

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS



Mind To Mind

Betty Shine

About the Book

Betty Shine is a remarkable woman. Her extraordinary gifts – a clairvoyant ability to diagnose medically, her healing powers and her discovery of ‘mind energy’ – have made her one of Britain’s foremost healers.

Mind to Mind tells her story. Like Betty herself, it is cheerful, down-to-earth and full of humour. It reveals how she became aware of her gifts and how she has used her experiences of mind energy to help others. Illustrated with a wide variety of examples and case histories, this is a uniquely helpful and practical book by a woman whose powers have been a comfort and an inspiration to countless numbers of people.

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Mind To Mind

The Secrets of Your Mind Energy Revealed

Betty Shine

Edited by Anthea Courtenay

Foreword by Michael Bentine

*This book is dedicated to Janet,
my daughter and my friend*

FOREWORD

My close friend Betty Shine has an appropriate surname. Good humour, bubbling energy and down-to-earth honesty seem to radiate from her warm and attractive personality, making her any child's idea of the perfect aunty.

Over the years, Betty has been kind enough to give me healing on many occasions. Usually, I arrive at her home with my energy reserves seriously depleted and in a low state of health. When I leave her, I invariably feel marvellously renewed, refreshed and once again ready to continue whatever task life has set for me. For those healing sessions and for her cheerful loyal friendship I shall always be in her debt.

No matter how remarkable you may consider the evidence in this book to be, it cannot convey all the extraordinary abilities and gifts which Betty has in abundance. To appreciate these rare qualities you must meet her yourself. If you are lucky enough to do so, you will know exactly what I mean.

Betty Shine has many things to say. These are the results of years of concentrated effort and hard work. Being Betty, my friend writes in the same way that she thinks and speaks: straight out, with no mumbo-jumbo.

This is a rare book, written by a rare person. I know that you will enjoy reading it, many times.

My wife and I will never forget the look of blessed relief on our daughter Marylla's face when, despite long journeys throughout the storms of that grim winter, Betty came many miles to give her healing. Although she was unable to halt the process of the cancer, which eventually caused Marylla's

premature death, Betty Shine brought our child something very precious: the gift of comfort and mental peace. For that alone I can never thank her enough.

Betty, my dear friend, may this book help many others, as you have so often helped us.

Bless you and those who work with you.

MICHAEL BENTINE

PROLOGUE

A Journey of Enlightenment





In the beginning was the Word
The spoken Word
and much later the written Word
Communication depends on words
There would be no progress
without them
and the words in this book
are the golden threads
that continue to weave a
story from the beginning of
man to the present day.

BETTY SHINE

‘COME IN, BETTY. Your mother, Alice, has been waiting for you.’

I had just entered a darkened room lit by the glow of a small red lamp, and a tall slim man was shaking my hand. I had never visited a medium before, and I had only come because I was desperate. Now I nearly ran away. Charles Horrey looked kindly enough – but how on earth did he know my first name, let alone the name of my mother who had been dead for five years?

As soon as I was seated, he said: ‘Your mother has been wanting to communicate with you for a long time. She would like to ask your forgiveness.’

I was startled; I already knew that my mother had been trying to communicate with me, but I couldn’t think of anything I had to forgive her for.

Mr Horrey went on: ‘She says she could have given you more time.’ That did make some sense. ‘Now she is giving you something you always wanted, but in a different way.’

‘What is it?’ I asked.

‘I don’t know . . .’ For a few moments Mr Horrey sat in silence, his head tilted as though listening. Then he said:

‘You are going to be a great healer.’

Me – a healer? This was ridiculous! It wasn’t what I’d come to hear at all. How could I heal others when I was ill myself?

My thoughts raced as he leaned forward. ‘You have been ill for seven years.’

That was true. I had decided to see a medium because I had been troubled for the last few years by inexplicable attacks of dizziness and palpitations; lately they had been getting worse, and I was afraid I was going to die.

He went on: ‘You have been a very obstinate woman. A doctor has been trying to work through you all this time, and you haven’t been listening. This is what has made you ill; because you haven’t been using the healing energy it has built up in your system. Once you start healing you will be better.’

