

FATHER'S EVIDENCE IS BLOOMING GOOD

Individuals receive survival evidence in countless different ways, as this intriguing article by author and medium, Ronald Hearn, illustrates. "We need to look closer at the messages we receive and any kind of phenomena that happen," he advises. "It is never wise to demand or expect we should get the answers we want, but we ought to think about what does come through."

Fred was a difficult man who thought he knew all the answers, fond of telling people how things should be done. I always felt that when he passed to the other world, he would even try to tell God what to do in his attempt to re-organise things to his way of thinking! You could say that Fred was not a communicative man; it was difficult to get close to him. What little discussion we had was very one sided.

Fred was my father. For many years, despite a longing to be close and able to talk, it seemed he could not allow himself the luxury of showing affection. Consequently, we did not communicate. In any world, under any circumstances, communication is important, for it is in effect our lifeline. Fortunately, two years before Fred passed on, we found ourselves sitting down together, sharing a deep heart-to-heart talk. By then he was aging and his health not so good. It could be that he sensed his time in this world was not long for he seemed to be a completely different man in many ways.

Fred had never been greatly interested in my work as a medium, though he believed in Healing, but did not know from where it came. He told me he had seen my mother many times after her passing and felt sure she was waiting for him. He also told me he was proud of me, and said I should always believe and do what I felt to be right. We never discussed the idea of him communicating after his passing. I knew one would have to let him do things his way, if he could. It just made me happy to be able to get close and resolve our differences.

Fred had many good points. As children, his family were never neglected, always fed and clothed, regardless of the difficult times through which we lived. Some of the situations could have been my fault for no one is all wrong. Within everyone there must be something good. At least that is my

contention. In believing in the afterlife, there is no doubt we will all meet again, so why wait until then to get close?

This is not a story about forgiveness and compassion; it is about communication, however, it may happen.

I did not expect Fred to communicate, but naturally hoped he would, although I wondered whether he would present himself as one would remember him or appear as a benign old gentleman who could not understand why people would think him difficult. Fred had a certain charm and an audacious sense of humour so he could persuade most people to think he was right and his son wrong. In fact, according to Fred everyone else was wrong. He knew it all! At the time of his passing I was doing psychic work in Sweden. I knew he was very ill, but was persuaded to carry on by my family as well as the fact that Fred did not wish me to return. He did not like a fuss and felt it would be important for me to do my work.

The funeral had been arranged for the day after I returned home. My brother ordered flowers on my behalf. They turned out to be a meager sheath, which looked rather mean. Fred would not have cared. I do not usually send flowers to funerals, but thought he might appreciate them. My tribute is normally made by planting flowers, something that will continue to grow and not quickly fade. A few days later I was with a friend whose home I often frequented. At the bottom of his road we passed a barrow laden with plants so I asked him to wait whilst I purchased quite a large number of them. He inquired why I had done this, and not having a garden myself, asked if he would allow me to plant them in his garden in memory of my father. Despite the fact that the soil was poor and nothing grew very well, he readily agreed. Everything was planted - and it seemed as though all in the garden was lovely. I said out loud to Fred, "You fancy yourself as a gardener so see what you can do with this lot!"

We were going on holiday shortly after and went to survey the plants and their progress the day before we left. To our horror, they all appeared to be almost dead despite being given plenty of water, but, I might add, nothing else. Fred had been quite a keen gardener. Our small plot attached to the old homestead was always filled with flowers. He even planted weeds that he found on his many walks and thought were very attractive. Everything grew for Fred; even on his allotment the vegetables flourished. So I said out loud to him, "Well, Fred, I thought you were a great gardener but you obviously cannot do anything with this garden." Had he still been there I know his answer would have been, "I'll ruddy well show you." He did!

