



Psychics and Seances

Annette de Jonge

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Acknowledgements

Without the constant encouragement and belief in me from my friend and editor Pat, this free e-book would have never been published. Thank you my friend.

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Gratitude also goes to my spirit teachers who have, by their guidance, taken my knowledge beyond our normal five sensory world and opened up other realities I previously never knew existed.

Annette de Jonge

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Introduction.

The world's ancient mythologies have legends portraying spirits in various forms. Supernatural beings of different shapes and sizes are recorded as having assisted or scared humanity over the millennia. Many of these experiences were spread by word of mouth, recorded in holy works or in forms of art.

Each epoch and culture had their conduit; a priest, Shaman or holy man making contact with unseen spirit dimensions. It took a lot of dedication, preparation and personal energy for that to happen. Contact was mostly in altered states of consciousness using incantations, mind enhancing drugs and even particular forms of dancing. Special preparations were needed and spirits were invoked for guidance on such things as crops, weather and the well being of the tribe or community.

There have been various attempts to make contact and interact with the unseen spirit realms but it was toward the end of the nineteenth century that communication gained popularity in Europe and the Americas. Madam Blavatsky, a gifted channel, influenced many with her occult teachings and inner knowledge, said to be given to her by advanced Eastern spirit teachers.

In Great Britain, there was so much public interest in life after death and people communicating with spirits that in 1892 the British Society for Psychical Research was formed in an endeavour to investigate scientifically the validity of all forms of paranormal happenings. Some well known members of the Society were the writer Arthur Conan Doyle, the philosopher William James, naturalist Alfred Russell Wallace, scientists Williams Crookes and Oliver Lodge, philosopher and economist Henry Sidgwick and poet and philologist F. W. H. Meyers.

Conan Doyle, with his second wife Jean, held many séances to communicate with spirits including many of the souls of those killed in the First World War. He was such a believer in life after death and that the souls of the dead could and did communicate with the living that he stopped writing fiction to focus the rest of his life on the paranormal.

Séances were popular methods of communication between spirits and some members of society. Ouija boards, table rapping and ghostly materialization were only a few of the creative ways communication was achieved.

A medium or 'sensitive' was necessary to make contact and many had spirit overseers who protected them from any unwanted unseen elements. Depending on the strength of the medium and the spirit connection, sometimes her/his voice and mannerisms changed to that of the spirit being channeled. That didn't help the credibility of the profession, many of whom were genuine channels seeking to help those in need and to prove there is indeed consciousness, life after death.

Monumental shifts in insight and consciousness have taken place since those early days and it is now easier to communicate with energy realms interpenetrating our own. Eastern philosophies and other previously unfamiliar beliefs opened up awareness and helped shift much of the old fears and superstitions.

A plethora of books on the paranormal, spirits, extraterrestrial visitation and quantum physics have continued to open up a vista of learning not previously available to the average person. What is becoming apparent to more and more people is that at all times, wherever we are on any dimension, we remain a soul, a consciousness having experiences chosen by us prior to incarnating.

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This is my story, one of growth told as a factual account as remembered of my journey from ignorance and fear to an understanding of how we are all part of a marvellous plan of evolution.

There have been many 'ah-ah' moments in my life and one that stands out as a life changer for me is the understanding that during all experiences anywhere, we are always learning no matter what happens. Bed-ridden or an elite athlete, you cannot '**not learn**' and the knowledge gained through those experiences is what we all chose to experience in our incarnation on planet Earth.

Also gained was the understanding that there are no mistakes or misadventures, even if my third dimension thinking wants me to see myself as a victim. If I accept, as I do, that whatever my choices in life are or were, they were chosen by me for whatever experiences to be gained, I was never, could never be, a victim. This awareness encompasses all who come into my life for whatever the growth path lessons offered and were preplanned by me prior to incarnating for the opportunities they would present to me.

Disappointing experiences and disagreeable people still happened, but understanding they were there because of my wanting to learn from them has taught me acceptance. However, this understanding and acceptance all came with the benefit of hindsight and much later in my life. Very little, if any of this knowledge was there when I started my journey.

