

A low-angle photograph of a woman with her arms raised in a gesture of prayer or praise. She is wearing a light pink, patterned long-sleeved shirt. Her face is tilted upwards, and she has a joyful expression. The background is a bright blue sky with soft white clouds. A single white feather floats in the air above her head. The sun is visible in the upper right corner, creating a lens flare effect.

HANDS *of an* ANGEL

*An extraordinary life. An exceptional gift.
The story of one woman's power to heal.*

HELEN PARRY JONES

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About the Book

Helen Parry Jones has been a professional spiritual healer and empathic medium for thirty years. She has filled theatres and auditoriums and appeared on radio and TV. But this is the first time she has told her incredible story.

When she was four, Helen realised that she could see things that others could not – like the animals she played with and the silent man in army uniform who sat in her grandmother's sitting room. But it wasn't until she met her Guardian Guide Sam, who started to teach her about a world beyond most people's understanding, that she realised the significance of what she had been experiencing.

Because Helen can see and communicate with spirit and angels, and through them she has been able to bring messages of hope and love to the friends and family of those who have died. But even more importantly, through their teachings, Helen has developed the gift of healing.

But it is a gift that has caused her much pain. When she was a child, Helen's parents did not believe what she told them; instead they chastised her for lying and making up stories. Only Helen's beloved grandmother truly understood, and with her love and Sam's guidance, Helen learned to use her gifts to bring hope and healing, both spiritually and physically, to those in need.

About the Author

Helen Parry Jones has been a clairvoyant, medium and spiritual healer for the past thirty years. Thousands of people, from princesses to plumbers have come to her for advice and guidance, and she has filled theatres and auditoriums and appeared on TV. This is her first book.

HANDS
of an
ANGEL

HELEN PARRY JONES



arrow books

I dedicate this book to
my husband Richard,
my children, Blake, Curtis, Fiona and Anthony,
and to the loving memory of my parents,
Colin and Judy.

Acknowledgements

THIS BOOK IS brought to you with the help of some people who all deserve a special acknowledgement. Everyone who has helped me carries importance in my thoughts and the order of my thanks has no bearing on the level of my gratitude.

My thanks firstly goes to my friend Andrea Hayes, radio and television presenter, who managed to focus my endeavours and point me in the right direction in a world alien to me – the world of the media.

Thereafter, there are two special souls, Patricia Scanlan and Aidan Story who guided me to Random House. Sample chapters were sent by email to Random House at 8.30am one morning in May 2011 and at 9.01am the publishers had made the decision my voice needed to be heard! Soon after, Patricia's spiritual heart guided me directly to Sheila Crowley, who is now my agent and has taken me under her very professional wing to ensure my voice is heard loud and clear.

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Last but not least, I want to thank with all my heart, my soul mate Richard, whose help and love has been my strength. We are twin flames working on a parallel journey: you have been my worst critic and my best ally with all that I endeavour to do. Thank you my darling for the best of my life.



Introduction

AS A PROFESSIONAL healer, people often ask me: 'Helen, what is it that you do?'

I believe that all my work falls into the category of healing. That the people I come into contact with are sent to me in order that I can fill them with positivity and healing energy, so they can face whatever challenge lies before them.

Whether I am administering hands-on healing to alleviate a physical illness, or giving you a message from your family in spirit or from one of the many Guides, Guardian Guides, Angels or Arch-Angels that I am able to see, or even if I send you absent healing from many miles away ... it all comes under the auspices of healing.

This gift has been given to me from the highest of all energy sources and I welcome the opportunity to share it with you. I have noticed in my work that when communication is involved, I become the equivalent of a telephone line between two dimensions; when physical healing is performed I become a transformer, to enable spiritual energy to pass quickly into the earthly body.

What I have learned is that LOVE is the key. It is through this invisible force that everything flourishes. It is the nourishment necessary for our spiritual growth. We cannot prove love's existence but we can feel it. In the same way, it is possible there are other realities far beyond our grasp or understanding.

So many people glibly state that there is no such thing as the spirit world. Well, I say to those people: prove that it does *not* exist.



