# MIA DOLAN

BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *THE GIFT*

# *Mia's World*

An extraordinary gift.

An unforgettable

journey.



Mia Dolan

# Mia's World: An Extraordinary Gift. An Unforgettable Journey

«HarperCollins»

**Dolan M.**

Mia’s World: An Extraordinary Gift. An Unforgettable Journey / M. Dolan — «HarperCollins»,

In the follow up to the Sunday Times bestseller, The Gift, we are taken on a journey further into the psychic world of Mia Dolan, one of Britain's most gifted psychics. Mia’s World is an amazing psychic adventure which reveals the truth about the spirit world.In Mia’s World, Mia Dolan takes on a student – Roz Chissick, a writer with absolutely no previous psychic training, and teaches her how to tap into her innate psychic gift. The result is an exciting psychic adventure not only for Roz but also for you the reader.Mia reveals more of her fascinating experiences of ghosts, spirits and explains the truth about the darker forces from the other side. We are taken on ghost-busts, to the mystical site of Avalon and astral travels to the home of her spirit guide.Mia reveals how we find happiness in this world and answers profound questions about life, death and psychic phenomena:- What is it like to die?- How can we still communicate with loved ones after death?- Do angels and demons exist?- Is there such a thing as a soul mate?- Is there such a thing as destiny or do we control our own fate?- What happens to our souls after we die?'I wish there was some way I could share my ability to see things other people can't. We all have a guide, but not everyone can see or hear theirs. I've no idea what opened up the link between Eric and me, but I consider it a gift.' Mia Dolan in Real magazine

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# Mia's World

## An extraordinary gift. An unforgettable journey



Mia Dolan and Rosalyn Chissick

# *Mia's World*
# *An extraordinary gift. An unforgettable journey.*

**MIA DOLAN**
**with Rosalyn Chissick**



# Dedication

**Mia**
*To all who are searching, may this book help light your way*
**Roz**
*For Mark, Hannah and Mackensie Michael Jones*

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# Prologue: Belief

## *Mia*

I sat in a hotel room in Bath, waiting. In the year since the publication of my first book, I'd seen more hotel rooms than I had in the rest of my 42 years. I lit a cigarette, and glanced around the empty room. The curtains were heavy and shiny; the table set with cups and saucers. I thought of the warmth of my kitchen on the Isle of Sheppey, filled with the noise and liveliness of my family, my clients and friends. What was I doing here, miles from home?

People imagine psychics don't ask questions. We're meant to know everything but, although we are party to special and important information, we are still human. Stubbing out the cigarette, I got off the bed and padded around, hoping to relieve the wariness I could feel building. Catching sight of my reflection in the mirrored door of the wardrobe, I fumbled in my bag for my lipstick. The familiar ritual of applying it was calming.

I had been working as a psychic for more than 20 years, giving readings to a circle of people that grew by word of mouth as my practice developed. Now I was becoming a public face, a woman known for her psychic powers and, any minute now, a journalist from a leading magazine would arrive to interview me.

My daughter Tanya and I had read that magazine avidly, laughing at the gossip and glamour of celebrity lives. It was odd to think that now people wanted my story. But I had no illusions: our glories are transitory. Life is a wheel, bringing those at the bottom to the top – and, inevitably, down to the bottom again.

All the same, I felt apprehensive. I believe in what I do, and I didn't want my words misinterpreted by yet another close-minded journalist.

I jumped at the sound of the telephone.

'Rosalyn Chissick is on her way up,' the receptionist said.

A moment later I opened the door to a woman in her thirties, dark curls tumbling around an intense, yet friendly face.

## *Roz*

Fifteen minutes before my appointment with Mia, I was sitting in the sun in a park, formulating questions for our interview.

'People seeing glimpses of the past or the future? Psychics are deluding themselves or the public or both,' I thought to myself. The vast psychic industry was probably an elaborate and lucrative scam. Nevertheless, I had to acknowledge another part of me – one that was open to being persuaded otherwise.

The idea of interviewing Mia had come from my editor. She told me that Mia had a remarkable reputation as a clairvoyant specializing in psychic predictions and hauntings. My brief was to try and discover whether her special powers were for real.

I did my homework. I found out that psychic readings attract all types: hard-headed business people, lost souls in search of guidance, curious dabblers wanting an intriguing party trick – even declared sceptics seeking logic-confounding truths. Psychic readings seem to imbue people with a sense of mystery, they feel party to a greater truth. We are fascinated by the unknown. It seems we all have a need to believe in something bigger – more powerful – than ourselves.

