

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS



By Your Side

Colin Fry

Contents

About the Book

About the Author

Also by Colin Fry

Title Page

Dedication

Introduction

1. How The Spirits Can Bring You Hope
2. How The Spirits Can Bring You Peace
3. How The Spirits Reward Your Patience
4. How The Spirits Can Inspire You
5. How The Spirits Can Bring You Joy
6. How The Spirits Can Guide You
7. How The Spirits Can Enlighten You
8. How The Spirits Can Comfort You
9. How The Spirits Can Transform You
10. How The Spirits Can Befriend You
11. How The Spirits Can Reward You
12. How The Spirits Can Free You

Conclusion

Copyright

About the Book

Colin Fry has an extraordinary ability to reach through the veil of death and get in touch with the Afterlife (as seen on hit TV shows *Psychic Private Eyes* and *Sixth Sense*). He can pick up spine-tingling details about people who have passed over ... things he could never have known ... and can bring back words of comfort for relatives and friends who are still alive.

But in this brilliant book he also reveals:

- How we each have a spirit network looking out for us
- How those who have passed over want to support you now
- How you can strengthen your connection with the spirit world

The spirits really are by your side, all the time - and they will help you if you let them!

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*, *Secrets from the Afterlife* and *The Message*.

By the same author:

Life Before Death
Secrets from the Afterlife
The Message

*Audio edition of Secrets from the Afterlife available to
download from iTunes.*

By Your Side

How The Spirits Can Help You Every Day

Colin Fry



LONDON • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND • JOHANNESBURG

I would like to dedicate this book
to, as always, my partner Mikey and my manager Eden,
who through thick and thin have been
'always by my side'.

Introduction

The Spirit Network

‘There is an infinite storehouse of knowledge which is placed at the disposal of all who desire to have it, but it must be earned by growth and struggle, by evolution and progress.’ SILVER BIRCH THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MAURICE BARBANELL

During the course of my career as a medium I have communicated with a multitude of spirits. I have connected with people who have passed over to the other side from all walks of life, all cultures and parts of the world, and from different generations stretching back hundreds of years. They have passed on to me an incredible range of messages, from simple affirmations of their love for those they have left behind to important advice about events that are unfolding – or sometimes about to unfold – in this earthly life. As they have done this they have also communicated to me a broader message: they are there for us, always.

Today, we live in the age of the internet. We are most of us connected to each other and can communicate instantly by text and email or through social networking sites like Facebook, Bebo, Twitter and the rest. It struck me quite recently that, in a way, the universe that lies on the other side of this life is a little like this. It is, if you like, the spirit worldwide web, a vast network of connections, waiting to be accessed at all times. It can provide all the things that the collection of websites, friends, contacts, confidants, advisers and family members provide us with in this life. It can help us deal with difficulties relating to love, faith, money, work, relationships, loss and lots more. It can offer us advice, lend

us insight, help us right wrongs and even make us smile. It can also show us the way ahead in our lives both in the short and long term.

This book is a collection of some of the more memorable and remarkable encounters I've had with the other side during my lifetime as a medium. It shows how communications can come from the most unexpected quarters at the most unlikely of times. It also illustrates the amazing range of ways in which the spirit world works for each of us by providing hope, inspiration, support, guidance, love, friendship, knowledge and much more besides.

The spirit world really is around us all the time, always watching over us, always working for us. By the end of this book I hope you will appreciate that help is close at hand, that there is always someone by your side.

‘Voices All Around You’

The journey that led me to becoming a medium was a long and eventful one. It has taken me many years to learn how to channel and interpret the thoughts of those who have left the earthly plane and passed over to the other side. There were times when I found it hard, some occasions when I almost felt like giving up. But the more I developed my gift, the more I understood the true importance and profound potential of communicating with the spirit world. Most of all, I began to see that it has the power to help, guide, support and inspire us all.

I had been aware of the spirit dimension since I was a young boy. From an early age I was conscious of being in the presence of those who had passed over. I often glimpsed spirits. To be honest, I imagined they were just a part of my own little world. I was thinking as a child, of course. I couldn't see the broader picture. It was only in my teens that I began to truly understand the significance of what I was feeling and seeing. It was then that I began to

communicate with and learn from them. As I did so I began to realise that – just like the earthly world that was opening up to me at the time – the spirit world was a much bigger, much more sophisticated and complicated place than I'd imagined. It was also a world filled with possibilities.

