Stories Along the Way

MARGARET M
Margaret McElroy (Margaret M) is one of the most internationally respected clairvoyants, channels and past-life healers. In *Stories Along the Way* she relates a collection of delightful and instructive incidents involving the World of Spirit from her long and varied career.

Margaret M has instilled loyalty in thousands of students and audience members around the world because of her enthusiasm and matter-of-fact attitude toward metaphysics as an integral part of our lives, and her dedication to improving the lives of all with whom she comes into contact. The stories contained within these pages relate many of her remarkable experiences with the World of Spirit and provide the reader with meaningful insight into the psychic realms.

Margaret M’s aim has always been to clarify conceptions and misconceptions about metaphysics, and to show how astrology and past-life regression healing can help you overcome the Self to achieve peace, contentment, success, and order in your life.

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Margaret McElroy
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Dedication

This book would not have been written without the help of my wonderful husband, Alan. He is the wind beneath my wings in all that I do, and although I get all the glory, he constantly works in the background making sure that I have all that I need to do what I have to do. This book is also dedicated to my children, Petra who was my first child and whom I never forgot; to my son Stuart, daughter Amanda, and grandchildren, Angie Maree, Ashley and Jack. I wanted to leave a history of my work for my children and grandchildren and for any other grandchildren who may follow. I feel that I have now done that with this book.

Margaret McElroy,
July 2008
Introduction

Over the years of my spiritual work I have had many experiences which would defy most people. Some of them have even shocked and surprised me!

I have managed to achieve a great deal since 1985 in that I have been a professional clairvoyant, astrologer and metaphysics teacher. At the time of writing the first edition of this book, just before the beginning of 2000, I looked back on my life and was amazed at what I have done. From being a newspaper columnist to magazine columnist for three years with one of New Zealand’s most popular magazines, to radio shows, to addressing a group within the United Nations, I have indeed done well.

My path has not been an easy one and it certainly has been a lot of hard work working in an area in which there is no proof of sorts. I cannot show you the world of Spirit; it has to be believed. Over the years my experiences are sometimes the only things that have kept me going — the belief that we are not alone and that we do have spiritual beings that look after us.

This book is a compilation of these experiences. I hope that you will enjoy the recollections I have to share with you. Some of those stories deal with humans, others with property such as houses, and others with animals. They make fascinating reading. Enjoy!
The Dog On The Bed

I remember this experience so clearly even though it happened in 1990. At the time I was working on the Gold Coast of Australia. I had moved my alternative book and crystal therapy business there and was also doing readings from the business. My client was a woman who lived alone. While I was giving her the information in a reading, I felt the presence of an animal and mentioned this. I asked her if she had ever had a dog and she said that she had. I then got such a strong impression of the dog’s presence that I could have sworn he was in the room in physical presence.

The dog impressed upon me that he was still with his owner and that he still sat on the bed in her apartment. She told me quite clearly and adamantly that she no longer lived in the apartment she lived in when she had the dog. Again the dog insisted it sat on the bed and often slept there. Suddenly, without any prompting, I got a piece of paper and drew a picture of the bedroom in her apartment. I felt the dog was showing me how her bedroom was situated. I took her through her bedroom, furniture item by furniture item.

When we got to the bed I was able to describe in detail, the coverings and cushions. Not only was the woman surprised, but I was too. In the end she was in tears. It was then that the dog showed himself to me. He was small, and seemed to be a Scots Terrier. He had an unusually long tail, and seemed to have an eye that watered. She told me that this was exactly what her dog had looked like, and that before he had died he had a watery eye.
It took me a long time to get over that reading. I saw the woman again a few years later and she told me that every night before going to bed, she says hello to the dog, and she told me she really felt he was there. I knew he was of course, and had chosen to come back and still look after his mistress. This wasn’t the first time an animal had returned to give a message to its owner, and I have shared other stories about animals in this book, but this experience was quite a profound one for me.
The Young Boy Who Was Decapitated

I know that this sounds like a gruesome title, but my client one day was a woman who had lost her son. He had been killed in a motorcycle accident. She hadn’t come for a reading about him, but about her future with her husband. The son’s death had created problems of communication in her marriage. While I was talking to her and giving her the possibilities that lay ahead, I suddenly felt the presence of a young man. When I allowed him to come forward into my energy, I felt as if I were decapitated and my head was rolling and rolling. It wasn’t, surprisingly, a negative experience. The woman hadn’t told me how her son had died, but when I felt his presence and the feelings I was having, I informed her. When I told her I felt I had been decapitated, she broke down and cried. It was a release that was very necessary because, since her son’s death, she had really not grieved. She also confirmed that he had died in that manner.

When she had composed herself, I was able to tell her the message her son wanted to give her - that he was killed as he tried to avoid a dog on a country road. He relayed through me that a dog had run out on this country road. He had swerved to avoid it and ran into a wire fence, which had somehow decapitated him. He informed his Mother that he saw the whole thing because he found himself out of his body just before it happened.

He also gave her so much information about the family there was no denying that he was her son. The reading lasted a long time and thankfully I had no more appointments after this woman. I recorded her reading and...
she was able to let her husband listen to it. Her husband broke down and cried and did his grieving too. It brought both of them so close again and they were able to get on with their lives knowing that their son wasn’t dead in the literal sense of the word.

I kept in touch with them for quite some time and their lives changed after the reading. It is experiences like this that enable me to keep on doing what I am doing — to see the information I give to people doing some good. The work I do can be extremely taxing and some days after doing readings I am exhausted. This kind of experience makes it all worthwhile.
The Man With Arthritis

In 1992 my ex-husband, Paul, took over the work of spiritual healing as I was busy doing other work. However, in the early days of my career I did a lot of spiritual healing. One day when I had only been doing healing work for about six months, a man came around to the house and asked if I did healing. A friend had told him that I did this kind of work.

I informed him that I did do healing and asked if he would like to make an appointment? This was duly made, and a few days later he came for his session. His hands and feet were badly affected by arthritis, so much so that he couldn’t walk well. His hands weren’t as bad with the arthritis but it was restricting him at his job as a carpenter.

I informed him that it might take a few sessions before he experienced relief because those in Spirit would have to break down a few layers of negative energy. He indicated he understood this and I began to do the healing.

He informed me that he could feel extreme heat coming out of my hands and could actually feel this heat going around his body. The session took about 30 minutes. I felt exhausted after the session but that is quite normal when a lot of energy is transmitted.

The following morning I had a phone call from his wife informing me that he had slept the best he had ever slept and woke up with no arthritis at all. In fact, he had helped her do the dishes after breakfast and, “Did he need to come again?” I left it up to them to make the decision and he never came back.
I caught up with them a year later. The arthritis hadn’t returned and he looked absolutely fabulous. I was just in awe at the power of the healing energy and that after only 30 minutes this man was totally healed.
The Blind Man’s Daughter

This woman came for a reading for herself, but ended going home with something completely different. As I started to read her I became aware of a huge Alsatian dog sitting on the table in front of us. The dog was so big it almost obliterated the view of my client. Of course, the dog wasn’t on the physical plane but on the etheric plane. It was determined that I was going to see it. It was the slobbering out of the dog’s mouth which got me. I could almost feel the saliva dropping on my hand. The dog was so REAL. I mentioned the dog to the young woman and described it to her. She broke down and cried and informed me that the dog was her father’s guide dog. Her father was blind and this had been his first dog. All the while I was talking I was recording the conversation, as I always do with my readings. The dog dominated the entire conversation. It impressed so much information upon me about himself and his owner. The girl didn’t mind. She told me that her father would really appreciate it.

A few days later I got a phone call from the man’s wife asking for a reading. When she came, she told me that her husband had broken down and wept when he heard the tape because he knew then that the dog hadn’t died. She told me that since listening to the tape he had been a changed man. That was one reading that didn’t turn out as expected but somehow I didn’t feel guilty about it.
Psychic Surgery

One of my clients informed me that her mother had a dream in which she was told that she was to visit me for healing. After the dream, she went to the doctor who informed her that she should see a faith healer because he didn’t feel he could do a great deal for her. This woman had a brain tumor. The woman’s daughter asked me if I would see her mother. Of course, I said, “Yes,” and so an appointment was made.

The woman was a little frightened, but we managed to get through the first session. As I was halfway through I suddenly “saw” a man appear in the room. He wore old-fashioned clothing and had a moustache and deep dark eyes. He started to walk around the woman as if he were assessing her situation. A few times he put his hand to his mouth as if to say, “hmmm”! I just continued doing what I was doing with the healing, but all of a sudden I felt a change of energy and knew that this man had blended with me and he was now doing the healing.

After about an hour the session was complete. The woman went home and slept for twelve hours. She never had any problems again and for about five years after her treatment I was able to keep in touch with her. I have since lost touch with her as I moved away. It was the only time this happened and I was in awe of the whole experience. The man who helped me seemed so “real.” It opened up my eyes and allowed me to see a psychic operation because that is what I feel it was.
Stories Along the Way
On my return from a year in the USA I decided to do some readings in Auckland, New Zealand, before returning to my home. One of my clients was a lovely woman in her fifties. I had just started the reading and I felt the presence of a man to her left. I sensed that this man was her husband and, as soon as I became aware of him, I asked the woman if her husband had died. She informed me that he had died two months before. As she said this the man began to impress upon me that he was so sorry, but instead of saying he was sorry to his wife he seemed to be saying he was sorry to me personally.

I told his widow this and she informed me she wasn’t surprised. Eighteen months before he had died she had come for a reading to me when I lived in Auckland, New Zealand. During that reading I had told her that her husband’s health wasn’t good. He was very tired and a workaholic. I had told her that if her husband didn’t take care of his health, in 18 months time he would have serious problems with his health. She returned home to tell her husband of this and he had said it was a load of rubbish, that he felt fine, and to leave him alone. She did so and never mentioned it again.

She watched his health deteriorate each month while he kept insisting that he was fine. Finally, 18 months after the reading, he had a massive stroke and died instantly. No warning, nothing. He had come back to say he was sorry to me for not listening. The man then proceeded to give his wife detailed information about their private affairs, which
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helped her enormously in her future. I was amazed! It was the first time this had happened, and it hasn’t happened since. I learned a lot from this experience though. I learned to give the message, and it is then up to the person who receives it to act upon it. My responsibility ends when I have given the message.
The Rape Victim

I remember this reading so well because I was traveling around New Zealand and had stopped off to work in Palmerston North. My client was a young girl of about 17. She was very reserved and shy. As I started to tell her about her future and the possibilities and opportunities that lay ahead of her, I felt the presence of a man at her side who told me that he was her father and he wanted to tell her he was sorry.

As I started to tell the young lady this information, she became horror stricken. The fear on her face was unbelievable. She actually thought her father was in the room in physical presence. It took a lot to calm her down. The father had really done some harm to this woman. It took a lot of counseling to get her to believe that her father was indeed dead, in the physical anyway, and that he actually wanted to say he was sorry. I pointed out to her that he couldn’t rest in Spirit while his conscience was troubled by what he had done to her.

I counseled her to forgive him and release him from what I termed his Hell. The young woman finally saw this, and together we released her father. It was a very emotional situation and one in which I took a lot of negativity on board from my client. This appointment went half an hour longer than usual and, for the rest of the day, I was off schedule. I finished very late in the evening, but it was worth it to know that one soul was free from his purgatory, or soul memories, and one young lady would go home and feel a lot better about herself. She would never forget, but
she did forgive, and that is one of the most important things.

Note: One of the reasons I now do only a limited number of one-on-one readings is because I tend to absorb the negativity that my clients have around them. If they have fear, insecurity, or any other negative condition, I seem to take that on board whenever I do a reading with them. They leave feeling light and airy and renewed while I have to lie down and often am not well for the rest of the day. When I do readings on the phone this normally doesn’t happen because I am not in their physical presence. Of course, this means that when I do take it on board, the person I am working with feels so different, and I am, after all, getting paid for doing that. As I have raised my vibration I have learned how to balance my workload, hence the decision to do mostly telephone and e-mail readings.
The Disbeliever

I had just moved to New Zealand and this woman was one of the first people I saw in Rotorua on one of my day trips to work there. She was married but very unhappy. She was also terrified, like many women, of leaving her husband because of the security. I could see that if she left her husband she would go to Australia and meet a wonderful man who would be her soul mate. He would also be younger than her. She told me that she thought that what I was telling her was a load of rubbish. Not in those terms, of course, but I could see she didn’t believe me. I knew what I saw and knew that if she let it happen it would fall into place. Six years later I was on the Gold Coast of Australia working. My client was a vibrant woman in her forties although she looked younger.

As she sat down she said she couldn’t believe that she had found me as she had been trying to do so for two years. She was the woman in Rotorua, and she had, indeed, finally left her husband and gone to Australia and all that I had told her had happened. Her new man was younger than she was and he was indeed her soul mate. I had said to her in Rotorua that one day she would say out loud that she didn’t believe she could be this happy, and two weeks before my trip to Australia she had done this and thought of me.

