

# **THE QUIRKY MEDIUM**

**The extraordinary life of an unlikely clairvoyant,  
star of TV's *Rescue Mediums***

**Alison Wynne-Ryder**

**[www.local-legend.co.uk](http://www.local-legend.co.uk)**

# INTRODUCTION

**“Go confidently in the direction of your dreams.**

**Live the life you have imagined.” Henry David Thoreau.**

When I receive messages from the spirit world I never ignore them! So when my lovely grandma came forward in a meditation last year and told me I would be writing a book about my memoirs and spirituality, I had to sit up and take notice. As I started to write, I received a clear message from spirit: “Don’t worry - just write the book and we will show you the way.”

This book has been written for a number of reasons. Whenever I give talks or take part in interviews, people ask me how I knew I was psychic, how I became a medium and how they too can live a spiritual life. I am also asked what it’s like being part of a psychic TV show, so I have included first-hand accounts of working on *Rescue Mediums* (filmed in Canada and airing on W Network, OWN and in the UK on CBS Reality and in other countries around the world).

I have included emails about my experiences as well as extracts from my spiritual journal which include others’ true stories. There are many amazing accounts of angels and the paranormal. These include the vivid clairvoyant visions experienced by a very special and gifted little girl, and the story of a beautiful young woman who for years has received very strange messages and signs from the spirit world about the characters from a well-known children’s story! These signs have now become so strong that she cannot ignore them; my research into the irrefutable evidence she presents leads me to believe that her spirit guide is someone very special... read her story and decide for yourself!

Indeed, you may believe that you also have psychic abilities. If so, or you just want to know more about spirituality in general, then this book is for you! For those new to the subject I have included a chapter entitled the ABC of Spirituality which briefly covers the esoteric from angels right through to Zen and everything in between.

Be assured that each and every one of you deserves the good things in life and, although the demands of our modern world can undoubtedly be stressful, by the time you turn the last page in the book you will feel so enlightened and spiritually aware you will want to share your spiritual experiences with others.

In telling my story I promise that I will not try to force my beliefs or experiences onto you. This is my own personal spiritual journey; no doubt yours will be different. Nor will I pretend that I am in any way special, that my psychic abilities are in any way hereditary and handed down from a family of clairvoyants who read crystal balls and tea leaves. What I will do is share my story with you, warts and all, about how my psychic abilities blossomed and grew into something very special. In doing so I hope to help you overcome your fears and learn how to live in the present moment, enjoying what life has to offer. You are in charge of your own life and once you realise this, and understand the magic of your soul, you will have the courage to step onto your own spiritual path with confidence and ease.

If I can do it, so can you!

## Chapter 1 ~ Ending and Beginning

*“Fear has a large shadow, but he himself is small.” Ruth Gendler.*

Of all the people that would eventually become a clairvoyant medium, I am probably one of the most unlikely. I was always frightened of death and ghosts! But let me share some ‘shivers down the spine’ moments of my life.

At nine years old I remember playing in my bedroom when I heard the door open. I thought it was my Mum coming in to check on me but to my horror there was nobody present. As I watched, the door proceeded to close by itself and emitted an eerie, violent scraping sound similar to that of someone dragging their nails down a blackboard. I was completely frozen and paralysed with fear. My ears rang with a loud heart-rending scream that echoed throughout the entire room. A few moments later as I sat in shock, I realised that the scream had in fact emanated from me and had bolted out from the very bottom of my lungs... Adrenaline coursed through my body and I knew that I had to get out of there fast. The next thing I remember was hurtling down the stairs at breakneck speed, crashing into my Mum who had come to investigate the commotion. She looked petrified but she certainly didn't let on. Once she'd managed to calm me down, she marched me up the stairs into the bedroom and opened the door.

“There,” she said, “it's just that the door needs oiling and there is nothing to worry about. There is always a normal explanation for everything.” I preferred my Mum's interpretation of events because the alternative didn't bear thinking about. Little did I know that there was far more to come. Far, far more.

Not long after that I was lying in bed and desperately trying to get to sleep. It was pitch black in the room and I had an awful feeling that I was not alone. However, as tiredness took over I started to drift off to sleep. In the darkness, in my semi-conscious state, I felt the bedclothes moving. I tried to convince myself that it was my Mum tucking me in; however, deep down I knew I hadn't heard her enter the room. I meekly called out “Goodnight” to her, hoping against hope to hear her voice but when only silence answered, with horror I realised it wasn't Mum in the room with me at all, but someone who was not of this world. The

bedclothes moved again, I tried to shout out for Mum but no words came out of my mouth. My limbs felt heavy and I realised I couldn't move any part of my body – I was literally petrified.

It was at this point that I was greeted with a vision of a lion in a cage, and as I started to concentrate on the lion the scary feelings went away, along with my 'visitor'. Each time I was plagued with visitors after that, the lion would appear. Looking back over my childhood, I realise now that it was my spirit guide giving me the image for protection and strength. To this day I don't know who came into my room that night, but it was the start of many similar experiences for me. I certainly couldn't put it down to imagination, and this was only the very beginning.

*Jackie had gone quiet so I knew there was something badly wrong! She was staring ahead, her eyes glazed and she was making an awful growling noise which made the hairs on the back of my neck stand up. I knew at that point that no matter how much I called to her she wouldn't hear me as 'he' had taken her over. I waited for him to communicate but, when it came, it made me jump and threw me off balance. I have never been so scared in all my life. Why was I doing this, what do I do now? Jackie was flailing her arms around in the air as he made her shout, "Hang the bastards, hang the bastards!" My heart was beating so loudly I was sure the sound would be picked up by the camera guys and I thought, "Oh God, please help, how on Earth am I going to get this one over?" And so it begins....*

***“Begin at the beginning, and go on `til you come to the end:  
then stop.” Lewis Carroll, Alice in Wonderland.***

As a child I was totally alone with a gift that I didn't understand, and I certainly didn't see it as a gift because I assumed that everyone experienced the same. However, I learned very early on that this was not the case, which meant in the end I had no-one I could talk to or go to for answers. In school I was referred to as 'Alice in Wonderland' by teachers and pupils alike and would often drift off into my own imaginary world as I preferred it there. I had one sister, Carol, and we had strict parents.

