

SITTING AROUND ...

(An assessment of the apparent Trivialities to be found in psychic experimentation and Spirit World communication)

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INTRODUCTION

With world-wide increase in interest in the fields of psychical research, mediumship, extra-sensory perception, etc., mediums, lecturers and researchers, now more than ever, are confronted with a barrage of questions into the many extremely subtle complexities involved in this area of study and practice.

It is not surprising therefore that the layman wishing to enquire into this field, cannot begin to understand half of the material received through various forms of mediumship – or perhaps in his own periodic psychic experiences. Many people have very little idea as to how best to properly analyse the material the material mediums offer and this booklet is not intended as a general discourse on the whole range of psychic phenomena and the many philosophies surrounding it, but rather as a simple guide for those wishing to be able to more thoroughly sort ‘the wheat from the chaff’ in order to arrive at any real conclusion regarding the survival or otherwise of the human personality beyond the grave.

Questions frequently asked are “why are there so many trivialities in mediumistic outpourings?”; “who explains the material mediums produce which has no direct relevance to the sitter or enquirer?”; “how is it that we find so much ‘given’ to us in ‘messages’ that we cannot understand?”; “why do mediums often mention names of ‘dead’ people whom we hardly ever knew in their earthly life, and sometimes not at all?”; “how is it that when we approach a medium wanting something very particular from them, we rarely receive it?”. There are thousands more such questions but these are perhaps the most frequently reiterated ones, and maybe could be erased altogether if people took much more careful note of what mediums say to them. The majority of people prefer to rely upon their memory to record the full context of a medium’s outpourings, but it is encouraging today to see more people than previously, taking copious notes or using tape-recorders. Without properly recording, and then indexing, all the material given me over the years by mediums – either privately or publicly – and the great majority of my own direct psychic experiences, often of a fleeting, somewhat trivial seeming nature, I would not perhaps now have the total conviction of the reality of the Spirit World with which I am able to consider myself well-blessed.

One cannot hope to arrive at a positive conclusion – either way – by simply tossing around in the mind for a few days, something a medium has said, and then totally disregarding it because one does not have instant recognition of its meaning. Properly recorded material usually permits in time for many items which have not been understood, to dovetail with items received at later dates, gradually building a complete pattern, rather like at different times sewing different threads into a tapestry. Further, we cannot judge the issue simply from an intellectual attitude alone – it must be balanced with the emotional issue, too, each being kept firmly in place so that one does not totally outweigh another. Usually it is an inner conviction which comes rather than an outer, one of the emotional level rather than purely intellectual. Often I have replied negatively, sometimes quite dogmatically, when a medium has spoken to me either of a ‘Spirit Friend’ or of some earthly matter of which, at the time, I was sure I had no knowledge, only for such things to spring back to mind, with a total recognition, at a much later date. Similarly have my own sitters, or recipients of ‘messages’ given by me on public platforms, totally denied recognition of things said to them, only to telephone or write me at a much later date, saying they had eventually had a full understanding of what had been said, or recognition of a ‘Spirit Friend’ I had described.

Not half enough people realize that no medium – even the greatest one living, whoever they may be – can guarantee contact with the Spirit World let alone with a specific soul in that World, at any time. Secondly, it is not sufficiently appreciated that because a person WANTS to make ‘contact’ with a special Loved One in Spirit, there will automatically be a link with that Loved One. Consequently, many people are far too ready to give a series of denials to a medium because their own mind is totally filled with the idea of their special ‘wants’ and nothing else. Sadly, if they could but realize it, they are probably denying themselves much by not taking sufficient interest to carefully note everything the medium says, which may well prove invaluable in the long run.

For a particularly sensitive medium, a whole barrage of denials can produce such a mental-emotional block as to completely ruin any chance of the medium re-attuning psychically to try and find another ‘wave length’ on which to work. The wise enquirer will simply be content to respond with a fair and carefully considered response of a “yes” or “no” or “I cannot place that for the moment” and proceed to record what the medium has said. To be over-eager to give a negative reply suggests that the sitter cannot be bothered to consider anything except what they WANT to hear and this is foolish in the extreme, for none of us – no matter how academically clever – can possibly have total recall of the

myriad past personalities and events which have shaped our lives to a given point.

Regarding the 'trivia', suffice to say it would perhaps be rather disturbing to every man if he could, in a flash, recall every minute experience of his life and see how much of it has been of an extremely trivial nature. Trivialities of gesture, speech, action and reaction, come into every man's everyday 'communications' no matter his social or professional status, and equally, every man has difficulty sometimes in endeavouring to describe explicitly thoughts, feelings, experiences, which he wishes to convey to another. Finally, we all know the irritation expressed through many aspects of interference and misunderstanding and mishearing in telephonic communications, and sometimes with radio and television transmissions also.

Undeniably, there can be great difficulty in 'sorting wheat from chaff' in mediumistic work, especially when endeavouring to evaluate that which is suggestive of evidence of survival, and that which is not, but we must be ever mindful of the delicate matters of interpretation and description. Some mediums have a particular aspect of the psychic faculty better developed than others, and some may have a much finer gift for clairaudience than clairvoyance and so on. Similarly, in everyday life, some people have a gift for describing experiences to others like 'painting pictures with words', whilst others, describing the very same thing, are lost for words and resultantly give a rather distorted picture.

Most leading psychic organisations display a notice, or announce in their brochures, that enquirers should best approach every approach to a medium regarding it as an experiment, and as this cautionary note is far to rarely heeded, it is hoped this booklet will serve in a similar way to help guide those coming newly to the quest in the best ways to evaluate whatever they find. It should be stated that the writer's investigations in this field have never, at any time, been conducted in consequence of deep bereavement or personal tragedy, bringing emotional distress.

Where appropriate permissions have been granted, actual names have been used, but where it has been impossible at that date to trace others to whom this data relates, initials only have been used to avoid any possibility of occasioning embarrassment.

CHAPTER ONE

On a visit to Brighton some 35 years ago a literary friend, Gilbert, arranged that I should take the opportunity of visiting a very psychically gifted lady of whom he had often spoken. Explaining that Judy was ‘quite a character who had lived life to the full, often used rather over-ripe expletives, yet sometimes – but not always – made contact with the Spirit World’, Gil emphasized that she made no claim to being ‘spiritual’ of herself and placed no particularly spiritual connotations upon any aspect of her work.

Gil waited in a ground floor sitting room, while I was ushered into a small upstairs room with Judy who, on the way, muttered something about ‘being convinced of survival beyond the grave’ but not being ‘really very interested in it’! Sitting each side of a small card table, I was asked if I would prefer my ‘Reading’ via the crystal ball, the tarot cards, the sand bowl, palmistry, psychometry (reading from a personal article of mine which she would hold) or ‘just by holding hands a few moments over the table’. Suggesting that she should work as she felt most readily inclined at that time, I was quite happy to hold Judy’s hands across the table for the first five minutes as she ‘attuned to my vibrations’, and thereafter concentrated on making my notes.

Giving first what amounted to an excellent reading of my character, then correctly describing my working environment and circumstances relating thereto, Judy then proceeded as follows (my responses in brackets):

- J A young man of the Spirit World comes close to you – he died suddenly and tragically – very strong of personality and also physically – I get the name of G..... He is about your height but broader, stronger and was about 30 to 35. You know him? (No)
- J I see trains – his passing was something to do with railways and trains. Certainly seems to know you and comes very clear now. I hear the phrase “trains so fast – I did not realize what was happening”. Just a moment. Now he says, “I was leaving the theatre and then – it was just so fast”. Then, oddly, he mentions crockery. Have you been buying – or maybe breaking – some crockery? (No)
- J Well anyway, I don’t know what it means but he is certainly pleased to be here with you. I think he comes from Yorkshire – he mentions Yorkshire – no. He says “I only worked there – **he** comes from there” and he points to you. Do you come from Yorkshire? (Yes)
- J He repeats again “Theatre” and says you have connections with the theatre. (I had)
- J Now G..... says “He will have again”. Then he says a funny thing, “Smashing time...a smashing time” and he laughs. I don’t know if he

- means to do with the theatre or with the crockery. Now again he laughs heartily. Are you sure about the crockery? (Quite sure)
- J I thought maybe he was being funny. Now he says “One morning soon you will wake and have your first thought “Is this all really happening to me or am I just dreaming it all?” and he says this will be through the theatre again. Do you know someone other than me called Judy?” (No)
- J Quite sure? (Absolutely)
- J Well, your friend here says “I’ll try and be there with you and Judy” (I just cannot understand that)
- J Never mind. Just a minute. Are you a big fan of Judy Garland? (I like some of her work, but I am not particularly a great ‘fan’)
- J Well this young man has placed what is like a large photograph of her right over your head and he says “This is Judy” and somehow I think you are going to meet with her. (I can hardly see that)
- J Well – wait and see. Now, are you interested in astrology or astronomy? (No, neither)
- J Well, anyway, I see lots of stars all around you – a whole galaxy. Your friend G..... says “He’ll be seeing stars alright” and then he laughs again. Maybe someone is going to interest you in these things. Now he says again “A smashing time...a smashing time....” and he seems to be going, but I hear again – rather sardonically – “crockery indeed!” Watch for that, young man. Be careful with your best crockery I’d say! Now who do you know called Christopher? (No one)
- J Come, come now. You must know a Christopher somewhere. (I’m afraid I don’t)
- J I see here a sickbed – a very sad sickbed and a young man in it and above the bed is written ‘Christopher’. He is quite young and – oh dear, it really is more like a deathbed. He is in his twenties. You have been visiting a hospital recently? (No)
- J Well, then you are about to and I am absolutely sure of this. You will see this young man in a hospital bed – desperately ill. You have healing gifts of your own – in fact you are a psychic yourself but you’re not doing anything with it and should be. You will help this Christopher through your own healing gifts. You will be told that everything is hopeless for this Christopher but he WILL come out of there and he WILL be healthy again, no matter what the medics tell you. Now, have you heard of Ivor Novello? (Yes, indeed)
- J A great man of the theatre he was. Anyway, he is showing himself to me here and says this Christopher is very much like him. In features he means, that’s all, so you won’t be able to mistake him. Ivor will help with this. He says Christopher has a fine appreciation of

beautiful things, especially beautiful music. On this ‘wavelength’ does Ivor draw close and, through it, will help. Christopher is utterly desolate, as if he’s been given up for a ‘gonner’. Well, I insist, he is NOT going – to Spirit that is. Understand me? (Yes)

- J Ivor says you will help in pulling this chap back from death’s dooway and he will again emerge as the healthy handsome man he was before and go on to enjoy a long, healthy and prosperous life. At present, he feels lost and somehow deserted; he is confused but will get over this alright. As for you – well, you will take many diversions yet before you attend your real calling. You are born to work psychically – you will serve in what is your natural way, as medium and healer, and will teach the psychic truths to thousands of people, but all that is in the future because you are stubborn; you don’t want to do it and will try everything else but that. Yet, I say success, peace of mind ONLY when you follow your true calling and not one day before. I can say no more now so get along with you, and I wish you the best of luck.

Thus the interview was abruptly ended and as I left with Gilbert, I was more than slightly bewildered.

We note that there was hardly anything I could confirm in this material, and yet my copious notes became invaluable for the ensuing months brought a total validity to everything Judy mentioned.

About a month after meeting Judy, a young actress with whom I was only casually acquainted, telephoned to say she was in London briefly and had a particular reason for requiring to see me. Over dinner in my home, Laurelle expressed an interest in psychic matters, saying that a Midlands medium had recently given her a perfect description of myself, and spoken my name, adding that Laurelle must meet with me to discuss psychic matters and this would lead to a fine proof of survival for us both!

At that time I had sat with about half a dozen mediums and witnessed about a dozen or so public demonstrations of mediumship. Laurelle’s experience was not much more. However, as the evening progressed, I spoke of my unusual encounter with Judy and produced the notes for Laurelle, who suddenly gasped, saying “This is fantastic! I know the G..... who she means”.

It transpired that on a recent weekend, Laurelle had stayed with some friends in the country, also theatrical, and much reminiscence between them brought forth the name of G..... CROCKER – an actor with whom some had worked years before. Laurelle had known him and confirmed that he was killed not long ago, in a train accident, en route between Yorkshire and London, after leaving the theatre in the evening. He was in his early thirties!

Hence came the understanding now of Judy's confusion over the name, which she took to be reference to 'crockery'. It later transpired that another theatrical acquaintance of mine had known him also and these links way well have provided the 'thought channel' through which G.... was able to contact me via Judy. However, it was obvious that as he was trying to convey his full name to Judy, other psychic impressions were crowding in on her too, thus causing some confusion, and perhaps inclining the medium's consciousness to relate to the idea of 'crockery' with a rather obvious kind of joke about 'having a smashing time'.

Now, while it may be heartening to have a medium relate identifying details of a particularly close Loved One of the Spirit World, one ponders the question: is it not the best evidence that which relates to other people of whom I had no previous knowledge whatsoever? Certainly the world at large knew a great deal about, say, Ivor Novello, and consequently, thoughts could be conjured up from even the subconscious levels of my mind for the medium to draw up, especially as she was already referring to theatrical people and connections. However, concerning Mr. Crocker, I could not even had had subconscious elements through which the medium could gain the information she produced. In this instance, our 'proof' came within weeks of the sitting but sometimes it can be years and this shows that even a very fine memory would not necessarily serve one well enough to experience the same element of 'proof' about someone a medium has described in a sitting of long past.

