

*Angela's Angels*

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**Angela McGhee**



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## *Foreword*

In the middle of a crowded theatre audience, at a show I was never supposed to be actually at, Angela McGhee gave me 15 minutes with the grandfather I lost when I was just seven years old. Granddad was my world, and post-operative shock took him away in a heartbeat one day while I was at junior school.

As she stood directly in front of me and asked, ‘Where’s Julie?’, Angela carefully described Granddad’s hand-knitted cardigan with the leather-covered buttons and paisley silk scarf to the last detail, even the angle of his trilby hat, his dodgy sense of humour and his passion for pigeon-keeping.

Unlike so many other mediums I’ve seen work, Angela can give you relevant names and answer questions when she is talking to the people you have lost. And

they're specific things – not just random sentences. My granddad wanted to know where my curls had gone. In the middle of the stage Angela described how my tight dark brown ringlets had grown all the way past my bum when he'd left me. And she was right – though you wouldn't know it from the highlighted spiky short crop I straighten daily today!

He wanted me to know that the jewellery I had, which used to belong to him, was the real thing and not a cheap copy as another relative had upset me by claiming. But I don't remember Angela ever being there when this unpleasantness was aired. Neither was she with me when I was showing my children the slope outside his house where I learned to walk while holding on to his huge foundry hands. But she knew I'd been there and what was said to my children, and that he was laughing with us at the fact that someone had knocked down his pigeon pen in the backyard and built a driveway in its place.

Suddenly you're engulfed in that special sense of love and light that promises to walk with you every mile you take without them. It's like being wrapped in your favourite jumper and fed pure nectar from the people you miss most.

Angela McGhee should be available on prescription to everyone who needs to find that special sense of closure that can only come from Spirit! Utterly priceless – the wow factor that changes your life and the way you feel about everything.

When my timer goes off in this world and they come to take me on to the next life, I know that I'll be free to have tea and crumpets once again with the man who took the slow boat to China without me when I was just seven years old.

Since meeting and working with Angela through my job as a BBC news journalist, I've been party to many events (good and bad) on the world stage that highlight her true commitment to helping and healing people through the Spirit World. Never mind the book – she needs a documentary series to be written around her work.

*Jules McCarthy*



## *Introduction*

Welcome. I want to welcome you to my world, my unique world of Spirit.

I was given a gift of communication at birth, part of which is being able to communicate with those people who have ‘crossed over’ to the ‘Other Side’, the Spirit World, that is. I am what some people would call a psychic medium, though I am in fact a *Spiritualist medium*.

This, my first book in my own words, is a compilation of remarkable true stories of my life’s quest and its amazing events that span a period of over 40 years. I have gone to the depths of self-discovery to understand and share both my very ‘humane’ and spiritual experiences with you.

This book describes the difficulties in coming to terms with the gift that was given to me, but it was only

through its connection with life's struggles, traumas and tragedies that I learned about its real purpose and reason, as it eventually became my saviour. It was, and still is, totally humbling for me.

I have now shared my gift to help and heal others, and have met some wonderful people from both sides of the 'veil' – some of whom you are about to meet!

This gift has also been used to assist the police in solving cases of murder. The subject of this work has been documented in the TV series *Psychic Investigators*.

I have now begun to touch even more people's souls with my gift, on a world stage, bringing them love, hope, comfort and enlightenment – something which was prophesied for me from an early age. The gift is something that never ceases to amaze even me, and I am, and have always been, totally in awe of it. It is one of life's miracles.

These stories lay bare the first layers of my soul, which I have found it very difficult to expose. They explore my own sense and understanding of spirituality, in the hope that it helps and benefits those who are trying to grasp a meaning and true purpose to life, death and the life hereafter.

This is an autobiographical book. You will find that some incidents will 'hinge' on other stories, where I have had to respect and give careful consideration to other people's thoughts and feelings. It is only through the process of healing and time that those stories will be

told. It appears that each week that goes by in my life is a 'sequel' to the previous chapter.

I, like everybody else, am a spiritual being having a human experience with a story to tell. This is my first book in a series – God willing!

Love and Light,

*Angela*

## *Born a Psychic Child*

It was as if my Guardian Angel had been appointed their first task and set to work almost immediately on the day I was born. My birth itself was difficult, so I've been told. I actually died. For a while it was debatable whether I would live or not. For my first few moments on Earth, my spirit hovered between the two worlds. This may have been an indicator of what was to follow. I believe I was born a 'channel'. I was born the seventh child. But not the seventh child of the seventh child, as I'm often asked!

The events surrounding my birth were actually pinpointed on my astrological chart, which has recently been drawn up by an elderly professional astrologist called Trixie. I met her when she came to visit me for a private sitting, in which she received a beautiful

communication from her late husband, George. It was during her sitting that I heard the first words from George's spirit: 'Astrology, Astrology, Astrology!' I asked Trixie what this meant. She laughed as she replied, 'Yes, he would say that, as I have studied astrology for over 50 years. It was, and still is, my passion!'