Shortly after that she saw my advertisement in the paper. I was able to give her another reading, this time giving her lots of information about her and her partner and their new business ventures. This time she said she wasn’t a disbeliever. I know that she will also let it happen, and it will bring her a lot of happiness.
Stories Along the Way
The Horse Who Came Back To Comfort His Mistress

As I sat doing this reading, I became very much aware of a horse in the room on the etheric plane. He was beautiful. I knew he was male and I knew that he was my client’s horse when she was a child. She had put him down because of an injury, but had never been free of the awful feeling of guilt at what she had done. The horse indicated through thought that he held nothing against the woman, and that he hadn’t suffered in any way by what she had done. He informed her that he would have been in pain had she not done so. He gave her so much personal information that she couldn’t deny it was her horse, from his favorite foods to his favorite blanket. She released a great deal of emotions.

A few days after the reading, she phoned me to say that she had never felt so good. She felt as if a huge block had been removed. For once, after that reading, I didn’t take on any of her conditions and was able to carry on and even finish at the end of the day feeling wonderful. I was told later that the horse took it all on because it was able to do so.
Stories Along the Way
On one of my trips to California a friend asked me if I would do some readings for some friends of hers. One of these readings brought home to me the realization that dying isn’t the only form of death. There is a very slow death too in which the person doesn’t leave the physical body. My client was a lovely woman in her thirties. I started the reading and, as usual, began to feel that a soul was standing at her side. I acknowledged this soul silently in my mind and she began to inform me that she was this woman’s mother. I asked my client if her mother had passed over into the world of spirit and she said she hadn’t. Again the soul with my client insisted that she was the mother. I thought perhaps the woman was adopted and this was her birth mother. She said she hadn’t been adopted. Once again, the soul at her side insisted she was her mother.

From the mother I received a lot of information about when her daughter had delivered her son. Her mother had brought the child into the physical world, from Spirit, and she told me all about the delivery room and what had happened. The woman was stunned because it happened exactly as I was describing it. It was then that my client informed me that her mother was still alive, but in a nursing home in Chicago with Alzheimer’s disease. I realized that, although her mother was technically alive, she was actually not. Something was keeping the body alive, but the mother’s soul had left her body and was now in Spirit. Both my client and I were so amazed. Everything pointed to that fact, and we couldn’t deny it. The mother then went on to give her daughter predictions for the future, which have
since occurred. It brought home to me the fact that, although the body can still be alive, the soul can move on. I have had a few similar cases since then but none as incredible as this one.
How It All Began

People often ask how I got into this work. It happened by accident. I wish I could say I was psychic as a child, but I wasn’t. My psychic awareness, or intuition, began in my late teens and became very strong when my first daughter, whom I gave up for adoption, was born. From then on I was frightened of the energy and I begged God to take it away. I was also very religious at the time and was terrified of the devil and Satan. Of course, it just got stronger. I had some incredible experiences along the way; some of them I will share with you later.

When I was 35 I lived in a small community in Buxton, NSW, Australia. I became friendly with a girl whose name was Diane. We both had a hyperactive child. I offered to help Diane by talking to her about the diet my son was on. I went to her house and as I walked through the door, I felt the presence of a woman. My eyes were riveted to a photo on the table of an elderly woman.

“Who is that woman?” I asked Diane. “That is my Nana,” she said.

“Did she have the initial ‘E’?” I asked.

“Yes,” Diane said, “she was called Emmy.” Just then I felt very strongly that she had come to take Diane’s father over into the spirit world. I didn’t know what to tell Diane about this because I didn’t want to hurt her in any way, but it was such a strong feeling.

“Is your father in good health?” I asked.

“Not at the moment,” Diane said, “He is in the hospital.”
I had an ominous feeling. Diane must have sensed this because she said, “Tell me what you see or feel because I know you do feel something.” I then told her that I felt that her Dad may get quite sick, but Diane went on to tell me that her Father was coming home the next day from the hospital. I thought it was my imagination, but the woman in the photograph wouldn’t go away and insisted he wasn’t coming home. I chose not to pursue the feeling and leave matters well alone.

The following morning, Diane telephoned and informed me that her father wasn’t coming home as anticipated because in the night he had developed a bad thrombosis in his leg. I again felt that same ominous sense I had felt the day before. I remember telling Diane not to be surprised at what happened, but she couldn’t recall this later. All of that day I didn’t feel well. It was as if I were waiting for something to happen. I have had this feeling many times in times of trouble, but never as bad as I had it that particular day. I didn’t get to see Diane that day, but she rang me that night after visiting the hospital. She told me that her father was very upset because he couldn’t come home and had commented to his family that he didn’t think he was going to make it home. His wife told him not to be silly and that he would be coming home. I again made no comment; I just couldn’t as I knew that what he had said was true.

The following morning at 7:30 a.m., I had a phone call from a friend of Diane’s telling me that Diane’s father had passed away in the night. Apparently, the thrombosis had worsened and he had died from a blood clot in the heart. I was devastated. In all the years that I had been intuitive, this was the first time I had experienced anything as intense as this. Over the next few days I didn’t see Diane as she and her family were busy making the funeral arrangements.
and contacting friends and family. After it was all over Diane telephoned and asked if she could come around to see me. Of course, I said “Yes.” The following day I felt a presence so strongly with me. I wasn’t frightened, but it was very powerful and it seemed to want to take me over. I felt that this was alright, and allowed it to happen. I then felt the presence of Diane’s father, Jack.

He told me through thought communication that he wanted to see his wife and family. I didn’t know where Diane’s mother lived; however, I left a message on Diane’s answering machine. It didn’t take her long to contact me. I felt silly saying that I had her father with me, and that he wanted to speak to his family, but I told her all the same. She told me she would speak to her mother and do what she could. A few hours later, Diane’s husband telephoned and told me that he would pick me up that afternoon if it was alright. I said it was. My own husband didn’t get home from work until 6:00 or 7:00 p.m., and the children had gone on a school trip so I was free.

When Diane’s husband picked me up (his name now escapes me because it was such a long time ago) he started to sing “That old black magic has me in its spin,” and I knew he was mocking me. I took no notice and focused on the energy inside of me. I felt as if I would burst. We finally got to Diane’s mother’s house and it was then that I felt such a strong feeling of emotion. Diane came out to meet me and took me inside. As we walked into the open-plan kitchen and lounge area I asked, “Why have you moved the plants?” I was as surprised as they were when I asked that question, and even more surprised when they said they had moved them to get the coffin into the house before the funeral, but how did I know? I told them that Jack had told me.
As soon as I sat down, I started to receive information from Jack about where he had left certain personal items, including an insurance policy the family knew nothing about. He told me it was in the garage. Diane’s sister looked where I said it was and found it. She also found a box with all sorts of mementos, just as he said. His wife said he never kept anything like that, but he had and the proof was there.

I stayed longer than I should have and incurred the wrath of my husband for not having dinner ready for him. All that week Jack was with me giving the family information — which was all true, but he kept the best news for last. Or should I say, the worst? On the day before Jack left me and moved on into Spirit He told Diane through me that her husband was having an affair with her cousin. The words tumbled out of my mouth before I could say anything. I felt so awful because it was devastating news for Diane. I had no idea personally that he was having an affair, so it was as much a shock for me as for her.

After much investigation it turned out to be true, and Diane asked her husband to leave. She felt utterly betrayed and what made it worse was that her cousin, who had been visiting her, acted as if nothing were wrong. Just before Jack left he gave Diane a whole load of clairvoyant information which all came true over the years.

On the day he left, Diane was with me. She was coping admirably with her marriage situation and thanked me for what I had done. She said it was better to know than not know and be living a lie. Jack appeared to me on the astral plane standing with his faithful shepherd dog that he used to have. Diane confirmed that it was his dog when I described it, and then they were gone.
I felt such a peace, but the following day I was so tired I couldn’t walk. It took me three days to recover before I had enough energy to go out again. Shortly after we moved away to another state, Diane’s sister bought my house. I discovered that her father had been to my house and liked it when it was on the market. I was a Justice of the Peace and he had come to have some papers signed. He showed an interest in the house then for his daughter Christine. However, it wasn’t until after he died that it was sold to his daughter.

Following this experience I went into my bedroom and spoke to God. I told God that I was ready to work for Him and that I was no longer frightened, but that I didn’t want to “see” anyone. Within a few years, I found my teachers and began my training. That is how it began. I have never forgotten this experience and I never will.
The Alcoholic

I had been doing readings for about a year when, one day, a woman came in for a reading. During the reading I saw that her husband was an alcoholic and that was why she had come to see me. I told her this and she agreed with me. She had come to, as she said, “The end of her rope,” with her husband. He was constantly drinking, and it was so bad that she didn’t know what to do. She said that her husband wanted help but didn’t know what to do. I told her that I could help her husband. I felt that I could; it was another of my inner feelings. I asked her to tell her husband that if he wanted help I would help him that evening. However, he had to make the appointment, not his wife.

Within an hour of the woman leaving, Steve, her husband, called and made an appointment for that evening. Just before he came I had such a strong feeling to protect myself, so I asked, as always, for protection to be given to me.

As he walked down from his car to my house, which was quite a way from the street, I sensed his energy. It wasn’t good. When he came close to me, shook my hand, and introduced himself, I felt a shudder in my aura. Without further chitchat, I took him down to my sanctuary for his reading.

As soon as I sat down with him and opened myself up to Spirit, I felt the presence of an energy. It wasn’t a pleasant one. Steve became aware of it too and asked me if he had someone attached to him. I had to tell him, “Yes,” there was something attached to him, and it didn’t like me at all. Then, as if it knew my thoughts I felt it go outside the
room. Steve immediately felt this and commented on it. I looked out the door and could see a shadow standing outside. It was almost dark outside but I could clearly see it in the gathering dusk. It was as if a huge weight had been lifted off Steve, and he broke down and cried. He told me that eight years earlier he had been a gambling man, and a bad one at that. He wasn’t married then and, to save money for gambling — which was his only interest in life — he had gone to live above an undertaker’s shop. He told me that shortly after he moved in he felt a presence in the room and then wanted very badly to have a drink. He finally succumbed to the feeling and that is how he started drinking.

I knew immediately that he had picked up a soul who was, as we term it, “earthbound.” Let me say now that this phenomenon is very rare and only happens to beings who have addictions or who are very weak in spirit. I have only known it to happen a few times in my career and it is easily dealt with. At the time of doing the reading though, I wasn’t able to clear it myself. Often, a soul cannot move on — or doesn’t want to move on — and they can attach themselves to another soul to get the gratification or the substance (such as alcohol, tobacco or drugs) which they can’t let go of. When this happens they become earthbound and the soul who they are attached to usually doesn’t understand what is happening to them. All they know is that they change for the negative rather than the positive.

I had never experienced anything like this before, and I certainly didn’t know how to clear the energy that was attached to this man. I did, however, send him to someone I knew. I heard within a few days of the reading that he had followed through and got help, received some treatment on
a spiritual level, and had stopped drinking altogether. He no longer felt the urge to gamble either.

I kept in contact with his wife for a number of years and learned that he never went back to drinking or gambling again. I will never forget though the malevolent hate this energy had for me or the anger it exhibited. Even now, it is as clear in my mind as if it happened yesterday.
Stories Along the Way
Electronics And Radio

As I have grown spiritually over the years, I have had incredible experiences with the spiritual energy that I use. In 1995 I was resident clairvoyant on a radio station in Auckland, New Zealand. The station is no longer active, but at the time I was on air it was a popular station.

The first day in the studio to do my program was almost my last. I could feel the energy coursing through my body before I arrived at the radio station. When I got there the problems got worse. The woman who was helping me was a regular announcer and had never experienced any problems before on her program. That is, until I walked into the studio.

Suddenly, all the electronics started to go haywire. Not only were the dials on the panel going crazy, but the transmitter was also affected and we went off air for a period of time. It was very scary, to be honest, because I had no idea at the time what was happening, but I knew it was connected to my energy. I finally asked those in Spirit to just lessen the energy coming through and it settled down. We were finally able to do the program without further problems.

I have had enormous problems with supermarket checkouts as well. In Australia in 1992, I went shopping in Woolworth’s in Maryborough in Queensland. As I came to the checkout to pay for my items, all the computers went down. There was panic at the stations as the electricity was still on -- lights, fans, etc, but no computers. I had a strong feeling that it was my energy, so I pulled back from the checkout till which was computerized and the computer
went back on. As I moved closer, it went off again. The girl at the checkout noticed this and I said to her, “It’s my energy; it does this now and again.” She looked at me really strangely, but she could see that when I moved away the computer was alright, and when I moved close it shut down.

