

What Would You Do If You Had ...

**CLOSE
ENCOUNTERS
OF THE
PSYCHIC KIND**

**One Person's Experiences
with the Supernatural**

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INTRODUCTION

Hollywood has a lot to answer for!

My students and participants in my seminars, or seminars where I am a guest speaker have heard me say this because most people have a completely skewed idea of what a psychic is, and what a psychic can do.

This book is about the experiences of just one psychic ... me!

I wrote a very condensed version of this book for my psychic development students way back in 2009. After giving them examples and instances of my own life, one bright spark said I should write a book – so I did ... for them.

This version has way more in it (because way more things have happened since then!). It is a way of explaining what it's like to be psychic – the good, the bad, and the ugly! Please bear in mind that this is my personal story, and that if it had been written by another psychic, much would be the same, and much would be different.

So, let me get started

There are things I could do as a child, which I choose not to do now; and there are things I can do now, which I didn't do when I was younger! Just like anything, I suppose, my abilities have morphed, changed and developed over the years. I'm a hundred per cent sure there are still new skills for me to learn, and developments for those that I have!

* * * * *

When people know that I have some kind of “supernatural” ability, the questions tend to come thick and fast: What’s it like to be psychic? That means you’re a medium doesn’t it? Can you tell the future? Do you see dead people? What does my aura look like?

It’s my intention to answer all of these questions, but before I do, I think I need to explain a couple of things.

Although many people think being psychic and being a medium is the same thing, and therefore the words are interchangeable, this isn’t right. Simply put: every medium is a psychic but not every psychic is a medium.

Other interchanges are made between the words psychic / medium / intuitive / channel / empath. They are not the same thing at all, so I am going to briefly explain what each can do.

Psychics obtain information through extra-sensory ('beyond the senses') methods. The most common are clairvoyance (seeing), clairaudience (hearing) and clairsentience (feeling).

Intuitives tend to get flashes of insight which cannot be controlled in the same way that psychic insights can be controlled.

Mediums speak to people who have ‘passed over’ and are aware of the personality being channelled.

Channels are able to turn down their own rational mind and ego, to allow spiritual/psychic/intuitive messages to flow through them, just as if they were a telephone wire.

Empaths are fully aware of the depth and intensity of any particular emotion, thought or situation. Most empaths are psychic.

By the time you get to the end of this book, you should be able to tell which of the five categories above you would classify me. 😊

ALL IN THE FAMILY

It was definitely no fun being me when I was a child.

Nobody explained to me why I saw things no-one else saw.

Nobody told me why I knew things no-one of my tender years should have known. I had nightmares the stuff of horror movies, and daymares as well.

Life was, quite frankly, totally scary both night and day.

And nobody helped me.

After one of my 'episodes' as my mother termed it, I heard her say to Dad, "She gets it from your side of the family because my side of the family is normal."

Actually, I heard her say it a lot. The word 'freak' was muttered under her breath a fair bit, too.

* * * * *

I remember when I was about five (the first 'episode' I remember) saying to Mum's friend, "Don't go home the usual way cos there's going to be an accident and you'll get hurt if you do."

Mum's friend looked at me with eyebrows raised and smiled. Mum looked at me with eyes narrowed and scowled.

I'll never know why Mum's friend actually listened me, but she did take a different way home. There was an accident—which she missed. You'd think she'd have been grateful but instead she always looked at me as if I was going to sprout horns and a tail.

* * * * *

So, why was it, you ask, that nobody explained to me why I was abnormal and a freak.

Quite frankly, I always blamed Dad, after all didn't Mum say I got "it" from his side of the family. Surely, he must have known something!

To be fair to Dad, he was a weakling married to an overbearing, manipulative woman. To be fair to Mum, she'd had a scary experience not long after marrying Dad. Let me explain

Dad was from the north of England; Mum was from the south—London, in fact. Soon after they got married, they decided to pay a surprise visit to his Aunt Margaret (in the north), who was his mother's sister.

They took the train, arrived at their destination station, and made their first stop the cemetery where my grandmother had been buried.

When they arrived at Great-Aunt Margaret's place, the front door was open. Dad knocked on the door, and a voice from the end of the hallway yelled out, "Come in Charlie, and bring Lilian with you."

Mum turned to Dad and said, "I thought this was supposed to be a surprise visit."

"I didn't tell her we were coming," replied Dad. (Bad Experience # 1)

They walked down the hallway to the kitchen where Dad's Aunt Margaret was in the throes of pouring out the third cup of tea. (Bad Experience # 2)

When she gave Dad his tea she said, "Your mum thanks you for the flowers." (Bad Experience #3 ... and at this point they've been at the house for less than five minutes!!)

Somehow the talk turned to Aunt Margaret's dead husband, and she showed Mum a photo she'd taken of the wreath on his gravestone. His face showed in the middle of the wreath. (Bad Experience #4)

I guess it didn't help that their bedroom was up a flight of creaky stairs, lit by gaslight!

I suppose when I came along, being 'abnormal' was a constant reminder of those bad experiences. I get that she was frightened. I get that it was scary. I don't get why Dad kept quiet.

* * * * *

I never found out whether Dad had ever told Mum about his own mother. Indeed, all we ever knew about Grandma was that she was short - 4' 11" tall (that's a little less than 150 cm) and because Granddad was 6' 8" (that's over 200 cm), she used to attack his kneecaps with a frying pan when they argued (which was often, apparently)!

Then, one Sunday, my sister who had been through a bad marriage and was contemplating suicide, told us of a little old lady standing at the foot of her bed, who smiled and made her feel she was being hugged. The expression on Dad's face when Janice told him about it was one of shock, for Janice had described my grandmother in perfect detail.

I should mention here that we never knew our grandmother as she died when Dad was in his late teens/early twenties, and I have never seen her but I know she's with me. I know this because every medium I've ever met tells me she's behind me, and usually they get told by her that I am stubborn! My usual retort is, 'Yes, and I wonder where I get it from!' to which Gran chuckles.

Like her sister, Margaret, Gran had abilities—she was a medium (but more about that later).

* * * * *

So, did the gift/curse skip a generation, ie Dad? Good question. I wish I had a good answer. Certainly Dad never said or did anything to give anyone the impression that a psychic was hiding inside. That is, until Christmas 1987 ...

I was living in Alice Springs (Northern Territory, Australia); my parents lived in Perth, Western Australia. They came up to Alice Springs to spend Christmas week with my boys and me.

One afternoon, Dad and I were the only ones in the kitchen: he was reading a newspaper and I was peeling potatoes. He put down the paper and said, "They'll come back, you know." What the? "Your abilities, they'll come back." Then he went back to reading his paper. I repeat, What the?

This short one-sided exchange was significant for a couple of reasons.

Firstly, we hadn't had any conversation whatsoever about 'my curse', so there was no reason to say anything.

Secondly, it was almost like it had come to him in a flash, and he had to tell me. I often wondered if he would have said anything if my mother had been around.