Then he delivered another bombshell. ‘You are also a medium and you have been developing your mediumship through the focus that was chosen for you: hand-reading.’ It was true that for many years I had been doing medical hand analysis for friends – but mediumship? ‘This will now stop. In future you will have the knowledge without using the hand as a focus.’

My expression must have shown how I felt about becoming a medium. Mr Horrey looked at me quite sternly, so I sat quietly listening to the rest of his message.

‘In the next three months you will not only have the ability to see spirit people; you will also hear them.’ He didn’t know, of course, that I had already seen spirit people more than once. ‘You will have clairvoyant sight and will be able to diagnose illnesses.’

I’d never thought of myself as anything but an ordinary unimportant person. I looked at him and said: ‘I couldn’t sit in a room with a little red light all day; it would drive me crackers!’

‘My dear girl,’ he said, ‘that happens to be my choice. You may choose your own way of working. You will not work

from the platform; all of your work will be confidential.'

Then he took my hand and held it while he said: 'Remember everything you have been told. There are many psychics in the world, but few are chosen.'

I thought: Whoever does the choosing must have made a mistake; I'm sure they've got the wrong one! My picture of psychics simply didn't tally with my picture of myself.

Mr Horrey looked at me a little sadly. 'You know, it doesn't give me any pleasure telling you this. It's an extremely difficult path to follow, and you will have to spend the rest of your life helping others. It's not a job I would have chosen. Like you, I had no choice but, unlike yourself, I can only sit here passing on messages. I could never heal; I don't have that kind of power.'

'But how the hell can I heal people?' I burst out.

'You already *are* healing people!' he told me. 'You've been holding people's hands when you read them, haven't you? Well, you've been healing them! Go away and try it.'

The whole sitting lasted about an hour. Mr Horrey told me more about my past, my future, my healing career – there was so much that I really couldn't take it all in. It was all totally unexpected and rather frightening.

As he drew to a close, he told me: 'You are the most powerful psychic I have ever met in the thirty years I have been doing this work, and you have a great future as a healer. You will achieve incredible results, and you will travel all over the world.'

I stumbled out into the daylight and reeled back to work, wondering what on earth I was going to tell my husband and daughter. Back in my office, unable to concentrate, I went over and over the conversation in my head, trying to make sense of it. I was beginning to see myself in a new light. I had never thought of myself as psychic. Yet I realized that many of the things which had happened to me, which I had taken for granted, other people might consider very strange – psychic, in fact.

I had no idea that from this point on my life would never be the same again. Although Mr Horrey had given me some extraordinarily accurate information about myself, I knew nothing about healing and had no intention of becoming a healer. I certainly had no idea that, at the age of forty-six, I was about to embark on a whole new career.

Not until much later was I able to look back calmly and see that from the start my whole life had been directed and guided towards this end: that I had in fact been on a journey, which I now think of as a journey of enlightenment.

For as long as I could remember, I had been visiting another dimension. When I was two I smashed my forehead in a fall, affecting the optic nerve and necessitating an operation. Perhaps the blow to the head triggered my psychic abilities; whatever the cause, one minute I was lying in a hospital cot, the next I found myself in a totally different place.

I was in a garden full of colour: there were flowers like no flowers on earth, with huge, brilliantly coloured trumpets which I could have crawled down, and exotic, brightly plumed birds with long tails. The colours shimmered, constantly changing in tone: a flower would be deep orange one moment and pale apricot when I looked again.

It was a remarkable and very beautiful experience that has been repeated continuously throughout my life, changing in certain details as my life has changed. From that time onwards, whenever I wanted to, I could just close my eyes and travel to this magical place.

As soon as I entered it I would find myself walking down a narrow path which wound between a tall hedge of plants, seemingly placed there to prevent me from seeing what was beyond. At one point, to my right I would pass a rectangular pool round which sat groups of people in long robes, silently communicating with each other. Some people were being dipped in the water, as if they were being baptized.

I never walked to the pool, but kept to the path as though I had an appointment. I would pass under an arch of leaves and then turn right to climb up a grassy slope, which felt soft and springy underfoot. At the top I would enter a small hexagonal building with a domed roof; inside, it was light and very peaceful.

