

## The Miracle of Mediumship



Many have asked, so here goes: “Life changing.” That’s how my experience at Spooks’ College was. Yes, that’s what the locals call the place. They don’t know what you’re talking about if you get lost north of London and ask for the Arthur Findlay College of Psychic Sciences. I travelled there last week for the second time to attend a one-week intensive course called “Mediumship: Meeting the Needs of

Today.” I call AFC “Boot Camp for Mediums,” with sessions running from 9 am to 9 pm each day.

People were surprised when they heard I was going back to school. I’m grateful for that reaction. It shows that the evidence I’m able to bring through in my one-one-one readings as a medium is doing the job. That evidence is showing people that consciousness continues after death. I am awed by the connection I am able to achieve in a reading ... awed, but aware there is always room for improvement. If we think we know it all, we don’t know it all at all!

I travelled to England for two very specific reasons: to experience once again the special energy of the college and to study with the same wonderful tutor I had the first time I went to AFC, one of the greatest of the great mediums, Mavis Pittilla. Yes, I wanted to get more detailed evidence in my readings. Yes, I wanted it to flow with greater ease. But I especially wanted to learn techniques for doing public demonstrations of mediumship.

I’ve shied away from doing “dems” for several reasons, and all of them boiled down to one word: fear. Fear that I would make a contact and nobody in the audience would raise their hand. Fear that I would stand in front of an audience and sense nothing. I could go on with this list, but I think you get the idea.

It was a Skype call with Mavis last summer that pushed just the right button to move me past my fears. “How are your demonstrations going, Dear?” Mavis asked sweetly. I told her that I preferred to share the evidence from my one-on-one readings as part of my workshops. These stories share the miracle of mediumship and keep the audience fully engaged. This was a totally truthful answer that did not require me to admit my fears. And then Mavis made a statement that I experienced like a punch to the gut: “Yes, Dear,” she said, “but Jesus DEMONSTRATED the miracles.”

In my workshops I teach that anything that makes us uncomfortable is a sign of something we need to work on in ourselves. The gauntlet to do demonstrations had been thrown, and I signed up for the AFC course the very next day. From that moment on my guides, Sanaya, conspired to teach me how to overcome my fears. They did so in magical ways, gently leading and encouraging me, and always with the reminder that fear comes from our human side, but there is a greater side of us that knows no fear, only love.



Growth is not easy. Stretching ourselves often causes discomfort, and I was not immune from discomfort this past week in England. The group of 80 students was divided into 6 sub-groups, each led by one of six tutors. In the first small group session we

each had to stand and bring through a spirit contact to provide Mavis with a baseline of our abilities. The video of my awkward attempt is too painful for me to watch, but I was comforted that I was in the same boat with the rest of my fellow mediums.

I soaked up the feedback Mavis gave each of us and hung on every nugget of instruction that followed. (“You must not close your eyes. Move about. Engage everyone present. Feel the spirit in your solar plexus. Don’t over-analyze. Feel the difference between being in the Power and when you drop the connection. Don’t rush. Enjoy yourself – this is all about the joy of serving Spirit!”)



That evening I was chosen to demonstrate before a larger group of students than just our sub-group. Armed with all of Mavis’ feedback and instruction I eagerly stepped onto the platform ... and bombed.

Okay, those who witnessed my dem told me I did well, but I disagreed. Why? Because I didn’t feel the presence of the spirit and I most certainly did not feel joy. I felt as if I were flailing. I was totally in my head, caught up in my doubts. It’s no wonder I couldn’t hold the connection. I wanted to rush off the platform and head for the airport for the next flight home.

I went to bed beating myself up and awoke the next day in a gray cloud. I clearly recalled going through the same self-doubts six years earlier on my first visit to the college. In 2006 “Weepy Wednesday” lived up to its name. In 2015 I was just a bit ahead of schedule as I experienced “Tearful Tuesday,” questioning why I was putting myself through humiliation and pain and wondering how I was ever going to demonstrate the miracles.

That morning as I cried in frustration and yes, despair, I was grateful for the private room that had shocked me for its sparseness when I first arrived. In the privacy of my “cell,” I got down on my knees beside my bed and prayed for a miracle.

What followed was a series of miracles that left me sobbing—not from despair, but from awe at how Spirit works. My step-daughter, Susan, who is the reason I do this work, made her presence known repeatedly through other mediums and through a series of stunning synchronicities that would take days to write about. Once I acknowledged her message that she is my muse and my inspiration, the floodgates opened. Always a talker, Susan’s chatty teachings filled pages in my notebook, and she promised that she would be right there beside me from that day on every time I did a public demonstration.

Susan provided the miracles and Mavis provided the guidance and inspiration for each of us to achieve noticeable improvements by the end of the week. While still a bit awkward in the final video of my practice demonstrations, I can watch it with gratitude. Why? Because unlike my first failed attempts, I recall clearly being aware of the presence of the spirit I brought through. I recall feeling the flow of the evidence and knowing the flow was the result of not listening to the thoughts in my head, but to the voices of spirit in my heart.



I came home with a notebook filled with Mavis’ gems of wisdom. One of them will stay with me forever. She once again referenced one of my greatest role models, stating, “Jesus would not have been afraid to step onto the platform, for he knew that ‘the Father and I are one.’”

I feel that oneness every time I give a reading, and now, with Susan at my side (and even if she decides to let me fly solo) I look

forward to achieving that state of connection in future public demonstrations. Having connected with thousands of spirits in my sessions, I KNOW the spirit world is real. The evidence they have given me has left no doubt that our loved ones are still with us. Those on the other side dearly want to let us know that they are here, and I do not want to let them down.

This past Sunday I was scheduled to do a special session with Sanaya that had been on the calendar before I went to England. I've been leading these sessions for four years, and all have come to expect me to share the latest "wows" from my readings before bringing Sanaya through. When I arrived home from England I looked forward to getting more experience with public demonstrations before I demmed in front of "the home crowd." No one was expecting me to do a demonstration of mediumship that night ... not even my husband, because I just didn't do that.

But the date was December 6th, Susan's birthday. I realized that delaying a dem in front of my home crowd was nothing more than the old fears trying to make me forget all the miracles. How better to honour Susan and Spirit than to get out of the head, where doubts and fears fester, and into the heart, where the power of love resides.



You can witness my birthday present to Susan on the video filmed that evening by clicking the link at the end of this post. I explain my definition of a miracle at the beginning of the video, and we were all witness to a miracle that evening. There were several wonderful, verifiable pieces of evidence given to me by a father in spirit that evening as I allowed him to reconnect with his son. The miracle for me is that I felt

his presence. I enjoyed the contact. And I don't think I'll ever forget "Eastern Airlines."

I share the video (with the permission of the man's son) with a bit of hesitation because I can see things in it that Mavis could "ding" me on, but I'll get better. I share it because mediumship is about showing that consciousness continues beyond death ... giving those who no longer have a physical voice a chance to share with their loved ones again ... and this video does that. This, to me, is cause for celebration on many levels. This father's holiday message to his son and daughter and grandson is the same for all of you: "We're with you this season and always. Love never dies."

It is Spirit, and Love, and you who inspire me. May these words inspire you to realize who you really are—a beautiful, eternal soul. May they inspire you to push past your own fears and doubts about what you are capable of and to serve God and your fellow spirits with all of your heart.