DOROTHY CHITTY

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ARE YOU PSYCHIC?

Find the answers you've always been looking for

Dorothy Chitty

Are You Psychic?: Find the answers you've always been looking for

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Psychic Dorothy Chitty shares her experiences of the spirit world and gives practical exercises, interwoven with powerful inspirational stories, to show how you can open up to your own intuitive gifts. Tap in to universal wisdom every day to create the life you were destined to lead.Contents:• Dorothy reveals how she developed her psychic abilities, and shares her incredible personal encounters with guides, spirits, earth beings, and beings from other worlds• What really happens when we die? The secrets of life after death, according to the spirits.• Practical exercises that really work, on how anyone can tap into their own gifts of intuition to see the future and attract the right people to you.• Freewill and your destiny – how to contact your guides to help you follow your destined path.• How healing with the spirits is all powerful.• Ways to communicate with animals on a deeper level.• How child spirits can help us recover our childhood memories of the spirit world.• A highly personal and practical book for anybody looking for answers from the spirit world.

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Dorothy Chitty
Are You Psychic?: Find the answers you've always been looking for

Dedication

I dedicate this book to my husband Michael, my fellow traveller along this path of discovery, whose loving suport has made my personal journey possible.

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Foreword

As a child, 'God' was my name for my main spirit guide. He always appeared in a suit of rough, brown cloth and I thought the fact that God wore a brown suit quite normal, really. He held my hand, right through school, and I could see and hear him. When I got older I met new spirit guides, and God didn't come so often. I now see that God had been a monk – which may have explained why he was so good at helping me with Latin translation.

I had other guides, too, all of whom were my friends. As a child, I never thought that they had lived or died, and never questioned why I would know what may happen to some people in the future, or why someone was ill. Today, I often refer to my guides as 'my friends' or 'Spirit'. I have always accepted them, and the way in which they work with me during a reading. But I would never take it for granted. I am excited about what I do, because my work is about talking to people. We all have the potential to be the best we can be, and through working with Spirit I hope that I help people to find their path in life, to heal the past, to feel the love of those they have lost in this life. You too have spirit guides. In reading this book, you have taken the first step towards meeting them.

I'm an ordinary woman. I don't intellectualise what I do, but I have extraordinary conversations with the deceased and the living. In part, this book is about my personal voyage of discovery as I have learned to develop and harness my sensitive skills; my dialogue with Spirit. I communicate with my spirit guides every day, and with people in spirit who come to talk to their loved ones. I also talk with those who cannot speak in a way that others can understand, such as babies in the womb, and children with disabilities that prevent them talking. I also speak with animals. If you think this sounds too far-fetched, I would like to tell you that all I need to communicate as a sensitive, or medium, are my senses. Everyone has senses, and the potential for sensitivity.

Developing your sensitivity

You may not see spirits yet, or hear them talk to you, but this doesn't mean that you are not sensitive. We all have the potential to be receptive to other energies and beings, and learn to communicate with them. Because we are all different, we experience this contact in different ways, but always through the senses – our heart and soul, not our heads. If Spirit want to talk to you, they will do it in a way that you can recognise. Knowing when this is happening takes awareness and practice. How often have you thought, 'I knew that would happen', after a particular occurrence? How many times have you been thinking of someone, only to find that the very same person phones, writes, or you both meet unexpectedly? How many times have you had a good – or not so good – feeling about someone, and then discover later that your feelings were justified? These are some of the clues being impressed upon you to let you know that you have more help at hand than you could imagine. This is the sensitive psychic in you, awaiting acknowledgement. When you follow these inner urges, it often means that you are listening to spirit without realising. Using this book will teach you how to understand and utilise your inner knowledge by connecting with your guide – a loved one or a dear friend in Spirit who has come to help you.

In order to begin the process of opening up your innate sensitive ability, you simply need to acknowledge the souls of your departed loved ones, known to you either in this life or in past lives. They come in love, and love only. In order to acknowledge them, all you need to do is say, 'Welcome, come closer', and you will get a sense of who they are.

Throughout this book, I have set down the exercises which I use in the sensitivity workshops that I run. These exercises were given to me by my spirit guides, who continue to be my greatest teachers. If followed correctly, together these exercises form a comprehensive blueprint for developing your sensitivity, exploring your chakras and meeting your spirit guides. This will enable you to recognise the spiritual truths that are at the very foundation of your being, so allowing you to access healing for yourself and others. In addition, the way will be open for you to reach into memories of past lives, so providing a deeper understanding of why you behave as you do. Lastly, we explore the rewarding but little known area of communicating with animals and I will teach you techniques which will enable you to develop this skill.