From the first, I had an inner knowledge of what to do. I would go to a chair, sit down and wait. After a while, someone would enter and sit behind me. Though I never looked round, I somehow knew that this person had a thin face, kindly eyes and long light-brown hair. He had no name and he never spoke; we simply sat in silence. What seemed like moments later, I would stand up and leave. Instantly I would find myself back in the 'real' world.

My early childhood was very happy. I was born in Kennington ten years before the start of the Second World War, the middle child of three. My mother was very loving, deeply religious, and blessed with a sense of humour. My father worked in the hotel business, which meant that we saw very little of him in the evenings and even at weekends; but he was a very caring man and a lovely father. He came from a family of artists, singers and musicians; he was a gifted amateur artist himself. We lived in a working-class community of terraced houses, a secure environment in which all the families knew and cared about each other.

The highlight of the week was Sunday, when my father took the three of us to see his mother, who lived in an imposing Victorian house in Kennington Lane. A small woman with a powerful personality and great courage, she had given birth to thirteen children, several of whom had died young. A life-long spiritualist, she was very psychic and used to hold long conversations with her dead sons which she would relate to us when we arrived on our weekly visits. Since we grew up with this we accepted it as normal; my father seemed to accept it, too, although not a spiritualist himself.

I found my grandmother fascinating. She often made accurate predictions about future events; even my mother had to admit that she was often right, although spiritualism was quite at odds with her High Church beliefs. Sometimes I, too, knew when things were going to happen. I remember telling my mother, correctly, that a neighbour was going to die. She told me quite sharply not to say such things; I think she felt that by voicing them I was actually bringing them about. Anything smacking of the psychic terrified her.

I loved going to church, not because I was particularly religious but because I welcomed any opportunity to sing. When I was about eight my mother was horrified one Sunday to find me singing in the street with the Salvation Army! I was thoroughly enjoying myself, and was mortified when she dragged me away in disgrace. Not only was I singing in the street, but with the Salvation Army of all things!

At school and at home I was always being told off for day-dreaming; it was so easy to slip into my other world for a few minutes that I did it without thinking. Sometimes my mother would say: 'You've been somewhere else, haven't you?' But when I told her about my journeys she dismissed them as day-dreams.

I know now that my garden was and is absolutely real, existing in another dimension. I also know that during my visits there I was being taught telepathically by my silent companion, for when I returned I would be aware of things that no one else had taught me. For example, I understood as a very small child the spiritual law that whatever you give out you get back. This made me very anxious when I heard my mother running down a friend behind her back; I knew that it would hurt *her*, and told her so!

I always felt extremely close to nature: I could hear the trees talking to each other, and when I lay on the ground in our local park I could hear the grass growing. When I told

my mother this, she used to laugh at my imagination. Later, in the country, I felt the streams were talking to me.

From a very early age I could also hear a man's voice speaking softly in my ear from time to time; I knew that he was a different person from my silent teacher. He was very protective: he would say 'Stop!' as I was about to run across a road without looking, or before I did something forbidden at school; at other times he reassured me when my courage was failing, or gave me advice about my school work.

I never connected these experiences with my grandmother's psychic powers or my mother's religious beliefs. My grandmother's discussions about her dead sons were always very matter-of-fact, and she never mentioned spirits. My mother told me that we all have a guardian angel who is always with us – an idea I found quite terrifying. I used to look round for it, thinking it was disapprovingly watching everything I did.

My protective voice was simply a normal part of life, and I assumed that everyone heard voices. Then, when I was about eight, I mentioned to my best friend something 'this man' had said. 'What man?' she asked.

'This man who speaks to me. Haven't you got a man speaking to you?'

'No,' said my friend, giving me an odd look. 'That sounds really weird!'

I was genuinely surprised to learn that she didn't have a person, but from then on I kept quiet about mine.

My first ten years were perhaps the happiest of my life. Then came the war. The next thing I knew, we were being evacuated, sent to the country for our safety away from the London bombs.

