



# THE ROAD TO JOSEPH

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## **Key moments from 40+ years of mediumship.**

By Michael G. Reccia

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## **Author's Note:**

*My conscious connection with Joseph\*, eloquent and ancient spokesperson for a vast 'soul group' (a highly-evolved 'collective'... community... of discarnate spirits deeply concerned for the future of humanity and our planet) was forged over a number of years and as a result of certain key destinations along my path of development as a medium being reached and responded to in the correct way.*

*The eleven articles contained in this e-book chronicle those steps in the history of my mediumship that would not only lead to but also give voice to that connection, allowing Joseph and his soul group to deliver their vital message for us all via a number of public trance demonstrations and, of course, through [the Joseph Communications series of books](#).*

*I am delighted in these pages to be able to retrace many of those seemingly random (but actually planned and unfolded from 'beyond') happenings on the Road to Joseph and to share them with you. My hope is that you will find them an illuminating recounting of how mediumistic development is not solely confined to personal messages from the 'departed' but can also, as in my particular case, lead to contact with higher vibrations of consciousness and intent, capable of making us all aware of our spiritual heritage and enriching our lives here as a result of insights and reveals that expand our spiritual understanding and lead to a conscious reconnection with our angelic - our Divine - origins.*

*Thank you for reading and for joining me on this journey. Without further ado, and if you're ready, let's now, together and step by step, retread the Road to Joseph.*

*Michael G. Reccia*

*June 2023.*

*\* On a super-conscious level, I had been linked to Joseph since before my physical incarnation on Earth but wasn't aware of this as I set out on this pre-destined journey.*

## Part I. The Die is Cast

I suppose you could call them 'Red Pill moments' (a reference to that famous scene from the Matrix, terminology from which has entered the English language in recent years)... those world-changing points in time when you are given the choice of either taking 'the blue pill' (allowing your life to continue on as it always has done) or 'the red pill' (allowing you to see through the illusion of Earthly 'reality' and change your perception forever).

My initial 'red pill moment', marking the beginning of a decades-long journey that would eventually and inevitably lead to a connection with the discarnate spirit communicator Joseph and the vast group of concerned souls he is the spokesperson for, happened when, as a young man in my mid-twenties, I found myself at the centre of an escalating and traumatic sequence of events that was stretching my nerves and my resilience to their limits, causing me to question the meaning of my life and to wonder whether my lot could or would ever improve.

Around ten years prior to this point my globe-trotting aunt and uncle had 'unexpectedly' turned up one day at my parents' sweet shop (I knew in advance that they were coming – in one of my frequent

psychic dreams I'd seen their impending visit the night before they appeared, unannounced, on our doorstep). Standing in the doorway as she was leaving, my aunt suddenly turned on her heels to face me, fixed me with a deep and intense stare and said, 'If you ever need us, just turn up at our house. You don't have to phone or give us prior warning. Just set off. Just turn up...' She leaned closer: 'Now... Do you understand, Michael?'

Somewhat bemused, I mumbled 'Yes.' I didn't know my aunt and uncle very well at all at this stage, their world-travelling making my connections with them infrequent and brief, so this strange little exchange with a relative I didn't feel particularly close to seemed very confusing to me. I'd never been invited to stay with them before. 'Michael... do you understand?' she repeated forcefully. 'Yes,' I replied, not really grasping the purpose of this conversation but sensing I needed to very carefully commit this incident to memory. '...Good.' She smiled thinly and seemed relieved that she'd got her message across, though that powerful gaze, those eyes that seemed capable of peering into my very soul, still held my attention.

Fast forward ten years, to a point at which, not having seen my aunt and uncle more than a couple of times in the interim, I found myself in urgent need of somewhere to retreat to. Remembering that decade-old, weird little conversation with my aunt, I realised with relief that I actually had a 'bolt-hole' I could go to, and set off for their house, without prior announcement and during a thick snowstorm, my old, unreliable car somehow wheezing its way through forty-plus miles of blizzard towards the spot on the coast where they lived. It finally spluttered to a halt and half-buried itself in a deep snow drift as I turned into their street.... But by some miracle I'd arrived safely at my destination.

My relatives warmly welcomed me in and generously took special care of me for a week, and I subsequently returned every weekend for the next couple of months or so until I felt better equipped to move forwards and take up the challenges of my life with renewed vigour. During one particular visit, and over a cup of tea, my extremely psychic aunt suddenly and unexpectedly began to chat to me in a very matter-of-fact way regarding discarnate spirits; life after death; help from and communication with guiding influences; the power of white Light energy, God, her

encounters with 'the beyond' and a great deal more.

