dark energy at that house."

"The house was used for horrific crimes for many years," Vicki went on to explain. "There's a little girl whose name begins with a C. Carrie? Something like that. She is desperate to get her message across, and Kiersten is the one she feels most comfortable with."

Vicki went on to give more detail, including a possible date range and the nature of the dark energy at the house—murder and sexual violence. Scott called me immediately after his session to relay Vicki's messages. Minutes before the phone even rang, chills covered me from head to toe.

Shortly after hearing what Vicki picked up intuitively, I heard the voice of a little girl urging me to dig deeper at the base of the spider tree. Messages in the form of visions filled my head. Flashes of scenes of sexual and physical abuse I knew I could never unsee

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played on a loop. I was in tears with the realization of what this poor child had endured, which made me all the more determined to shovel deeper and faster.

While I was knee-deep in hard-packed soil, Scott was busy digging up dirt online. He found a profile of a child who went missing in the mid-1970s. Her name was Carrie. Immediately after finding her, he sent me a text letting me know he was sending the link via email.

With adrenaline coursing through my veins, I ran inside the house to tell Kelly that Scott had found a possible match. She and I sat side-by-side at her kitchen table as I opened my laptop. Once I clicked the profile link, my heart settled in the pit of my stomach.

It was her.

Confirmation chills up and down my body quickly followed.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, staring at the missing person's page. I felt for Kelly—knowing that this would change the way she felt about her home—but the heartbreak I felt for Carrie was immeasurable. This poor child had been waiting all of these years for help. And for some reason, she chose me.

I was more determined than ever now, but after a full day of digging four feet deep into the rock-hard ground, my blistered hands and I knew that a break was needed as the sun started to set. It was time to head to a downtown bar to meet up with Kelly's friends.

Kelly relayed the story of Carrie to her friends, who were all on pins and needles as each "and then" came out of our mouths. I instinctively knew I wouldn't have enough time to complete the job before hopping on my return flight the next day, and I felt panicked because of it. I couldn't let Carrie down. Kelly promised to help get justice for this precious soul, and I knew through shared efforts, more would be revealed.

But I wasn't ready to give up on the physical uncovering just yet. I set my alarm for the crack of dawn and made it my mission to dig as much as I could before I had to be at the airport. I prepared my

LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

continued....

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blistered hands for more work and quietly slid open the glass door to the backyard. I walked over to the hole and was hit with the paralyzing realization that where I'd spent hours digging just yesterday was now mostly filled in with dirt. I don't know how long I stood there, staring at the area before I snapped out of my frozen state. My scientific mind looked for the cause, thinking maybe the dogs had pushed the dirt back in, but the large mound of clumpy earth I shoveled out of the ground the day before hadn't moved.

How did this happen, and why does the dirt look like it's slanted in the hole? Because of that, and the fact that it wasn't completely filled, it seemed to be conveying a message. Being fairly new to this whole mediumship thing, I knew I needed help from a professional. I immediately called a trusted medium I knew named Megan, expecting to get her voicemail. Thankfully, she was an early bird that day, too.

Megan had a particular knack for mediumship and house clearings. I filled her in a bit about Kelly's house, the messages I was channeling, and the newly dug hole now filled with light brown dirt that was slanted.

"Carrie is trying to tell you you're in the right vicinity but need to dig closer to the fence," Megan explained.

"Wait, so the dirt...*she* did that?" I asked, dumbfounded. "How does spirit manifest dirt?"

"She did do it," Megan replied. "She wanted to let you know you're close, and she's incredibly grateful you're listening to her and trying to help."

If only I had more time.

* * *

I spent the flight home staring into the cloud-filled sky, thinking about everything that happened at Kelly's house. Lost in thought, resting my temple against the airplane window, I wondered if there

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was really some larger force at play and a reason I was chosen for this particular job. *Why me? Why now?*

I spent a lot of time talking to my new psychic friends—asking them about their experiences and how they handled the weight of it all. They all said they grew up knowing their senses were dialed up a notch. They went to workshops to learn how to better tune in to the world we can't see and they accepted it as something they aspired to perfect.

I wasn't one of those people. I felt like I was living a "normal" life until I wasn't. One day my life was about furniture and trips to Target, and the next, I was channeling children who had died. Through all of my head-scratching, a constant, quiet voice continued saying, "Trust it. One day at a time." That's exactly what I decided to do.

Daily life played out as usual, but in between normal activities, Scott, Stacey, and I were all doing what we could to see if we could find more information about Carrie. Kelly was part of the unofficial club now, too, only she did her part from thousands of miles away. From LA, Stacey and I both channeled important details about what happened to Carrie and kept a log of them. For some reason, when she and I were together, our candle burned brighter. We could see more.