My brother and sister went together, but for some reason I was evacuated on my own. For me and many others, it was the beginning of a nightmare. Dazed by the whole situation, not understanding what 'war' meant, I found myself with

hundreds of other children being piled on to a train. From time to time I looked out of the window: until then my horizons had consisted of rows and rows of houses and the local park. The country was obviously a huge park without railings.

We arrived at a small Berkshire village which seemed like the end of the world. We were met by a billeting officer, who handed each of us a bar of Cadbury's chocolate - I'd never had such a large bar of chocolate to myself! He then trailed us round from one home to another, finally taking me to what seemed a very large house, where I was introduced to the lady and gentleman who were to look after me. The house was very gloomy, and Mr and Mrs E seemed very old; they must actually have been in their sixties.

The first thing Mrs E did was to take my bar of chocolate. I never saw it again. I was shocked; stealing was a terrible thing to do, and this lady had stolen my bar of chocolate. Her husband, Tom, looked sympathetic, but under his wife's steely gaze was clearly afraid to say very much. I was afraid, too, and with good reason.

Life with these people was wretched: physically and emotionally, I was starved. I was only given hot food at weekends when Mr E was at home; it was cooked on a little meths-stove, and always tasted of methylated spirits. I walked two miles to school every day with rhubarb sandwiches for my midday meal; my tea consisted of two pieces of bread and margarine, and on Wednesdays a piece of lardy cake.

If I dared ask for more, the Lady, as I thought of her, would tell me that she was given half a crown a week for my keep, and that was all I was going to get! I was too frightened to tell anyone, least of all my mother, in case I was sent to bed with no food at all. I remember the hunger to this day.

At school, which was held in a church hall, I learned that some of my fellow-evacuees were happy and comfortable.

Others were very miserable and homesick. Many, including myself, were treated as servants by the people to whom they had been entrusted. I had to do housework when I came home from school, and spent Saturday mornings polishing every single piece of cutlery and silver! The Lady only spoke to me to give me orders.

One Sunday I tried to run away; I had walked two miles before Tom E caught up with me and took me back. He told me I would get no Sunday lunch, but for some reason this threat wasn't carried out. Perhaps, after all, the Lady had a conscience, or perhaps Tom intervened on my behalf.

One night, about four months after my arrival, a bomb dropped immediately opposite the house, shattering all the windows. There was no electric light in my room, as Mrs E was too mean to put blackout in the upstairs windows. When she came in with a candle I saw a piece of glass quivering like a spear in the headboard, an inch above my head. I thought: I could have been killed!

I believe the shock must have opened up my psychic awareness. One evening about a week after the blast, I was lying in bed in the dark when suddenly somebody walked in through the closed door. I stared, transfixed; I could make out the shape of a person – whether man or woman, I couldn't tell. It was followed by others: streams of shadowy-looking people began walking across the room and out through the opposite wall.

My first thought was that when they walked through the outer wall they would drop to the ground outside and do themselves an injury. Someone ought to warn them! Then I became scared. Not daring to disturb the Lady, I pulled the sheet over my head, hoping whoever they were would go away, but whenever I popped up for air they were still there. I must have fallen asleep at some point, but I felt as though I was awake all night.

This visitation was repeated nearly every night; eventually I became quite used to my 'misty people' and even quite friendly towards them. Although they ignored me, having people of my very own was a kind of comfort. Especially since, while they were about, I had lost another source of comfort; I could no longer hear the voice of my invisible friend, who had so often spoken reassuringly in my ear.

The probable explanation for this, although I could not know it then, is that these experiences were all normal steps in my psychic development. Other mediums have been through similar stages. There will be a phase during which one's clairaudience is developed, enabling one to hear voices; this may fade for a period while clairvoyant sight develops. Then may follow a time when sight and sound disappear, and healing comes to the fore. Finally the medium has a full range of abilities on which to draw.

It seems likely that during the period of 'misty people' I was simply looking into another dimension, in which these people were going about their ordinary business. There are many dimensions in the universe, some of which can be seen by psychics with clairvoyant sight. (For a scientific comment, see page 136.) At the time, misty friends were better than none, and when I left that house they were all that I missed!