Before Mum and Dad returned to Perth, Dad and I had another out of the blue conversation. He told me that when he died, I wasn't to cry at his funeral.

Why, I wanted to know, would he say something like that. It was another occasion of something being said without any preliminary conversation!

At first I treated it as a joke: When you die, I'm going to wear white and celebrate!

He wasn't joking. In fact, he was so serious that he made me promise I wouldn't cry.

Six months later, the day after my birthday in fact, Dad had a massive heart attack and died.

At the time, he, Mum and my brother Derek, were concreting the driveway. Dad was on his knees at the time he had the attack, and was dead before he hit the ground.

What upset my mother was not so much that he died, but rather that he smiled at her, *then reached out both his arms to someone she couldn't see but he obviously could.*

True to my promise, I didn't cry at Dad's funeral. I guess Dad knew someone had to support my mum and brother. Also true to the throwaway comment I'd made, I wore a combination of white and black at the funeral: black trousers and shoes, a black and white jacket, white shirt, black and white striped socks, and black shoes. I accessorized with a black brooch at the neck of my shirt, and black-and-white earrings.

* * * * *

Is being psychic hereditary? I think my family definitely has the psychic gene.

Gran and her sister, Dad (although he kept it hidden until almost his death), my sister saw my grandmother, and my brother showed possibilities I suppose when he knew I was coming home from a party early because of a migraine (but I always put that down to us being very close). I seem to have inherited most of it!

Which brings me to my own children. Have they inherited any abilities? Both of them have had experiences—as children, as teenagers and as adults—both of them choose to deny it.

Jeffrey (my eldest), the artistic one, had a couple of frightening experiences as a youngster, and I realised that as an adult he still carried the fear. It has now been more than 20 years since he's spoken to me ... and let's face it, what I do would only be a constant reminder of what he is trying to forget.

I could tell you about a lot of incidents but I'd like to relate one ... which actually pertained to me.

I used to hate sitting with my back to a door and one day I happened to add that I didn't know why. Jeffrey's immediate response was: That's because you were a Buddhist monk who got stabbed in the back. His answer floored me! (He was right by the way. A past life regression showed me as a Buddhist monk who was stabbed in the back by another monk while I was gardening.)

Ian (the youngest), is the science-minded one, who tells me that he doesn't believe in 'that shit' but he believes in me. Hmm, I can think of two times which counteract his disbelief.

The first was when I told him he had an angel standing behind him. He laughed. At work that evening someone asked him if he knew he had a green angel with him!

The second time was when I told him that Jeffrey's cat had chased his dog around the lounge room. As Ian's dog was dead, it had to mean that Jeff's cat had died too. Ian gave me a funny look and told me that it had died a couple of weeks before.

I can say I am a third-generation psychic ... but it could be more. To me, it is inconceivable that two sisters (Gran and Margaret) could be psychic and not have parents who were also. As Dad never talked about his family, I'll probably never know which of his maternal grandparents carried the gene.

As Jeffrey isn't married and never intends to have children, I am left to wonder how Ian (who is married and has one child) is going to feel/cope when he realises that his son has already shown he has inherited the gene. At this point, 'coincidence' is Ian's best friend! Will Ian accept his son 'that shit' and all? Nurture him? Or will he deny him? I suppose I shall just have to wait and see.

* * * * *

I rather think Ian would freak if I told him what had happened the day before my grandson was born

I was on holiday (in Australia), staying with a friend. I was actually walking into the room where she was when I stopped - because I'd heard a very loud call for help ... from Thomas. At first I thought it was my guide, but the "I'm in trouble" conversation that followed certainly dispelled that thought.

I told – stammered actually – my friend about the message. She told me I'd gone as white as a ghost, staring into space for almost five minutes. She'd been calling to me asking me if I was ok, and I never heard her.

The following morning I was a total wreck, completely fatigued, and looked like Death warmed up. I felt like I hadn't slept at all, even though I had. Not only that but I felt like I'd been up all night doing goodness-only-knows-what.

My friend said I'd obviously been off to Colombia to do whatever help and healing was needed by Thomas. I laughed and made some sort of "yeah, right" comment.

Later that day, my son messaged to say he was a proud father - (he looked chuffed!) – and that it had been a difficult birth. That night, as I lay my head on the pillow, I had another "It's Thomas ... thank you for helping me."

Oh yeah, he has the gene!

And if you were to look into his eyes (he's now five), you would know it too.

* * * * *

This exchange made for more than one interesting conversation between me and my friend. Neither of us knew that a baby in the womb could call out for help; neither of us knew that a newborn baby could call out their thanks.

I guess if we consider spirituality to be a bridge which spans both time and space, anything is possible.

LIFE–SAVERS

When I was thirteen I told my mother I was put on this earth to do something really special and very important. If you had known me when I was thirteen—no self-confidence and no self-esteem, you'd know how brave I was to say such a thing. That I said it to my mother, should have netted me a medal!

The only reason I'm here today, is because my life has been saved on more than one occasion. The very first time occurred when I was the tender age of eleven ... but that's in the next chapter.

* * * * *

When I was sixteen, we holidayed in Cornwall, in England's deep south. While there, my brother lost one of his sandals in a deep rock pool and my mother said I could get it (probably because she knew how much I hated swimming). Anyway, into the pool I went, found the sandal, and then and then I became entangled in weed and panicked. I thought I was going to die. Luckily for me, someone reached into the pool and pulled me out. I didn't get a good look at my rescuer because the sun was right behind him, and in my panic, I thought I was seeing an angel with a halo around his head.

There I was perched on the edge of this pool like a beached whale, gasping for breath.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Mum.

I told her I almost drowned and asked where the person was who pulled me out.

Mum glared at me, then scowled and snapped. "No-one has been here, and I don't appreciate your lies."

Yeah, right!

* * * * *

Twenty years later, I was speeding down a West Australian country road at night. Speeding because I was very upset. I'd had an awful experience with my boyfriend, and I wanted to get away from him as quickly as possible.

Anyway, I took a corner waaaay too fast and instead of the inevitable happening, the car somehow righted itself and the engine stalled. Needless to say, it was just what I needed in order to take stock of my situation. It would be many years before I would recall that I felt hands on my own as I went into the corner.

* * * * *

The third time, and the most significant because it had such a profound impact, was in Tasmania. The year -1996. My friend Deb and I were writing a series of booklets on Tasmanian towns. One of the places we were writing about was Port Arthur.

We'd been a couple of times, and had planned another trip which we had to cancel. I'd suffered a lower back injury as a teenager, and over the years my back would 'go' and I wouldn't be able to stand straight. That's what happened on Friday of this particular weekend. On Monday morning, my back was as right as rain. In fact, you wouldn't have known how much pain I'd been in only a couple of days before.

That weekend was the same weekend that Martin Bryant went on a shooting spree, killing 35 people and injuring more than 20 others. If Deb and I had gone to Port Arthur, and if we'd followed our usual routine, we would have been in the café at the time the massacre started, and would have been two of Bryant's victims.