I'd never understood or examined these things in any great depth before, although I'd always been fascinated by and felt strongly drawn to such subjects, and realised I was 'different' somehow and that I had access to a range of (as yet undisciplined) senses that seemed not to be the norm, having repeatedly experienced paranormal 'happenings', 'seen things', experienced pre-cognition, had psychic dreams, sensed unusual 'atmospheres', etc, from a very early age. As my aunt spoke, however, I was – spiritually speaking – offered the 'red pill' for the very first time, in that each topic she brought up during that conversation was something I somehow knew I already knew, and therefore instantly accepted as truth. I felt as though I was reconnecting with long-buried memories; it was as if the mists were suddenly clearing, and the true meaning of life was beginning to reveal itself.

... From that moment onwards, I would experience a rapid succession of red pill moments ... life as I had known it and taken for granted as 'the way things are' would rapidly be deconstructed, my perspective and approach to life would change forever, and that crucial future connection with Joseph would be assured.

## Part II. Expect the Unexpected

Following my first 'red pill' moment, recalled in Part One of this series, and experienced when, as a young man, my psychic aunt suddenly began discussing communication with spirits, life after death, and insights from discarnate guides with me – with everything she revealed somehow being something I already knew and making perfect sense to me despite me hearing all this for the first time – my second red pill event happened almost immediately afterwards. It came about as a result of my aunt and uncle (with whom, you'll remember, I was staying intermittently due to an extremely stressful personal challenge at that time) suggesting one morning that I might like to accompany them to a service at the local spiritualist church that same evening.

My immediate inner response was one of panic. ...A Spiritualist church? Wouldn't that be...well... rather...spooky? Would things literally go bump in the night around me? I had been brought up as a catholic (indeed, it had been suggested a few years earlier by the local clergy that I might wish to consider the priesthood as a vocation), and said religion frowned deeply on spiritualism and/or anything associated with the 'paranormal', denouncing such establishments and occurrences as 'the work of the devil'. I couldn't imagine what

might happen if I was to attend such an event and I really didn't want to go... however, because of the highly nervous state I happened to be in at that time, I didn't wish to be left 'home alone' either... and so, reluctantly, I agreed to accompany my relatives and venture into the (for me, at that moment in my life) 'unknown'.

To my relief the 'church' was not at all what I'd expected...I'd conjured up an image of a bleak, gothic, stone building, wreathed in shadows and appearing suddenly and ominously through a sinister mist... In actuality it comprised of a couple of modern, light and airy rooms located above a fish and chip shop. My aunt and uncle flanked me as I climbed the metal staircase outside the building that led to the second-floor entrance, so there was no escape... what on Earth (or beyond) lay behind the door that came into view at the top of those steps? Contrary to my expectations it opened onto a bright and sunny room and a warm and friendly congregation, and I was rewarded for my bravery in entering with a nice cup of tea and a biscuit following the service....

My red pill moment? That came about when the lady medium who was taking the service that night stepped up to the lectern and began to interact with the congregation. 'Either she's been rifling through the wallets,

handbags and coat pockets of those present before the service or something is going on here that I haven't encountered before and just can't explain,' I mused, watching her relay information to members of the congregation regarding their lives and their departed loved ones that they obviously understood. I noticed her pause every so often as though listening to an invisible someone or *someones* standing next to her.

At the conclusion of a message for one of the recipients she gazed around the room searching for her next connection... and her eyes came to rest on... me. She began to talk to me about the difficult situation I found myself immersed in at that time and offered a few observations about my future before moving on to deliver the real jaw-dropper: 'Within five years you'll be standing here... you'll be doing this,' she stated matter-of-factly. 'You'll be a medium that many other mediums will look up to.' She then proceeded to describe exactly how I would work as a medium in the future and listed the spiritual 'gifts' I'd been given and would be using.

'Say what??' I thought. 'Me? A medium?' And yet, as with my first red pill moment, I knew somewhere within myself that she

was right and that I would indeed be doing this work at some stage. Little did I realise on that extraordinary evening the extent to which 'the work' would take up and dominate my life. Nor did I have an inkling that, as that work evolved, it would steer me inexorably towards a link with a vast group of advanced souls whose wisdom, advice, and deep spiritual insights, if taken on board and acted upon, could positively transform this world and lift society out of the increasingly dark hole it has dug itself into.

Later that night, as I lay in bed thinking over everything that had been said to me, I suddenly saw the spirit of my grandfather appear, rush in through the open door of my bedroom, move over towards me, and then just as suddenly disappear; this 'visitation' by a discarnate spirit manifesting then being over so quickly I hadn't time to feel nervous. It also served as confirmation that what I'd been told earlier that evening at the service was indeed accurate.

My red pill journey – leading to a way of observing, reacting to and living life that would never again fit in with what I had been assured by society was 'the way things were' – was up and running...

## Part III. When the Pupil is Ready, the Teacher Appears

What to do next following the revelations regarding my future path given to me via a medium during my first visit to a Spiritualist church (see part two of this series)?