I used to sleep walk a lot and talk in my sleep (when I eventually got to sleep, that is). All in all I was an odd child but I didn't know why. We lived in a terraced house in an industrial town called Runcorn in the north-west of England. I attended the local primary, junior and secondary schools. There is a saying that your school years are the best years of your life; I disagree – I hated school and couldn't wait to leave. I could never understand the conflict and gossip that went on at my secondary school and I always felt on a completely different wavelength to everyone else. It was hard to come to terms with my gift as a teenager and I am sure that as you are reading this it will resonate with many of you 'old souls' who have been through similar experiences yourself.

I have always adored books and as a child I forever had my head buried in one. I often felt that I could jump into one of the pages and escape from reality. My favourite author when I was growing up was Enid Blyton. I loved her stories of the Enchanted Wood and the Magic Faraway Tree. I adored how magical everything was and I imagined myself as one of the children visiting each wonderful land at the top of the tree, my favourites being the 'Land of do as you please' and the 'Land of spells'. I wonder why that was?

In times of turmoil and darkness, I always knew there was something else out there looking after me and I strove to find out what it was. I can only describe what I felt as a deep inner 'knowing' that I would always be looked after, but I didn't know who by. The feeling was so strong I didn't dare question its authenticity because although I didn't have tangible proof that another realm

existed apart from the Earth, I just knew and totally believed in my heart that it did.

I spent a lot of time with my cousin Gillian when I was growing up. We were the same age (three months apart) and we had a 'secret den' at our grandma's house. It was her old shed, but we thought it was the bees' knees! We asked my Uncle Arthur, Gillian's father, to paint the walls of the secret den in psychedelic colours and we used to make up adventures and our own fantasy lands that we would 'visit'. We had carpet picnics and pretended that we were on a secret mission or on surveillance. We hid every time we heard footsteps, thinking that spies were coming to get us! We even made up our own courtroom drama with our own characters and I enjoyed shouting "Guilty as charged!" It made sense that later in life I ended up working for the police for thirteen years, liaising with the CPS and the courts, and marrying a police sergeant – to say nothing of my psychic investigative work on the show Rescue Mediums.

It's funny but, as a child, anything is possible and you make your own entertainment. It's only when you get older and get caught up in our plastic world that you lose the innocence and trust of a child. I always remember though, that whenever I said I couldn't do anything, such as playing a tune on the piano or my Maths homework, my Uncle Arthur used to say, "There's no such word as can't." I remember wondering what he was on about as I didn't realise at the time how very wise those words were, but I have never forgotten them.

As I became a teenager, the 'scary stuff' seemed to stop which I was thankful for. I was a typical teenager going out with my friends to discos and ice-skating rinks. As I grew older, the clairvoyant side of my abilities grew and my friends had started to cotton on to this. I became a kind of guru with the phone ringing constantly as people rang me for spiritual guidance. How did I know what the future held for these people? Well, later on in my life I was about to find out.....

***“When you follow your bliss, doors will open where you would not have thought there would be doors; and where there wouldn’t be a door for anyone else.” Joseph Campbell.***

Throughout our paths in life we meet all kinds of people, some who turn out to be negative, to put it mildly. My life was no exception, and without naming those people (they will know who they are) I have, with a lot of heartache, broken the ties with them, be it relationships or friendships.

At the age of twenty I got married and we tried more or less straight away to have a family. It wasn’t until five years later after many uncomfortable operations and procedures that I found out that I was pregnant at last. My husband liked to drink, and once I’d had the baby he started to go out more and more. I was stuck in the house with a newborn and for someone like me who liked to socialise I often felt like climbing the walls out of frustration and boredom. This made me feel guilty though when I looked at my baby daughter’s little face. I felt so blessed to have a child that I pushed my loneliness to the back of my mind and threw myself into motherhood. My husband and I started to drift apart and we disagreed about many things, but we stayed together for the sake of our daughter. However, several years later when our daughter was around eight years of age, we were arguing yet again. I wanted him to spend more time with us as a family and he wanted to go out drinking with his mates. No-one would believe that this mild-mannered man who was so polite with everyone would turn into a monster after a drinking spree and I used to dread him coming home. The saying ‘You never know what goes on behind closed doors’ is so true and I was in the middle of a living nightmare which I thought would never end. I was certainly not prepared for what happened next.

I had a good friend who used to come to see me regularly with her two small children and as my husband and I drifted further apart, I confided in her as I needed someone to talk to about my heartache. It wasn’t long before she started making excuses as to why she couldn’t come round, and with every passing day my husband became more distant. Nothing I tried seemed to work and although I was distraught about the situation I said nothing to my family as I didn’t want to upset them. My husband and I even went to Relate to try to work through our

problems but an irretrievable breakdown had already occurred and there was nothing and no-one that could fix it. I remember my Mum telling me that my Dad had commented to her how I looked so sad all the time and I wasn't the bubbly person that I normally was.

