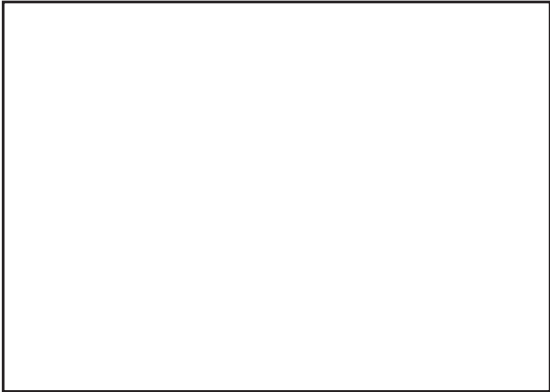


A journey unveiled...

Inside the circle



Of those whom I have told, they asked how did I join a private physical circle, I never quite gave a straight answer until now - I must thank "the spirits" for my invitation, as it was told to me much later during my time with the group they were seeking to bring in another to the circle, over the course of 8 or so months various names had come up as suggestions. The spirits had not responded positively to any of them, this was until as my friend Alan put it to me that he said my name. The other sitters hadn't heard of me before, but it is said their guides responded enthusiastically and a week or so later, Kristian had joined the closed circle.



On the first evening, meeting everyone for the first time was nerve wracking, the medium quizzed me to know what I knew of mediumship and psychic abilities, plus my involvement in the paranormal fields. Replying logically, and that I wanted to learn what really occurs as opposed to the view that is put over on TV, you should have seen him - he was totally relieved! Initially to my confusion, he replied with "To be honest with you, I really want to know too!". He explained that he's a scientist by education and an electrical engineer by trade with Rolls Royce. "I'm a skeptic, though and though, if it happens. I don't want just an answer, I need an explanation" he said "because I put the challenge to them give me evidence, give the world tangible proof, I know happens - we just need more information from those in spirit". My mind trying to compute a logic applying, rational, skeptical medium could even exist. I knew at that moment, why "spirit" had called me here these are the same questions I have been asking. To find evidence, truths and tangible information, not just personal experience.

"I put the challenge to them give me evidence, give the world tangible proof, I know it happens - we just need more information from those in spirit"..." it



I had a vague idea of what to expect - which when it came to it was totally wrong. Firstly there were rules, wear black or very dark clothing only. Whilst the medium is in the cabinet never refer to them by their name as this would bring them abruptly out of the trance state. Don't eat or drink anything up to 5 hours before apart from water. No electrical/battery items or metal in the room as they apparently have a tendency due to past experiences of becoming burning hot! This meant no belt, no watches and no dictaphone.

The circle was conducted in a dedicated room - fit the purpose, blacked out windows and a curtain covering the edges of the door, the room was when in session in complete darkness. The "cabinet" in the far corner where the medium would sit, inside the cabinet was an upright high back armchair. A number of foldable "and a little creaky" chairs in a circle around a small round table, upon the table was a "trumpet" a cone like object, of which there were two others. One located at the mediums feet and another located on a low bookcase/shelving unit made of differing materials-two wood, and one aluminium- the medium had taken the step of applying four glow in the dark squares to the base and top of each trumpet, so we understood where they were and could identify movement easily. There was a bell jar, with paper underneath with an item, sometimes a coin, other times a piece of rock or metal. A chalk and slate were also placed on the shelves in the back of the room. In the adjacent room, was the mediums study - he had drilled a hole through the wall and had an oscilloscope and a lux meter. Measuring on a PC program and charting on a graph the amount of light and luminescence in the room, whilst in the complete darkness. Inside the séance room was also a Minidisc digital recorder, recording the entire sessions audio.



A trumpet, a chalk slate and a bell jar not unlike the ones in the sessions.

The medium also had a nominated leader - who would guide the session, speaking out aloud for the recorder the time we entered the room, who was present of which we would then say our names and the leader would then conduct the opening prayer, a request for spirit to come close and that they are welcome through the medium. The sitters were requested to place their hands, palm up facing the cabinet and give positive energy and on frequent occasions sing uplifting songs or omm. After a period of time, the leader would receive a confirmation that it is time to open the curtains of the cabinet. Recounting the first session when the curtains opened, a red glow seemed to emanate from the chair where the medium was sat. One of the sitters said she could see what appears to be letters and symbols some of which she didn't recognize and they appear in a green haze mist above the table, none of the group attest to witnessing the same phenomenon. The glow in the dark squares on the trumpet on the table, appear to be blinking. Which we put down to the overloading of the colour receptors replacing the colour with a darker shade like a purple/green, an optical illusion in effect. A faint voice emanates from the corner, a growl with words, the leader says "It's ok, just be gentle". A gurgling occurs, following soon after by a voice not at all like the medium and says "Thank you, welcome, I love you all", this "spirit" is seemingly already known to the leader of the circle as "Charles". He speaks of a new energy giver referring to me and says "quite the battery". After some conversing and questioning, regarding such things as information collected and collated from previous weeks meetings. Listening and being party to these two way conversations was a truly fascinating experience. There would be periods in this and subsequent sessions where the spirit would be go back to talk to other spirits who were allegedly present and then return.