I got the exact money out of my purse for the small amount of items that I wanted to purchase and gave it to the girl at the till and left. I knew it would be so hard to try to explain; they would probably think I was insane or something. I never went back to the supermarket and it didn’t happen again for another year. It happened again at a Target store. This time I said nothing. I just stepped back as much as I could, let the computers re-boot, paid for my stuff and left.

Since those two incidents it has happened so many times. I love to hear the checkout girls saying, “I don’t know what’s wrong,” and “It’s never done this before!” I have learned to say nothing. They would never believe me even if I did.
The Cattle Truck

If I hadn’t had my girlfriend, Carolyn Uebergang, with me at the time I honestly don’t think I would have believed what happened! I was living in Australia and had just started traveling around Queensland to do my work. My then ex-husband wouldn’t travel with me, so Carolyn chose to come with me. Carolyn had just lost her husband, Bob, who had died from liver cancer. It was a sad time for her and I think she just wanted to get away from the memories.

I decided to go to Mackay in Queensland, and Carolyn and I set out in the car for a week of work there. It was summer and quite hot. Just past Rockhampton, as it got dryer and hotter, a cattle truck filled with sheep passed us. It sprayed urine and feces over Carolyn’s white car. It was really dirty and we could hardly see out of the window. I became concerned about this but we knew there wasn’t another gas station to clean the car for quite some miles.

I decided to ask for help from those in Spirit and said quite openly, “Come on you people upstairs, we can’t see out of the car windshield. Make it rain so that we can get the car cleaned.” I actually said it in fun, but got the shock of my life, as did Carolyn, when five minutes later it started to rain. It was just a shower, but it cleaned the car and allowed Carolyn to wash the windshield. Just as quickly as it had come, it stopped. We were in shock — dumbfounded. We didn’t speak for a long time after that, we just couldn’t. I don’t think I have ever experienced anything like that since. I am sure that if another such situation were to arise it would happen again.
Contact With Spirit

When I do my work, I am working on three levels. I see (clairvoyance), I hear (clairaudience), and I feel (clairsentience). It is difficult to explain what it feels like, but if I were to say it is like receiving a fax, email and phone call all at the same time and trying to interpret all three, that is what doing a reading is like.

In my many years of working as a channel/medium, I have been able to connect souls who have passed over to Spirit with their loved ones on the earth plane. Usually they come to say they are sorry. I always see them to the left of the person, standing at the side. As I look at them they are to my right. I don’t actually “see” them as much as feel them, but the “feeling” becomes a “seeing” and I am able to ascertain facial features and certain characteristics.

This isn’t something that I normally do, as my main purpose is to let people know of the opportunities and possibilities that lie ahead of them. Occasionally though, I have contact with a soul who has passed over that comes back to give a message. Usually, the message is that they are sorry for what they did or said when they were alive. This frequently creates a massive healing crisis for the person having the reading, and I regularly go through a large box of tissues every month.

The work I do uses a lot of energy, and people who come for a reading usually have no idea of how much energy is expended. They see me sitting there, smiling, and giving the information without any visible effort. They certainly don’t see what happens to me after a reading — how it can affect my health and well-being. It is incredibly
exhausting because one is working with energy not only from this world, but also from the world of another dimension. I really have to pace myself because, if I don’t, I can become quite ill. It is work that I really enjoy though and that is the main thing. It is incredibly rewarding to see clients change — walking in the door sad, unhappy, with no direction, and then leaving feeling on top of the world and finally with something to live for.
Two Separate Ghosts In The Same House

In 1993, I was writing a column for the *New Zealand Woman’s Weekly* as well as the *Taupo Times* newspaper. The *Taupo Times* allowed me also to do a column for a Taradale, Napier newspaper, which is near Hastings. It was a very similar column to what was in the *Taupo Times*, but changed very slightly.

Just before I started writing the column for the Taradale newspaper I got a call from a woman in Napier. She lived just out of town in a house which was also a restaurant/shop. Each day this woman had lots of people through the house — tourists who really enjoyed visiting. There was, however, one problem. There was a certain place on the stairs in the house where there was a terrible “cold spot.” It was so cold that people were afraid to go any further. Numerous people had mentioned this, and the owner of the house felt as if she had a ghost in the house.

I thought this might make a wonderful lead-in story for my column in the Taradale newspaper. I rang them and they were very keen to meet me at the house with a photographer and a reporter to do the story.

I met them a few days later and we went into the house. As soon as I entered the house I could feel the energy. I am super sensitive, and I felt very strongly that I could remove the entity that I sensed there. As I walked through the kitchen I became aware of a woman doing some baking in the kitchen. She was oblivious to me. She was just baking, unaware that other people were around her. She was in another dimension, trapped in time as it were. I mentioned this lady to the owner who seemed surprised as she didn’t
know of this presence. The baking lady was no trouble. I didn’t feel a malevolent spirit at all, just a woman who didn’t want to leave.

I “tuned in,” asked about her, and started to receive information. I gave this information to the owner who told me that the spirit owned the house way back in the early 1900s. She was still wearing the clothes from those days too, the long skirt and the sackcloth apron.

We walked on toward the stairs, and as we did, I told the owner that as soon as I had cleared the spirit I had come to clear I would do the same with the lady in the kitchen. The energy on the stairs was a man. He was very upset that people were disturbing his peace. It turned out he had lived in the house as a lodger at the same time as the woman in the kitchen. There were two ghosts in this house. Both people died at different times and neither ghost wanted to leave, yet neither of them knew of the other’s presence!

I was able to clear the male energy from the stairs very easily, and then proceeded to clear the lady in the kitchen. She also went with no problems. While we were having a cup of tea afterward, we found it quite amusing that the two souls could live in the same house and yet be oblivious to each other. The newspaper photographer and the reporter were in a state of shock because they had been there, experienced it, and taken part in a way. It really shook them up and also quite impressed them.

My story was the opener to a wonderful year of writing for the Taradale newspaper. It is a story though that I will never forget and, after my visit, the two spirits that had become trapped in time never bothered the owner of the house again.
The Bicycle

I often use this story in my teaching to demonstrate the power of the mind to create. We all have a very powerful Aladdin’s Lamp. It isn’t a lamp but our mind. It is so powerful that most people have no idea of their power or what they are capable of doing with it.

When I lived in Scarborough, Queensland, Australia, I didn’t have a car. My husband at the time took the car to work every day, and so I was left to walk the 5 kilometers into town. On the rare days when I had money I took a taxi. I longed to have a bike, so I decided to ask God for one. I couldn’t believe it when, a few days later, a friend asked me if I would like to have her old bike. I jumped at the chance. It was rather dirty because it had been stored in a shed for a long time. I cleaned it up and started riding it into town.

One day when I was riding into town, the thought came into my head of what would happen if I had a puncture. I had no idea of how to mend one, and I became a little afraid. On my way home from town, I got a puncture! I couldn’t believe it. It was as though I had wished it! I walked home with the bike and that evening my then-husband repaired it for me. He really should have shown me what to do, but he thought he was helping me by doing it himself while I cooked the dinner.

The next day I went out on the bike again, this time to visit a friend some distance away. Again, the thought came into my mind along with the fear of having a puncture. On the way home I got one again. I just couldn’t believe it; neither could my husband. During the following week I had
seven punctures — one per day. In the end my ex-husband refused to mend them. I was bereft; the bike thing was just not working out. It suddenly dawned on me that maybe my thoughts were creating the punctures.

It became very hard not to think about having a puncture after my husband repaired the puncture yet again — under great duress, may I add. I just kept telling myself that I wasn’t going to have a puncture every time a negative thought about it came into my mind. Three days later I still hadn’t had a puncture. A week later it was still the same. It was six months before I got another puncture and this time I wasn’t thinking about it at all; it just happened.

The whole situation made me realize just what the power of the mind can do, and how, if we aren’t careful, we can get into a pattern or a rut that we often don’t understand we are in. Thankfully, I was able to see it and understand that this experience was being given to me to learn from. I did learn and I am a better person for it. I learned that the more I think of something, the more it will happen. If I give it no energy, it doesn’t manifest. It was a valuable lesson.
A Glimpse Into My Past

In 1998, my ex-husband, Paul, started communicating via e-mail with a man in Los Angeles, California. A few months later we went to Los Angeles, and Paul suggested that we visit this man and his wife. I will call him, John, and his wife, Ann.

We only had the time to spend one day with them, and they made us very welcome. We had a wonderful day. From the moment I met John I was surprised to find that I had a strong attraction to him. He was indeed a lovely man, but certainly not what I would call “my type,” yet there was this incredible attraction. I have had this feeling with many men in my life and usually it has turned out to be a soul memory. I attributed the feelings that I had down to this thinking: perhaps I had known John in a past life.

Within a few days of our return home I started to get a pain in my left leg just below the knee. It was so painful that it started to spread, and I found walking to be very difficult. As my, then-husband, Paul, and I loved walking, it made life quite difficult. I said nothing to him about the pain because I honestly felt that if I gave no energy to it, it would go away.

Two months later the pain was still there and getting worse. I began to think I had something seriously wrong with me — like bone cancer or something — because the pain was so bad at times. Finally, I spoke to Paul and told him of my fears. He immediately tuned in to the problem clairvoyantly and allayed my fears. “It is from a past life,” he said.
He suggested that I do a past-life session that evening just before we went to sleep, which for me would be the best time as I was, as always, very busy with appointments during the day. By the time I went to bed that evening I was really ready to get rid of the pain.

Paul placed me in a meditation which enables me to go deep within myself and find the answers to my problems. I found myself drifting into a life in a place with snow. I immediately knew it was Canada. I also knew it was in the nineteenth century. I was so cold while I was back there in my soul memory.

I saw myself as a young wife with a two-year-old son and a new baby. My husband in that life was a trapper and hunter. He went away for days on end shooting and trapping animals for their fur and meat. While he was away I tended our children and looked after the cabin we lived in. In my meditation I could see the cabin. It was a log cabin, very sturdily built with separate rooms for sleeping, but the living room and kitchen were all one. We had an attic for guests who visited us or for people who were traveling and needed a bed for the night. Outside the house was a large pile of wood covered with leather made from animal skins.

I saw that I needed firewood while my husband was away. I went out into the yard to fetch it and climbed to the top of the pile. As I was throwing the wood down from the top of the pile, the rung of the ladder broke and I fell about two meters. As I did so, I fell heavily on my leg and felt it break.

I couldn’t walk, nor could I get help. There was only myself and the children; my husband had just left that morning. The children were in the house and the fire was almost out. I knew I needed to get back into the house and
tend the fire. I tried to move but the pain was so intense. I could feel the pain as I saw this happening; the pain in my physical leg was excruciating. When I told Paul this he started to give healing to the leg, which helped enormously.

As I went deeper into the vision, I saw that very slowly I pulled myself along the ground, trying also to hold on to some of the firewood. It took ages, but finally I got to the house, and managed to get inside. Once inside, I got my two-year-old son to put the wood on the fire. This burnt through very soon and the house became cold once again. We huddled together, my son, the baby (who I felt was another boy), and me, but it was so cold. Finally, when my husband came home a few days later, the baby had died, our young son was almost dead, and I was in a terrible state.

My husband did what he could to make us comfortable. Then he had to leave again to fetch the doctor who had to ride on a horse for miles to reach us. My husband also alerted neighbors along the way. The doctor had to get me very drunk to be able to set the leg in splints. I was aware of the pain of the process even though I was “out of it,” so to speak. I became so angry that I had been left on my own and that the baby had died that I couldn’t forgive my husband. From then on our marriage was in name only. My leg healed crooked and gave me constant pain. With all the anger inside of me that was never released in that lifetime, it is no wonder I had such pain.

I saw the burial of my baby which made me even angrier. I realized as I was seeing it in the vision, that it was just an accident. Had my husband not gone away to work, we would have had no money and no food. The most surprising part of the vision was that the man I was married
to in that life was John from Los Angeles, my husband’s friend whom he had met on the internet.

I was still carrying around all of that anger. Our visit to Los Angeles and being in John’s presence triggered the soul memory of what happened in that lifetime. I told Paul about it as I ended the meditation. He gave the leg more healing, and I affirmed that I forgave and let go of all the negativity and anger from that life. It was amazing. I actually felt it leave me. I needed to go to the bathroom after the meditation and I walked to the bathroom some distance away without any pain. It had all left. Even though I am a therapist myself and have seen this happen so many times to other people, when it happened to me personally it was all the more real.

That evening, I wrote an email to John telling him of the past-life experience, and asking for his forgiveness. Even though he may not remember it, I felt I needed to do that. John emailed back to say that he was glad to have been the catalyst for me to remove the blocks, and since he was a spiritual man himself he understood what I was writing about. He told me he forgave me, and thanked me for writing to him. He informed me that he had always had a yearning for Alaska and certain parts of Canada, especially where there was snow. He said now he could understand why.

The feeling I had for John disappeared, along with the pain in the leg. Occasionally it returns, but when it does I just say an affirmation which releases all the old anger, and the pain is gone. I am very much aware of how negative energy will stay inside me and fester if I don’t get rid of it.

