

Nobody Will Ever Believe You

Memoirs of a Psychic Medium

by

Joanne King

This edition first published for Joanne King in 2007 by
Memoirs Foundation Inc. (Australia)
2 Burwood Highway, Burwood East Victoria 3151
03 9888 9588
www.memoirsfoundation.org.au

Copyright © Joanne King 2007
www.beyondthisdimension.com

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced
or transmitted in any form or by any means without the prior
permission in writing of the copyright owner.
The author may be contacted through the Memoirs Foundation.

National Library of Australia Cataloguing in Publication Data

ISBN No 978-0-9803214-4-9

Typeset in 13pt Adobe Garamond Pro by Synergy Publishing

Publisher: Arnold Bonnet
Art Director: Mark Bonnet
Graphics: Simon Doukas
Project Coordinator: Mary Peries
Production: Wendy Wright

Printed in Australia

The opinions expressed by the author are not necessarily those of the
publisher or editor.

I dedicate this book to the memory of my mother Amelia,
whose positive attitude and tenacity of spirit
helped me enormously.

Acknowledgements

Many thanks to those people whose letters appear in this book for allowing me to share their comments with others. My thanks and gratitude to Lorraine for her guidance and assistance, with the editing of the book. And a big 'thank you' to my eldest granddaughter Lea, without whose encouragement, the book may never have been written.

A long time ago, I said
“One day, I shall write my memoirs.”
My solicitor replied:
“Don’t bother,
NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE YOU.”
(She knew nothing about the psychic aspects!)

To those who read these pages, may you

- feel joy in your heart;
- know increased awareness of Spirit in your lives, and enjoy the wonder of learning that life continues.

From: The other side.

Contents

Chapter		Page
I	The Return Of A Dead Man	9
II	A “Christian” Act	19
III	Fate or Fantasy	27
IV	New York	33
V	The Price of Forgiveness	41
VI	The Soul that Speaks	47
VII	Back in Australia	57
VIII	All at Sea	67
IX	An Organising Time	75
X	A Walk to the Lemon Tree	83
XI	Red Suits and Blue Grass	87
XII	Psychic Power	93
XIII	An Astral Topic	105
XIV	Welcome Home	111
XV	A Dramatic Exit	121
XVI	My Mediumship	129
XVII	Letters of Validation	135
XVIII	Where to From Here	149

The individual experiences recounted in this book are true. However, with the exception of some well known personalities, many of the names and various other descriptive details have been altered to protect the identities of the people involved.

Should any of the fictitious names used, resemble any persons and places similar, it is purely accidental.

CHAPTER I

The Return of a Dead Man

It was dark, dreary and drizzling with rain as I walked along this lonely stretch of road. I couldn't understand why I was feeling as though my heart was breaking, the pain was inexpressible. I kept saying to myself why do I feel like this? Everything is okay. No one had died. Everyone in the family was fine. I hadn't felt like this since my grandmother and my brother died. The distress I felt was really bad and I didn't understand why. I kept wondering what I was doing in this particular part of town. I thought I had better hurry and get away from this area, but the more I hurried I realised that I was not getting anywhere. It was as though something odd and strange was preventing me from moving, and then I became aware that I was the only person there. I couldn't see anyone, nor could I see a car or a bus, I started to panic. What is happening to me? I kept wondering what I was doing in this place, why was I here and why do I feel this way? It was cold, dark and desolate and I was all alone.

Suddenly, somehow there appeared to be a glimmer of light,

penetrating the darkness, it was becoming quite a bit brighter, then there seemed to be much more light. I was soon to be conscious of the fact that the sun was shining brilliantly through the bedroom window. I could see a palm tree gently swaying. I then of course knew that I had been dreaming. I pondered for a while wondering why I felt so dreadful in this dream? I could still 'feel' the pain. As I reflected on my dream I couldn't help but think how good it was to be living in such a splendid place as Sydney, Australia. If only my parents and other members of my family were here, how great it would be. But despite the appealing climate and the captivating scenery of Sydney Harbour, I was terribly homesick. Often I would sit and look at this great harbour with its magnificent bridge, breathing in all the beauty of this particular part of the world, and at the same time being aware of how very far away I was from 'home'.