Everything came to a head one day when I was at work. I was thinking about my friend and wondering why she didn't come round to see me anymore. Something felt wrong and a message popped into my head telling me to ring her. I went into an empty office, picked up the `phone and dialled her number. As her `phone was engaged, I rang our house to check that my husband was going out so I could have a girlie chat with my friend. Our `phone was also engaged. After about five minutes ringing both numbers, the penny finally dropped and I realised they were on the `phone to each other. My heart lurched and my head started pounding. I knew in that instant that he had become distant with me as he was seeing her. I ran in to my boss and said I'd got a family emergency and had to get home. As I ran in through the door I screamed out to him that I knew he was seeing my friend. He denied it but his face gave the game away, his expression riddled with guilt. I knew my instincts were right – they had been seeing each other behind my back. It was one of the dark periods of my life and I can't even find the words to describe how I felt after that double betrayal. Even though my husband denied anything went on, he said he just needed "someone to talk to." It has taken me years finally to send forgiveness out to both of them.

Several years later I married again and my new husband was a true 'Jack the lad'. He was a few years younger than me and was like a breath of fresh air. He had me in fits of laughter at his jokes (not *all* good!) and he took me and my daughter Lauren camping. He had a speedboat and we enjoyed crashing across the waves at Shell Island in Wales and driving into Barmouth when the tide allowed. However, this honeymoon period didn't last for long and it didn't take a genius to realise that I'd married him on the rebound. I didn't like the company he was starting to keep and he was pumping iron at the gym most evenings. What I didn't realise at the time was that he had started to take steroids and his temper got worse and worse. He really frightened me at times and one of the worst incidents occurred one evening when my daughter was staying over at her Dad's house.

My husband and I had been at a party and he was shouting and screaming at me accusing me (wrongly) of flirting with another man. He then proceeded to rip a picture off the wall and break it over his knee. He picked a table up and I thought he was going to throw it at me but instead he threw it - and what was left of the picture - into the garden. All of this was accompanied by foul expletives for all our neighbours to hear. He then punched the wall and furiously spun round and lunged at me. I turned and ran as fast as I could up the stairs and into the bathroom where I locked myself in. Thankfully, when he pursued me, he couldn't get into the room. He asked me to forgive him and, as I loved him, I gave him another chance.

A few weeks later when I went into work I heard the devastating news that a friend of mine had been rushed into hospital, having collapsed at work with an aneurism. A mutual friend and I were beside ourselves with worry and we both prayed long and hard. When the news came that she had died, we were both devastated. She was a beautiful soul, always there for others, and had her whole life ahead of her. It seemed so unfair and such an awful shock.

A few days later my friend and I went straight from work to order a wreath for the funeral. I had been trying to get hold of my husband to tell him I would be home late, to no avail. I didn't think there was anything amiss when I walked into the house an hour later. He shouted hello and I went upstairs to have a shower and put my nightdress on. However, when I came downstairs he was still standing in the kitchen, looking rigid with his back to me. My stomach sank. I tried to talk to him about choosing a beautiful wreath for my friend's funeral but when he turned to me his face was distorted with fury. Through gritted teeth he said, "I'm a growing lad and there was no tea for me when I came in. THIS is all I've had." He grabbed me round the neck and forced my head down over the kitchen unit. He threw a banana down onto the unit and opened a can of beans which he also emptied all over the unit. He wouldn't listen to a word I tried to say and I was absolutely terrified. He went over to the wall and punched it. Seeing my escape, I ran up the stairs and locked myself into the bathroom again. This is when I shouted out to the angels to help me find the strength to end the relationship. I thanked God that my daughter hadn't been in the house at the time to witness that awful scene. That must have been one of the darkest times of my life but after

several moments I felt a warm feeling of calm wash over me and there is no other way to describe it than to say my soul felt lifted. I made the decision there and then to cut the ties with my destructive marriage and once again go it alone.

With two failed marriages behind me and being a single parent, I didn't think things could get any worse. But they did, when I began to get bullied at work. However, the person concerned was well respected and in a position of authority so when I originally spoke out, nobody believed me. Initially certain people started to turn against me and it was then that I did most of my praying to the angels and spirit to help me. I was telling the truth but no-one was listening so I decided to keep a diary of the incidents of bullying behaviour and the relevant dates and times. The atmosphere in the office was dreadful so I started looking round for another job. Ironically, once I sought the advice of the union, other people came forward to say they too had been bullied but were too scared to say anything. Not long afterwards I left and started a new job. A fresh start, once again!

Believe it or not, through each and every trauma I have come through the other side feeling stronger and more determined to surround myself with positive loving and trustworthy people. Although these relationships did not work out, I truly believe that they were meant to happen and I become resilient and determined not to make the same mistakes in the future. These are what I call 'life's little detours'. Just think about it: when a marriage or relationship breaks down there is often a lot of hurt and anger. If you are still holding on to the negative feelings around that person or situation, you won't be able to move on. What has to happen, and this isn't easy, is to send out forgiveness that will assist them in their own personal growth as well as your own. When you do this and truly mean it, you will find that you can move on in your own life and enjoy the company of new people who can now enter your life.

***“Minds are like flowers, they only open when the time is right.” Stephen Richards.***

Cosmic ordering is asking the universe for what you want out of life. It's as simple as that. A good friend suggested that I try it but said that I must believe that my request would come to fruition.

I forgot about the conversation until a few months later, around November time when I was lamenting with a neighbour about how I never meet the right type of man. Her little son was playing with his toys on the floor by our feet and before I went home I asked him if he had written to Father Christmas yet. He replied that yes, he had, but he asked why I didn't do the same. I was surprised at this and said I wasn't sure what I wanted Father Christmas to bring me, but the little one was adamant and said, “Yes you do, you told Mummy that you wanted a new man! All you have to do is be good, and ask Father Christmas for a new man and he will make your wish come true.” So I did exactly that! I wrote in detail about what I wanted my new man to look like and how he would treat me and that, more than anything, he must be spiritual. And while I was at it, I decided to ask the universe for another order. No matter which job I worked in, I wasn't truly happy as I knew my true purpose in life wasn't working in an office.