Like I said, I have something very important do in this lifetime ... so it makes sense that a guardian angel would step in when my life was threatened.

SPIRIT GUIDES

If you've ever had a reading with a psychic at an expo or fair, they will probably mention their guides. Have you ever asked that psychic what they meant by 'guides'? Did you wonder how much of the information you received from the reader was from the reader her-/himself or from their guides?

Let's digress just for a moment. My dictionary defines a guide as:

- (1) *a person who shows the way to others;*
- (2) *a person who advises others, especially in matters of behaviour or belief.*

That's effectively what a psychic's guide does—provides advice ... and guidance.

I should point out that spirit guides can be non-human such as totem animals and angels. The human kind of guide can be living (who are out of body) or dead (which include family and friends, and individuals who are preparing and waiting to reincarnate).

* * * * *

I'd like to share something that happened to a friend of mine

We'd had many conversations on spirit guidance and I'd made the point that if you want angel assistance, all you have to do is ask. Seriously. It's something I repeated and repeated while giving talks on angels at psychic expos and fairs.

Anyway

She had to work late so by the time she disembarked at her station, she was feeling more than a little nervous. Woman on her own. Late hour. You get the picture. She said she looked up at the sky and said, “Barbara says all I have to do is ask. So here I am, asking.” (I did point out that she didn’t actually ask for anything!) As she left the train station she heard a pitter patter coming closer and a – in her words – “dog built like a Shetland pony” (which afterward became a cross between a Rottweiler and a Great Dane) came into view. A very friendly dog.

This dog walked beside her as she went home. She came to a corner where a largish group of young men was hanging out, and by her own admission, if she’d been on her own would’ve taken another way home, but

“Nice dog, missus,” was one guy’s comment, and the others agreed.

So she walked on past, accompanied by the “nice dog”.

At this point, I should tell you my friend lives in a street with more than its fair share of lights. It would be difficult to hide in the shadows, because there are hardly any shadows to see and one of those street lights is almost outside her house.

She reached her house, put her hand on the gate to push it open, turned to the dog to thank it for being with her only to find nothing. No dog. If it had walked away, she would’ve been able to see it (given how much lighting there is), and hear it (because she had heard it approach at the station). Instead, the nice dog that was built like a Shetland pony had just disappeared into thin air.

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One Saturday afternoon, I did an awful lot of clearing work on a client. To say she was feeling quite exhausted would be the understatement of the century! As we got to the front door, she asked if anyone would notice the difference in her.

Before I had a chance to answer, there was a knock on the door. I reached out, opened it ... and looked down. A large German Shepherd was sitting on the verandah, by itself, no person in attendance.

My client and I looked at each other with a “What the” type question. Anyway, this dog stood up, sniffed my client, wagged its tail, looked at me and walked off down my driveway.

We both stared after the dog, shook our heads and laughed. “Well, I guess that answers my question,” she said.

* * * * *

My grandmother was a medium, who held séances quite regularly. She held them with the help of her guide.

Dad told me that when he was about nine, the portable round table which his mother used for her séances was in his room. Needing something to put his bits and pieces on, he set up the table, crawled into bed and fell asleep. During the night he woke up to find a man standing beside him. Well, he did what every self-respecting kid would do—covered his head with his bed clothes and hid.

In the morning, Gran told him that was her guide (Thomas), and there had been nothing to worry about. She also told him that she wouldn't hold a séance without Thomas's help because she could get lost. Dad never could tell me what she meant by 'getting lost'.

I often used to see Thomas standing in the open doorway of my bedroom (one of the reasons I took to sleeping with my door closed). He was about 6 foot (180 cm) tall, with long white hair, wearing a monk's habit tied with a rope, and sandals on his feet. Although I could see the rope, I was never able to see the knot. Dad told me it was a Turk's head knot.

As I'd never heard of a Turk's head knot, I had to surf the 'Net to find out. Nice knot – decorative as far as knots go. I'm not surprised Dad knew. The Turk's head knot is a sailor's knot ... and yes, my dad had been in the navy.

Anyway, I knew in that moment that if I ever saw the knot, then Dad would be dead. I never questioned it, the knowing, that is. I just knew, in much the same way as I 'knew' other things. I was right, by the way. About a week or so after Dad passed over, Thomas stood in the doorway of my kitchen with the decorative Turk's head knot showing in all its splendour.

Gran's guide is now mine. If I have an impromptu out of body experience, astral travel, or travel through other dimensions and planes, he is with me ... and I am so glad he is. There have been a couple of instances where the paths were almost impossible to see, and I would have been lost in dimensional mists if Thomas hadn't been there to guide me back.

* * * * *

The first memory of a spirit guide helping me is when I was eleven. I went to a girl's grammar school, where I walked a very lonely life. At school, I wasn't good enough because I came from a working class family. At home, I was considered a snob ... where I often heard that my nose was so far in the air, it was a wonder I didn't get frostbite. I was deeply unhappy. So much so, I decided to throw myself into the Thames River from Putney Bridge.

On my way there, contemplating what I was about to do, I was joined by a very nice man. Because I was deep in thought, it seemed like he'd appeared out of nowhere (now, of course, I know that's exactly what happened!). From the moment he spoke to say something like, "you look very sad", I felt calm. I can't tell you how far he walked with me, but I can tell you I literally told this stranger all my woes and troubles and what I intended to do. I cannot tell you what was said, only that I changed my mind (obviously) went home and kept that conversation (and my planned actions) to myself.

* * * * *

Roll on thirty years to Launceston (Tasmania). I became friends with Joy, the owner of a crystal shop, who let me borrow a heap of spiritual magazines. One of them—from the USA—had a huge classifieds section and for some reason I was drawn to one of the advertisements. As this was pre-email days, I wrote to the advertiser—a psychic artist [let's call him Steve]—to find out whether he drew for non-Americans and what it would cost to have the resulting picture posted to me.

Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about 10 days later ... with an accompanying portrait. Steve told me he'd drawn the portrait—*of an Aussie digger*—without knowing why (because he'd never drawn an Aussie soldier before) ... until my letter turned up. In his letter he said he knew this portrait was for me, and sent as a present.

Not only that but the face he'd drawn was of my ex-husband – another one!

I wrote back and asked him to draw another one. I was quite excited when my second portrait arrived ... until I opened it, that is. On canvas in front of my surprised eyes was the man I'd talked to the day I had intended to throw myself off Putney Bridge. How was that possible, I wanted to know.

The surprise I'd felt by seeing the portrait, paled into insignificance when I read Steve's letter. He told me the guide's name was Francis of Assisi. Yep, *the* Francis of Assisi.

Well, I thought, that would explain why Francis of Assisi had been one of the people I'd chosen for an assignment as a kid (the other had been Leonardo da Vinci), and also why I was so involved with the spirit of Christmas.

