

*Excerpt from What Is Life Without Thee!*

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

**The Media Beckons-Love Attracts!**

On New Year's Day I was forced to get up early, since Craig had awoken Oliver with his snoring. Mom had decided to telephone me early too, an act indicative of her intention to have Paula over at her house for the day. She would always phone early when such was the case, so as to ensure that I wouldn't get in the way of her 'quality time'. It didn't bother me, though: I was used to it by now. Seeing as I had been successful in getting Oliver back off to sleep and Craig was still sleeping too I, therefore, decided to start the day off with a short meditation. Going into my interior world, I had a lovely vision of Pegasus...flying toward me, Pegasus being my symbol at such times if Jack, too, was spiritually connecting with me, from Plymouth. As the first day of the New Year drew to its close I sat with my diary, pen in hand, to see whether my inspirers would come through, or if I would be naturally inspired; and this poem came through:

Be Glad to see the world wake up  
Bet Glad to undertake  
To give yourself so pleasantly  
To give and not to take.

You may not know the reasons  
Your life may not be clear  
Of which way are you travelling  
Of what life holds so dear.

Be glad to be of service  
In everything you do  
To lighten others' problems  
Will change your life anew.

The next two days came and went without incident, and I would return to my work once more. I received the final papers of my Greater World course through the post, the final examination now looming ever closer as a natural consequence—something else for me to be nervous about. I had a full weekend of Church work to do, the first of many ahead of me, and so I prayed that I would excel in God's work this year. The following week was just as busy work-wise, so I was mighty glad when Friday night came because that meant I could have a lie-in on Saturday morning. Craig was out attending yet another of his darts matches, so, taking a book and my writing, I decided to retire to bed early and just relax; well, that was the plan.

It was turned midnight, and Georgiana was in her room listening to late-night radio: the Ian Perry show on Beacon Radio, to be exact. Craig hadn't yet returned from his darts match, and so Georgiana called me to her room. 'Listen!' she said. So I turned my attention

to the broadcast on her radio, and listened: It was a questions & answers show, on the topic of Psychic Matters. ‘They’re going to phone you in a minute, Mom: I volunteered you’, she said excitedly, at which point the nerves in my stomach did a gambol. Apparently, she had telephoned the show telling them that her mother was a psychic medium. Then, before I even had time to think, the telephone rang. And as I picked up the receiver, a bright-sounding voice said, ‘Hello Jenny! You are live on the Ian Perry show!’ Oh boy: was I put on the spot. Ian Perry asked me if I could tell the listeners what the difference was between a ‘ghost’ and a ‘spirit’, since there was some confusion over matter; at which point I went on ‘automatic’ mode, just doing what I do. After having explained the difference, Ian asked if I could sense anything around a person who was on the other telephone line. Obviously, I hadn’t prepared for this eventuality, especially having ‘come down’ after a day’s work; but, anyway, I managed to link with a couple of names regarding persons who had passed on, and to whom this person could relate. Now despite having been virtually ambushed by this late-night event, under the circumstances I thought I handled myself fairly well. But then, to my further surprise, I was invited to go along to the Beacon Radio studios to take part in Ian Perry’s chat show. When I got off the phone, such were my feelings of nerves and excitement that it was 4.00 a.m. before I finally got off to sleep.

The next morning, I was awake quite early...considering I didn’t get much sleep. Iris would be accompanying me to a psychic fair I was to be taking part in later on that night. She was always a good support to me at such events, and when I told her about the Beacon Radio situation she became really excited for me. Well, at least this year had started out differently to those preceding it, so the initial signs were pointing to the strong possibility that, maybe, this year would be a better one for me.

A couple of weeks had passed, and having heard nothing from the Beacon Radio studios I had as good as dismissed the matter. But then...the phone rang, not in any way different from its usual ring (breep...breep...), and, unlike nowadays, there were no alternative ring tones to warn me, in advance, of anything other than the ordinary. Therefore, thinking it was a booking I answered the call in my usual way...casually, only to be stopped dead in my tracks by a posh-sounding voice saying, ‘Hello. This is Beacon Radio...’ ‘So they did mean it, then’, I thought. I could hardly believe it. I mean, getting a slot on a radio show was quite something back then; no easy feat, I can tell you; hence my amazement. I agreed to go ‘on air’ in the early hours of Friday 24th January, so I would be making my way there on Thursday evening. Provisionally, Ian had asked me to do a ‘ghost bust’ the following week too—whatever that entailed?

