



Psychics and Seances

Annette de Jonge

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Gratitude also goes to my spirit teachers who have, by their guidance, taken my knowledge beyond our normal five sensory world and opened up other realities I previously never knew existed.

Annette de Jonge

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Introduction.

The world's ancient mythologies have legends portraying spirits in various forms. Supernatural beings of different shapes and sizes are recorded as having assisted or scared humanity over the millennia. Many of these experiences were spread by word of mouth, recorded in holy works or in forms of art.

Each epoch and culture had their conduit; a priest, Shaman or holy man making contact with unseen spirit dimensions. It took a lot of dedication, preparation and personal energy for that to happen. Contact was mostly in altered states of consciousness using incantations, mind enhancing drugs and even particular forms of dancing. Special preparations were needed and spirits were invoked for guidance on such things as crops, weather and the well being of the tribe or community.

There have been various attempts to make contact and interact with the unseen spirit realms but it was toward the end of the nineteenth century that communication gained popularity in Europe and the Americas. Madam Blavatsky, a gifted channel, influenced many with her occult teachings and inner knowledge, said to be given to her by advanced Eastern spirit teachers.

In Great Britain, there was so much public interest in life after death and people communicating with spirits that in 1892 the British Society for Psychical Research was formed in an endeavour to investigate scientifically the validity of all forms of paranormal happenings. Some well known members of the Society were the writer Arthur Conan Doyle, the philosopher William James, naturalist Alfred Russell Wallace, scientists Williams Crookes and Oliver Lodge, philosopher and economist Henry Sidgwick and poet and philologist F. W. H. Meyers.

Conan Doyle, with his second wife Jean, held many séances to communicate with spirits including many of the souls of those killed in the First World War. He was such a believer in life after death and that the souls of the dead could and did communicate with the living that he stopped writing fiction to focus the rest of his life on the paranormal.

Séances were popular methods of communication between spirits and some members of society. Ouija boards, table rapping and ghostly materialization were only a few of the creative ways communication was achieved.

A medium or 'sensitive' was necessary to make contact and many had spirit overseers who protected them from any unwanted unseen elements. Depending on the strength of the medium and the spirit connection, sometimes her/his voice and mannerisms changed to that of the spirit being channeled. That didn't help the credibility of the profession, many of whom were genuine channels seeking to help those in need and to prove there is indeed consciousness, life after death.

Monumental shifts in insight and consciousness have taken place since those early days and it is now easier to communicate with energy realms interpenetrating our own. Eastern philosophies and other previously unfamiliar beliefs opened up awareness and helped shift much of the old fears and superstitions.

A plethora of books on the paranormal, spirits, extraterrestrial visitation and quantum physics have continued to open up a vista of learning not previously available to the average person. What is becoming apparent to more and more people is that at all times, wherever we are on any dimension, we remain a soul, a consciousness having experiences chosen by us prior to incarnating.

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This is my story, one of growth told as a factual account as remembered of my journey from ignorance and fear to an understanding of how we are all part of a marvellous plan of evolution.

There have been many 'ah-ah' moments in my life and one that stands out as a life changer for me is the understanding that during all experiences anywhere, we are always learning no matter what happens. Bed-ridden or an elite athlete, you cannot '**not learn**' and the knowledge gained through those experiences is what we all chose to experience in our incarnation on planet Earth.

Also gained was the understanding that there are no mistakes or misadventures, even if my third dimension thinking wants me to see myself as a victim. If I accept, as I do, that whatever my choices in life are or were, they were chosen by me for whatever experiences to be gained, I was never, could never be, a victim. This awareness encompasses all who come into my life for whatever the growth path lessons offered and were preplanned by me prior to incarnating for the opportunities they would present to me.

Disappointing experiences and disagreeable people still happened, but understanding they were there because of my wanting to learn from them has taught me acceptance. However, this understanding and acceptance all came with the benefit of hindsight and much later in my life. Very little, if any of this knowledge was there when I started my journey.

My wish for you is whatever experiences you have chosen for your particular journey may they be as enlightening, rewarding and inspirational as can be.

Namaste [*roughly translated to mean the soul in me honors the soul in you*]. Whatever you have chosen, enjoy your journey.

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'There are no unnatural or supernatural phenomena, only very large gaps in our knowledge of what is natural, particularly regarding relatively rare occurrences. We should strive to fill those gaps of ignorance'.

Edgar D Mitchell Sc.D., Apollo 14 lunar-landing module pilot.

Awakening, the Early Years

*'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and entrances...,'*

Shakespeare 'As You Like It' Act 2, Scene 7.

oOo

During my early years strange, sometimes frightening, unexplained phenomenon had me searching for answers of what was happening and how could it be stopped. Why, for example, in the darkness of the night when my family had gone to bed did solid images of fearful creatures materialize in my bedroom.

One that visited often was a luminous green Cyclops with a red eye in the center of its forehead. It stood at the end of my bed and we stared at each other until eventually my exhaustion won out over my apprehension and sleep overtook me.

Like the Cyclops, these apparitions never spoke or touched me but their presence was frightening and their images terrorized much of my childhood. Fortunately their visits receded as I grew older but self preservation and peace of mind made it important to learn the reason why they were around in the first place. It was only years later that I understood these apparitions were not seen with physical sight but were perceived through an inner vision referred to by some ancient teachings as the third eye.

It became apparent that there were also unseen presences about too. One day, in a bad mood with my brother and thinking of doing something petty and unkind to him an unfamiliar voice spoke seemingly from out of the blue 'you know better than that' it admonished. Glancing around for the speaker and seeing no-one my assumption was it must have been from my guardian angel taught to me by my Catholic mother.

Experiences continued but unknown then were the group of spirit people who were with me and would later be of tremendous support when several times my life became really difficult. However, at this time of my life all occurrences appeared to be trial and error that I had no control over but of which I still had a strong desire to understand.

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Life in those days was simpler in many ways. No computers, televisions or cell phones of any sort meant people amused themselves with other alternatives. By getting together, entertaining family and friends in respective homes with social activities like card or other games, sing-alongs, gossiping.

Still a child, I remember one day eavesdropping, sitting quietly out of the way so not to be seen, listening to my mother discussing with one of her friends their respective experiences dabbling with the Ouija board. The friend of my mother's explained a small group of her friends were sitting at the kitchen table asking questions to an unseen presence. They were using the Ouija board and everyone had a finger lightly resting on an upturned glass as it moved slowly around the alphabet letters, spelling out answers to the questions asked.

The questions and replies spelt out were entertaining, often titillating, but banal until a woman asked a random question about the whereabouts of her husband who was on night shift at his work. The answer spelt out was a surprise to the woman as the reply was her husband was not at work but with a woman. A name was given and when home the woman challenged her husband who eventually admitted he had lied and was with the woman mentioned.

My mother then spoke of one of her experiences using the board. As with the other group mundane answers were given to mundane questions. My grandfather came into the room to watch what the group were doing and the board started to spell out unfamiliar words. The members of the group decided the messages were now rubbish and were going to stop for the night but my grandfather instructed them to keep going.

According to my mother, the words spelt out were now in Spanish, a language my grandfather was quite familiar with because he had lived for many years in South America. It then became a conversation between my grandfather and the unseen spirit both communicating in Spanish with the group, not understanding a word but still needing to hold the unseen contact and keep the glass moving. When the session finished my mother said no matter how many entreaties were made to my grandfather, he would not divulge what had been said.

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My father, an invalid from injuries suffered during the Second World War, said that sometimes the spirits of three nuns would appear at the end of his bed. Seeing them was a premonition, letting him know he would soon have to go into hospital for a major operation.

Dad said the nuns never uttered a word. Instead one of them would extend her arm and offer him a pristine white handkerchief. Each time this happened, my father refused to take the handkerchief and the nuns faded away. My father died when I was fifteen years of age and it left my family wondering, did Dad take the white handkerchief just before he died?

o0o

When sixteen I believe a gut feeling not to go out with several friends on a particular night saved my life. The young inexperienced driver of the car my friends were in lost control and the car rolled several times. One of my friends was sitting in the seat usually occupied by me. She was thrown from the car and crushed.

Was this premonition a warning from my guardian angel that had impressed the sense of foreboding on my inner thoughts? Or was it some other unseen and unnamed spirits with me who had communicated the feeling? I didn't know.

One night I nearly became a rape statistic. Being chased through a park by an opportunist, I was running in stiletto heels on damp grass. The male was in runners and I could feel his outstretched arms grasping at the back of my coat. Never being a fast runner, I should have been easy prey but something kept me just that tiny bit ahead so he could not grab on and drag me down. It seemed like an eternity but it must have only been a matter of minutes before I made it to the busy highway and salvation.

In this instance there had been no prior warning of danger, but it is my absolute belief that an unseen someone had to have given me the necessary speed to keep out of the male's grasp. Fear alone could not have done it.

By Trial and Error.

When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

Dr Wayne Dyer

oOo

Books on the paranormal were hard to come by in those early days. Any found dealt mainly with the sensational. Apart from giving me chills up the spine and a few sleepless nights, they offered little in real value. Plus there was the fear factor of contacting unfriendly spirits like my childhood experiences and that conditioning was something I needed to overcome.