* * * * *

Steve wasn't the first psychic artist to draw for me. About two years earlier, my first spirit guide drawing was drawn in Alice Springs by a visiting Melbourne artist, Marian Ruffin.

From the time she started until the moment she finished, less than five minutes had elapsed. Honestly, I'd never seen anyone draw so quickly in my life. The portrait was of an Egyptian—and he was the spitting image of my ex-husband. OMG!! Marilyn said he called me Little Sister, and gave me a message as well.

Before giving me the message, she did say she had started to draw a different portrait but it changed. She also said it was the fastest portrait she'd ever drawn!

At the first Mind Body Spirit Festival I went to in Melbourne, I saw one of Marian's portraits on a booth wall. She had a particular style, which was recognisable (at least to me). I couldn't believe my luck because I'd always wanted another portrait by her but it was not to be. Sadly, Marian had passed away just a few months before. I'm sure the lady touched many lives with the beautiful chalk portraits she drew.

* * * * *

My journey of working with angels started the day I heard a voice telling me it was my Life Angel.

Well, being the person I am, I said, "Okay, but if you're really my angel, you'll know what's happening to me tomorrow. So, tell me three things that will happen."

To this day, I can only remember two of the three: that I would meet a soul mate and I should avoid yellow roads. I have to say I thought it was a load of rubbish! Until the next day that is ...

While on my way to my appointment for a shiatsu massage, I had to stop at traffic lights. Across the road was a little 'new age' shop, with some wonderful banners adorning the building. As I was relatively close to my destination, I thought I'd pop

in and see what temptations I could find. Halfway between the road and the shop, a flat tyre stopped me. If I'd taken any notice of the driveway, I may not have driven on it ... it was sandy gravel. Yep, the yellow road which I should've avoided.

My next head-shaking experience came when I arrived at my destination. Most of the books on the massage therapist's bookshelves were exactly the same as most of mine. It really was like looking at my own bookshelf!

Although I can't remember what the third thing was, I can tell you that it also happened that day.

One right prediction could be construed as a coincidence, I suppose. Three out of three, however, cannot.

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Today, most of the work I do is with angelic guidance: I channel messages for clients (see next chapter), and I am guided by my angel networks (I have a network for when I'm healing and another for when I'm teaching). Travelling is a breeze: they always find me parking spots, keep the roads clear and bend time if necessary—for which I can recount three times it has happened, and all in a period of ten years.

The first time occurred when I had to get from my home to my friend's, a 45-minute journey from one side of the city to the other. The traffic that day was horrendous, so I knew I was going to be late, but when I apologised to my friend for my tardiness, she raised an eyebrow and said I was early! Huh? She was right according to the clock, I had arrived just 40 minutes after leaving home.

The second time was the day I attended a Theta healing workshop. We finished later than expected, which wouldn't have been a big deal if it wasn't for the fact that I was supposed to pick up my niece from the train station near home. By my calculation, she'd be waiting for me for at least 35 minutes by time I finally got

there. How long did she have to wait? Zero minutes! She didn't have to wait at all—I arrived at the station more than ten minutes before her train!

The third instance occurred the night I was to attend a workshop being given by a friend ... and I was running late, so I phoned him to let him know. I hate getting to a talk after it's started, but I had to accept there's a first time for everything. As it was, I arrived five minutes *before* the talk started. My friend wanted to know how I managed to get there on time. My reply? Friends in high places 😊.

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One of the nicest memories I have is being on the beach in Esperance, Western Australia, where we lived in the early 1980s. I should mention that Esperance is a coastal town and as I neither like beaches nor swimming in the sea, it seems the wrong place for me to be! However, the Education Department in its wisdom, decided that was where I would be teaching.

I'm not much of a beach person. I like beaches when they are deserted, and preferably late afternoon or night. It was my usual practice to cycle down to the beach at the end of the day, and walk from one end of the bay to the other, then cycle home again.

My walk started out the same as it always did. At some point, I was joined by another person. We walked and talked about everything and nothing ... and as with all conversations, it's difficult to remember what topics were discussed.

I sat on the rocks for a while, then made my way back, stepping in the footprints I'd made on the way. I walked for quite a way before I stopped suddenly and stared at the beach ... before me and behind me. Why? Because there was only one set of footprints in the sand ... mine!

* * * * *

In the late 1990's doctors thought I had cancer. As a result, my attitude to each day changed. What would I do, if today was the last day of my life? Every day I wandered down to the beach (in another town, in another state) and sat on what would be 'my' rock.

On the second day, a small lizard joined me for a few minutes. By the end of the month, that same little lizard was laying down beside my hand for the entire time I sat on the rock.

The day I found out I was clear (no cancer), was the day the lizard stopped visiting my rock.

Hmmm.

CONDUITS OF COMMUNICATION

There are two ways I channel information for clients: the first is through automatic writing, and the other is clairaudiently.

When I am to write a message, I always tell the person for whom I'm doing this not to shoot the messenger! I have no control over what is written or how it is written. Basically, I just turn myself over and become the conduit.

You could say I am brave to have so much trust, and maybe you're right BUT there was a time when I wasn't so trusting. There was always a small part of me that was worried about the message—because I had no control. The turning point for me came the day one of my clients asked me to channel a message for her friend. She told me her friend was sick, and would I make a home visit ... to which I said yes.

When the front door was opened, I took one look at all the angels and knew the friend was going to die in the next couple of weeks. I really, really, really did not want to channel. I was so afraid that she'd get told she was going to die soon ... and quite frankly, I didn't want to be the messenger of bad news.

Believe it or not, it was my client's friend who insisted I channel ... and that she was ready for whatever came. So I did. It was such a beautiful message, that I was in tears! That's when I learnt to have faith and trust that the right words would be on the page whenever I channelled. [She left this earth plan about 12 days later.]

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While at a psychic fair a client asked for a message from her Life Angel. When I'd finished she said, "That's the name you gave me last year. I knew you could be trusted!"

Thanks, I think!

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At another psychic fair, my client exclaimed, "I didn't know you knew Korean!" Korean? Yep, the message was in Korean script ... and I had to ask her to translate the message for me.

Never again, I thought, and promptly told "Upstairs" (my pet name for the Angels) not to do that again ... English, or no message.

They have complied with that request since, with one exception: - the message came with Macedonian phrases throughout. My client, didn't speak English, so her daughter translated the phrases for me. The thing is, the phrases were highly appropriate to my client and what she wanted or needed to know.

* * * * *

When one of my messages for a teenage boy named Carlos started with the name Carlito, my stomach knotted and thoughts ran rampant. I shouldn't have worried! Carlos explained that *Carlito* is a form of endearment and no-one had called him that since he was a kid.

* * * * *

The second way I channel messages is clairaudiently – and that's usually at the end of the message. Sometimes, the client asks a question of what was written and I get told the answer.