They say that ‘time flies’, and so it did: already I was preparing for the journey there, and Georgiana said she would come with me to give support, especially since she had gotten me into it in the first place. We had to drive to Wolverhampton (where the Beacon studio was situated), and it was no easy task getting there either, since the turbulent feeling of ‘butterflies’ in my stomach was riotous throughout the journey. Nevertheless, we arrived at our destination about 11.30 p.m., ready to go on air from 12.00 ‘til 2.00 a.m. Once ‘on air’ Ian talked to me for a while, he asking a few general questions about myself, etc., in-between the music tracks he played. Then he took calls from members of the public, who asked various questions about psychic and spiritual matters; one or two of whom I gave messages from the Spirit world. Georgiana (who was sitting alongside me) joined in the proceedings by way of adding one or two witticisms, and after the show Ian showed us around the Beacon building—which, I detected, had its resident ghosts; as tends to be the case with many established, large buildings.

All in all, my time at Beacon Radio had been an enormously enjoyably experience. By the time we got back home to our welcome beds it was 4.30 a.m., and, in the aftermath, it would be two days before I finally ‘came down’ from being on such a wonderful ‘high’.

The following Thursday, I was to meet the Beacon team at a public house called the Squirrel, in Market Drayton. This establishment was purported to be somewhat haunted, and the show was advertised as a ‘Ghost bust’. Of course, these kinds of programmes have become exceedingly popular these days, such being televised by many of the different channels we now have at our disposal. But when I took part, there were only five terrestrial channels available; unless one was fortunate enough to have Sky Satellite Television, and, even then, such subject matter was virtually non-existent, apart from the odd ‘one-off’ transmission. Hence, I considered myself most fortunate to be involved in what was, then, a relatively new exercise in terms of broadcasting. I particularly enjoyed the experience; it made a change from the usual ‘picking up’ I performed for certain clients. You see, this situation was quite different in so much as I was, in effect, visiting the resident spirits themselves, and I would ‘see’ them objectively—as solid beings—and hold conversation with them. It reminds me of how it used to be back when I was a child, except, then, they frightened me half to death!

As well as spirits, there were ghosts present in this building, but in their case—unlike spirits—they were more translucent, not so solidly formed, due to the fact that the substance of their shape consisted only of the remaining, empty, etheric shell of their former self. Making their ‘impression’ on the ethers, these empty vessels—devoid of intelligence—continue to go ‘through the motions’, as it were, constantly replaying some previously set scene (like a video recording); their spirit obviously having been shocked out of their body on account of whatever sudden and/or frightful end they’d encountered when clothed in their physical, living existence. So whilst I would see these spectres, obviously, being lifeless, they would not be able register the light or energy of my presence because, in reality, they weren’t there!

There certainly wasn’t any lack of phenomena in this publican’s establishment, I can tell you that much! One lady, named Annie, had died as a result of jumping from a top window of the building. As she explained the circumstances of this hapless event I simultaneously witnessed it taking place on a translucent-type screen that hovered directly above where we were sitting, which was on a long, narrow Jacobean bench situated under the very window from which she had jumped. Apparently, someone had locked poor Annie in this room, wherein she had become increasingly desperate to get out; and the rest, as they say, is history. Anyway, although her spirit was intact, nevertheless, she was still stranded here. So, having gone through the harrowing event, both physically and visually, I then composed myself and prayed for her release; asking that someone come to collect her, thereby enabling her to return fully into the Spirit world.

Having performed a rescue on a damsel literally in distress, it made the whole affair at Market Drayton more than worthwhile. And on this occasion, as a plus, having insisted upon coming along—or should I say, having invited himself—Craig had driven me to the venue, but then had to wait downstairs with everyone else...in the bar. So this time I’m glad to report that, to my benefit, it wasn’t quite so easy for him to interfere with the proceedings.

By the time we got home it was 5.00 a.m., yet still, by 8.30 a.m. I was up and working again, so it could only have been adrenaline keeping me going. But my mind would soon be diverted to other matters of consequence: I had been visiting a lovely, young woman named Liz Rooney (she had been a client of mine) and at present she was waiting for a

heart and lung transplant. This was a particularly unfortunate situation because Liz had a young family, and so for their sakes, too, I tried my utmost best to be of support and help to her. I prayed so hard that a donor would be found; but, sadly, it just wasn't meant to be. In early February, I got a telephone call to say that Liz had been taken into hospital. When I got there she was on a life-support machine, her husband at her bedside, desperate with worry. It was such a sad sight to witness. Liz and I had previously talked about the 'worst case scenario' and that if such should prove be the case, then, of how it might be for her when having to return to the Spirit world. Until we knew the outcome for sure, in the meantime all I could do was continue to pray that God's Will be done and that, in any event, Liz would be at peace.

