

## Single Red Rose Proves Survival

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*Medium Ronald Hearn is a regular contributor to "Two Worlds," always finding something new and interesting to highlight. Here Ronald wonders how much information mediums obtain from sitters' minds, but also tells of some excellent Survival evidence supplied by his "dead" mother.*

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The question often arises as to whether a medium gets information from the spirit world or from the mind of the sitter. Undoubtedly everything comes through the mind, yet there are many cases where the sitter is unaware of certain things until they happen. Even so, I for one have tried to read minds or use thought transference. Although it works to a very minute degree, in no way could I claim these things to be responsible for the messages we receive. There must be many things embodied in our subconscious so we cannot rule out the possibility that during communication with the other dimension, some degree of subconscious release may not come into it. When we are seeking evidence of survival, we should always take these ideas into consideration and judge for ourselves.

In my work as a medium I try to make such good contact with those who have passed on that the sitter "feels" their presence and is able to accept all the more. It is good to have a character description because we are so individual as people. Physical descriptions can also be good if there is anything unusual about the communicator, but usually the idea of a tall, dark, slim man will hold no weight on its own. The description could fit thousands of people so I try to concentrate on matters that apply only to that person, though I am sure if we searched widely enough, we could find others they would fit. It certainly narrows down the possibilities, but there will always be skepticism and doubt.

Searching for evidence of survival is rather like looking for gold. The prospector scoops up dirt in his pan, washes it in the mountain stream, and hopefully is left with a few crumbs of gold. After a while he has enough to form a valuable amount. So it is in the search for survival evidence. Much has to be washed away or discarded until we are left with something indisputable.

When my mother passed on, I had no doubt she would continue to live in another world, but as time went on, doubts began to creep in because I so longed to have the evidence I felt could reassure me. Several mediums who

knew me gave me some sort of message, but nothing convincing, and I felt they were just being kind. There is an old saying that anything worth having is worth waiting for. Knowing mother to be one to say that "If a job is worth doing, it is worth doing well" I had to wait for eleven months after her passing to get the reassurance I needed.

Mother could never be forced to do anything unless it could be done properly, and so one day I found myself with a medium called Madge Wood, in order to have a sitting. When I phoned to book the appointment, because I was then already quite well known, I decided to give my Mother's maiden name so I would not be recognized. On walking into the room, it was apparent the medium did not know me, but she said she felt a great power with me and thought I could do mediumistic work. Madge did not pursue that vein because she suddenly became quite confused and could not decide if my mother was in the other world or not, but then declared she was. The medium explained that Mother had her quite confused and kept jumping from one subject to the other, and then back again. I felt quite elated for that *was* my mother. Madge Wood continued to give a very accurate description of her and a stream of very personal but evidential detail, including a description of where I lived and with whom. Suddenly she told me that the name I had given her on the phone was not my name but my Mother's maiden name, adding that mother was holding out one red rose for me. This rose, she added, was rather special, a deep red specimen with a velvet feel and even darker edging to the petals. Then Madge saw the rose as though it had been laid on a cross. This was wonderful evidence to me as at my mother's funeral, after the coffin had been lowered into the grave, I took one red rose from my floral tribute and threw it into the open grave. It landed right in the middle of a cross which was etched on the brass coffin plate. I had hoped Mother might be watching and would return the rose to me, and she surely did, not only once, but twice.

It so happened that a few days after the sitting, I went to Rickmansworth in order to take a meeting. When I sat down in the bus the first thing I noticed was a strong smell of perfume, and sensed Mother must be around as it was her favourite. I could feel she was up to something but she was very happy so I waited to see.

On the table of the church I immediately observed two vases of Philadelphia roses, her favourite...and of the kind I threw into the grave. After the service, the young wife of the President, who claimed not to be psychic, came up to me holding something behind her back. She explained that all through the service she felt my mother, who kept saying to her, "Please give

my one of those roses with my love." When the good lady said she would give me all the roses, mother replied "No, only one or you will spoil it." So she produced one rose from behind her back, which I accepted with elation.

There was one more and very important thing which came from the sitting with Madge Wood. The day before, I decided to visit the cemetery where Mother had been laid to rest. I do not need to visit graves, or even want one, but it had been her wish and so gave comfort to the rest of the family. I suppose I was hoping Mother would see me there and tell the medium about it. She most certainly did! It was a cold day so I was well wrapped up as she would always insist when here. As I approached the grave, I noticed that something was wrong with the lettering on the headstone, and felt quite annoyed that one of the letters must have fallen out after so much expense of erecting it. I laughed as I realized that it was quite in order, and the letter "A," which had been obliterated by bird lime falling from the tree which overhung her grave. With one gloved finger I rubbed away the lime and, in effect, cleaned it up. As I was preparing to leave Madge Wood, she said that Mother had one more thing to tell. She could not decide if the letter "A" was to do with a name or a place I had been to, but Mother kept making the letter with the index finger of her hand. It was as if she kept tracing it out. Madge felt sure I had been somewhere and done something in connection with that letter. It could not have been more right, but we might question here as to why the medium could not-or did not-get the full story.

What Madge gave was enough to make me happy, but years on with all the experience I have had, I find it rare for evidence to come through in a perfect form. It usually tends to be subtle. We have to work a lot of it out, but to my mind that is acceptable since I cannot feel we have any right to demand and expect anything at all from our Loved Ones. We are privileged to get what we do. When we put the whole matter into perspective, we must realise that we expect so much from this subject, but the whole thing is an enormous project.

The earthly world in which we now live is a vast place, and we can prove it. What we don't know is how vast is the spirit world, or where it is exactly. If we use our own common sense, we must agree that it has to be in another dimension, which means different timing and conditions to this world. It is amazing to think that a medium can tune into this other dimension and get anything at all. Sceptics feel the right to demand certain things whilst scientists in the main tend to destroy as much as they can. Even after so

many years as a working medium, it still delights but surprises me at what does come through.

With face-to-face sittings it would be said that there is some degree of mind reading, but for many years I have been doing what are generally called Tape Recorded Proxy Sittings. Whatever we call them, it tends to remove the idea of thought transference or mind reading since when I do the tapes people would not be aware. They are often for places like America or Australia where there is time difference, and I never give anyone a definite time and date. All I have to work from is a letter. Most times it will give me no or little information. The overall results tend to be quite amazing and at least prove that there *is* some greater force at work. We have to ask ourselves how can people in that other dimension know I am going to work for someone here, and then give what can be striking evidence? With someone sitting opposite me, it is possible to tell a certain amount from their reaction and facial expression, but with a Tape Recorded Proxy Sitting, there is an empty chair opposite, and nothing to give the game away.

I was excited about the rose and the letter "A" so the medium could have picked this up from my mind, but with her evidential details to Mother's character, it left very little doubt in my mind that she *was* alive and well. Incidentally, the rose lasted for an extraordinarily long time since I took it home and placed it in a vase. It must have been several weeks, which makes me suppose that "something" kept it alive. Maybe mother was looking after it. After all, the power of the spirit can be very strong...and will always find a way through.