Kelly was also doing a little digging about the history of her house. She asked neighbors who lived near her home in the 1970s if they remembered anything about the folks who lived there. They did. Along with memories of loud parties and trash bags used for window shades, they recounted men coming in and out of the house quite a bit, which led them to believe drugs were being sold there. In fact, Kelly said when they moved in and were digging a garden in the backyard, they found hypodermic needles. It looked like the neighbors' assumptions were spot-on. But darkness cloaked the house in more ways than drugs.

I doubt the thought of murder and sexual abuse ever crossed the neighbors' minds. While I can't share specific details of this cold case due to its sensitive nature—and for my own protection—I will say

LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

continued....

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that Carrie told us exactly how she was kidnapped and the type of car they were in when they lured her. When Kelly questioned the neighbors, they described seeing the exact car—make and color—that Carrie told us about.

I started keeping records of everything we were discovering in a folder. I was determined to stay organized, but I was admittedly clueless about how to move forward with all of the notes. Until Kelly called.

“Kiers, you’re not going to believe this, but we have a connection to Carrie,” Kelly said with excitement in her voice.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, you know the family daycare that both of my kids attend? It was opened back in the 1970s. I was talking with one of the relatives, Jill, whose mother started the daycare and asked if she remembered a missing child case during that time frame. I mentioned the name Carrie. She immediately teared up and said, ‘Yes, I more than remember it. Carrie was one of our kids. They never found her.’”

“Oh my God. I can’t believe she remembers her.”

I was floored. It was another one of the *holy shit* moments we were all coming to expect.

“Kiers, we have a connection to her mother through the daycare,” Kelly went on. “Jill’s entire family not only knows her, but they are still close with her. This can’t be a coincidence.”

With this news, I needed more stability than my own two feet. Sitting down on the garage steps, I said, “Okay, Kel, I’m shaking and have chills from head to toe. We have to do this. Oh God, how in the world are we gonna do this?”

Eventually, I felt guided to write a letter to Carrie’s mom, Mary. But first, we needed to find out if she was even open to hearing from me. Kelly asked Jill if she would ask Carrie’s mom if she was open to receiving a letter. A day later, Kelly got the okay.

I spent most of the night pouring everything into a four-page letter for Mary. I included photos of our family and reassurances

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that I was not looking for anything, nor was I a professional medium by trade—I simply wanted to get the messages to her. While I can’t share the letter in its entirety due to a multitude of reasons that include privacy and protection, here’s the first part:

Dear Mary,

Thank you for agreeing to read what I’ve come to learn over the past two months. I’m sure over the years you’ve heard from a lot of psychics, so I completely understand if you’re skeptical. Please know that I am not a medium by profession but I’ve known of my gift for some time. And in regards to what I’m about to share about your wonderful daughter, I did reach out to two trusted professional mediums who validated the messages coming to me without any prior knowledge or tips.

Let me first say how sorry I am that you’ve had to endure such pain. I’m a 37-year-old mom of two and my heart breaks for you and your family. But let me also begin with letting you know that the constant thread in my communications with Carrie revolves around her telling me what an amazing mom you are and how much she loves you. She is worried about you because she knows you struggle every day with her loss...

At the end of the letter, I gave her my contact information and a link to my furniture company website, and I asked her to please keep my identity secret.

It took a little time to hear back, as expected. Meanwhile, I started channeling other children who’d suffered similar fates. I kept file folders of information on them as well. They were still considered missing. It was as if a line of children had begun forming behind Carrie.

About two weeks later, I heard back from Mary. She wanted to talk. My heart pounded out of my chest as I dialed her number. Our conversation lasted about thirty minutes, and in that time, she told me she believed what I shared with her to be true. The details in the

LITTLE VOICES CASE EXAMPLE

Carrie

continued....

Carrie's case led to evidence that connected many cases. I do not talk about the details publicly as many are still under investigation.

LITTLE VOICES

letter seemed to match what happened, even if they didn't match public reports.

Mary also said she believed that her daughter was helping all the other children in spirit find a way to get their messages to me. In fact, it was reminiscent of who her daughter was during her life. I was overcome with emotion that Carrie was able to get her message to her mom, but I was sad that I hadn't been able to get to the evidence beneath the tree.

"In due time, you will find it. And more," Carrie said, out of nowhere after I hung up the phone with Mary. I heard her as clearly as if she were standing beside me. Since I was used to that sort of thing now, it didn't shock me. I simply nodded, thankful for her reassurance.

As a practical thinker, of course, I thought about Kelly finishing the digging, but I also knew her husband was skeptical of it all and frankly, didn't want a giant hole or a damaged tree in his yard. I didn't want to put her in a difficult position. Kelly and Mike had already dug up evidence that helped prove that what I was hearing was true. When they first bought the place, while working on the yard, they'd found friendship bracelets from the eighties, needles, and more.