That phrase 'smashing time' could, however, be taken as an allusion to events still to transpire. In the following autumn a friend who was a well known singer, currently touring the North of England, asked me to make every effort to get tickets for the two of us to attend a special Judy Garland show which was being put on in London for a short season – this being Miss Garland's first appearance in London for about eleven years. Fortunately I was able to obtain the tickets for a Saturday night when my friend had one of her rare breaks from work and we joined a 'star studded' audience for Miss Garland's performance. In the intermission, a gentleman aide of the star approached us, saying he had had seen us enter the theatre, reporting this to Miss Garland, and was asked to invite us to a party in her dressing room after the show, and then to supper at a Mayfair night club. My mind was too preoccupied with my sense of privilege at the time of meeting Miss Garland to wonder if perhaps Mr. Crocker was 'able to be with us' too. Nevertheless, as many other International Stars of stage and screen were in the company, it would seem that the medium's 'seeing of stars' around me had simply been misinterpreted by her – the stars of course being the remarkable company of celebrities in whose company I found myself.

The fact of this being a classic case of the medium's misinterpretation is particularly well borne out by the other fact that, to this day, I have no especial desire to become interested on astrology or astronomy. Upon waking the morning after the exciting party etc., my first thought happened to be exactly the line G..... had forecast!

It is most important to note here that Gil, who arranged the Brighton appointment, had no knowledge whatsoever of Mr. Crocker, and certainly none then – or at any later stage in our friendship – of the Christopher who was also mentioned in the sitting. Certainly Gil knew I came from Yorkshire and that I currently worked in Fleet Street and lived in Westminster. We had a few mutual friends but none with any relevance to the Brighton experience.

Within days of this event, a very sick friend whom I regularly visited, expressed deep concern that a treasured friend of hers was desperately ill in hospital and Joan was unable to visit because of her own indisposition. Joan said that, strangely, Christopher's friends and colleagues had been very neglectful of him since his long illness began, except for one friend who had not been put off by the fact that Christopher was in a hospital a long distance from Central London. This friend had just gone to the Continent for six weeks and Joan was anxious that Christopher would now have no visitors at all and would I therefore visit him on her behalf.

Although feeling somewhat awkward about visiting a total stranger under such trying circumstances, I was nevertheless pleased that a current working schedule permitted me the time to do so. Having lost my way slightly, I arrived just as visiting time was about to end but the Ward Sister said that in view of Christopher's extremely grave condition, she would not mind if I wished to stay half an hour or so.

Joan's mention of the name Christopher had caused me to refer to my notes from Judy and, with the relevant parts firmly memorized, I was soon able to overcome my initial sense of shock on seeing what appeared to be a 'breathing corpse' in the sickbed. The patient was sleeping heavily and, after standing at the bedside a little while, I felt psychically impressed to hold a hand about half an inch away from his forehead. Within seconds he opened his eyes, blinked, and then quite unexpectedly, he said "You must be Don – I've heard about you from Joan". He held out a hand weakly and after I took a small stool on which to sit at the bedside, he again moved his hand forward a little to rest it in my right hand which was on the bed edge. Very little was said, Chris murmuring a gratitude for the visit and expressing appreciation of a human hand to hold with his own. Judy's words kept running through my mind. "This boy is NOT going to Spirit no matter what ANYONE says" and after about ten minutes I noticed that his frighteningly sallow complexion

began to take on a new colour. Eventually he shuffled himself up a little higher on his pillows and, without doubt, a much healthier colour was returning to his countenance.

Two days later I visited again and once more let Chris's hand rest in my own for the duration of the visit. On making my exit, the Ward Sister spoke quietly with me, expressing pleasure that my visits were of a much quieter nature than those of the other friend who came in and whose habit it was to speak loudly, laugh a lot, and generally attempt to 'joke' Chris out of his state of total despair. I was then shocked when the Sister said this would help Christopher somewhat as "now there is nothing more that can be done for him and it is but a matter of weeks before the end".

I chose not to argue with what one usually considered would be 'expert' opinion but simply clung fast to my own convictions.

The visits continued and on one occasion Christopher volunteered that he was convinced 'somehow' I was giving him new strength. I myself knew precious little about the healing gifts then as to what extent any part of my presence had a direct healing influence or otherwise. However, within a month doctors expressed astonishment at the complete turnabout in Christopher's condition and he was allowed home. I stayed with him for a couple of weeks until his friend returned from abroad and, gradually, withdrew into the background altogether, realizing with total conviction that Chris had 'turned his dark corner' and did not have any special requirement of my quite so constant attendances. To my knowledge, Chris has continued to live a healthy life and it certainly became a prosperous one and I have nothing to indicate that this has since changed.

This experience, perhaps more than any up to that time, served to remind me again of the tremendous importance of taking full note of what a medium might say. Upon meeting Judy, I did not even know Christopher existed; equally I had no reason then to believe that I had anything of a 'healing gift' and, without those notes to prompt me, I doubt I would have met the eventuating situation with such assurance and sense of real purpose.

This was one of the earlier experiences which taught me to appreciate that often a medium may be attuned in such ways as to take on a sense of need far greater than our own and be able to show us ways in which, could we but be sufficiently selfless, could help fulfill that need.

Scrutinising Judy's notes, we see the classic example of a medium or psychic being attuned to the Spirit People at one moment, losing the contact momentarily, and then attuning to Spirit again later.

Communications can be as elusive as tissue blowing in the wind and if a medium DOES get one clear line of Spirit contact, it is wise to permit

this to flow as naturally as it can, without interference, and certainly without pressurising from the sitter on other issues.

Judy's physical description of the Spirit person of G..... was not necessarily evidential in itself, although of course it was confirmed later. Such descriptions may come purely from 'thought-forms' which build in ways we do not totally understand but which a medium can often see quite distinctly. It is the exact origin of thought-forms which poses the problem as these can perhaps come from a medium's mind as well as the sitter's, or can even be left in an atmosphere by someone who has been there previously. One thing IS clear however, IF it was only some thought form of G..... it could not have originated in my own mind since I had no prior knowledge of such a person, and it is highly unlikely it came from the medium's mind since she had not known him either, and the same applies to the friend Gilbert, who awaited me in a downstairs room.

Although the writer does not, of course, accept the thought-form hypothesis in this instance, it is one which can be pointed out in order to make the reader more aware of the many possibilities of explanation in the field of psychic work.

The prophetic angle of Judy's work does not constitute evidence of survival either. The medium, psychic or sensitive can often 'see' (or should we say 'foresee') things through the psychic functioning without them having anything whatever to do with the Spirit World. Some mediums have extremely strong faculties of precognition and can predict and prophecy with remarkable accuracy, but many do not function well at this level and, it should be remembered, this is certainly not the prime function of a medium, or even less of the Spirit World and its work.

Judy's reference to G..... having 'worked in Yorkshire' was, of course, proved correct and, equally, the fact that he did not hail from there, although I do. Nevertheless, that phrase – and also the one referring to 'leaving the theatre...the train...so fast' etc., – could well be regarded as good evidence of the particular Communicator's survival.

Judy's insistence that I should already know Christopher was misplaced but there are valid reasons why she could believe it herself to be true. Sometimes a medium receives a strong impression with such tremendous clarity that it appears to be something 'real' of the 'earthly world', the medium not realising – because of the psychic force behind the impression – that they are being precognitive without knowing it. Also the impression of Christopher *could* conceivably have been of Ivor Novello's origination and so could the remarks accompanying it. Yet there was nothing of great identifying detail which, in being verified later, could prove beyond shadow of doubt, it was actually Ivor himself communicating those things.

Spirit often refer to the spacelessness and timelessness of their world through which some situations relating to the Earth world are already a *reality* to them, before those situations actually arise in earthly terms. *Our* future is often the *now* to Spirit, their vibrations of consciousness being so vastly different to ours in the physical world. Understanding this help considerably to understand how the link with Christopher was ‘seen’, at first anyway, as already being forged.

Judy’s reference to meeting Judy Garland took in a very definite and positive statement from G....., i.e., “I’ll try and be there with you and Judy” – not merely a hint that one *might* meet Miss Garland. To G..... it was, we see, a definite reality that the Star and I would meet despite the fact that nothing in the ordinary course of my life at that time made such a meeting seem even remotely possible.

Through all the foregoing it becomes increasingly obvious that Judy the psychic did not really require all the ‘trappings’ which she employed for sittings at different prices. Clearly she was a natural medium with a fine awareness of the Spirit people.

No medium finds it easy to always be one hundred percent accurate and no one would pretend so, regarding any Spirit Communicator, and the medium being able to *sustain* that contact throughout the duration of a sitting. Invariably, several communicators are making attempts to ‘break through’ and consequently, considerable difficulty can be experienced in coping with these extraneous bits and pieces which are of the Spirit as well as those which emanate from the sitter – often unaware of all the psychic flotsam held within their own auric field. Many subtle interferences can build into the atmosphere from a sitter’s own magnetisms and all these go without any understanding at all of the sitter or the medium. This is one reason why one famous British medium always refers to the great endeavour of any psychic to always ‘hold to dead centre’. An over-tired, over-emotional, fidgety, or impatient sitter can seriously imbalance the general psychic flow and tone, hence the oft expressed advice to “approach calmly with an open (But Not Gullible) mind”.

CHAPTER TWO

In 1963, for personal rather than professional reasons, I was inspired by the Spirit to return to my native Yorkshire. However, whilst my parents were delighted, I felt that – should I not resettle there too happily and wanted to return again to London – it was better not to disrupt their quiet, happy life of retirement, so I found a new home of my own a couple of miles away.

During my four years sojourn in Yorkshire, having witnessed the public demonstrations of Hull medium Florence Derbyshire, I was interested to take a private sitting with her. Although initially Mrs. Derbyshire provided good detail of two close friends, now discarnate, the following extract from that sitting will serve to demonstrate amply how much material in a sitting can be too easily discarded because the sitter cannot put it into any context of recognition within his present circumstances.

Med. A youth in Spirit comes close – initial P – I want to say Phillip.
He is fairly tall, slim, brownish hair, not too dark, and is about seventeen. (I do not know him)

Med. He wants to know you though. He is anxious for you to help his mother. Says your Guide has told him you CAN help his mother and this means ‘just everything’ to him. Phillip has not been too long in the Spirit World – I would say about a year. He speaks of a David, saying he is glad David is doing well now. This is his brother. You must know a David? (Off hand, I can think of four people named David who I know)

Med. One of them has this brother in Spirit then? (None of those I am thinking of. Definitely not)

Med. Well, this boy insists his brother David is on Earth – you should know him. Now he is showing me a photograph – of himself. I see a dark knitted sweater, blue jeans, white running shoes. He says this will be proof to you. (I am afraid it means nothing to me at the moment)

Med. He points to his leg and says, “It’s marvellous – this is quite alright now”, so he must have injured a leg sometime. do you have a shop, or work in a shop? (No)

Med. Just a minute...let me try again on this. I see much bric-a-brac; fancy goods, etc., who owns a shop like this? (I know of no such shop owner)

Med. Ah, Phillip is here again – he says that is where he can get closer

to his mother than even in the home. He says the atmosphere is not good at home – he cannot ‘get in’ there. So you must know some lady who runs such a shop and has this son in Spirit? (I cannot bring any such person to mind)

Med. Now, of all things, this boy says you do *this* work too. Is that correct? (Yes, I do a little mediumship)

Med. He says he wants to work through you if he can. He is certainly very drawn to you. Are you interested in the study of birds? (No)

Med. Well, Phillip says he loves all the trees around your ‘place’ and says, “It’s marvellous for bird-nesting isn’t it?” (I am certainly surrounded by trees at home – many of them)

Med. Well, maybe Phillip was interested in birdwatching. (Maybe)

Med. Now my own little Helper comes in here and says you should be doing much more of this work. Also she says you should be into a lot of creative writing. (I am not a writer)

Med. Well, you will be one day. My Helper says, “Ask him what does he think we gave him the studio for?” Do you paint or do something artistic? (No)

Med. Well, you must have a studio of some kind. (No)

Med. My Helper says this is in your NEW home. Have you taken a new home recently? (Yes)

Med. There has been some psychic phenomena there? Something to do with a girl in Spirit – no, I stand corrected. Two girls in Spirit? (Yes)

Med. Now I see many mountains and I want to take you to where these are. You will be amongst these very soon I think. But my Helper says, “He has already been there – but I was there even before him. The Spirit have taken him there”. Do you understand? (I’m afraid not. I have not been anywhere near to mountains for many years. Maybe it is something to come?)

Med. Could be – but my Helper seems emphatic you should recognise this now. However, she also tells me not to worry about Phillip – *she* will help look after *him* and *his* needs and *you* will be shown how to assist the needs of his *mother*. This is all I can say.

At a glance, the reader will no doubt feel – as I did – that this material was almost worthless, so much of it being totally unrecognisable to me. However, let it be remembered I had taken the sitting out of general interest and not for pressing needs of my own at the time.

It may be that the medium *could* have culled from my own mind the sense of trees around my home, as I was always delighted that my apartment was on the first floor of a large old mansion in thickly wooded private grounds. We could even say the idea of ‘birdwatching’ was an

association in the medium's mind with the image of the trees. The sense of my having a new home and the psychic phenomena there MAY also have been culled from my own mind. However, let us remember that the medium did NOT say she was 'seeing' the trees clairvoyantly; that most of her information came to her 'clairaudiently' and seemingly from the Spirit mind of Phillip. The only time Mrs. Derbyshire spoke in purely clairvoyant terms was in referring to 'seeing a lot of bric-a-brac, fancy goods in a shop' and 'seeing mountains'. Although I did not recognise either reference at the time, both took on real significance upon later reflection and eventual experience.

In the way that a medium's consciousness swings both back and forth in terms of time, Mrs. Derbyshire was, in her clairvoyant moments particularly, referring both to past and future. The one room yet to be decided in my home was one in which the previous tenant, an old widow, had apparently spent a great deal of time overlooking her favourite corner of the gardens. The lady had, in her day – along with her late husband – been very fond of mountaineering holidays, and that particular room had wallpaper with a repeating pattern of mountain scenery upon it!