My wish for you is whatever experiences you have chosen for your particular journey may they be as enlightening, rewarding and inspirational as can be.

Namaste [*roughly translated to mean the soul in me honors the soul in you*]. Whatever you have chosen, enjoy your journey.

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'There are no unnatural or supernatural phenomena, only very large gaps in our knowledge of what is natural, particularly regarding relatively rare occurrences. We should strive to fill those gaps of ignorance'.

Edgar D Mitchell Sc.D., Apollo 14 lunar-landing module pilot.

Awakening, the Early Years

*'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and entrances ...,'*

Shakespeare 'As You Like It' Act 2, Scene 7.

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During my early years strange, sometimes frightening, unexplained phenomenon had me searching for answers of what was happening and how could it be stopped. Why, for example, in the darkness of the night when my family had gone to bed did solid images of fearful creatures materialize in my bedroom.

One that visited often was a luminous green Cyclops with a red eye in the center of its forehead. It stood at the end of my bed and we stared at each other until eventually my exhaustion won out over my apprehension and sleep overtook me.

Like the Cyclops, these apparitions never spoke or touched me but their presence was frightening and their images terrorized much of my childhood. Fortunately their visits receded as I grew older but self preservation and peace of mind made it important to learn the reason why they were around in the first place. It was only years later that I understood these apparitions were not seen with physical sight but were perceived through an inner vision referred to by some ancient teachings as the third eye.

It became apparent that there were also unseen presences about too. One day, in a bad mood with my brother and thinking of doing something petty and unkind to him an unfamiliar voice spoke seemingly from out of the blue 'you know better than that' it admonished. Glancing around for the speaker and seeing no-one my assumption was it must have been from my guardian angel taught to me by my Catholic mother.

Experiences continued but unknown then were the group of spirit people who were with me and would later be of tremendous support when several times my life became really difficult. However, at this time of my life all occurrences appeared to be trial and error that I had no control over but of which I still had a strong desire to understand.

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Life in those days was simpler in many ways. No computers, televisions or cell phones of any sort meant people amused themselves with other alternatives. By getting together, entertaining family and friends in respective homes with social activities like card or other games, sing-alongs, gossiping.

Still a child, I remember one day eavesdropping, sitting quietly out of the way so not to be seen, listening to my mother discussing with one of her friends their respective experiences dabbling with the Ouija board. The friend of my mother's explained a small group of her friends were sitting at the kitchen table asking questions to an unseen presence. They were using the Ouija board and everyone had a finger lightly resting on an upturned glass as it moved slowly around the alphabet letters, spelling out answers to the questions asked.

The questions and replies spelt out were entertaining, often titillating, but banal until a woman asked a random question about the whereabouts of her husband who was on night shift at his work. The answer spelt out was a surprise to the woman as the reply was her husband was not at work but with a woman. A name was given and when home the woman challenged her husband who eventually admitted he had lied and was with the woman mentioned.

My mother then spoke of one of her experiences using the board. As with the other group mundane answers were given to mundane questions. My grandfather came into to room to watch what the group were doing and the board started to spell out unfamiliar words. The members of the group decided the messages were now rubbish and were going to stop for the night but my grandfather instructed them to keep going.

According to my mother, the words spelt out were now in Spanish, a language my grandfather was quite familiar with because he had lived for many years in South America. It then became a conversation between my grandfather and the unseen spirit both communicating in Spanish with the group, not understanding a word but still needing to hold the unseen contact and keep the glass moving. When the session finished my mother said no matter how many entreaties were made to my grandfather, he would not divulge what had been said.

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My father, an invalid from injuries suffered during the Second World War, said that sometimes the spirits of three nuns would appear at the end of his bed. Seeing them was a premonition, letting him know he would soon have to go into hospital for a major operation.

Dad said the nuns never uttered a word. Instead one of them would extend her arm and offer him a pristine white handkerchief. Each time this happened, my father refused to take the handkerchief and the nuns faded away. My father died when I was fifteen years of age and it left my family wondering, did Dad take the white handkerchief just before he died?