After her sitting, she was so pleased that she pleaded for my permission to study my astrological birth chart: 'I bet it would be fascinating to do! Please may I? I would truly love to.' Somewhat reluctantly, I gave her my details. When it was completed a week or so later, we met up and, as she handed me the chart, she remarked about the 'crisis' that surrounded my birth and also the so-called gift or ability that had been highlighted throughout the years. These were the first two things she mentioned. She went on to say, 'This gift in itself has helped you get through the many crises that you have had to endure, as your life has been a roller-coaster, to say the least! ... You are a born survivor,' she added. 'I couldn't argue with that statement,' I replied as I sighed wearily.

'You are so typical of your Sun sign, which is Gemini. They are regarded as the communicators of the zodiac.'

Although I was impressed by her findings, the chart itself was also very interesting. I found a lot of truth in the chart, particularly the marked years that pinpointed certain events. Although I did find it surprising, I do without doubt believe that every second of our lives is mapped out by God. All our experiences, good and bad, are meant to happen, each one a learning curve.

These experiences help to nurture and develop our souls to earn us, eventually, a place in the 'Realms of Spirit'. Everything that happens has perfect timing. There is always a divine purpose to what we experience, as it is God who holds the 'blueprint'.

Mediums are 'channels' through which people can receive messages that heal. We give words of comfort in relaying messages from loved ones in the Spirit World, reassuring the loved ones here that all is well with them. These can be messages of guidance, advice and help, but most of all the fundamental nature of these communications is confirmation of the life hereafter. It gives us hope to know that at the end of our journey and in the transition of so-called 'death' we are reunited with our loved ones in the Realms of Spirit.

My gift is something I have had to come to terms with as my life's influences and experiences sculpted my pathway. It has been a metamorphosis that has led me to do the work I do today. For I know now I have found my soul's true purpose.

'Medium' is just one of the labels people have placed on me. I regard myself as someone who has been given a gift that enables me to see, hear and feel Spirit and the people of the Spirit World. It is a gift of communication from God.

It appears that even my name was inspired when it was given, as choosing a name for a child sometimes holds more significance than we think. Somebody in my family must have been totally inspired to name me

Angela, the meaning being 'messenger'. Which turned out to be quite fitting.

My childhood was certainly not the 'norm'. I was brought up in a Liverpool family of Irish-Catholic descent, and we endured many turbulent times. A belief in God, the angels and all the saints, combined with a unique, warm sense of humour – the sort that only Liverpudlians tend to possess – was all part and parcel of our daily survival. Religion and humour, not only in our darkest times, were our coping techniques – and still are!

During the formative years between the ages of one and five, I and my brothers and sisters spent time in and out of children's convent homes, due to the disruption caused by my father's erratic and violent behaviour (and its effect on all of us, and particularly on my mother's health). I vividly remember one particular convent home, a place which was aptly named after the Archangel Gabriel (the Messenger): St Gabriel's in Woolton, Liverpool. It was there that I learned to kneel and pray at a much younger age than most. I also learned about my first Angel.

It was during those times that I would often be visited in my dreams by two particular nuns. At first I understood them to be a reflection of what was surrounding me. One dream was remarkably prophetic. I dreamt that one of the nuns spoke to me. She gave me a profound message that didn't make sense until it unfolded decades later. She said, 'You will grow up and

tell the world about the Spirit.' I did not understand what she meant at the time, but, believe me, those words haunted me for many, many years.

The nuns continued to visit me on occasion, and still do. They were two notable 'ladies of the cloth' who have since introduced themselves to me, and I am now aware that they are actually my Spirit Guides. Together with the memories of that convent home, they became etched deep into my subconscious, along with the memories of that unfortunate period of my life.

My mother was left to raise the seven of us single-handed, so you can imagine times were extremely difficult. As a result of my father's ongoing alcoholism and violence we – my mother and the seven of us children – had to leave our beloved Liverpool and move to a secret address in the Midlands for our own safety and protection. We moved to a small village outside Birmingham. Knowing no one, all we had was each other. It was difficult enough living in a community where you were the only Catholic family in the street. It also didn't help living with the stigma of coming from a single-parent family, let alone a Catholic family where the parents had divorced. Back then, this was religiously and socially unacceptable.

An added pressure for me personally during that time was the 'gift' that ran parallel to my turbulent world. I felt ostracized – maybe because of the circumstances, but also because of the interruptions of the Spirit World. It has always made me feel very different from other people. I, like most children, just wanted to fit in, to be



like everyone else. The gift made me feel distant, even from close members of my own family, as I realized in the early years hardly anyone spoke of any experiences of a 'Spirit World' kind. I felt very alienated.

As a child I was infamous for my screaming temper-tantrums, the cause of which I did not fully understand! I suppose part of it stemmed from the pure frustration of not being able to comprehend what was really happening to me. It was a combination of daily events and the interruptions from the Spirit World, which, I now believe, contributed to my tantrums.