My own mediumistic work was becoming quite widely known, more than I had anticipated, or even wished, and consequently I had set aside the smallest room in the apartment specifically for mediumistic work, meditation and healing. But I later learned that the previous tenant had used that room as her little 'studio' for painting small pictures, which she gave to friends and to sell for charities.

Because of the increasing urging to extend my mediumistic activity, I responded readily to the sudden, totally unexpected, offer of work with a well known charity requiring a manager to run an office and 'gift shop'. Within the next few days, immediately prior to taking up the appointment – which permitted one full free day each mid-week to devote to my Healing work – I began to have severe pains in my right leg, especially round about the knee area. Also, much to my bewilderment, I was constantly aware of 'someone' around me, repeating the name 'Phillip' and could only take it to be the Phillip mentioned months before in the sitting with Mrs. Derbyshire. But I could not seem to attune clearly to find out if this were so and, if so, why he was more closely attaching himself to me.

Starting my new work, I found my personal assistant – my 'right hand' – was a very sensitive, warm and motherly little person who, in the nicest possible ways, was clearly delighted to be working for a fairly youthful male and who, within a couple of weeks of our working together, had told me it had made all the difference to her having a 'nice young man' around the place. The rest of my staff were equally co-operative and made delightful colleagues, but this lady seemed almost to

cling to me. Throughout the early period in the shop I still kept having this disturbance of the knee trouble and someone calling the name Phillip, and then I began to notice that it seemed to increase, almost overwhelmingly sometimes, when I was working most closely with W..... rather than with my other staff. In a loose kind of way, I began to accept in my mind that all of this must have relevance to W..... and then one evening, sitting quietly going through some papers at home, it was as if I saw Phillip as clearly as any physical being who might have walked into my lounge.

Now, however, he was rather quiet, telling me 'he was glad he would be able to prove himself to me tomorrow, but was very sorry he had caused distress for his mother in his attempts to try and bring this about'. When I asked for some information concerning his mother, all I received in reply was, "W..... of course". From that moment, many things began to fit into place with me, and the following day I was not therefore surprised that W..... was late arriving for work and, in my office, burst into tears when explaining the reason. Not feeling terribly cheerful the previous evening, she had retired to bed early and, shortly afterwards, just beginning to fall off to sleep, she had been awakened, "by the voice of my son who died eighteen months ago – then I saw him so clear, so real, I could have touched him, right at the side of my bed. All he said was "Mum, you will feel much better after tomorrow, I promise" – and he was gone.

At that point, I stopped W..... abruptly and then, very gently and quietly, asked if her son's name had happened to be Phillip. It was, and therefore I was considerably eased into being able to ask for confirmation of many other things too. His elder brother, on Earth, WAS David, who WAS 'doing well' because he had recently had a very surprising premature promotion. Phillip HAD had trouble with his leg – he 'died' from cancer which started in the knee after a severe blow from a cricket ball. Also, he loved nature, was himself very artistic and sensitive, and was crazy on birdwatching and caring for injured or sick birds which he found!

All this culminated in my extending a luncheon invitation to W..... and we discussed the nature of my 'other' work and experience, and for the rest of the day she was as bright as anything, singing quietly as she went about her work and saying she would, next day, bring a photograph of Phillip to prove how right the mediumistic description of him had been. It proved to be a photograph of his taken in EXACTLY the attire Mrs. Derbyshire had previously described. Need I say that the Charity Gift Shop was filled with bric-a-brac and general fancy goods?

IF any part of Mrs. Derbyshire's material had been culled from whatever levels of my own consciousness, most certainly all that related

to Phillip and his mother could not have been since, at the time of the sitting, I had never even heard of their existence. If we are to say that all of the work came through Mrs. Derbyshire merely registering ‘thought-forms’, we still cannot explain how they, of themselves, should take on a deep spiritual significance, this being proven through the great need of Phillip’s mother – incidentally, a practicing Roman Catholic – for something that would bring new comfort, strength, inspiration, et al. From experience of many years, one can only conclude that a group of people in the Spirit World were cooperating – one with another – through any means they could find, to bring new strength to fulfill a very real need. W..... never looked back from that point, and began to take much greater Faith again with her Church and with life at large.

It surely follows that, had one not taken careful notes of the sitting, discarding it as of no importance because it did not touch on matters which directly concerned ME at a given moment, much extremely valuable work, of both the Higher Worlds and Mrs. Derbyshire’s service, would have been totally wasted.

Such experience serves to convince one that we should allow the Spirit People (not particularly the medium) the benefit of a fuller trust when we sit with a good medium, since they are often the far wiser assessors of what real need we personally have at a given moment, and to what extent we are capable of being used far more importantly in service to a fellow being – friend or stranger – when they see an even greater immediate need.

Even an overly strong desire to “see what the medium or Spirit can tell ME, for MY sake” can put a severe handicap on the ideal atmosphere in which to hold a sitting, often blocking a channel through which greater spiritual need than we know of (and not necessarily through bereavement) can be met. Mediums who are true channels for the Spirit outflow, begin to recognise quickly a sitter’s real earnestness of approach and whether or not this is of a purely selfish or a more open nature of enquiry. Those sitters with any reasonable regard for the wellbeing of their fellow men, will most likely come through the mediumistic quest with much greater proof of the positive planning of Spirit behind these affairs than all those who are interested in no one but themselves. The whole process of good Communication depends upon true *three-fold* cooperation – between sitter, medium and Spirit. Bearing this in mind, we must ask ourselves, is it rational then, to approach with a somewhat arrogant, patronizing, cynical manner, like judges out to ‘test the Spirit’? Such an attitude invariably precludes the sitter’s realisation that the Spirit may well make a much better job of testing them!

The thought is well worth pondering.

CHAPTER THREE

In the foregoing examination, we saw how a medium could take an impression of ‘mountains’ to mean that her sitter would be going into mountainous country – something which never transpired incidentally – and, similarly, the medium, or psychic, may get the impression of a place and feeling such a strong sense of ‘closeness’ with it that they will suggest this is a place to which the sitter will go. Often it transpires to be true in that very context, but equally often will the sitter find themselves to make a new acquaintance, or have some specific new contact through business or profession, with that particular place – thereby becoming more closely interested themselves, perhaps only for a time, with that place. This tallies with the sense of closeness the medium picks up.

Twice mediums spoke of seeing me talking with (Asian) Indian people, one feeling the closeness of connection to be so strong as to suggest I would actually be travelling to India within a certain period of time. I have never yet been to India. However, it *seemed* coincidental when within some months of both of these ‘messages’ I became closely involved, in totally different ways, with a whole string of Indian friends, none of whom had any connection whatsoever with the other, and they remain my friends to this day.

This was a couple of years following my return to London in late summer 1967 to take on the position of Assistant Secretary of the prestigious College of Psychic Studies in South Kensington (later to become General Secretary there).

Another medium, speaking of Indians, said one such person in my life was very much inspired by the Spirit and that my own Chinese Mandarin friend in that World was interested in helping the Indian friend and often drew close to him. The medium spoke of “something being held up in front of one, almost like a scroll, with some strange writing on it – either Indian or Chinese – but being held up by the Indian in front of me. This will be your proof that the Mandarin is good to his word for he is bringing this IN ALL PEACE AND LOVE. It almost glistens with Light – a beautiful feeling”.

Seeming to be one of the less important things, I did not trouble to remember this part of a medium’s outpourings, having made a note anyway for my files. But it immediately sprang back to mind when, the following Christmastime, a highly artistic Indian friend endeavouring always in every possible way to keep close to the Spirit and periodically expressing an awareness of the close presence of the Mandarin, brought me a gift. Instead of a Christmas card with it, he produced a carefully rolled up piece of white paper – quite large – which, when I opened it – like unrolling a ‘scroll’ – showed the words ‘Peace and Love’ in Chinese

script! My friend had produced this himself for my Sanctuary, the words being painted in such a way that they do actually glisten. So, in effect, the Chinaman had used an Indian instrument to bring forth his Christmas greeting to their mutual English friend.

These are the kinds of ‘trivia’ to make the scientist reel at the thought of getting involved with psychic phenomena, yet they are unquestionably the small points which, over a long period of time, prove beyond doubt there IS a thread of continuity running through the constant overseeing of our earthly lives by those of other dimensions. They are like small ‘signposts’ sometimes, little ‘pointers of the way’, not only proving the interest of Spirit in one person but also in those around that person.

If one was to dismiss the so-called ‘trivia’ and all the totally unrecognisable material in mediumistic work such as that we know to examine, then clearly much valuable work would remain undone.

All leading psychic organisations have a group of experienced researchers and investigators who periodically take ‘test’ sittings with mediums being considered for work within that organisation. Such sittings can prove quite an ordeal for the medium (and sometimes, indeed, for their ‘strictly in the line of duty’ sitter). However, in my work with the College of Psychic Studies I was sometimes obliged to be one of the ‘test’ sitters and of course had to adopt a totally impartial attitude, in fairness to the medium and to the College and its members, whether or not I inwardly felt a particular personal need or desire to take such sittings.

On one such occasion I was afforded material which amply suggested the conscious presence of certain of my personal friends and relatives in the Spirit World and then the medium, Mrs. E. Wheeler-Hopkinson of Bournemouth, went on as follows:

Med. What connection do you have with Brighton? (Very little.

Friends I had there I have not heard of in four years but for all I know will still be there)

Med. Well, I have a lady here, gives the name of Elsie, and she speaks of you going to Brighton. Are you planning such a journey? (No)

Med. Are there two brothers in the family of friends you have there? (No)

Med. Strange – because this lady speaks of you going there to help her sons – obviously brothers. The lady is short of stature, quite plump and has coppery coloured hair – may I say it could well have been dyed. Do you recognise her? (No)

Med. The lady has not been long in Spirit – a year at the most – and she seems very distressed, telling me, “the boys are in such awful trouble – I want so much to help”. She is very faltering in trying to

communicate – shows a large letter B – could be one of the sons I think. Does the surname of P..... mean anything to you? (No. But the initial B connects with my old friends in Brighton)

Med. Also I see a letter G. Does this also connect there? (That is my own initial)

Med. I see. Well I felt I still wanted to connect it with her people in Brighton. You link with someone who owns a restaurant? Not large, but very nice décor – this is also close to water – like it could be Brighton or somewhere similar. (No)

Med. Funny, I see it so clearly and I know I am in contact by way of OWNING the place, not merely going to it, or working in it. Now I see a richly furnished drawing room and a grand piano which has a large embroidered shawl affair slung across it. Also many pictures on it – photographs – and I feel you should recognise someone in these photographs. Just a minute, narrow windows, like a Regency style house. One picture is of a gentleman in a military uniform – a very noble sort of picture – like an Hussar or someone of that kind; I can even see an Order ribbon across his chest and a large star-like medal. Someone of very high position. Does any of this make sense to you? (I'm afraid not at all)

Med. Let us pause for a moment and be quiet...now I have a strong sense of the theatrical here. Now I see a gentleman in the sort of uniform I have just described from that photograph. I am seeing the man himself – tall, handsome, dignified – saying you DO know him and the entirety of this sitting will be proven to you within a two of a time – he impresses me to say two weeks. Again, even with this man, I get the theatre – great interest in the theatre. Now do you know who I mean? (I am not at all sure, but I am myself very interested in the theatre and know several theatre people)

Med. Well, all this about Brighton is somehow tying up with theatre people too. Now he brings that lady, Elsie, back with him – and she shows initials D and W and says these are her sons, but the gentleman says the initial D is yours and his too. Is your other initial D? (Yes)

Med. This gentleman also says that a lot of the music is missing from your life but it will eventually come back – and more strongly than ever. He says this will be after your return from America. You must be going there? (I certainly am not expecting to)

Med. Well, I am sure you will. Then he speaks of Yorkshire and says, “what a shame we had to leave our other friend behind”, and his name was B..... Can you understand this? (Perfectly)

Med. Good. You must not have doubts about whether or not you have made the right choice in making recent sweeping changes. It will be a long time before you can be totally sure for yourself, but it will be so. No turning back now, I am impressed to say, and this comes from a

Chinese influence – a small gentleman in a beautiful green coat and a small hat and with a very kindly face. Gives me a lovely feeling of warmth and security with him. He has a child with him – a little girl – and says I must tell you ‘the wee one’ is with him. You understand this? (Very well)

Med. Now I see a train – a definite journeying – and I get here Scotland. Then again I get the figure ‘2’ right over this – so it relates to a time factor. Then I get a sickbed – an old lady in it – and I feel she is ready to pass into Spirit. Have you been concerned about such a friend? (Yes, I expect her to pass before the year is out)

Med. You are right – she will – a great release for her. But I do not think this is a family link. (No. Just a friend)

Med. I feel this is to do with Scotland because my mind reaches North with this. (My friend is in the North)

Med. I see a large capital W and then hear the name Charles – this latter is of Spirit - I am not sure about the initial. (I understand)

Med. Your Mandarin friend tells you not to be nervous when you get a sudden call for help – “MAKE time” he says, and this is connected with what has been said in this sitting. The little girl shows me a white dog – small, like a poodle – and says “please tell Uncle Don about this – it IS important”. Do you understand? (I’m afraid not)

Med. Well, the child perhaps considered it important to her then. This is all I get.

It is noticeable that, towards the end of the sitting, the medium began to have difficulty in placing one item in direct relation to another. For instance, no journey to Scotland was ever made but, ‘within two weeks’ the train journey I took was to Brighton! ‘The wee one’ – a treasured child in Spirit who often figures in my work and is the daughter of dear friends of mine – was Scots and she adored all animals. The medium, in sensing the Scottish connection, could easily be forgiven for still connecting Scotland with the sense of her ‘mind going North’ when relating to my sick old lady friend who, incidentally, passed over within a few weeks, at Christmastime. The old lady’s surname had the initial W and her husband – many years in Spirit – was called Charles.