As I knocked on Mia's hotel-room door, I imagined a mysterious lady in a fringed shawl, but as the door swung open, Mia was no Gypsy Rose Lee. Tall with long blonde hair and a welcoming smile, her first words to me were 'Hello, darling.' She seemed open, and very down to earth.

## *Mia*

I knew instantly that Roz was not impressed by anyone but respected everyone. And I knew that she was committed to the truth. There were no chairs in the room, but Roz quickly settled herself on the large bed, taking files out of her bag and rummaging for pens.

I busied myself, making tea with the hotel milk cartons and sugar sachets. Roz didn't mess around. Pen poised, she was ready to start.

## *Roz*

'So, what was your first psychic experience?' I asked. Mia sat down and lit the first of many cigarettes.

# *Mia*

I didn't know how Roz would respond, but she looked genuinely interested and this was a refreshing change from the rash of interviews that I'd done over the last few months.

'I was 22. I didn't believe in anything – God, ghosts, heaven, hell. I thought it was totally false – conjured up out of humanity's fear of its own mortality. Then one very ordinary day, I was trying to cook tea and the children were fighting in the front room, so I went in to see what was going on. Something caught my attention on the television. I was standing there watching it when, out of nowhere, a man's voice said, "Your toast is burning." I went into the kitchen and discovered that the grill pan was on fire.'

'I tried to put it down to reason – I told myself I had smelt smoke and must have imagined the voice. But over the next few weeks, the lights and my electrical appliances turned themselves on and off at will, the bed shook and the voice kept talking to me. I thought I was going mad.'

'I'd been brought up in an ordinary working-class family on the Isle of Sheppey. Things like this didn't happen to people like me. Eventually I went to see a doctor, who told me I was suffering from stress and gave me a prescription for pills. I was then sent to see a psychiatrist. The medical profession concluded that I was sane but strange and they left me to get on with it.'

'It took me eight months to find out that the voice (always the same voice) was my spirit guide, Eric. I know it sounds strange – and for years I told very few people about him – but Eric's presence shook my world; it changed me totally.'

'Before I met Eric, I didn't think about other people's problems. I didn't even consider whether something was a good or a bad thing to do. My dreams were to have a Mercedes and a house in the country. But becoming psychic made me realize that there was more to life and this had a snowball effect.'

'It helped me make sense of the things that had happened to me and gave me a purpose in life. I started thinking about yesterday, today and tomorrow. It made me pause; I stopped knee-jerk reactions to situations and started to think before I acted. Most importantly as I developed as a psychic, my priorities changed, I realized life has nothing to do with material possessions. The base line was: I stopped thinking about my life and myself and started to use that energy for other people.'

I told Roz how, over the years, I had come to know and trust that the voice belonged to a kind wise soul who had been sent to help me become a better person. The quality of her attention helped me touch on other parts of my life too. I was a protector, from an early age looking out for others. But I couldn't protect myself from pain or, ultimately, loss.

## *Roz*

'Did your gift help you to cope?'

## *Mia*

Roz was a strange mixture. Sometimes her questions were searching and tough. At other times she exuded such a strong sense of empathy that I wanted to tell her more about myself.

'At first, no. When my son died, I felt terribly let down. I shut Eric out of my life. I thought: "What's the point in having a psychic gift if it can't stop terrible things from happening?" Then something changed that. I gave a reading to a woman who had lost her daughter and I saw the comfort it gave her to know that her child's spirit was safe.'

'Nothing can take away the pain of bereavement, but knowing there is life beyond death, and knowing that she would see her daughter again, made the loss more bearable. This knowledge breathed life back into her love, and allowed her to bring the pain under control. In the beginning, being psychic was an adventure – now I see its true value to heal.'

There was a silence. Eventually Roz spoke.

## *Roz*

'I still can't get my head around the idea that someone can see into the future. Can you give me proof that you have a psychic gift?'

## *Mia*

There was only one way I knew.

'Shall I give you a reading?'

Eric doesn't always come when I do a reading but, as I began to tune into Roz, he was there straight away. His voice in my head was clear and strong.

'Eric says that you are on a spiritual journey yourself.'

## *Roz*

I sat on the hotel bed opposite Mia, enveloped in her big presence and her warmth. I had interviewed many people in my career but the focus was always on the other person. They trusted me with their stories and I tried to honour that with my attention and receptivity. It was odd, then, to suddenly find myself under the spotlight.