Meanwhile, I spent more and more time visiting my other-dimensional garden, and I also found another source of consolation. One evening a week Mr and Mrs E locked me out of the house until late while they went to the cinema. I would spend the hours sitting in the branches of a conifer on the corner of a country lane, looking at the stars, focusing all my attention on them until I felt that I was flying among them.

I believe that I was experiencing astral travel, that my mind was expanding and leaving my body, literally floating among the bright stars. As I floated I would hear voices speaking around me in a soft murmuring babble. They didn't

seem to be speaking to me, and I couldn't really hear what they said, but it was comforting to feel I was not alone. And then, suddenly, I would be back in my tree, aware that I had been far away.

The three-years deprivation left me with an indelible emotional scar, but I also retained memories of unbelievably beautiful mystical experiences. And I learned at an early age that beauty and the beast often go hand in hand: you have to have the one to appreciate the other.

When I was thirteen my mother rented a house in Surrey, and at last the family was together again. The relief was beyond belief. But things were not the same. My father, who was still working in London, went home one day to pick up some belongings. As he turned into our street a bomb fell, reducing our house to rubble before his eyes. The blast caused what was diagnosed as 'pressure on the brain', and he became increasingly paralysed.

I, too, was in very poor health; I was literally skin and bone, and unable to eat and digest properly. The doctor told my mother I was suffering from acute malnutrition; he was appalled at my state. So was my mother, who was also, naturally, extremely angry. I was given extra rations and vouchers for cod liver oil, malt and liver, but it was eighteen months before I fully recovered.

Family life was still warm, but less companionable as my mother had to work, as well as looking after my father. I was sent to a local school, where I worked hard and managed to catch up with the rest of the girls. But I found my mind journeys much more interesting. At this time my experience changed in quality: sometimes during a lesson I would have the thrilling conviction that I had access to extraordinary knowledge. I would gaze vacantly at the teacher as I listened to other voices telling me about cosmic forces and universal energy. Sometimes I would feel that I was hovering

about five hundred feet above the ground, looking down on fields and countryside.

I had always loved animals, and had longed to own a kitten, but my mother didn't share my enthusiasm and refused to have animals in the house. One day a visitor came to school to talk about opportunities for careers in the veterinary profession. At once I knew that was what I wanted to do; I had seen a number of animals ill-treated and had always wanted to help them. I raced home to ask my mother if I could become a vet. The answer was a most definite no; nothing I could say would make her change her mind! Although I eventually stopped thinking about it, much as I loved my mother I never really forgave her for that.

I left school at fourteen and went reluctantly to work in a series of offices; I could never get excited over debit and credit notes, typing and the evening post. One of my jobs was at Benson's, the advertising agency. In those days 'Benson's girls' wore smart uniforms with a little cap, which I did enjoy; it made me feel very grown-up.

I made the most of my leisure-time by going dancing in the evenings, and at one of these dances, on VE night, I met my future husband. I was sixteen; Leslie, an aircraft engineer, was two years older. For the first time I had someone with whom I could discuss serious subjects; he also shared my interest in music. I still loved singing, and used to practise arias around the house, learned from listening to the radio. It was a happy time. We were separated while Leslie did a three-year stint with the occupation forces in Germany, but before he left we got engaged.

Shortly after the war ended my father had a leucotomy to relieve the pressure on his brain. Something went terribly wrong, and when my mother next saw him he was a completely different person; my kind generous father had been left with persecution mania.

During this worrying time my grandmother took my mother to a demonstration by the famous spiritualist healer the late Harry Edwards, at Kingsway Hall in London. My mother found him so inspiring that she used to write to him at his healing-centre in Shere, and went to his lectures whenever she could. She would still never have anything to do with what she called 'the occult', but she regarded healing as a religious activity rather than as the occult.

In 1947, Leslie had just come home on leave for Christmas when our happiness was suddenly shattered. The police came on Christmas morning to tell us they had found my father's possessions on Putney Embankment; he had drowned himself. On Boxing Day my mother went over to Kennington to tell my grandmother the news; as she reached the steps of the house my grandmother came out and said: 'You don't have to tell me. I went down with him.'