When assessing this material later in order to produce a report on the ‘test’ sitting for College files, I realized with a slight shock that the surname of the mysterious lady Communicator – although not at all recognisable to me – was the same name as one I had been psychically somewhat troubled with for several days before the sitting. It was as if a voice kept repeating in my ear the name, “Mrs. P.....”, and it meant nothing whatever to me.

Some ten days following the sitting, however, my erstwhile friends in Brighton, having traced my comparatively new environs, telephoned to ask if I could possibly go to Brighton the coming weekend to try and help ‘some friends’ (of theirs) who were distracted with worry and hardly knowing which way to turn. My friends were somehow convinced I was the one person they knew who could really help their troubled friends and, after initially protesting my extreme shortage of spare time, I finally agreed to go.

Travelling almost alone in the train compartment, I became much aware of ‘the wee one’, bringing with her ‘Mrs. P.....’, and then I realised that all of this was somehow relevant to where I was going.

After a quick lunchtime snack with my friends, during which it was agreed I wouldn’t have formal introductions to the others when being taken to their home, we quickly made for the home in question and I was totally unaware of anything to do with the real nature of the problems troubling the new acquaintances I was to meet.

Upon entering their hall, I was very fussily greeted by a small black poodle which seemed not to want to leave me alone, so I picked it up and was nursing it every minute for the rest of the day. Their other dog – a whippet – was friendly but unconcerned once I had greeted him pleasantly. When twice I tried to relieve myself of the poodle, it whimpered so badly I simply had to take him on my lap or into my arms again. We all had a few moments of polite chat about the weather and trains being late etc., and then ventured into the drawing room.

At first, being somewhat nervous as to exactly what was expected of me, I did not realise that this was the very room – in exact detail – Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson had described two weeks previously.

We sat rather quietly for a while and then I had a tremendous surge of Spirit presence around me and was impressed to ask for a particular record – the music of Ivor Novello – to be played quietly. As the music went on, I was able to describe the Spirit Mother of my two hosts, who were brothers with the initials D and W as it later turned out. The mother was pouring forth a wealth of information and when I suddenly found myself describing to them a restaurant I stopped, as if a spring had released in my mind the sudden memory of the images described by Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson. For a few moments I tried to remember all that she had said concerning Brighton and every word of it was perfectly well understood by her sons. That out of the way, I was able to proceed, relaying further information – all of which proved later to be invaluable guidance in helping clear up their quite alarming problems. During the mother’s long illness, many things had gone wrong in the restaurant, and her sons were not sufficiently experienced to clear these problems themselves, and had, in fact, opened themselves up to many more. All

this within the few months since the lady's passing. During the course of this spontaneous sitting, much information came through concerning many theatrical people this family had known and showing many stars of that profession had frequently been guests in the home.

Afterwards, in general conversation, the brothers expressed not only their gratitude, but also their amazement that the black poodle – which NEVER made friends with strangers – had anchored itself to me from the moment I crossed the threshold, and also that I should 'happen' to ask at the outset for the playing of what had been their mother's most favourite, and oft-played, record.

Later, looking at the photographs of the many famous people atop the grand piano – with its 'embroidered shawl' draped across it – I was rather amused to see a photograph of Ivor Novello, in the Royal Dress Uniform – complete with Garter Ribbon and Star of Rank on the breast – which portrayed him exactly as he appeared in his last stage role, playing at the time of his sudden death in 1951, in his own musical play 'King's Rhapsody'! When – in the Wheeler-Hopkinson sitting – he had interjected with "D is really my initial too", he of course was reminding me that his own name-by-birth was DAVID Ivor Davies.

The family surname was P..... which beautifully explained all the bewilderments I had experienced over that, and it transpired that the mother had been living in Scotland also at the time of the birth of her second (and favourite) son.

In that original 'test' sitting, Ivor (with whom I had had many previous psychic links) correctly referred to Yorkshire (my original home) and in naming B..... was referring to a friend there whom he often tried to 'break through' to and help, and who was still residing in Yorkshire after I left to take work with the CPS in London.

The initial G Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson related to Brighton (as apposed to it merely being my surname initial) also proved true insofar as, when I was met at the station, my old friends had with them also a third person – whose initial was G and who had been concerned to try and help the troubled P..... brothers. G and the brothers were all Roman Catholic and it was G who had persuaded the others that – no matter what their religion told them – their need for practical and constructive help was urgent, that the only wise course left open to them was to meet with a medium (i.e. myself).

The reader can well see what parts of the examined excerpt *may* have been culled from my own mind by the medium and quite justly assume that in the second sitting, I too may have drawn certain details of information from the minds of the two brothers. However, not one shred of all this could possibly have been in my own mind at the time of sitting with Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson, because not only had I never heard of the

family P..... then, but further, I had not had contact with my own friends in Brighton for several years anyway. If we are to say that those friends were, in awareness of the P..... brothers troubles, projecting thoughts of all that to me in their own sense of desire to make contact with me again, then it still does not explain, (a) many areas of the problems of which they had no knowledge at all (as it transpired) and, (b) had, not me, but *another* medium, brought forth this information with such a high degree of accuracy – a medium of whom none of them knew anything whatever.

We then must ask ourselves “What of the guidance which proved so accurate?”, if we are to dismiss all this as mere conjecture between various earthly minds and communication via extra sensory perception on the part of each one involved. Then we must also ask “If such guidance was ALREADY – even loosely – within any man’s earthly knowledge, why could not one of the brothers, or their closer friends, have worked on this anyway?” These are the points which give greater credibility to the survival hypothesis and the reality of the Spirit Consciousness being a source of wisdom and of good.

After the day’s main point of meeting was over, I was invited to stay the night at the home and, feeling too tired to journey back to London at a very late hour, gladly accepted. My bed was about eight inches from the wall and just as I was about to fall asleep, I felt a distinct – although not too heavy – ‘thump’ on the pillow directly at the side of my head. As the room was overlooking a totally private back area of the house, I had only partly drawn the curtains and the soft light of a lamp in the room gently lightened the room. In this light I saw quite clearly a small white poodle nestling on my pillow and, standing just to the side of the bed, little Carole, ‘the wee one’, who indicated (a) that she had brought the poodle, and (b) for me to look towards the end of the bed, where I saw most clearly the figure of Mrs. P..... looking quite radiant, and in very simple terms, expressing her gratitude for my visit and pleasure at getting the help through to her sons. At that moment, she told me also that within twelve days, they would again call upon me in a state of anxiety, but I must then assure them that a matter arising was ‘only a storm in a teacup’ and they must not worry about it.

At breakfast the following morning, the black poodle immediately pressed to be on my lap again, and this reminded me to mention the incident of the night before, after which I was informed that the black poodle had been bought for Mrs. P..... (and stayed resting by her on her sickbed many weeks) shortly before her passing because she had grieved terribly over the loss of her most precious pet – a white poodle she had owned for some years!

Now, whatever one concludes about the origins of the material coming forth in the two sittings, those conclusions do not at all allow

explanation also for the appearance before me of the Spirit form of a dog I had never known to have existed, nor the sudden telling by Mrs. P..... that her sons would be, in effect, tested in their trust with the Spirit Guidance, by having a slight cause for panic twelve days hence. On exactly the twelfth day following this experience, my telephone rang, one of the brothers expressing great distress over a matter which had arisen and deeply alarmed them that afternoon. In repeating faithfully what their mother had told me (and which I had not divulged when speaking of the white dog) I was able to have a further proof for myself, as well as for them, of the validity of the Spirit claim to be watching and caring for the whole area of worry in which they would yet awhile be involved.

Ivor's 'observation' on my interests in music also took on more meaning with the passing of years. The two sittings referred to here took place in 1967 and for some years thereafter, many areas of pressing commitment through my ordinary work, did not permit me time for anything but the most sporadic visits to theatre or concert. However, (coincidentally?) since my first visit to America in 1972 many avenues of interest and personal connection with music have opened up in quite extraordinary ways.

No matter how we try to dismiss the material studied as of no value in terms of survival evidence, we cannot escape the fact that not ALL of that material, by any means, can be written off as figments of fanciful imagination; mindreading between persons on Earth; post and pre-cognitive flashes of quick succession working only at the level of a basic psychic sensitivity, or being related in toto with the 'Spirit' images which many would like to call mere 'thought-forms', or even hallucinatory experiences.

But whatever the true nature of the source of the material, we are once again reminded of two things: firstly, the great value of careful, totally unembellished note taking; and secondly, the need for patience in every department of this field of study. An impatient sitter may try to 'force' a medium to 'get more' on a particular theme in the course of a sitting and this is most unwise. Only occasionally can the fully attuned medium manage to hold a link on one theme *with true clarity* at the same time as coping with a sitter's request for more information on that particular theme. Usually, this is attained more easily when the medium and sitter are not only both very well experienced in their different ways, but have also sat together many times and built up a perfectly balanced rapport.

It will be noted that in sitting with Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson, one was happy to simply record whatever she gave, answering in a quiet, fair-minded way as necessary, and not attempting to force any issue, or show

impatience, because things coming through her mediumship were not OF THAT MOMENT of real concern to me personally.

Finally, before the reader too readily turns to say “Ah! But the sitter himself was also mediumistic”, one must point out that with some kind of quiet, open-minded approach to Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson’s work, ANY sitter – no matter how UNpsychic – could have had the same results and could still have been an ‘instrument’ of eventually getting through to the brothers in their need, the fact that Spirit fully understood their problems and were ready and willing and able to help. If an ‘ordinary’ sitter could not have dealt with the follow-up in the way that I was able to do, then at least they could have shown their notes to the brothers, and suggested the brothers take a sitting with a good medium for themselves.

Whilst at no time am I happy about much mediumistic material that *purports* to come from Spirit, by the same token I feel that the kind of work we have just examined, points up very clearly the manner in which Spirit Forces work in one with another to attend to the many areas of spiritual need of both worlds.

Obviously, my own Spirit Helper – the Mandarin – knew I did not have a private need for that sitting with Mrs. Wheeler-Hopkinson, but knew I had to take the sitting in the line of College duty. He must have had awareness of the distressed Mrs. P..... in his world, and therefore seen the College sitting as a good opportunity to show her how to make a breakthrough to the psychically sensitive of the earthly world, and – eventually – to her sons.

As to the mutual friends in Brighton who were to arrange my meeting with the brothers P....., any good medium will confirm that minds such as theirs are very frequently ‘impressed’ or ‘urged’ – or whatever one chooses to call it – to follow a particular course of action if this is going to forge one more important link in a very necessary chain of events to complete a job the Spirit have in hand. In this context we must not overlook the fact that, being Roman Catholics, the brothers would have been hard pressed to feel happy in arranging a mediumistic sitting of their own volition. My own Brighton friends had experience of my own psychic abilities many years ago, and their other friend G, although Roman Catholic, had had occasion to seek the aid of a medium a long time before. Who better, therefore, to reason with the P..... brothers and give them a feeling of reassurance in inviting a medium to their home in an hour of desperate need?

There are thousands of similar records showing the extremely delicate, subtle techniques employed by the Other Side in order to get through where they see the greatest need and one can only speculate upon the amount of their best intentions which never get ‘off the ground’ and the degree of worry and anxiety unnecessarily experienced by many

people because someone, somewhere, has approached a sitting with a medium in a selfish frame of mind, and been unconcerned to take proper note of anything which they could not identify there and then.

CHAPTER FOUR

The following analysis embraces material of the apparently ‘trivial’ nature such as many would ordinarily discard as not worth recording. Yet it touches on symbolism, the delicacy of interpretations, the elusive time-factor in this work, and also a spontaneous psychic experience, culminating in a perfectly clear picture – or chain of firm links – built up over a long period as one part of the material dove-tailed with another. The reader will no doubt realise where, in some parts, pure clairvoyant flashes, like precognition, come in, as opposed to where there is a surer sense of Guiding Intelligences being at work, but still finding the whole giving the many shades of thread to form the tapestry.

Relaxing in my parents’ Yorkshire home one evening in early 1967, I was suddenly impressed to ‘doodle’ with pencil and pad on a side table. A quick thought-flow – which cut directly across my own conscious train of thought of the moment – suddenly appeared, the writing all being linked without any punctuation, and the experience lasting no more than a minute. When patiently dissected, the message read “No operation. No worry over plans. Father has good time yet to go. Crisis quickly over. Two years makes the difference. Watch April 17”. Although puzzled then, I soon understood much better since, three weeks later, my father was suddenly told he must enter hospital for an operation. However, I was perhaps the only member of the family to remain unworried, and totally void of surprise, when father returned from the hospital within twenty-four hours, the doctor having decided the operation was not really necessary after all!

Because I was formulating new personal plans, it was important for me to consider my elderly parents’ state of health, etc., so of course – from this point – I no longer worried about them. The crisis *was* ‘quickly over’ and the incident had taken place in early April – but not the 17th. That date, and the ‘two years make a difference’, were details left to ponder.

In mid-summer of 1968 – fifteen months later – I sat with Mrs. Winnifred Franklin, of Bournemouth, a fine medium-healer and lady of great humility and compassion. Because of the complexities of the analysis, involving the work of more than one medium, my responses to the medium’s outpourings are printed in capital letters and in brackets is shown the eventual outcome, relative to my current pattern of

circumstances. After giving fine identifying detail of my father's closest brother – fifteen years in the Spirit World at this time – Mrs. Franklin proceeded as follows:

Med. Your Uncle George says many changes are ahead for you. The end of July brings decisions *around* you which could affect your whole future. These touch on both work and personal life and you must not worry about them. Are you looking for a *new* home? YES.