I believed Mary, and I also knew that if I could connect with law enforcement, they might be able to dig a little deeper.

Again, the Universe made a connection I never thought possible. Turns out, one of Kelly's friends is a police detective. Kelly agreed to ask if he would be open to information about a missing person cold case. Lucky for me, he was. I sat down at my computer and penned another four-page letter with details, dates, and web links. He called me immediately after reading the email. It was the first of multiple detective connections I would make over the years.

ADDITIONAL CASE EXAMPLE

Pam

Pam was 22-years-old when she was murdered by her boyfriend.

This tragic event happened eleven years ago. In 2022, Pam visited Kiersten in spirit after international bestselling author, Amy B. Scher, and Kiersten connected on Instagram. Amy reached out to Kiersten to tell her how happy she was to be connected to her and went on to say that she felt their connection—and the timing of the connection—might be a sign from her cousin, Pam. With no prior knowledge of Pam or her case, Kiersten told Amy that she would happily do the best she could to channel messages from Pam to Amy. Unbeknownst to Kiersten, the day she passed the messages to Amy was the anniversary of Pam's death.

Amy shared a testimonial with me (below). It tells the brief story of what transpired...and how the messages Pam passed through Kiersten affected Amy's life and book project.
NOTE: Amy has agreed to write the foreword for Kiersten's next book. The story of Pam connecting with Kiersten—and the friendship that transpired—will be included in the book.



“As an author, random people find me all the time. But on the eleventh anniversary of my younger cousin’s murder—and as I struggled to finish the novel inspired by her death—I wondered if a new connection I had on Instagram meant something. Kiersten Hathcock, my new friend, is a volunteer medium who helps solve cold cases of murdered children. Through a flurry of DMs, she delivered clear messages with no prior knowledge of my cousin’s case: stairs, a shovel, something I should dig for. I followed the leads, and after almost a decade of working on my novel, I had the answers I needed to finish it.”

AMY B SCHER

Bestselling Author of This is How I Save My Life

ADDITIONAL CASE EXAMPLE

High profile
missing
persons case in
partnership
with Mark
Pucci, NYC
Detective.

Mark Pucci
publicly
credits
Kiersten with
saving his life
because of her
work on this
case.

LITTLE VOICES

A week after what I'd come to learn was a very early miscarriage, I put myself on a plane heading to the East Coast. New York City was a place I'd always loved visiting, but this time it felt even more electric, despite my red-eye grogginess. The last four weeks had been anything but easy. Living in the same home with a man you care about but are divorcing is heartbreaking and tension-filled. Hopping on a plane to see Tony meant I could breathe again. The sun was just starting to come up as the wheels touched down at LaGuardia.

Get off that fucking plane, he texted as the plane taxied to the gate. *I'm waiting right outside of security. I can't wait to see you!*

Ha-ha, okay! I replied. *These people aren't moving fast enough. I'm so excited! I can't wait to see you!*

I practically ran to the arrivals area. Through the crowd ahead of me, I could see a tall, handsome, dark-haired man with a smile from ear to ear. Our embrace reinforced that he indeed felt like home. I exhaled for the first time in days, and we walked hand-in-hand to his car.

We had lots of business meetings that made the trip seem legit, but in actuality, the work-related appointments were secondary to the fact that we were dying to see each other again. We hadn't texted and talked since we met in North Carolina. I'd never felt more in my life.

Our visit was exactly what it would be, minus the threat of having to pay \$200 for smoking in a hotel room. Tony talked his way out of it while I waited in the lobby. Even though I had broken the biggest rule of all—the infidelity rule—Tony was still a rule follower at heart and hated that the hotel rules had been violated. I wasn't accustomed to or in favor of smoking inside, but Tony didn't think twice about it. He knew all the tricks—he'd been a two-packs-a-day smoker since he turned thirteen. I knew he smoked—it was one of the first things he did when we met but, thankfully, he talked a lot about wanting to quit. He said Flagstaff would be a great place to stop smoking.

THE RABBIT HOLE

I smoked occasionally in the spirit of rebellion and fun, but mostly, I learned early in the relationship that when you sleep in a cloud of second-hand smoke—whether it's pot or cigarette smoke—a Virginia Slims Menthol or two isn't the worst thing one could do. I'd always considered myself lucky because I never developed an addiction to cigarettes after having an occasional one while out with friends over the years.