The enlightenment that I experienced during this period owed a great deal to the remarkable people I met along the way. There's no question in my mind, I would not have become the medium I am today if it hadn't been for them.

I had many memorable psychic experiences when I was young, some of which changed my view of not just this world but the next one too. None was more important in moulding me as a young medium than the one I had at the Dome in Brighton back in the late 1970s.

I had grown up in Sussex and had a number of friends who worked in Brighton. A couple of them worked at the city's famous Regency landmark, the Dome. They knew about my interest in spiritualism and mediumship so when the best-known medium in Britain – and perhaps the world – at the time, Doris Stokes, came to demonstrate there, they asked me whether I wanted to come along.

I jumped at the chance. I went with a few friends who shared my interest in spiritualism and mediumship.

Doris Stokes was, of course, the subject of a lot of criticism and controversy during her life, all of it grossly unfair as far as I am concerned. To my mind she was quite simply one of the most brilliant mediums – and amazing women – of her time. She was, as I discovered that night, a lovely person too.

She gave an outstanding demonstration that night. I had seen one or two mediums within the spiritualist movement but this was on a different scale and level of communication altogether. You could have heard a pin drop within the Dome that night. The hundreds of people packed in the auditorium were, almost literally, spellbound by Doris's ability to connect and communicate with the spirit world.

It was as we were leaving the auditorium that, to my delight – and slight terror – one of the friends who worked at the Dome asked me if I would like to go backstage to meet Doris.

‘Yes, I’d love to,’ I said, rather nervously.

Only one of the friends who’d accompanied me to the demonstration had the nerve to come with me. The rest stayed in the foyer.

Along with my friend I was ushered into the rear of the theatre and towards the main dressing rooms. We were greeted initially by Doris’s husband John. He was extremely friendly. He asked us how we’d enjoyed the show and took a real interest in who we were and where we’d come from. He then began leading us into his wife’s dressing room.

I will never forget what happened next.

I can still see her now. Doris was sitting at her dressing table, quietly sipping a well-deserved post-show cup of tea. She was, just as she was on stage, the most down-to-earth, ordinary-looking lady you’re ever likely to meet. She was a true star but there were none of the trappings of stardom about her.

She would have been quite within her rights to be a bit cheesed off at being disturbed. She was an elderly lady by now and was probably exhausted from the show. But if she was tired she didn’t show it. She seemed genuinely pleased to have company.

My friend and I shuffled into the small dressing room, not quite sure where to stand. Almost immediately Doris got up from her chair and made a beeline for me, totally ignoring my friend.

‘Oh hello, dear,’ she said, extending her hand and beaming her full, fifty-megawatt smile. ‘My guide is telling me that you’ve got the gift.’

I had read a lot about Doris and knew that she had a spirit guide called Romanoff. She didn’t identify the person talking to her as him, but I got the feeling it was him. I really didn’t

know what to say and stood there looking rather bemused, I'm sure.

'He's telling me that voices are going to happen all around you. And, darling, you will travel the world. You will travel the world and you will write books and go on television,' she said, before reeling off a list of countries that she said I would visit.

To be honest, at that point I thought she was being deliberately dramatic, putting on a show for her guests. She was saying that I was going to go on tour in Australia, New Zealand and Japan, for goodness' sake. Inside I was thinking: 'Yeah right, of course I am.'

Perhaps she sensed my disbelief because she then began to look slightly over my shoulder. 'Darling, there's a man standing next to you,' she said. 'He's quite short and there's something wrong with his back.'

It was as if an electric shock had gone through me - I sensed who it was immediately. She was talking about my late grandfather Laurie. He'd come to see me on the night he passed away, when I was ten years old. In the years that followed I had seen, felt or heard him often. He had been a guiding spirit, offering me advice and reassurance as I passed through the difficult teenage years of my life. I wasn't surprised that Doris had seen him standing alongside me. I felt his presence with me a lot.

'Did your grandfather have a deformed back?' Doris asked me.