I'm a private person – Mia's attention made me slightly uncomfortable. Yet in her first sentence she had connected me to a part of myself I didn't always have time to think about. I wondered if this was one of the reasons people went to see psychics: to focus on their lives and feelings, to spend a bit of time with their deepest dreams.

Since my late teens, I had been intrigued by the idea of a more spiritual life and interested in a holistic approach to health and well-being. Ten years previously, I had gone on a year-long round-the-world trip and been drawn to the spiritual traditions I found in India. There, life is lived on the street and everything is visible – the beauty and the brutality. People live very openly and their spirituality is relevant to the ups and downs of their everyday lives.

In India, for the first time, I met people who were devoting their lives to their spiritual practice. One very old man lived in a cave on a sacred river. He had nothing materially, yet every day he found a way to cook a meal for wandering beggars and *sadhus.*

In the Himalayas, I met Buddhist monks and nuns, exiled from Tibet. I took to heart their message that all the suffering and happiness in my life come not from external things like success or money but from my own mind – my own attitude. I met teachers who spoke of the need for loving-kindness towards ourselves and the importance of a fearlessly compassionate attitude to our own pain – and that of others. I soaked up teachings on honesty, kindness and bravery. Mia was right. I found the Tibetan Buddhist instructions gutsy and helpful – and, a decade later, I was still trying to put them into practice as well as I could.

Mia and I were off to a good start but, as we sat in silence, I wondered if people were impressed with the readings they received because they unconsciously, inadvertently coached the psychic. Desperate for reassurance, perhaps they ignored the irrelevancies and errors and, instead, exaggerated the insights and references that made sense to them. It might not even be manipulative on the psychic's part – but rather that natural human communication was given a supernatural spin by two parties desperate to believe. I understood the human need for certainty but if wool was being pulled over anyone's eyes, I wanted to understand that too. This reading was an opportunity to test Mia. I determined to give nothing away.

## *Mia*

'I am going to close my eyes for a couple of minutes – nothing weird is happening, I am just relaxing. Then I'll open my eyes and we'll begin.'

'I'll start with a health scan. This will make you sound like you're ready for the knacker's yard but hopefully will only be light-hearted. I am going to start with your head. Your eyes are weeping and irritated … you have whiplash or muscular problems …'

## *Roz*

There was no trance, no meditation, no holding on to objects that carried my 'vibrations'; Mia just looked into my eyes. But by the time she had finished scanning my health, my journalistic hat was firmly back on my head. Anyone who works at a computer will have tired, sore eyes, so no points for that one. And no whiplash or muscular problems I knew of, just the usual desk-bound, bad-posture backache.

Was it all going to be vague from now on? I felt the glimmerings of disappointment. Maybe my belief in a higher power was a childish desire to believe in magic. I settled back into my cynical comfort zone.

## *Mia*

'I am going into the floater now. This will give me random images of things that have just happened or are just about to happen. The first things I see are wind chimes inside a door.'

## *Roz*

I had brought a set of chimes back from Thailand – and for years now, they have been positioned inside my front door so that every time the door swings open, I can hear their sound.

## *Mia*

'You are organized but chaotic. You're fiercely independent but, at the same time, you would give everything that you have away, given half a chance.'

## *Roz*

It seemed that Mia was keying in, reading me. I began to see how people could give power to psychics. People often go for a reading when they have reached rock-bottom – they are distressed and their distress makes them vulnerable. Suddenly it can seem that a psychic has all the answers …

I made my face impassive.

## *Mia*

'I see a fridge-freezer with a wonky door. I see you in Wellington boots looking at chickens. I see you putting on walking boots and you will be buying a new computer. And in the next two and a half to three years, you are going to be a well-known novelist.'

## *Roz*

Mia was not looking at me. She had moved her head to the right as if someone else was talking to her. After a few moments, she laughed.

## *Mia*

'Eric wants me to tell you that your characters have dreams and wishes as well as adversity. He says, "Let them win sometimes."'

## *Roz*

Every once in a while, something comes along that, perhaps, you can't explain away. As a journalist, it was not a huge leap for Mia to assume that I had also written a novel, but how did she guess that my characters needed lightening up? My first two books had been called beautiful – but bleak. Only someone who knew my writing could have given me that advice. Had Mia read my book or did the information come from another source? The words were so pertinent, so right for me. I felt energized.

I looked around the hotel bedroom. The curtains – the table – looked sharper, clearer. If spirit guides really existed and could pass their wisdom to one human being to give to another, then perhaps there truly was a bigger picture.