The books read only added to my apprehensions. They warned their readers that all sorts of unfriendly spirits were out there, waiting to possess any unwary physical body and control a person's mind. The information only fueled my trepidation.

An inability to find enlightening books on the paranormal, where minds were opened to infinite possibilities, changed with the emergence of the Flower Power Movement and New Age phenomena. Books on Eastern philosophies and religions opened up a world of previously unknown knowledge to me.

I was also starting to get bits of information about my friends and realized it was meant to be passed on to them. At first my lack of confidence, concerns about getting the message wrong and of maybe being seen as eccentric and not socially acceptable stopped me many times from passing on the message.

Fear slowed me down but I still wanted to learn, to understand what was happening and know more of why the various spirit people were around me. As mentioned, most of my learning became experiences by trial and error, yet there did seem to be some sort of coherence or plan to what was happening at the time. Over the years and by perseverance and learning came the understanding that I work with a group of spirit teachers.

Like with many such groups there is more than one communicator. When there is a change of speaker there is a subtle energy shift as we go from one personality to the other. Prompted by me for names the answer given is that names are not important. Instead, the advice is to judge whomever was communicating by the quality of the information received. There are new teachers now but the advice given still stands..

oOo

Slowly but surely, over time, I gained more confidence in myself and developed more of my abilities. With the new experiences was also a growing confidence in the unseen others who are guiding me. By the 1990s a plethora of books had come onto the market offering explanations on some of these other multidimensional worlds and their inhabitants. I read them voraciously, often happy to learn of me having similar experiences to that of the writers'.

Some offered guidance in further developing psychic abilities and I tried most of the methods given. The only one I remember not experimenting with was the Ouija board. My gut feeling was to leave it alone. It is not for me.

Much later, when learning inspiration writing, I asked my unseen teachers about this. They told me using an Ouija board is similar to a public telephone on a street corner. The Ouija board represents the activated telephone and anyone walking by can pick up the receiver and speak to the medium on the other end. The medium, or sensitive, using the Ouija board normally has no control over who is speaking or the quality of the messages received.

If the group approaches the communication with irreverence it becomes the old saying, 'like attracts like' and jokes and misinformation are often given at the sitters' expense. Having said that, wonderful guidance and teaching has sometimes come through via the Ouija board. It was by this form of communication that the American Jane Roberts, a gifted medium and writer started her contact with the advanced spirit entity calling himself Seth

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Séances and Psychics.

The highest form of ignorance is when you reject something you know nothing about.

Dr Wayne Dyer.

oOo

As a young teenager and still wanting to learn about these unseen entities, I went with an uncle to a séance. The medium, a charming, elderly woman channeled information to our group. We sat in a circle in a room lit solely by the flickering gas fire in the grate. To my impressionable mind it seemed 'spooky' and only added to my fears. Had one of the unseen communicators touched me as dreaded I would have literally died of fright.

Nothing dramatic happened to anyone there. Instead we sang hymns, the medium channeled general guidance from her unseen, to me, communicators. Those who had brought little flowers or bits of foliage had a reading, information about their life done for them. Everyone seemed happy with their messages and after prayers and best wishes to all the séance ended.

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One day a group of us from where work decided to visit an elderly Scots lady psychic someone had heard about. This psychic foretold her client's futures with an egg white. I had never heard of this type of forecasting and was curious to see it working.

As an impressionable sixteen year old with an overactive imagination my opinion was already formed on what the woman would look like. She would have a mole on her hooked nose or extended chin; perhaps on both. She would also have a sleek black cat as a familiar. I could not have been more mistaken.

The smiling, quietly spoken, elderly woman who greeted us when we arrived was nothing like my impression. Small and plump she looked more a picture of a sweet old grandmother than a witch. Yes, she did have a cat; a grey tabby cat stretched out dozing by the fireplace.

The woman led me into a small bedroom and we sat either side of a small round clothed table. Mundane relevant present events were given. I think that was to validate the psychic's ability but I was after the future forecasting. Would my knight in shining armor call and sweep me off my feet? Would I live a life of blissful happiness with the man of my dreams?

The psychic tapped the eggshell against the rim of a glass of water. Carefully she separated the white from the yolk and let the white fall into the water. Silently studying the gelatinous strands for a few moments she pointed to a few of the thicker strands. *'Look, here you are as a bride. You are going to get married in a church in a long white dress. The man*

you marry will come from over the water and you will have two children'. I tried very hard to see what the elderly lady was seeing but to me it just looked like strings of egg white in a tumbler of water.

I wasn't given a time frame of when this would all occur and had to reconcile myself with the thought that someone was meant to be my partner at some stage. Hopefully I wouldn't be too old before it happened. After all, it must be going to happen I thought. The psychic came well recommended and would an egg white in a tumbler of water lie? I had no choice but to wait for my 'Mr. Right'.

On the train home we all excitedly shared what we had been told. Apparently none of us were to remain as old maids. Two years later I did meet my future husband. He came from over the seas: from Holland. On our wedding day I was a bride in a long white gown and we were married in a church. We also had two children.

Growth Is the Way

Ask yourself hard questions, never stop asking, and allow your answers to change as you do.

Colin Wright

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Both of my daughters were born with psychic abilities and both are very good natural healers. I discovered Helen's talents early when she started communicating with the fairies of the nature realm in our country garden. Unfortunately I did not believe my daughter when she first mentioned her interaction. However, a friend, who also had the ability to communicate with the 'little people' verified the 'voice', sounds Helen had mentioned. On reflection my thoughts now are how ignorant and self-opinionated of me at that time.

Helen is also the only person I know who, on seeing auras spoke of them as appearing over a person's face like a space person's mask. Obviously she sees the total aura encasing the physical frame like a multicolored sarcophagus. I don't see it that way. Helen could also tell me several days before I had a cold or sinus attack when one was imminent by the brown clouds impinging over my face and chest.

My other daughter Ann, was only about four or five when she had her first emotional other life remembering that frightened both her father and myself with the intensity of the recall. When it happened Ann's physical body was in the room with us but by her wide eyed vacant stare it didn't look like anybody was home in her body.

Dressed in pajamas and clutching her favorite fluffy toy she stood at the end of our bed and, in a monotone voice, uttered only three words that no parent ever wants to hear from their child, *'I'm slowly dying.'* I later was able to find out that in a separate lifetime Ann had a disease that sounded very much like leukemia.

I have no idea what was the trigger for her to recall this experience. Perhaps it was in this incarnation Ann was at the same age as the previous incident and that was enough to reactivate the memory.

Another other life recall illness Ann experienced and remembered to her great advantage this time around is what she learned when she was previously blind. It has given her the ability of almost having eyes at her fingertips. Any wrapped packages, particularly at birthdays and Christmastimes were and still are systematically investigated for their contents by Ann. I don't mean shaking the gifts to see if they rattle. Instead, each one was carefully felt, studied, weighed between her hands and within a short time the contents were usually accurately stated long before being opened.

A talent Ann used that may have come from that other time was her ability to project out parts of her unseen energy. I don't know if it was her aura or something else but to get to one of the places she was employed meant Ann had had to go alone through a dark, deserted shopping centre car park late at night.

I was fearful something might happen to her but she reassured me by letting me know of her ability to project part of her energy ahead to check and see if it was safe for her to continue. Each night she worked there she employed this talent for her safety. I now think that what she was doing could have been a form of remote viewing.

Spiritual Churches and Groups.

Truth will always be truth regardless of lack of understanding, disbelief or ignorance.

W Clement Stone.

o0o

It was the early 1970s and, still wanting explanations about the different lifelong incidents, I tried going to the various denominational churches in my area. Unfortunately none of the services offered me the guidance wanted or the understanding needed at the time. Their life after death philosophy was different to my knowledge and the experiences gained so far.

On the other hand the congregations of Spiritual Churches were believers in life after death and some were in contact with spirits who gave them messages of guidance. I recognized that many, like me, were consciously advancing themselves along their individual spiritual path. In this way, I started to meet like-minded people. Some were communicating with beings from the different spirit dimensions and receiving forms of guidance relevant to their current growth pattern.

I also found a group who communicated with extraterrestrials each Saturday afternoon. This surprised me and even more so to learn they had been in constant touch with them for many years. It was the first time that I knew people had prearranged gatherings with extraterrestrials. However, when I tried to join, the group explained that it was a closed circle. As the name suggests, a closed circle keeps the same members and outsiders are not welcome. The members were not unfriendly with this request. It was more to do with the familiarity of the energy of the circle.

Where the extraterrestrial visitors came from or how the group achieved communication was never told to me. Had they done so I am not sure I would have believed them. At that time, there was no indication I would also consciously communicate with such beings. Nor was there any awareness that there was already communication between us. That all became obvious much later in my learning.

My First Psychic Development Class.

Ignorance is a temporary affliction, remedied only by asking the right questions.

Colin Wright.

oOo

It was about this time I was introduced to a talented medium, Barbara, who was soon to start a psychic development circle. That was just what I had been looking for.

