

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



The Message

Colin Fry

Contents

Cover

About the Author

Also by Colin Fry

Title Page

Dedication

Epigraph

Prologue

Introduction

PART ONE: Acknowledgement

A New Existence

Grieving for Ourselves

Never Say Never: Setting the Right Pattern

Living Your Experience

Compassion Not Sympathy

Bereavement Burnout

Consoling and Counselling

Seeking Your Truth: the Act of Acknowledgement

Looking to Yourself for Answers

Sidestep the Circumstances

Remember Them as They Were – and Are

Facing the Truth

A Long Wait

Through the Eyes of a Child

PART TWO: Harmony

A World Without Fear
Making Peace with Yourself
Finding Your Path
The Negative Buck Stops Here

PART THREE: Re-emergence

From Weakness to Strength
Good Vibrations
Arm Yourself with Experience
Don't Become Obsessed
Acts of Remembrance
Something to Celebrate

PART FOUR: A New Beginning

The Parting of the Ways
Don't Be Possessive
A Distant Shore
Create New Associations
Rearrange the Furniture
Envision the Future
The Madonna Syndrome
Nothing is Lost
Perception: How to Avoid Being a Merry Widow
Say What You Mean

PART FIVE: Purpose

No More Tears
No More Small Picture

A New Purpose
Spiritual Supporters
Someone Watching Over You
The Suitcase Under the Stairs
Something Old, Something New
The Turning Point

PART SIX: Service

Caring Spirits
Giving And Receiving
Youthful Spirits

PART SEVEN: Living the Message

Understanding the Essence
Live the Magic Moments
Keep Them Near and Afar
Learn the Art of Communication
Honour the Things They Stood For
Never Forget
See the Signs
Waiting For God
See What You See
Be Patient
Believe What You See
Tap into the Power of Places
Follow Their Guiding Lights
Believe in the Message
Share the Message
Never Forget That ...

The Middle Ground
A Moment on a Mountain

Epilogue

Copyright

About the Author

Born in 1962, Colin Fry received his first message at the age of ten and became a professional medium at seventeen. He tours internationally and is the acclaimed star of the television shows *Sixth Sense* and *Psychic Private Eyes*. One of the leading lights in the psychic mediumship world, Colin uses his spiritual knowledge to offer life-changing advice and support to people, providing sensible down-to-earth explanations about the strange world of the paranormal and supernatural. He is the bestselling author of *Life Before Death* and *Secrets from the Afterlife*.

By the same author:

Life Before Death
Secrets from the Afterlife

The Message

Colin Fry



RIDER

LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND • JOHANNESBURG

I dedicate this book, as always, to my partner Mikey who is such a source of inspiration to me.

To my nephew Ryan - who I hope will always strive to be someone special.

To the memory of my grandfather Lawrence Briggs, who left this world many years ago, but who has never left me, and to my grandmother Freda Fry, who lived so long and so well.

*The sand of the sea, the drops of rain, and the days of
eternity – who can count them?*

*Apocrypha,
Ecclesiasticus*

Prologue

The Message

I am fortunate to have been born with the ability to receive and pass on messages from the spirit world. As you will discover as you read this book, we are all closer to that world than we can imagine. And we all have the ability to connect and feel their presence, to receive messages of our own.

During the course of my three decades as a medium I have been able to put thousands of people in contact with loved ones who have passed over to the other side. If I was asked to choose the most significant message I have received during that time, however, I would have no hesitation in choosing the one that was delivered to me when I was a ten-year-old boy. It changed the course of my life. Without it I might never have become a medium in the first place. Without it this book may never have been written.

It wasn't the first time that I'd communicated with the spirit world. Far from it. I have a feeling my life had been leading up to that moment since I was very young.

According to my mother, my ability to connect with the other side had been apparent since I was a baby in my cot. She once told me a story about how, when I was only a few months old, she had walked into the bedroom to check on me one evening. In the beam of the night light she had seen

me giggling away at a baby's rattle suspended in mid air above the cot.

I have no memory of that. However, I do remember the moment, four years later, when I first got an inkling that I was able to sense things that other people couldn't.

A friend had come round to visit my mum at our home in Sussex. I had never met the lady before but it was clear to me that she and my mum must have been very close for a long time, since before I was born.

