

## Report of séance by Elisabeth Wheeler

For most people, birthdays are exciting, social and happy occasions, and this year for me was never more so. My birthday fell at a weekend, which meant no work (bliss!), time to relax with friends (even more blissful!) and a Noah's Ark séance at Easingwold (most blissful of all!). My thanks, firstly, on behalf of everyone who attended, to Jane and Chris Jackson and their family and circle, for not only making us all feel so welcome, but for literally reconstructing their living room to accommodate our needs.

With skill and dexterity, Chris set to making an 'instant' cabinet to suit Colin, with curtain poles and fixture appearing from his workshop like magic, a few holes drilled into the ceiling's oak beams and curtains stripped from the hall door! A circle member (another Chris) then re-sited the equipment and a microphone to record the proceedings. Hey Presto! A transformed séance room that provided the perfect setting. And our hostess, Jane, kept smiling and remained calm throughout the whole rearrangement! Thanks at this point also to David for the splendid baking for our post-séance revival. Surely, and I hope you all agree, that this example of unquestioned co-operation and team work is true dedication to the cause. Not forgetting final thanks to Colin for sharing his wonderful gift of mediumship with us - thank you all.

With the room ready and the sitters and medium assembled, we began a powerful and harmonious séance. The Spirit World, too, appreciated the environment, taking control right from the start through a child named Poppy directing us to a very small amount of light coming from under the curtains which covered the séance room door. With this rectified, the sitting proceeded in total darkness. Frances held us all with her powerful singing voice, followed by Magnus answering a number of questions, and shaking hands with many of the sitters. Dolly, describing himself as dressed in a plain virginal white dress (which, incidentally, he changed into a midnight blue sparkling affair later in the sitting!), chatted to us and once again helped to bring a number of communicators through.

An aunt of one of the sitters spoke first. Her voice seemed to come from the depths of the carpet pile! But she was recognised and welcomed. Then I was touched on my foot and someone brushed against my legs. I asked several times, "Who is this please?" "Who is touching me?" No voice answered, but there was a scratching on the floor and "sniff, sniff". No, it wasn't one of the sitters with a heavy cold, but our beloved Sebastian! Our Golden Retriever dog had made his second return since his passing. He

thumped his tail on the floor in joy and crossed the room to say hello to George, who was genuinely shocked when he was able to feel the top of Sebastian's head as he rested it on his lap. Several of the sitters, of course, knew Sebbie from Noah's Ark Society seminars and some had generously given him healing in his last years on earth, so I could feel the excitement in their voices as they called him too. He scratched the paper on the floor and at my cardigan, which covered the luminous plaque on the floor. He then furiously scratched himself, as dogs with itchy skin do! "Still got fleas, eh Sebbie?" joked George! After anointing my feet with generous helpings of licks, he was gone.

But no, there he was, or so I thought, scratching the floor and touching Joan Hughes. "Good boy, Sebbie" she said - and then a small voice from the cabinet said, "Joan, it's not Sebastian". A few seconds later, the penny dropped that this was a second dog to communicate today - Bluebell, Joan and Geoff's quiet little lady who has taken almost three years to make herself known to them again. What a joy through the tears! She tugged at Joan's skirt and crossed the room to sniff around Geoff and me. After Sebastian and Bluebell, Dolly announced to one of the sitters that they would have liked to have helped her cat to come through, but that the poor little puss must have been put off by the dogs!

To touch on the other communications of this sitting, a gentleman had a conversation with this wife, who used the trumpet (and George as an interpreter!) to talk to him at some length. Memories were exchanged that only they knew about. This was humorous, but very tender all the same. One sitter, for some unknown reason, did not turn up, and this disappointed a communicator who was hoping to talk to her father. So, you can see, that if you arrange to attend a sitting, the Spirit World plan too, and a chance is missed.

Messages from people unable to talk for themselves were passed on to others via Dolly, and finally a young son spoke to his mother and brother - very evidential, very, very moving.

I don't want to go into the detail of these communications as they were not personal to me, but I just wanted to give you all a flavour of the wonderful time we shared with our spirit friends. And for me, to be near again to my darling Sebbie, whom I miss in this physical world still so very much, was the icing on my birthday cake!

NB. This article appeared in the August 1998 Ark Review.