I have never forgotten the experience and I don’t think I ever will. It is something that will stay forever in my
memory. I am so lucky that I had the answer to my problem. I dread to think what would have happened had I not done so. Perhaps, I might have lost my leg. We still visit John and Ann. Our visits are made even more enjoyable by the fact that John and I shared an experience in another incarnation. How fortunate I was to have a glimpse of it.

As a postscript, in 2002, I traveled to Vancouver and met the man who had been the doctor in that life. He was a retired man and it was wonderful to meet him. It was a very special visit for me. I told him about our past life at the end of the visit. He was very intrigued, but I am not sure whether he believed me or not.
Stories Along the Way
The Man Who Died Twice In The Same Century

Ben was 16 when he came to see me. He was the son of one of my students. He was fascinated with past-life recall and wanted to find out if he had lived before. He was going into the Navy for a career and he thought it might help him in some way. I didn’t know what we would find but thought it would be pleasant for him to experience it. He was of age to do it and was years older than his age in experience. His mother had also given permission.

We started the session which, as always, begins with a very deep meditation. It didn’t take Ben long to go deep into it. Before I could ask him what he was seeing or feeling he informed me that he was a British RAF pilot in World War II. He started to describe his life in that incarnation. He was young, unmarried, but with a girlfriend. He was flying to Germany to bomb Hamburg. On the way, a German plane shot him down over the sea. He described every gory detail and there was no doubt in either my mind or his that this was anything but a real memory. His pain and the way he died could be nothing else. He also said he could now understand why he had a fear of deep water. He could swim, but his fear of drowning in deep water had been a problem since he was a boy, and it had affected his career as a naval cadet.

We did some work on releasing the fear and very soon he was feeling relaxed again. I asked if he wanted to continue and he affirmed that he did. In quick succession he saw a couple of other incarnations, including one in which he and I were in a Chinese life and were very
happily married. I had always had a lovely feeling for Ben, and it now made sense knowing that we had been happily married and why I always had this warmth in my heart for him. There was nothing sexual, just a lovely warm feeling every time I saw him.

Again, I asked if he wanted to go on and he informed me he wanted to do so. I was concerned that he was tired by now, but he assured me he wasn’t and so we continued. I asked him where he was and he told me that he was on a Pacific Island running away from the Japanese. I asked him who he was and he said he felt he was an American soldier. Now I knew that he had just re-lived the life as the British soldier in World War II. How could he be the British soldier *AND* in the same timeframe an American soldier running away from the Japanese?

I thought perhaps it was due to the fact that Ben was tired and that the session to this point had taken all of his energy. Ben himself was questioning why he was the two soldiers in the same timeframe. At this stage of my career I didn’t have the knowledge of metaphysics that I have now. I was at a loss to help Ben to explain it. I decided to ask my friends in Spirit the following Tuesday evening when I had a meditation class. What I received forever changed my concept of time as linear as well as that for many students who have passed through my doors since.

I was informed that we are of the opinion that we are born, die then go back to spirit or heaven — as the Christians know it — and then we are re-born into the future. My spirit guides told me that this is not true. If we want we can have as many lives in one time period as we wish to have. They are parallel lives. For instance, the life of Ben as the RAF pilot was in one incarnation, and the life
of the American soldier in the Pacific was a completely separate incarnation! The two were not together at all, but separate incarnations, perhaps centuries apart (in terms of linear time— which isn’t true at all!).
Many years ago I blamed everyone and everything for my problems. In the years since I have come to realize that we are all responsible for what happens in our life — that what we think is what we have in our life. If we think negatively, we will have negative results; if we think positively, there is no limit to what we can do.

I came to realize that we are who we are today because of the people we were in past lives. Our thoughts, fears, and negative emotions are colored by the lives we have had in past incarnations. In one incarnation I was persecuted for my beliefs. I died in fear and when, in another incarnation, I had to face people again who had authority, I couldn’t do so because of the past-life recall of the life in which I was persecuted. In another incarnation I was accused of being a fraud and tried to justify myself throughout that life for something that had happened in another life.

My friends in the world of Spirit have said that 80 percent of our lives in this incarnation are spent in past-life memory. I believe that. Our actions, thoughts, fears, lack of confidence, arrogance — whatever and whoever we are in this life — are accumulated from many lifetimes. In a way, all that we haven’t dealt with comes back to haunt us in future incarnations. I often say to clients who are afraid, “Either face your fear in this life, or come back and try to do it again. It is up to you.”

Why do you have the fears you do? Why do you do things a certain way? Why do you dislike certain people, yet they have never done anything to hurt you in this life? Why are you attracted to certain countries and foods and
repelled by others? It is because you have been there and experienced it in another incarnation. You soul memory, or subconscious, is filled with these memories. You will constantly draw into your energy similar situations — especially if they are connected to fear — because the energy hasn’t been cleared from the soul memory. While the memory is there it is constantly trying to find an outlet to manifest.

When one experiences a past-life therapy session, one finally has the key to releasing all the old energy and the old personalities along with the emotions attached to them. If you have ever thought of having a session, I would heartily recommend it. If you are dubious about it, then do consider it. I can guarantee that you won’t regret it. Don’t try to imagine what it will be like. Just go with the flow and let what happens evolve. You should experience a wonderful time that will change your life forever.
The Man With The Terrible Energy

I am extremely sensitive, so sensitive that I can read people’s energy. I feel their aura and it is as if I become one with them. I find it difficult going out shopping in supermarkets because of this situation. I am aware of everyone’s energy.

I once had a man make an appointment and when he walked into the door there was a terrible darkness around him. He was very thin and gaunt looking and, to be honest, looked like an undertaker. He frightened me because I felt he was hiding so much inside of himself.

My immediate reaction was to ask him to leave because I felt he would be very difficult to get through to. He was so in control and sat stiff and controlled as I sat down with him to do the reading. I wondered why he had come because he certainly wasn’t at ease.

I still wanted to ask him to leave, but something stopped me. Call it determination, call it stubbornness on my part, or simply not wanting to have him say, “See? She couldn’t read me.” I opened myself up to do the reading. As soon as I did, I immediately saw where his problems came from. I started to feel so sorry for him. Not only had he had a difficult life growing up, but also life wasn’t good to him at all. As the reading progressed I felt more and more concerned for him. I felt that I had been able to help him in some way, and when he left I had such a strong feeling that he was going to work with me in some way in the future.

I didn’t see him for about a year after the reading. By accident he came to where I was living for a holiday and came for dinner. I found out over dinner that he had the
reading because his girlfriend wanted him to have it. I was looking for a business manager at the time, and he was looking to get out of his electronics career. It seemed so natural that we should work together which we did a few months later. My feeling of us working together after the reading finally eventuated.

Although our business relationship to begin with was fraught with difficulty, we finally resolved most issues. Three and a half years after his reading we married, and I am happy to say, despite a few problems which most couples seem to have, we remained married for many years.

I wonder what would have happened if I hadn’t done his reading. I came so close to asking him to leave because I didn’t think he would be responsive to it. I still have the cassette recording of that reading. One day we were traveling in the car and decided to listen to it. After it was finished Paul, my husband at the time, said, “She’s not a bad clairvoyant that woman,” which made me laugh so much. I just thank the Universe that I did do the reading. He is responsible for helping me to go as far as I went professionally and also helped me to work through many problems on a spiritual level. I can honestly say that I would not be where I am today without the relationship with my ex-husband. I know that for a certainty.
The Policeman Who Still Does His Duty

In 1990, I met a woman whose name is Carolyn Uebergang, my friend featured in a story earlier in this book. Carolyn came to me for a reading. I could see that she wasn’t going to be with her husband, a policeman, for long. Because I have to be so careful when doing readings not to upset people, I asked her if she was in a happy marriage. She said she was, and this posed a dilemma for me because I didn’t know what to tell her. It was then that she told me her husband had liver cancer.

I asked her if her husband had thought of having spiritual healing, and she said he hadn’t. I explained that it was a wonderful form of healing in which those who channel the healing energy can actually give life energy to people. This enables them to recover from illnesses. Usually when a person is ill they have little or no life energy. Therefore, having someone share their energy and give it in a healing session can be very beneficial and also help the client to heal more quickly. She said she would go home and tell her husband, whose name, I found out, was Bob.

A few days later Bob agreed to have some healing, and so two of the ladies who were in my classes and I went to the house to start the treatment. It was just before Christmas. We did a few sessions and Bob said he could feel an improvement. In fact, he had driven the car into town which was something he hadn’t been able to do for a while. Then Carolyn telephoned and told me that, because of the Christmas holiday and the fact that they were having visitors, she thought it might be a good idea to leave the
healing for a while until after Christmas. I knew that if the healing were delayed it would put Bob backward, but I had to respect Carolyn’s wishes.

Two weeks after Christmas, when we started the healing again, Bob had gone downhill. In fact, he was really ill and we all could see that he wasn’t going to make it. Two weeks later he was dead. I didn’t see Carolyn for a while after that. I saw Bob’s obituary and read about his funeral in the paper. It was a full police funeral and every local dignitary attended it.

Shortly after the funeral I was driving home from work one evening. As I drove past Carolyn’s street it was as if someone else took the wheel and tried to turn the car into her street. I managed to get control and drove home, but it happened several more times. I had a feeling it was Bob, but knew that I couldn’t just turn up at Carolyn’s house and say to her, “I have your husband inside my body. Do you want to speak to him?” Nor could I say that he wanted to speak to her even though this is what I felt he wanted.

A few days later, Barry, my husband at the time, came home from our business and told me that Carolyn had been into our shop and had left me AUD $100. She had told Barry that it was for the time we had spent doing the healing. I didn’t want to take it, so I rang Carolyn and told her this. She insisted that I take it. She said that Bob seemed to really enjoy the healing, and she felt that it helped him to pass over into the next life more easily. I decided to tell her that I had felt Bob and, as I told her, she was silent. When I had finished she asked if I would like to come over to her house for a cup of tea. I said I would and we made an appointment.
On the day of the appointment I could again feel Bob’s presence. Over a cup of tea at Carolyn’s I suddenly said to Carolyn, “Bob wants to know if you have bought the black negligee yet?” She asked me how I knew about that subject. I told her that Bob had told me. Apparently, they had a special thing between them in which Bob wanted Carolyn to wear a sexy black nightdress, but Carolyn wouldn’t buy one because she felt she was too fat. She wasn’t of course, but it was their thing.

From that moment on Carolyn believed that Bob was safe and, although dead in the physical sense, wasn’t dead in the spiritual sense. He gave her lots of information about his colleagues at the police station, all of which turned out to be true. There was no way I could have known the information I was giving her. We became firm friends after that day, and Carolyn even came with me for a few months when I started to travel and do readings around Queensland, Australia.

When I moved to New Zealand in 1992, Carolyn decided to move with me. I hadn’t had contact with Bob since the day I went to Carolyn’s for a cup of tea. Shortly after she moved we were sitting talking when I felt Bob’s presence again. He told me he wanted Carolyn to know he was very proud of her with how she had coped since his death. I decided to ask him what he was doing in the realms of the spiritual world. He informed me that he was still working as a police officer. I was absolutely intrigued. I asked him how he was doing this. How could he still be a police officer when he was, in a sense, “dead?”

He informed me that when people in Australia had fatal car accidents he helped take those souls into the spiritual world. He said that he appears to the souls, who are usually
dazed and still think they are alive, and asks them to follow him. He said they do and, as they follow, he puts a special energy around the person. This puts them into a state of spiritual unconsciousness. He is then able to take them away and into the next dimensions. Anyone who is alive and left in the vehicle cannot see this happening. I asked if it was just motor vehicles he looked after and he informed me no, that it was bicycles, motorbikes, scooters, all kinds of road transport. He told me he loved his job and really felt he was contributing to helping those in the Spirit world. I had to agree.

Carolyn thought it was wonderful that he was still working in a role that he absolutely loved. It gave her great comfort and enabled her to finally let go of him. I never felt him again. It is nice to think of him working away, helping souls to move on. He told me just before he left that a lot of police officers who die do this kind of work. I think it is just wonderful.

While I was writing this chapter on Bob, I visited Carolyn — who now lives in New Zealand — to ask permission to use the story in this book. She was thrilled that I was writing about Bob and said he would have been too. She asked me if I had written about the soup, and I told her, “No,” and asked, “What about the soup?” She reminded me about the first time she came to my home after I had visited her and told her of Bob and the nightgown. I was making soup on this particular day that Carolyn came to visit. She was in the kitchen with me while I was chopping the vegetables. Suddenly, I started to add all sorts of new things in the soup that I don’t normally put in, including barley, lentils and dried herbs. I said to Carolyn, “I don’t know what I am doing here. I don’t normally put these in the soup.” Carolyn told me that I may
not, but Bob did. In fact, as she was watching me cook she said she felt she was looking at Bob. He loved making soup and would put all sorts of things in his soup. I was making it that day the way that he made it. It was, again, as if he were giving Carolyn proof of his survival.
Stories Along the Way
How Do You Know All Of This?