I was brought up in that generation where, when your parents had visitors, children were expected to be seen and not heard. You were expected to play quietly while your parents were entertaining. So while the lady was in the house I did what all well-behaved four-year-olds did: I politely said hello then kept out of the way.

It was only when the lady had gone that I asked my mother about something that had been bothering me during the visit. 'Mum, why was that lady ignoring the little boy with her?' I wondered.

My mother looked at me, slightly mystified. 'What are you talking about? She didn't have a little boy with her,' she said.

'Yes, she did,' I replied. 'The little boy who kept tugging at her coat.'

'What did he look like?'

'He had really, really curly ginger hair.'

'Don't be silly.'

'He did. And his name was John.'

She stopped and looked at me with a surprised expression for a moment then shook her head. 'You can't have seen a little boy.'

I knew what I had seen and wasn't going to give in. 'I did see him,' I insisted. 'He was with this lady and she wasn't listening to him.'

My mother had a box of family photographs that she kept on top of a cupboard in the living room. Rather than arguing

with me any more, she got it down and started rummaging through the photos. 'Do you mean this little boy?' she said, pulling out an old black and white image. It was a fading photograph of a curly-haired young child, no more than four or five years old.

'Yes, that's him, John.'

'Darling, you can't possibly have seen him,' my mum said.

'Why not?' I asked, confused.

'Because he died five years before you were born.'

From then on, both my mother and I understood that I had an ability to see things other people couldn't. And we both understood that it was an ability that I had to use responsibly and discreetly. 'You can always tell me, but sometimes it's best not to tell other people you can see someone they can't,' she told me.

My mother never made too much of my ability. She never dismissed it. But she never made a fuss of it. Her attitude was that if it developed into something then it would develop into something. If it went away, it went away.

But, of course, it didn't go away, quite the opposite in fact. I had many other experiences during my childhood. I often saw spirit children, for instance. But it was when I was ten that I went through the most powerful and life-changing spiritual encounter of all.

It happened late one night when my brother and I were staying with one set of our grandparents, my dad's mother and father, a few miles away from our home in Sussex. Our parents were at Guy's Hospital up in London, at the bedside of my maternal grandfather, Lawrie, who was gravely ill with cancer.

I was very close to my grandad Lawrie. He was a very quiet and shy man. He was blind in one eye and hunch-backed, and had spent his life working as a kitchen porter. Even though he did a simple job he was a highly intelligent man. He just wasn't hugely ambitious. Even as a child, however, I knew that still waters ran deep.

My grandad was a kind and gentle man, but what I particularly liked about him was that he talked to me like an adult. He always used to refer to me as 'Sonny Boy'. I always felt we had a special bond.

So I'd been very distressed by his illness. I'd been to see him while he was at a hospital in nearby Brighton and had been disturbed at how pale he looked. 'Why is Grandad so white?' I remember asking.

Since then, however, his condition had deteriorated and he'd been moved to Guy's in London, where they specialised in treating terminally ill cancer patients. My mother and father had been called up to London to see him that night and had dropped us off with my other grandparents. They hadn't told us how grave the situation was, although my mother's rather sombre mood as she waved goodbye from the car should have told its own story.

Looking back, I think it must have been 11.30 to 11.45 p.m. when I woke up suddenly. I was sharing the large bed in the spare room with my brother, who was still sound asleep next to me.

As my eyes adjusted to the dim light I saw my grandad Lawrie. He was standing at the foot of the bed and was wearing a shirt and a cardigan and a pair of trousers. I was really pleased to see him, not least because he looked well. The awful whiteness I had seen when I'd last visited him in hospital had left his face.

'Oh Grandad, you're out of hospital,' I said.

'Yes, I'm out of hospital,' he replied quietly.

'Are you better now?'

'Yes, I'm much better now. I am not going to be sick any more.'

As we chatted, my brother remained asleep, oblivious to what was happening.

As a young boy, I didn't really know that much about cancer. At this point I think I really believed my parents had brought Grandad home and that he really had made some

kind of miraculous recovery. Why wouldn't I have thought that way? He was sitting there, chatting to me, after all.

'Where're Mummy and Daddy?' I asked. 'Oh, they'll probably be along later,' he said. 'So why are you here?'

'I've sort of come to say goodbye.'

'Goodbye?' I said, slightly confused now. 'Won't I see you again, then?'