On our return ten days later we went out into the garden...and could not believe the transformation that had taken place. Fortunately, there are several witnesses to this phenomenon, who will testify to the fact that *everything* I had planted was growing vigorously. Not the plants already in the garden; they gave their usual poor show. Fred's plants continued to grow out of all proportion, the like of which I doubt has been seen before. They had not been fed - merely watered - and even that was neglected whilst we were away. The most amazing were the petunias, which grew to at least three feet high. They produced masses of flowers, as many as one hundred and fifty blooms on one plant. An expert said they looked like petunias but couldn't be as they never grew with such thick stems or produced that many flowers. Gladioli, which normally attain a couple of feet, grew to six feet high and bore huge flowers. A delphinium grew to eight feet high with the most unusual shade of blue flowers. It had "Jack and the Beanstalk" proportions. Lots of other things grew abnormally large and were exceptionally beautiful. It seemed as though someone had waved a magic wand over the garden, or at least over Fred's plants. There were two exceptions, namely the pinks and carnations, which seemed to do nothing. I supposed Fred could not do it all, but didn't reckon on him not being beaten.

The following year his pinks and carnations flourished profusely, producing hundreds of flowers with unusual shades of colour. They never grow like that normally. I decided it might be an idea to ask Fred to make other things grow, but each year since, only some grow unusually - and that has to be Fred's choice. It is never what we would expect or hope for.

This story illustrates subjective communications, showing how my father gave convincing evidence by doing it his way and by rising to a challenge. He did show us, and me in particular, that there must be a certain amount of free will in the other world and communication is possible, though it does not always happen in the way we expect. All that happened was true to character and typical of him. Whenever I receive messages from other mediums, he always presents himself as the kindly old gentleman, which was part of his act. It was objective communication, but nowhere near as convincing as the subjective type. One could really feel Fred behind it all and having a good laugh because he was cussed enough still to be doing it his way.

We need to look closer at the messages we receive and any kind of phenomena that happen. They can be subtle yet totally convincing if we let them happen the way they will. It is never wise to demand or expect we should get the answers we want, but we ought to think about what does come through. Many people are disappointed when their loved ones appear not to be aware of certain things. If we are looking for evidence, the first

thing is being able to recognise the communicator, whichever way they decide to make a contact. Then, perhaps, to analyse what comes from them and see the subtlety of awareness. No doubt we can - and do - receive help and guidance from those who have passed on, but they only give it if they can, and should they want to. If so, it has to be in any way they choose or find possible.

Peg is a good example of subjective communication. She was - and is - a good friend, very kind and caring, but quite straight about what she would or would not do. She had some interest in psychic matters but was possibly a bit skeptical. Peg never gave any indication that if there was a continuation of life she would try to communicate. Any contact her family had with mediums - and that includes me - did not produce much evidence. Anything Peg said about the present or the future was usually wrong. She wasn't especially bothered when here, so it is easy to accept she would get on with things her own way Over There. Peg was very wise and encouraging to everyone, but definitely had her own ideas. She was also a good cook. Her pastry was "out of this world" - delicious, everything pastry should be. I am a good cook, but at one time could never make pastry. It was always a dismal flop. One day whilst preparing food for a dinner party, I realised what I was making would need pastry, and felt mine would spoil it all. In despair, I called out to Peg and said, "Your pastry was always so good, please help me to get it right," I cannot say I was especially conscious of anything happening, but made the pastry and let it cook. The results were fantastic! My guests could not believe I had made it. Neither could I, but from that day on it never fails, and my cakes also improved. No doubt many will laugh at this seemingly trivial story and suggest I gave myself confidence in some way. But in knowing Peg when she was here, she would be only too willing to help and advise if she was asked, but would never take over. Most likely she would have a chuckle watching one's futile attempts.

It would be typical of her, as when I once had a sitting with a medium who produced nothing of value for me. At one point the medium said: "I have a lady named Margaret, called Peg, here. She says will you give her love to Peter and John." This was not much of a message to some, but evidential to me and her two sons, so named. Peg would never go on about anything, but say "Tell them I am alright, and don't expect more." Peter went to that medium, but Peg did not come through. She had done enough.

As open and capable as any medium may be, nothing can be forced. It is a source of disappointment to many who consult psychics when either nothing comes through or something that does not seem right. Allowing for misinterpretation and that the medium may not be getting it right, there is

usually something significant which, if followed up, can produce interesting results in the long run.

There is an old saying, "Actions speak louder than words." There must be many Over There who communicate in the way that is easiest and best for them, and perhaps the only way they can. More important is what we get from it and them. Fred doesn't do the hard work in the garden, but as long as he makes the flowers grow we will be grateful, just as guests will be for perfect pastry.

We have to do the work itself, but analyzing our messages and phenomena is easy once we open our minds and give the subject more thought.