The sea voyage from England to Australia was fascinating with all the different ports of call. If I hadn't been five months pregnant with my first child, I might have enjoyed the journey much more. The only air-conditioned areas for the passengers on the ship were the dining rooms and the ship's hospital. I spent the last fortnight of the journey in the hospital! I could not stand the terrible heat of the tropics.

We had only been married four months and living in England when my first husband's firm offered him a job in Australia. The employment contract was to last for six years. Little did I know then that the marriage would only last six years, and the terrible dream I had was a preview of the torment I was to feel later. The real nightmare was to be much worse, lasting a

further four years.

I used to dream quite a lot, usually very detailed and sometimes in bright colour. I find it rather strange that usually the unpleasant dreams came true, or at the very least would have some symbolic meaning. I remember dreaming before I ever married Tony, that there were two of him at the same time. One was standing up behind the one sitting down. The one sitting down was the good looking, charming and happy-go-lucky Tony whom I knew, but the one standing up was not so familiar, this Tony was scowling, and had a cruel face, which frightened me. When I told him about the vivid dream he said, "I must be another Jekyll and Hyde." And we laughed it off. Later on, and particularly during an argument for instance, he would say, "It's the bloke standing up now."

I was only 15 years old when I had a dream about my Grandmother, I dreamed that she was dead in her coffin. As I write this I can recall the dream in such detail, just as I had seen her in my dream such a long time ago. It was customary then to have the deceased's body brought into the house and I could see the room in which the coffin was placed, I could see the whites of her eyes showing and there appeared to be a white substance in her nostrils and mouth. Approximately 12 months later, Grandma died very suddenly, and when I saw her in her coffin, it was exactly as I had seen her in the dream, her eyes were not quite fully closed and her mouth and nostrils had been plugged with cotton wool, after a post-mortem examination to find out the cause of her death. I was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear of what I might dream next!

How well I remember some months after Grandma died,

being in the kitchen of my grandparent's house with a boyfriend, when suddenly we heard quite a loud knock on the window. As I looked at the window I could see Grandma's face, and even though it appeared to be very small, no bigger than an orange, I could see clearly every feature, and her hair was in its usual style. I couldn't understand why Eddie didn't see her, even though he heard the knock on the window! It's now been many years of course, since I realised that we both heard the knock because it was a 'physical' phenomenon, but my vision of her was a 'clairvoyant' vision, or 'seeing' with the mind's eye. At one time, this ability was often referred to as 'second sight.'

It was to be very many years later when I heard yet another knock, this time on my bedroom window, in the early hours of the morning. Unable to sleep, I had decided to read for a while. The knock was loud enough to disturb my husband, who got out of bed to investigate, he asked me to switch off my bedside lamp whilst he drew open the drapes. As he did so, I saw an old lady who appeared to be very small, not very smartly dressed in a fairly long skirt almost to her ankles, wearing a three-quarter length black velvet coat, and what seemed to be a mop of grey hair beneath a very dilapidated looking hat.

We both heard the knock, but I knew I was having a clairvoyant vision and told my husband so. The old lady appeared to be very weighted down with what looked like an iron bar, or yoke, across her back and shoulders. I mentally asked her if I could help. She replied that she only needed 'a bit of love' and she would then be rid of her burden. I told her she could have all of my love if it would help her. I immediately then saw her harness disappear, and her shoulders straighten. Later, I was to

learn that, when on earth, she had been a 'cockney' flower lady, who worked at Covent Garden, and her name was Lil. Lil was to play a very prominent role in my mediumship during the ensuing years, and to this day, on occasion, still comes through and speaks to us.