I gave it my best shot: “Dear Universe, I hope you don't think I am being cheeky putting in more than one order, but I know I am meant to be in a job that fulfils me and helps other people. I feel deep within my soul that I am meant to live a more spiritual life and that I will share my knowledge with others. Please help me to find my dream job doing something I love with every fibre of my being. I know you will help to guide me along the way. I believe 100% that you will honour my request. Lots of love, from Alison.”

There, you don't get it if you don't ask! I put my written requests in my Chinese 'wish-pot' knowing they would come to fruition.

***“Letting go doesn’t mean giving up, it means moving on.” Anonymous.***

Holding on to negative emotions from the past can stay with you for the rest of your life and can stop you from moving onward and upwards. Life is an adventure, but if you are at a stalemate you may never experience wonderful events to come. From personal experience, I have learned to send love and forgiveness to people or events that have caused me much pain. I am not saying it’s easy! Over the years I have held on to stuff that became bigger baggage than I felt I could handle. However, eventually I was able to move on when I had decided that enough was enough and that I deserved better.

Not long after my marriage ended, my good friend Pam asked me along to a psychic circle she had joined in Warrington. During the evening we were sitting in a large circle and the teacher was holding some sealed envelopes in his hand. He explained that there was a different picture in each envelope and he handed one out to each of us. We were guided through a group meditation and the teacher asked us to focus on what was in the envelope. We were informed that our respective spirit guides would be working with us, and they would give us an image of what was depicted inside the envelope. We were then asked to give our envelope to the person sitting on our left and this person would open it. As Pam was sitting on my left, I handed her my envelope and the teacher went round each person in turn asking what images they were shown in the meditation.

When it was my turn, Pam opened my envelope and I remember feeling very nervous. My stomach had been gradually sinking as I heard what others had said, as they were sharing elaborate accounts of seeing lots of colours and bright lights. I didn’t get anything like that. All I could see in my mind’s eye was a small girl wearing a hat and standing by a tree. I shared this vision with everyone present and Pam was asked to tell everyone in the room what the picture was. When she said, “A small girl in a hat standing by a tree” and held the picture up for all to see, I couldn’t believe it. Everyone in the room clapped and I remember thinking, “That was strange, it must have been beginners’ luck.” I know differently now, of course!

***“There are nights when the wolves are silent and  
only the moon howls.” George Carlin.***

Not long after attending the psychic circle, I started to experience psychic activity such as anything electrical reacting when I was in a room. My boss told me to get out of her office one day when her lamp turned itself off. She actually told me I was weird, and asked if I was a witch!

Being at home was no different and there were often sounds of ‘bumps in the night’. This happened so often that certain unexplained activity had almost become a second nature to me. Examples of this were lights turning up and down on their own, and the television turning itself on and off. Music would also blare out from my CD player, making both myself and my teenage daughter jump out of our skins. I started to read books on paranormal activity; I suppose I was looking for answers or any logical explanation as to why these strange things were happening around me.

One evening when my daughter was at her Dad’s house, I asked a medium to come to the house to do readings for myself and a few of my friends. We were all excited and giggly after a few glasses of wine and we took it in turns to go and have our respective readings. I was the last one to go into the kitchen where the clairvoyant had set herself up. I remember feeling a little scared but when the reading started she took ages as she was looking up the messages in a book. It turned out she was only just starting off as a clairvoyant and we were the first people she had been to. I felt really disappointed, thinking, “I could do so much better at this myself.” Nothing she gave me was right and when she had gone and I spoke to my friends they said, “Alison, you should do this – you always get everything right for us. Why don’t you learn how to develop your gift?” After everyone had gone home, I started to clean up when I heard something drop from the ceiling and I saw sparks on the carpet. I jumped, my heart thumping hard in my chest. It was a light bulb that had thrown itself from the socket and landed on the floor - but why? I felt that someone from ‘the other side’ was trying to communicate with me but I didn’t know what to do about it.

A few weeks later, Lauren and I were in the house together. Lauren was around fifteen years of age at the time and was upstairs in bed. I was relaxing

downstairs watching the television after a hard day at work. Just as it got to a crucial part in the film I was watching I heard a crash from upstairs followed by a blood-curdling scream; I jumped up with a start, leapt up the stairs and ran into her bedroom. She was huddled up at the end of the bed and trembling. She pointed to the wall where two pictures had been and then to the floor where I saw them facing down. Miraculously they hadn't broken. Lying on top of them was a framed picture of her Granddad which had been on a shelf by her bed. She said she didn't see the pictures falling off the wall, she just heard the crash and saw them on the floor, but she watched as the picture of her Granddad had wobbled and toppled over to join the others. I settled her down and said there must have been a sudden breeze, but as I said it I realised that all the windows were shut. I told her not to worry, that she could sleep with the light on and I would be up to check on her at regular intervals.

When I came downstairs, I pondered over how those pictures and the photograph fell to the floor. It would be impossible unless someone knocked them off. What was going on? Why were we experiencing this paranormal activity? It crossed my mind that maybe someone was trying to tell me that my daughter also had the 'gift' and I thought back to an incident from a number of years ago that had always puzzled me. Here's what happened.

When Lauren was a toddler I had become an Avon representative and had put some books through the doors of prospective customers. A week later I had approached a large house in my area with a view to picking up my Avon book, hoping this particular customer had put an order in. As I was pushing Lauren in her pram along the path leading to the house she piped up, "Margaret lives here, and she has been painting." I stooped down to ask my little daughter what she had said in case I had misheard her, but she repeated the sentence word for word. I thought it was a very odd thing for a two-year old to say! I carried on along the path and knocked on the door. A woman opened it and said, "I've put a little order in, sorry I can't ask you in, but we've been painting." I felt a shiver run down my spine... As I came away I just had to see what she had ordered and was astonished when I saw her first name – Margaret!