Barbara's group of about eight people met at her home once a week for classes designed to guide a person's budding talents in whatever way they might manifest. Barbara channeled different identities and was able to see who was around and advise us of those who wanted to speak through a medium.

I wanted to learn to channel too and one night in the class could sense someone standing behind me. In reply to my query Barbara said it was a big, dark man who identified himself as Ahab. He said he wanted to speak through me. Suddenly all my old fears resurfaced and a mental tug of war began within me. I knew Barbara worked with a group of unseen teachers who protected us from anything that could harm us but still I was scared. One-half of me wanted to channel. The other half was terrified of possession.

My time there that night was spent sitting upright in the chair mentally saying 'yes, I will.' Then fear would take over and I would slump back again 'no, I won't.' Ahab must have become frustrated with my antics because after a while he left.

Barbara channeled different spirit entities and we were often able to talk to them. One regular was a delightful young girl of about eight. She said her name was Shirley and when she spoke to me, she called me Mrs. Annette.

Shirley would give information on basic day-to-day activities that had happened in my household that could only have been known if Shirley had actually been there and watched them occur. These were so trite they did not rate a mention in adult company, but were what a child would notice. Yes, I had no doubt. Shirley did visit my home.

Another spirit visitor was a well-spoken young boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age who identified himself as Gordon. He only came to our group once but left an indelible impression on us all. Gordon and his father had been to a car race and both had died in an auto accident on the way home. His concern for his mother and sister kept him earthbound. He wanted us to contact his family and tell his mother to stop crying and not be so upset: he and his father were okay.

We tried to explain the difficulty with this: his mother might not believe us and the United States of America was a big place. We did not know where she lived. Gordon could not remember his old address and it seems this vagueness sometimes happens when someone has made a partial transition to another dimension.

Despite his concern for his mother and sister, he was a delightful spirit contact and we invited him to return to our group again but he hesitated. When prompted to speak he said, "*When you know I am a Negro you may not want me back again.*"

A Cautionary Tale

A certain darkness is needed to see the stars.

Osho

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Barbara was the person who introduced us to inspirational writing. That introduction also came with a caution. In explaining what she meant Barbara told us of her experiences with this mode of communication. We learned that in the early days of Barbara's development she did not know she was a sensitive and knew nothing about psychic matters, nor had they ever interested her.

Her occupation took her to various towns supplying chemists with her company's product. One day as she waited to see the chemist client, she noticed a book on a nearby book stand. Filling in time, she flicked through it. It was a book on how to do inspirational writing. The book offered a chance to communicate with some unseen energies and gave glowing reports on the merits of this ability. Information provided on the back cover said if a person used inspirational writing they would never feel lonely again.

For Barbara it would mean the tedious lonely nights away from her husband could now be taken up by inspirational writing. Barbara bought the book and that night after dinner she tried the technique. She was successful and the words received were encouraging and comforting, so she continued.

Each night after work, she would hurry into her motel room and write. Cutting a long story short, after a time the tone of the communication changed, became threatening and Barbara found she could not stop the writing. It continued even if she did not have any writing implements in her hand. Wherever she placed her fingers, against her face, body, furniture, the writing continued. Barbara said she unwittingly had been possessed, taken over by lower spirit beings, something she had no knowledge of then.

Always a person who maintained good health and grooming, Barbara said she looked and felt nothing like her old self but was past caring. Dark blue rings were etched under her eyes from being kept awake all night by the incessant chatter within her head. It also left her with no energy to feed or cloth herself. At the time all she was capable of was sprawling in a lounge chair in her dressing gown and slippers.

Barbara had a friend, knowledgeable in psychic matters, who just happened to make an unexpected visit to Barbara when she was back home. Shocked at Barbara's appearance, when she heard what had happened, the friend contacted people who knew how to send these unwelcome spirits on their way. These people made Barbara aware she was an untrained natural psychic who needed guidance with her abilities.

To ensure that experiences like those encountered with the inspirational writing never happened again, Barbara joined a development class offered by a local Spiritual Church teaching about the unseen realms and their occupants. She soon

became very knowledgeable and I believe it opened up a portal to other untapped talents carried over from other lifetimes.

Barbara suggested her class try inspirational writing because wonderful guidance can be received but warned us to always be vigilant on the quality of the words. The words Barbara received at the beginning of her inspirational writing were encouraging and gentle. It was only later they changed to profanities and viciousness. We were cautioned: if there is any feeling not to write or the message tells you to do something, stop immediately and try again later.

She also warned us against attempting communication when we are ill, emotionally or physically drained of energy, recently had an argument with someone and were still affected by it, or had been drinking. All these things lower the natural defenses surrounding us and have the potential to allow undesirables in.

Barbara also explained to us the difference between automatic and inspirational writing. Inspirational writing is when words are sensed or spoken into a person's mind and then written down. Automatic writing is when a person holds a writing implement in their hand and writing, or drawing is accomplished without any conscious effort on the part of the individual.

I followed Barbara's advice and now, years later, still use inspirational writing with great success. Even though I also communicate in other ways, my writing is a wonderful record of what has been given to me from loving, enlightened beings.

Earlier Writing

There are many roads to enlightenment and all have their merits.

It does not matter how you go about seeking your truth, but you must seek it.

Buddha

o0o

In the early days I communicated with a group of gentle, white robed spirits who called themselves The Brethren. Then, as now, my contact is with a teaching group and is where various spirit students learn to communicate through a medium. I think the purpose of the original group might also have been to enhance my learning experiences in a safe environment.

My format is always to use a question/answer style and, in the original classes, as each entity took a turn to speak I felt a subtle difference of personality. Much later I understood that my seeing is clairvoyance and my hearing is clairsaudience.

The only spirit woman teacher seen and remembered said her name was Eloise. She guided and instructed the students who were unfamiliar with the earth energies.

The communication between the teachers and myself is an evolving process; from the earlier, simplistic question/answers to the more evolved as my confidence in the teachers and understanding of the lessons grew. It is now vastly different to the early timorous stepping stone beginnings.

I have included two examples; part of an earlier writing received to show the difference between the early work and later ones. An example of a change in communication is with the spirit who calls himself Rastafus. This information is included later in this e-book.

I transcribe most days and other communications will later be collated and made into another e-book. To access these more up-to-date writings they can be found on my site, <http://spiritwritings.wordpress.com>

The more recent writings are from a forum of a group of spirit beings, ETs and multidimensionals. The writings also continue to give opportunities to students and spirits thinking about incarnating to Earth. By interacting with my energy body they are able to feel and gain a better understanding of how the earth energies flow.

I continue to follow Barbara's wise advice and analyze any contact with any unseen spirit beings. Like Barbara, I am not interested in fantasy, lies or malicious entities pretending to be someone different or wasting my time on trivialities. However, it is always good to remember any message received is only as good as the energy of the sensitive at the time of writing.

o0o

I had been burning the candle at both ends: my energy was low and wasn't accepting responsibility for my state. My teachers were giving me a reason why there was this feeling while at the same time, were giving a gentle scolding to me.

As was my way at the time I communicated with The Brethren and students by sitting down at my kitchen table with my journal open and ready to receive answers to my questions. I started our communication with a prayer, to interact with the teachers at the time, welcomed those there and then waited quietly until I felt their presence. Then I started asking my topic questions by writing them down first in my journal. The answers flowed from there.

It serves no purpose now to hear my then banal subject matter and it embarrasses me to read back the questions asked while in a bored, self pitying mood. (The following is an extract of an answer given to me about my then 'poor me' state).

Little flower, you need to uplift yourself more. Thy vibrations have been low. It has been a time of trial for thee but listen awhile, what was told was exact. Ye were not deceived. Thy own mind intrudes and lets you know what you feel you ought do or see.

Let honesty come through unbiased then ye will see all flow. Let thyself judge each message from us for truth and honesty. Debasement will not flow from us for how is it so? We work in harmony with universal law therefore debasement is wrong. It contravenes the truth and the light.

Look to thine own deeds, thy own needs. Do they color the words? Do you ask guidance yet disfigure the prose or do you unceremoniously just enhance, color, to suit your desires? Ponder on this fact and see the part you play. Then and only then be able to rise higher and let the truth flow in all its glory.

By all means challenge all that transpires but be ever vigilant. After a time you will know the difference between thyself and us for a bridge will be built and you will feel the subtle change in consciousness and will rest assured that it is so.

If you try this mode of communication you may find that in the beginning of inspirational writing, like my early efforts, there are often 'olde world' words and old-fashioned phraseology used. I don't know if that is from the era of the spirit communicators or if it is to show the receiver that the unfamiliar, quaint words are not from them, the writer.

Friends who use inspirational writing say they experienced a similar style of answer in the beginning of their communication. This changes with more practice from both sides. However, we are all individuals and your style of writing experience may be different to mine. What is achieved is that by using this simple technique a person can receive wonderful advice and gain a clear understanding that they are never alone.

If you decide you want to go that way, inspirational writing may enhance your life but remember Barbara's experience. I believe a good idea to follow in any form of communication, whether it is face-to-face physical or non physical, analyze and never accept everything at face value, but also don't do what I sometimes did and automatically dismiss the words as rubbish if they don't suit preconceived opinion at the time.