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When sixteen I believe a gut feeling not to go out with several friends on a particular night saved my life. The young inexperienced driver of the car my friends were in lost control and the car rolled several times. One of my friends was sitting in the seat usually occupied by me. She was thrown from the car and crushed.

Was this premonition a warning from my guardian angel that had impressed the sense of foreboding on my inner thoughts? Or was it some other unseen and unnamed spirits with me who had communicated the feeling? I didn't know.

One night I nearly became a rape statistic. Being chased through a park by an opportunist, I was running in stiletto heels on damp grass. The male was in runners and I could feel his outstretched arms grasping at the back of my coat. Never being a fast runner, I should have been easy prey but something kept me just that tiny bit ahead so he could not grab on and drag me down. It seemed like an eternity but it must have only been a matter of minutes before I made it to the busy highway and salvation.

In this instance there had been no prior warning of danger, but it is my absolute belief that an unseen someone had to have given me the necessary speed to keep out of the male's grasp. Fear alone could not have done it.

By Trial and Error.

When you change the way you look at things, the things you look at change.

Dr Wayne Dyer

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Books on the paranormal were hard to come by in those early days. Any found dealt mainly with the sensational. Apart from giving me chills up the spine and a few sleepless nights, they offered little in real value. Plus there was the fear factor of contacting unfriendly spirits like my childhood experiences and that conditioning was something I needed to overcome.

The books read only added to my apprehensions. They warned their readers that all sorts of unfriendly spirits were out there, waiting to possess any unwary physical body and control a person's mind. The information only fueled my trepidation.

An inability to find enlightening books on the paranormal, where minds were opened to infinite possibilities, changed with the emergence of the Flower Power Movement and New Age phenomena. Books on Eastern philosophies and religions opened up a world of previously unknown knowledge to me.

I was also starting to get bits of information about my friends and realized it was meant to be passed on to them. At first my lack of confidence, concerns about getting the message wrong and of maybe being seen as eccentric and not socially acceptable stopped me many times from passing on the message.

Fear slowed me down but I still wanted to learn, to understand what was happening and know more of why the various spirit people were around me. As mentioned, most of my learning became experiences by trial and error, yet there did seem to be some sort of coherence or plan to what was happening at the time. Over the years and by perseverance and learning came the understanding that I work with a group of spirit teachers.

Like with many such groups there is more than one communicator. When there is a change of speaker there is a subtle energy shift as we go from one personality to the other. Prompted by me for names the answer given is that names are not important. Instead, the advice is to judge whomever was communicating by the quality of the information received. There are new teachers now but the advice given still stands..

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Slowly but surely, over time, I gained more confidence in myself and developed more of my abilities. With the new experiences was also a growing confidence in the unseen others who are guiding me. By the 1990s a plethora of books had come onto the market offering explanations on some of these other multidimensional worlds and their inhabitants. I read them voraciously, often happy to learn of me having similar experiences to that of the writers'.

Some offered guidance in further developing psychic abilities and I tried most of the methods given. The only one I remember not experimenting with was the Ouija board. My gut feeling was to leave it alone. It is not for me.

Much later, when learning inspiration writing, I asked my unseen teachers about this. They told me using an Ouija board is similar to a public telephone on a street corner. The Ouija board represents the activated telephone and anyone walking by can pick up the receiver and speak to the medium on the other end. The medium, or sensitive, using the Ouija board normally has no control over who is speaking or the quality of the messages received.

If the group approaches the communication with irreverence it becomes the old saying, 'like attracts like' and jokes and misinformation are often given at the sitters' expense. Having said that, wonderful guidance and teaching has sometimes come through via the Ouija board. It was by this form of communication that the American Jane Roberts, a gifted medium and writer started her contact with the advanced spirit entity calling himself Seth

Séances and Psychics.

The highest form of ignorance is when you reject something you know nothing about.

Dr Wayne Dyer.

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As a young teenager and still wanting to learn about these unseen entities, I went with an uncle to a séance. The medium, a charming, elderly woman channeled information to our group. We sat in a circle in a room lit solely by the flickering gas fire in the grate. To my impressionable mind it seemed 'spooky' and only added to my fears. Had one of the unseen communicators touched me as dreaded I would have literally died of fright.