'He had a humpback.'

'I can also see a shadow over his eye.'

'He was blind in one eye.'

Within moments she'd told me his name and explained that he was someone I saw often. 'Oh, that's nice. He's telling me that he has been with you ever since he passed over,' she said, smiling.

Soon after that, Doris turned away and headed back to her chair. John asked us if we minded leaving now. 'It's

getting late and Doris needs her rest,' he explained.

I left the dressing room in quite an emotional state. It felt like one of the most momentous things that had ever happened to me.

I'd not spoken much about my granddad to anyone, despite the fact I'd been seeing him for the best part of seven years by now. To have another medium actually confirm everything that I'd experienced was overwhelming. I'd had my doubts about what I'd seen and felt in Laurie's presence. Now a medium - and not just any medium - had validated all that had happened.

I left the theatre in a state of euphoria. For the next few days I'm sure I walked around with a great big grin on my face.

It was in the days, months and years which followed that the real significance of what Doris had said to me began to sink in, however. On a basic level, that brief encounter opened my eyes and my mind to aspects of the spirit world that I'd never thought of until then. For instance, I know it sounds rather silly now, but until that point I'd assumed that messages always came from people you knew.

I was only just starting to demonstrate my own mediumship, but I had had encounters with spirits that I didn't recognise. For example, since I was young I'd seen an elderly man sitting at the bottom of my bed. He was very different from my grandfather, older and from another era, probably the Victorian era. But I assumed he was just some stranger. I hadn't really engaged him in a meaningful conversation in the way that I had spoken with my grandfather. It hadn't occurred to me that there might be other people, other strangers, watching over me, with knowledge about who I was, what I was doing with my life - and most amazingly of all - where I was heading in the future.

And as time has gone on the importance of that meeting with Doris has grown rather than diminished. In the thirty or

so years since I met Doris her reading has proved more accurate than I could ever have imagined.

A few years ago, for instance, when I went to New Zealand to give demonstrations for the first time, I suddenly heard her voice in my head. I was walking down the street in the city of Hamilton when Doris started reciting the list of countries that she said I'd one day visit, just as she had that night at the Dome. Among the places that she'd listed had been countries like Japan, Sweden and Australia. But what suddenly struck me was that she hadn't just got the places right – she'd got them in the exact order that I had visited them.

She had also been right about me appearing on television and writing books. Most importantly of all, of course, she had been absolutely right about the fact that 'voices are going to happen all around you'.

Those voices fill the pages of this book. I hope they echo as powerfully and inspirationally for you as they did for me.

1 How The Spirits Can Bring You Hope

‘Die happily and look forward to taking up a new and better form. Like the sun, only when you set in the west can you rise in the east.’ JELALUDDIN RUMI

I OFTEN END my public demonstrations with the same thought. I make no apology for doing so. It is the most important message I can possibly share with my audiences. And it is this:

Death is the biggest lie that we are told. It isn't the end, existence doesn't finish when we draw our last breath. Life continues elsewhere, in an afterlife; when we leave this earthly plane we pass over into the spirit dimension.

As a medium, I spend my day-to-day life experiencing the amazing reality behind this message. I work closely with those who have the most personal knowledge of its truth: the spirits who have passed over to the other side. As I do so, I am able to give people one of the most precious and powerful commodities in this life – hope.

The spirit world never ceases to fascinate and surprise me. During the thirty years or so that I have been working as a medium, I have seen it at work in a myriad different ways. It is forever spreading hope. I'd like to begin this book with some stories that illustrate how.

The Red Carpet

One of the things I was told early on during my development as a medium was this: ‘There will be times when you will think you want to give up – but you never will.’

I don't think there's ever been a truer word spoken.

There have actually been several times in my career when I've felt like turning my back on the spirit world. On one or two occasions I have, in my own mind at least, drawn a veil over the whole thing. But the spirit world has ensured that I have always been drawn back.

The most striking example of this happened during my late twenties. In the wake of my encounter with Doris Stokes I spent a lot of time developing my mediumship during my teens and early twenties. But then during my mid twenties, I got to a point where to all intents and purposes I'd given up. I would do the occasional reading for people and attend a Church meeting every now and again, but in general I was getting to the point where I was thinking, 'This is going nowhere'.