Working clairaudiently without automatic messages started when I was at a psychic expo. I often gave 30-minute talks on angels at expos and fairs, but this was the first time I was told to stop and pass on a message to one of the attendees: that her friend Lucy wasn't lost, she was in a garden. So, I stopped what I was saying, introduced the "I've been told to pass on a message", delivered the message, and carried on.

The woman I thought the message had been for (because I'd looked at her when delivering said message) came to see me later and asked how I knew her daughter's doll – named Lucia – was lost. She then phoned a week later to say the doll had been found, under a garden seat in her mother's back yard.

After that first time, I don't think there was ever a psychic expo or fair at which I gave a talk, that didn't include an impromptu message for someone!
And each time it happens, the person receiving the message tells me it's spot-on.

* * * * *

I used to host a Meetup group every month called Conversations with Angels. At the start of the evening every participant wrote out a question and popped it in a bowl – anonymously, so there was no way of knowing who was asking for advice or guidance.

At the end of the evening I answered those questions ... or rather, Upstairs did, and I passed them on. Every answer was completely right for the person who asked the questions.

* * * * *

Then there was the day a woman came to me wanting to know that her mother, who had passed over, was okay. I told her that her mother had been back for two or three years and was a little boy, whom I described.

My client burst into tears and told me that I had described her grandson in perfect detail, down to the birthmark on his cheek and the scar on his chin. She then added that everyone in the family had commented that he had his great-grandmother's eyes, and added "but that's not all, eh!"

I am sooo glad she wasn't freaked by what I'd told her, after all, it isn't often you get told your mother is now your grandson!

* * * * *

Many years ago, I was asked to participate in a 'show' where I, as an angel channel, and another person, who was a medium, would answer questions put by the audience. I agreed.

Attendees wrote their questions and popped them into either a silver box (for me) or a gold box (for the medium). Although we started the evening as two types of messengers, somehow, we became one with combined messages from the person passing over and angels.

At the end of the evening, an older couple approached me. The man told me that the evening had been a total surprise – he'd come as a skeptic and would be leaving as a believer. His wife had dragged him along because she wanted a specific question answered. The answer I'd given, not knowing who had written the question, convinced him of my authenticity. He also commented on the fact that sometimes I read the question and looked at my feet as if listening.

I didn't tell him that I knew exactly who had written the question because when I read the question out, an angel was pointing at her. Actually, that had happened all evening: an angel pointed at each person who had questions of me. Those indications allowed me to make the messages a bit more personal, rather than the 'general' ones delivered at expos.

I also didn't tell him that the reason I was looking down is because I was having a 'difference of opinion' (which sounds much better than saying I was arguing) with the angel. Sometimes the words they use makes a situation seem really worse than it is because the language is harsh; at these times, I have to negotiate a softer alternative word so the meaning can remain intact without frightening the client.

* * * * *

If there's one thing I've come to trust wholeheartedly, it's that the angels ALWAYS have the best interest of the enquirer at heart, and they will ALWAYS provide truth – even if it's not what the enquirer wants to hear. If that's the case, they provide solutions; if bad times are coming, they provide a time line.

I am really grateful that I can be a conduit of communication between a person and their (usually) Life Angel.

Angels and spirit guides are not the only ways I work with spirit

IT'S ELEMENTARY

I can remember as a youngster, staring into the fire and seeing lots of little creatures jumping around. When I asked Mum what they were, she told me I was imagining things. When I asked Dad, he said I should listen to Mum!

It would be years before I found out that I hadn't imagined things at all ... I had seen salamanders, the elementals of fire, at work.

There are elementals for earth (gnomes), air (sylphs) and water (undines) as well. Most people I know—and that includes all my past students—have a preference when it comes to working with elementals.

For me, gnomes top the list. I have had so many gnome experiences that I could fill a book with them, but I'm only going to tell you about two!

* * * * *

While in Launceston, we moved to a cottage with a heap of rose bushes in the back yard. Now I should tell you that I really don't like roses. Never have. Never will. While walking around the garden is something I like doing, smelling the roses (excuse the pun) is not at the top of my garden activities list.

On this particular day, I was sitting at the kitchen table, enjoying a cup of tea, and thinking about nothing in particular when I happened to look out the kitchen window to see a gnome bent over the roses. He turned to me, pointed at the flowers, and held up a string of garlic (where did that come from??) before he disappeared.

Well, my first thought is that I'd imagined it, but I went and checked the roses anyway. Hmmm, they were completely covered in aphids. Okay, so I was obviously

meant to do something about it ... and I guessed garlic was part of the solution. Surfing the internet revealed a garlic spray (which worked brilliantly), and the gnome returned to give me the thumbs up!

When I moved to Melbourne (Victoria) I still had many encounters with the gnomes – seeing gnome doors in trees and being invited underground, for example. Little did I know when I moved states that a huge surprise awaited me. The Tasmanian gnomes had given me a name ... a name the Victorian gnomes knew. How? The two states are separated by the Bass Strait, a stretch of water that's a couple of hundred metres wide!

Now I'm in Colombia, and yes, I've had contact with the gnomes and yes, they know me by the name the Tasmanian gnomes gave me!!

* * * * *

I have a couple of experiences to relate about undines—both involving the bathtub!

Imagine frolicking with undines in the bath ... where the water moves in high waves from one side to the other but doesn't spill over the side and on to the floor. In some ways, it's like being in two places at once. On the one hand, I was somewhere other than the bath; on the other, I was aware of the unusual behaviour of the water in the bathroom.

The second experience was a little bit spooky. One moment I was swimming in the ocean with the undines and the next I woke up *under the water*. Somehow I had managed to slip right down and was now submerged. Once I realised where I was I had a nanosecond of panic, which meant of course that I opened my mouth, took in water and began coughing and spluttering.

When I take a bath now, I am soooo careful!!

* * * * *

I don't work much with salamanders and even less with sylphs ... but a few years ago, I had a profoundly moving experience. One of my clients lived on a farm in the Grampians (Victoria). Bushfires were threatening the area, and she phoned me for help. I wasn't sure how it would be possible, in fact I was positive that I wouldn't be able to do anything, but said I'd see what I could do.

There's a particular etiquette for working with elementals, and I followed the procedure to the letter, after all, I was about to make a very serious request of both salamanders and sylphs.

Here's what happened: two metres from the house boundary the fire veered away in another direction, because the wind changed. To be honest, I don't know who was more surprised: her husband (who thought he was going to lose everything) or me!

* * * * *

One of my favourite spots in Victoria is Mount Donna Buang, out of Warburton. It's in the Victorian Alps, so there's plenty of snow in winter where tobogganing is a favourite pastime. I like to visit in the non-winter months, and I always go to the Skywalk. There's a spot on the walkway overlooking the creek ... and it's the only place I've been where I've been able to see gnomes, undines, sylphs and fairies enjoying themselves at the same time.

Whenever I need to recharge my batteries, I always go to Mount Donna Buang with a stop at Warburton first. There's a great little café in Warburton which makes a great Devonshire tea, so I always get there mid-morning (it's a 75-minute trip from home, if the traffic isn't too bad). Then it's on to the skywalk, where I spend an hour or so watching the elementals and meditating before heading home.

