

Through The Eyes Of A Spirit

The life story of Michael by Alan Odam

The late Alan Odam worked in the field commonly called 'rescue work' or 'spirit rescue', but did not himself use this term, since he feels that no spirit needs rescuing, because they are not lost. Some spirits remain close to this level, or attach themselves to a place or person for a reason, and know they are doing this, and that they are 'dead'. Alan and his wife Sue use the term '**spirit counselling**' to describe their work, as they do actually counsel the spirits involved in their investigations when called in to help with 'bumps in the night' etc.

Alan has written this story, based in part on a true story, to illustrate how the spirit views things, and how they feel, and to show some of the reasons why they might choose not to go through to the spirit realms when they pass over.

Alan passed to the Spirit Life in February 2004 ~ his presence is missed greatly, though he remains in the hearts of those who know him, and visits us frequently.

Hello, I'm Michael, and I'm very excited because although I live in spirit now, I'm going to learn a very big lesson on the earth plane. I've spent a lot of time looking for a mother and father who will be able to help me learn this lesson, and I think I've found just the couple.

Well, it's very cramped in here and there are lots of noises too. Sometimes I can sense that something is wrong outside, but I just don't know what it is. It must be time for my birth now, as I can see a light. I'm out, isn't it great? Oh dear, someone is holding me upside down and, 'ouch', now they're smacking my bottom. That really hurt!

I'm three years old now, I can still remember my birth experience quite well, and it amuses me a bit. I know my mother really loves me, and she looks after me really well, but my father sometimes feels very distant. He's a very strong character and dominates my mummy in all matters. He drinks a lot, especially at weekends, it makes him act funny and strange, and he argues with mummy a lot, I can hear them now downstairs. I don't like it. I want daddy to love mummy.

By the time I'm six years old, their arguing has got much worse, and daddy is hitting my mummy, and shouting at me a lot, and by the time I reach ten, I really hate my daddy. Every time he gets drunk at the weekend, he abuses both mummy and I, physically and mentally. I dread the weekend coming because I don't know what's going to happen. I just wish he would leave us alone.

I'm fifteen now, and things are much worse. I try to stand up for myself and argue with my dad when he gets violent, but my mother dare not stick up for me, because she's scared of being beaten again. It's just dreadful. What's wrong with him, why doesn't he love us both? Mind, after the upbringing I've had, I just wish he were dead.

A tragedy has befallen the family. My dad has died of a heart attack at work. All the drinking I suspect. I feel stunned, only six months ago, I wished he were dead, and now he is. I don't think it was my fault, but I'm not sure, I have mixed feelings about it. He's my dad, but he has made my life hell, so I feel glad that he has gone, and perhaps life will be better for mum and me from now on.

Life is much better for me now, I have some great friends who I can bring home, and we go out on a regular basis. One of them, Tony, has just bought his first car and tonight we're going out to a nightclub.

On the way home, after the club shut, Tony started to show off his driving skills, and was speeding down a country lane. We came to a small bridge, and as we went over it, the road took a sharp turn to the left. But Tony couldn't stop the car. We hit a barn wall at about

70mph, and the car bounced off the wall and into a ditch. The force of it catapulted me out of the car through the windscreen, and into the field. The feelings I had just before the crash were of terror, but I now find myself standing up and feeling somewhat different. I could see someone on the ground in front of me, and it suddenly hit me that it was my body, and I am dead. I couldn't believe it. Whilst I was getting orientated and thinking what to do a bright white light appeared from nowhere, and shone down on me. I figured out that I was supposed to go into this light, though I suddenly was aware that my dad might be wherever that light led to, and the hatred I feel for my dad made me turn away from that light.

Wondering where else I could go, I thought of my mum, and home, so I went there instead. When I got home, mum was crying and there was a policewoman with her, she had obviously been given the news. I tried to talk to her and said, 'It's okay mum, I'm alright', but she didn't hear me, or see me. I went up to my bedroom, and sat in the corner as I used to when dad was drunk and moody. I remember thinking that my whole life had been a nightmare. All I ever wanted was to be loved by my parent's, that not much to ask for is it? I felt trapped. I couldn't go where dad was because my hatred for him wouldn't let be near him, so I stayed in my room. My mum grieved for months, and I would go down to her regularly to try and let her know I was still around. I couldn't get through to her though.

After a few months, I thought that things couldn't possibly get any worse, but I was wrong. One morning my mother came into my bedroom to sort out some of my things, when she suddenly became aware that someone was in the room with her. She was frightened for some reason and became very agitated. She ran downstairs and started crying again. I realised it was me that she could sense, and got excited, hoping that she would realise it and talk to me. My elation was short lived. A week later, my mum called in the local priest, explaining that her husband and son had died a few months ago, and that when she went into my bedroom, she could feel a presence and it must be evil. I was stunned! Why does she think I am evil? Why doesn't she understand that it's me, her son, and that I only want to talk to her and tell her everything is okay? The priest offered to do an exorcism and bless the house for her. So he came into my room, started praying to God to remove this evil spirit, and threw holy water around. Why was he doing this, I wasn't getting wet, no longer having a physical body to feel the water on me, and God was nowhere to be seen! I started to feel unwanted by anybody, and got angry. Although I had nowhere to go, I now had nothing to stay for, so I left and went out into the world alone.