People have asked me hundreds of times over the years, “How do you know what you teach? How did you find out?” Well, in the beginning I was led to books. By that I mean that I used to go into shops and a book or books would fall off the shelf in front of me. Sometimes I just had a really strong feeling to buy a certain book. Often, I wouldn’t even be looking for a book, but it would suddenly appear such as on a market stall or in a secondhand bookshop. It never ceased to amaze me just how books came my way. Even more amazing is the fact that I would have questions in my mind and the books I found would answer those questions. These books gave me a general overview of the world of Spirit. Within a few years though I was having dreams and visions which I knew were provided by my teachers in the spirit world. Over the years there have been too many to write about, but some of these I would like to share with you because they do indeed contribute to this book.

A lot of my information has come from personal experiences like the story about Bob. Many others have come from visions and dreams I have had. I will never forget one evening when I was in my training and I had too many glasses of wine. I had gone out to dinner at a friend’s house. My husband at the time, Barry, and I had taken along a cask of wine. I loved having a glass of wine, and still do, but after the experience I went through that evening, I stopped drinking wine for 10 years.

I had drunk about five glasses of wine and was feeling really relaxed when all of a sudden I wasn’t in the living
room where I had been with our friends but was floating along behind a monk in a brown robe. I couldn’t see his face, but I could see that I was in a very beautiful place. Although I knew I was walking, it felt as if I were floating. It was quite an incredible experience. As I was walking along toward a golden city in the distance, I suddenly realized that I wasn’t in my physical body. I thought to myself, “I don’t want to be here” and, as I did so I found myself back in my body in the living room of my friend’s house.

I was really dazed; they could see this too and they asked me if I was all right. I told them I was but it took me some time to get back into my body properly. I asked them what they had observed. They said they saw nothing. I just seemed to go a bit funny looking and they thought I was going to pass out. As I came back into my body it was as though hundreds of people were walking through the living room. I realized that I was in two dimensions at the same time. Although I was in my body and in the living room, I was also in another dimension. I wasn’t frightened, but very intrigued. Shortly after, the people walking through the living room disappeared, and I was normal again.

When we arrived home I decided to sit quietly and ask why it had happened. I communicated with the guide I was working with at the time and he informed me that I had been given the experience to know what the world of Spirit was like and also to see how the dimensions intermingle. I felt very lucky to have been able to see it; it brought a kind of peace into my life. I have never had another experience like it and doubt if I ever will. It helped me to see into the realms of Spirit as I call it, and to see that it is indeed a beautiful place. I can’t wait to go “home” again.
The Hospital

I have the most incredible dreams. Sometimes they are so real that I can’t believe they are dreams. I have dreams in color, which really make them stand out. I have come to learn that these dreams are messages from my friends in the spirit world.

One night, I awakened partially but couldn’t wake up fully. It was as if I were in that half asleep — half awake mode that one gets in the morning before one is fully awake. I was in a hospital, yet I knew it was a hospital in the spirit world. I also knew I wasn’t dreaming. The room I was in was like a main office in the middle of a corridor. I was being shown something. As I thought that, a gurney was wheeled in. A man was on the gurney and he was obviously quite sick. He had electrodes attached to his chest which were attached to a machine beside him. All he kept saying was, “Please tell my wife where I am,” but nobody seemed to be listening. I wondered where the man’s wife was.

The gurney went past me at such speed it was clearly an emergency. I felt strongly I had to follow and so I did. I went down the corridor and entered two doors, which to anyone outside looked like doors to a ward. As I went inside, I was amazed to find no hospital beds but beautiful couches with people asleep on them. At that moment it was as if someone were speaking to me, and I knew it was God. This energy informed me that the man on the gurney had died. The spirit guides knew that he would find it hard to believe he had died, so when he had his heart attack they went into action and took him over to the world of Spirit.
When he came to after he had left his body, they acted as if he were just going into hospital after a heart attack and played out this scene for him.

Once he was in the sleep state, all the machinery was removed and he was going to be allowed to rest. When he woke up, guides from the world of Spirit would tell him gently that he had died. If he found it difficult to comprehend, they would put him back to sleep again with a special energy which is capable of doing that. I personally know of this energy, and one cannot avoid it when it comes. It makes one go to sleep it is so relaxing. This would keep happening until he realized that he was indeed dead or passed into Spirit. Once he realized this, he would then be helped to recover and move on into the world of Spirit. The earth plane is such a negative place and one that is such an illusion that souls returning to the world of Spirit sometimes find it very hard to accept that they have passed on.

I had often wondered what happens when we die and now I was able to see it. I was told that I would never have to go through that experience because I believed in the world of Spirit and in life after death. I was really pleased about that. I still find it fascinating and since then have had many experiences of seeing life in the Spirit world.
The Train Station

If I were to write everything about my spiritual development nobody would believe a word of it because it defies what is considered “normal.” Spiritual development takes many years. During my development I had some incredible experiences ranging from stroke-like feelings as I learned to channel, to leaving my body and going into Spirit. Part of my training consisted of learning to listen to the right voices. I remember one such day in Brisbane, Queensland, so very clearly. I had been to a spiritual center to get some healing and I cried and cried after the session as I released an incredible amount of emotion over my father and his treatment of me as a child. I was so glad to be free of it.

On the way to the train station to go home I was feeling really light and free from all the emotion I had released. As I stood waiting for my train, another train came into the station. As it approached a voice behind me said, “Go on — jump!” I really had a strong urge to jump in front of the train. I was so frightened I didn’t know what to do but stayed in the middle of the station platform. Another train came in, once again not my train, and again, a voice behind me told me to jump. By this time I was really frightened and thought I was losing my mind. I started to panic and prayed to God to help me. It took all of my energy not to have a panic attack.

Finally, my train arrived and you have never seen anyone get on a train so quickly in your life. I was so scared. On the way home I became aware that it was a test to see if I would listen to the voice and follow its
instructions. A few days later I was told in a vision that, had I done as the voice suggested, I would have been stopped anyway. But it showed the spirit guides that I wouldn’t listen to rogue voices, and brought home to me that voices like that do occur. I truly believe that there was a person who had committed suicide at that train station and that my friends in the world of Spirit knew of this and used this soul to help me learn some valuable lessons. Many years later, when I saw the film, *Ghost*, I really identified with the man on the train.

I never had an experience like that again. Shortly after that I became clairaudient, which is the ability to hear voices from Spirit. Then I was able to identify that the voices I was hearing were the right ones and not from earth-bound souls which can sometimes happen. I was also grateful that I had been tested in the way that I was. It has certainly helped me in my work.
Past-life Stories

In my years in the world of metaphysics I have been a clairvoyant, healer, counselor, teacher, astrologer, and, in the beginning before my then-husband, Paul, took over from me, a past-life therapist. I have helped hundreds of people find out why they don’t like certain people, situations, foods, or why they have certain illnesses. They all pale in comparison though to my own experience with Paul.

I was told in 1990 that a man I disliked would come into my life the following year and help me to raise my vibration. He would enable me to channel an incredible energy. It meant that I would move on from my Guardian and Guide, Argos, who had been my spiritual teacher for seven years. I wasn’t happy about this. I didn’t like change at that stage in my life and I was determined that I would stay the way I was. During the following year quite a few people came into my life that I took a dislike to, but none of them seemed to have the necessary qualifications to bring change into my life.

One day a man came for a reading. I couldn’t stand to be around him; I wanted to tell him to go away. I didn’t want to do a reading for him, but there is a stubborn streak in me. A part of me said, “Don’t let him get the better of you; do his reading,” and so I did. Halfway through the reading I was feeling so sorry for him. He was in a terribly unhappy marriage and just didn’t know what the future held for him. I was able to give him a wonderful reading, and as he left I had such a strong feeling that I was going to see him again and that he would be very instrumental in my future in
some way. I told him this and he informed me that if things went according to plan, he would like to help people like me.

I didn’t know what he meant, but he left and that was it. During the reading I had mentioned that I channeled an energy called Argos and also that I was moving to another town. Although that town was five hours away, I informed him that if he wanted to come and see this channeling he was very welcome, but he didn’t seem very interested.

A year later I was in my new shop and gave a woman a reading. She was so impressed that she came back with her boyfriend for him to have a reading. When they arrived I discovered he was the same man I had read the year before. I was really busy, so I couldn’t talk to them but I invited them to dinner.

Over dinner I discovered the man’s name was Paul, and that he was born in New Zealand but was now living in Australia. I still didn’t like him; he was arrogant and very sure of himself. I didn’t realize until much later that he was just a mirror for me, showing me a part of myself I didn’t want to see. I was on the verge of leaving my marriage and was talking about the difficulty I was having in traveling as my husband at the time didn’t want to travel with me. Paul, who had been really quiet all evening, suddenly informed me that he felt he was going to be going with me and that he also had a feeling that we would be going to New Zealand together. I was living in Australia at the time and had been having strong feelings about New Zealand for some time, but I remember thinking, “You won’t be going to New Zealand with me!” The thought of him being with me filled me with dread. I could think of nothing worse — he was so arrogant!
Two months later we were working together. He became my business manager and we started our life together. We had frequent arguments, but apart from that we got along very well. He parted from his girlfriend which brought us closer together. However, I still didn’t trust him and I wanted to find out why. I thought that if we were to stay in business it wasn’t good to be as suspicious as I was. I decided to put myself through a past-life session. After years of doing it for others I found it very easy to do.

As I entered the deep meditation (which enables me to go into the past) I saw myself as a young girl. Paul was my boyfriend, although we were only about 16 years old. I was able to see that we were to be married, but he didn’t want to marry me. My family had the money, his family the title. We lived in Italy around the 13th century. I saw that Paul was in love with my maid whom I saw so clearly was the girlfriend who came to dinner with him in the present lifetime. We did marry, but only under pressure from both the families.

We spent one night together and made love, but he couldn’t stand to be with me and ran away with my maid, taking my large dowry with him. Because I wasn’t a virgin anymore I was now “untouchable” according to my family. I was taken away to a convent where I spent the rest of my days. It was no wonder that I didn’t trust him in this life. I saw a lot more of this past life, but space is limited so I can only relate what happened briefly. Paul was later abandoned by my maid and went into a monastery. After the money was spent my maid no longer wanted him and ran off with someone with more money. He couldn’t go home and he ended up being tended to by the monks after being evicted from the inn that he was staying at. I felt so sad about the whole experience. I decided that I had to
change my feelings about him, and from that moment, things changed for both of us.

There is a postscript to this story though. Many years later, Paul and I were staying with friends in Dunedin, New Zealand. They were making beeswax candles and weren’t doing a really good job of it. Without prompting, Paul got down on the floor and started making the most wonderful beeswax candles as if he had done it all of his life. He knew exactly how to make them, yet admitted he had never studied candle-making in this life. I know that he was remembering how to do it from a past life when he was making them. It was very interesting.
The Gang Member Who Had Been My Husband

Over the years, I have met so many people who were connected to me in my past lives. One story stands out so strongly. It was also a very sad happening for me, as you will see.

My client was a motorbike gang member. He and his fellow bikers were due to go to court over a drug situation. They had been caught growing marijuana — millions of dollars worth of the stuff. The man wanted to know the outcome of the court case and I told him. I knew that he himself wouldn’t go to jail but some of his gang members would.

He started calling round to see me and we became friends. I will call him Dave. Over the ensuing months we became very good friends and I started to see a different person than the one he showed the rest of the world. Many of his gang members and their wives and girlfriends came for readings. One of them I identified with very strongly. I will call her Christine because I am sure if she reads this she will not want her real name known.

Christine had such a strong crush on Dave. Dave was married with four little girls. Christine was single with two young girls. Dave longed for a little boy but his wife couldn’t give him one. I could see that if he and Christine got together they would be able to have one. I knew that Christine didn’t want any more children, but thought it would be worthwhile trying to put them together because that is what I felt was meant to happen, and I knew that Dave wasn’t happy with his wife.
During the next few weeks I arranged for them to get together and, as I anticipated, they hit it off like a house on fire. The result was that they decided to get together permanently. Dave left his wife and moved in with Christine. Very soon Christine was pregnant. I knew it was a boy.

As the pregnancy progressed, I was becoming more and more estranged from my first husband. It was almost as if we were two separate people living in the same house. I started to go out with a friend from one of my classes. The relationship got so deep that we decided to go away and spend the night together. I realized on that night that this man wasn’t for me. There seemed to be a connection, but just as friends. On my return from the weekend, Christine telephoned me and asked how the weekend had gone. I told her that it was mediocre and the worst thing I could have done. This man went to visit Christine and she told him what I had said. He was furious. He was so furious that he told things to Christine that I was supposed to have said which weren’t true.