However, there is one caution that is especially worth following. If you are being told to do something, challenge it all the time while remembering the old saying 'to disagree doesn't mean you need to be disagreeable'. Ask the reason why a statement is made or seek some form of validation, then decide for yourself what you want to do.

The same guidance applies if you are being told you are wonderful, the next great whatever. Unless you have special talents for something, someone is inevitably working on one or more of your ego weaknesses. Always remember you are the one in control of your life, your destiny. Guidance is fine. Control, in any form is not.

A new friend, Sandy, had become a student of Barbara's. Untrained at the time, Sandy turned out to be a great, natural medium and automatic writer. Automatic writing is different to inspiration writing. It is when, with permission from the medium, a spirit controls the person's physical hand and words of guidance and wisdom flow through. At these times of communication it is suggested that the medium read a book or involve their mind in something else and let the spirit do their thing..

Sandy often used this form of mediumship and one day she invited me to watch her communication. As I had never seen it done before was quite eager to watch a demonstration. We sat at the kitchen table and I was trying not to look at Sandy's hand moving on the writing pad as we chatted about recipes and other things.

When the spirit entity had finished the pen was gently placed on the writing pad. We were then at liberty to read the writing. It contained wonderful words of inspiration written in poetry form. At the end was a little plaintive comment that it was hard to write when the medium was busy discussing the price of flour!

oOo

Sandy and I lived a few streets apart and often practiced our mediumship together. She was more confident in her abilities at the time and justifiably so. She did not have the same fear factor to overcome as I did. That was possibly because Sandy had not read any of the scary books, or had similar frightening experiences in her youth.

Barbara's development class was not a closed circle and after a few months a new student joined. Several months later this new student's ego intruded and she decided to run her own class. Unfortunately, she wanted to take the members of Barbara's class as her students. I do not know what happened or if her classes ever became a reality, but the disharmony that was created ended our group. We were all sorry this had happened but it must have been time for us all to go in other directions.

Little did I realize at the time that Barbara's teachings, together with the knowledge I'd gained along the way was preparing me to become a spiritual teacher. All my trial and error lessons were going to be enormously helpful to me in the future when teaching others.

Psychic Drawings.

Sometimes it's not the people who change, it's the mask that falls off.

Author unknown.

oOo

Barbara's guidance at her development class opened portals to other levels of learning for me. As an example; I started doing spirit drawings, something not known to me in the mid 1970s.

One night, bored and listless, I looked for something to do. My young daughters had been drawing after dinner and their equipment was still scattered over our dining table. They had gone to bed and before putting their books and pencils away. I sat down and looked at the drawing pads.

Feeling sorry for myself for not having anything to do, thought if I could only draw that would be an interest. To reinforce my lack of ability I idly picked a pencil up and started to doodle on the page in front of me. A little thin golden line about half an inch long appeared on the page. Absently I reached out and covered it with the graphite. Then another similar line further down the page appeared and it was covered too.

Each time one was covered one another appeared somewhere else on the page. Intrigued I continued on joining the golden dashes until an oval shape took form. More dashes appeared inside the oval and each one was covered until there was a sketch of a smiling face with two open eyes looking back at me.

Surprised, I studied it. I'd never exhibited any drawing ability so this was amazing. Not only did the two eyes line up and the mouth look right which, in itself, was an achievement, there was so much vitality emanating from this simple two dimensional drawing.

I studied it carefully, then wondered: who would have a face and head without ears and hair? The golden dashes started again. Soon appeared a wimple, a nun's headpiece.

I didn't know any nuns. *Who is she?* Then from inside of my head were the words 'Sister Maria'. Sister Maria was unknown to me but wrote her name on the page. Another energy was not only communicating with me but was showing me what they looked like.

Wondering if it was a one-time occurrence I flipped the page over and looked to see if the same thing would happen on the new sheet. Sure enough, the little golden line appeared there too. This time was another image, masculine, without hair but with ears. It was a monk. Kastyia, I think he said his name was.

Most nights, when I had the opportunity my drawings continued and there was soon a collection of genders, ages and nationalities all smiling, each one looking lifelike back at me. After some months it became a bit boring drawing the

faces of unknown people. Then something happened. On reflection, it might have been my teachers gentle way of letting me know it was time to move on with other avenues of learning.

My mother came to visit and brought a young woman friend with her. During the afternoon I was told the woman's fiancé had died a few years earlier in a motorbike accident and she was still grieving for him. A day or so later when drawing again the image of a young male appeared on the page. I asked his name and internally heard the word 'Ben'. Remembering that the young woman's fiancé's name had been Ben I became excited. It seemed too much of a coincidence that it would not be the same Ben.

If it was Ben, here was an opportunity to see how lifelike my drawings were. I rang the woman and made arrangements for us to meet the next week-end. She would bring a picture of her fiancé for me to see and I would show her my drawing.

We were both excited when she arrived and she handed me a framed photo and I handed her my drawing book with the drawing we hoped was her fiancé's likeness. I had no doubt it was the same person. The face from the photo showed a smiling young man, open necked shirt and leather jacket, relaxed, his arms crossed leaning against his motorbike. What especially interested me was my drawing was a mirror image to the photo now held in my hands.

I looked to the woman for validation of the likeness and saw disappointment on her face. Absolutely shattered emotionally by her reaction I asked what was wrong. Didn't she see the resemblance that to me was absolute? She mumbled something, a feeble agreement I think it was.

Then I realized what was wrong. She wanted to see a three dimensional likeness; a proper portrait to have been drawn, one that showed the cheeks, the contours of the face and all the other little subtleties. I had only ever been given two dimensional likenesses and, at the time, lacked the skill to see or draw anything else.

Deeply disappointed by the reaction, and aware of my artistic inadequacy, from that day on I never drew another spirit image but did go to art classes to learn how to draw properly. By attending art classes the knowledge formed that I do have a talent for portraiture, one that probably would have lain dormant if not for the spirit drawings.

Mixing Personal Energy Fields (Auras).

*I am never in control of what happens around me,
but I am always in control of what happens within me.*

Fearless Soul

oOo

Barbara's development class had extended and opened psychic channels within me but I was still very cautious of someone or something negatively influencing me. The old books warning of possession from unpleasant unseen entities had left an indelible image in my mind, images that I was afraid to pursue. Without Barbara's encouragement and guidance during her classes my progress could have been extremely slow, if at all. Even so there were times when I still managed to create unnecessary problems for myself.

One example: we were cautioned about was mixing in crowds, with other shoppers in shopping centers, when attending meetings. Even family members can affect our energy fields without intending to do so, just as we can to theirs.

Barbara had told us now we had become more sensitive to the auric energies of others it was necessary to protect ourselves from their life-force energies that could have a debilitating effect on us. I assumed this would only be necessary until we had automatically developed our natural protection. Then my assumption was this protection would only be advisable and necessary in special circumstances.

Unfortunately I usually became complacent and forgot Barbara's guidance which meant many times when out shopping I have come home with only enough energy to literally crawl on my hands and knees from the car to our bathroom and purge everything from my body. A migraine usually followed and it would take a good night's sleep to get my equilibrium back to normal again.

If you are unaware of what your aura looks like, think of an egg. The yolk in the centre is you, the white is your unseen energy field that completely encases you, even over your head and under your feet. I have heard there is a protective energy casing like an eggshell too, but I have never personally seen it. That does not mean it does not exist, just that I have not witnessed it.

oOo

There is a term 'psychic vampire' or 'emotional vampire' and we are all vulnerable without realizing it when we mix with others. We attract and repel other energies all the time depending on our energy field. If in crowds, at a party, or out shopping and you experience feeling debilitated or going onto an unnatural high of emotion, feeling 'pumped' with energy, it is possible that you are influencing others, draining their energy. The other side of the coin is they are doing it to you and you are left feeling exhausted.

There are several ways I learned to protect myself from this usually unintentional effect from others. One is to visualize an outer eggshell shape around my aura. It doesn't appear to matter to have an accurate border dimension. I merely visualize my body with an energy surrounding it.

There are several ways to obtain your objective. One is to see your energy body being withdrawn, pulled in, coming closer, brought in to your physical body. Another way is to visualize, see the edge of your aura growing strong, impenetrable, like the eggshell protects its contents inside.

Or you might like to imagine your aura completely engulfing you, as it does. The visualization goes clockwise from under your feet and over your head. Then, starting from under your feet where you imagine your aura's edge is, making an imaginary golden line at the edge of your aura, continuing from under your feet, up your side, encompassing the imaginary outer width of your aura, up over your head and down the other side to reconnect with your aura under your feet. Do this seven times to strengthen your aura that way.

It may happen that as you are extending over your sides you may feel that your oval shape is being hampered by a feeling that there is something outside, pressing in, affecting your aura. Don't let it bother you: just continue to complete the seven turns. The little 'bump' is only another energy you are interacting with. Just let it be. It will not, cannot harm you.

oOo

One experience left a lasting impression on me. It was one I would never have knowingly, deliberately experienced it if there had been prior knowledge. However, not anticipating any problems I did not protect myself.