He smiled. 'Oh yes, you'll see me again, Sonny Boy,' he said. 'But nobody else will.'

And then he faded away in front of me.

I was wide awake now so I went downstairs and found my other grandparents were still up. It must have been close to midnight. When I appeared at the foot of the stairs dressed in my pyjamas, my grandmother gave me a concerned look.

'What's the matter, darling?' she asked. 'Can't sleep?'

'No, I'm fine,' I said. 'I just came down to tell you that Grandad Lawrie came to say goodbye.'

They just looked at one another, the shock etched on their faces. 'Don't be so silly - go back to bed,' my grandfather said after a moment or two, looking rather cross.

'No, it's true. He came and talked to me at the bottom of the bed. He told me he's not going to be sick any more.'

'Go back to bed,' my grandfather said, shooing me back up the stairs. 'Off you go!'

I slid back into bed and left my grandparents sitting up. As I lay there in the darkness, I knew exactly what I'd seen. I didn't need them to believe me.

As it turned out, they had sensed that I was telling the truth. I learned later that my mother and father had arrived home in the very early hours of the morning. Soon after I'd gone back to bed, they had telephoned to tell them that my grandad had passed over.

My mother had been devastated when my grandmother told her that I already knew. 'But we wanted to tell him,' she'd said, assuming my grandparents had woken me to tell me the news.

My grandmother had to tell her the truth. 'Oh no, we didn't tell him,' she said. 'He told us.'

My grandfather was as good as his word. During the mourning period and his funeral I had no sense of him being near me. I know now that this was because I was upset and grieving at the loss of someone who had played such a huge part in my young life. He was also going through the period of adjustment that all spirits go through when they first cross over to the other side.

But as the pain faded and I began to remember him not with sadness but warmth he reappeared. Sometimes he would appear physically, at other times I would just be aware of his voice somewhere around me. Sometimes I would simply sense his kindly presence.

At first I didn't quite believe it. 'You can't be dead. You are here. I can see you, hear you, feel your presence,' I would say to him.

I didn't yet grasp that dead was the wrong word to use. I didn't yet understand that he was living another existence.

What was obvious to me, however, was that he was guiding me in some way.

I remember in the summer after he passed over I was walking home from school when I heard my grandfather's voice talking to me, somewhere behind me. There was an ambulance travelling at speed along the road, clearly on its way to or from some sort of emergency. 'Sonny Boy,' he said. 'See that ambulance - it's for your mum. You'd better run home.'

Sure enough when I got home the ambulance was outside the house. My mum had slipped and injured herself. The ambulance had been called and she was being taken to hospital for checks. It was quite serious but she made a full recovery.

I was still a young boy but it was at this point that I thought there had to be a reason for this. 'I am supposed to

do something with this,' I thought to myself.

Over the course of that summer holiday my life began to change. First of all we moved home, to the three-bedroom, semi-detached house where my mum and dad still live today.

My grandad visited me again shortly before we moved. I had been a bit apprehensive about the move. Children like their routine and I didn't like the idea of having to change mine. Adding to my sense of foreboding, I was also about to start secondary school. My grandad told me that the house move and the change of school were going to be a big adventure for me. I was going to enjoy my new life. And so it proved.

I liked living at the new house and exploring the surrounding countryside. At my new school I quickly made new friends. It was a transforming moment in my life. I began to grow up.

As I did so, I felt more and more that there was a purpose to all this. I began to understand the reason why I could see and hear dead people. I was gifted with an ability to act as a medium, to translate and relay their thoughts and words, to help them communicate with people on this side of life.

So it was that in my teens I began to practise as a medium, communicating with other spirits at meetings and spiritualist church gatherings. When I was sixteen years old, I was taken to the Brighton Pavilion to see the late, great Doris Stokes, the woman who was the inspiration for me and every other modern psychic medium. I was fortunate enough to be invited backstage to meet her after the show. It was a big moment in my young life. From then on, the more I immersed myself in the mediumistic world, the more at home I felt there.

As I did so, my grandfather's presence slowly began to fade. He would visit me occasionally and I was aware of being in his company every now and again. But by the time I started working in earnest as a medium, in my late teens,

he wasn't visiting any more. Our little chats had come to an end.