Prologue

MY HUSBAND RICHARD and I arrived at Dublin's Sunshine 106.8 radio station in Bray, to be serenaded by howling winds and pelted with rain. The radio station was based in a small, plain industrial unit, but it's the magic created inside it that inspires everyone to tune in in search of familiar voices and music.

As we entered the building, I was so excited to be arriving to prepare for my very own, first of a kind, *Helen Parry-Jones' Sunday Session*. Like any budding celebrity I had my entourage with me, all eager to offer their advice when the broadcast began; however, my backup was from the realms of spirit and quite invisible to the Sunshine staff who were already hard at work.

The two-storey warehouse was filled with sound-proof studio booths plus an open-plan area for admin and technical teams. The whole place seemed to buzz with youthful energy as shows were being prepared or going out live on air.

After welcoming smiles from the receptionists, we climbed up a wooden spiral staircase to the top floor where we met glamorous Andrea Hayes, a regular voice on radio and television, and best-known for being the presenter of the highly successful *Animal A&E*.

While other people might concentrate on securing their own fame and fortune, Andrea is a special soul, spiritual in her own right, who at every opportunity tries to help other people excel in what they do best. In my case that was bringing the gift of spiritual healing in its many forms to a mainstream radio audience.

Andrea is a true professional in all that she does and I was so grateful that she was now helping me to mould the programme into shape as 'running orders' and 'time radio schedules' were all new to me: there was so much to learn and so little time available.

Before we began Andrea organised the ritual mugs of tea, courtesy of Karen, producer of the Lynsey Dolan breakfast show, who kindly found the least wobbly chair for me to sit on before she went downstairs on tea duty. There was no standing on ceremony in this office. Instead all the staff, whatever their job title, pitched in and did whatever had to be done.

The steep, narrow spiral staircase leading to the upstairs studios was pretty hard to negotiate in flat shoes and with two hands free for balance. So the sight of the very slim and beautiful Karen tippy-toeing up the wooden risers in her ultra-high-heeled shoes, while also balancing three mugs of boiling hot tea, was worthy of a place on YouTube!

As Karen gingerly negotiated the last of the spiral steps, she said, 'Phew! I didn't think I was going to make it this time.' We all laughed and it certainly seemed to break the ice. What was meant to be a serious meeting about the content of the programme, quickly developed into a girly teatime chat about my spiritual work. Karen offered me her hand, to introduce herself formally, and that's when the spiritual explosion happened!

'Oh, my goodness, Karen,' I exclaimed. 'You really do need to speak to me.'

She looked puzzled, but as it was the first time the lovely girl had ever been exposed to my work, or to me, Andrea smiled knowingly and said, 'Don't worry, Helen is just picking up some messages for you.'

Some time before this Andrea's dear father had died and had communicated through me with her, confirming that he was indeed still alive in spirit. Andrea knew at first hand

how accurate the messages I passed on could be. I believe it was her true belief in the spirit world and the faith she had in me that motivated her to make sure this new radio show became a success.

As we all sat down, huddled in a girlie circle around the office desk, my spiritual entourage were jumping for joy at the prospect of speaking to Karen. This always happens when I meet people in need: the spirit world has an uncanny knack of helping in whatever way it feels is required, no matter where I am or what else I am doing.

This spiritual outpouring of healing has been part of my daily life for as far back as I can remember. Like the biblical verse says: 'Ask and ye shall receive.' So when we are troubled in our daily life and have a true desire for guidance, our guides in spirit will always offer support. Sometimes it doesn't come in quite the parcel we would like ... but that's another subject, for another time.

The conversation soon developed into a full-blown discussion of my work and the way I handle it. Our laughter soon aroused interest from the other people in the office and it wasn't long before a general furore of chatter erupted. Despite many people asking me for messages, the spirits were determined to single out Karen as the main recipient. It was Andrea who eventually called time-out. She and I were due to start our radio session together within the next hour, so Karen was allowed to have a quick ten minutes alone with me, and Andrea shooed all the other spectators away so as to give us some privacy.

My spiritual entourage suggested that I give Karen a sort of mini-sitting and that we should record it for use in the programme – calling the segment 'Out and About with Helen Parry-Jones'. A fabulous idea!

