

## WHO'S SLEEPING IN MY BED?

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*London medium Ronald Hearn has been a clairvoyant for many years and obviously has a wealth of psychic stories to tell. In this specially written article, Ronald tells of the time when he slept in a "dead" man's bed - and the previous occupant returned to complain!*

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It is generally assumed that ghosts or earthbound spirits remain attached to the earth plane because they are lost souls who cannot leave for one reason or another. In some cases, they refuse to accept they are "dead" or desire to cling on to the old way of life so it is said they haunt certain places. Apart from scaring a certain section of the community, generally they do no harm to anyone. In fact, from my experience, they can often be of great help.

Firstly, it is reasonable to question whether in the case of famous people, the ghosts we sense or see could be a sort of re-enactment from history. Once our minds are conditioned to the facts, it is quite easy to imagine things and be brainwashed in some way. If the spirits of those people appear, it could be just that they like to visit their "old haunts," and enjoy what they see going on there now.

Nell Gwynn, mistress of King Charles II, could well have been one such spirit. As chronicled in Hans Holzer's book, "Window to the Past," it appears that she enjoyed visiting her old house which had been given to her by the King, but was now a strip-tease club. Apart from appearing to diners, which could have scared some off, it was more likely to be an attraction and bring in more business, since the dining room was very atmospheric. In fact, one show girl was saved from fire when she saw Nell barring her way through a passage and, being scared, ran the other way.

From my own experience, I found the club to be a fascinating place. I saw the ravishingly beautiful Nell, who was far from unfriendly. There was nothing bad there. Consequently, I could not see why Nell should not visit and keep an eye on the lace. Although Mr. Holzer's book suggested that Nell was bitter over a love affair and could not let go, it was reported after my visit with Hans Holzer in order to persuade the ghost to leave, that she still

appeared and did not cause problems. It seems we cannot make people go or stay, but it is possible to help them as the following story explains. Some years ago, a friend and I decided we would like to get away for a short break. We both felt a strong urge to go somewhere we had not been before. Jim Carpenter, my friend, was also psychic. We had trained together. Both being lovers of quiet places, we got a map and finally decided to try Frinton on the east coast. The more we thought about it, the more we had to go there. Apart from being a holiday weekend and lots of people would also be getting away, we did not cater for the fact that Frinton, as pretty and peaceful as it was, did not welcome visitors.

The one large but expensive hotel on the seafront was fully booked. There appeared to be nowhere else to stay. However, it was late, and not having a car, it would have been impossible to go anywhere else. Moreover, we had a very strong urge to stay, come what may. Frinton was a very attractive place, and for more than one reason. After an exhaustive search, we stopped outside a newsagent's shop and decided to ask the owner if he could help us. Being the first friendly person we had met, he assured us that he would welcome people to stay, but there was a difficulty of where. Suddenly he had an idea, remembering that there was a lady living on her own, just around the corner. He thought she might like to have visitors, and it was worth a try.

In due course we found ourselves ringing the bell of a small but pleasant house in a quite side road. The door was opened by a rather timid lady who seemed somewhat surprised to see two young men on her doorstep. We explained that the newsagent had sent us, but at first her reply was in the negative. With a liberal helping of charm and telling her we would have to sleep outside otherwise, she relented and said that although she was not prepared, she would rather like to have visitors as it would be company for a day or two.

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Jim and I went for a meal, returning later when she had got things organized. The good lady informed us she could only supply breakfast, which was fine, and that she only had one spare room with a double bed if we didn't mind sharing. Being so tired and relieved to find somewhere, it was no problem. We were shown to a small room which was rather dimly lit and had an air of mustiness about it. Not very well furnished, pictures seemed to hang heavily on the walls. One corner of the room was curtained off for some reason, but we did not bother to investigate as it was late and sleep was overtaking us. However, sleep did not come easy to me. In fact, not at all. I felt so restless and uneasy. It seemed as though the room was full of something and the bed was shaking slightly. I do not usually sleep

well in strange places, but that night it seemed as though I was not meant to. Then it became clear as to why.