Once or twice I wondered whether this was because he didn't approve of what I was doing. Deep down I didn't believe that could be the case. After all, he was the one who had really opened the door to this new experience for me. I don't know if it happened by chance or whether my grandad 'organised' it, but before those doubts could grow, an encounter with a relative at a family funeral put my mind at rest.

'Hello, Colin,' the elderly man said, approaching me at the cemetery. He introduced himself as a cousin several times removed. 'You don't know me but I knew your grandad Lawrie very well.'

'Oh, yes,' I said, a bit uneasily.

'Yes. I know you're doing a lot of work as a medium now. Did you know that Lawrie used to be very interested in spiritualism?'

'No, I didn't,' I replied, slightly taken aback. It was the truth. We had talked a lot while he was alive, but Grandad had never mentioned anything about mediums, psychics, spiritualism or anything of that nature. I had no idea he had been actively interested.

'Oh yes. He kept it pretty quiet. You know what he was like. But he was very keen on it. Read a lot about it too. I think he'd have been very proud of what you're doing,' my cousin assured me.

Any doubts I'd had about why my grandad's presence had faded slipped away in an instant. I saw precisely what had happened. It wasn't that my grandad didn't approve of what I was doing. On the contrary. What I realised then was that, ever since that night when he'd passed over to the other side, my grandad had been trying to pass on a message to me. He had wanted to show me certain things, to explain certain truths to me. He had succeeded. Now, seeing that I was able to stand on my own two feet, he was going to

leave me to act on that message. He had led me to the path my life was supposed to follow. It was now up to me to follow that path.

I still think of my grandfather regularly. Every now and again I will get the sense of his gentle presence somewhere around me. But I haven't seen or heard him since those distant, youthful days. What is so wonderful about what he taught me is that I don't miss him in the usual sense. I don't need to see or hear him any more. I don't need that sort of confirmation that he still exists. I simply know it.

The Message I received from my grandfather was the most significant and meaningful of my life. The truths it contained have guided me ever since.

He showed me that death is the greatest lie we are told. There is no such thing as death, only change. He showed me that the spirit world isn't like they taught us in Sunday school. He showed me that heaven is something that is not far, far away. It is near and close. It is what some people would call a parallel world. It's there and runs alongside us.

Most importantly of all, he showed me that while the end of his earthly life meant that he was separated from me, he was still around, still there for me to lean on when I needed him. And he showed me that if I carried on living my life with him in my mind and in my heart then he would always be there, ready to help and guide me.

Each of us faces the loss of a loved one at some time in our life. For most of us, it is the hardest thing we ever have to deal with emotionally. Whether it is the loss of a father or a friend, a mother or a brother, a son or a sister, it's sometimes an overwhelming experience, a time when it feels like our world is coming to an end.

And yet it isn't coming to an end. And nor is that of the one we have lost.

The loss of a loved one weakens us, but I believe it can make us stronger in the long term. I believe we can all give

ourselves the hope and strength, not just to carry on with our earthly life, but to do so with a renewed sense of purpose and direction.

What is more, I believe that by continuing and growing within this earthly existence, we can all draw ourselves closer to the eternal life. We can all learn to keep those who have passed over to that parallel world near and close to ourselves. We can all understand the truth that my grandad passed on to me when I was a boy. We can all understand and receive the Message. This book will, I hope, show you how.

Introduction

Often, when I'm appearing at a live performance before large theatre audiences, locating the person with whom I am being asked to communicate by a spirit can be a slow process. It can take me a few minutes to make the connection, especially in larger venues, where there can be two thousand or more people gathered, some of them hidden high up in the balconies.

There were no such problems the night I felt the presence of a lady called Ruby during a performance in a theatre in the south of England. Almost immediately I mentioned the name, I saw an arm shooting up in the audience. I am always a little wary when I see someone react so quickly. Have they really heard enough information to be sure the connection is for them? Are they perhaps a little too eager to get a message from someone? But when I told the lady waving in the upper tier of the theatre that the woman communicating with me had beautiful, pale blue eyes she was even more convinced she knew who it was.

'Yes. That's my grandmother,' she said with complete certainty.

She proved to be absolutely right. As the connection solidified, I sensed a very strong character was channelling a message through me. Ruby was a fighter. She had been very ill in her late sixties, I sensed, but she had seen off her illness and lived on well into her eighties. Her granddaughter, Sarah, confirmed this.