It was a horrible period; my father's body wasn't found for a month, and I prayed and prayed that it was all a mistake and that he was safe. Every time someone came to the door I hoped it was him.

After his death, my mother received many letters from people, often strangers, telling her how my father had helped them, often financially. We had known nothing of this. Of all my memories of my father, I remember his kindness most of all.

Soon afterwards my grandmother persuaded my mother to accompany her to a spiritualist church service with her daughter, my Aunt Lizzie. (Like my mother, Aunt Lizzie was frightened of the 'occult' and used to express her anxiety by exclaiming: 'Oh, bloomey!') Afterwards a woman approached my mother and said: 'I must tell you that there was a man standing beside you throughout the whole service.' She went on to give an exact description of my father, and then said: 'He wants you all to know that now he's very happy.'

One night about six months after his death, I woke up from a half-sleep, screaming. My father had been bending over me, apparently trying to tell me something. My mother came running into the bedroom and assured me it had only been a bad dream. I knew otherwise: the experience had been much more real than a dream.

It seems possible that my father was trying to impress on me that I should learn as much as possible, because after recovering from the initial shock I suddenly acquired an insatiable thirst for knowledge. I joined all sorts of evening classes. It was exciting: I had only to enrol and I could learn anything I wanted. From that day to this I have never wasted a moment; I have gone on learning, and exploring the capacities of my mind.

Leslie and I married in 1949 when I was twenty, and two years later I had my first child, Geoffrey. When I was seventeen I had been in an accident on the back of Leslie's motorbike, and fourteen months after our son's birth I developed severe and continuous back-pain. I went to several hospitals, but nobody could find out what was wrong: more than one specialist told me it was 'all in my mind'.

Soon after this trouble started, I was in bed one night when I saw a tiny blue light, about the size of a penny piece, slowly travelling over the bedroom wall, across the window curtains and eventually coming to rest above my head. I pointed it out to Leslie, but he could see nothing; suddenly I had an inner certainty that my mother had asked Harry Edwards to help heal my back, and that this light was somehow connected with that. The next time I saw her she handed me a letter from his centre in Shere saying that healing would begin next day - which was the evening when the light had appeared.

That was my first encounter with absent healing. I didn't know what the blue light meant, but I knew that Harry

Edwards was a very powerful healer. Although my pain continued (it was to last for seventeen more years), it was comforting to know that from somewhere in space, perhaps even from God, I was being cared for.

Four years after Geoffrey my daughter Janet was born, completing my family. I had no idea that I had given birth to another natural psychic! This birth, like the first one, was tough; on both occasions I nearly lost my life. I think that each time the stress pushed me a little further along my destined path: becoming a healer often involves going through some very difficult times.

On the positive side, marriage gave me the chance to fulfil at least one of my ambitions: early on Leslie encouraged me to go to a singing teacher, who told me that I had a dramatic coloratura voice which could be trained for opera. I thought that six months would be plenty; I had no idea that opera singers need ten years' training before starting to look for any reward.

It is not easy to break into the operatic world; nevertheless I kept at it. With much hard work I became a freelance singer, which fitted in with having a family. It was a hectic life, and fraught with disappointments; fortunately, I had plenty of energy, and Leslie was very supportive.

Singing occupied some twenty years of my life, and I was very sad when I had to give it up. But that career is over, and I prefer not to look back. It is only relevant to my work now in that the training taught me to appreciate the value of discipline, and to be at ease on a platform when lecturing and taking seminars.

My back continued to be painful, and I often went off to sing with a bottle of Disprin in my pocket. I also suffered badly from pre-menstrual tension; one day, some twelve years after my marriage, I read in a booklet by Barbara Cartland that this could be relieved by taking calcium. I started taking bonemeal tablets, and was so impressed with the

results that I began reading everything I could about vitamin and mineral therapy. This was well before the current interest in nutrition, and some of my friends thought me cranky. However, I studied the subject in depth and became quite an expert.

While I was developing this interest, I had to undergo a minor gynaecological operation during which my legs became locked almost over my head. When I was X-rayed in this agonizing position it was found that I had a ruptured disc pressing on the sciatic nerve. It was an enormous relief to know that my suffering had a physical cause!