Christine had only two weeks to go before the baby was born. She wrote me the most awful letter, and basically told me to get out of their lives. I was devastated! I knew that trying to talk to her wouldn’t work and so I closed the door. Many months later Dave was driving his car on the street where I worked; I was already on my way home. I stopped and turned around and he slowed down. I knew he wanted to talk, but I also knew that he dare not. If Christine had found out it would have been big trouble. He continued on up the road.

I was so devastated over what had happened I decided to try to find out through past-life regression. In the
meditation I did to get into this life, I saw myself as a wealthy plantation owner in the Deep South in America. In that life I was married to Dave. We owned a slave plantation. We treated our slaves really well. My husband had fallen in love with a slave girl and they had a child together. She was Christine. I was so jealous of the child that I sold it. I did it behind my husband’s back, so he didn’t know where it went. When he found out he was very angry. The child’s mother was grief stricken and I had no remorse whatsoever.

No wonder I had put Dave and Christine together in this life and put them in a situation in which they could have a child. I was just giving back what I had taken away. Just before the birth of the baby, Christine had become very possessive of the child and I feel she had a past-life remembrance on a subconscious level which triggered fear and also the need to get me out of her life. To this day I still miss Dave. We were like brother and sister; he was a Libran like me. We were so connected as friends. It is a relationship I will never forget.

Throughout our lifetime many people come into our lives. Most of these people we have known before, and some of those people we have feelings about that are quite negative. Often, our desire is to run away. I know mine was with my ex-husband, Paul, when we first met. Yet often, the people we want to run away from because of the feelings of dislike are people who have come into our lives to help. They did something to us in the past that they need to repay in a positive way. Often, we don’t give them the opportunity to do this. I can’t imagine where I would be today had my ex-husband, Paul, not come into my life. He changed my life dramatically. He taught me to use a computer and not to be afraid of it. He was my chauffeur,
business manager, and many other things. I am where I am today because he was in my life and helped me to get there. He helped me because his karma was to do so. With the help he gave me in this life he has repaid me a thousand times over for the dowry he stole from me in a past life. It could have been different though. I could have run away!
The Ghost Who Watched Me In The Bath

Before I became a psychic I lived in a house which was rented by the army for service personnel. My husband at the time, a serviceman, and I had been living with friends, a situation which wasn’t suitable for us. When we got the house in Surrey, England, it was like a dream come true. My first husband was away a lot on overseas exercises, so I was home a great deal on my own. I didn’t have any children then.

One day when I was alone in the house, I suddenly felt the presence of someone behind me. I turned around but I didn’t see anyone. The presence was very strong and I knew that there was someone else in the room with me. For a minute I was scared, but then I said out loud, “If you want to stay that is fine, but please don’t hurt me or show yourself to me.” Immediately, I felt as if the presence were a man, and that he understood what I had said. There was just a knowing about this.

From that moment on I didn’t feel afraid. When I fetched the coal in, the ghost would be with me. Sometimes when the bucket was heavy it was as if he helped me carry it. Often, when I sat in the bath I felt that he was sitting on the toilet seat watching me — not to be a pervert at all — but to just sit and watch over me. It was in this house that I conceived my son, and I have often wondered if the ghost had a part to play in the conception.

I never found out who the ghost was. I didn’t have to; I didn’t feel there was a need to. I have never forgotten him either.
I hope I will meet this man one day when I pass over to the world of Spirit. I will then be able to thank him for being so protective and caring of me. I realized much later that, with my husband away, this soul was obviously looking after me in his absence. What a lovely gesture it was!
The Mischievous Spirit

Not only do adults have spiritual souls (guides) who look after and help them, but children do as well. When my children were small I was able to see these souls. I can’t remember the name of the soul around my daughter now, but I do know that my son’s soul companion was a little girl who had been a slave on a plantation. Her name was Millie, and she was a lovely soul but full of mischief! Whenever she was around things disappeared, often not turning up for days, if at all. It may seem funny to many who read this, but to us who went through it, it was NOT funny.

One day, things came to a head when I couldn’t find the manicure set the family used. My children and I looked everywhere for it. I watched as my children looked under furniture, under cushions, even taking the cushions off the chair to expose nothing but the frame.

By this time I was starting to get very angry. I had never dealt with a spirit like this before and wondered what I could do. Suddenly, I realized that, although she was a spirit — a soul without a physical body — she was still a child and so I would have to treat her like a child. I stood in the lounge room and said, “Now look here, Millie! If you want to stay in this house you abide by the rules of this house and stop being a nuisance. You return that manicure set immediately.” I instantly felt a change of energy and decided to look again for the manicure set.

After a few minutes we found it under the cushion on one of the chairs in the lounge room. I had watched my children search this chair, even taking the cushion off it, so
I knew it wasn’t there before. From that moment on we had no more problems with Millie. I still felt her around and she still helped my son Stuart, but life from then on was quiet.
Ben And Olivia

General Comment

When I am giving a reading it is the saddest thing for me to have a soul enter the room and want to give a message to the person for whom I am doing the reading. The sadness comes from the fact that they usually want to give a message that they are sorry and need to say this to be able to move on.

Over the years I have spoken to many parents, daughters, sons and friends who have expressed regret because they are no longer speaking to other family members or have had an argument which has estranged them. My ability to see into the future enables me to see whether it is possible for peace to be restored when this happens. It is so sad for me when I have to tell my client that the other person is so bitter, so deeply hurt that they will never forgive. There are many people like that.

I have also become aware that, if we don’t work out our arguments and forgive, then we just have to come back and do it again in another incarnation. I am often asked, “Why am I here? What am I doing here? Why do I have to be here?” My answer to that is that you will continue to come back incarnation after incarnation until you get it right. Once you have sorted everything out, then you no longer have to come back.

From the age of 35 I have been working through all of my “stuff.” I had heaps of it and it wasn’t pleasant having to deal with it, but I did and I can say that each time I dealt with an issue I felt lighter and actually became more intuitive.
There were some issues that I didn’t want to deal with. One issue dealt with two missing young people and it was quite an experience. For years I had been terrified of being ridiculed in public because of my work. I had a terrible fear of failure. I didn’t know that it was carried over from a past life and that, until I could get rid of this fear, I couldn’t move on. Paul set me up with this experience and I hated him for it in the beginning, but much later I blessed him for it. Here is how it all happened:

**The Story of Ben and Olivia**

Ben Smart and Olivia Hope were two people who went out on New Year’s Eve for a celebration and never came home. A family member of the Smart family asked me if I could help them find the two young people. I asked them to come to my home in Nelson from Blenheim in New Zealand where they lived. When they asked how much I would charge, I just asked for a box of cherries which, at that time of the year, were available and grown in Blenheim.

Two family members came down to see me and brought with them a couple of items of clothing which the young people had worn on Christmas day. As soon as I put the objects in my hand I knew that they were dead. I “saw” that Ben was killed first and placed in a sail hold which had pull-up doors. Olivia was killed later. She hadn’t been raped but was placed in the sail cupboard with Ben’s body before being tied up, gagged, and then strangled. I also knew it was to do with drugs. I felt as if they had “stumbled” onto something they shouldn’t have and paid the price for it with their lives.

Because I wanted to help them so much I telephoned a psychic friend. She came over and gave her opinion, and it
very much coincided with mine. Shortly after this experience a magazine telephoned and asked if I had considered helping Ben and Olivia’s families. I told them that I had already helped the Smart family but couldn’t comment on this unless the magazine got permission from the family for me to speak. I had such respect for the family and what they were going through I just couldn’t go ahead and blurt out what I had seen and felt.

The family gave permission and the magazine took some details from me. Three weeks later the magazine printed the story. Shortly after this I was in a cafe with a friend who was visiting from the USA when I saw a map on the wall. I felt myself pulled from my chair to this map and my finger going onto the map. As it did I said to my friend and Paul, “That’s where they are; that’s where their bodies are.” It was Pelorus Sound in the Blenheim area. Paul took the coordinates and asked me what I thought we should do with the information. I said, “Just keep it.” A week later, The Truth newspaper in Auckland called about the missing couple and asked if I knew where they were. Paul told them about the coordinates and they asked if they could do a story on it. That weekend I was on the front page of the newspaper.

Shortly after that I was approached by a friend of the Hope family. Paul had left a message on the internet where the family had a web site asking for information on Ben and Olivia. I gave the person who called all the information I could and told them that if they could get a boat and divers I would take them out to where I knew they were. It was arranged for Good Friday in 1998. I asked if I could bring a few spiritual friends along and I was told it was alright.
I arranged to take my friend, who had helped me when the Smart family had visited, and another girl who had contacted Paul by phone and who also felt that Ben and Olivia’s bodies were in that area. Nicki was 17 and very psychic. I felt she could assist in the search. When we boarded the boat there was my friend, Nicki, and her mum, Paul, and a guy who was going to use a sonar machine to try and “feel” the bodies under the water. We also had about four divers.

As we set out Paul told me to tell him when I thought we had reached the place, and for an hour I felt nothing. Then, I felt really restless and finally told Paul to stop the boat. The captain of the boat stopped it and they checked the coordinates. I had stopped the boat exactly coinciding with the coordinates on the map. The divers prepared to dive in; there was certainly an air of excitement. Nicki’s mum, who I knew was a good channel for Spirit, started to get really upset as did Nicki. My friend said she felt sick, and I just had an awful feeling. Within 15 minutes of the divers going down they came back up and told us that it was hopeless. Visibility was down to 10 centimeters and that they needed lights to see. Also the depth was over 30 meters, and special equipment was needed to go any deeper into the water.

What started to happen next is that all of us “sensitives” on the boat started to experience feelings synonymous with what Ben and Olivia seemed to have gone through. It was as if we were reliving their experience. It was incredibly traumatic and quite emotionally exhausting. Even the friend of the Hope family who was with us (none of the immediate family came with us) could see that something was happening. He too was very impressed with our feelings. I had given this person messages for Mr. Hope
from Olivia and I knew that these messages were true. I do this kind of work everyday. I know what is from Spirit and what is not.

Before we knew it we had run out of time and were heading home. I, for one, was very disappointed because I really wanted to find them. I knew they were there as did the others, including Paul. We told the family friend of the Hopes that we really felt that if we went out again with the right equipment we would find them. He said he would ask the Hope family and report back to us. An enormous amount of money had already been spent, but we felt that it was important to go that little extra and find them.

It took the family friend days to get back to us and eventually the answer was “No;” the family had decided to leave the matter. I was really upset. I was on radio at that time and I had mentioned on air that, if I could get a boat, we would go out again. The local newspaper called and said that someone had offered a boat and some divers from Wanganui on the North Island had offered their services for free. We decided to go out and give it another try. For some time I had been communicating with a well-known reporter who was then with TV1 news. I called and told him what was happening, and he said he would see if he could come out with us. He got permission the day before we went out.

I really felt as if we were going to find them. I had such a good feeling. I didn’t realize that I was being set up to face my fear of failure. The first day we went out it was too windy and we could do nothing. The second day, one of the divers told me he had to go home a day early as his wife (who had just had a new baby) had mastitis. She had nobody to help her and so she needed him at home. That meant that we had to push into one day what should have
taken three days to do. Of course, we didn’t have enough time and, although I had strong feelings of where the bodies were, the divers had difficulty again because of the depth of the water.

At the end of the day, we were exhausted from our trip out. We hadn’t found the bodies. The boat owner and his wife were very disappointed. They didn’t say anything but I knew they were upset. Indeed, I know that we were all upset although I was the worst hit. The TV news that evening showed us saying a prayer before we went out and then scenes from the day of filming. I couldn’t look at it. I was devastated; I had failed! I imagined that everyone would turn against me now that I had failed, but I was wrong. So many people telephoned and stopped me in the street to let me know they were with me. It was news for about a week, and then, as always, another story took over and it was — as my mother always used to say — “Last week’s fish and chip paper.” I decided never to go out and help anyone again.

In the USA clairvoyants help the police all of the time. We had offered to help them in New Zealand, but they didn’t want any help. They had, in fact, ridiculed us in a way. There is a postscript to this story though. At the height of my “persecution” by the press I had contacted a friend of mine in Germany who is an astrologer. I asked him why I was going through this experience and he wrote back that there was a bigger picture and that I wouldn’t see it for a few years but, when I did, it would explain everything. I knew at that moment that one day in the future, whether I am alive or not, something will be found where I said the two young people were; I would be vindicated one day. I still feel that today.
I also had an incredible experience a few weeks after. I was in my kitchen in the house I used to live in Nelson, New Zealand. I was preparing tea one evening when all of a sudden I was shown a vision of some stairs in front of me. Ben Smart was standing on the second-to-last step and Olivia was standing on the bottom step. As I looked at them, they smiled and waved. As they waved, it was as if they both said intuitively, “We have done what we came here to do, so we can now go home and rest.” As I saw this vision I felt so full of tears and I cried like I had never cried before. It was such a vivid vision — so clear. I have always been a believer that we choose our own death, including the way in which we will die. It was for me that evening as if Ben and Olivia were telling me that they had died to assist me and to learn their own lessons. I will never forget that evening as long as I live. I know that one day, sometime in the future, I will be vindicated, and that something will come to the surface to prove that I was right. I know this in my heart. Whenever that happens I know that I will then have total peace over this matter.
Stories Along the Way
The Canceled Reading

When I was first with Alan, my current husband, in New Zealand, I had a day with four readings scheduled. I felt that the noon client wouldn’t show up so I called Alan and asked if he would like to come down and have lunch with me at noon. He told me he would.