I knew it was a lifetime habit for Tony, but I was ready to help him quit whenever he felt ready. I also learned early on that he smoked pot to help with his ADHD. He called it his *medicine*. While I wasn't a pot smoker, I'd tried it a time or two over the years, and I didn't think of it as a crime, either. After all, he preferred it to prescription medicine that had the potential to make matters worse with all of the nasty side effects he talked about. And he needed it in order to calm his brain enough to design furniture, so how could I possibly attach something negative to what he did to self-medicate? As usual, I didn't judge even though it wasn't my cup of tea. I simply cared and wanted him to feel the best he could feel, even if it came with the name Mary Jane.

* * *

Around noon on one of our last days in New York City together, we stood outside with lit cigarettes in hand waiting for Mark Pucci, retired NYPD detective, to arrive. Mark and I had been working together on a missing persons case. We were connected by a mutual friend when both of us volunteered to see if we could help.

Not unlike the other detectives I'd been working with on missing children's cases, Mark believed in intuition. I felt comfortable with him over the phone, so I figured meeting him in person to go over case details would be easy and relaxed. Still, I was nervous. Furniture was my forte. This mediumship thing was relatively new to me, and the stakes were high.

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LITTLE VOICES

“Kiersten, right?” the tall, gray-haired man asked, with a grin, as he walked toward us on the sidewalk.

“Hi, Mark! Yes! It’s nice to finally meet you in person,” I said as I offered a firm handshake. “Mark, this is Tony, who I told you about. Tony, this is Mark.”

They exchanged handshakes and pleasantries as we made our way into the diner that lived below the hotel. I gave Mark a heads up before our meeting that Tony would be with me, and that I was separating from my husband. He didn’t seem fazed in the least. In fact, he seemed happy for us.

We talked for close to two hours while Tony sat quietly at the table when he wasn’t taking a smoke break. Mark brought a manila file folder with him that contained all of his “boots on the ground” detective notes. I brought a notebook that contained all of the details I’d channeled intuitively from Flagstaff about what happened to the missing person we were hoping to find. Much to my surprise, what I’d been able to channel matched what he’d dug up through good old-fashioned detective work, and then some. We were picking up on the same people and places without talking with one another. Mark looked stunned and amazed while Tony wore a prideful grin on my behalf. I was winning points with a decorated NYPD detective, yet I still felt completely out of my element.

Mark told me that in all his thirty years in law enforcement, he’d never met someone like me. He’d worked with psychics before, but he said I was different. Obviously, this wasn’t something I did for a living, so that was the lens through which I processed his comment. I reiterated that I didn’t ask for any of it and that I wasn’t sure what to do with my newfound gift other than what I had already been doing helping grieving parents, passing messages when I was guided to do so. And in this case, hopefully finding the missing person.

When it was time to go, we all made our way to the door. Mark leaned in, gave me a hug, and thanked me for my time. I thanked him for believing in me despite the fact I wasn’t a professional medium

THE RABBIT HOLE

or psychic. Then we watched him disappear into the crowded New York sidewalk. Not only was I thrilled to validate his findings, but I was over the moon that he was helping validate for me that this was very real. Even after three years of channeling spirit, I still sometimes questioned how and why I knew what I knew.

While I was feeling good about being steps closer to helping a family find their loved one, Tony was in a different headspace.

“See how he went in for a hug, there?” he asked.

“Um, yeah, he must be a hugger,” I replied. “I’m just relieved that it looks like what I channeled matches what he is getting, and even fills in some holes. I think we’re getting super close to figuring out what happened.”

“I think he wants to do more than solve cases with you, baby,” Tony shot back.

My brow furrowed as I tried to hide the feeling of disappointment that, clearly, he wasn’t reading the situation the way I was. Somehow, he wasn’t at all focused on the fact that I’d just left a meeting with an NYC detective about a missing persons case, and what I shared actually helped. Never in my lifetime did I think I’d be in this position, or that someone like Mark would actually value my intuitive weirdness.

“Nah, he just believes in me. And I really appreciate that—there aren’t a lot of cops who trust intuitive information. Plus, he just met you... I hardly think he’s trying to make a move on me.”

“Whatever you say, baby,” Tony said as he grabbed my hand.

We walked hand-in-hand, looking like carefree lovers, but I was left with a pit in my stomach I couldn’t shake. I felt anything but carefree at that moment, thinking about what just went down after one of the most significant meetings of my life. In true Kiersten fashion, I quickly buried the uneasy feeling deep down that way I could get back to feeling high with Tony by my side.

ADDITIONAL
CASE EXAMPLE

High profile case involving the murder of an
American girl outside of the US

In early 2022, Kiersten received information from a teenager in spirit regarding the location of her remains in a different country. This case is ongoing and will be investigated via the National Institute for Law and Justice.

Most of the questions in the case have been answered with the exception of where her remains were hidden. This is the information that was shared with Kiersten.