

# THE SPIRIT WHISPERER

## CHRONICLES OF A MEDIUM | Excerpt

Excerpt from *The Spirit Whisperer – Chronicles Of A Medium*

### *I'll Always Love You*

This is a story that I'll always remember. It's just one of those amazing messages—one of those that few mediums ever forget. I've been giving public demonstrations for many years, and over time, the audiences have grown, yet it really doesn't matter whether there are ten or ten thousand. Sometimes, there's one special message that seems to just stand out above the rest. Somehow, certain messages touch people in a profound way, and even if during the demonstration, they don't get a message personally, one particular message resonates with them and they take home the message they heard and share it with others. One single message for one person can affect the many. Funnily enough, they often come right at the end of the demonstration, just when I think my link with the Spirit World is fading; it's a thought that last spirit leaps forward to grab my attention and they won't go until I've made the connection for them. I have to keep my energy raised that bit longer, to keep the link open.

On this particular evening on my home turf in Boston, it was sell-out audience, and I was excited to be back. I'd even bought a new suit with a brilliant colored shirt. My manager had everything organized, and we dressed the stage in black velvet with purple lighting, which looked awesome. There was single stool and an antique easel with a huge print of my latest book "*Psychic Navigator*." We'd laid out over a dozen beautiful white roses across the front of the stage, all individually wrapped with white ribbons. It was my own way of finishing a message, as my runners would give the recipient one of the roses. It's become my personal trademark, and people love taking them home to remember and honor the message they've just received.

It had been a brilliant evening, and as always, I had no idea of how much time I had left. I glanced down at the front of the stage and noticed there was just one rose left. At the same time, I got the signal to say I needed to stop. I knew as tired as I was that I had to squeeze in just one more! Immediately, I was drawn right to the back of the auditorium. In the far corner, I couldn't see a thing, as the lighting was too dim. I knew I was being guided to one specific area of the auditorium. In my mind, I kept seeing and feeling as if I was going down in a plane. It was a terrifying feeling, and I could sense the panic and fear throughout my entire body. I knew I had to ask, and so I pointed towards the far left hand corner.

"Would someone understand about a plane accident, like a crash or a plane falling from the sky, and someone passed on that plane. I feel like this is a message from a young man!" No one uttered a word, but everyone almost simultaneously turned to face the back of the auditorium.

When you get such a strong link, as this was, I felt as though I was reliving the whole experience that the spirit must have gone through. I knew he was reaching out with all his love to make a connection with a woman. I was sure that she was at the back, sitting there in the darkness.

After the silence came this ever so soft voice. I could only hear her as she spoke back from the darkness. It sounded as though she was a young woman.

“John, I understand about a plane going down,” she almost whispered. A runner scrambled up the stairs and handed her a microphone.

“Would you understand that I have a male energy with me, who keeps telling me over and over, that he’s so sorry,” I said, but he wanted to go on. “I don’t feel as though he’s your father or an older male, more your age and I feel an overwhelming love coming your way. He’s quite calm and self-assured, but he’s telling me it was impossible to get through on his cell phone.”

At that, I felt his presence draw even closer. He clearly wanted my undivided attention. Well, he certainly had it now! I stepped forwards slightly to get out of the glare of a spotlight, so I could now see her face in the faint light, and saw how composed she was. I asked her to say her name.

“Amanda,” she answered and as she said her name I felt an upsurge of energy, this usually means I have the right person as the link becomes even stronger and intensifies.

“He’s telling me more Amanda” I went on, “about the rock?” Well, that was enough, as she gasped I knew that I’d touched a nerve, but I had something important to tell her. It was coming in thick and fast. I could tell that he was so happy to be here, talking to her. The only way I can describe the feeling, is like being on a computer when you download some software, but in my case it’s a jumble of images, feelings, emotions, words that miraculously get unscrambled as I speak. How I was going to deliver delicate information such as this was never easy.

“Amanda, he’s telling me he didn’t suffer, didn’t feel a thing, that he was with other brave people ... does this mean anything to you?” Before she had a chance to answer, I felt the jolt of the crash. I quivered and knew immediately that he’d been on the third plane that had gone down on September 11th. Of course, I’d been glued to the news for days at the time, and even though I knew the facts, he was showing me how some of the passengers had tried to overcome the terrorists. I gently explained that I knew how he’d died, but more importantly, how brave he’d been. She just nodded. I had to compose myself for a second or two, and I could see tear streaked faces all around the audience, most of whom had turned to face the back as they wanted to see this young woman receive her special message.

This was without doubt one of those readings that I knew we’d all remember for a long time to come.

“He’s OK, you know that, but I’ll say this Amanda, he’s quite insistent. He wants me to mention the rock again, as though this is something significant for you.” I had no idea at that moment what sort of rock he was talking about. Then she spoke.

“Yes John, the rock is special. My husband and I chose a special rock down on Cape Cod, and every year on our wedding anniversary, we’d go and celebrate by sitting on the rock with a bottle of champagne.” She stopped to catch her breath, before continuing, “since September 11th, and every year without fail, I’ve gone back to that *our* rock on my own. I’ve often felt his presence there with me, but never knew for sure. Over the years, I’ve started to realize that I have to move on.” Before she could go on, he spoke again.

“Amanda, he’s telling me that he was with you every year. He was there, he touched and caressed your hair when you were thinking about him as you looked over the sunset on the ocean, and he knows how much you love and miss him, but he wants you to be happy. He knows about the new man in your life, and he wants you to be with him, to be happy again, and to let you know its okay to love and laugh again, you so deserve it.” The audience sat there in stunned silence, caught up in the tenderness of the message.

Amanda told me that indeed, she has met someone special, but she felt so guilty moving on. She said that the message she’d just received was what she so needed to hear. The gentleman that she’d been seeing for some time had asked her numerous times for her hand in marriage, but she been unable to answer him, constantly telling him she was not ready. Yet, her heart so wanted to completely love again. She also told me that he was willing to wait until she was ready. I thought to myself, but didn’t share it with the audience, what a lovely and strong man he sounded like, and that she really was meant to meet him.

“Finally John, I can go home and tell him ‘yes’ I am ready now.”

“Amanda he’s telling me how lucky he was to have you in his life, and all your memories together is exactly what he took with him when he passed, and that his last thoughts he had on that plane were of you and you only.” I could just hear his last faint whisper to her as he stepped back, so I repeated it as a whisper to her, “I’ll always love you.”

The whole audience almost dissolved into tears because not only were they touched by this delicate message, but it obviously brought back memories of that awful terrorist attack, and the impact it had on the world. I watched as the applause continued as people sitting in Amanda’s area stood up and hugged her as my last white rose was handed over to her.

I felt a pure sense of joy and happiness for Amanda. I was sure that she’d be able to move on with her life. I knew she’d always hold a space in her heart and her soul for her first husband, but with his blessing, she could continue to enjoy life to the fullest.

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For further information about John Holland  
visit [www.johnholland.com](http://www.johnholland.com)



#### **CONTACT POINTS**

##### **Hay House, Inc.**

Richelle Zizian  
Office: (646) 484-4954  
Cell: (760) 505-4424

[rzizian@hayhouse.com](mailto:rzizian@hayhouse.com)

##### **John Holland's Office**

Simon Steel  
Office: (603) 686-5509

[simon@johnholland.com](mailto:simon@johnholland.com)