Charles said they wanted to work on developing a new technique, and he would return in a few minutes – we had no idea what was going to happen. After around 30 seconds or so, the trumpet on the table, which was the wooden cone, appeared to distort in shape. I remember I kept blinking, tilting my head left and right trying to understand and comprehend whether what I was seeing, “is” what I was seeing. The top, the narrowest end of the cone, appeared to bend over and rise off the table to the height of my chest– I knew it was a solid wooden cone, I had held it and placed it on the table. Another curious observation, the focus on the trumpet in my mind distorted, causing my eyes to keep refocusing and shifting in depth, seemingly right next to my chest yet on the table at the same time. Whether also an illusion I can’t be sure. It all returned to normal, and Charles returned to speaking through the medium. He asked what it was we experienced in turn. Of the five sitters of which going anti clockwise from the medium I went second, every one “saw” the wooden cone “bend” to the side. But only myself and the 5th person, saw the refocusing effect.



A typical table used in tiptology
Table tipping and divination.

Of which Charles, stepped back away from the medium and came back again a minute later, and muttered “Not sure, what was going on there, got to work on that bit”. The first part of the session drew to a close and Charles said his goodbyes and blessings to all. The medium came out of trance, and came back to us. The leader fumbled on the floor, for a dimmer like switch on a cable, which powered some low level red filtered lights and we could now just see each other. The medium reached over and swapped the table out for a taller circular table, and conducted a tiptology session or more simply “table tilting”. 3 spirits came through, the mediums grandfather who apparently is the “gatekeeper” for the medium. Don’t recall the second spirits name, although it was said - it was in regards to the experiment “they” conducted.

The next act of the evening certainly took me by surprise. The table started vibrating, my objectively curious nature I kept my fingers not on the table but just lightly above, the medium greeted them and said some pleasantries, then asked if they had been before. To which the table tipping away from the medium was no, “Are you one of the scientists connected with the experiment”, no.

“Okay, I get the feeling you’re connected to one of us”. Yes. “Could you tip to who you are here for?” and the table tipped to me. At the time, I had only known two people of any closeness who had passed over, that was my grandfather Stanley, and my neighbour who hadn’t long passed at the time Sheila.

I again, confirm here – my fingers are not on the table. The medium says “Okay, lets see if we can work out your name”. The table gestured again indicating yes. Using an ingeniously simple method of deduction “Is your first initial A-M”, yes. My mind, is thinking I don’t know anyone who has passed with initials A-M. “A-F”, no. “F-M”, yes. The leader says let’s count through the letters, “F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M” and the table nods on “M”. “Ok, your name begins in M” and the process continued until it spelt “Michael”. Of which I know, no one called Michael, apart from a cousin., who is very much alive and due to be married. The grey matter between my ears, goes through everyone I know. I know, no Michael. At this point...

...One of the sitters to my right says, “he’s your father”. It’s at that point it hits me like a brick. I’ve never known my biological father, in any capacity – let’s just say he left after conception. Mum had referred to him only as “Mick”, his name not uttered since I was a child. Mick, of course is Michael.

“he’s your father”.

It’s at that point
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At this point, another strange phenomenon was occurring a blue/white light about the size of a pea appeared on my left hand between my thumb and forefinger. I’m relaying what I can see to the group.

Trying in many ways to distract and recapture a moment of clarity for composure in this unprepared and astounding meeting. I ask if he is getting healing, and is learning from his decisions in life, to which the reply is yes. At the time, I was dumbstruck and couldn’t think straight, none of the questions I had spent years thinking of to ask him, had I ever met “Mick” were coming to the surface. The medium said “Michael, can I talk to you?” The table tips to him. They converse, and discover he had passed the year prior, and had regretted the choices he made in life. The medium said “ok, you get your healing and learn from the decisions, and hopefully in the future. We will speak again in the future”.

We drew the session to a close. Retiring downstairs for coffee and nibbles. A log was also to be filled in once we had all returned to the sitting room downstairs – logging who came through, what they said, purpose if known, phenomena witnessed, heard, and experienced.

This was the first of many sessions in the private sitting of a physical mediumship séance. There was very many curious phenomenon, information and revelations, the memory of my first however remains as vivid as when it happened.

Inside the circle



"My time with the group was to say the least was, remarkable and profound. I can only talk of the experiences I had there. The experiments conducted by those on the other side were noticable and did have an effect on those in the room and even the room itself.

Indeed if you were on the other side and were a scientist wouldn't you be looking for ways to communicate more readily with the earth plane. Perhaps it is in these circles, it is happening.

In the future I may digress more of the phenomena, experiences and curious messages we received.

K.Lander. "