I have related this story to many people over the years. My daughter is grown up now with three beautiful daughters of her own. She has had numerous

experiences of premonitions herself over the years but I will never forget that little voice speaking with such conviction about something she could have known nothing about.

**“The secret of health for both mind and body is not to mourn for the past, worry about the future or anticipate troubles, but to live in the present moment wisely and earnestly.” The Buddha.**

What helped to keep my sanity was being introduced to Reiki, which is a natural form of universal healing. The practitioner places their hands on the recipient's chakra points, starting at the crown chakra (top of the head) and ending up at the feet. Reiki is a gentle and non-intrusive complementary form of healing helping to balance the body by working on four levels of existence: the physical, psychological, emotional and spiritual. As a recipient you will feel relaxed as energy flows through your body. Everyone is different and some people will fall asleep, whereas others may feel emotional as old deep-rooted emotions rise to the surface. This is perfectly normal, as it's the body's natural ability to heal itself.

The first time I had a treatment was at Pam's house and I was lying on the bed in her bedroom. As she started the treatment, I felt tingly and could feel the warmth of her hands as she worked her way down each of my chakras. After the treatment I felt some sort of a release and I was extremely emotional. Pam said that this was normal as she had unblocked my chakras and the negative emotions I was holding on to had to be released otherwise I would become ill. It felt like waves of emotion were flowing through me from the top of my head to the bottom of my feet. I felt more relaxed than I had for a long time and decided I liked this treatment and I wanted more.

During my second treatment Pam suggested that I visualise a special place. It didn't take long before an image started to form in my mind's eye. I kept seeing part of a beach and then a lovely garden with brightly coloured flowers. I saw tropical fish and I realised that what I could see, smell, hear and sense was not in this country. The sun was really hot and the flowers in the garden were large

brightly coloured exotic flowers. On the beach I could see the sand glistening and hear the sounds of the waves. The next thing I saw was an archway of exotic flowers and I realised that there was a dark-haired man by my side although I couldn't see his features. We walked through the archway together and I felt serene and at peace with the world. I knew that I had been given a snippet of something in my own future. When I discussed this with Pam, she too had seen the tropical fish. Who was this man?

As time went on, I had a burning desire to help others experience the wonders of Reiki healing. Pam attuned me to First Degree Reiki and that day will be imprinted on my brain forever. I remember thinking, why didn't I do this before? The sense of peace and oneness that I felt with each initiation is difficult to put into words. There are four initiations in First Degree Reiki and I felt the Reiki energy built up throughout my body. My hands were tingling and I saw beautiful colours swirling around as well as a sense of wellbeing that I had never experienced in my life before. I did my twenty-eight days of self-healing, which was amazing, and even though I was so relaxed that I often fell asleep, I had feelings of pure love emanating from my body. When I started to practise healing sessions on family and close friends I received some wonderful feedback. With experience I learned to go with the flow of the healing energy and my hands instinctively knew which parts of the body needed the healing the most. What was even more amazing was that I started to receive messages for the recipient such as name and places, and although I wondered at the time where this information was coming from, when I passed it onto the recipient they were able to confirm that the message was for them. They loved it as they were receiving a free Reiki treatment and a reading rolled into one!

I went on to be attuned to Second Degree where I learned the meanings and uses of the Reiki symbols and how to send distant healing to others. I sent healing to my past as I benefitted from the natural healing. People commented on how I seemed to glow and I realised how I was ceasing to worry about things so much, being happy to let things happen rather than trying to make them happen. I literally felt like my life was on the up. The icing on the cake came when I was attuned to Master level when I learned the final master symbol of Reiki. I knew that I would teach others about the wonders of Reiki, and I could finally recognise

how my true life path was beginning to unfold before my very eyes. There is a saying that 'When the student is ready the teacher appears', and this was typical of being a Reiki Master Teacher. I have now attuned many students to the beautiful Reiki ray, and some of them in turn have gone on to teach too. Many clients have written to me thanking me for introducing them to Reiki and helping them to make positive changes in their lifestyle or their career.

Here are a few accounts of what people said about receiving a Reiki treatment for the first time (names have been changed to protect their privacy).

*David*

"The pain in my right shoulder had been recurrent for some time. The doctor had stated it was 'old age' creeping on, at which I was not amused! On recommendation from my wife, I asked Alison for a Reiki treatment. I found the experience extremely relaxing and actually fell asleep during the treatment. Throughout my treatments Alison gave me names of close loved ones who have passed over. My shoulder is not as painful as it was initially, and I will be asking Alison for further treatments in the near future."

*Sandra*

"At a time in my life when I was very emotionally upset, I approached Alison for a Reiki treatment. She provided both direct and distant healing to support me through my difficult time. During my treatment I felt relaxed and imagined taking myself to a peaceful spot where I could relax in tranquillity. I doubt whether I could have recovered without the inward healing that Reiki brought into my life."

*Rebecca*

"I had a Reiki treatment from Alison following the loss of my baby and suffering an ectopic pregnancy. Both events had left me feeling emotionally and physically drained. I found the treatment very relaxing, calming yet uplifting. I felt like my

body was weightless, as if I were floating. I could feel heat from Alison's hands even when they were not physically upon me.

"I left my treatment feeling happy and with a clear mind and had the best night's sleep afterwards, which I hadn't had in so long.

"I had a subsequent Reiki treatment from Alison when I was pregnant with my son who is now eight months old. Alison said she could hear a baby giggling when she put her hands over my tummy and felt a strong presence in the room at the time of my treatment.

"The strangest thing was that when I was receiving my treatment I saw an image of an angel with a green light around him and although I didn't mention what I saw to Alison, she told me after she had finished my treatment that she had asked Archangel Raphael to assist with my healing and that he surrounded me in a green light. I will never forget that image and how relaxed and peaceful I felt after receiving Reiki from Alison."