Med. Your Uncle says August brings the new home and he shows me the figure 7 and then, quite separately, 17, but I do not know what these mean. (I was currently living in a bed-sitting room and, in early August, a friend offered me a bachelor flatlet in a property of his which was numbered 7. Pure circumstance made the only possible moving-in date the 17th. Miss Ruby Yeatman, then Principal of the College of Studies – to which I was then Assistant Secretary – would, we knew, be retiring within a couple of years. However, at the end of July I was informed it had been decided for her to retire instead, in the coming Autumn.)

Med. I get the date November 8th. Does this mean anything to you – Spirit Anniversaries, birthdays, etc.? NO.

Med. Now I am told you will be asked to take on extra responsibility. If your lady superior left the College, would you take over her work? I SHOULD THINK IT HIGHLY UNLIKELY FOR SEVERAL REASONS.

Med. Well, you will certainly be asked to do so. Your Uncle says “Whether he wants to or not, he will end up in her Chair anyway!” I *feel* there is a very special purpose behind this. Now I am shown what is unquestionably a Spiritualist Church platform – I see the flowers and a Cross on the rostrum, so it must be a Christian Spiritualist Church. But the funny thing here is that I see you in sports clothes, yet you stand on that platform and speak and demonstrate. Your Uncle laughs and says “Tell him not to worry – it will prove itself and the clothes maketh not the medium anyway!” maybe there is something symbolic in this. (In the ensuing weeks it was decided Miss Yeatman's retirement would take place on November 8th. I was asked by the College President if I would like to take over the post and, for a variety of personal reasons, I declined. However, almost two years later I did, in fact, take on that position and ‘sat in Miss Yeatman's chair’. A few weeks after this sitting, on a few days holiday in the North, I visited old friends Fred and Nora Moor – the name will take on significance in a moment. The only suitable socialising time would be after the mid-week afternoon service at the Greater World Christian Spiritualist Church. So I decided to attend the service anyway, prior to taking tea with them. Being on holiday, I was in sports clothes and called in just before the service to let them know I had

arrived. At the last moment, they told me a message had just come to say the engaged medium's car had broken down and she could not be there in time to take the service, so would I mind deputising. Although willing, I protested that my appearance in sports clothes was hardly fitting for a church rostrum, but dear Fred almost took my breath away when he replied "Never mind that. They say clothes make the man but, you know, they don't make the medium!" We had a good service.)

Med. Now your Uncle seems to be fading a little and I cannot get this quite clear. He sounds as if he's saying "...a load of upheaval all for nothing, but it's not yet awhile. He'll be alright and when the time comes he'll handle it." OK. "Just a shame...all so unnecessary." This sounds silly, but now I hear him say with a laugh "It's a case of 'I go – I come back'", but I just don't know what this can mean. There will, I know, be difficulties along the way – stones that hurt your feet, as we say, but you will be strengthened all the way. Now I hear the name Joseph, but this is of the Earth. A Joseph should be close to you on Earth. YES. (This was my father. The rest of this paragraph took on meaning at a much later date, as we shall see.)

Med. Now I have a Guide here – your Guide – and he says, "Joseph is not well now and should get proper attention, but he is a stubborn gentleman. He must not be – so foolish". Don't let this alarm you dear, but I do feel your father is a sick man. Try and get him to have an examination. I WILL, AND THIS CONFIRMS WHAT I HAVE FELT FOR A LONG TIME ALTHOUGH DAD INSISTS HE IS IN NO DISCOMFORT AND REFUSES TO SEE A DOCTOR.

Med. I get a sense of celebration around you – this is a wedding – I see a very blonde bride. Also I see a very large figure '50' written up in gold, and then strangely, I see what looks like a black curtain descend behind it. I feel that November is a month of anniversary – no, anniversaries, plural – in the family. These are anniversaries of passings to Spirit, and also anniversaries of those on Earth. Birthdays, I think. I see the date November 27th and then also 28th. Watch those dates. I WILL. THERE ARE ANNIVERSARIES IN THE FAMILY THAT MONTH – OF BOTH SPIRIT AND EARTH. (In fact, my late grandmother's birthday was November; five anniversaries of family Loved Ones passing to Spirit – including Uncle George – are in November. November 27th of that year saw the family celebrating my parents' Golden (50th) Wedding anniversary. However, the 28th had no meaning at all then, but on that date the *following* year I relinquished my post as Assistant Secretary at the College. Other details here we shall check later.)

Med. The Guide now says in April much of the present family pattern

will change – a new pattern emerges – not just one change. April 10th is written up here. Now the Guide brings in a Rabbi with him and says this Rabbi knows you well and has often worked with you. Can you understand this at all? YES, APRIL 10TH IS MY BROTHER-IN-LAW'S BIRTHDAY. ALSO THAT OF ONE OF MY CLOSEST AND OLDEST FRIENDS, A RABBI, HAS OFTEN COME TO ME WHEN I HAVE BEEN WORKING WITH JEWISH FRIENDS, OF WHOM I HAVE MANY.

Med. Good, well this Rabbi says you have, in some cases, given more to those of his flock than you realise and especially with one who, in the past, you literally brought back from death's door. So, in return, he wishes to help you and will do so in unusual ways as the future unfolds. He says he will influence Earthly minds to help you and says please continue at all costs to help what he calls the 'misaligned' youth of this day. You must do work with young people? YES. (The Rabbi was clearly referring to several past incidents when Jewish people had come to me for psychic consultations in the North, in particular one family who were heavily burdened with complicated problems which, over a period of Spirit Guidance, were happily resolved. Also another instance in which a lady of his faith was at suicide's door when we met and who, again, over a period, rebuilt her faith and strength through Spirit Guidance. The help given was of the Spirit, *NOT* of myself. I had worked with many students questing the psychic field and more recently begun work with a few hippies and drug addicts – hence his reference to 'misaligned' youth.)

Med. The Guide comes in now and says, amongst coming changes will also be some unusual opportunities, so take good heart and in time you will understand that even the more unhappy experiences have all played an important, and very worthwhile, part in the pattern of things. There is nothing to fear. Your future is secure.

This last piece of information proved invaluable over a long period of time during which it would have been so easy to simply draw away from any further sense of Trust with the Higher Forces.

Some months after this, now autumn, I was speaking with Mr. Sidney Wilson, a fine Yorkshire medium, when quite unexpectedly – and in manner unlike him – he 'opened up psychically' and related a few details which were later proof to clarify what Mrs. Franklin had said, and also impress one to hold more firmly to one's trust with the Unseen.

Again, he began by describing in detail Uncle George and then went on as follows:

Med. He's calling for Joe on the Earth, you know Joe? YES.

Med. He says, "I'll be there on the 27th", and I feel he means this month

– November. Does that make sense? YES.

Med. Then your Uncle says he wishes your father would look after himself a little more. He is not well and seems afraid of going to the doctor. He is being very stubborn. Would you understand? YES, EVERY BIT OF THE WAY.

Med. Then he says you have wondered about all the change-around that you have been told about, but you must not worry, it is not for a good while yet and you will manage to cope quite easily when the time comes. I *feel* drawn towards the latter part of next year when I speak of all this. (This proved to be accurate ‘seeing’ on Mr. Wilson’s part as we shall see a little later. The ‘27th’ was, of course, the Golden Wedding celebration which was then due in some ten days time.)

Med. Now I want to say that when you move – which you will in time – it will be into a very different place to where you live now. You do not live in a large block of flats or apartments do you? NO.

MED. Well, this is what I see – and I am sure you will live in such a place within another year or so, but you will not go about this move in a usual kind of way. I am strongly impressed to say “Leave it entirely to the Spirit and it will be literally a door being opened unto you”. Now this is funny – I get like a photograph in front of me of someone we both know very well – Stanley Poulton. Do you know if there are changes around him just now? NO – WE ARE CLOSE FRIENDS AND HE HAS NOT MENTIONED MAKING CHANGES TO ME.

Med. Well, this picture is very clear – and I see articles being packed – things being taken into a doorway and things coming out and it all seems to revolve around him. Now I am very conscious of my own Guide and he says you need strengthening. You have been strained and overtired and the Spirit are trying to work things out for you. He says, “Holding the fort will not be easy, but you can do it well enough so do not be afraid”. I don’t know what he means exactly, but I hope you do. YES, I’M SURE I DO.

Med. Now I am being shown a picture of a man very similar in most ways to yourself – in build and appearance – and this gentleman will come very close alongside you. This is to do with the working environment. My Guide tells me although the gentleman is a nice enough fellow, the arrangement will not work out as he and others might wish. It is a wrong choice simply in respect of the work involved. This you must sit patiently and observe and you will understand just why this has been said. Materialities have pressed heavily on you in recent times. Right? RIGHT.

Med. Well, the Guide says those in his world are trying to influence the

mind of one in an appropriate position to offer you a flat in which you can make a proper home again. You are currently living in rather cramped conditions? YES.

Med. The Guide says if all goes according to their plan you will have this new home offered – and though it seems hard to believe – he says it will be almost free. You will think it literally a ‘gift from the Gods’ but it will be so. THAT I FIND VERY HARD TO ACCEPT IN THESE TIMES.

Med. Never mind. The Guide says, by the spring you should be able to gather all your own things together again, through this offer, and make a lovely home once more. He tells me this causes you a lot of distress for you are a home-bird? YES.

Med. Now he says, “So much will be happening around you in April you will perhaps be momentarily perplexed and not know what to do for the best. Above all else, remember this – do not make any hasty decisions, remember all *is* in the hands of the Spirit – regarding not just yourself but also your nearest and dearest – and to make rash decisions on the turn of events would prove disastrous. So hold tight, and *trust*.”

This quite spontaneous work of Mr. Wilson’s was remarkably accurate in every way as events developed. April certainly saw the changing pattern begin to emerge, and quite suddenly, in both personal and professional matters. But before examining this material further, we should look at the following extract from a sitting taken in February 1969 with Mrs. Betty Wakeling of Blackpool.

Med. Your Helper says you must take the whole of this year with a definite attitude of ‘living a day at a time’ – not trying to work things out for yourself, that is to say, to plan things too rigidly just as you would like. Leave yourself open to impression from the Other World – they see a few months ahead in which very many tricky corners have to be negotiated. If you allow them, they will direct you round each one without difficulty. You’re not thinking of moving just now are you? I see a removals van and you alongside it. Then I hear distinctly ‘Chiswick’ – would you want to live there? I AM HOPING TO MOVE EVENTUALLY – IN FACT AS SOON AS I CAN FIND A SUITABLE PLACE. BUT I WOULD NOT REALLY WANT TO LIVE IN CHISWICK. I PREFER THE AREA WHERE I AM NOW.

Med. Well, I want to say, “All change and change again” but I don’t know exactly why. The phrase is just put into my mind. But don’t close your mind to the idea of Chiswick, anyway. Nobody has offered you a free home have they? NO.

Med. Well now I have your Guide speaking clearly and saying, “He

should have a free home – it would help him a lot”. Then he tells me from April onwards much will be revealed that is not understandable just now. He means of matters around you generally. I get April and the 8th and 10th seem to stand out. Watch for these dates. They will be of significance I am sure. THE 10TH HAS MEANING FOR ME ANYWAY.

Med. Right. Well watch what the 8th brings too. Now I want to run my hand down your spine in a healing way. There is a weak spot there – this needs careful watching. If you get discomfort, don’t neglect it for goodness sake. Now I see some strange things. I see a wedding – a bride and groom outside a church. But then I see an aeroplane flying towards the church – and this will sound funny to you, but it seems like the aeroplane flies straight into the church. Again, I want to say April. Some uncertainties around this for someone – I think to do with the aeroplane. But I want to say, “It will be quite alright”. Do you know someone intending to get married soon to whom this could apply? YES.

Med. Now I am just getting psychic flashes. I hear the phrase “When you *have* to make change, Stan will help you”. Do you know someone called Stan? YES.

Med. I see autumn leaves on the ground and you looking up at a large building like a block of flats and then to go into it. But I have a sense of reluctance with you about this although I am sure it will be the right thing for you at the right time. Can you understand me? I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU MEAN BUT I WOULD NEVER WISH TO LIVE IN A LARGE BLOCK.

Med. Well, time will tell. Then I just see a large ‘stars and stripes’ – maybe indicating you going to America – and I hear the name Austin. Does this mean anything? NO. (Then the sitting ended.)

After that, events came swiftly to a head in several directions, making a great deal of good sense out of what had, up until then, simply been a collection of strange utterances, some of mediumistic ‘flashes’ in the way of ordinary psychic senses, and other pieces highly suggestive of ‘phrases being dropped into a medium’s mind’ by Spirit People, and also of a plan devised by either the Spirit World or some other Higher Source of Intelligence beyond my current understanding as such.

In February 1969 I was relieved of ‘holding the fort’ – acting as Principal for the College following Miss Yeatman’s retirement – as a new male colleague came along, taking over her position, and adopting for it the new title of General Secretary. On 8th April I attended my eldest nephew’s wedding in Yorkshire and, as one medium had said, this date proved very significant. My father’s youngest sister was to travel from Canada to attend the wedding but there was much uncertainty over her

flight until just a few days before the happy occasion. (Hence the medium seeing an aeroplane flying in towards a church and then ‘disappearing inside’ – indicating that whoever travelled on that ‘plane *WOULD* go into that church. A very subtle symbolism, and always a fascinating one.)

However, the day before the wedding my father was suddenly taken to hospital (this bearing out a strong feeling I had experienced over a long period that my father would, for some reason or other, not witness his grandson’s marriage). On the morning of 9th April, my father had a major operation from which, it was said, he began to make an immediate, successful and satisfactory recovery, quickly regaining consciousness and sitting up in bed by mid-afternoon. Later that day, however, he had a heart attack and the family were summoned to the hospital, spending all night there, and my father passed away during the early hours of the morning of 10th April (my brother-in-law’s birthday!).