Nothing dramatic happened to anyone there. Instead we sang hymns, the medium channeled general guidance from her unseen, to me, communicators. Those who had brought little flowers or bits of foliage had a reading, information about their life done for them. Everyone seemed happy with their messages and after prayers and best wishes to all the séance ended.

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One day a group of us from where work decided to visit an elderly Scots lady psychic someone had heard about. This psychic foretold her client's futures with an egg white. I had never heard of this type of forecasting and was curious to see it working.

As an impressionable sixteen year old with an overactive imagination my opinion was already formed on what the woman would look like. She would have a mole on her hooked nose or extended chin; perhaps on both. She would also have a sleek black cat as a familiar. I could not have been more mistaken.

The smiling, quietly spoken, elderly woman who greeted us when we arrived was nothing like my impression. Small and plump she looked more a picture of a sweet old grandmother than a witch. Yes, she did have a cat; a grey tabby cat stretched out dozing by the fireplace.

The woman led me into a small bedroom and we sat either side of a small round clothed table. Mundane relevant present events were given. I think that was to validate the psychic's ability but I was after the future forecasting. Would my knight in shining armor call and sweep me off my feet? Would I live a life of blissful happiness with the man of my dreams?

The psychic tapped the eggshell against the rim of a glass of water. Carefully she separated the white from the yolk and let the white fall into the water. Silently studying the gelatinous strands for a few moments she pointed to a few of the thicker strands. *'Look, here you are as a bride. You are going to get married in a church in a long white dress. The man*

you marry will come from over the water and you will have two children'. I tried very hard to see what the elderly lady was seeing but to me it just looked like strings of egg white in a tumbler of water.

I wasn't given a time frame of when this would all occur and had to reconcile myself with the thought that someone was meant to be my partner at some stage. Hopefully I wouldn't be too old before it happened. After all, it must be going to happen I thought. The psychic came well recommended and would an egg white in a tumbler of water lie? I had no choice but to wait for my 'Mr. Right'.

On the train home we all excitedly shared what we had been told. Apparently none of us were to remain as old maids. Two years later I did meet my future husband. He came from over the seas: from Holland. On our wedding day I was a bride in a long white gown and we were married in a church. We also had two children.

Growth Is the Way

Ask yourself hard questions, never stop asking, and allow your answers to change as you do.

Colin Wright

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Both of my daughters were born with psychic abilities and both are very good natural healers. I discovered Helen's talents early when she started communicating with the fairies of the nature realm in our country garden. Unfortunately I did not believe my daughter when she first mentioned her interaction. However, a friend, who also had the ability to communicate with the 'little people' verified the 'voice', sounds Helen had mentioned. On reflection my thoughts now are how ignorant and self-opinionated of me at that time.

Helen is also the only person I know who, on seeing auras spoke of them as appearing over a person's face like a space person's mask. Obviously she sees the total aura encasing the physical frame like a multicolored sarcophagus. I don't see it that way. Helen could also tell me several days before I had a cold or sinus attack when one was imminent by the brown clouds impinging over my face and chest.

My other daughter Ann, was only about four or five when she had her first emotional other life remembering that frightened both her father and myself with the intensity of the recall. When it happened Ann's physical body was in the room with us but by her wide eyed vacant stare it didn't look like anybody was home in her body.

Dressed in pajamas and clutching her favorite fluffy toy she stood at the end of our bed and, in a monotone voice, uttered only three words that no parent ever wants to hear from their child, *'I'm slowly dying.'* I later was able to find out that in a separate lifetime Ann had a disease that sounded very much like leukemia.

I have no idea what was the trigger for her to recall this experience. Perhaps it was in this incarnation Ann was at the same age as the previous incident and that was enough to reactivate the memory.

Another other life recall illness Ann experienced and remembered to her great advantage this time around is what she learned when she was previously blind. It has given her the ability of almost having eyes at her fingertips. Any wrapped packages, particularly at birthdays and Christmastimes were and still are systematically investigated for their contents by Ann. I don't mean shaking the gifts to see if they rattle. Instead, each one was carefully felt, studied, weighed between her hands and within a short time the contents were usually accurately stated long before being opened.