***"We do not create our destiny, we participate in its unfolding.  
Synchronicity works as a catalyst toward the working out  
of that destiny." David Richo, The Power of Coincidence.***

It's not every day that a book helps to change your life, but that's exactly what James Redfield's book *The Celestine Prophecy* did for me. The book is about the insights and coincidences of life and discovering who we are and where humans fit into the wonders of the universe. There is an energy field or aura around every living thing, from people to animals and plants. Our energy field should stay intact, but once someone steps inside our personal space or aura they can then start to sap us of our energy and gain control. How many times has this happened to you, where someone has left you feeling drained, angry or upset?

*The Celestine Prophecy* teaches us how understand the new spiritual awareness by living in the here and now, and being grateful for the wonderful things in our lives. In doing so, our vibrations are raised to a height where the ego doesn't exist. This is when 'coincidences' start to occur, which are synchronistic events that our spirit guides and angels put on our life path to make us sit up and

notice. These signs can present themselves in many ways, such as thinking about a friend you haven't seen for a long time then bumping into them, or a chance meeting with someone new who can help to open new doors for you.

One of the first synchronistic events that happened in my life was how I came to read *The Celestine Prophecy* in the first place. I heard about it initially at a yoga class when our teacher asked if I had read it. I hadn't even heard of the book at that time so I never gave it a second thought until Pam recommended it to me. She said she'd read it and it made so much sense to her about life in general, but I still resisted.

A few days later I was talking to another friend about a particular subject when she turned the conversation around to *The Celestine Prophecy*. I can't even remember how it came into the conversation when we had been talking about something entirely different, but I do remember looking up to the sky and saying "You win!" not knowing exactly who I was addressing!

Around this time I started to see angels everywhere - when I turned the television on, in shops, or hearing songs on the radio with the word angel being prominent. Every time I saw these signs I knew without a doubt that it was from the celestial realms as I had a deep feeling of peace from within. I knew that angels were communicating with me, but I didn't know what to do about it.

One morning I got up, opened the door and there on the doorstep was a beautiful pure white feather. It was a blustery day and yet the feather stayed there long enough for me to see it. I thought back to my request to Father Christmas where I'd asked him for a new man, and I had to laugh to myself. Were the angels guiding someone special into my life? As this thought popped into my head I felt warm and comforted.

Reading *The Celestine Prophecy* had opened up a new world for me and I knew that most of the questions I had lay within my soul. All I had to do was to unlock them and I started to feel very excited about the adventure that was about to unfold. A couple of weeks later I was cleaning my bookcase and cataloguing my books when a book seemed to leap off the shelf and land by my feet. As I looked bent down to pick the book up, I saw the title *Healing With the Angels*. The celestial realms were trying to give me a message - but what was it?

Later that week I was inwardly asking the angels if I was doing the right thing about a particular event in my life. As I looked out of the window, I saw the most amazing sight and I had to look twice. It was a cloud formation of an angel with outstretched wings. If that wasn't definitive confirmation that I was doing the right thing, I don't know what was.

***“In helping others, we shall help ourselves, for whatever good we give out completes the circle and comes back to us.” Flora Edwards.***

Helping others gave me focus and I have always believed that what you give out, you get back. Even if I could help one person, I would have achieved something and it was better than nothing. As I started to get my strength back, I felt like a renewed spirit who had come home to roost and I started to talk to the angels asking them for help and guidance for myself and others. I knew they were calling out to me and wanted me to spread their love and light to others, but I have to admit I was getting quite impatient and wondered how or when I would find out my destiny.

More and more people came to me for advice and it hurt me to see people in pain. One example of this is a friend of mine who at the time was in a destructive relationship. It was awful to see how much weight she had lost as well as losing her confidence and vibrant personality. She spent endless hours on the phone describing what was going on as I listened. The only advice I could give her was that it would accumulate and come to a head in the form of a catalyst where she would have to make a decision. Although I said she should get out of the relationship, I couldn't live her life for her and the decision had to be hers.

A few weeks later we were having coffee together at my house and chatting away as usual. Everything was nice and relaxed until her phone rang; it was him. I saw her jump up as if to stand to attention and she mumbled that she had to go and pick him up. She looked pale, her eyes wide and frightened. At that point I don't know what came over me, but witnessing one of my best friends letting someone control them and seeing her deteriorating every day caused the anger to

bubble up inside me. I went over to her and held her hands, asking her if she trusted me, to which she nodded. I said I was about to tell her something that would hurt her initially but in the future she would thank me for. I then told her that she had to leave him. I gave her information around him that had come from a trustworthy source, and reassured her that she was going to meet someone else in the future.

I told her that she would meet this person and that he would have links to the police, although I knew he didn't work there. I went on to say that he would treat her how she deserved to be treated and that she would be very happy. However, this would only happen if she was willing to cut the ties with her existing relationship and move forward in her life. I said that she had to be strong, but I would help her in any way I could. I wanted to shake some sense into her but my heart ached to see her looking so frail and bewildered. She trusted me implicitly and she knew I was telling the truth. We hugged and she left.

After she had gone, my head was saying, "Where did all that information come from?" I also thought "Oh no, what have you done? You could destroy your wonderful friendship" but my heart and my gut feeling were saying, "She is going to move on at last." Well, my heart and gut feeling won. My friend found the strength to sever the relationship and although at times she wondered if she had done the right thing, I could see her blossoming before my very eyes and getting back her independence, gaining weight and being the bright soul that she always was.

Oh, and the guy I saw her with in the future? Yes, everything I told her came to fruition and they are happily married. He used to be a police officer in the traffic department and was introduced to her by a friend who worked with her at the police station. He is a fabulous friend, a wonderful husband to her, and he treats her like a queen. Exactly how she deserves to be treated!