I was offered surgery to end the pain, but it would have locked the vertebrae, making it impossible for me to bend, so I refused. I decided instead to cure myself with vitamin and mineral therapy and yoga. I was teaching myself yoga from a book by Indra Devi, a well-known Indian teacher, and the whole family used to join in. It gave Janet a good start; she now teaches yoga herself.

My back wasn't completely cured until some years later. I had been told that as I grew older the ruptured disc would shrivel and stop putting pressure on the nerve; when we went to live in a hot climate this speeded up this process. But I don't think my cure would have been so complete if I hadn't strengthened my spinal muscles with yoga and taken lots of vitamins. Meanwhile, it was only my ability to leave my body and find another dimension that enabled me to carry on.

Some inner urge was pushing me to investigate other aspects of health, and I also became fascinated by hand-reading. On my thirtieth birthday my children had given me a book on palmistry; it was the start of a sixteen-year study which led me into medical hand analysis. This is quite a fine art; I learned to take palm-prints, using printer's ink and a sheet of glass, in order to examine the tiny dots and breaks in the lines which reveal a person's health and nutritional status.

I began reading the hands of friends, relations and colleagues – everyone who called left our house with inky palms! I enjoyed it, and my knowledge of vitamin and mineral therapy enabled me to advise people on what supplements they needed. I found that I was able to help a lot of people with their problems, emotional as well as physical.

Some people regarded my palm-reading as ‘the occult’, but I always denied this strenuously. To me it was clearly quite scientific, and I never thought of myself as psychic. Yet throughout these years some strange things happened, of the kind known as psychic phenomena.

As soon as we had moved into our own home I noticed that objects were repeatedly being moved: I would put a watch down on a dressing-table and when I looked for it it would be gone. Then, when I looked again a little later, there it would be. I think many people have this experience without realizing it, because the obvious explanation is that one hasn’t been looking properly! But this happened too often to be explained away so simply.

I also used to hear conversations going on in the street outside in the middle of the night – often gossipy conversations between two women. I used to jump out of bed in annoyance, but could see no one, and Leslie couldn’t hear the voices at all. I don’t think that these were ghosts; rather, that my mind was going back in time to tune into conversations that had happened some time before.

One night I dreamed that a friend of my mother, who had been in a coma for a year, came to tell me she had died. She gave me some specific instructions: everyone was to buy a separate wreath and not put their money towards one large one! At six o’clock next morning I rang my mother to tell her, apologizing for ringing so early. She replied: ‘Don’t worry. I heard about it an hour ago.’ We had to laugh over the instructions: during her lifetime the lady had been constantly giving orders!

In those days I said very little about these experiences, except to Leslie who was forced to share them. I knew that people would think me odd; I also felt that they were special to me and that I wasn't meant to talk about them.

We had been married twenty years; the children were growing up, and I was totally occupied with singing, vitamin and mineral therapy, hand analysis and yoga. Then, from 1967 to 1969, we went through two incredibly difficult years, fraught with family problems and tragedies. I became very low-spirited and run-down, and when my mother died after a stroke I was so shaken that we decided to emigrate to Spain and begin a new life. Leslie had his own business by now, and planned to start one out there. I hated giving up my singing, but I was still suffering terribly with my back, especially in cold weather. There seemed to be nothing to keep us in England, and shortly after my mother's death we left for Spain.

Only after building ourselves a beautiful villa did we discover that it was impossible to get the necessary permits to start a business. Leslie had to return to England, while I stayed on to recover my health. I was out there for four years in all. Geoffrey was married, and Janet, now sixteen, left school and joined me in Spain, where she continued studying on her own and taught herself to type.

Gradually I recuperated from our recent troubles. I walked the hills with my dog and cat, absorbing nature and feeling at one with the earth and sky. Life was very basic and extremely hard, but the difficulties of daily living helped me to reconsider my values.

I continued to visit my other dimension. I always came back feeling more positive and with greater peace of mind, which helped me with the many decisions I had to take in Leslie's absence. The view from the villa was wonderful; it overlooked a great valley leading to the sea. Looking out over that vastness gave me the same kind of feeling that I