

Daughter Is Saved By 'Dead' Father

In this specially written feature, medium Ronald Hearn not only examines the part destiny plays in our lives, but describes an evidential spirit message which undoubtedly saved a woman's earthly life.

Are our lives predestined or do we create our own destiny? It could be something of both things, but always poses an interesting question. This earthly life for most, if not all people, seems at times to be complicated, and despite the happier aspects, suggests we have to do what we have to do rather than what we would like to do. A spirit guide once told me that our lives *are* predestined, and before we come to earth, so to speak--whether it be for once only or many times--our lives are mapped out for us, with each being allowed to choose our parents and situation in order to learn certain lessons. In effect, we sign a contract before we are born. The trouble starts as we begin to develop, think for ourselves, and to accept our own responsibility.

We feel we would prefer to do something other than we are meant to, according to the terms of the contract. Life then becomes confusing and difficult, and a constant challenge to find what may be the right way. This is an interesting theory and could be the answer, but we also claim to have free will. The guide's answer to this was that we *do* have free will, but in having exercised this before we signed our contract, are bound to live within the agreed terms. Whilst we are allowed to think that we have free will insofar we do what we think we want to, in the end we find ourselves doing exactly as we have to.

It happened to me as I never wanted to be a medium. I discovered my abilities quite accidentally and was happy enough to be psychic and help people in some way, but never wanted to devote my life to this work. Being reasonably talented in other ways, I explored many avenues of possibility, but each time I tried something different, it seemed as though a barrier came down and blocked the road. Finally, I realized there was no other choice and gave in to doing what I obviously had to do. This is not to say it was pre-destined, but I find it hard to explain it otherwise.

It is sad in a way to think that our own free will does not stretch very far after all, or even at all. If one believes in reincarnation, it makes more

sense if we come back on any number of occasions in order to learn and progress. If we all had to learn the same lesson at the same time, it would be a monotonous and robot-like life. With the great variety in this world, everything must be organized and arranged to some degree. Or is it?

I used not to accept predestination until at one point I was made to think more deeply about it. One evening after I had conducted a demonstration of clairvoyance, a woman came to me and asked if I believed in predestination. My reply was that I was uncertain, but she suggested I might change my mind after she told me her story.

It transpired that a few weeks earlier I gave her a message at another demonstration. It was a very important one I recalled in part, but in dealing with so many people it is impossible to remember all that goes on and I do not even try. On that occasion I remembered having to speak to the woman, who was sitting near the back of the hall. I never choose the recipient of a message, but feel compelled to go to certain people. It is as though their face stands out in a crowd; on this occasion her face seemed to stand out more so. After receiving communications from various people in the other dimension, her father seemed to take over with a rather outstanding message. I described his character and certain evidential details, and could then "see" gardens surrounded by lots of privet hedges. The privet seemed to be emphasized. I felt her father did not like privet, but she could not remember. The important part of his message was: "Tell my daughter I am looking after her. NO harm will come to her."

The father seemed as though he had something about privet hedges. Then I "saw" a motor cycle on its side near to some broken concrete steps, which were overhung with privet. It was a deserted scene with not a soul in sight. The woman remembered later that her father worked at one time in a big garden where there were many privet hedges, but was not aware of any aversion to this shrub either with her father or herself. Because he kept insisting he would watch over and protect her, she promised to bear it in mind.

The daughter worked in a large office and always left to go home each day on the dot of five thirty. In order to catch her bus it was necessary to go out of the main gates of the building, turn left and walk to the bus stop just a few yards along. One day as she left and turned into the road, two young lads on motor cycles came roaring past her. Her immediate thought was, "Silly young fools, you'll kill yourselves," but thought no more about it as she boarded her bus for home. The next day, although she never had reason to work late, she sensed her father around as if he was urging her to stay

where she was. The woman found a few things to do until around six o'clock, when she suddenly felt it would be all right to go. At the main door of the building, the doorman wished her goodnight as usual, but commented on the fact that she was never usually late in leaving. She made some excuse, to which he replied: "Well, you have missed the accident then. It appears a young lad on a motor cycle had an accident and was killed." At first, it did not occur to her that it might have been one of the two she had seen the previous evening until she turned into the road and, on her way to the bus stop, saw a motor cycle on its side by some broken concrete steps which were overhung with privet. There was no one around; it seemed deserted. By then the lad had been taken away. On making further enquiries, she discovered that the two lads came roaring along at great speed, as before. One went out of control and was instantly killed when he ran into the concrete steps. This happened at exactly the time she would have been passing the steps had she left work at the usual time. The woman then remembered her father's message, and realised she could have been killed, but it had to be the young lad and not her. It would seem that her father was watching over her and no harm had come to her.

This story does not prove predestination, but gives a great deal of food for thought. Could it be in the greater plan of things that the lad had to go and the woman was to be saved? There are other possible explanations such as precognition, but from my experience, I would define that as being the ability to see ahead which could apply in part, but does not usually couple with the idea of warnings.

It is debatable of course, but I can only speak from my considerable experience as a medium and psychic researcher. It is hard for me not to feel there is such a thing as predestination. Therefore, if we could accept our fate and go with the flow, as it were, life would be considerably easier and happier. None of us like the idea of being a puppet on a string, but if the puppet is self-created insofar it has agreed to dance to a certain tune, then dance we must and do the best we can. We may not like what we have chosen, but if we could feel it is the lesson we need to learn, it would at least give a sense of purpose to our lives.

Not everybody gets a protective warning as shown in the story, but it may not always be part of our experience anyway.

I still feel I prefer to make my own choices and decisions, yet there is a sneaking feeling that whatever I do, is exactly what I am supposed to do.