## Chapter 2 ~ Spirit Guides

***“Love is a symbol of eternity. It wipes out all sense of time, destroying all memory of a beginning and all fear of an end.” Anonymous.***

Since my divorce I had been on many dates but had not met anyone that I felt I had anything in common with and I resigned myself to the fact that I would be on my own for some time. I missed the closeness of being in a relationship and to have someone to love and for them to love me back. It was coming up to Christmas time and our Christmas party at work. I worked as a civilian manager for the police and the party was being run by our CID team. There should have been me and three of my friends going to the party; despite not feeling well, there was something spurring me on to go to the party, so I went along with my friend Tracey.

During the evening I met John whom I felt really comfortable around and it was as if we had known each other forever. The strangest thing was that he wasn't going to come to the party either; he said that his friend was trying to persuade him to go with him, but he declined. However, he felt at the last minute that he had to attend so he rang his friend who accompanied him to the party. Apparently this was the first works Christmas party that John had had the inclination to attend. He said that something seemed to be urging him to go, as if he was being pushed by unseen hands. I dread to think how things would have turned out if we hadn't both gone to the party. This was definitely one of the most special synchronised events of my life. If either of us hadn't listened to that voice from within, we may not have met and it could have been a 'sliding doors' moment where our respective lives would have taken on a different course entirely. Father Christmas certainly came early that year!

John and I started dating and we got engaged a year later, eventually getting married in Margarita. As I was looking through our wedding album I felt tingly all over because as I held a photograph of the two of us on the beach, I realised that I recognised it. I had 'seen' that beach when Pam had given me the Reiki treatment.

It was exactly the same, down to two deck chairs under a tree and parasols further down the beach. What was uncanny was looking at the photograph of us getting married in the gardens of the hotel. It shows John and me walking underneath an archway of flowers exactly the same as in my vision, and the fish I had seen were the tropical fish native to the island. I'd had a premonition of my wedding to the man of my dreams and that was only the beginning!

***“Why not move into your house bringing joy into every crevice? For you are the secret treasure-bearer and always have been.***

***Didn't you know?” Rumi.***

I sold my house in Runcorn and moved into John's house in Northwich, taking my 'baggage' with me – my daughter, cat and dog - and it didn't take long for us all to settle into our new home. Everything about John, the move and the house itself, felt right. It was a beautiful house with a lovely garden and my daughter enrolled for college in Northwich and got a little job as a waitress in our local country pub.

Not long after we'd moved in I passed my driving test at the age of 41! As a single mum for many years I wasn't able to afford lessons so they had to go on the backburner whilst I tried to keep a roof over our heads, working long hours and paying the mortgage and bills. However, now that things had changed and there were two wages coming into the house life couldn't have been better. I still felt that there was something missing and although my home life was happy, I felt that working in an office wasn't for me anymore. I silently asked the universe for help.

One particular evening John was working a night shift at the police station. I was in bed and was exhausted; I must have fallen asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. My daughter was staying over at her father's house so apart from the dog and the cat I was alone in the house. I awoke with a start and wondered what had woken me. I couldn't hear anything and the room was pitch black, but I could see the light of the alarm clock which said 2.30 a.m.

All of a sudden, the bed starting shaking on its own. I could feel my heart banging away in my chest and my hands felt clammy as the bed continued to shake. As it was so dark I couldn't see anyone or anything so I screamed out, "Leave me alone, go away, you're frightening me," and the bed stopped shaking as quickly as it had started.

My heart pounded away and I was rooted to the spot. What the hell was that? I called the dog into the room and cuddled up with her all night with the light on. Was this someone just trying to attract my attention or did they mean me harm? I really didn't know, but made up my mind there and then to seek out a psychic circle so I could hopefully deal with whatever it was in the right way.

More unexplained things happened over the next few months such as hearing whispers, but there was no-one there, feeling someone touching me, and as before lights turning themselves up and down on their own. I kept hearing someone calling my name softly but it must have been a disembodied voice as I couldn't see anyone.

Another strange incident occurred when I was at my friend Tracey's house. We were sitting talking when all of a sudden her television switched itself on. I was used to this in my own house but not in anyone else's; I knew it had to have something to do with me. She asked me to stop messing about and asked me to give her the remote control. However the words stuck in her mouth when she could see the remote was on a table on the other side of the room. She said, "Al, it's you! These things only happen when you're around – how do you do that?" The thing was, I just didn't know.

***"Stop the words now. Open the window in the centre of your chest and let the spirits fly in and out." Rumi.***

Flicking through our local newspaper, an advertisement caught my eye. A lady called Jackie Dennison and her business partner at the time were advertising psychic development places at a place called Feathers in our local town. I rang up and enquired about the course and said I wanted to be considered for a place.

They took my details and rang back to say I had a place booked on the course in three months time. However in the meantime I was informed that they were holding a spiritual weekend with a guest speaker from Gibraltar. She said that the gentleman, Joey Martinez, had done weekend workshops for them before and that he would be doing one called Working With Higher Energies. There were a couple of places left if I was interested! I spoke to John who told me to go and enjoy it, so I rang back and confirmed my place.

During the morning of the workshop I was sitting at home in the conservatory with John wondering if I was doing the right thing by attending, when I felt a soft breeze around me. John had felt it too and we wondered who it could be. I then had a vision of my Grandma (my father's mother) wagging her fingers at me! I knew she was telling me not to be so silly and that I should go on the workshop.

Later that day I attended the workshop. The building was an old cottage, really quaint, with the original fireplace still in situ and with winding stairs. As I had moved house into a different town I didn't know any of the other people who were on the workshop, but it didn't matter. They all seemed really nice and we soon got chatting. Eventually we were asked to get into pairs to do one of the practical exercises. This particular one was healing one's aura and I was with a Scottish girl called Sally (name changed). As I held my hands over Sally's head I could feel my hands start to tingle as the healing emanated through her crown chakra. I could feel a pair of eyes on me and I looked up to see Joey intent on what I was doing. He smiled at me and came over. He said to me that he felt I had a lot to give, but not to try too hard as the gift that I had was natural. These words are some of the wisest I have heard and I will never forget them. Joey and I became firm friends and a few years after our initial meeting he came over from Gibraltar for me to attune him as a Reiki Master.