I then realized that – in my strangely written ‘message’ of two years previously – the Power directing the pencil was in fact telling me that “By (not *ON*) April 17th, two years hence, my father would be in their World”. My father’s passing was on a Thursday and that weekend, as it happened, Mr. and Mrs. Wakeling were visiting Leeds to lecture and demonstrate in a Spiritualist Church there. I had originally planned to stay home for two weeks from Easter time of the wedding, mainly to spend as much time as possible with my aunt from abroad, this being part of my annual leave from College. Having promised friends I would take them to the Wakelings’ service, I received ready approval from my non-Spiritualist family to fulfill the promise, as others would be keeping my shocked mother company and attending whatever be her needs for the evening.

Not subscribing to the wearing of mourning, nothing in my appearance suggested a sense of bereavement and I had had no contact at all with Mrs. Wakeling, or her husband, before the service. Other people in the church did not know me, as it was a place I had never previously been.

Mrs. Wakeling began her demonstration of clairvoyance by immediately addressing me with the direct statement, “Your father has passed over since we last met hasn’t he?” to which of course I replied affirmatively. The exchange then proceeded as follows:

Med. Was his name Joseph? YES.

Med. He says “This is grand – better than I expected – thank him for all he tried to do on Thursday”. Do you understand? YES.

Med. Goodness – this can’t be right! He says he means last Thursday –

just gone – four days ago – and that is when he passed over. *Is that correct?* YES.

Med. Oh Don! I'd no idea. There hasn't been the funeral yet has there? NO.

Med. Your father says it is tomorrow and he says you will be so surprised by how many flowers there are. He says he was a quiet man with not a lot of friends and you do not expect there to be many flowers or people at the funeral. Is that right? YES.

Med. Well, your father says you will be very surprised, like he is. He says "I never knew so many people would think so lovingly about me and mine. It's wonderful to have that thought. Tell him I *DID KNOW* all he was saying and doing on Thursday and I got comfort from it. Donald was the last to speak to me." Is that right? IT IS, AND I UNDERSTAND ALL THAT PERFECTLY.

Med. He says George and Kate have met him and that's marvellous and now his mother has joined them too. Do these names mean anything to you? YES INDEED.

Med. Well, I have to tell you, you will be with your mother now for longer than you think. He says it will be nearly June before you see London again, and just watch that back of yours – there is a weak spot and it needs attention. He sends his love and his thanks. Your Dad just says finally, "I've already been shown all my flowers and they are magnificent – I am grateful". That is all.

Now, my father's funeral the following day was exactly as surprising as had been foretold. The family were simply amazed by the number of people, from acquaintances of many years back, who turned out to pay their respect at Dad's service, and I could well understand his joyful surprise and amazement at the number of floral tributes and their exquisite beauty.

However, my intention was, after auntie's return to Canada, to return to London, taking mother with me for a while, so I could not at all imagine myself still being in the North throughout May. A week after the funeral though, I developed terrible pains in my back and after three days like this, awoke in the night literally screaming in pain and the doctor had to be called. His diagnosis was acute tension of the spine and general nervous exhaustion, requiring at least two – if not three – weeks in bed! By the time I was ready to return to London and work, we were in the last four days of May!

It is *possible* – by any mediumistic standards – that Mrs. Wakeling's first comments about my father having passed, the funeral still to come, my attendances (alone as it happened) upon him in his last earthly moments, were culled from thoughts and feelings registered in my own

mind. Likewise, I would have expected his brother George and sister Kate and his mother to be welcoming him into the Other World.

I could not, however, have known anything about the people and flowers which were to amaze my family the following day, nor about my much-delayed return to London. It is *possible*, again, she remembered sitting for me the previous February and warning me then about my weak spot in the back (although I doubt it), and we could even say all that she said to do with FUTURE events came simply through her own precognitive faculty. However, THE MANNER IN WHICH SHE PHRASED the thoughts purporting to be my father's was EXACTLY the manner in which he would have voiced such sentiments – and NOT from any close knowledge of her over a long friendship – that of Mrs. Wakeling herself.

Some weeks after my return to work, it was revealed that my new colleague and superior had, as part of his arrangement in taking the post, been offered a rent-free apartment, so this simply explained why mediums had twice spoken to me of such a thing coming to my knowledge. I have reasons for understanding why, because if it was ME they were sitting for, they would automatically believe this good fortune to be for me directly. However, this is a telling point for two reasons.

Firstly, the colleague was of similar build to myself and similarly wore conservative clothes, and also dark rimmed spectacles. The mutual friend who offered the free home, we knew took many sittings with mediums because of his deep interest in psychical research, and it is quite possible that mediums had spoken to him – in his quest for a new Principal of the College – of offering some extra incentive beyond that of whatever was to be the salary and the general working conditions.

If other mediums HAD so mentioned this to the gentleman friend, then it is feasible that this was of fairly 'common knowledge' to those in Spirit connecting with the three gentleman concerned – the Researcher, the colleague and myself – and, as such, this information was 'tapped' upon by the mediums (or their Guides) working for me.

On the other hand, before the colleague came to join me, the Researcher obviously had, in his consciousness at that time, the idea of this flat and as Researcher and I were very closely linked in working activity, much thought and idea from one mind has crept at least into the auric field of the other, thus making it possible, again, for mediums to 'pick up' on this from my auric wavelengths. This sort of thing is well worth considering by the reader because many times this provides the explanation to items being given by a medium which eventually relate to someone close to the sitter, rather than to the sitter himself.

After the somewhat traumatic spring events, I settled down to usual routine, with the exception of making regular weekend visits to my

mother who had chosen to stay home in the North rather than come to London. By the end of September, however, I had a recurrence of back disorders and when this began to clear, felt it would perhaps be wise to leave the College and have some months of complete rest before taking on any new work.

The final ‘crunch’ which precipitated my decision, was in learning in the September, that the house where I had a bedsitting room, was to be reconverted and therefore my accommodation must be vacated by the year-end.

It proved, during those autumnal months, exceedingly difficult to find a new home and especially on my very limited means and I was – to say the least – extremely worried and seemingly further than ever from getting my furniture out of storage, where it had lain since I had left the North two years previously!

Before leaving, after her work in the College one afternoon, Trixie Allingham drew me aside, saying she felt very impressed to just ‘pass on a few impressions’ to me. As I sat with her, Mrs. Allingham spoke of my present situation and then, in a few minutes, gave several things which she herself agreed seemed so disjointed and trivial as to make little sense, but finishing off with something she told me was a ‘proving point’ for all that had gone before being deserving of serious note and remembrance.

From those notes I take the following excerpt, this leaving out a few items she gave concerning my father, which were actually very interesting:

Med. You must not worry about the home, or your material position in the coming months. No matter what you think now, your need *WILL* be met. You will take to some mediumship – as you should be doing full time anyway – and will have some other monies with which to keep you well afloat. You must regard this as a ‘rest’ period because, whatever you may think, you are *NOT* leaving the College. Understand? **NOT REALLY. OF COURSE I AM LEAVING – AND YOU KNOW I AM – IN A FEW DAYS TIME.**

Med. No, Don. My husband (who works from the ‘other side’ with Mrs. Allingham) tells me this is not really so; you are merely “having a much needed break,” he says. You will come back here so do not make any definite plans during the winter. That is to say, do not over commit yourself to anything or anyone on a long-term basis. He says you know this already – your own Helpers have told you this in your private moments of quiet. Right? **YES, THAT IS TRUE, I MUST SAY. BUT I FIND IT ALL HARD TO ACCEPT.**

Med. With all your experience you should know better than to doubt,

Don. Accept it and let them work things out now. You *will* come back here – all that is currently taking place is for a purpose – not only for you but for others concerned also. Several issues have to prove themselves one way or another for others more than for yourself, and this is why you *will* be looked after by the Other Side in the interim. Does the name of Austin mean anything to you? You know, Austin – like the car. NO.

Med. Well watch for this name coming up – it is to do with a man.

Also I get the name of M..... (A surname this) and want to link with America in this. Can you place that? NO, NEVER HEARD OF SUCH AN UNUSUAL NAME.

Med. Then you will – and it is all part of a pattern the Spirit are working to. I get your father coming in here again, and he says, “He’s going to the Ritz – going to the Ritz”. So you must be going to the Ritz for some special occasion I think. I CAN HARDLY IMAGINE IT RIGHT NOW.

Med. Well, wait and see. Your Dad is here again and he says, “Tell him – this *IS* all to the good and if he doubts, tell him to watch for the little gold cross which he never knew I had”. Now it seems you don’t know about that, so remember it carefully and let it prove itself. If that proves right, so will the rest. Will you accept that now? VERY WELL. AS I HAVE NO OPTION.

Two weeks later, a colleague – Stanley Poulton – a fine and famous medium, aware of my plight, telephoned to invite me to Sunday lunch. Over this, he explained that, because of damage done when once he let his apartment to strangers whilst abroad, he did not intend doing so again and therefore wondered if, for a reasonable rent, I would care to take it over until the end of March – three months during which he was to tour the United States. Of course, this was the perfect answer for me at the time. Indeed, my ‘home need’ *was* well looked after, not only bearing out Mrs. Allingham’s and Mrs. Wakeling’s various reassurances, but also those of *one year* previously, wherein Stanley Wilson had spoken of me going to live on the fourth floor of a large block of apartments and there being ‘much change around our mutual friend Stanley Poulton’. This well explained Mr. Wilson ‘seeing things being moved in and out’ – Sidney’s travel baggage being taken out, and my many items of personalia being moved in to the apartment, being situated exactly where forecast.

I did in fact leave the College on November 29th and spent Christmas with my mother in Leeds. During that time, mother told me where I might find some old books and photographs to which I had made reference and, in searching for these, I found a book that I had never seen

in my life before. It was a 'Presentation Bible' which had been presented to my father when he was a boy. I placed it on top of a pile of other old books rather precariously and, within minutes, the pile had fallen over. From out of the Bible fell two small slips of paper, bearing some poetry in my father's handwriting and, between them, a small cross cut out of a piece of gold foil! When later I showed these items to my mother she was very surprised, saying she had herself often looked for my father's old Presentation Bible since he passed away, and never found it, and she certainly could not identify the items that were inside it.

This, then, was my 'proving point' of which Mrs. Allingham had spoken. From then on I could not help but believe the other things the mediums had spoken of would prove themselves in time.

During January 1970 I met an old acquaintance I had not seen for about five years and we casually discussed our respective positions at the time, the young lady suggesting I should take on a part-time post for a while until I knew definitely what I wanted to do when I felt really fit again. The idea did not appeal to me and I let the matter rest there. Two days later a business friend of the lady telephoned, reminding me that we had met a couple of times many years ago, and this I soon recalled. The gentleman explained that he now owned a chain of theatre-ticket agencies and was currently desperately understaffed and, as I was free, would I consider helping him out if only for a few weeks. At first reluctant, I at least agreed to meet him the following afternoon and was privately amused when he suggested, 'Right, then let us meet for tea at four at the Ritz, Piccadilly'!

Now I KNEW there was a definite plan-with-a-purpose being worked out by a wiser power than myself. Going along to meet the man, I reflected on how well I had managed to 'keep my head above water' in the weeks since leaving the College. There had indeed been some 'extra money' to help out, this coming as an appreciation of many extra duties I had done in the College, the President generously giving me a helpful cheque at the time I left. This had just comfortably covered my moving expenses into Stanley Poulton's apartment and my rent there for the three months of tenancy. My small savings kept me in food and other necessities, being subsidised a little by a couple of private sittings a week, for which I had been asked by various people.

The ticket agency proprietor explained his current difficulties, concluding with the idea that I would best be able to assist by taking on for a few weeks the ticket bureau for which he had the franchise in an American-owned London hotel, but I insisted it be for one month only.

The work was nothing more than a pleasant diversion for me, though not at all fulfilling. However, in my last week in the post, dealing one

day with an American guest at the hotel, I was fascinated to see what appeared to be the Spirit form of a younger gentleman alongside him. Mentally recording this observation, I concluded the gentleman's business and thought nothing more about it, except realising that the youthful Spirit form was someone like a son to the older man and was one who had had a tragic passing from earthly life.

Next day, the same man – a most distinguished and immaculate man of about fifty-five – came to me again, thanking me for recommending his previous evening's entertainment. He then explained that this had cheered his wife considerably as they had attended plays the two previous evenings which had been rather heavy, and depressed the lady just at a time when she needed uplifting and 'taking out of herself', the object of their European travels being to help her overcome the sadness and despondency resultant upon the loss of their only son aged twenty-three, in a drowning accident a few months earlier.

I somehow felt I could talk more intimately with this very warm and gentle man, and so I began very delicately to explain what I had felt when he did business with me the day before. The description of the Spirit Form fitted perfectly that of his deceased son and the man confirmed for me that the son's initial had been M – which I somehow had felt inspired to mention earlier, though not having a clear understanding myself of why I suggested it. It was arranged that the gentleman would meet me later in the morning, during my coffee break, for us to have another talk and it was then I was able to explain more fully my convictions of the Spirit Reality and suggest he take a sitting with a fine medium, who would know nothing about him, before leaving London for return to the States at the beginning of the following week. I gave the man my address, suggesting that he let me know how they got along with the medium and, weeks later, received a letter telling me the sitting – with Mrs. Trixie Allingham – was a great success, so changing his wife's attitudes as to have made her feel totally different about the home and everything it stood for. Only then did I discover the man's surname began with an M – and was the very unusual name Mrs. Allingham had mentioned to me the previous November – which happened to be the same month as that in which the man's son had been drowned!