Eighteen months after Grandma's death, my brother lost his life. He was working on a fishing trawler in the North Sea. We were experiencing very bad weather at that time, and it was an horrific storm at sea that cost him his life, he was washed overboard by an almighty wave. I remember my poor mother telling us that it was precisely 9:30 a.m. on that fatal grey and stormy day in October when she had a premonition, that 'something awful' was looming. Both my father and brother were at sea at the time, but on different ships. The news came later on that my brother David had been washed overboard and after an extensive search, his body had not been recovered. The time - 9:30 a.m.

Dad once told me later, that had David been lost from HIS ship he could never have come back and faced my mother. My father was a successful trawler skipper and apart from some years in the Navy during the war, he had spent most of his life fishing. It was very hard work and he was usually away at sea more often than at home. Neither of my parents wanted David to go to sea, he was so very clever he could have been successful no matter what he undertook. I guess the good money that could be earned at that time was a big temptation.

Shortly after the news of David's loss, my mother, whom I shall now refer to as Amelia, went to the local Spiritualist Church, and although she did not get a message from the

medium, she said she felt a sense of upliftment as others had received messages and they seemed happy about them, and that she would go again. She said the people were very kind and understanding and suggested she borrow some of the books from the church library. One book in particular, "In Search of the Hereafter" by Reginald M. Lester, had inspired her greatly, and she telephoned the author to try to find out more about the various mediums whom he had consulted during his search after his wife had died. He graciously put her in touch with a medium by the name of Nan McKenzie, who lived in London, but Amelia was somewhat disappointed that it would be the following February before Mrs McKenzie could see her, which meant waiting four long months.

Amelia would say, "If there is such a thing as a life hereafter, I must find out and have some kind of proof." In the meantime, through the local Spiritualist Church we learned that a medium of great repute, by the name of Helen Hughes, would be demonstrating her gift at the Free Trades Hall in Manchester, some 80 odd miles (130 km's) from our home. Amelia made arrangements to go to Manchester and see this medium she had heard so much about. The meeting was to be in the afternoon, so that would give her plenty of time to get the last train home.

That same evening was a night, or rather the early hours of the next morning, we were to remember for the rest of our lives. A night so dramatic, so frightening and yet so remarkable, that I now want to share it nearly a half a century later, and yet the experience is as vivid in my memory as though it happened only yesterday.

It was a little more than seven weeks since we lost David. Dad had just gone back to sea so I shared the bedroom with Amelia so

that she wouldn't be on her own. I knew it would be late when she finally arrived home from Manchester, but nevertheless I had asked her to wake me up to tell me all about the meeting. I had gone to bed fairly early and I must have only been in a very light sleep, because it was as though I could hear voices, almost like a group of people saying prayers, and speaking very fast. I then awoke to find Amelia had come home and was about to go to bed. I asked her if the journey had been worthwhile and she said, "Oh yes, I didn't get a message, but others did, and Helen Hughes was marvellous. Listening to all the different messages has given me a lot of hope." She had bought a book called "No More Tears" and she said she would read for a while if the bedside light didn't disturb me. I said okay, and we said good night.

Little did either of us know that we were to be terrified at quarter to three the next morning. The bedroom door was flung open, the main electric light was switched on, with what seemed an almighty force, and a bright blue flash lit up the whole of one wall.

At this point I ducked under the sheets terrified. The only noises were coming from Amelia saying, "Oh my God whatever is it? Whatever is it?" I suddenly found the courage to take the sheet off my face and take a look. Talk about seeing a ghost, that's what Amelia looked like, as if she had seen a ghost. Her face was ashen. I plucked up further courage to look at what I can only describe as my mother's transfixed stare towards the bedroom door. The figure standing at the door appeared to be my brother. I was struck at first by the familiar clothing he was wearing. He had on a gaberdine raincoat which he had bought just prior to his last trip. I could even see the fine

stitching on the belt of his raincoat. One hand was clutching the door. He didn't appear to have any finger nails, and he just gazed at his mother. He didn't speak. The lower part of his coat and trousers were obscured by the foot of the bed in which Amelia was sleeping. I find it incredible that I can remember such detail, when in fact this phenomenon, from beginning to end, would not have lasted even 60 seconds.