Karen was delighted by the prospect of having some time alone with me, although she did admit to being a little nervous. I explained what my Guides had suggested and she agreed that it was a good idea to tape the mini-sitting

as she was only too pleased to showcase my work on radio. We moved to a quieter area, which was a feat in itself. However, what happened next changed Karen's life and that of her family in such a wonderful way.

Sam, my ever-faithful Guardian Guide, very kindly brought members of Karen's family from spirit to communicate with me. They explained that her nana was ill in hospital with a serious chest complaint. In fact, it was so serious the doctors were doubtful she could recover from such a severe bout of infection, especially as she had the underlying condition of emphysema. I felt really sad for Karen as her nana obviously meant the world to her, so I offered to send some of my absent healing to her directly.

'What's absent healing, Helen?' she asked.

'Absent healing is when you receive spiritual healing though the healer is not physically present with you. I become a little like a radio broadcasting station,' I explained. 'I send out healing energy waves, and the person receiving them becomes like a radio set as the waves reach them and trigger the healing to take place. Even though I won't be there in person with your nana, don't underestimate the power of absent healing. The positive physical and emotional changes can be as dramatic as if I were there in person.'

Karen seemed relieved to hear her nana might find some respite, having heard only that morning that her grandmother's condition was worsening.

Listening to my Guide Sam, I relayed to her an update of her grandmother's condition after the absent healing. 'Your nana will soon come out of hospital, but her condition is still serious. Don't waste time. When she comes out, do all the things you need to do with her.'

Karen was amazed. 'How did you even know she was in hospital? My mother will be so pleased to hear you sent some healing to Nana.' Tears had started to trickle down Karen's face and her eyes were red-rimmed from crying -

not at all the composed, professional look most people in the office were used to seeing when they looked at her as she was always beautifully groomed. 'Oh, Helen!' she continued. 'Thank you so much.'

With my next intake of breath, I started to talk about her work and personal life. Each new message caused Karen's jaw to drop in disbelief. Her other grandmother, on her father's side, then popped in and Karen was shocked to the core as this grandmother in spirit relayed details of her own death five years before.

When I had finished Karen stood up and hugged and hugged me, telling me how wonderful our impromptu consultation had been. She felt it had charged her with a positive new energy and filled her with so much happiness. She couldn't believe the accuracy of the information.

What was particularly interesting was that I had mentioned to her that I could see her being filmed on TV in connection with health but on a natural level, maybe something to do with fitness. She gasped as it had been a closely guarded secret that only she and a production crew knew about, but she had in fact just been chosen to appear on *Celebrity Salon*. I could see why because of her Demi Moore-style looks.

Afterwards Andrea listened to the recording and was captivated.

'Oh, that's fantastic!' Andrea smiled, when she heard how positive Karen now felt. 'We'll have to let the listeners hear that. It will show them what Helen can do when they invite her to their place in the "Out and About" segment.'

Andrea then leaped to her feet and rushed my Dictaphone over to Dave, the technical wizard at the station, to make sure my meeting with Karen was transferred on to the station's digital equipment for broadcasting later. If the corporate world could bottle Andrea's efficiency and energy, believe me, there wouldn't be a recession right now!

We were soon gathered back around the meeting table. Richard had joined us as this time we had to discuss the 'promo' for the show: that's the little advert that is broadcast during the day to promote the show. As Andrea played it to us, we both noticed it didn't specifically say I was a healer or what I actually did. It made no open reference to the fact I was going to offer live spiritual communication and healing on air.

'Good point,' Andrea conceded when we raised it. 'We have a problem. It's called censorship. Unfortunately we have our hands tied.'

Such statements really are like a red rag to a bull, especially to Richard.

'What? We can't say the simple words "Helen is a healer"! Ridiculous!' he fumed.

But it was an obstacle we were all too familiar with – see my Note on Censorship at the back of this book for an indication of the difficulties many healers and empathists face in reaching a wider audience. Now that I had been given my own platform on radio in the form of *The Sunday Session with Helen Parry-Jones*, my objective was to reach out to as many people as possible and tell them how the spirit world appears to me, and how the wonderful gifts of healing I have inherited can help so many people in need.