The term of duty at the hotel ticket bureau had served to allow the usual manager there a month's badly needed leave – and his name was a Mr. Austin! The Stars and Stripes fluttered daily over the front entrance to the hotel, and so it then seemed to me my purpose in being there had been fulfilled – and all those very trivial snippets via the mediumship of Mrs. Allingham, and much earlier, Mrs. Franklin and Sidney Wilson, had very well fallen into place with perfect understanding.

Two weeks later I was most unexpectedly approached with the request to return to work for the College since there had been the necessity to make certain changes there and it was felt, with my past experience, I could handle a very delicate situation during a period in which the President required to have surgery and a period of convalescence, and the College would need still an experienced hand to guide its day-to-day activities. Once again, Mrs. Allingham had been proved correct.

However, this was the end of March when I was having also to leave Mr. Poulson's apartment and again find a new home. Incredibly, or so it then seemed, the plans for the house I had originally lived in had not been able to be pursued after all, and the very accommodation I had left was still vacant – just as I had left it – so I was going directly back to where I had come from. Now one could better understand the phrases employed by Mr. Wilson such as 'all change – change and change again' and also those of an earlier date of Mrs. Franklin when saying that the Spirit of Uncle George had said "a lot of change and movement all round that was really unnecessary"!

Obviously it would have been extremely easy, at any point, to acknowledge there was a definite guiding force behind those things which proved themselves in a short time, and with quick succession then simply discard the rest as of no worth. However, by carefully recording, every single thing said by any of the mediums, and KEEPING THOSE RECORDS INTACT, I had absolute proof of the validity of the claim that the Other World was definitely 'working out everything to a special plan and purpose'. The whole of this plan had been worked upon over a period of exactly two years and this is well worth remembering by those who would too easily dismiss the quality and value of psychic work, simply because what they receive *at any level* cannot be proven within a matter of days.

From this fascinating aspect of the time factor, it is worth noting that Mrs. Franklin 'sensed' certain things which of almost immediate provability, yet when speaking of getting something directly from my Spirit Uncle (George) and then from the Guide, a long-distance time factor took over. Similarly, with Mr. Wilson, there was a quite long time –span between the day we sat together and the 'moving of things in and out', the changes involving Mr. Poulton etc., of one year later. (Perhaps also worthy of note is the fact that, a few months after I left Mr. Poulton's apartment, he was suddenly offered the change of an even more delightful apartment and seized upon it – again being involved in changes around himself, as the new apartment was on a lower floor of the block where he already lived and where I had stayed.)

Somehow, it would seem, Mrs. Allingham and Mrs. Wakeling had both also 'tuned in' to the same wavelengths as every detail fitted perfectly into that over-all pattern. Mrs. Allingham's firmly predicted return for me to the College, bearing out that very early message of Uncle George's "It's a case of 'I go – I come back'"! As Uncle George had been known for his dry humour, this would perfectly reflect his feelings about my leaving the College and going back, and leaving my small home and going back. If this were all to be purely of a medium's own psychic sensing and personal observation, then why would the medium not simply say, "You will leave a place and return to it"?

Many years ago it was explained to me by a Spirit Guide that the reasons why some Spirit People's (and medium's) prophetic utterances proved accurate, and others not, were best explained as follows:

The ordinary Loved One, on taking transition, can be helped by Others well adjusted to the Spirit World dimensions of consciousness to glimpse a *little* of how the Loved One left on Earth will be guided and helped. However, sometimes our humble Loved Ones of Spirit manage a brief glimpse of what might best be described (in terms only for the benefit of our earthly understanding) as an 'astral blueprint' appertaining to those on the Earth. Now, the more evolved ones whom we know as Guides, or Teachers, or Mentors, can see much more of that 'blueprint' and therefore give a much surer observation of what it contains for a person still to traverse the Earth world a while yet. There are, it seems, occasions when the medium – without the definite contact of a Loved One or Guide – can reach out more than may be usual to penetrate the finer frequencies of the Higher Consciousness and thus, of himself, perceive a mere glimpse of what lay ahead for the person for whom he is sitting. One could say that the ordinary Loved One in Spirit takes only a scanned awareness of small points of the blueprint, as opposed to a Guide's deeper penetration of it in greater detail.

One final point here, when having to pack my possessions to move from the bedsitting room accommodation, I several times heard a voice distinctly tell me what I was about was not necessary, there would not be any change to the house, and I should speak about it to the owner.

However, this I omitted to do because as the gentleman sat with many mediums purporting to give only either Trance Sitzings or sittings to receive 'Higher Teachings', on the philosophical level. I could not for one moment believe he would accept my mere word that his plans for the house would not materialise. They had still not materialised some four years later – the house remaining just as it was.

This shows the extent to which it is imperative for EVERY MAN in his EVERY PSYCHIC EXPERIMENT to approach with an open mind, setting aside his own rigid standards and conditions as to how HE

THINKS THE MEDIUMS AND/OR THE SPIRIT WORLD SHOULD DEAL WITH HIM.

The whole of that difficult period of experience, however, served to strengthen again my own Trust with the Unseen so, although in many respects it gave unnecessary concern and challenge at the physical level, it served an admirable purpose at the spiritual level, and for this one naturally remains very grateful.

CHAPTER FIVE

In view of all the foregoing, the reader may well be tempted to remark, “Well, of course, the writer is a medium anyway” and then ask “What of sittings where trivia is given which never comes to mean anything?”

Both perfectly acceptable comments, of course, but it should be remembered that although the writer had psychic experiences since childhood, he nevertheless spent many years ‘fumbling in the dark’ in his endeavours to understand from angle – not particularly desirous of readily accepting the Survival hypothesis – all that was received through the varying forms of mediumistic outpouring, direct or otherwise.

Certainly, some of one’s notes to this day still leave minute items here and there which have never come to take on a valid meaning, but one still does not discard them simply because of it. For instance, in records of years ago, it was said more than once that eventually I would own a small Egyptian Scarab that would not be the usual dark shades of red or green, but turquoise blue and it would be one actually being brought for me from Egypt. It was said that a Healing Guide – one has many times proved his worth – wished one day to bring this as his special gift for me. It was not until 1973 that such a thing came my way, handed to me by a lady visiting England from Egypt.

Simply, it came about this way. Staying in the same large hostelry, the lady approached me after breakfast on Sunday morning, pleading that I would not be offended by what she had to say. Reassured, she went on: “Whenever I come to England, I always bring three little articles from my own country, just knowing that, somewhere during my stay, I shall meet the people for whom they are meant as gifts. Not gifts from me, you understand, but from those of a Higher World.”

I assured her I quite understood her meaning and then she said, “When you crossed the dining room last night you seemed to have a light around you which just ‘told’ me you were the one for whom the smallest of the gifts is due this time, and I told my husband so. Not knowing if you were actually an over-night guest here, we decided that, if you were

in here for breakfast this morning, then my inspiration was correct and so please accept this token from one in Spirit who Guides you and guards you like a brother.” The small piece of tissue paper the lady pressed into my palm opened up to reveal – my long awaited turquoise blue scarab!

However, in realising the ordinary human condition of the medium has the same points of strengths and weaknesses as that of any other man, we must understand that also the medium has equally the same mundane problems of everyday living too. If the medium is personally troubled by pressing, everyday problems, then the resultant work may well be patchy and spasmodic in quality and tone. Indeed, sometimes the medium may be totally ‘blocked’ psychically and yet feel duty bound to try and fulfil whatever appointments are already made. It is better, of course, for the medium to state frankly their position and, if possible, ask the sitters to postpone the appointment until another time. Otherwise, if the medium *does* begin to function psychically at all, the work can be seriously impaired – the clairvoyant faculty especially being ‘clouded’ – by the preoccupation of the mind by the personal problems. In such instances, the ‘trivial snips’ the medium may offer are completely disjointed, not having any ‘psychic thread’ to hold them together, and thus they are likely to be worthless. If a medium is properly, healthily attuned, then the ‘trivia’ WILL have a psychic thread even though the medium may not recognise it as such. It is not important for the medium to understand whatever he describes or ‘hears’, but only for the sitter to do so. If a psychic thread does provide some continuity and the sitter AT THE TIME does not understand what is given, then perhaps – in the long run – when the trivia begins to show its place in the general scheme or pattern of the person’s life, the whole thing gives a greater proof to the validity of the psychic power at work than if those things HAD been understood at the time of transmission.

A medium in a very negative state of mind may not always be able to control the emotions completely when working. If he, or she, can, then no harm will be done. If not, however, a fiercely negative tone can be put upon all that the medium transmits to the sitter.

A good case in point for us to study is as follows – the medium in question having given excellent work over many years but, on this occasion, being in a very low state of health and seriously troubled with family problems. (Late February 1969)

Med. (After establishing extremely good identifying details of my maternal grandmother in Spirit) Your Gran says you are soon to visit the North. YES, I PLAN TO DO SO.

Med. Just a minute though. There is a very great occasion ahead – I’m

sure it is a wedding. Are you attending a wedding in the North?

YES.

Med. Well, you may have to alter arrangements because I get you travelling very suddenly – a quick, unexpected journey which, just now, you *don't* expect. Your Gran expresses deep concern for your mother. Is your mother not very well? I BELIEVE SHE IS QUITE WELL, ACTUALLY.

Med. Well, I would not be too sure. I feel I must speak to you as I am impressed and I know you have no fear of death and well understand the Spirit Realities. I want to try and offset what could otherwise be an awful shock for you. I definitely get the impression of a passing and it is in the family home. I'm deeply sorry at being the instrument to have to tell you this because I know you are very close to your mother especially. However, I am sure there is a passing there and I get a figure '6' – could well be the date – and I want to say I'm in March with this – it is *that* close. MAY I ASK IF YOU ARE SURE THIS MEANS MOTHER? I DO FEEL SURE MY FATHER IS NOT WELL.

Med. That may be, son. But it is your mother the Spirit are trying to keep close to now. We have established that this Gran *IS* your mother's mother haven't we? YES.

Med. Yes, well, that is why she is here and I know your mother will soon be with them – they really are very close, ready to 'ease the way of the Transition', which I know you will understand.

Following this, which had been a purely impromptu demonstration by the way, I was naturally very disturbed. As we have already seen, I firmly expected my father to pass that coming April, and of course my nephew's wedding was only six weeks hence. Over the following three days I was quite depressed, feeling that my own psychic faculties had been adrift and convinced myself that, because of pressures of work, my 'gift' had become blunt at the edges – so to speak – and I was therefore misleading myself by paying attention to what I felt I was psychically impressed with.

However, on the fourth day, I awoke from a good night's rest with the immediate *KNOWING* that the medium had been wrong. Sitting on the edge of my bed awhile, I suddenly realised that of course the Spirit People *WOULD* be concerned for my mother. Father's passing *WOULD* be a shock to her. He would be alright, for the Spirit People were aware of his 'coming' and were ready to receive and tend him. But mother would very much need the Spirit to keep close and strengthen her.

I was doubly assured about this when, early the following week, I had an urgent request from a Psychic Society in my old home town, asking could I possibly travel up that weekend to deputise, replacing another

London medium who had been taken ill, and for whose meeting a great number of tickets had been sold in advance.

I agreed, as the Society had generously freed me from a commitment some months earlier when I was due to appear for them, but a sudden change of plans in my ordinary work necessitated my remaining in London. Thus did I make the ‘quick journey North which I had *not* planned’.

That out of the way, I was not too surprised when – a few days later – the medium referred to earlier came to see me at the College asking a few private moments in my office. Explaining that she felt she owed me an apology, the lady said she had been sitting in a meditation group the previous evening and, instead of being able to meditate properly, she was transfixed by a ‘vision’ of myself, standing across the room from her, but with an open coffin alongside me.

“I somehow ‘knew’ the coffin was awaiting a gentleman, but equally surely I knew it was not for you” she said. “Then I suddenly realised it would be for your father – I can’t really tell you *HOW* I ‘realised’ it, but I just did, and I was absolutely filled with a sense of conviction about this. Strangely though, immediately the vision faded, I was filled with a great sense of relief. Then I realised this was because it would not disturb you quite so badly to have your father pass over as it would if it happened to your mother. I am sure now she is going to be alright.”

I told the lady I had already felt reassured on this point and then she asked “But Don, how could I have been so dreadfully wrong that day when I just *HAD* to get through to you on your grandmother’s behalf?”

In pointing out that she was, herself, at the time very run down, and seeing all her own concerns in the most negative light, I explained how I felt about gran wanting to reassure us that, whatever happened, she had moved close into the earthly vibration at this time to give all strength to my mother, because father – in taking his Transition – would be alright anyway.

The medium welcomed this explanation and realised that, indeed, in a more positive frame of mind herself, she would have ‘got the message and its meaning’ right. Whereupon she now decided to leave aside all her psychic work for a few weeks, during which time we hoped her own problems would be eased.

In her negative state, the medium had sensed a passing and immediately linked it to the sense of urgency with which she ‘saw’ me taking a sudden journey North. Because of the link with my grandmother, she had put two and two together but got the wrong answer.

Of course, once picking up that sense of urgency, the medium did not realise that she was automatically – in rushing to conclusions with it – ‘blocking off the line of contact with my Spirit grandmother. This is

shown when we realise that, after establishing my grandmother's identity initially, the medium then continued by saying "I *feel* impressed" rather than, for instance, "Grandmother is also telling me..." Had the sense of urgency not swayed the medium's emotional response so much, and a slower pace been taken with the rest of the material, no doubt she would have got the correct picture in the first place.

It is noteworthy that the time at which the medium later told me she had been in the meditation group, coincided with the time at which I was conducting my own weekly meditation group and probably, by having achieved a higher – or lighter – state of consciousness myself at that very time, I had unwittingly 'projected' an image of myself into the medium's field of psychic receptivity, no matter the physical distance between us.