I went with a friend to visit acquaintances of hers at their home. In the lounge room were the two near adult teenage sons of the woman who owned the house, her boyfriend, someone else and my friend and myself. The room was not well lit and there seemed to be a brown cloud filling the room. Not having any idea what it was I ignored it and concentrated on the conversation going on.

Nobody else seemed perturbed or aware of the strange cloud but it must have been only a matter of minutes, perhaps ten at the most and I felt myself being psychically dragged out of my body by my feet. My energy was being sapped fast by whatever was in the brown cloud and it became imperative to escape from it while it was still possible.

Excusing myself I staggered outside with whatever was causing my turmoil still draining me. It was only when physically outside the fence of the property that it stopped. Nothing was ever going to induce me to enter those premises again and later I learned from my friend that the mother dabbled in black magic.

One of the lessons gained from that experience was that it takes a special person to go to haunted houses or attempt to remove ghosts. It is not for me and made me aware my talents lie elsewhere.

Other Spirit Contacts.

Nothing ever goes away until it has taught us what we need to know

Pema Chodrun

o0o

Nations of the world honors those of their fallen service personnel and civilians who have fought for their country, some paying the ultimate price in laying down their lives during conflicts. As an example, the United Kingdom commemorate Remembrance Sunday; Armistice Day is commemorated in France; Memorial Day in America while in Australia and New Zealand it is Anzac Day.

For years I dreaded Anzac Day. I never watched the Anzac March on television instead staying inside crying most of the day as overwhelming grief engulfed me. It was the time that spirits of Australian soldiers appeared in my inner vision. They would crowd around, begging me to stop wars; to make sure that what they saw of the devastation, of people's inhumanity to his fellow human beings, never ever happen again.

I would try to tell them to stop but no one would listen to me. Still they pleaded. I asked them to leave but they didn't listen. Year after year they continued with their appeals. In the end, desperation forced me to **order** them to go away and they did. From that experience I learned that it is possible to stop visits from any spirit that made me feel uncomfortable.

Later on I wondered if these souls were so traumatized by their life's challenges they had not made the transition to their next life. Were they earthbound, destined to stay that way for eternity? At that stage of my knowledge, I did not know the answer.

o0o

It gradually became apparent to me that many of our loved ones who have recently passed over are still encased in some of the emotional trappings of physical matter. This often acts as a medium enabling their presence to be felt, perhaps even to be seen and heard by those not normally receptive to this. As a soul expands more into the spirit world and their energy body becomes finer, any third dimensional physical dross still attached disperses back into the atmosphere. They then go onto their next place of development.

Sometimes souls might let their presence be known by a song coming into a person's awareness. It may be as an old song not heard in ages and is now being heard everywhere; in your mind, on the radio, television. Perhaps there is seen from the corner of an eye the movement of a fleeting, elusive shadow.

The distinct odor of cigarette smoke; the aroma of aftershave or the fragrance of a once-familiar perfume may be a soul's way of letting a person know they are with them, but I believe it depends on the ingenuity and expertise of the soul making the communication as to the manner in which contact is achieved.

As an example: my daughter, Helen, and I shared experience when my father wanted us to know he was present. We were sitting side-by-side on a two-seater lounge suite in our family home. Helen had her hands resting in her lap as she listened to something I was saying at the time.

I stopped, fascinated by what was happening to her hands. Without her moving them they had changed and, superimposed over them, were the recognizable long fingers and hands of my father who had died when I was fifteen.

Helen, also psychic, was about twelve years old at the time when this took place and she was able to see this transformation for herself. Never having previously witnessed this type of thing happening before, I was about to ask my daughter if she felt anything different but before I could her hands were back to normal and my father's hands superimposed over mine.

This interchange happened several times and I believe it was for us to be aware Dad was there. Both Helen and I agreed an adult's masculine hands on the ends of a child's skinny arms or on a female's may have looked odd but there was no strange feeling felt by either of us.

oOo

In particularly difficult periods of my adult life the form of my deceased grandfather would appear in my inner vision to give me the love and comfort so desperately needed at the time. The spirit of my father, and that of my grandmother also used to appear occasionally. They never usually spoke, but their presence offered encouragement and support.

At one stressful time a few years ago, without any prior indication, both my deceased grandparents appeared together. My grandfather stood behind my grandmother as she uttered one sentence. The words given in that single sentence were what was needed by me and my feelings of despair changed to elation by what was said, plus the sudden realization of just how much I was loved by these two souls.

I understood later that by getting myself into such a pit of despair, normal spirit communication could not happen. It was the combined love of my grandparents, perhaps with a little help, that was needed to get the message through to me.

Experience has taught me that strong emotions go out into the atmosphere like radio or television waves and are able to be received by those on a similar wavelength. A word of caution; be careful what you think. Thoughts have power and like attracts like. If you want the best, you think the best. I found that out the hard way.

oOo

For a few years at Easter, but also nearing the Christmas period I watched with interest as one of the wall in my home became a large screen for the different spirit nationalities of the world. What was shown was as slide show like the one a computer software program might do when displaying photos.

All were in their national costumes. They would stand still, posing for maybe three seconds before their image was replaced by the next. That image, in turn, was replaced by another image. Some smiled, others stood serious, as if having a portrait done.

Why Easter was the selected date is a mystery to me.

o0o

As I developed more, a pleasant unexpected bonus was experienced when the nature world started to be seen and felt by me. Again, I don't have the ability that my daughter Helen has but manage to get by with sporadic interactions that fluctuated at different times.

I also discovered I had been an involuntary astral traveler for most, if not all of my life. All those flying dreams I had as a child with the wonderful feelings of freedom were finally understood by me.

My Inflated Ego

Your time on Earth is limited. Let go of the past and do not worry about the future.

Focus your energy on becoming the best version of yourself that you can be, right now.

Nelson Mandela

oOo

I had learned to read people's energy fields (auras) but hadn't acquired the skills necessary to handle the situation properly. Unfortunately on one occasion my ego intruded.

I was a member of a group of women who were doing craft work. Unfamiliar to each other and working at the one large round table we started to chat. We asked the usual type of questions to get more friendly and keep conversation going.

To add to the conversation I mentioned being able to see energy fields and some of what they contained. I then asked the group if they wanted to know what could be seen in theirs? They did, except for one woman who said nothing.

I blithely gave a short comment of what I saw to each woman and each one appeared impressed with what was said. My ego was quite inflated but when it came to the woman who hadn't spoken I could not see anything. This surprised me and in my ignorance at the time I didn't realise she, like anybody who chooses to, can stop someone from prying and she had.

Well, that was a challenge to me. I said nothing and we all went on discussing other things. As the woman relaxed her energy field opened enabling me to see it.

'Ah-ha now I can see' and I went on to tell the woman something I saw that was, in my opinion, quite harmless but the woman looked around at the group with fear clearly showing on her face. I don't know if her religious beliefs prohibited any thoughts of an energy field or if she thought I was a witch.

I regretted my intrusion and my lesson from that experience was it is quite wrong to override a person's feelings. If a blank wall is encountered and there is no feedback to relate, stop there and respect the person's privacy. Don't be like a peeping Tom. I felt ashamed that I let my ego intrude and have never done that again.

Receiving Messages For Strangers

Trust that what you have to say is valuable to the world.

You are a powerful being, and you have a right to be heard.

Speak your truth, no matter how quietly.

Nelson Mandela

oOo

Sometimes I receive messages to pass on to others from their loved ones in spirit. As the recipient may be unknown to me there is the dilemma of how they might respond to what I say. Will they, for example, take me, unknown to them, to be a fraud or someone deranged? Is their mind open to receiving communication from one of their loved ones, very much alive in spirit but who no longer has a physical form ?

As an example: I was on a ten day coach trip to parts of inland Australia and on our first night we were all gathered in a motel dining room waiting for our dinner to be served. While we waited and with my inner vision I saw then heard a male speak to me and asked me to pass on a message to one of our group, the woman near the end of a nearby table.

The man's request put me in a bit of a dilemma. If the woman was unreceptive or thought I was crazy and told the others on our trip it could become very embarrassing or uncomfortable for me. However the man seemed desperate to interact with the woman so, hoping that she would be receptive I went over to her and said quietly 'there is a man here who says he is your father and who wants to speak to you.'

'Oh, my god, no' she said loudly. 'Tell him to go away.' Everyone at the table stopped talking and looked at us to see what was happening .

Embarrassed by her response and the unwanted attention from the others I apologized and quickly retraced my steps back to my table but the woman called after me.

'It's alright' the woman said. 'Just tell him to go away. I have nothing to say to him.'

'Well, he is very insistent and wants to impress on you that he is so very, very sorry for what he did and wants you to forgive him.'

'Tell him, no. I will never forgive him and just want him to go away and leave me in peace.'

'He wants you to know he has the lady with him'. As I was speaking could see an elderly woman with long hair who appeared to be dressed in an old fashioned ankle length white nightgown.

'I don't care. Tell him to go away.'

Fortunately our first course arrived, and we stopped talking to focus on our meal. After dinner the woman came over and introduced herself as Beth. She apologized for her reaction so I asked her what it was all about. She said her father had tried to contact her at other times. several times but she was not interested in hearing what he had to say.