Just as I had said, the client at noon didn’t show up. He asked me how I knew; was I that clairvoyant? I had to laugh because I knew the evening before. I had been to the Spirit world for a visit and was told about the four readings I would be doing. I was told everything my clients needed to know and was also told that the noon reading was very unsure whether she still wanted it. Hence, my knowing that she may not show up.

I wish I could take the credit for the readings I do, but it is just because my friends in Spirit tell me in my sleep state all that I need to know.
Stories Along the Way
An Unexpected Pregnancy

One of the most wonderful experiences I have is when a person comes for a reading and they are old enough to have a child but don’t have one. Sometimes their future child comes to visit during the reading. I remember one client who was adamant that she couldn’t have a child and, if she did, it would have to be with another man as her husband didn’t have the sperm count to create a child. I could see so clearly two children around her and informed her of this.

She was so adamant about not having a child that I began to doubt my own feelings and awareness of these children. I forgot all about this incident after the reading, but recently met her again; she was about 4 months pregnant. I remembered my words to her and the two children around her. She said she wasn’t going to go through this experience again as she had been so ill during the first part of her pregnancy, being hospitalized many times because of various problems. This time, I was certain she would have another pregnancy whether she wanted it or not. However, I decided not to tell her. Sometimes it is best not to reveal what one sees at the time. Hopefully the rest of her pregnancy will go well and she will forget the early pregnancy problems and decide to have another child.
Although I am good at being able to see children before they are born, sometimes I can be very wrong regarding the sex of the child. Every time I saw one gentleman after his marriage, I saw a little boy running around him. I mentioned it many times, and then finally he told me that his wife was pregnant. However, lo and behold, she had a little girl. Why did I see a boy?

After the child was born, I could see through the astrology chart and the child’s energy herself that she will be a very strong person. Not only that, she has a lot of masculine energy in her astrological chart at the time of birth. It could also be that she is what Maitreya, my teacher, calls “free” but the world calls “gay.”

Nobody knows how this child will utilize the masculine energy, but I do know I was picking up on the energy and not so much the sex of the child when I saw her as a boy running around her father!
Stories Along the Way
An Answered Prayer

Years ago my first husband and I had a very limited income. The doctor I worked for had returned to South Africa and he paid me my last check. They knew me at the bank when I deposited the check in the bank, and of course knew I worked for a doctor. I asked nonchalantly if it would be possible to draw on the $200AUD check and they said, “Yes.” I drew $50AUD to buy some groceries. On a Friday a week later came a letter in the mail from the bank informing me the check I had deposited had bounced and I now owed the bank $50AUD. They gave me one week to repay the money to them. I went a whole week worrying about the money. Eight days later on Saturday — two days before the Monday deadline — I still didn’t have the money. My then-husband and I were due to go out that evening, and I lay on the bed and prayed. I asked God to help me get the $50 we needed. My husband had saved weekly for a number of months for this night out with his company — dinner and a show at a local club. We didn’t have to pay any money for it or else we couldn’t have gone.

When we got to the club, I saw some slot machines available but I didn’t even have 10 cents to play them. I asked my husband’s friend, Steve, if he could loan me $1 AUD. He did so and actually gave it to me in ten-cent coins knowing I wanted to play the machines. He had actually been to the bank the day before and withdrawn ten-cent coins to play the slots himself. I put ten cents into a machine and I won a few coins back. However, the original coin I had put in came back in the reject coin slot. I used it for quite some time and, as the money kept coming, I had to put the ten-cent coins I was winning in all sorts of
places: my make-up bag, skirt pockets, handbag, my husband’s pockets. Half way through winning this way, with the coin continually coming out of the reject slot but also winning money, I gave Steve his $1 back. I kept playing and finally, at 10:00 PM, felt very strongly to stop. My husband asked me to continue, but there was such a strong feeling to stop that I did.

I had money everywhere, and it was heavy as it was all in ten-cent pieces. I didn’t want to raise suspicion either, so I didn’t cash it in for bigger notes. Even our taxi home that evening was pre-paid, so we left for home. When we got home we dumped all the change on the table. I couldn’t believe we had carried it all home, it was SO heavy. But the biggest surprise of all was when we counted it. There was $50 AUD — not a cent more or less — exactly what I had asked for. I took great delight two days later taking the change into the bank and paying the outstanding amount. In those days they didn’t have penalties for bounced checks in Australia; that came later. It really brought home the truth of the words “Ask and you shall receive.”
Instant Manifestation

Even before I chose to become metaphysical, I always seemed to have the ability to manifest what I needed when I needed it. Need is the word that is important, because I can never manifest what I want, only what I need.

After I married Alan, he chose to join me on my path to assist my spiritual teacher to create a teaching system here on Earth. My spiritual teacher resides in the world of Spirit and communicates through me in helping those who seek his help. Financially, Alan was comfortable as was I when we began our lives together. My money, though, was in real estate in Australia and New Zealand. Alan had money in the bank and so he began using that money to travel with me and to take the message of Maitreya, my teacher, to those overseas who wanted to know of it. We decided to conduct a mediumistic course for those who wanted to learn channeling and were in a hotel room in the Netherlands during the course. I had asked for payment for the course in US dollars, and people paid in that currency. However, there was a vast difference between the Euro and the US dollar at that time, and we were losing money between our pricing of the course and the expenses in Amsterdam.

After the course was finished, we were in the hotel room and I saw that Alan seemed to be doing banking online. I asked him what he was doing, and he told me he was shifting money from one account to another because we had lost $20,000 US (due to the exchange rate with the Euro) and not charging in Euro for the course. I suddenly said to him; “Why didn’t you let me know? I will just
manifest the money we need. I will put it out to Spirit now” and I did. I said “OK spirit, we need $20,000 US please as soon as possible.”

A few hours later, an e-mail came in from a website viewer who asked if we needed any money, as I had given him advice about going into the metals market. He had done really well and wanted to give a donation. He asked if we would we accept one? I wrote back and said we always needed money, and if he wanted to send a check for the amount he wanted to donate to our home address, we would really appreciate it. A few hours later, an email came back informing me he had sent a check to our address and it would be there when we got home. He said he had sent us $20,000 US. Alan was speechless. I have never seen anyone so shocked in my life. Every dollar we needed was given to us and within 24 hours. Since then, we have experienced many times such as this, and are always amazed at the way those in Spirit listen to our needs and try to assist us.
Tuppence – A Very Special Cat

After we opened our center in Redmond, Washington, Alan decided we should re-publish all of the books I had written and self-published in Australia. One of those books was a book called “Tuppence — The Very Special Cat.” It was written about a very beautiful cat named “Tuppence” who had been with my ex-husband and me for five years and who had passed away at 17 years of age.

After Tuppence died I had a very strong feeling to find another cat like him. I felt strongly that Tuppence would reincarnate and that he would come back into my life. I went online to find cats that were up for adoption and, lo and behold, there at an animal refuge was this beautiful cat called “Winston.” I thought he was in a local shelter, but discovered that he was in Canada. He had been found on the corner of two streets in Victoria, British Columbia, wet through and through and starving hungry. He was just skin and bones and very thin. I thought it was too far to travel to get him, but Alan said it would be no trouble, so we arranged over the phone to get his injections, and said we would pick him up two days later.

The following morning we set off for Victoria via ferry. I wasn’t sure whether I had done the right thing. The cat looked so like Tuppence on the internet, but I had bought many things online and they had turned out to be nothing like what they were depicted!

After staying in a hotel overnight, we went early the next day to the animal shelter. Winston was in the top cage of a row of three. He was so frightened of everything — even me, Alan and Xan, our friend who had gone with us to
get him. We had bought a traveling box to take him home in and also purchased a litter box, litter, a climbing toy, plus a few more toys and some food. After filling in the forms for him, we finally made him ours.

He was such a good cat on the way back to the ferry and all the way home. At one point I was sitting with him in the back of the car trying to soothe him. He meowed and I KNEW he wanted to go to the toilet, so Alan put him in the back into the litter box with some litter in it and he went to the toilet. He didn’t try to run away either, but was calmly lifted back into his travel cage and settled down again. After we arrived home the vet we took him to for a thorough checkup said he was malnourished and underweight, so we gave him the kind of food that would enable him to put on weight.

As I write this story for my book, we have now had him for a year. We renamed him “Tuppence” because he just didn’t respond to the name, “Winston.” As soon as he entered our home he did exactly what the first Tuppence did when he came to us before. He went around the house in exactly the same way, checking everything out and making sure there weren’t any other cats.

Over the next few months, he showed me in no uncertain terms that he was indeed the reincarnation of the first Tuppence. He did things in exactly the same way such as eating — being fussy over his food exactly the way the other Tuppence did. He was VERY affectionate toward me and followed me all over the house. When I look at pictures of the Tuppence who died and this Tuppence, there is no difference except age. Their coat colors are the same, their faces and the way they sit and lie down are identical. Most of all, when I cooked a chicken the first Tuppence always
came into the kitchen for a morsel which I gave him as a treat. The new Tuppence does the same every time I cook a chicken despite the fact that I have never hand fed him any of our food or even chicken for that matter. There are so many similarities I cannot believe it. However, I am so thrilled to have him back, and he has become a wonderful addition to our family.

One amazing thing is that people who can see auras had told me that the other Tuppence was a healing cat with a beautiful green aura. One night while we were traveling overseas, the people who were looking after our house had their mother stay overnight. She had just had an operation and needed to keep the bedroom door open in case she needed assistance in the night. Tuppence went into the room, jumped on the bed, and proceeded to lie down next to her. She felt him and woke up. Later she said she saw the most beautiful green aura around him. She said he lay there all night sending out this beautiful energy which she could feel. She also felt so much better the next day.

Just as we return incarnation after incarnation, so do animals. Tuppence is sleeping once again as I come to the end of this story, I feel so very blessed to be given Tuppence back, but as a younger cat so that I can enjoy him for much longer!
Stories Along the Way
The Competitors

While we were looking for a location for our Maitreya Seattle Center, we found the “ideal” building. It had been a radio station for a community college and, as we wanted to set up our own media/communications center, this place was ideal. Alan arranged to meet the realtor in charge of rentals to have a look at the building. As soon as we met the man I felt a strong negative energy from him. We told him what we wanted the building for, and he said he wanted a 10-year lease. We had no intention of tying ourselves up for a 10-year lease because we knew eventually we would buy a building and that it would be within a few years, not ten.

For some reason, Alan was the subject of this man’s negative energy. Even after proving he had the money for the rent and the deposit — and that could pay it for a full year in advance if necessary — this realtor didn’t like Alan at all. Each time we went to see the building — which was half a dozen times — the realtor did all he could to avoid allowing us to rent the building. He wanted a 10-year lease and would take nothing else. We finally realized we were banging our heads against a brick wall with him. He wouldn’t give any leeway, and so Alan set about finding another building.

As we let go of the building we wanted, I was told by my friends in Spirit that the realtor and Alan had had a past life together and that it wasn’t a good one. They had been competitors and that energy came through in this life. As soon as the realtor met Alan it triggered that soul memory. Even though he and Alan had never met before in this life,
as soon as they met it triggered the old memory, and the realtor went into old mode and felt that Alan was doing something wrong to him, just as had happened in the past life.

We did find another building and, although it wasn’t as ideal a setup as the other one was, we have created the space we needed for what we wanted to do and now have a successful media organization through my web site www.MargaretMcelroy.com. However it is very sad that, two years after we looked at it, the building we originally wanted is still for rent. Nobody has taken the lease on it, and I do feel for the owner because he/she could have had at least two years of rent from us. But it shows the power of past life energy and why one can meet someone and not like them even though you have never met them before that moment.
The Smoking Ghost

It never ceases to amaze me how, if one is sensitive, one not only can see, but also smell and sometimes even taste what is around in the spirit world. Often, when one of the energies I channel, known as Sister, is around me I smell the aroma of roses; it is such a beautiful smell. I used to smell it all of the time when I was learning and developing my craft.

Alan, my husband, had another business in Spokane, Washington, for a number of years in addition to the center we created in Seattle. We had to travel to Spokane from Seattle for some meetings Alan needed to attend and, as I hadn’t been there before, I chose to go along to see his office. As I was wandering around feeling the energy of the place, I came upon an upstairs office and, as I stepped into the space, I smelled tobacco. It was very strong, and then I felt the presence of a man there. He was sitting in this space, but it was no longer like it is now — it became an office from the 1930’s. Not only that but the office was just a mess — paperwork everywhere — it looked like a bomb had hit it. But the man didn’t seem to care; his head was buried in his paperwork. He seemed to be an accountant of sorts and was smoking a cigarette in his mouth without taking it out. I could even see the smoke coming out of his nose!