When I attended the psychic development course a few weeks later, I recognised a couple of faces from Joey's workshop and it wasn't long before I got to know everyone in my group. I couldn't wait for each week to learn more about developing my gift. One of the first things that Jackie taught us was how to ground and put psychic protection around ourselves, which is imperative when working with spirit energy.

Each week we enjoyed a guided meditation and afterwards we had to share what we had experienced with the group. It became evident that a couple of the people present felt they were better than everyone else and I started to compare what information I'd got in the meditation with others. This is the first mistake I made and when I am giving talks now it is one of the first things I will highlight. Never, ever, compare yourself with others. This beautiful quote by Pierre Teilhard de Chardin says it all: "We are not human beings having a spiritual experience, we are spiritual beings having a human experience."

Your spirit guide will develop you at a pace that is right for you. Eventually I learned to trust and believe in what I was being given and felt so humble when loved ones I had lost to spirit came to join me in meditation.

By this time I had got used to feeling my spirit guide around me. Initially I would feel warm, which was then followed by a cool breeze coming in from the left and then the feeling of someone standing behind me in a protective way. Eventually, once I had gained confidence in my own abilities I really enjoyed developing my gift. There were a few events that I will never forget when being part of the psychic circle but what you are about to read is the most amazing.

***"I feel the love of my special friend - the silent one who's by my side to love and cherish, to listen and guide." A Wynne-Ryder.***

During one of our meditations we had to step into a boat, and although I can't remember everything now about that meditation there is one thing that is imprinted on my brain. As I got off the boat, a man came over and handed me an embroidered handkerchief with the initial 'M' on it. I wondered about this and couldn't concentrate for a while, but then I could see the outline of a lady. I saw her face fairly clearly, but couldn't see the rest of her properly. As I approached her she smiled and said to me, "This is my best side, I was lovely once, you know." I would put her around sixty years of age although I could have been way out – I was never good with estimating ages. I could see that she had been really

attractive in her day and I asked her what her name was. Her reply was, “Maria Hedley.” She said, “I think you have something of mine,” and when I looked down I realised that I was still holding the handkerchief that the man had given to me. I handed it to her and she waved as she walked away clutching the handkerchief.

Everything about this meditation was so clear, vivid and precise. It was the first time I had ever been given someone’s full name. When sharing my meditation with the group, Jackie said I should do some research and look up Maria Hedley to find out who she was. The next evening, I did a few Google searches and, just when I was about to give up, I came across her. Maria Hedley had married James Leathart (1820 – 1895) who was a Newcastle lead manufacturer and was known to have one of the largest art collections in his time. In 1862 he commissioned Dante Gabriel Rossetti to paint Maria and the finished painting was produced on December 25<sup>th</sup>, 1862. I couldn’t believe my eyes when I saw the painting of Maria, as it was the lady I had seen in my meditation. She was younger in the painting but there was no mistaking those eyes. Her portrait was beautiful, and I remembered that she’d said, “This is my best side.” She had posed as a model for Rossetti who was part of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood.

The portrait is one of Rossetti’s masterpieces and it started to make sense as to why I have always been drawn to pre-Raphaelite art. But why did Maria appear to me in my meditation? I knew in my heart that eventually I would find out and I started to feel very, very excited.

***“Meditation is the soul’s perspective glass.” Owen Feltham.***

It came to the time (which it had to eventually!) where we would do some psychic art. I have never been able to draw and I knew this would be something I would struggle with but I decided to go for it and do my best. We started off gently and Jackie did a drawing and put it into a sealed envelope. We had to link in with her inwardly and draw what was inside the envelope. I drew a colourful butterfly that had little bobbles on the tips of its wings. My heart dropped when Jackie opened the envelope and showed us that she had drawn a dream catcher. None of us got it right, but at least we’d had a go. All of a sudden, one of the girls in our circle said,

“Ali, you know that gorgeous bracelet of yours that John bought you – the one with the dream catchers hanging off it? When you get home, look inside one of the little dream catchers. I saw a butterfly just like that on it when you had the bracelet on the other day.” As soon as I got home I took the bracelet out of my jewellery box and there it was, the butterfly as I had drawn it (albeit quite badly), with the same shaped wings together with bobbles, inside one of the dream catchers. Wow!

***“I know you are with me every day inspiring me and leading the way.” A Wynne-Ryder.***

In our psychic development class a few of the people in our circle had ‘met’ their spirit guides and even seemed to know their names. I felt quite frustrated as although I could feel my guide around me, I hadn’t seen him. I felt my guide was male because I kept hearing a male voice calling my name. However, all I could see of him in my meditations was part of a sleeve.

A few months into the course I had a strange dream where I was part of our psychic development circle but the only person I recognised was Jackie. I could see the faces of others present but I didn’t know them. At the head of the circle, I could see a male who was sitting in the lotus position. He had long dark hair and a band around his head with a beautiful blue stone in the centre. He wore a long light-coloured robe. He beckoned me over and hugged me. No words were spoken, and the dream felt so real – I truly felt that I was there in the room with him and nothing else mattered. On waking up from the dream, I knew in my heart that I had met my spirit guide. A few weeks later, I was sitting on my swing in our garden when I felt his presence around me. I asked him his name, to which he replied Zamil. I asked where he was from and I heard the word Marrakesh. So my main spirit guide originated from Morocco. How wonderful! I felt blessed that he had wanted to share this information with me.