I checked my watch and saw my show was due to begin in ten minutes. 'Relax,' Andrea had advised, so I closed my eyes and started to do an absent healing on myself as the walk up the spiral staircase had triggered my back pain. I'd had an accident about four years before, slipping on the bathroom tiles and landing hard on my back. The fall was so severe it broke two vertebrae and slipped two discs. The surgeon I consulted at the time said I was lucky not to have been paralysed. After twelve months of home rest and hours of absent healing, I managed to recuperate enough to return to work. However, some days are still so bad I

rely on my absent healing sessions to keep myself fit and mobile.

I blanked out all the noise and distraction of the busy office around me and thoughts of previous landmark occasions flickered through my mind. All I could hear was the hypnotic effect of the wind howling outside and the drumming of the rain on the corrugated roof: with no effort at all I was entering into a healing trance. As I relived an event from my past, I was still aware of Andrea and Karen preparing for the forthcoming show while in my mind I wandered back in time ...

In the here and now Andrea called to Karen: 'Be ready in three minutes, please!'

In my mind, I'd travelled back twenty-one years and was listening to a tinny voice from the Chester Gateway Theatre's dressing-room intercom.

'Three minutes, please, Miss Parry-Jones ... Three minutes!'

It had just dawned on me, like a bolt of lightning, that there were people actually sitting in the auditorium out there who had paid good money for their tickets to see me. Events were unfolding just as Sam, my spirit guide, had predicted in the late-1970s.

Going in front of any large audience is always a leap of faith, especially when it is live and you don't know what you are about to say, but I was about to step on to the stage and offer the general public proof of survival after death. It might very possibly be the first time in their lives they had experienced such an event, so I prayed and prayed that my visitors from the spirit world would not let me down at this crucial moment.

Then as now Richard was with me in the dressing room, pumping me up with his energy and enthusiasm. He introduced me on stage and ran around the audience taking the radio-mic so that anyone I needed to pass a message to could reply for all to hear.

This was a special night for me because although I had appeared in town halls and large auditoriums, this was the first traditional theatre I had worked in. The prospect set my heart thumping in my chest.

For me the Gateway Theatre was in a different professional league to anything I had done before. There was a team of highly qualified assistants and lighting engineers buzzing around, all of whom took their job very seriously. I think they found it strange pandering to the needs of a spiritual empathist, but they treated me with great respect. In fact I believe I was *the* first spiritual lady to grace the stage at The Chester Gateway Theatre.

Now it was time for Richard to leave the dressing room and take up position on stage for my grand entrance. As always, before leaving me he told me how beautiful I looked, and kissed me tenderly on the lips for moral support. As he walked through the door he turned quickly back to face me and gave me a smile. 'Break a leg!' he shouted, his eyes held fixed on mine for a one second hold of deep love.

Nervousness started to take hold of me. Get yourself together and be strong, I told myself, remembering the advice that Sam my Guide had always given me. I told myself I had nothing to prove. My faith in myself, my Guides, Angels, and my God-given gifts, was as strong as ever.

It seems to me that giving a message from a spirit loved one is as valuable and important as giving actual hands-on spiritual healing, because if a spiritual communication brings peace to the recipient, and allows their life to move forward positively, that in itself is another form of healing.

Yet doubt crept into my mind like a hidden dagger. What if the messages didn't come through ... what if I froze?

'Get thee behind me, Satan!' I murmured under my breath.

The attention of the audience was focused straight ahead on the centre of the stage when I walked in from the back of the auditorium behind them, something they had not expected. They seemed openly surprised when I touched as many hands as I could before ascending to the stage amidst rapturous applause.

No going back now, I told myself. I was on my own ... but hopefully not for long. The applause from the audience sounded like a thousand galloping horses.

Messages were soon flooding through to the theatre audience. As usual they were full of natural humour, love and compassion for all the people present. I was able to give them the best and truest gift ... the knowledge that life in spirit continues for those loved ones who have gone before us. Are messages a form of healing? Yes, I do believe they are.

My peace was disturbed as Andrea's bubbly voice announced that it was time for us to go into the studio. I opened my eyes slowly as though waking from a deep meditation.

'Helen! Are you OK? You were deep in thought there for a while. It's time ... we should go into studio,' Andrea said with a hint of trepidation in her voice. 'The big guns are listening,' she continued. 'I don't usually get nervous, but I am tonight. Something wonderful is about to happen ... I can feel it all around us.'