Beth did not mention why she would not forgive her father but did say that the woman in the white nightgown had been a wealthy woman in the country town Beth had grown up in and, for some reason, had taken a liking to Beth. 'It was because of her caring and encouragement that I became a nurse' Beth said.

While Beth and I had been speaking a friend of hers stood nearby listening to our conversation. When Beth went to rejoin her group this other woman approached me and asked if I could see anything for her. I couldn't and, disappointed, the woman went off to rejoin the group.

Fortunately my fears of being ostracized were unfounded and the coach trip was great. I joined in and did not feel any different to any other passengers. Beth's father did not return with more requests .

Near the end of our journey we were having lunch at a country town and had some free time to look at the local shops. It was a very hot day and I took a rest from shopping and sat under a shady tree on the outskirts of a local park.

The woman who had previously asked if I'd anything for her wandered up and as she approached me a mental image was forming. When she sat down I asked her if she would like to know what I saw for her? She was very interested and I was able to explain the image was of an old fashioned kitchen, perhaps 1960's style. In the kitchen was a young couple I took to be husband and wife and a young baby in a pram.

The woman asked me to describe the couple and I did then asked to woman if she could recognize the people mentioned.

The woman said the male sounded like her dad when he was younger, the woman could be her mother and the baby could have been her. However, she had never seen a photo of her mother who was not part of her life. Something had happened when she was still a baby and her dad, now deceased, destroyed all pictures of her mother, never spoke about her and neither did any of her father's relatives. What I had described was all she had that could be an image of her mother.

oOo

When my husband and I were on a short cruise, each morning, after breakfast, we went onto one of the top decks and, like lizards enjoying the sun, rested on deck chairs. More energetic types walked briskly by getting their exercise as they inhaled the salt air.

A slim, healthy looking middle aged couple passed us by doing their morning brisk walk. Each day, as they passed I knew there was a message to pass on but ignored the urge to speak until the day prior to when we were to disembark. Hoping the couple would be receptive I approached them and explained that I communicate with spirit beings who have a message for them and would they like to hear it?

They were receptive and were told that their son was going through a crisis of faith in himself, his chosen vocation and was about to give up and do something else. The message was for him not to give up and to hold on because within a short while things would improve and he would be pleased he stayed the course.

The couple thanked me, we exchanged email addresses and a week or so later I received an email from them stating that their son had indeed been thinking of giving up his fledgling business but would give it more time.

We stayed in contact for a short time and I was pleased to hear later from them that their son's business had taken an upswing and he, like they, were happy he stayed the course.

Learning Continues.

In school, you are taught a lesson and then given a test.

In life you are given a test that that teaches you a lesson.

Tom Bodett

oOo

It became apparent to me that I was also in contact with other dimensional beings commonly referred to as extraterrestrials or aliens. All of my experiences were and still continue to be through my inner vision or by out-of-body, astral experiences.

I do remember that as a child being on space ships and at one time being operated on with a metal instrument being inserted into my navel. However, there is no recollection of being physically taken out of bed or whisked away in the manner others have spoken about. As mentioned, my experiences are usually in the astral, out-of-body state while my physical 'me' stays comfortably at home.

I continued to seek out knowledge through books. Now aware that there was some form of interaction between extraterrestrials and myself it became another quest for understanding. So those types of books were sought out to assist me with this part of my learning. The only books found at the time to help me with my understanding about these entities came from science-fiction stories. The writers never made it clear to their readers whether or not they were writing from information gained from their own interactions, but I did discover that what was written about did not relate to my experiences.

Even though it was apparent to me that there was guidance behind the scenes, this trial and error method of my learning was still frustrating. I never thought to ask if the spirit realm identities could interact with extraterrestrials. It was only decades later the knowledge came that they can and do sometimes.

It was around the same time that other people came into my life who were ready to learn and develop their own potentials. Most were unaware they had these wonderful, latent capabilities. Like Barbara in her early days, some had not been interested in anything to do with the paranormal and had started to develop their psychic senses seemingly unbidden. However, once the person consciously started working with their abilities, many showed amazing skills.

As I continued experimenting, extending my abilities other enlightening books on both spiritual and psychic matters were coming onto the market. I read them avidly. This led to all kinds of experimentation that seemed safe for me to do. Once mastered, they were then taught to others.

Others also taught me. I learned astrology, numerology and graphology or hand writing analysis as well as any other subjects that took my fancy at the time.

I cannot claim to be expert on any of these topics and my learning was often more curiosity than dedication. However, I do have great respect for those who have studied and understand the subjects more intricately than me. These subjects are fascinating and can tell a person many remarkable facts about themselves and their hidden potentials.

What my studies have shown me is that if our soul, the unseen part of each person, wants to learn specific lessons it has the ability to set the stage for opportunities to happen. I have come to accept that there are no such things as coincidences or accidents.

Through experience gained over time and further information provided to me by my teachers is the understanding that I assist the unseen dimensions. One of the ways of assisting the unseen realms is to allow souls to communicate through me. For your interest, there are different examples in this book of some of the personalities who have communicated with me.

At all stages of communication my teachers are always there monitoring, ensuring all goes to plan without any harm coming to either party. It is they who choose who is allowed to experience speaking through me and have proved to me over the years they are always vigilant and well in control

A communication I received gives a spirit's point of view. It also makes clear that wherever you are, whatever dimension, learning continues.

Rastafus

Life repeats itself mindlessly – unless you become mindful, it will go on repeating like a wheel.

Osho

o0o

On this particular day, I had only just begun my contact via inspirational writing. My expectation was it would flow as normal. My questions would be asked and answers would be given from one or the other of the unseen beings present in the class. This did happen but this particular class seemed to be a little different because someone new wanted to communicate with me.

I focused and saw with my inner vision the man who wanted to speak. Speaking is the right word because I heard what was presumably was his own voice coming from inside my head.

A light colored toga covered a man of about medium build and height. His age, at a guess, was somewhere in his mid 60s. The room or wide corridor he stood in looked unfurnished except for several marble benches on one wall. Along another wall were thick round marble columns of the same color as the tiles on the floor. Except for the appearance of the male, the scene was one pale monochrome. Creamy-white sheer curtains were draped from wall to ceiling.

It is possibly that this area may be one of the meeting places for the physical and non-physical. This is how the communication continued:

(Me) Excuse me for interrupting, but where are my teachers?

They are here unbeknown to you on your side of the veil. All is well.

Then why am I communicating with you and will you give a name?

Dear, oh dear. Two questions at the one time. I am Rastafus [not sure if I heard his name correctly] in this garb, persona. It suits me to be called this and be shown in this way.

It is a good persona. Much was achieved while in it. Arduous now this change of mode, of dress [taking on the energy of the body he once had].

Yes, I did give out kindness, not hatred. The times [the times when he lived as that person] were arduous yet fulfilling in many ways. Much good was accomplished while in that Roman lifetime.

The answer to your second question, I am sure it is obvious – yes, I see it is; you are the source, the link to gain credibility on the earth plane whilst being here where I am. It is training, a practice run, a springboard to see how adept I am in communicating.

Your friends, you see, have not gone. They are here, monitoring both you and me. Any tiredness on your part, and misdemeanor, incompatibility from me, accidental or not and I am zipped away, removed. They know, we are screened as you say before we begin. Clucking, fussing behind the scenes. All are one.

But don't our energy vibrations need to be the same?

Yes, I understand. It is true. Yet again sometimes they are not and you let in unhealthy elements into your body. [This is in reference to another situation when I did not protect myself and experienced a psychic attack. More on that later]. Like viruses invading the physical, they do cause harm. You understand this yet it happens. Vigilance is needed on all levels yet sometimes it is not always achieved. You know it well.

So you are having a practice run and I am protected by my teachers who are just out of my visual range? Are you to gain experience and find another medium to work with?

It is communication practice, to see and gain experience. I have not decided if I want to go this way. It is rewarding but arduous. Constraints [between the physical and non-physical worlds] are lifted during communication yet I am not sure. It is challenging for all concerned. Other avenues also beckon me to learn, to grow.

What would they be?

We could extend further and navigate other realms too. Once out of our physical body we are unencumbered. It is easy to go to other levels. Of course, you are aware it is not achievable to access higher, finer ones but there are others little known to you.

I see you are confused yet your curiosity is piqued. Innumerable universes, with their [I had been writing fast and could not read the next word] levels, harmonies await. It is only choice that limits us.

You mean not knowing what is there or having a specific destination?

It is along this way yet again, there is guidance. Let your thoughts, memories take you back in time to some of your escapades. Were you not, was not it possible for you to get there to some unknown ones? To learn of inhabitants at various, previously unknown to you, places. You were guided. You only had to place a thought out to go somewhere and your natural inclinations got you there. It is the same with me, with others.

In a basic comparison, it is like getting into a vehicle and telling the driver to take you somewhere they decide?

Somewhat, yet you choose by your vibrations. Curiosity gets you, a person or soul only so far.

But as spiritual beings our vibrations have us mainly at the spirit realms. We do not know of these other places.'