The fact that I was doing well in my chosen career in retail management was driving me even further in a different direction. My mediumship was, more and more, being put on the back burner. To a large degree this was because I felt I'd hit a buffer. At the back of my mind I had this nagging feeling that I was supposed to be doing more with my gift. But I didn't know what.

I kept putting the thought out to the spirit world that 'there must be more to this, but what is it? What am I supposed to be doing?' Every time I did that I would get a single word answer. Every time they would say, 'Wait.'

This went on for eighteen months. 'Wait, wait, wait.' I felt so frustrated. 'What am I waiting for?' I started to say to myself. 'And is it actually worth the wait?'

So by my mid twenties the inevitable had happened. I had reached a point where I decided I was going to give it all up. I knew I'd always be interested in the subject, but only as a hobby. Instead I'd concentrate on my career and friends and relationships. Of course, I should have realised that the spirit world would have other ideas. As ever, they were close by and they were soon intervening.

I was a manager at a carpet warehouse at the time. One day an elderly couple came in looking for a carpet for their flat in Hove. The lady was in a wheelchair. To be honest, I was impatient to get away from them. I sensed immediately that they were the type of customers who would look around but never actually commit to buying anything.

They were looking for a red carpet. I must have shown them every single sample of red carpet we had in the warehouse, and there were a lot of red carpets there, let me tell you. In the end, they eventually came down to a choice between two carpets. By now I was pretty confident they were going to buy one of them after all so I agreed to go along to their flat the next day to measure it up and give them a quote.

In the past I have briefly mentioned the story of what happened when I returned to visit the couple. But I have always held back from describing what happened that day – and subsequently – in full detail. I do so now because it was, in many ways, one of the most moving and powerful displays of the spirit world at work I have ever been involved in. It illustrates the point I am making in this chapter, and this book, perfectly.

The following morning I went along to the address they'd given me where I was greeted by the husband. He took me through to their front lounge where they wanted the carpet fitted. I put my briefcase down, took out my tape measure and notebook and started taking measurements.

As I did so the most vivid spirit voice was suddenly talking to me. 'Tell this man that you know he uses this room for séances,' it said.

I ignored it and carried on. But in my head the voice kept repeating itself and as it did so it got louder and louder and louder. 'Tell him that you know he uses this room for séances!'

Eventually I thought to myself: 'I've got to ask him, otherwise this is never going to stop.'

So I turned to the gentleman, smiled politely and said: 'I have to ask this, sir - and I'm terribly sorry if I offend you or your wife in any way and I will leave your home immediately if I do - but you use this room for séances, don't you?'

He didn't bat an eyelid and replied immediately. 'Yes,' he said. 'And how do you know that?'

'Because a spirit voice just told me,' I said.

With that he grabbed me by the arm and rushed me back into the kitchen where his wife was sitting having a cup of tea. 'Tell my wife what you've just said.'

When I did she smiled. 'Oh yes, my dear,' she said. 'We knew you'd be coming.'

I was a bit chippy at the time so I said: 'Of course you did, we made an appointment for me to measure up for a new carpet.'

But she ignored my juvenile humour and said, 'No, we knew you'd be coming for another reason. Do you know what a physical phenomenon circle is?'

'Yes, I do,' I said. 'It's where a group of people communicate directly with the spirit world and a spirit even makes use of their own voice through the medium. They used to happen in the old days but they don't exist any more.'

'Oh yes they do,' she said. 'We've run one now for more than twenty years.'

She went on to explain that the circle had been formed by her husband's mother who had been a very successful medium. She had passed over now, but they had continued to meet once a month when a trance medium would come down from the north of England to sit with them.

'Back in November the trance medium who sat with us brought through a spirit which told us that in the month of May, just before his birthday, a young man would come to us through the course of his work and he would identify himself as a medium,' she said. 'He told us that the spirit

world wanted us to take on the responsibility of developing him. They had big plans for him.'

Even I was taken aback. The thing that hit me most was that it was May and it was two days before my birthday. It was an echo of what Doris Stokes had said to me a decade or so earlier. Again there was the promise of me travelling the world practising mediumship.