We walked into the studio together, putting on our headphones in anticipation; the 10 o'clock news had just finished and our music intro started - 'Calling All Angels' by an American group called Train. We smiled at each other with a sisterly love that had developed in recent months, and as the intro faded Andrea introduced *The Sunday Session with Helen Parry-Jones* to its Irish audience.

I glanced down at the show's running order, typed out on a sheet of paper before me, just a blur of words. Not a problem - you can't script the spirit world.

And then I thought: At last, Sam has arrived! There could be no show without him. And Andrea's voice slipped into her natural broadcasting tones: 'Tell me, Helen, how did all this start?'



1

A Gift Or a Curse?

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION of being different, having what you might consider a special ability, was at the age of four when I would visit my Granddad Joseph and Nana Ada's house. Despite its being a pet-free home, every time I went to visit my grandparents, there would be a fat ginger cat and a black-and-white moggy curled up on the sofa. Sometimes I wanted to play with them, but they would run away into the kitchen or up the stairs; sometimes they would disappear altogether. Whenever I spoke about the cats to Nana, she would laugh lovingly and tell me: 'Oh! Don't worry about them, Helen my dear, that's just Tigger and Arthur. They were Nana's cats which died years ago. I'm glad they are still here - I feel better for having them around me.'

Home for me at that time was a ground-floor flat in an area called Hoole, on the outskirts of Chester. The flats had two upper storeys, gardens to the front and a back yard, but unfortunately none of the neighbours looked after either area.

When I was sent out to play in the concrete yard at home, I remember on many occasions sitting on a piece of old linoleum (which apparently protected my bare legs from the cold cement), and watching all sorts of different cats and dogs in spirit playing alongside my very own dog and companion, Gyp, a crossbreed bearded collie, which had been part of the family longer than I had.

Gyp was a big softie: a grandfatherly presence thanks to his bearded, whiskery face. One day I asked my mum if she knew the names of the other two dogs that happened to be there with him. I received a blank stare from her, and was told not to be so silly as there were no dogs in the yard other than Gyp. On one occasion I remember insisting I could see some animals playing alongside him, and that's the first time I remember being scolded for telling lies.

So, from the outset, I found accepting who and what I was a bit of a dilemma. I soon learned that describing reality as I saw it to my mum and dad was likely to end in tears, as when I spoke about the people and pets I could see, my parents thought I was a liar, or at best a silly dreamer, and I risked being shouted at or made to go upstairs to my bedroom as a punishment for being naughty.

Even as an adult, knowing that you can see people others cannot is pretty daunting; accepting this ability in yourself from an early age is very difficult. It's not perceived as a wonderful gift, like having an ear for music and performing on the piano like a little princess while your parents look on adoringly, encouraging your every move. In fact, referring to my own special abilities was soon completely forbidden in our household.

In retrospect, my gift of healing must have been quite strong even back then as my mother often commented to people that she couldn't believe how many of the neighbours' dogs and cats would gather around me when I was playing outside.

On one particular day I remember her taking a photograph of me in the yard with two stray dogs lying beside me. That might sound like a pretty mundane picture, but these two were villainous, snarling creatures that would terrify everyone in the vicinity and occasionally bite the postman – just for fun! I can remember that day like it was yesterday, despite being so young at the time. It is locked in my mind for eternity.

An adult now, I understand that the two stray dogs must also have felt the presence of the spirit animals for ever at my side. And they were responding to the healing energy I was transmitting through my displays of affection, which in turn would have calmed them down. Also, I probably fulfilled a need in them for attention as they were starved of love. They rolled over and let me rough and tumble them as though they were puppies. These two savage canines would even stay still long enough to allow me to dress them up in my dolls' clothes before I would make them share tea and biscuits with me from my little tea set. They lapped up all the love and attention I had to offer them.

My mother used to call me (totally unaware of her statement) *their* guardian angel. Pretty ironic don't you think?!

I was born at Chester Royal Infirmary, to Judith and Colin Sparrow. My father was in the Army at the time, serving his country, so my mum cared for me for the first couple of years of my life at my Nana Ada's house, her family home. Although my dad visited my mother and me at the hospital when I was born, apparently it wasn't until I was nine months old that I met him for the second time.