Over many years as a working sensitive, I have read for thousands of clients, and many have chosen to develop their own sensitivity. Some people simply want to make sense of their own experiences while others wish go on to use their sensitivity to help others. I hope that through describing my journey as a sensitive, and my workshop exercises, it will inspire you all to develop the sensitivity with which you were born and help enrich your lives.

Chapter 1

Awakening Sensitivity

I was ten years old, and about to be assessed by a psychiatrist. I didn't know what a psychiatrist was; as far as I understood, I was going to see a doctor. I was there in his office with my parents, at the request of my teachers – I had been in trouble at school.

He asked one question after another, and I answered without worrying too much about what I was saying. I don't remember any of the questions now. After a while, he turned to my parents and concluded: 'She's strongly borderline.' I had no idea what 'borderline' meant. He was simply addressing my parents and dismissing me.

It was then I saw a small boy standing next to the psychiatrist, right by his desk. He was maybe five or six years old. Through my mind he told me that his name was Peter. Peter said, 'That's my dad!' He asked me to tell his dad that he was there.

Allowing Peter to speak through me, I said, 'I'm Peter, and I've come to talk to you.' The doctor stared down at me. 'Your little boy Peter's here, and he wants to talk to you.'

'No, he's not,' he retorted.

'Yes, I am,' said the little boy. Then Peter told me how he died – from leukaemia – and that his father had placed a special toy in his coffin. His mother hadn't known about it. This is exactly what I told his father.

The doctor then started to ask Peter questions through me. We began to have a three-way conversation. This seemed entirely natural at the time, although in retrospect it must have been a very emotional experience for both father and his son.

Afterwards, the doctor spoke to my parents again. 'There's nothing wrong with your daughter,' he concluded. 'She's got ESP, and a vivid imagination.' That's the first time that I had heard that term and I kept asking my dad, 'What's ESP? Is it catching?' My dad told me that it just meant I was a bit different. Looking back, I can see that the psychiatrist I saw was remarkably enlightened, especially considering the medical profession's scepticism of ESP in the 1950s. I also feel that because this psychiatrist had lost his son, his trauma allowed him to be sensitive towards me. Nowadays I work with many bereaved parents, and I know that they always want their children to be safe in the spirit world. I remember seeing the psychiatrist's face when I was channelling his son Peter, and I had a strong feeling that this big man was close to tears. In the event, he didn't dissolve, but I had a sense that his emotions were very close to the surface.

I now know that Spirit were giving me validation – information so specific to the psychiatrist that he could be in no doubt that the messages were genuine. If Peter hadn't come into the meeting, I don't know what would have happened to me. But because I escaped stigma, my world of spirits stayed intact.

My earliest spiritual memories are of my spirit friends, or, as I later realised, my spirit guides. To me, they were ordinary men and women whom I talked with incessantly, just as I would with anyone else in my family. They were with me always, chatting to me at home and in school. These conversations felt so instinctive to me that I accepted their presence completely. I knew that these beings were different from the living people around me, but I assumed that everyone else was able to see and hear their own friends in spirit walking alongside them, just as I did.

In my early years, my best spirit friend – who I called 'God' – was my constant companion. I played truant from school with him, nipping off to the park to play on the swings. We'd go to the roundabout, and he would lift me onto it and spin it around with me holding on tightly until I was dizzy with excitement. God's invisibility didn't really register until one day we walked past the sweet shop together. He was holding my hand, as he always did, and I wanted to look in the shop window. We turned, and I saw myself, but God wasn't there. I could feel his hand in mine. I could hear him. I could feel him. I could see him standing next to me if I turned – but he had no reflection! I can still recall the feelings of shock and wonder as I gazed at the glass of the window, not understanding why I couldn't see God.

At school – a Catholic girls' school – I was constantly in trouble for talking back to the nuns. If a teacher explained a point of theology to the class, I would invariably contradict her – I couldn't help but say something. This was principally because I talked to my spirit guides and they taught me about all sorts of things, although I was never given any information to help with my homework or in exams. I wasn't academically competitive, but I stuck out as being a know-all, which meant that I sometimes felt excluded from the other children – the other girls all thought that I was very opinionated. But, just as my conversations with my spirit friends exposed my difference, so in time they helped me to become accepted by the other girls.

