

STAGE MEDIUMSHIP

Glen Charles & Abraham

Where do you even start with an article about being a Medium.

As I write I'm hoping that my guide will come in and make a grand entrance as he normally does, he is just as proud of me as I am of him and we are constantly learning from each other.

I close my eyes, discourage my thoughts, breathe in deeply and relax. I open a space in my mind and open my third eye. I then begin my challenge to make sure the amazing energy I feel is my guide. In my mind's eye, I hold aloft my shiny sword of truth, thick and heavy, the steel shining in the light. I then begin my Challenge of the energy!

I boldly say in my open space "Are you ready to work for the good of God and of the Father, also the good of mankind and humanity. I wait for a firm yes or no - a 'yes' is a positive energy, they will take my sword and step forward. I then ask for their signature. My Guide Abraham steps to my left as it is my weaker side and I feel his Green Emerald ring hand on my shoulder. He is my support and teacher to allow the energy of others to come through that I may be a MEDIUM using my body and voice as a grounded point for the beautiful energy that comes through that wish to speak to loved ones that have passed to the other realm.

I can hear you asking, "What if the energy says no or is silent?" I then say "Step away you are not of the light respect my aura (beacon) and love. Thank You."

There is never any evil or negative energy but... some energy can be a bit mischievous not the sort I wish to work with anyway!

The energy of our souls merge as one, entwine and dance together hand in hand. I get different feelings, body emotions, symbols and pictures. I begin to feel the characteristics of the passed person, on occasions I get words.

Then my work has begun, my guide is there to support and give spirit's message as is, I must trust what is given, is to be given. I also need to find the receiver for the messenger that has come through. Sometimes it's about elimination within a crowd of people from a stage, other times I feel or see a light switch on over a person in the audience and that is where I am supposed to be.

The Mediumship platform is only one tool in the box, one to one readings and also use of the Tarot. When I use tarot then it is a gift exchange system from spirit through me to you, all I ask is to give what you can afford, if you can only afford £1 then that's a fair exchange if you can give more then do... a vegan cake, that's a fair-trade, I love homemade Cake!

My journey began when I was 38, I felt deep down there was more to life that I had yet to learn. A yearning from within, a feeling of higher purpose. Through personal tarot readings, spiritual circles I began my journey as a "fledgling" on platform with other mediums that would help lift and direct the energy. I was touring all around the counties, I loved the high, it became addictive like a drug, I realised then that I had an amazing supplier!

I am but a humble servant of the father waiting to help.



Here is a poem inspired by spirit and written by me. Enjoy reading it as I had writing it!

The Medium

I feel him stand before me, a man 5ft 9, he's going grey, a little stocky
 the message not clear, the picture quite blocky.
 He holds out his hands so hard and worn, dry and old,
 A man of labour in mines so cold.
 He stands there proud, but his face shows strife
 Through his hardships of growth through modern life.
 A family man that could show no love,
 So difficult his emotions, cut into his layer so deep, kept all inside, no one could see!
 How do I see this as I stand, emotion and anger from a man so grand!
 I must show he's feeling in any way I can, through my voice and gestures with my hands
 He shouts his name, I cannot hear, my nerves and butterflies soon appear.
 I begin to sweat I feel on the spot, I begin to shake, "I've gone to pot"
 Out I look to an audience sombre, I stop and think I begin to ponder.
 This gallant man, a message bringing to, the news of his passing to a favoured few.
 He seems to fade, his energy thin, a breath I take I step back in.
 I begin to focus feel his vibe, the symbols appear, in my mind's eye.
 He shows me a flower, an anniversary near, an emotion sets in I feel a tear.
 A sad moment I hear him cry, the day he had to say goodbye!
 A family loved, loved ones special, only communication is my vessel.
 A dad to two beautiful girls, a vision he shows of their soft bright curls.
 Times remembered, of days gone by, of woodland walks and apple pie,
 of scrumping and being on their bikes, while he holds the seat running behind.
 The sound of laughter screams of delight, the sun so high the vision so bright.
 I look out again to the people once more, a sniff, a cough, I need to be sure.
 Amongst the crowd she shines, a beacon of light, the silver cord that draws her tight!
 She looks, she smiles, she confirms, the memories that now have been returned.
 This man she once knew as dad has appeared again in mind, not sad.
 To learn that one day they will meet again, on a plane and land not far away.
 An overwhelming feeling comes; I almost fear my job is done.
 I close my eyes and link back in; I'll ask a question and allow him in.
 I allow the power to consume me; I feel spirits energy running through me.
 A current so strong the flow so deep, they've turned the dial, up goes the heat!
 Our souls explode with an ignited spark; energy grows wild with tremendous speed, spreading fast around my feet!
 The feelings rise, engulf my body; too late to distinguish
 It's out of control we are united together in our souls.
 The electric air crackles, the energy high, I'm as light as a feather, my soul it doth rise.
 It looks down to the ground and admires the view, an angel it sees, and I think it was you.
 Tears erupt, happiness, and smiles
 it's come back down and disappears for a while.
 He said his piece and it's now been confirmed
 I see his face and see him turn
 Then he's gone "poof" as if by magic.
 He's passing no more, seems quite as tragic!
 I step from the stage to an open applause;
 I'm hoping the message, the message was yours!!

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