My father was always very close to his own mother and we would often, at his insistence, go and visit her on Sunday afternoons. To be honest, I didn't much like going to Grandma Lilly's. (Everybody else called her Ethel, though she was christened Lilly Ethel Levinia. But for some reason I called her Lilly, and to me she was always Grandma Lilly.) For starters, we lived on the outskirts of Chester in one direction, and she lived right on the other side. It seemed to take ages on the bus to actually get there. And when we did visit, I used to have this overwhelming feeling that Grandma didn't like my mum and me very much. One Sunday I remember telling Mum: 'You know Grandma doesn't like us, Mummy.' On that

occasion, although Mum told me not to be so silly, at least I wasn't called a liar!

Another reason I didn't like visiting my grandma's was because there was always a man sitting there in Army officer's uniform, usually in a chair directly opposite my grandma's. He told me his name was Stanley and that he was my granddad. I couldn't really understand at first why Grandma Lilly and my dad and mum never spoke to him, especially as he was my granddad. Perhaps that's why I never really said much to him either. Eventually my mind associated the cats at Nana Ada's with Stanley at Grandma's: they had all died - and I could see them. I learned some years later that Granddad Stanley, who had achieved the rank of Major, died six months before I was born, from tuberculosis at the age of 53.

Around this time I noticed another man who seemed to be around me wherever I went. No matter where I was or what I was doing, he would be there in the background - just watching. I don't remember him speaking to me for a good while. In fact, I was rather glad he didn't, because I felt a little frightened of him. Firstly he was very tall, and secondly he was very black.

In and around Chester in the early 1960s, I can honestly say I can't remember ever seeing any other black men so I naturally thought he was the Bogeyman that my friends often spoke about. Sometimes at night I would see him watching me in my bedroom, and of course I would climb out of bed to find Mum and tell her: 'I feel frightened, Mummy, the Bogeyman is in my bedroom watching me sleep.'

You probably already know the response my mother gave to that: 'There's no such thing as the Bogeyman, Helen. Stop being so silly and go back to bed.'

But I wasn't being silly, and he was there in my bedroom. Why wouldn't anybody listen to me?

This large black spirit figure must have sensed when it was time for me to know more about him, and took the opportunity to speak to me one day when I was at my Auntie Joan's house.

Auntie Joan didn't have an inside toilet. Theirs was outside, next to the coal-shed, just as in thousands of other tenement houses at that time. I spent my penny, pulled at the long piece of string hanging to the side of the cistern, and left the toilet cubicle ... and there, several feet in front of me, was this large black figure sitting on the kitchen step. There were only two steps, so as he sat there with his backside so low to the ground, his knees seemed to be taking up all the available space. I had no option but to walk past him to make my way back inside. The man smiled, showing a remarkable display of white teeth, perfectly graduated so as to give him the most flawless of smiles. Oddly, I didn't feel frightened. In fact, I had a strange feeling I was meeting an old friend, despite the fact I didn't know who or what he was. I stood there, waiting to climb the steps to the back door.

'Hello, Helen - I am here as your friend!'

His deep voice was gentle and full of warmth; he spoke with an accent I had never heard before. He went on to explain that he wasn't the Bogeyman but my Guardian Guide. He formally introduced himself and said I could call him Sam.

'Hello, Sam,' I whispered with as much friendliness as I could muster when speaking to a stranger for the very first time.

'Don't fear me, chile. I am here to protect you,' this large black Sam answered.

I stood still and listened closely while he spoke. It seemed to me the most natural thing in the world.

Sam went on to say I was to think of him as a teacher, helping me to learn new subjects, like at school. He said he knew I wouldn't follow everything he was saying right now,

but as I grew up I would understand more and more of what he was trying to teach me about the world and people of spirit.

I asked him: 'What are spirit people?'

It was then that Sam taught me my first lesson. 'Well, Helen, my chile ... they are people who once lived here but have died and are now living somewhere else, somewhere often called the spirit world.'