One day, some of my classmates were playing skipping in the playground. I loved skipping and wanted to join in with them, but I knew they didn't want me to. I hung around, waiting for an opportunity to creep in and take my turn. I saw a chance, ran under the rope and started skipping. The other girls began to taunt me, and then one of them hit me. The game stopped and the others joined in, shouting and thumping me. I fought back as hard as I could and then suddenly I heard my spirit friend God talking to me.

'It's not the answer,' he chided.

'God, what do you want me to do?' I asked. All the other girls looked at me and I realised I had been talking out loud. I don't know if they heard what I had said, but maybe they sensed that something important was happening. God said, 'Tell them that you would like to play with them their way.'

So I turned to the girls and asked, 'Can I play with you? Can I play skipping your way?'

Incredibly, the girl leading the game looked at me and reluctantly replied: 'Yes, all right. You can join us.'

From that moment, they accepted me. They probably thought I was a bit strange, but maybe they also knew that I could be good fun, too. With God by my side, I always felt that I could be brave in moments of adversity, and that I would have the confidence to stand up to people.

My teachers, however, were less accepting of my behaviour. I had gained a reputation for daydreaming, insubordination, telling lies and playing truant: overall, my teachers suspected that I had a problem with reality. It was because of this that the school had requested that my parents take me to a psychiatrist, which led to my extrasensory abilities being recognised.

My mother had always been my confidant and I talked to her about God and my other spirit friends. She was psychic too, and often read tea leaves. After I had been 'diagnosed' with ESP (and not a mental illness, to my mother's relief) my sensitivity had a name, but my mother asked me not to talk about it to others. She did not want me labelled or ostracised. Her protectiveness was understandable given the experiences of her sister, my aunt Lottie. Lottie had similar abilities to me and talked to her guides openly. This was in the 1950s and in those days people who talked to 'themselves' were seen as exhibiting signs of mental illness. Because of this, for a short period, Lottie had been placed in a mental institution. I had seen Lottie's guides myself, and when I had told her this she was horrified and asked me to keep quiet for my own sake. Perhaps because of the pressure to conform, I'm ashamed to say that I didn't want Spirit around me much at that point in my life, either. So I kept my sensitivity secret for a time. But it has always been there – it's who I am, and how I see the world.

I've been called a psychic and medium, but a 'sensitive' more accurately describes my nature and what I do. For me, sensitivity is about 'Spirit' talking to me through my senses. I use my senseitivity to tune in to energy. I think of this as conversing with Spirit, or my spirit guides, whom I hear, see, smell and feel every day. As I talk with my clients, I listen to Spirit. Spirit teaches me, and through Spirit, I communicate with those who have passed over, and with those still living.

The 'Gift'

Many people assume that to be psychic, or sensitive, is a gift at birth – you either have it, or you don't – but this isn't the case at all. Although I have naturally communicated with Spirit all my life – for more than fifty years now – but I have still had to learn a great deal along the way. Developing sensitivity is something that is open to everyone. It is simply a matter of learning to recognise your senses at work, and fine-tuning them to revitalise the connection between you and the other energies around you. I believe that when you reactivate your senses, you then become open to higher communication. You become sensitive, and live sensationally again.

We are all born with heightened sensitivity but most people become closed off from this as they grow older. As children, we are open to imaginative adventures and invisible friends; we often love nature and are fascinated by animals. Some children, as I did, are able to see Spirit, but we all experience amazing sensitivity when we are small. In fact, children see Spirit more than we realise, because they are so much more open and accepting. Often a child will say something that seems beyond their age and comprehension. What is really happening is that they are repeating information they have received from Spirit. This may also be coupled with the child's ability to recall ancient memories. If asked, sometimes a child will talk to an adult about their 'invisible' friends. If they do, never ridicule them as it will make them feel slighted and stupid – and it may close a beautiful world to them. When she was little, my daughter, Tanya, had a spirit friend called Emma, who came with her little dog, Toby. If we were going out in the car together, I would make sure I left the car door open for a few moments after Tanya had got in to make sure there was time for Emma and Toby to climb into the back seat with her. I encouraged and accepted Emma and Toby in our lives, and I believe that if children are supported to enjoy their relationships with their friends in spirit, they will grow up to be caring adults, sensitive to the world around them. After all, children are the future and they may grow up to bring wonderful changes to the world.