February, the month of expiation (atonement) was here, and the weekend Seminar I would be doing for Mrs 'B' was fast approaching. I had never been to Lytham St Annes and was very much looking forward to working there. As far as I knew, it was a lovely coastal town situated only three miles south of the bright lights of Blackpool. As always, Iris would be coming along...for moral support, of course, and everyone from Lynwood would also be there. I had only a short time in which to establish some form of order at home and to dispense the necessary instructions that might preserve stability and peace until my return. And now my case was packed and all ready to go. Craig was good enough to be driving us there, bringing Marty along for the ride. (Hubby wasn't all bad, I suppose.) On this particular seminar I would be working alongside other Mediums, one or two of whom I wasn't yet familiar with. But dear 'Z' was there, as were many others, such as healers and various supporters of the Lynwood Foundation; which, at its heart, was a charity organisation. The weekend had a very busy schedule. I gave various talks, tutored some classes on the subject of 'Spiritual Development' and gave a number of private sittings. A 'Questions & Answers' forum had also been organised, in which the audience participated by way of, first, presenting questions and then choosing which medium they would like to answer them. On the whole, I thought it went down rather well; although, unfortunately (dare I say it), even amongst fellow workers one could sense the malodorous air of competition, which I, for one, felt very sad about at such an event.

Most of the mediums were beautifully dressed in glamorous outfits. I wore a presentable dark-red skirt and a rather nice silk, floral-pattern top (which Georgiana had bought me as a Christmas gift). So I was mortified when—after having just received a standing ovation because my work was so well received—I was confronted by the narrow-minded pettiness of a certain medium and his gentleman friend, the duet having claimed that I didn't know how to dress properly. I could never have seen that coming; it came as quite a blow to my confidence, engendering a feeling of deep sadness within me, since I had only endeavoured to do my best in pulling together with everyone else. Anyway, 'the show must go on', as they say, and there was still the final night to get through, complete with finale show. I had decided to perform a song (something I still loved to do), though there was little time for rehearsals, especially since I had also been 'roped' into playing a role in a comedy sketch. So, the pressure was on.

I was downstairs (on the ground floor) with John Hardaker; he was playing the keyboard whilst I sang, 'Who are we...who doubt the things we see, a rose a leaf a tree: and who are they...who dare to say our love will never be.' There I was, singing to my heart's content when...'Z' came down the stairs and stood by, listening. 'You'll have Gwen to face, singing that', remarked 'Z', sternly, implying that she (who, as I've mentioned, was a beautiful soprano soloist) would somehow take offence. Actually, Gwen—for reasons best known to herself—had not attended this particular seminar, so I failed to grasp the nub of

the point he was making; and so, thinking that it was just a throw-away remark, I thought no more about it. Anyhow, after I had finished my rehearsal he came over and suggested that he and I perform a duet together, singing this very song. Now...feeling as I did about 'Z', then, naturally, I felt honoured at the prospect of singing a song with him. So, of course, I agreed. Our performance went down very well with the audience, just as did the whole seminar experience with just about everyone who attended. And Mrs 'B', the course's organiser, looked after her mediums marvellously well.

We were preparing for our return home when 'Z' approached me again: 'I've some bales of material, if they would be any good to you...for making clothes', he suggested. In the first instance, not thinking nor expecting such a remark, I merely thought he was being sincere. But within a few moments of the comment being made the insidious undertone of his remark began to sink in, and it occurred to me that something must have come to 'Z's attention regarding how someone, or other, had viewed my attire. Maybe 'Z' was genuine, but after me stupidly agreeing (and being thankful for the offer, to boot) it dawned on me that it may have been his 'polite' way of impressing that I needed new outfits if I was to do any more public work for him.

A point of interest here: Mediums can, at times, become a little oversensitive as a result of working with preternatural energies, such being what one engages with, by default, when participating in psychic/spiritual seminars. The conglomeration of such diverse energies as these tend to affect one's hormones and thought processes. Therefore, in the process of coming fully back 'down to earth' it can take a person quite some time, in terms of relating to people in the conscious, ordinary sense of everyday matters. To put it simply: your 'noodle' gets a bit fried! No lasting damage though, I'm happy to say; it just takes while to fully re-balance.

Craig and Marty having come to collect us, Iris and I would soon be back home where, for me, a busy schedule awaited. I would start at 8.30 a.m., and work through 'til 5.00 p.m. Then after providing everyone's' dinners I would be off out...doing party bookings, or else Church services.

I received another telephone call from Ian Perry, asking if I would go on Beacon Radio again; this time, sharing the 'slot' with a Hypnotist. I also got a call from the Greater World inviting me to take part in their 'Mind, Body and Spirit' show, which was being held on a Saturday in May, at the Olympia Exhibition Centre in London. My Friday-night circle at Ward End Church was still proving successful, there now being roughly twenty-five regular members, many of whom continued to show positive growth in terms of development of their individual, spiritual gifts. Though, work-wise, my diary was heavily booked, in-between commitments I endeavoured to meet my requirements as a 'Wife', 'Mother' and 'Grandmother' as best I could...without unduly upsetting anyone.

Thank you for reading....

Kind Regards

*Caroline J Knight*