This is true, yet they are there. If they are there, they are to be accessed. Learning curves here. Will yourself. Correct direction; leave the spirit realm, though in truth, all realms are spirit. Get bearings. I feel it is harmonies, what I want to achieve, that sets me and others right with direction.

Livingston, those who conquered the ignorance of land on the earth sphere, went with a dream, a vague impression or hope. Choose along this way. Go: program self to go far afield through uncharted territory to gain the experience and knowledge. You cannot be hurt so be unafraid. It is an adventure, breaking forth, removing old fear-based barriers. That is what is needed to be. Reach high and it shall be.

I am getting good at this. Perhaps the arduousness has worn off and I have found my mission. It is to inspire, to give substance and confidence to others. Yet again uncharted waters call.

With the persona of a previous existence comes also the experiences and frustration memory but also the love and regard. I go this way.

Peace and blessings. You know the way.

The Shadow People

'We are all visitors to this time, this place. We are just passing through.

*Our purpose here is to learn, to grow,
to love. And then we return home.'*

Aboriginal saying

oOo

I don't know when it started but occasionally when I was relaxed , preparing a meal I would catch a quick movement of something from out of the corner of my eyes. It was fleeting; a dark shape, there and gone again. Whatever the shape was it moved swiftly, appearing from inside a wall and rapidly moving in a straight line through the room only to disappear into an adjacent wall.

Only one shape appeared in my vision at the one time. It might be the small shapes like a cat or small rodent and they were at the level of the skirting board on the floor. The male seemed to be about average size and he appeared to be wearing a hat.

Strangely, the man seemed familiar with his journey through my lounge room. The swift way he moved made me feel he was aware of his surroundings and possibly he knew he was being seen.

Whatever his reason for his journey and wherever he came from I have no idea. Perhaps he came from a parallel universe? A time warp that he and the little animals were familiar with and made use of but too what purpose?

People in different parts of our planet have reported seeing shapes like I have mentioned and because of their shadowy presence have been called 'the shadow people'.

Michael

When she transformed into a butterfly, the caterpillars spoke, not of her beauty, but of her weirdness. They wanted her to change back into what she had always been. But she had wings.

Dean Jackson

oOo

Michael was a delightful little spirit boy who used to sometimes visit when I was conducting a development class. He was about ten or eleven years old, Caucasian, and looked and acted like any physical child of about that age. I don't think he knew he was no longer in a physical form.

Where Michael played with other spirit children was in a large immaculate, green grass park. There were large trees, oak and others where the children climbed and generally appeared to be having fun. Wherever it was that the children played were a few women, supervisors, who watched over the children. It seemed strange at first until I realized it may have been to give an earth feeling continuity to the children. I also understood wherever this region is acts as a transition area for the children until they are ready to move on.

We asked questions to Michael; what it was like where he was, the sort of questions an adult would ask a child. Once he brought his male friend with him to meet us but his little friend was either shy or not interested. After a few minutes he left.

We always looked forward to Michael's joining in our class but one day he seemed different, not the happy little boy we had come to know. I asked him if something was the matter and said 'yes'.

Gentle encouragement to find out the reason we learned that Michael was frustrated. For the first time he realized that whatever he did, fall off his bike, out of a tree, there was no blood; he could not hurt himself. It appeared Michael was getting ready to go to the next stage of his journey and shortly after he stopped coming to our group.

He was the last child we had visit our group and for awhile, we did hope he would return or some other little spirit child take his place. None did so perhaps it was also our time to move on to other endeavors .

Do Animals Have a Sixth Sense?

*We may have pets,
but when it comes to unconditional love,
they are the masters*

Author unknown

oOo

A friend who worked in a nursing home for seniors spoke of the home's pet cat. Their cat instinctively knew ahead of time when one of the elderly inhabitants was going to pass on and two or three days prior to this would sit most of the day on the person's bed until the end. The pet cat was so accurate in timing it gave the home a chance to notify relatives to come and say their goodbyes before it became too late.

oOo

My corgi/mix dog sometimes knew before me when I had a visit from a spirit friend. Feeling insecure at something, a presence she could not understand but saw the hair on the back of her neck would rise, her tail would go between her legs and she would slink quietly into the safety of her kennel.

oOo

Years ago I listened to a CD from a dog whisperer giving instructions on how to telepathically communicate with animals. Her instructions made it sound easy and I wanted to see if I could do it. However, at the time there were no animals available for me to practice on so decided to practice on my brother's little dog when next I visited.

Andy, my brother's little dog, followed my brother everywhere making it impossible for him to stay still long enough for me to see if I could communicate with him telepathically. I needed Andy to be settled and quiet and that would probably have to be after dinner and while we were watching television.

After dinner we went into the lounge room where John and his wife sat on the large lounge and I sat angled to them on another chair. Little Andy sat at my brother's feet his chin resting on his front paws. Nothing obstructed my view of Andy.

While John and his wife focussed on the television show I focused on Andy. The instruction was to focus behind the animal's ear and mentally project a simple word over and over. I focused on Andy's name.

At first nothing happened but I persevered. Then I noticed Andy's ears start to twitch then he looked at John expectantly. John was involved in the show and ignored Andy so the dog settled back down as before.

I persevered and the same thing happened again. Never once did Andy look my way; always to his master.

I think I can say that my telepathy with Andy was a success but it needs more work to make it to conversations as others state they can do.

My Damaged Aura

"The wound is the place where the Light enters you." ..

Rumi

o0o

Can anything hurt you when in other dimensions? That has not been my experience when out of my physical body but I have been terrified on several occasions. Once I had learned to remain calm and strengthen myself by lifting my vibrations, whatever was scaring me disappeared and left me alone.

My teachers remind me when out of my physical body it rests safely somewhere else. It cannot be harmed by whatever happens or wherever I am. Like mummy's sheltering arms it is there to receive me at return.

As to physical harm, yes, I have been temporarily affected by a psychic attack but that would never have happened if proper preparations were done and I'd not foolishly left myself unprotected. This is another of my experiences of what can happen if you do not take this safeguard.

Years ago a client rang for a reading. She said it was urgent and needed guidance as soon as possible. It was my day off and my first thought was to refuse, but I liked the woman and she sounded desperate. She was not one to ask for help unless it was absolutely necessary. Going against my gut feelings I invited her over. Little did I know that by changing my usual format was to make what is tantamount to a cardinal error for any sensitive giving a reading.

My normal routine before a client comes is to pray for truth and guidance and welcome the unseen helpers who would be with us during the session. The prayer is then finished with a request that the client gets whatever advice it is they need at this particular time. As most clients are unfamiliar to me and not knowing what sort of energies they will have around them, I also ask for my protection. On this day however, familiarity caused me to omit this normal procedure.

My client arrived and we sat down across from each other. It was a hot summer's day and we engaged briefly in a small bit of chit-chat about the weather before I altered my awareness to do the reading. At the same time I 'felt' and 'saw' a spirit male sit down beside me on the lounge. I passed on this information but my client did not recognize my description of him.

With my inner hearing came the word 'Sis'.

'That could be my brother who died in an accident forty years ago' she said. 'But he never called me "Sis" Ask him why he took so long to contact me.'

As she was talking I started to feel my left side, where this male was sitting, getting very cold. Sensations such as this are not normally experienced and I had a few disquieting thoughts and took a brief break in the reading to get a woolen jacket.

The male on the couch was still there when I sat down. My jacket wasn't warming me and it was getting colder and colder. Then I felt my energy being sucked out of me and knew immediately it was a psychic attack. The male energy beside me knew I understood what was occurring and smirked at my discomfort. It was imperative to get rid of him as soon as possible to minimize his damage to my energy field.

To the surprise of my client I quickly ended the reading and hurried her out the door. She had been with me for less than ten minutes.

I removed the entity by firstly surrounding us both in white light and then projecting him into universal love and light. He disappeared immediately but for me the damage had been done. Within minutes of my client leaving I was in bed with the electric blanket on high. Two extra blankets and a doona were over me and my teeth were chattering as if with a fever.

Remembering that water helps clear an aura I staggered out and had a shower, running it over my head as well as my body. Then it was back to bed. The coldness was gone but I was as weak as a new born kitten. Inspecting my aura with my inner vision saw it looked as if it had taken the full impact of a shotgun blast.

A few days later when feeling strong enough I made contact with my unseen helpers. They were not as sympathetic as they could have been. Our communication was;

Beloved, such a fool. Let no other lesser spirits enter your life-force. Even if you were unaware, he was there looking for a chink. You harmed yourself with this. Learn the lesson well.

Then how do I get myself back to normal?

Broken auras take time to heal. You have much to learn but nothing to fear with this. A physical indisposition, that is all.

No, I don't see it that way and need some sort of speedier remedy than is at present. Please help me.

It takes time, as we said. Use this indisposition as a great learning for you. Never leave your energy field open as you did.

Should I have gone to a doctor? My impression was no, my ailment was not part of their expertise.

That is true. What would they find? Tests would be run looking for the culprit who will not be found.

It is three days that I have been ill. My core energy cannot maintain a steady balance. What can I do?

Keep on resting as you are. That is all.

Is this unsettling energy still with me?

No, he went away when you placed him in the white light of universal love. He will never return.