After a while I composed myself. This was silly, I said to myself.

'We sit on Tuesday evenings. Would you like to come and join us?' the man asked.

More out of politeness than anything else, I said, 'Yes, OK.'

I left the house feeling a mixture of emotions. I was intrigued but also I was still more than a little sceptical. How could this humble couple living in a flat in Hove hold the key to the rest of my life? How did I know that it was going to come to anything? Doris Stokes' predictions hadn't come true. Why should these people's projections be any different?

When I went back the following Tuesday I still felt this dilemma. Was this really the big breakthrough I needed? Or was it another blind alley? Did I even want any of this?

The couple, whom I now knew as Geraldine and John, were pleased to see me. They were lovely people and there was another guy there, an old chap called Lennie who was a local barber. John explained that they'd had a number of sitters over the years but that it had been hard to keep them coming consistently.

We all filed into a little dark room and sat down. We then sang to raise the energies. I knew about physical phenomena circles so there was nothing particularly unusual about this. I'd read a lot about them.

We sat for an hour and to my mind nothing happened. No one said very much.

'That went well,' John said afterwards.

'Did it?' I thought.

‘Will you come back next Tuesday?’

‘OK,’ I said, although I wasn’t sure.

I was growing to like John and Geraldine so I didn’t want to let them down. I went back the following week and we started the same way as before, singing, the lights down. But then something strange happened. I suddenly felt my eyes going, as if I was falling asleep.

At first I put it down to tiredness. I’d had a busy day at work and it was quite warm in the room. ‘Mustn’t fall asleep,’ I told myself, but it was too late. Before I knew it I’d nodded off. I’d gone out like a light.

What seemed like a few moments later I was sitting in the room with the lights on. I was mortified. ‘I’m so sorry I dozed off,’ I said.

‘Don’t worry about it now,’ John said. ‘I’ll close the circle.’

A few moments later we were all in the kitchen having a cup of tea. I was still feeling terrible. They were such a nice couple, and I thought I’d really offended them. I couldn’t stop apologising. ‘Sorry, I had a busy day at work and it was quite hot in there. I’m really sorry I nodded off,’ I said.

It was then that I noticed that the wife, Geraldine, was quietly crying. Now I felt really bad. This circle obviously meant a lot to them. I hadn’t taken it seriously. I’d upset them. I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. ‘I am so sorry,’ I started to say before John cut me short.

‘You’ve got no idea what happened, have you?’ he said.

‘What do you mean?’

‘Colin, sit down. You didn’t fall asleep – you fell into a trance.’

‘I couldn’t have,’ I said. ‘I’d remember it.’

‘No, you wouldn’t,’ John said. ‘Trance mediums have no idea what is being channelled through them and retain no memory of what they say while they are connected to the spirit world.’

‘Really,’ I said, slightly lost for words.

John looked across at Geraldine who was still dabbing her face with a handkerchief. 'Colin, the reason Geraldine is so emotional is that while you were in the trance our son communicated through you.'

I was too stunned to even speak for a second. 'Your son,' I said eventually.

'Yes, Geraldine and I have a son who was killed in a train crash when he was young, only in his teens. He'd been going up to London to see a show in the West End. I'd advised him to get on the front of the train so that he could make a quick getaway when he reached London. The train had ploughed into another train head on. The people at the rear of the train survived but those at the front didn't,' he said.

John didn't need to explain to me how that had affected him. I could see in his eyes that it haunted him still.

'We have been trying to reach him for years through various mediums. But tonight, while you were in a trance he came through and spoke to us through you,' John said.

I was overwhelmed.

By now Geraldine had stopped crying. She took my hand and smiled at me. 'We knew you were meant to be a part of our circle,' she said. 'Tonight you proved it.'

I stayed and chatted with them for a while that evening. They told me how the loss of their son had shattered their lives completely. They had both been quite religious people and had taken part in spiritualist meetings and had sat in circles for years. But, like so many people, they lost their faith when they lost their son. They hadn't been able to understand how God could have done that to them, how He could have been so cruel. They had, for a long time, turned their back on the Church and the spirit world, although I found out much later that an encounter with the famous medium Leslie Flint had started them back on the path of spirit communication.