A talent Ann used that may have come from that other time was her ability to project out parts of her unseen energy. I don't know if it was her aura or something else but to get to one of the places she was employed meant Ann had had to go alone through a dark, deserted shopping centre car park late at night.

I was fearful something might happen to her but she reassured me by letting me know of her ability to project part of her energy ahead to check and see if it was safe for her to continue. Each night she worked there she employed this talent for her safety. I now think that what she was doing could have been a form of remote viewing.

Spiritual Churches and Groups.

Truth will always be truth regardless of lack of understanding, disbelief or ignorance.

W Clement Stone.

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It was the early 1970s and, still wanting explanations about the different lifelong incidents, I tried going to the various denominational churches in my area. Unfortunately none of the services offered me the guidance wanted or the understanding needed at the time. Their life after death philosophy was different to my knowledge and the experiences gained so far.

On the other hand the congregations of Spiritual Churches were believers in life after death and some were in contact with spirits who gave them messages of guidance. I recognized that many, like me, were consciously advancing themselves along their individual spiritual path. In this way, I started to meet like-minded people. Some were communicating with beings from the different spirit dimensions and receiving forms of guidance relevant to their current growth pattern.

I also found a group who communicated with extraterrestrials each Saturday afternoon. This surprised me and even more so to learn they had been in constant touch with them for many years. It was the first time that I knew people had prearranged gatherings with extraterrestrials. However, when I tried to join, the group explained that it was a closed circle. As the name suggests, a closed circle keeps the same members and outsiders are not welcome. The members were not unfriendly with this request. It was more to do with the familiarity of the energy of the circle.

Where the extraterrestrial visitors came from or how the group achieved communication was never told to me. Had they done so I am not sure I would have believed them. At that time, there was no indication I would also consciously communicate with such beings. Nor was there any awareness that there was already communication between us. That all became obvious much later in my learning.

My First Psychic Development Class.

Ignorance is a temporary affliction, remedied only by asking the right questions.

Colin Wright.

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It was about this time I was introduced to a talented medium, Barbara, who was soon to start a psychic development circle. That was just what I had been looking for.

Barbara's group of about eight people met at her home once a week for classes designed to guide a person's budding talents in whatever way they might manifest. Barbara channeled different identities and was able to see who was around and advise us of those who wanted to speak through a medium.

I wanted to learn to channel too and one night in the class could sense someone standing behind me. In reply to my query Barbara said it was a big, dark man who identified himself as Ahab. He said he wanted to speak through me. Suddenly all my old fears resurfaced and a mental tug of war began within me. I knew Barbara worked with a group of unseen teachers who protected us from anything that could harm us but still I was scared. One-half of me wanted to channel. The other half was terrified of possession.

My time there that night was spent sitting upright in the chair mentally saying 'yes, I will.' Then fear would take over and I would slump back again 'no, I won't.' Ahab must have become frustrated with my antics because after a while he left.

Barbara channeled different spirit entities and we were often able to talk to them. One regular was a delightful young girl of about eight. She said her name was Shirley and when she spoke to me, she called me Mrs. Annette.

Shirley would give information on basic day-to-day activities that had happened in my household that could only have been known if Shirley had actually been there and watched them occur. These were so trite they did not rate a mention in adult company, but were what a child would notice. Yes, I had no doubt. Shirley did visit my home.

Another spirit visitor was a well-spoken young boy of about twelve or fourteen years of age who identified himself as Gordon. He only came to our group once but left an indelible impression on us all. Gordon and his father had been to a car race and both had died in an auto accident on the way home. His concern for his mother and sister kept him earthbound. He wanted us to contact his family and tell his mother to stop crying and not be so upset: he and his father were okay.

We tried to explain the difficulty with this: his mother might not believe us and the United States of America was a big place. We did not know where she lived. Gordon could not remember his old address and it seems this vagueness sometimes happens when someone has made a partial transition to another dimension.

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