I soon found another boy of my age that I was drawn to, called Darren, who was feeling angry and disappointed with life, and decided to hang around with him. I went home with him, and listened to his thoughts. He had been led on by his friends to take drugs, and this was affecting his schoolwork, making his parents very angry with him for throwing his education, and his life away. I felt they were very concerned for his well-being. When was anybody concerned for my welfare? They were really going on at him, and I thought, 'tell them to go and get stuffed!', and he suddenly did just that! This took me back, did he actually hear me, or was it coincidence? I wanted to know more, so whenever he argued with them, I would think some really nasty things, and you know, most of the time he repeated them. So I realised that I could influence what he did and said, and I found myself enjoying it. You should have seen the look on his mum and dad's faces; it was brilliant!

It got a bit boring after a couple of weeks though, and I started to wonder what else I could do. One night, they were having a big fight, and I was backing him up, influencing what he said to them. They were getting the better of him, and I thought to myself that I would really like to slam the door shut, that would shout them up. Well, suddenly the door just closed with a bang. Everyone stood still, in amazement and shock, including me! Did I do that? I must have done. It made me feel powerful, and I felt I could take on the world. Life is really going to be fun now.

Meanwhile, I noticed Darren's mum had run to the phone, and she was talking to someone and asking for help, she thought there was a ghost in the house. Whoever it was offered to come round and help, but I'd got the upper hand here, I knew what they were thinking and nobody so far had appeared to detect me, so I thought I was in control of this situation, particularly as I had found all this strength.

The next day a man and woman came round, and they sat and had tea in the lounge whilst Darren's mum explained what had been happening. The couple told them that I couldn't hurt them. Wait till you come up here, I thought, I'll show you. After a few minutes, sure enough, up they came to Darren's room, and I waited till they were far enough in the room, and thought about slamming the door. Nothing happened. So I tried again, putting all my thoughts into it, 'come on, door slam shut', but it still didn't work. Why wasn't it working? I heard the man ask the woman if she could sense anything, and she said she could sense the presence of a teenage boy in the room. He said that he could too, and he's over by the window. I got a bit worried; I was by the window! The man sat down, closed his eyes, and I heard his thoughts, he was saying, 'please come and talk to me, I would like to help you'. I ignored him, and did nothing, thinking he would go away. It came again, 'please come and talk to me, I can help you'. He continued, saying that he felt I was quite a nice young man deep down, and that I must have had a rotten life, very traumatic for most of my living years. I was taken aback now, flabbergasted even. How did he know that? His thoughts were so calming, I actually felt soothed, as though he genuinely cared. My mind went back to the abuse I suffered at the hands of my dad, and the man said, 'your trauma goes back to your father doesn't it?' I felt myself going weaker because of the memories, but how could he help me? Nobody can help me. He said to me, 'you know, we are all spirit and we come onto earth to learn. You have come to learn a very big lesson. We all have to experience life to learn, and our ultimate goal is to achieve unconditional love, but this takes a long time, and how can we know what love is if we don't experience hate, its opposite? How can we know how to be kind if we haven't experienced being unkind? And so it goes on. When you died in that accident spirit was there for you weren't they? Do you remember the light?' I acknowledged this, and said, 'there was a light, and I thought that my father was going to be there, so I turned away'.

He told me that we have free will, and that I could ask that my dad was not there waiting for me, and asked if there was anyone else who had died that had cared for me, and I trusted. I thought about my granddad, my mum's father, he was nice to me. So he replied, 'ask your granddad to come and meet you in the light'. I thought he was trying to trick me for a minute, and if I went through the light, my dad would still be there, so I didn't look. He started to tell me about the time before I was born into the earth, when I was in the spirit world, where we all come from, and I had put into action my freewill to come to the earth and learn a lesson, and that I'd made a pact with another spirit to come and help me. He asked if I had any idea who this could be, and I thought it couldn't be my dad, could it. He said yes, and explained that he had kept his side of the pact and done a good job, that I had learnt my chosen lesson very well, and that it was now time to move on, and talk with my dad about the lesson's we had learned. He said that I could still just ask my granddad to meet me, and choose to talk to my father later, when I was ready, if that's what I wanted. That is what I wanted, and he asked me to look for the light, and look for granddad, who was waiting for me. 'Can you feel his love for you?' he asked. I could. He said, 'go on, go through the light and be with him in the spirit world. Go in peace, and with my love too'. Somehow, it just felt right, and I went through the light, and was back home again.