What happens when energy is placed in the white light of universal love?

They are transmuted into a finer energy than was before.

But, don't we all have to earn the varying degrees of fineness by our efforts?

Yes and no with this. Yes, it is so that you do progress spiritually by learning and developing. Your aspirations do take you far along your evolutionary trail but sometimes such as this experience is needed to shift someone along if they are going the wrong way.

The wrong way may be part of their evolutionary progression, that is true, but sometimes events happen such as yours that necessitates a guiding light to come in to the uninformed and help them in this way.

So you see, when he came to your light-frame seeking to cause mayhem he actually opened himself to your light which then made it possible to shift some of the dross from around his energy body. By lifting him into the universal light and love you performed a service for this one who now is able to clear much of his slate and start again as it were. He is wiser now as to which direction he needs to be on.

It goes without saying that I now always say a prayer or surround myself in white light before communication with unknown, unseen energies. I also pray and ask for help and guidance before any class I teach.

Damaged Auras

If you are irritated by every rub, how will your mirror be polished?

Rumi

o0o

I have come to understand that our aura doesn't bleed like our physical body does when it is losing part of its composition. Instead big holes and tears let our energy seep out. Just as a person who has suffered a great loss of blood feels exhausted and 'drained', so it is with a broken aura. Once damaged, and depending on the extent of the damage, it can take some considerable time to heal.

It is no exaggeration to say there are many people in all societies who have damaged auras. Their unseen energy field dribbles or leaks their life-force energy. It is not enough to kill them, but certainly enough to debilitate, make them tired and affect their quality of life. Uncontrolled emotions are the culprits in many of these instances.

Here are two recent examples with emotions and auras. One is the effect of someone's negative energy on me. The other is the effect one person's negative energy had on a child.

I needed to do some computer work with another person. That person did not particularly want to be there and was expelling energy that felt like arrows of electricity. Just being there made me the recipient of his frustration. Any questions were met with snarling answers. This attitude impacted on me and it was wonderful when the work was done and I could escape.

The next day I was at a psychic friend's place looking at something on her computer. My friend would not sit anywhere near me. She later told me it was because there was a lot of heat coming out from the right side of my back. We both 'saw' that once again my auric sheath had become damaged and energy was leaking out. Thankfully this healed itself without too much discomfort to me.

The next example happened between a friend and her two-year-old grandson. My friend's home had been sold and she was busy preparing the residence for the new owners. At the same time she was babysitting for a few days while her daughter-in-law was in hospital.

Like many two year olds, the grandson was creating mayhem. In this instance he was finger painting the newly washed windows and walls. My friend was upset that all the effort she had applied to cleaning the house was now wasted and would have to be done again.

Feeling her temper rising, she left the child with his grandfather while she went into another room to calm down. When she came out and the normally affectionate child saw her, he became upset and would not go anywhere near her.

Understanding why the little boy was reacting this way my friend said she felt awful. Even though she had composed herself, it was evident that the little boy could still pick up the anger vibrations in her aura.

Protection from Psychic Attacks

“Darkness is an absence of light. Ego is an absence of awareness.”

Author Unknown

o0o

In the past there have been infrequent psychic attacks when out of my physical body and in other levels that interpenetrate our third dimensional world. The technique used to protect myself at these times was to say *The Twenty Third Psalm* over and over like a mantra until whatever was bothering me went away. This stopped me from panicking, focused my thoughts and raised my vibrations to make me untouchable to the threat. The other technique was learned from my daughter, Ann, when she was about eighteen years old.

Ann's experience: To cut a long story short, Ann had seen a spirit of a woman appear in her bedroom. By her looks and the feeling Ann was getting from her, the woman was waiting for Ann to go to sleep at which point Ann would leave her physical body and be open to harassment. Naturally, Ann did not want this to happen and came to my room to ask how to get rid of her.

My suggestion was the prayer method and also asked if Ann wanted me to come and help. It was a great relief when she said no. However, I did not sleep well for the rest of that night wondering how Ann was. A few times I tiptoed in to see my daughter. Each time she was sound asleep. There didn't seem to be any other entity there.

Impatiently I waited for Ann to join us for breakfast. My husband did not accept anything psychic, so we had to wait some more until he had gone off to do some gardening. Finally, Ann was able to tell me what happened. Ann told me she had spoken to the woman and said words along the lines of 'You poor thing. If you knew better you would act better. I send you love.' She then proceeded to project love to the woman who became smaller and smaller and then finally disappeared.

I decided to employ the same technique on a persistent male spirit who had been bothering me on and off for some time. When I tried it only took two separate occasions to finally rid myself of him.

Using similar words as those spoken by Ann, I also visualized a ray of pink light, universal love, coming through the crown of my head and projecting down and through my heart like a beam to this entity. On both occasions he hissed and acted as if prodded with an electric rod. Then, like a magician performing a trick, he vanished. Poof!

Other mediums have mentioned their success in getting rid of unwanted spirits by emphatically stating to a troublesome entity: 'My physical body is mine alone. You are contravening universal law and I command you to leave now!' Said with determination and conviction these two simple sentences, perhaps stated several times, have proved extremely effective for them.

I now mentally bring in the pink or white universal rays and enfold the entity in the ray and genuinely project love. My reasoning is the entity is acting out of ignorance and lack of love and so needs help to be set on the right path of their personal development.

o0o

Time has passed and much has happened since writing that previous section of my life story. I now understand that we, all of us, have the capacity to help these lesser evolved entities and many, often unbeknown to them in their waking state do exactly that.

Our personal energy body, aura, emits a light that attracts these entities like moths are attracted to a flame. They see it and fly toward us intending to cause chaos. They cannot hurt us but can be frightening and intimidating. If we remember this and remain calm, mentally project universal love to them it enables other spirits who are ever ready to help these uninformed spirits to a better way for them.

Moving On

Keep going. Everything will come to you at the perfect time.

Author unknown

oOo

Times have certainly changed since my tentative early days of trying to understand the energies interpenetrating our third dimension. Knowledge has also changed making it comprehensible for many to recognize we are not alone.

From lessons with my unseen teachers came the recognition and understanding that we all serve as conduits during the transition that is being brought about during the incoming Age of Aquarius. All of humanity on the third dimension at this time, whether they are aware or not, have chosen this time to benefit and gain from the incoming energies.

The technological age, with its many marvels we enjoy, began several centuries ago as part of this energy shift to the Age of Aquarius. None of the amazing technological advances and inventions would have been possible in the earlier outgoing Age of Pisces. The 'right energy' was not there at the time to make the shift happen and with this 'right energy' we, all energies including Mother Earth are metamorphosing, transitioning into another stage of growth.

Books on quantum mechanics have advanced our understanding of how communication between different dimensions may be possible. While it became clear as to how these unseen realms and inhabitants I have known for most of my life could exist, and perhaps even where they could reside, it opened up other avenues of thought. If quantum physics is correct, does it imply we are participating in a virtual reality world?

When I learned about entanglement and non-locality that brought to mind other questions. Questions such as: Does this mean the people of planet Earth are all interconnected in some way as part of a giant hologram? Have the philosophies from the ancient cultures been saying the same things as quantum physics does today, but in different ways? Are we all interlinked in some way through the ether or energy field?

When I read about the first law of thermodynamics – 'energy can neither be created nor destroyed. It can only change forms' it became clear to me of what we, as souls, energy, consciousness, do when we finish our life on any reality. We shed the physical covering needed by us to function here on this third dimension and go on to other adventures we choose to initiate someplace else.

And if you wonder if all the people of the world who have ever lived, plus any other energy, consciousness' in existence have created a glut or overcrowding wherever they are we should remember another part of the law of thermodynamics that states 'the total energy of the universe remains the same'. So, despite what we might think there is never a glut, never a shortage. It seems the more we know, the more there is to know.

Wikipedia states ' *The first law of thermodynamics states that energy can't be created or destroyed, but it can be changed. The law forms the basis of the principle of conservation of energy. This means that anything that uses energy is changing the energy from one kind of energy to another. ... Energy cannot be created and never goes away.*

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Today I give thanks to everyone who has been part of my life's journey.

Author Unknown

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If you found this e-book interesting you might also like to read ***Earth Energies and the Nature Kingdom***. It offers information from the perspective of a group of spirits involved with the nature kingdom and speaks of the ramifications our present actions are having on all life on Earth. The e-book also discusses various experiences I've had with the earth energies in different parts of our world.

The Earth Energy Connection speaks of the earth elementals and their earth energy overseer. It highlights the reason why we have this connection and the implications of not learning this particular lesson of mind control.

We Are Not Alone details many of my lifetime experiences with extraterrestrials. It is written for your interest, mainly subjective, first person and may jog your memory to something, an encounter, contact you may have experienced and have placed at the back of your memory. It also offers valid evidence that different species of extraterrestrials have been visiting Earth and interacting with many of our different global populations for millennia.

Other Perceptions of Reality continues on with expanding our knowledge of some of the unseen realities and their inhabitants. There will be several books in this series as the teachers offer more information to assist us gain an that understanding we are immortal, souls experiencing life on this, and other dimensions.

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