

BANANAS ARE FRUITFUL EVIDENCE

Medium Ronald Hearn has many years' experience upon which to draw when writing about psychic subjects, always managing to illustrate his articles with unusual accounts. Here Ronald who lives in SW London, examines the length of time it takes some individuals to communicate, also telling how a "dead" husband made his presence known.

Many years ago whilst demonstrating my psychic ability at a Spiritualist church in Coventry, I happened to give a message to a lady whose father had passed on *forty years* previously, but from whom she had never heard before. Though a regular attender at meetings, it seemed that the person she had most hoped to hear from did not make contact until all this time later, when I was able to give his description and characteristics, which she claimed were perfect. He then appeared to be holding a huge hand of bananas and asked me to tell his daughter this. Her reaction was one of extreme elation. Apparently, her father had been a seaman who was often away on voyages. The last time he came home, instead of the usual gifts for the family he brought only one thing ... a huge hand of bananas. He also told his daughter that when he passed on he would bring back the bananas as evidence, since he was convinced of survival. After the demonstration, the lady thanked me profusely, said it was her father to a "T," that I even spoke as he did, and stood and moved in the same way. It left no doubt in her mind that it was him, and it was worth waiting forty years finally to hear from him.

Although time may be non-existent in the spirit world, it would appear to have taken him a very long time to get through. We may well question why.

More recently, a lady from Bexhill requested a proxy taped sitting, something I do very often. She especially asked to hear from her grandfather if possible, but gave no information about him. When it was accomplished, I received a delighted reply from her to say the sitting had been highly successful, and she had wonderful evidence of the grandfather's survival. She also added that other mediums had tried to contact him without success, but at last he had found a suitable vehicle. He passed thirty years ago, so also took a long time to communicate but without explanation as to why.

We tend to assume that people are bound to communicate from this Other World. Sometimes the sad fact is that they do not want to communicate, or perhaps cannot master the art of communication. They may have a lot to work out first, or it simply takes them a long time to make up their minds. Despite my years of experience in this field, I cannot provide a satisfactory answer, but do believe that anything worth having is worth waiting for. Spirit comes to those who wait and perhaps at the right time when we are capable of understanding the whys and wherefores of this subject.

When in this world, my mother was always of the opinion that if a job was worth doing, it was worth doing well. She also believed that if you didn't like a person, you should never take advantage of them. These points were shown clearly after her passing. Firstly, I had to wait eleven months before getting contact with her, but after that the line went dead, so to speak, for almost five years. When Mother did come through after that, she appeared to be a very good communicator, but despite the fact I then received messages from many different mediums, she did not come through all of them. This had me puzzled until one day I suddenly remembered what she had said, and studied the mediums she used and did not use. I could immediately recognise she would warm to some, but others were people she would not care for. Although we expect this to be wrong once we pass to a better life, maybe it takes time to throw off the old ideas. Mother was always a very particular lady - and a very honest one - but there had to be a good reason why she would not reach me whenever she could, and so it would have seemed she was still choosy.

This supposes that although the spirit world is thought to be a better place, we still retain our personality and identity, and what could be better proof or evidence? Possibly we change in time, but for recognition, we present what will be understood. Those who are looking for conviction and reassurance could well consider these points. In fact, in the light of more experience we should all be prepared to revise our ideas. It is too easy to imagine that the spirit world is a perfect place and that people change immediately on passing. However, it usually takes times for change to occur. In any case, it would not make sense if we could not identify people as they were, and not as they may be now.

No doubt many people may feel disappointed with my findings, but after a very long experience in the psychic field, I can only speak as I find. There are many unanswered questions usually, but if we stop to think a little more, there are at least useful suggestions to consider.

We could have the situation where people in the Other World are quite capable of communication, but only if, as, and when it suits them. They can be hostile to a medium, as in the following case. I used to do taped proxy sittings for a lady in Connecticut, USA. She usually had wonderful evidence relating to her family and friends who had passed on, but not from her husband. He was apparently a very intelligent and clever man but also somewhat obstinate. There were occasionally some little scraps of evidence, but the most I could feel about him was that he haunted the large house in which they had lived together. The husband did irritating little things, but as time went by she grew quite used to it. She often used to remonstrate mentally with him about why he would not communicate through Ronald Hearn, but communicate he did not.

Some time later I went to stay in her large house. My hostess felt it would be wonderful if she could have a personal sitting instead of a tape, and thought that perhaps her husband might come through that way. When I tried to tune in to fulfill that wish, I could get nothing at all. The line appeared to be completely dead. I tried several times to no avail and began to suspect that her husband was in some way blocking the line because he objected to my presence there, and also to me personally, especially as I was with a friend who, being quite psychic, was able to give messages to our hostess and from her husband. I could only conclude he did not like me, a fact which was proved in a rather strange way.

The night before my friend and I were due to leave, our hostess suggested a swim in her heated pool, which I had to decline because I felt so unwell. In fact, I went to bed in the hope of sleeping it off as we had to be up early the next morning. It was a very hot night. I had not been long in bed when suddenly the room seemed to go very cold. Then I heard footsteps in the corridor, followed by doors opening and closing. The atmosphere appeared to be very restless, even ominous, with a lot of creaking noises. I could not help but realise we were being haunted, perhaps only me as the others were swimming so I was alone in the house. It was then I felt a terrific cold blast straight down my spine, as if someone had lifted the sheet and blown with all their might. One could say it was a chill wind that blew nobody any good. I jumped out of bed feeling rather angry but immediately suspected it was the husband. I cannot bear being disturbed at night and prefer ghosts to wait my convenience so I mentally and verbally told him to clear off and leave me alone.

I should have known that ghosts do not take notice and carry on alarmingly. The haunting continued. After more icy blasts and continued upset, I decided to call my friend, who by that time would have finished his swim and be in bed. All the rooms of the house were interconnected by phone, so I dialed

his room number, but could get no reply. I went to his room to find he was there, but the phone had not rung. It was perfectly in order, but I guessed the husband must have interfered. I explained what was happening and asked my friend to come to my room and talk to this man, as he seemed to be accepted. Nothing was happening in my friend's room. When he got to mine, everything had stopped. It wasn't that he didn't believe me - he knew me too well for that - but our haunting friend obviously had his plans. After my friend had spoken with the husband, it all seemed to have quieted down, so he returned to his room, and I tried once again to get some sleep.

Suddenly my phone rang. My friend was on the line, which proved the phone was definitely in order. He explained that everything was now happening in his room, the cold, the footsteps and the creaking of doors. It was my turn then to go to his room, where we had a strong talk with our visitor and told him to disappear quickly, which he did not. The haunting continued all night long. Neither of us got much sleep. We both awoke feeling very annoyed, especially me as I thought the husband only wanted to get at me, which I suppose he did, even if it had to involve someone else.

At breakfast our hostess enquired if we had enjoyed a good night. When we explained what had happened, she roared with laughter. We could not understand her hilarity until she told us that after she retired to bed, she sensed her husband in her room. Drawers kept opening and closing; there were footsteps, as often occurred. She then said out loud to him: "You are a louse. It is unfair of you to block off my communications and spoil things. I don't think Ronald Hearn believes you are around so why don't you go and haunt him instead?" This he did - and very much so!

By the time we left and boarded our next plane to Grand Rapids, we both felt in need of a stiff drink, which was supplied by a very genial hostess at 9 a.m. It helped a lot but, of course, nothing could explain why people like the husband can seemingly interfere with communication to the extent of blocking it off and also causing annoyance and discomfort to other people.