I hope this doesn't sound too serious. Psychic ability doesn't require gravitas – although I take what I do seriously, I don't take myself seriously. It's an important distinction, because with sensitivity comes responsibility and joy. Expanding your senses means you can enjoy your experience of life all the more. At one point I went through a phase of wanting to be perfect in some way and I began to take myself very seriously; some might call this a sense of humour failure, which to a degree it was. Through this I learned that I didn't have to live in an austere way in order to be spiritual. My humour is an important aspect of the way I communicate – my guides often laugh with me, like friends. Living with sensitivity is about being who you are now.

Sensitivity sabotage

Our sensitivity may lay dormant for years due to the work we do, the relationships we form or the general pattern of our life experience. Our reconnection with Spirit – our essence – may be subtle or dramatic, and it may come at any time of life, from our twenties to our seventies and beyond. What matters is that reconnecting with Spirit puts us back in touch with the truth of who we are.

I know that traumatic experiences can appear to sabotage happiness. Like many people, at one time or another I have suffered the loss of someone very close to me, illness and financial crisis. Yet the way we have lived prior to such an event may have been sabotaging our sensitivity and true life path. In some cases, trauma is the only way that Spirit – the energies that psychics work with – can get our attention. We receive a wake-up call that transforms our lives.

Many people have their first experience of Spirit when someone they love dies. For the first time, we may hear a friend say that they are sure that their loved partner or relative is close by. They are sensitive to the signs around them. A client of mine experienced her sensitivity only after the death of her sister, feeling her presence for days after the funeral. It is important to understand that when someone dies or we experience trauma, Spirit are not punishing us, or exacting a price for sensitivity – they are just trying to tell us that the life path we've travelled up to that point now needs to change.

In my experience, trauma often coincides with increased sensitivity in other areas of life, because it can act as a trigger to put us back in touch with who we are. Many clients of mine, whether bereaved or reeling from the shock of redundancy or a relationship break-up, have told me how they had begun to 'sense' a place before visiting it. One client recalled seeing the trees in the garden and the layout of the living room of his daughter's new house, weeks before he visited her. Such experiences can feel confusing for people who have been unused to taking notice of their senses. Yet this is the language of sensitivity. For instance, I know that a tingling sensation on my temple tells me a particular guide is talking to me – their way. When I can smell roses, I know my mother is sitting next to me.

All too often, I hear people putting these experiences down to being out of sorts, or worse, being oversensitive. The word sensitive has become virtual criticism – a sensitive child is a 'problem' or 'difficult' – and this may give us the message that it's not safe to have finer feelings.

As adults, we often repress our senses because of the environment in which we live. We expend energy trying to block out the noise from traffic and neighbours; we learn how to develop a blind spot for the unsightly or disturbing; sometimes we wish ourselves invisible in the press of a crowd. We want to sense less, not more, because peace and quiet can feel such scarce commodities. But, just as you have chosen to suppress sensitivity, so you can choose to regain it. It's a choice you can make. Your senses are your spiritual connectors, through which you can live a sensitive and spiritual existence. I have found that many people who have burgeoning psychic ability may want to ignore it, particularly if they are surrounded by friends and family who do not accept their sensitivity. At the heart of this is the fear of being labelled as a bit odd. Given that many children and adults resist being 'different', it's not surprising that we try to suppress our sensitivity before someone notices that we don't fit in.

Total sensation

Sensitivity is about using all the senses together. When Spirit communicate with me, I may hear them as sound, feel their presence as vibration in my body or sense them as colour in my peripheral vision. Because all my senses are heightened, Spirit can always find a way to talk with me. This is my personal definition of ESP: the cumulative effect of all five heightened senses working together to enable a 'sixth sense'. Although the dictionary may define ESP as means of 'obtaining information about the environment without the use of normal sensory channels', in my experience, ESP doesn't just come from nowhere. Psychic ability, or sensitivity, relies upon us using our everyday senses in every possible way.

Several years ago, I was fortunate enough to see an opera singer rehearsing her scales before a performance. I say 'saw' rather than 'heard', because I realised I was able to see the energy coming from her mouth as she sang. It was the colour of purple velvet. She had the most beautiful voice, and it was all the more magnificent because I could see and hear it.

The next time I experienced the sight of music was as the Glyndebourne Festival. Watching several performers sing together, again I could see the colour of a voice, but this time it was even more spectacular. I saw the energy pouring out of the singers' mouths – the tenors were purple, the sopranos indigo; others were shades of mauve and some even yellow. And I could sense how the singers put themselves behind the high notes. When a long note resonated, I could see the tremor in the colour.

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