Deep down, I knew I was not only testing Mia, but testing my own beliefs. I still wanted to know if the world I saw was the only one that existed or if there really was something more – something greater than us all. Suddenly there were a lot of possibilities.

Not everyone would be comfortable with the idea of sitting in a room with a woman who talked to a spirit from another dimension. But Mia made it seem so down to earth, so normal. The idea of Eric did not scare me. On the contrary, I was intrigued. I consulted my list of questions.

'Could you teach anyone to be psychic?'

## *Mia*

'I could teach anyone to open up and be able to see. But I couldn't guarantee how far they could develop. Everyone has the ability to awaken their sixth sense, but there are varying degrees of ability. A child can paint a picture of a tree with a brown stick and a green blob. But a trained artist would paint with depths and hues that would make the tree come alive. You would get more clarity and information from the artist's picture. Similarly, some people would only be able to achieve a basic ability, while others could go on to full clairvoyance.'

## *Roz*

As a journalist you have to follow your natural curiosity. And something about being with Mia was stirring me.

'Could you teach me to be psychic?'

## *Mia*

'I just told you I could.'

## *Roz*

'Well – will you teach me?'

It seemed to come out of the blue, but I was serious. I wanted to see how far we could take it – how far Mia was prepared to put herself on the line. I'd never witnessed any unusual psychic phenomena and didn't know if I believed in ghosts, but perhaps Mia could convince me.

I liked the idea of having a way to see into the future. Could I do it? But more than that, I wanted to know first hand – absolutely, no question – if there was more to life than what I could touch and see.

## *Mia*

Would I teach her?

It is my belief – absolutely – that anyone can develop psychically, if you give them the tools. And if I could teach people to do it for themselves, then I could open them to receiving the understanding and comfort that clairvoyance gives me. It had always felt important that people could access that wisdom directly – with no middleman.

The truth was that for years I'd been nursing a dream of opening a psychic school. When I first became clairvoyant it was so scary and such a shock, that I feared I was losing my mind. So I wanted to create a place where people could go – a structured institution where they could learn that psychic ability was natural and they were not going mad.

Here I could teach people what it was all about and how to use the gift well; and then they could take classes to hone their new skills. I had spent hours imagining the curriculum: classes on how to receive information, others on how to interpret it. The most important thing would be that it was a non-denominational school – not attached to any religion, but somewhere that psychic skills were valued and taken seriously.

Developing psychic skills can benefit the world. The awareness that other people are feeling as strongly as you stops you living in the me-world. And from that, naturally, comes the desire to try to be of benefit. For that reason I have always wanted to bring psychic awareness to the forefront of society, to give it credibility.

In that moment, in an anonymous hotel room with Roz, I realized that I was being offered my first real opportunity along that path. She could be my first pupil, bringing the reality of the school that bit closer. I remembered my earlier trepidation about the interview. How differently things had turned out. My excitement grew. Looking at Roz's eyes and the way she interacted, her sensitive side was obvious. And, crucially, she was open-minded. I knew she would give it a proper go.

'The main reason people don't use their extra sense is because we have been brainwashed into believing it doesn't exist. Thousands of years ago, we would all have taken our sixth sense for granted, but we have now been programmed to ignore it. Animals still use their sixth sense: birds know when to migrate, salmon swim thousands of miles home but humans have sadly lost touch with their instincts. Today, it is research, facts and statistical evidence that are most highly prized.'

'Young children often say they hear and see things, but most adults tell them they are being silly. This is the beginning of society pulling down the shutters. Teachers stop children from daydreaming, men tell women not to be 'illogical'. It is time we started valuing our intuition – it's our birthright and it's here to help us. All too often we ignore our hunches, yet if we could only learn to listen more carefully to our inner voice, we could drastically improve our lives.'

'Teaching you would take time and you would have to keep an open mind. If you learn with the thought that "it's not real anyway" then we will never be able to start. One of the major keys to unlocking the sixth sense is belief. The word belief appears in every major religious text. Belief is a magic word.'

## *Roz*

Belief. Magic. Sixth sense messages. Why was I suddenly considering something so crazy? I was a journalist – I liked concrete facts. But, inside, two bits of me – the stern adult and the excited child – were battling it out. Despite myself, I felt thrilled, tingly. Who doesn't want to believe that magic exists?

'How long will it take?'

## *Mia*

'Six months, from sceptic to psychic.'

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