* * * * *

Yes, I have a few fairy stories to tell (sorry, couldn't resist the pun), but the one which stands out the most also takes place in Tasmania.

I used to walk to work, and on this particular winter's morning, fog was my unwanted companion. My usual route took me through the park except on this morning I couldn't see the paths, so I figured I'd be walking the pavements. Then I saw a small light and getting through the park was a breeze thanks to the fairy lights which acted as my guides.

GHOSTS, GHOULS and GARGOYLES

I grew up in a house with a ghost that I called Fred. Fred was quite an impish type, moving things around mostly. Now I live in a house where imps like to visit and move things around, so it's not unusual for things to go missing and to reappear when least expected.

Of course, no-one in the family believed me when I mentioned Fred. Everyone assumed that I made him up because I was the culprit, so I got into heaps of trouble.

And then, a few days before leaving England for Australia, I was with a friend, who wanted to know who the man was at my front door waving to us!

* * * * *

I used to see the ghost of a woman on the spiral staircase at the high school I went to. I never saw her anywhere else, and she was always going down the stairs, never up. I only mentioned the ghost sighting once – to a teacher. Big Mistake! Or maybe the Big Mistake was to warn the teacher to avoid the stairs on a particular day. She didn't. The results? She fell down, injured her leg, and my grades suffered under her for the rest of my school years.

* * * * *

I had one of my most frightening experiences of this same school when I was eleven. The cloakroom where we could hang our coats and gym bags was just below ground level. I was there on my own one day when everything hanging on the hooks moved up so they were parallel with the floor. I may have coped with one or two things moving in a breeze that didn't exist, but all at the same time was

a bit too much to handle. I fled! I ran out of there as quickly as I could ... and made a point of only going back when other people were around.

* * * * *

The first house we lived in when we moved to Launceston, had a resident ghost. My hubby laughed at me and said I had an overactive imagination when I told him. I'm not sure what he thought when he walked into the room to find me having a one-way conversation with the Invisible Man.

I told him that I was talking to the old man that used to live there. He passed over in the room overlooking the garden – which is where I always talked to him.

It was three months later that the landlady rocked up for the rent money, and at some point in the conversation, she mentioned her husband had died in the house – yep, in the room overlooking the garden.

That house was built on a hill, so the driveway led down to the garage. The concreted portion of the garage housed the car and apart from that it was mainly a dark open area. The washing machine and back door to the garden were here, so I had to go down there on a regular basis but I only went down there when I had to and never at night.

Every time I stepped down there, the hairs on my arms would stand to attention. It was a very creepy, scary place.

* * * * *

A few years ago in Melbourne, I lived in a house which had been built on a hillside. Most of the rooms were on one level, but there were a few stairs up to my bedroom, and a door which led out to the balcony overlooking the garden. Every morning between 2 and 3 o'clock, there'd be a knocking on the door and I'd get woken up by someone wanting to be moved on.

Now I don't mind helping the odd ghost or two but every night became a bit much. It was almost as if someone had left a sign outside saying "If you're having trouble leaving the Earth plane, knock here for assistance." Honestly, I became rather tetchy after a while – lack of sleep.

Most of the time, the spirits were happy to go, but on a couple of occasions, I was expected to do something for them first. Like Sydney. He wanted me to phone his daughter ... and was insistent about doing it straight away. Yeah, sure! At three o'clock in the morning!

Anyway, I did call her – at 7.30. I know it's a bit early to be making calls to complete strangers but Sydney wouldn't let up and I had to listen to his, "when are you going to call" just about every 15 minutes.

Great conversation start: Hi, Clare, you don't know me, but I have a message for you from your father. Not surprisingly, she said a few curt words and slammed down the phone. Of course, Insistent Sydney felt it necessary to have a few words about my incompetence.

I tried again. And again. And again.

By the time she'd abused me four or five times and then threatened to report me to the police, and Insistent Sydney had been rather vocal as well, I'd had enough of the whole incident. It was obvious I had to get a piece of information from him that only the two of them knew, so the next time she answered the phone – and before she had a change to hang up – I blurted out the one word Sydney had given me.

It worked. I passed on the info (the location of where he'd hidden a copy of his last will), and thought that would be it. Who was I kidding? Sydney refused to go until I'd spoken to his daughter again. Luckily, by the time I rang, she'd found the will and was in a good mood. I acted as the go-between for their conversation, then she thanked me, and he moved on.

* * * * *

The problem with ghosts and me is that I see most of them as solid. I've lost count of the number of times I've commented on a person I see (like the guy wearing a singlet and shorts in the middle of winter) for my niece to say, "There's no one there."

* * * * *

Being interested in both history and architecture, I visited a historic house in Launceston and had the most wonderful conversation with the gardener. Honest to goodness, the man was a walking history book, sharing funny stories about the people who had lived there.

At Reception, one of the ladies offered to answer any questions about the House that I wanted, and I told her I'd just spent almost an hour with the gardener at the (old) stables. She then told me, quite brusquely, that they didn't have a gardener!

I changed the subject by asking where the music was coming from. She told me she couldn't hear any music, frowned at me, muttered under her breath, and left me standing there in the foyer, wondering what I'd said to get that sort of reaction.

The answer was upstairs. I stood at the doorway of a very large room, watching people dance.

I rarely see ghosts now. Not because I've lost the ability to do so but because I choose not to see them – and if I can't see them, they can't ask me to do things for them. Believe me, working with the dearly departed can be exhausting.

* * * * *

On one of our trips researching Port Arthur, my friend and I split up so we could cover the entire area in half the time. I was in the model prison reading the sign outside the chapel when I heard a shuffling noise. Every hair on my body stood up on end and yes, I was frightened. So scared in fact, that I couldn't move. The shuffling got closer and closer ... and then, just when I thought I would scream, a couple of loud-mouthed Americans came into the building and the shuffling stopped. Honestly, I've never been so pleased to see anyone in my life.

I later found out that prisoners who had been placed in solitary had to wear hoods over their heads when they went to chapel. They also had to wear slippers on their feet to muffle the sound of walking. The only way to walk was with their heads down so they could watch their feet, and shuffle along.

I'm sure that whomever was walking at the time came from the cell I had flatly refused to enter. I stood at the doorway and thought, no way am I going in there.

* * * * *

I wish I'd had same reaction when I was on holiday in Cambodia. The tour I was on went to the "Killing Fields". I didn't worry too much because I'm very good at protecting myself from negative influences, and closing down my energies.

We hadn't been in the place for ten minutes before the ghosts were every where. I was surprised to see hundreds of Chinese people of all ages (I found out later that the killing field is right on top of a Chinese cemetery) mingled with a few Caucasians – and Cambodians in all states of mutilation and distress. I watched as the ghosts implored the living to notice them.

