

A spiritualist church saved my life

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My eyelids felt heavy as I tucked my son Jamie into bed.

Between my part-time job as a cookery teacher and running round after an eight-year-old boy, I was exhausted.

Climbing into my own bed, I leaned over and switched off the bedside light, ready for a good night's sleep. But before I could drop off, I began to feel a burning sensation in my head.

I gasped as the heat spread across my face. I tried to sit up and get out of bed, but to my horror, I felt as if my body was paralysed.

I heard strange, garbled voices talking all around me. Who the hell were they, and what were they saying?

Terrified, I felt myself being rolled around the bed, as if someone was pushing me one way, then pulling me back again. Then I was floating up into the air, and when I looked down, I could see my own body lying there.

'What's happening?' I thought, as I hung a few feet above my bed. Then I felt myself being sucked

back into my body, and it was all over.

I sat bolt upright and turned on the light.

It took me a few minutes to compose myself. I ran to Jamie's bedroom to check that he hadn't been woken, and then I phoned my

mum, Shirley.

'I don't know what happened,' I wept, spilling it all out. I felt like an idiot, but if I couldn't tell my own mum, who could I tell?

'It's probably just a nightmare,' Mum said gently.

But the same thing

happened two or three times a week for the next six weeks until finally, exhausted and scared, I took Jamie and fled the house in the middle of the night.

I went straight round to Mum's.

'I just can't take this any more,' I wept.

'Perhaps you should go and see your GP,' Mum suggested.

I visited my doctor the next day and told him everything. He said: 'You're very brave coming to see me,' then scribbled down a note and handed it to me.

'I want you to take this letter to the hospital up the road. They'll be able to help you.'

My heart froze.

'The psychiatric hospital?' I croaked. He nodded slowly.

Stunned, I got up and left the surgery. I was sure I wasn't mad, but after six weeks of torment, I was willing to do anything.

When I walked into the hospital, they admitted me straight away. I rang my mum and asked her to look after Jamie while they kept me in overnight for assessment.

The nurse led me through a silent ward of people just sitting and staring into space.

I'd seen the film *One Flew Over*

'What's happening?' I thought, as I hung suspended a few feet above my bed



Me and my mum

Excerpt from 'Take a Break's Fate & Fortune', October 2007

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Fate & Fortune', October 2007

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My son Jamie, aged eight



The Cuckoo's Nest, and this was just like it. I knew I shouldn't be here.

I was shown to a room with two beds. A sad-looking girl was sitting on one of them, but she didn't even look up when I spoke to her. She was lost in her own world.

I was petrified. How long would they keep me here for?

I was given some pills, and when I woke up, it was the next afternoon.

'The psychiatrists will see you now,' said a nurse.

I walked into a room and took my seat in the middle of a circle of 20 people. They didn't ask me any questions, do an examination



Me now

or even suggest I needed tests. They'd already made their diagnosis.

'You're suffering from hypnagogic hallucinations – disturbing visions as you fall asleep,' one of the psychiatrists said. 'Take these tranquillisers and come back in a month.'

I knew that wasn't right. What I'd seen, heard and felt was no hallucination. The moment I got outside, I threw the pills away.

Mum arrived with Jamie and took me home. But I couldn't relax until I knew what the real problem was.

I went for a walk and stopped outside the local spiritualist church. I'd seen it before and been tempted to go in, but now I had a reason. It felt the right thing to do.

After the service, I approached one of the staff members and asked her for help.

She introduced me to an older lady, and after I'd blurted out everything that had happened,

DID YOU KNOW...?



You can tie the knot in a spiritualist church. Just be prepared for some of the wedding guests to be deceased!

she told me: 'You should have come here first.'

She explained I wasn't mentally ill: I was psychic. The voices I'd heard and the out-of-body experiences were wake-up calls from the spirit world to help me recognise my gift.

'I don't want to be psychic,' I wept. 'Take it away.'

'Do you realise what you are saying?' she cried. 'This is a wonderful thing, you just need to know how to control it.'

She told me to visualise the

psychic energy centres in my body as flowers, and to close up the petals into a bud. That way, spirits can only come to me when I choose to be open to them.

That night, I tried the visualisation, and it worked. I slept like a baby and woke up refreshed and relieved.

That was 20 years ago. Since then, I've more than come to terms with my psychic abilities. In fact, I'm now a practising medium. I count my blessings that something led me to the spiritualist church that day. If it hadn't, I dread to think where I might have ended up.

● For further information about Jane's psychic work, visit www.janeamber.co.uk