Then, as suddenly as he came, he disappeared, the light went out with the same tremendous force with which it came on, and the door went back to its original position - just ajar. Other members of the family were asleep in the next bedroom and never heard a sound. We could not believe that no one else heard all the noise, but they didn't!

Little did I know when I vowed and declared never to sleep in that bedroom again, that walls, rooms, doors and corridors, have no relevance when a soul needs to come back for whatever reason. It was only a few weeks after David's appearance when he came again, but this time in another bedroom, where the light was already on, I was too frightened to sleep with it off, in case it was put on in the middle of the night. This time though, he came much more gently. I felt an impression on the bed and when I turned around he was standing beside the bed, but this time I was not afraid. I often wondered if somehow I was placed into some kind of a trance-like state by some inexplicable means, so that I would not be afraid. I stretched out my arms to him and we hugged each other, he felt warm and solid. After the first terrifying experience, I had promised myself that if ever I saw David again, and it was possible to speak to him, I wanted to ask him what it was like - being dead. When I asked the

question he simply looked into my eyes, and replied, “What do you think?” Having said that, he walked around to the bed where my sister Kate was sleeping, he turned back the bottom bedcovers, and appeared to be doing something to her foot (she had badly sprained her ankle earlier that day). I noticed how very neatly and effortlessly he folded back the bedcovers, and in particular once again his familiar clothing. Not the gaberdine raincoat this time, but a brown sports coat, and I remember thinking, he needed a haircut! I saw my sister’s spirit sit up and she was engaged in conversation with him, totally unaware of her body lying asleep in her bed. They were whispering to each other but I could not hear what was being said. He then disappeared.

I awoke Kate and told of the experience and she remarked, “That’s strange my ankle doesn’t hurt anymore.” It was an amazing experience. So much so that I wondered if I had dreamed it all. It certainly was no dream because the bedcovers he so neatly turned back at the bottom of Kate’s bed were still neatly turned back!

I have not seen David in that way since. Many times I have seen him ‘clairvoyantly’ and heard his whistle ‘clairaudiently’, but never since have I seen him in a ‘physical’ way. After all these years I often think fancy being face to face with a ‘dead’ man and when I asked what it was like being dead to be told, “What do you think?” I expect he resented losing his life, he was only 21 and loved life, and even though he was and is still ‘living’ I can only imagine that initially, it must take a great deal of adjustment to the conditions one would find in the spirit realm of existence.

Most people who communicate say they are happy, and wouldn’t want to come back, but others, in particular young people, (sometimes just children), who have taken their own

lives, indicate that they regretted it. In most cases like this they just wanted 'OUT' then they find it is not 'out', but it's different, and they miss their families and regret taking their lives. I do know however that help is given to these young people. No-one is ever alone.

The time came for Amelia to have her sitting with Nan McKenzie who gave her excellent proof of my brother's survival, saying "he didn't mean to frighten her" when he came.

My grandmother also came through and told Amelia that she had been reunited with the two babies she thought she had lost. The children were now grown up. My grandmother had lost two young children before Amelia was born, and she was able to confirm that this was correct.

To give the reader an insight into the very psychic nature of our being, but more importantly, let as many people as possible know the truth about the continuity of life after death - we are spirit NOW in this life. A spirit with a body, and when we die it is only our body that dies but we are NOT our bodies. Our spirit goes to another place, and in some cases, the very place that we, and we alone, have created, by our life here on earth. Babies, children and young adults, we are told, grow up in the spirit world to be around the age of forty. This age is apparently the 'prime' time of one's life on earth!

Of course I did not know any of this when David lost his life, neither did I know that the amazing spontaneous phenomenon of David's return, which my mother and I had witnessed, was certainly not standard, not even in mediumistic circles, and I certainly did not know I was a medium!