My protective barriers were not up to the level of negativity in that place, and for the first time in years I wished to goodness I wasn't empathic. Not only could I feel their pain, but I was also picking up the emotions of the living.

I was in pain all over, so I decided to leave the group and go back to the bus and wait for them. I told one of our party to let the tour leader know, but he insisted on

walking back with me. I walked hunched over, dragging my feet, finding it hard to breathe, and fighting back tears most of the way. To his credit, he never questioned my behaviour or asked what was going on.

When we reached a bench near the entrance so I could sit down, he was concerned at the bruises which were starting to show on my arms, and after refusing to leave me alone, took some convincing that I'd be okay. Once he'd left, I lifted a trouser leg to find my skin covered in shades of black and blue. Both legs and both arms were the same. This is something I had NEVER experienced before ... and it is something I never want to experience again.

It took more than an ounce of grit and determination to relax and semi-meditate while on that bench, and when I got on the coach, I still had a bruise or two showing on my arms. No-one said anything at all.

Our next stop was to a museum housed in a building which had served as a prison. I refused to go. To my surprise, I didn't get asked any awkward questions and I'm putting that down to my tour-mate.

* * * * *

When I was eighteen, I used to be followed home from work by dark, shadowy creatures with red eyes. They frightened me. I told Dad, whose only response was along the lines of: Don't be silly, they haven't done anything have they? Did that mean I could be silly when something did happen??

After a while, they came closer ... and I literally ran home. Didn't tell Dad for what was the point? At the time, I thought nothing could be worse or more frightening ... I'm glad that I didn't know how wrong I was.

In hindsight, I can see that Dad had no idea what I was talking about. He'd never experienced them himself, so how could he help me?

* * * * *

The first time I saw a gargoyle, was in Launceston. The house we lived in had a narrow room between the kitchen and the garden. (I've always assumed, because the floor was black and white tiles arranged as diamonds, that it was a small conservatory). We had a spare bed in here, against the wall with a small window at the top.

I was in that bed on this particular night because Hubby and I had had a blazing great argument. The silence of the evening was broken as the window shattered and when I looked up, a dark shape hurtled into the room. It took me a minute or so to realise that I wasn't covered in glass fragments.

I turned my head to where the dark shape had landed and my eyes went wide in surprise, for crouching on the floor was a gargoyle. And it was giving me the same surprised look I was giving him. He started to stand up and dissolved, I guess you could say, and disappeared.

I wondered if he went back to gargoyle land and said to his friends, "You're never going to believe this, but humans do exist ... I've seen one!!"

I have often wondered if the first figure of a gargoyle was sculpted by someone who had actually seen one ... or whether the first person to have the same sort of dumbfounding experience I had described it to a sculptor!

* * * * *

If you should ever visit Melbourne, you will invariably find yourself in the city centre – Bourke Street Mall. When you are there, look up. There's a gargoyle on one of the roofs who likes to move! I've seen it stand up, walk a couple of paces back and forth, and then squat again.

Weeks before I saw it in motion, I'd been sitting in the mall having a quiet moment, when I had the overwhelming feeling of being watched. It took a few moments to look up and to see what I thought was a flash of light coming from the statue.

The next time I was in the mall, I had my camera with me, with a great lens for bringing faraway objects close. I waited ... and waited ... and waited. When the flash finally came, I whipped out my camera and focussed on the gargoyle – not in the least bit surprised to see it had eyes.

It was to be another couple of months before that gargoyle moved.

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I have to tell you – I've never looked at gargoyle statues in the same way since!

DRAGON DISCOVERY

In the 1990s (think) I read a book called Dancing With Dragons (at least, I think that was the title). I have to admit I skipped a bit here and there, but decided I'd "give it a go".

Oh boy!

I set up my circle, expecting a nice, friendly sort of dragon to come visit. Nope! What I managed to attract (and I have no idea how) was a Chaos dragon: big, black and definitely not friendly.

The book said to use music, I didn't, partly because I felt like a complete twit AND that first encounter was extremely painful. He called me 'Human' (and made it sound like a really derogatory word) and told me what to do. I refused (it was an unreasonable request, whatever it was!). The next second, my body was bending backwards. The louder the dragon got, the snappier he got because I wouldn't do as he ordered, the more stubborn I became and to be honest, I thought my spine was going to snap.

And then, without warning, it stopped and the dragon left. That's when I burst out crying.

There's never been a repeat of that first time, I hastened to add. Over the years, the dragon (I'm not allowed to tell you his name) and I have developed a mutually respectful relationship. I can tell you that there's no feeling quite like sitting in the lounge room feeling the wind blowing your hair as you ride a dragon through the astral!

We've done some wonderful things together and I've learnt a few things

For a start, he told me how to connect with dragons – house dragons, that is. I've held Dragon Discovery workshops many times over the years thanks to him – and more than one student has excitedly recounted their dragon sightings afterward.

For another, he is responsible for helping the gnomes ensure that the energy under my friend's house - specifically under her healing room – is more than a little conducive to the work she does there.

Most importantly, I have learned to be extremely careful of asking for his help.

There was a particularly nasty man giving me a particularly nasty time with the things he said and did. The dragon asked me if I'd like his help and of course, I said yes. Well, almost a week later, I saw Nasty Man and he was a wreck – wild-eyed and babbling to himself. Apparently, he hadn't had any sleep for days because he was being visited by a dragon, threatening all sorts of mischief (that's what his sister told me).

What the ?

I immediately connected with the dragon, and yes, he was responsible and yes, he would stop but only if I did what he wanted. He stopped harassing Nasty Man. All was good, but not back to normal. Nasty Man avoided me like the plague.

* * * * *

When I moved into a new place, I invited my students to my housewarming party. A few of them said they'd heard the dog snuffling about but hadn't seen her. I said she was at the back of the garden. They didn't believe me. So I called her! The look on their faces was classic surprise – they'd heard the house dragon that was in my place at the time.

* * * * *

I wish I'd been able to take a photo or two, or a video, of my son's dog playing with the house dragons (yes, dragons, plural). I used to laugh at their antics and the way they climbed on each other. Of course, many people would've seen the dog acting peculiarly!

It's possible to have more than one house dragon come visit. They are small, different colours, playful and mischievous. I have no idea how many times I've tripped over the little blighters. Yes, I know, I should look where I'm going! 😊

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My friend (the one with the healing room) had a Samoyed that often stood still and stared. One day, it seemed to have its muzzle against something – that's when she found out a golden dragon had come to visit.

That dragon actually like to visit for extended periods, so I often saw it and would tell my friend where it was and what it was doing. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, she'd respond with something like, "That would explain why Lucky (her dog) did such-and-such."

* * * * *

As I type this, I have a couple of house dragons chasing each other around the small table in my office. My dog, a Siberian Husky, totally ignores the dragons in the main. I smile when he walks past them. I smile even more when he plays with them.