He then continued his first lesson by telling me that everyone has a Guardian Guide, like he was to me, but that these should not be confused with Angels. Each Guide's purpose was to assist, educate and protect their ward, leading them to a higher spiritual awareness. In most cases people couldn't see their Guides but they were always there, standing by them. He explained that there are many much more powerful energies in spirit, ranging from Guardian Guides like him to Higher Guides, Angels, and ultimately Arch-Angels. He went on to tell me that Arch-Angels are Seraphim who are linked to the highest of all energy, the source. Our families who have passed in spirit are on a very basic level of understanding, but I was very different apparently. Not only could I see him, I would come to understand in time the reason why I had my gifts.

In conclusion of this first lesson, Sam added: 'I will visit and teach you more when I feel it is right for you.'

I tried to understand and remember everything he had said, but felt that it was not necessary to worry as he would always be there to help me find answers whenever I might need them. There was one specific question on my mind, one that troubled me considerably: 'Why do my mummy and daddy say I do not see you?'

Sam gave me a kind smile then, one I knew meant that he cared for me in a very special way: 'It is because they do not understand your gift and fear what they do not understand. One day they will learn there is nothing to fear other than fear itself.'

When Sam stood up he towered over me. I noticed he was wearing a long robe, made from a smooth, light-textured fabric that hung loosely from his body. I felt comforted to hear that I was under his protection. He waved his hand as if to tell me to go to my family. I opened the door and ran in as if nothing had happened, even though deep inside I was trembling after finding out about my new friend. How could I ever explain to my mum about the person I had just spoken to?

Over time, I have grown to think of Sam as a good, honest and loyal friend, one who has only ever shown me kindness and understanding, and has explained to me the complexities of life, here and in spirit. He explained that each person has the ability to have some consciousness of spiritual awareness. You see, we are all sensitive to seeing and hearing spirit to some degree, but most of us are taught from a very early age to block out our natural spiritual abilities.

I learned very quickly that my Guide Sam radiated true love. During one of his lessons, Sam advised that soon Angels would come calling on me. When they did, I would learn that it was one of their roles actually to administer love by bathing those who came in contact with them in floods of affection, asking nothing in return. He explained to me that Angels have a special way to touch your heart, which is why people often feel uplifted in their presence.

On reflection, actually seeing my first angelic-looking spiritual visitor other than Sam happened around my sixth birthday. I went on holiday with my mum's sister's family: Auntie Joan, Uncle Bob, their two boys David and Peter, and their daughter Debbie, who was a little younger than me. I loved being with my Auntie Joan's family. The boys were always playing because they had loads of toys and Uncle Bob just adored me, treating me like another daughter.

I didn't see my own dad much as he now worked for the County Council as a plumber's apprentice by day, and by

night as a barman, in The Piper's Arms in Hoole. We always seemed to be very poor but money was never a problem for Uncle Bob as he worked as a foundryman in Shotton steel works; in those days, that was a very well-paid job and the foundrymen always seemed to have plenty to spend.

It seemed a long drive from Auntie Joan's house in Queensferry, on the Welsh border, to our holiday destination, the Sunnyvale Holiday Camp in sunny Rhyl. How exciting it was when we eventually drove through the town. We passed a big open-air roller-skating rink. There was an expansive harbour filled with all types of boats; a lake with a little train going around it; a massive, brightly coloured fairground making all sorts of loud noises that were music to a child's ears ... and it all smelled absolutely delicious. You could almost eat the air which was full of the scents of doughnuts, candy floss, ice-cream, chips and hot dogs: sugar and grease - in just the right proportions! We had found a children's paradise.

Our journey continued over a large iron bridge and within minutes we found the holiday camp's entrance. It seemed such an adventure, walking about trying to find our two chalets. Actually they were more like little garden sheds, but I thought they were absolutely fantastic. We four kids had one of our own, and Auntie and Uncle had the other.

Before we'd even unpacked our brown cardboard suitcases, I made my Uncle Bob roll up his trousers and take Debbie and me to the paddling pool where a big plastic elephant sprayed water all over us. I remember thinking life couldn't get much better than this!

By bedtime Debbie and I were tucked up in our bunk beds. The boys were allowed to play cards with each other and listen to the radio in the adults' chalet next-door, while their parents went out for their nightly drink. It was the boys' job to keep an eye on us girls.