Suddenly, I saw the figure of an old man dressed in a shabby black coat, with pin striped trousers and a black bowler hat. He carried a walking stick which had a peculiarly curved handle and which he kept waving at us in the bed. The figure seemed to be both excited and cross. He had a very lined face and a large moustache, and wore the appearance of being a proud man, probably in his eighties.

I like to get my sleep. As interesting as ghosts or spirit beings may be, I prefer to be haunted at more convenient times and told the old man so. Despite my protests, he kept dancing around and waving his stick so I told him what a nuisance he was and could he come back in the morning? This was all to no avail so I decided to wake Jim, who was sleeping by then, and let him share the experience. Jim could not see the old man, but certainly sensed a strange atmosphere and felt the bed shaking. I described the old man in detail so Jim could bear me out on anything that might happen - and happen it did! The old man seemed to go to the end of the bed, lift it up and shake it as though he wanted to get us out of it. There was no mistaking his actions as the bed really lifted up. We concentrated our thoughts on this rather unhappy character and both fell into an exhausted sleep.

Jim and I awoke quite early in the morning and despite the disturbances, felt surprisingly refreshed. I jumped out of bed and began to explore the room while Jim admonished me for being nosey. I was overcome with curiosity and had to find some reason for the events of the night before. I was drawn to the curtained corner of the room. When I drew back the curtain, there on a chair, folded up was a shabby black coat, pin striped trousers and black bowler hat. In the corner stood the very stick the old man had brandished during the night. Moreover, on the wall was a group photograph - including the old man. I called to Jim to come and look. He was amazed to see all I had described, and easily pointed to the old man in the photograph. We began to laugh as we realized we had been sleeping in the old man's bed, and felt this must tie in with the reason for our being there.

At breakfast the lady of the house was very talkative, not to mention apologetic as she was not used to having visitors and wanted it to be right for us. Once we put her at her ease, we were treated to a little of her life story. She told us how she and her father had lived in the house for years, but never received any visitors. The father was rather strict, a private person, and very proud. Both of them were ardent churchgoers. His daughter looked after him. It had been a very quiet life, obviously too quiet for her as she was not allowed to do her own thing. Then the lady told us

that her father had only passed on a week before, and that we were sleeping in his room...as if we didn't know! She hoped we didn't mind. Of course, we did not, but we realized there was work to be done.

Had we told her of what had happened to us, she might have been scared and upset so we settled for assuring her that the father would not mind us being in his room and would not want her to be lonely. This she seemed to accept because she felt the need to try to create a new life for herself so we suggested that he would inspire and help her in some way. It did not seem right to tell her about life after death just then, as we felt sure she would find out all she needed to know in due course. We felt that good work can be done without people knowing, yet at the same time they would be receiving great help.

The following night, we concentrated our thoughts on the old man, and when he appeared explained to him that there was no point in making himself unhappy, but he should get on with his new life and if anything try to help his daughter to get on with hers. It did not matter we had slept in his bed; he didn't need it now; no matter how strict and possessive he had been, it was his duty to set his daughter free and let her create her own happiness, whilst he would find his in the Other World. At first he seemed doubtful, but after a while smiled and left.

This seemed to work as by the time we left the house, the room itself - and indeed the whole place - had a bright and happy atmosphere whereas before it was gloomy and heavy. The daughter was so chirpy and could not thank us enough for being there. We felt that from then on she would be all right.

I suppose you could call Jim and me a couple of missionaries: we *had* to go to Frinton, and in the course of our adventure been able to help one soul who might have been in danger of becoming earth-bound, and another who, in effect, might have become housebound. The old man, like so many, was clinging to old habits and needed to be told. His daughter required freedom and room to express herself.

Here we have two different cases, one of Nell Gwynn being helpful and only visiting old haunts, and the old man being angry and difficult, not realizing he did not have to be that way.

We certainly spent a very interesting and helpful weekend in Frinton, and could not really complain about the old man objecting to our sleeping in his bed. After all, Frinton did not welcome visitors.

Whichever way you look at it, ghosts can be helpful.