I went back downstairs to Alan who had just come out of a meeting and mentioned to him what I had felt and seen in the upstairs room. His partner who was with him told me that there were some employees who wouldn’t go up there because they “felt” someone there. When the girl whose
office it was came back from her lunch, I was introduced to her and spoke to her of my observations. She told me in return that she always smelled tobacco up there, yet didn’t smoke herself — and it is a non-smoking building. She seemed very relieved that she wasn’t imagining it.

I told Alan’s partner the “ghost” wasn’t going to leave; he liked being there. His partner told me the office used to be just as I described it, full of papers and mess. I mentioned that perhaps it should return to that if they could find another space to house the woman who presently worked there.

A few weeks later I returned once again with Alan. They were building a new office space in the downstairs part of the building which had been storage space until then. The young woman had moved out and was temporarily housed in another office. As I went up the stairs to her old office, I again smelled the odor of tobacco, and lo and behold, the man was behind his desk again, surrounded by his papers, oblivious to me or anyone, his head buried in his accounting work and still smoking away.
The Enigmatic Typist

In 2007 Alan and I made one of our regular trips to Singapore. We had a very successful visit and did some wonderful teaching. On the final day there I had to teach so we didn’t get back to the hotel room until early evening. Our host, Lee, came back with us, and we ordered a meal in the room as we were all tired. Lee left about 11:00 PM as we had to leave the hotel the next morning at 3:30 AM; we had a 5:00 AM flight.

Alan packed away the computer and keyboard (which we always have with us) and all the attachments to the computer. The desk space in the room was clean. I had packed earlier that day before the teaching as had Alan, so all we had to put into our cases in the morning was our toiletry bags.

We had just climbed into bed and were dropping off to sleep when, all of a sudden, I heard the sound of a keyboard typing in the vicinity of the desk. I thought Alan had gotten out of bed, set up the computer again, and was typing. We had a king-size bed so I couldn’t feel him in the bed although he was, in fact, there. He told me he hadn’t gotten out of bed and the computer hadn’t been set up again.

Again I heard the sound of typing on a keyboard. It had rained earlier in the evening and I listened closely in case it was the rain. I was so very tired — as was Alan — and was already fighting sleep when I heard the typing noise again. Alan heard it too, but we didn’t get out of bed to investigate. I knew if I did, I wouldn’t get back to sleep. I am not good in the early hours of the morning when I have
to get out of bed, never mind having to fly early in the morning also.

The next day while flying to our next destination, we both agreed on what we had heard. I am only sorry now that I was so tired I didn’t investigate. I do wonder what I would have seen.
I am extremely sensitive to every form of energy. When we were looking for office premises for our Maitreya Seattle Center, we looked at a lot of different buildings. One that we looked at was a suite of offices which had been a medical surgery center. We didn’t know before we went into the building what kind of medicine it was, but as we entered the building I felt such sadness and depression.

As we walked around the offices I couldn’t lift the feeling I was having. The realtor ushered us around and, as he led us to a big room and we walked in, I was hit with what I could only describe as a bolt of energy. It felt dangerous to me — I couldn’t go into the room no matter how hard I tried. I felt physically sick and very faint and woozy. I said out loud that I couldn’t go in there; “There is something in that room that is not good.”

The realtor told us that the room had been the X-ray room for cancer patients. I could actually feel the energy of the X-rays done there. It still lingered, as well as all the fear energy of the people who had X-rays. There was so much sickness in the room that I wasn’t surprised I felt the way I did. We ended the inspection and left, knowing this wasn’t the place for our center.

A few weeks later we found what we needed to begin our center in Redmond, Washington. However, nearly two years later, the medical offices we looked at are still vacant. I am sure it is the energy of the past which is keeping it from being leased. If only the owners of the building would have an energy clearing done on the offices, it would make
such a difference and then they could sell the building. However, somehow I don’t think it will happen.
Delayed Gratification

Our spirit friends are trying to contact us all of the time, but most of the time we are either frightened to communicate with them or we can’t understand their messages. One such thing happened to me early in my spiritual development years.

I had just started studying with my teachers and had very limited income at the time. I went through a recession for a number of years and lived with my husband and children literally from week-to-week financially. I had very few clothes and life was very hard. My teachers didn’t charge a large fee for their teaching, and so I was able to afford to attend classes each week.

One day my father — who had died 3 years before — came into my meditation. It was as if he were still alive. He had died at the age of 71, a very old and frail man, but he looked so young, vibrant, and happy! He stood in front of me and opened two big wooden doors. Behind the doors was a huge warehouse storage pallet, very high and very wide. The pallet was stacked with $20 Australian notes (I was living in Australia then), and there wasn’t space for another note. I had never seen so much money in my life. I told my teacher what I had seen and she thought I was going to win the lottery or a scratch ticket or something. Every week for six years I bought a lottery ticket and a scratch ticket, but to no avail; I didn’t win anything. Finally I gave up buying tickets.

Twenty-plus years later, I married Alan and, after we were married, he sold his very successful business for many millions of dollars. On the day he signed the papers for the
sale of the business and the money went into the bank, I remembered the vision of my father showing me the storage pallet all those years ago. The vision had finally come true. It had taken many years to come to fruition, but it did come true. Alan and I have used that money to assist Maitreya with his work on the earth plane of educating and assisting those who desire to seek higher knowledge and raise their vibrations. It was well worth the wait.
Concluding Thoughts

I once said that, if I wrote a book about my experiences through the years, nobody would believe it. Writing these stories has made me very aware of the unseen part of life, that of the spiritual part of us. It is such a difficult task to prove anything to do with the spiritual because each experience is a personal one. Two people, for instance, can be in a room; one can see a ghost, yet the other may not. Why does this happen? It happens because one person is at a higher vibration than another.

I am often asked why it is cold when a ghost is around, or when someone comes to you from the realms of what we term Spirit. This is because Spirit is not matter. Those who have passed over are pure consciousness. They don’t have a physical body. They do, however, retain memory and have deep love and care for us. When they visit us they are pure energy. As this energy moves into our energy field or aura, it moves incredibly fast. As it does so it looks, in a way, just like a tornado — a funnel of energy moving very fast. When that energy, moving at high speed, hits our energy field it creates a “wind effect.” As it brushes our energy field it makes us feel cold. We usually shiver and most people will say, “Someone just walked over my grave,” or words to that effect.

Science says, “Prove it,” but it cannot be proven; it can only be felt, seen or heard. Yet, we all understand a man who loses a limb and still feels pain in that limb. Somehow, that isn’t difficult to understand. He is feeling his spirit leg, because he no longer has a physical one.
The world of the spiritual isn’t one of going to church, praying, becoming a vegetarian, or giving up wine and other things that you like. It is about being happy and content within. It is about being at peace with yourself, in total harmony with all of life. No discord, stress, or desire, just BEING at peace — what many term “a peace that passes all understanding.”

It takes time to achieve this peace. It also doesn’t come without a price. The price is clearing away all the blockages that have stopped you achieving it. Those blocks, some from past lives and some from this life, need to be removed before that peace can be attained. This takes hard work on your part and can involve much change in your life. The change can involve losing friends, family — even partners. This alone is enough to stop many from going any further. However, when you understand the metaphysical reason for life and you can become detached from the illusion of life, then you can really start to grow on a spiritual level and return home to your true home in Spirit and never return to the earth plane again. That is true joy!

In 1996, I was given a course to teach which I was told to call the “Master of Metaphysics” course. My spiritual master, Maitreya, gave me this course. He told me that it would become a transformational experience for those who would take it. He was correct. I have since taught hundreds of people this course and intend to teach many more in the future.

In the same year my ex-husband, Paul, was asked by Spirit to create a website, www.Maitreya-edu.org. This he did, and now there are over 3 million hits on this site each month from over 100 countries around the world. People want to know about their spiritual part. We know this from
the enquiries on the website and from those wanting to take the course. Humanity is shifting in consciousness. More and more people are finding their spiritual part and connecting with it.

I am privileged to work with the spiritual realms and have the most wonderful experiences. When I started the path I was so fearful! I remember telling them, “I will work for you, but I don’t want to see anything.” I was so frightened at the time of seeing a ghost or a spirit being. As time passed, I have lost most of that fear which was very deep inside of me. My own growth spiritually, as well as my experiences, prompted me to write this book. I hope that you have enjoyed reading my “Stories Along The Way” as much as I have enjoyed writing them.
Stories Along the Way
Profile — Margaret McElroy

Born in Nottingham, England in 1946, Margaret migrated to Australia in 1974 and opened the door to her spiritual path in 1982. She says, “As a child I wish I could say I saw people at the end of the bed, or heard voices, but I didn’t; I was a late psychic bloomer.” After beginning her spiritual and metaphysical training in her mid-thirties, Margaret became highly sought after for her accurate readings and spiritual teaching. In meditation she was given her highly successful Master of Metaphysics course which has graduated over 200 students from five continents. In addition, for over a decade she was the regular magazine and newspaper clairvoyant for nearly a dozen publishing houses and hosted syndicated radio shows on over 30 stations in New Zealand, Australia and the United States.

Margaret has been a deep trance channel for her spiritual mentor and teacher, Maitreya, since 1992. The website (www.Maitreya-edu.org) she founded in 1996 with Maitreya has a viewing audience of over 3 million people per month from over 130 countries around the world and grows each day with those who are searching for metaphysical information. “There has never been such a thirst for metaphysical knowledge” Margaret has said.

In June 1999, Margaret spoke in deep trance channel to The Society for Enlightenment and Transformation, a large spiritual group within the United Nations in New York, and was informed a few months later that her speech was deemed the best ever to be held at the United Nations group. She says that to be asked to address this group of
many important people was a very special honor and is one of the highlights of her career.

Margaret and her husband, Alan, now live in Bellevue, WA, USA. Margaret operates the Australian Institute of Metaphysics on Tambourine Mountain in Queensland, Australia (www.MaitreyaAustralia.com) and she and Alan created the Maitreya Seattle Learning and Healing Center (www.MaitreyaSeattle.com) in the USA. Margaret’s website (www.MargaretMcElroy.com) is her latest passion where she teaches, has some fun, and communicates with her audience from around the world. The website also hosts Margaret and Alan’s popular radio show, The Sixth Sense, as well as webcasting her workshops, special events, and “An Evening with Maitreya” channelings. Margaret and Alan spend half of each year traveling around the world promoting the teachings of Maitreya and conducting channeled evenings and workshops.
For additional information, services & products, please visit these sites by clicking on the links below:

Margaret M. Illuminates
www.margaretemcelroy.com

Maitreya Educational Foundation
Wisdom for Today, Answers for Tomorrow
www.maitreya-edu.org

Maitreya Seattle Learning & Healing Center
www.maitreyaseattle.com

Maitreya Australia Learning & Healing Center
www.maitreyaustralia.com
What they say about Margaret M:

“There was a bigger picture which you painted for us which helps guide us into the future. There was nothing that you told us we don’t feel confident we can achieve.”
Neil McLachlan – Financial Planner, California, USA

“I am feeling that all the hang-ups and fears I have been keeping inside of me are now evaporating. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.”
N.S., United Nations, New York, USA

“One thing though has remained constant; Margaret’s original vision has continued to help and inspire us to seek our goals and strive for our vision. Her business sense is excellent and, accompanied with her incredible insight, make a powerful combination.”
Neil Berendt and Helen Bowler, Hydroponic Growers, Nelson, New Zealand

“I will never be the same again. This has been the most overwhelming experience. Wow! Thank you so much.”
Elizabeth Grant, United Nations, New York, USA

“Margaret’s words gave me confidence to conquer my fear of failing as others would predict. To trust my instincts and foremost, to like myself. An asset I treasure both personally and professionally.”
R. Duncan, Chocolate Manufacturer
Taupo, New Zealand
Having traveled the world as a psychic and spiritual teacher, Margaret M has never stopped learning about the World of Spirit.

Her experiences as a successful businesswoman, newspaper columnist, the New Zealand Woman’s Weekly clairvoyant, a top radio clairvoyant in Australia, New Zealand, and the United States, and addressing a very special group of spiritual people at the United Nations have continuously given her new spiritual insights. Each chapter in Stories Along the Way provides another informative glimpse into the psychic world as revealed through Margaret M’s real-world encounters.

A well-known and respected spiritual teacher with students on five continents, Margaret now lives near Seattle, Washington with her husband, Alan, where they operate the Maitreya Seattle Learning and Healing Center.

READ ABOUT AND CONTACT MARGARET M AT WWW.MARGARETMCNELROY.COM

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