At primary school I was described as a highly sensitive and imaginative child, who would often talk about her dreams and on occasion would be reprimanded for daydreaming and talking too much. The 'gift' at that time, I felt, was a hindrance. Little did the teacher know that, when she was telling me off for daydreaming or telling me to be quiet for the umpteenth time, she would, more often than not, be interrupting a 'Spirit communication'. I would be quite happily chattering away, playing with my little Spirit friends, the children of the Spirit World. I would be too engrossed to notice the teacher calling for my attention. This would on a number of occasions get me into a lot of trouble. I soon learned to ignore my little Spirit friends at school, as otherwise, as a result of talking to them, I would often be punished with the ruler!

I have always been sensitive. I regard sensitivity a required quality for being a 'channel', and mediums



*Little Angela*

are often referred to as 'sensitives'. I was so sensitive that when other children were being told off or being punished at school I would sense their fear and feel their pain, and would often end up crying with them. It was a case of true empathy. It is that level of sensitivity we need to enable us to sense the Spirit World.

Sensitivity may be regarded by some as a weakness, but it turned out to be my strength. It was not only my playtimes that were being interrupted by spirits. I would receive more visitations in my dreams. This has always been the case, and still is. For I am a 'channel' and I never know where or when I am going to 'receive'.

I realize now that, during my childhood, prophetic dreams were becoming apparent. If I'd had a vivid dream that in some way disturbed my sleep, I would wake up the next morning with vivid recollections and a compelling feeling to tell someone. Whatever I told them, it would then take place in the days that followed. The dream would soon become a reality. I would quite happily, and without question, pass on what I had received to whomever I felt drawn to tell, explaining to them what I had heard and seen within my dreams. Maybe it was because of my age and naïveté, but I just accepted all this as real. The fact that I was brought up on the mysteries of God gave me that something to which I could liken my experiences. That, and cartoons sometimes!

It seemed back then that I was in my own little world at times. The Spirit World. I must have been like a sponge, soaking up the 'energies'. I remember once tugging at my mother's dress till I was red in the face, trying to tell her that I'd seen Mr Venables, a neighbour, being taken away in an ambulance. She told me not to be silly, as she had just spoken to him. Sure enough, the next day Mr Venables collapsed and died and was taken away in an ambulance. My mother, silent, just patted me on the head. That was the only recognition of my 'gift' that I would receive as a child – the occasional pat on the head from my mother! She would also often tell me how I was getting more like my grandmother each day. I did not fully understand this remark at the time, but later learned more about

the woman she was referring to: my father's mother, Kathleen Murphy.

Kathleen Murphy was a small, warm, glamorous woman, never without lipstick and beads. She loved to dance and sing any chance she got, as in her youth she had belonged to a dance troupe touring music halls and theatres. She was very theatrical. She had a fine, fiery temper and wit that no man dared wrestle with. At times she became our salvation, when she would come and rescue us and take us away for the weekends, away from all the turmoil. Her home was our fortress. It was a hive of activity, with visitors calling almost daily. People could tell the family resemblance between her and me – people said it was like looking in a mirror. Sadly, I didn't get to know her for long because of us moving away and her untimely death. But what a character she was!

It was some years later I found out that she was renowned for having a 'gift' – hence all the visitors to her house. It all made perfect sense! Her gift was that she, too, was able to see, hear and feel those people of the Spirit World. It was a comfort in itself knowing that I was not the only one, thank God!

Little did I know at the time that, when my grandmother Kathleen Murphy passed over, she and other loved ones of mine would have a future role to play in the coming years, visiting me and relaying messages pearls of wisdom from the Other Side.

I now know that those childhood memories were all very real. And, in all honesty, looking back I can say that

those playtimes and dreams are my earliest recollections of Spirit World encounters.

There was a very good reason to decide to keep these spiritual experiences secret, as I eventually made a conscious decision to do. I thought it was in my best interests to dismiss the Spirit World encounters, as they continued to run parallel to my world, intermittently interrupting my growing up. It was because of that and the difficulties in my childhood that these Spirit experiences would remain hidden. I did not fully comprehend what was happening to me and I doubted that other people would understand, either. After all, I'd never asked for this 'gift'!

The experiences and lessons of my younger years were the foundations needed to develop and sensitize my soul to enable me to progress to do the work that I do now, even to the level of being able to help in cases such as murder. The results of these cases never cease to amaze me and always leave me feeling humbled. Spiritually speaking, everything that has gone before has given me the tools for what I do now.

I didn't consciously one day say, 'I want to be a "medium".' It was a case of having to surrender to it. Messages came too fast, too furious and too often for me to ignore. I had no choice in the matter, as life has led me this way. It was inevitable that eventually I would have to surrender to God's divine plan. What sticks in my mind is an old saying: 'Man plans and God laughs.' There is 'greater picture' for us all, ready to unfold along life's

journey. Sometimes our early experiences are connected to what unfolds later, and some of my childhood encounters bear a connection with incidents later on in my life. Recurring coincidences, synchronicities, a pattern that is all part and parcel of God's little miracles – my life is full of them. Some people would say that it's uncanny, but I now know it isn't. I do not question anything 'strange', as my life has been extraordinary to say the least! I regard myself as an ordinary woman who has had an extraordinary life. Who has an 'extra' ordinary gift. Who lives in a mysterious world!