The first time he clapped eyes on a dragon he would've been two, I think (he's five now). He stood at the bottom of the stairs and stared and growled and refused to move. When I saw the little blue dragon looking at Tikaani with wide eyes, I went up the stairs and sat beside it. That lasted all of ten seconds before it was on my

lap. Tikaani came up the stairs slowly and cautiously, sniffed the dragon, cocked his head on one side ... and the friendship began.

House dragons come and go but I always know when one has come back or come a-visiting before I see it, because Tikaani will stare and have this funny growl in his throat.

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PLAYING WITH ENERGY

I was introduced to Reiki when I lived in Tasmania, and so impressed with how it kicked my migraines (I went from constant, regular, strong migraines to none at all) that I decided to learn as much as I could about energy. (Energy was the subject of one of my doctorates.)

I don't mean just the physical kind, but how all the types of energy affect us on all levels (physical, emotional, mental, spiritual and energetic). Physical energy is affected by the energy of the aura, and auric energy is affected by the energy of the chakras. The energy of the food we eat is also important.

Since that first Reiki workshop I have become a Reiki Master-Teacher, Tibetan Energy Master, Theta practitioner, Pranic healer and psychotherapist, and a practitioner in other healing energy modalities.

As an energy healing practitioner I have to admit that I don't use just one method for any situation, but rather a bastardised version, which means what I consider to be the best of all the modalities rolled into one. Add to that the help from my Healing Angel and guidance from all spiritual directions and I'm equipped to handle just about anyone and anything! 😊

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Because I've walked through lots of different dimensions, I have seen many horrid creatures. I've also seen them in this dimension.

The fabric between dimensions is quite thin in some places, and just like physical fabric, it can tear. Once that happens, creatures from the other dimensions are able to come through. Most of them are benign and cause no problem, but there are some which are absolutely negative in nature.

These entities can fill your house with negative energy, which can also attach itself to you. The good thing is that they are relatively easy to get rid of. The other task that needs to be performed is closing the portal through which they came.

If the portal goes through the house (and sometimes they do), there is a great deal of negative energy in the room in which they appear. In many cases, there is very little energy in the rest of the house. It's almost as if the energy is sucked out of each room and in to the portal.

* * * * *

I have cleared many houses and offices of negative energies, and I have closed a few portals as well. They are all different, and yet all the same.

The average house clean and portal closure takes around four hours: pre-visit, the visit itself (which includes cleaning the house, getting rid of the unwanted visitors and closing the portal), and post-visit.

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The most difficult house-clean I have ever experienced was where four portals all converged in the same room like a cross-roads. One led to the dragon dimension – no problem here (I've been there many times). One led to a very 'green' dimension. The third led to a dimension which I really wanted to avoid (no peeking in here): so much negative energy came through, and to be honest, I was thankful that I couldn't see anything at the opening. It was the fourth doorway which was causing the problems – and while we were there, I watched at least four of the critters come through.

Most portals start in the ground and arch like a rainbow through the house, and this one was no exception. This house, however, had two storeys and the portal went through both. It took the best part of a couple of hours to clear the house ...

upstairs and down. My colleague spent the same amount of time clearing the garden ... front and back.

I always test the energy (with my pendulum) of a house and garden, both before and after the cleansing. The 'before' energy test showed the house to have almost no energy whatsoever. The bedroom in which the portals had appeared had the most energy (negative), as did the bathroom next to it (also negative). The entire downstairs rooms were the absolute worst.

Lots of energy existed in the garden - all negative. My colleague was rapt to see fairies in it when she'd finished.

I have to be honest and say that if I hadn't had Archangel Michael's help, it would have taken me a great deal longer to clear the downstairs. As it was, he told me what to do ... and now I have extra ammunition in my entity-fighting arsenal.

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The first portal I ever closed was in the bedroom of my son's friend. Jeffrey told me he knew someone who could help. Such faith! At that time, I'd never closed a portal! A couple of days later, I saw Jeffrey's friend ... who thanked me for my help. Although I 'acted dumb', he said he knew it had been me that Jeffrey had told.

It was gratifying to know that I'd made a difference for him and his partner. While the portal was open, they argued lots. Once the portal had been closed, their relationship improved.

I've learnt a lot about closing portals since this event!

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Closing portals and changing energies sometimes requires an awful lot of energy, and at those times I am quite bushed when I have finished. Having said that, I must

admit I wouldn't stop! Once the portal in the house has been closed, the inhabitants are happier, the space feels 'warmer' and 'calmer' – even pets respond!

The same can be said of office spaces, where the staff have less sick days, productivity increases and the number of errors decreases.

Although there are lots of people who claim to clear space (for which I always interpret that to mean, clearing negative energy), I don't know anyone else who can close portals. I'm not the only one, obviously, but we tend to be quiet about it.

'Playing' with energy is not just for making houses inhabitable, I have also cleaned houses that the owners want to sell. This involves ensuring the very best energy is in and surrounding the property, plus putting safeguards in place to ensure that prospective buyers do not traipse their negative energies and entities all over the place. The benefit, of course, is that the house becomes easier to sell.

Negative entities are spirit beings existing on the astral, differing in size from tiny beings to the horror creatures of nightmares. All entities, no matter what type, are energy vampires, which feed on your energy, leaving you with low energy and vitality. People who come to your house can bring their entities with them ... and leave without them! This is why it's important to have the safeguards in place when a house is open for inspection.

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Actually, changing the energy is not the only way to make a house more habitable. Sometimes, the house has to be healed.

I have often said that houses look sad – to which my boys would raise their eyebrows and shake their heads. These houses need healing, which is the structure itself rather than the spaces (rooms) inside.

A house which is sad and filled with negative energy is not going to have happy people living there and if the house is for sale, its never going to be an appealing place for would-buyers.

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My energy healing journey is about take another path as the angels have a special task ahead for me ... I'm hoping to announce that in the new year.

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I like having the ability to manipulate energy – and I enjoy teaching other people how to work with energy, too. I have lots of great feedback stories from students ... but think they'll have to wait for another time. 😊

The Last Word

My intention when writing this book is that it would be a help to anyone struggling with being psychic, provide ah-hah moments or bring comfort to others.

My heartfelt hope is that it has answered some of your questions – questions you may not be able to ask of the people you know – or brought you a modicum of peace.

If this book has raised more questions for you, perhaps the answer will be somewhere on my website, www.silverwolfmoon.com.

I wish you all the best on your personal journey of discovery.



Barbara

About the Author



Barbara Rose is an hereditary psychic, angel channel, energy healer, and metaphysical teacher.

She is here to help you: know your self, understand and develop your gifts and talents, connect to your own inner wisdom, and journey through a life that is meaningful to you.

When she's not pouring over workshop notes for the next report, booklet, book, or course she goes for long walks with her Siberian husky, sews her latest cross-stitch project, or hunches over a jigsaw puzzle. (The owl on the wall behind her is a jigsaw puzzle.)

You can discover more about Barbara at www.silverwolfmoon.com.