

Ignoring a spirit

Our house is very old and could probably write a few books of its own and, luckily, some of these stories have been relayed to me in quite unexpected ways. Since we moved here, three different families have come knocking on the door to ask if they could come in to see the house. They had all either been born in it, grown up in it or had happy memories of the place. One such visitor came all the way from America.

Answering a knock at the door one summer's morning, I found a young couple before me. Apologising profusely for disturbing us, they asked if it would be possible for their grandmother, who was visiting from the States, to come inside and see where she had been born, one last time. Without hesitation they were all invited in and they went back to the car to get her.

This lady was well into her eighties and there was no doubt that she had come to say farewell to her homeland for the last time. They were a lovely family and we were all soon chatting over a cup of tea as she pottered about. After a while she decided that she wanted to see the room where she had been born. Since this was upstairs it posed some problems as she was quite frail. After much debate we managed to get her up the steep stairs and along the hallway to her place of birth, leaving her there alone with her memories.

On my way back down the stairs I became aware of the presence of a spirit. I was enjoying chatting to the other family members and therefore tried to ignore it. But the tingling throughout my body suddenly became very strong, so strong in fact, that it nearly took my breath away. Trying to smile sweetly at my unexpected visitors, as I poured out yet more tea, telepathically I communicated with the spirit asking what was so urgent that we needed to chat right now – and couldn't it see it was an incredibly inconvenient time? The spirit replied by saying that she was the old woman's mother and would I tell her daughter that she was here with her. While this was without doubt an incredibly touching moment, it seemed totally impractical and I told her as much. In fact, we almost began to have a telepathic argument. She refused to leave until I said something and I refused to do it. The poor old lady upstairs had travelled thousands of miles to say her goodbyes in Ireland and I certainly wasn't going to bring up the fact that I had a very unusual ability to communicate with spirits, and that by some amazing coincidence, was speaking with her mother right now. Could you imagine what response would be forthcoming from total strangers? I thought the spirit was being particularly unfair.

In the meantime, the old lady was attempting to come back down the stairs and we all rushed forward to help. The spirit lost patience with me at this stage and set off all our smoke alarms. We have become used to this ploy used by spirits to gain our attention over the years, but this was our first experience of this kind of behaviour. As the spirit tried this last desperate attempt to get her daughter's attention, my sons went around trying to disconnect the batteries, but seemed to be having some difficulty. I tried to hurry the family out of the house as politely as possible so that some sort of calm could be restored to our home.

Falling into the nearest chair with relief when they finally left to the chorus of alarms, I told the boys what had happened. They agreed that it had been the right thing to do in saying nothing. Nevertheless, this experience has played on my mind many a time since. It forced me to acknowledge the frustration and dilemma spirits must feel when they can't communicate with loved ones. I hope that if the mother and daughter are together once more as I do believe they are, that they forgive me.