(The reader might be interested to know that many other details the mediums had mentioned referring to my nephew's forthcoming wedding, proved to be quite correct. My father was taken into hospital two days before the wedding and therein died very suddenly two days after the happy occasion, on April 10th, thereby fulfilling what my own Helper had told me in March 1967 – when father was somewhat unwell – that 'he would be alright for some good long time yet – two years to go and he will be with us in our World by April 17th!')

It is important to emphasise here the difference between that form of psychic work known as 'fortune telling' and that which comes – albeit in a prophetic way – as a form of guidance through mediums.

No doubt many of the prognostications coming through mediumistic utterance would be better left unvoiced, but of the worthier ones, we can see for instance throughout this booklet – with the exception of the last quoted incident – a kind of guidance which acted to strengthen one generally throughout a period of not only difficulty, but also considerably perplexing sets of circumstance when it would have been all too easy to make rash decisions, foolish moves and changes, or acted even in anger to some extent. Instead, one was fortified by the knowledge of a Guiding Force behind one which, if it asked for extreme patience to be employed, would surely see that patience rewarded. At a point of difficulty, when one's mind is not of sufficient clarity to make what one can be SURE is a wise decision, then obviously many more problems can result by even the smallest mistake in one's attitudes and subsequent conclusions. By holding to what I had been 'told', I was able to see – step by step – a worthwhile pattern emerging in course of which I was not resentful, as I might otherwise have been, of some of the more disappointing and disillusioning elements along the road. This aptly points up what is really meant when mediums speak of 'conscious cooperation' with the Spirit World without which so much of 'Their' better intentions go to waste.

Frequently one finds people not realizing that not every medium – or Spirit Guide – has the gift for ‘prophecy’, just as some do not have the same quality of gift for ‘bringing through’ Spirit People to give work on a purely Survival Proof level. Similarly, both medium and Spirit Guide may get glimpses of what is POTENTIALLY right, or about to become a reality, in a person’s life, but according to how a person reacts generally, this ‘pattern’ may, at times, have to undergo considerable modification. Consequently, that item ‘potentially’ due to become reality, may have had to be ‘shelved’ – or deferred – because of the sitter taking matters much into his own hands and making changes which could not possibly coincide with what the Spirit had hoped or intended. It is by no means unknown for people sometimes to comment on there being two or three years delay in a ‘prophetic piece of Spirit Guidance’ working out, only to add “But of course I now realise that if this thing had come sooner, I – of myself – would not have been psychologically or emotionally ready to receive it and handle it properly”.

In my own work, and my personal life too, I have known matters be ‘held in abeyance’ for a year after what had been called their ‘due’ time to take place, only to realise, quite clearly, it could not have benefited me half as much had it worked out when originally anticipated.

It no longer surprises me either, to have people approach me months after a certain public demonstration where I have given them a ‘message’ and say something like: “You know at the time you mentioned someone called A..... who worked in the B..... profession and was connected with a place called C..... and I absolutely denied all knowledge of the things. A few days ago, in conversation with someone I had not seen for a long time, my friend referred to our colleague of many years ago called A..... and we then worked in B..... profession and A..... came from C.....”

To give a brief instancing here, one recalls the many times mediums on public platforms would describe an old Sea Captain coming alongside to greet me, and giving the initial B....., or gave a name ‘that sounds like Beaumont’. I was quite sure, during the three or four years of this repetitious item, I had never known anyone of that sort of name and description at all and this was even more irritating when the rest of the medium’s outpourings would be instantly recognisable. One day, opening the mail at my office desk, however, the first word I noticed at the head of a letter was the name of the town in the address from which it had come. This was a small coast town in the South and my immediate reaction was “Oh! I haven’t heard of that place since the days when I used to deal with Captain Boden”!

A few years previously, in my work at that time, I was in periodic correspondence with this fine old gentleman, a retired sea captain, and on

one of his twice-yearly visits to London, he commented upon my rather tired and gaunt appearance, for I was then working long hours and with very little assistance. He described his lovely old home overlooking the English Channel and invited me to be his guest for a holiday any time I liked 'in appreciation of all the help and kindness, and the warm tone of even my most businesslike letters which meant so much to him'.

Remembering this, I could at once understand why the mediums, in describing this old gentleman, had often added that he wanted to thank me for many kindnesses shown to him when on Earth! How sad he must have felt on those many occasions when I had rejected all mention of him!

Comparatively, giving a public demonstration a few years ago, I suddenly found myself 'drawn' to a lady in the audience with whom I had a reasonable acquaintance and, after describing various Spirit contacts to her, I then said someone called Arthur wished to give her greetings and had many fond memories of the times they spent together a great many years ago. The lady denied knowing an Arthur, but agreed that descriptions of places and incidents in her girlhood were perfectly correct. However, she did say Arthur had been mentioned to her by several mediums over the years.

'Arthur' showed particular concern for the lady's health which, at the time, was unfavourable anyway, and referred to the long period in girlhood when she had an illness which prevented them having their usual little conversations, which he had very much missed. He then told her he still appreciated their close and loving friendship of those days, especially in view of the many barriers which, by the standards of the time, would really have been expected to prevent this. I considered this a rather strange phrase and so did the lady – but only because she could not recognise the Arthur.

A few days later the lady telephoned to say she had been down to the country for the day where her hostess, having just taken over a new house with a glorious garden, had shown her a very unusual plant – of a kind my acquaintance had not seen since her childhood days in the family home in Cumberland.

On the 'phone, I was told "Immediately this plant reminded me of one of the old gardeners we had in those days, sixty-odd years ago. His name was Arthur and he was a most lovable old character, but was an extra gardener, working only a few days weekly, not as one of the regular staff gardeners. Well, he taught me a great deal about plants, and especially about this most unusual specimen which my family were rather proud to have growing in that part of the country. Etiquette being strict in the home – the class structure being so rigid in those days – we children were

forbidden to speak with such people as gardeners, handymen and so on. But – being a devil-may-care anyway – I always found ways of sneaking out to quieter parts of the garden to talk with old Arthur. Now that I realise who it is has been trying all these years to make me recognise him, I feel awfully guilty because he was such a dear friend and comforter to me in a girlhood that I hated. However, knowing he still draws close with still as much patience as ever, I am very grateful.”

At a later date, this old lady told me one day it was through Arthur giving her an understanding of the difference in her family’s lifestyle and that of the ‘lower classes’ that she became inspired to do the work she had, in the following years, for the poor and homeless of the world.

Sometimes, a Spirit Communicator, making first attempts at communication through a medium, may not do very well, and may indeed only be able to project a reflection into the medium’s field of psychic sensitivity of the thoughts and feelings they last held immediately before taking their Transition. Such a case happened when my sitter was a young lady – a Roman Catholic, married to a solicitor (herself having taken a law degree) and the mother of two young children. She was deeply distressed, so it transpired, about the passing a few months earlier, of her mother to whom she had been extremely close.

At the time of the sitting, I was very disappointed because I could not get a clear clairvoyant picture of the mother, or hear clairaudiently, her name, so I simply had to transmit the thought-flow of phrases put into my mind. The lady was clearly disappointed, although agreeing with what I had said about her mother being in Spirit after a very long illness of dreadful suffering.

The sitter was a brilliant rapid shorthand writer and so took verbal notes of what I did put over to her anyway. She was a charming person, despite her extremely ‘tight’ attitude towards my work, and she agreed when I said I felt she had come here only after a lot of inner personal conflict on religious grounds. I was told that, because of the Roman Catholicism, she had not dared tell her husband of her appointment with a medium, and this worried her because they were absolutely devoted and never held any kind of secret from their partner.

Two days later, however, the lady who had brought the sitter telephoned to inform me that, after much heart-searching, the young woman had finally elected to tell her husband where she had been and read out the notes to him. Since then she was a different person, because her husband – expressing astonishment – had said “But that records, almost word for word, that last private conversation I had when visiting your mother the afternoon before she ‘died’!”

Finally, let us look at two small points, still on the question of survival ‘evidence’, and both relating to my own father.

When the family were suddenly called to his hospital sickbed, it was four-thirty in the afternoon. After sitting in the intensive care room for about an hour, I suddenly saw distinctly the Spirit form of my little friend Carole Anne, who informed me very quietly that “Your daddy *is* coming over here, and I will be ever so nice to him when he wakes up in our world”. I tried to ‘mentally’ ask Carole when this was expected, and she looked very puzzled, falteringly pointing to the clock and then murmuring “Seven...” and then, still pointing to the clock and seeming to be puzzled, added “...and ten”. I took this to mean ten minutes after seven o’clock. I tried again to ‘mentally’ seek with Carole for confirmation of my deduction, and she simply said, a little worriedly, “Oh, I don’t really know...but ten and seven...yes” and with that she was gone.

Pondering on this, I deduced that it might mean between the hours of seven and ten o’clock, if it was NOT ten past seven.

The hours ticked by and both my deductions proved to be wrong. As the clock ticked on way beyond past midnight, nursing staff insisted there was every chance my father would pull through, and indeed, for a time, as my hand held his constantly, he took on a much healthier colour which the nursing staff seemed very impressed with. His breathing eased for quite a time and they were so certain he would not pass over that they finally persuaded the family to split up, some to return home for the rest of the night, one to stay, and the others come back the next day.

Knowing mother had the company of my Canadian aunt at home for the night, and that my sister and family would be together, it was obviously the better choice that I be the one to stay the night in hospital.

Undoubtedly, my father did seem to be taking a new lease of life over quite a period, and the nursing staff tried to persuade me to leave, too. However, I was not convinced by this, and anyway, father kept floating back to consciousness to the point where he could speak rationally, and also knew well to whom he was speaking, addressing me by name.

At one point he told me he “had known before leaving home to come into hospital that it would be the last time he would pass through the house door” and then later told me “just as I knew I would never see Peter (my nephew’s) wedding. I know I’ll not see this week out either, but never mind, I’ve had a good life”.

Finally, he had a further relapse and passed at five o’clock in the morning. Now I understand Carole Anne being puzzled in trying to add up, on the wall clock, her ‘seven and ten’ – in terms of hours – making five o’clock in the morning!

Many months after his passing, I attended what was to be about the last public demonstration in London by our famous medium Mrs. Ena Twigg. We were friends, and certainly Mrs. Twigg knew my father had passed earlier in the year. I had no expectancy of a 'message' from the medium and, as with most mediums, I knew anyway Mrs. Twigg preferred not working to personal associates from a public platform just in case any sceptics present might accuse her of fraud, as they are all too ready to do with the majority of mediums.

After giving my father's correct full name – this being her first 'message' of the evening – Mrs. Twigg made references to family matters of which she could not possibly have had any knowledge whatsoever and then said "I see a large clock. It's on a public building. Your father says it's the Leeds Town Hall clock. Why would he speak of that now? Did he work in the Town Hall?" NO, NOT DIRECTLY, BUT HE WAS ASSOCIATED WITH IT.

"Oh, just a moment" said Mrs. Twigg, "No, he says this is not what he means. He says think of the Infirmary – and he seems to bring the clock nearer. It seems to be all 'lit up' and it shows four o'clock and this time seems important to him. Can you understand this?" NO, I AM AFRAID NOT.

"Well, think about it later" invited Mrs. Twigg. "Now he shows me some coloured ribbons. Not satin, but like a watered-silk material, blue and gold; purple and silver; green and amber; 'not my medal ribbons' says your father. He tells me 'my son will know what they are when he finds them and they will be good proof that I am who I say I am'."

Now even Mrs. Twigg would agree from years of first-class experience in this field, these are small details of the kind readily disparaged as 'trivial' and 'worthless' by the arch-sceptic.

Nevertheless, upon reflection, I realized that the description of the Leeds Town Hall clock being 'lit up' was very accurate since that clock was floodlit throughout every night, and my father's hospital room looked out directly onto that clock, almost at eye-level for anyone in bed on that particular floor of the hospital. It was shortly after four o'clock on that fateful morning when father finally lost consciousness and closed his eyes for the last time.

Some time later, helping mother sort out old possessions of my father's in a box room, we came across the broad ribbons of which Mrs. Twigg had spoken so accurately. They were the various ribbons upon which Badges of Office had once rested in the days when my father held various offices in his Lodge and the ribbons I have to this day. All this was far more telling than if Mrs. Twigg had given me a wealth of information which I could have accepted on the spot and, once again,

proves the value of immediately thereafter, making notes of everything contained in that ‘message’.

In an age of what is often called the ‘mind revolution’, more is studied and discussed about man’s various degrees of consciousness than ever before and it seems more readily acknowledged these days that this vast Universe comprises countless ‘layers’ or ‘areas’ of consciousness which are constantly being ‘tapped’ in multifarious ways to design and otherwise. Almost any one of these widely varying angles of experience and personal and impersonal ‘wavelength’ can seemingly be ‘tapped’, albeit often unwittingly, by the psychic person conducting any form of mediumistic demonstration or psychic experiment.

This being the case, is it wise for any man to discard too readily mediumistic utterances of any kind simply because one cannot IMMEDIATELY identify the proper meaning and value of those utterances? In conducting any serious and sincere investigation, it behoves the enquirer to most carefully annotate every small particle of information and discovery that comes his way and give it a good chance to prove its own value in the larger framework of events around him.

Psychic outpourings, whether in public or private demonstration, properly recorded will, in time, inevitably bring forth a rich dividend provided they are not embellished one way or another by the recipient in the process.

Experience suggests for me that the Spirit World is a real world of which the inhabitants, above all, are simply concerned to say: “We ARE here” and then to encourage men the World over to consider more carefully and, indeed, appreciatively, the true glory as well as the incredible vastness of the Universe, from objective and subjective angles, and its limitless potential – spiritual as well as material and physical – which is open and available to one and all for exploration and ultimate benefit.