As a result of her insights into my future I determined to investigate mediumship and to actively seek a means of developing the latent mediumistic 'gifts' I'd been told I was in possession of ...but where to start? It seemed logical to begin by visiting local spiritualist churches at the weekends to closely observe mediums as they worked. Some impressed me greatly – others not so much. After a few months of what seemed like a fruitless search for 'the next step', and at the conclusion of one particular service held at a local church, a rather gruff-looking gentleman who'd been sitting several seats down from me on the row I was in stood up, walked over, towered over me and boomed, '...How would you like to be part of a circle?'

Caught off guard, all I could think of blurting out was, '...Um... I don't know what to expect...'

'Well... me!' barked the gentleman. '...I'm not so scary, am I?'

Actually, Bruce – for it was he – did come across as quite a scary man until you

got to know him, but despite his abrupt manner I sensed this was the 'next step' I'd been looking for, and began to attend his 'open circle' meetings on Wednesday evenings (an open circle is a gathering of like-minded people who sit together in a circle formation to build spiritual power, supervised by a medium, with the intent of connecting to higher spheres of reality and/or developing their spiritual gifts). This weekly event was meticulously overseen by Bruce (a truly excellent medium, who passed to the higher side of life some years ago) who subsequently became a close friend.

Following one such meeting I enjoyed the traditional post-circle cup of tea sitting beside a new-to-me face – a middle-aged lady who had beckoned me over to chat with her and who I somehow instantly recognised, despite never having met her before in this life. 'She's a nurse,' I told myself, though I had no idea how I knew this (I later discovered she had indeed been a nurse during WWII). We talked for quite some time and instantly seemed to gel, with Joan, at the conclusion of our conversation, inviting me home to meet her husband. Joan and Jack became 'second parents' to me and I regularly dropped in on them, in the process hugely advancing my understanding



of many things spiritual and discarnate due to Joan's extensive, no-nonsense knowledge of such matters, gained through decades of personal investigation and experience.

During one such visit Joan took me into her front room and explained that she had been sitting here (as in sitting with the intent of developing her spiritual gifts) regularly, by herself, for over thirty years, during which time she had taught herself to meditate efficiently and to communicate accurately with the discarnate spirits that often visited her and she had been able to see around her since she was a child.

'If you wish to develop for the right reasons,' she said. 'Not for yourself but to help others, then I will sit with you once a week and teach you everything I have discovered over the years. It will take discipline and dedication and commitment and sacrifice. ...And once you set your feet on this path you will never be able to take them off again. So...what do you say?'

...I said an enthusiastic yes, leading to the two of us sitting together in that room – a room that was alive with the spiritual power that had built up over the decades of disciplined seeking and connection it had been host to – every Sunday, come rain or shine, for a full seven years from the time of Joan's initial invitation.

During those years I was taught how to meditate, how to correctly access and

interpret the information that came to me clairvoyantly (through higher consciousness sight); clairaudiently (through higher consciousness hearing) and clairsentiently (using higher consciousness senses). I also gained a greater understanding of myself and of my physical mind, and was taught how to control that mind and the energies, impressions and insights that, prior to that point in my life, had, for the most part, controlled me. Amazingly, it was arranged by the group of spirits that regularly visited us from higher vibrations (a key member of which, 'the Persian Gentleman', would later act as overseer of the subtle, high vibrational energy 'bubble' that needed to be constructed around Joseph and myself each time communication took place then deconstructed following each communication) that Joan could 'tune in' and begin a 'message', I could then take over and continue that message, and she could step in and conclude the communication...and vice versa. We were able to see, hear and sense the same communicators – a unique arrangement that gave me increasing confidence when learning how to communicate with our discarnate friends.

At the end of that seven-year period I was invited – with Joan – to take my first service at a local spiritualist church. Standing there after the event in front of a congregation comprised of strangers, friends and family – something I would never have considered possible or dared do

when first meeting Joan – I knew that I had found my 'mission' in life and that all that had gone before had been a preparation for this moment and the countless others like it that were to follow. I realised that the path I was now on would never let me go – nor did I wish it to.

What I didn't know, and what would be revealed in coming years, was that Joan and

I had incarnated together before... at least three times... and that we had done so that we would be vibrationally drawn together in this particular life to allow the Joseph Communications to manifest at this time as a result of Joan bringing out and honing my mediumship and, much later, revealing a crucial fact about herself that would directly lead to my connection with Joseph.

## Part IV. Connection

(Taken – abridged – from the introduction to Joseph’s first book: Revelation).

Joan looked sad and troubled.

For seven years I had been lucky enough to learn from this remarkable woman who had become my spiritual teacher. We met each week throughout that time and she helped me to develop my mediumistic gifts and prepare for the demonstrations, workshops and lectures that were destined to become part of my life.

Those seven years were, by this particular evening, a distant memory. As I chatted with her around her cosy fireside I had already worked professionally as a medium, nationally and internationally (via postal readings requested from all over the world), for a number of years. I regarded Joan as one of my closest friends, closer even than family, a member of my soul group, and a dedicated guide and teacher who had always been there for me in challenging times. On this evening, however, it was she who seemed troubled as she recalled a series of events that obviously still caused her pain and which, despite having discussed all aspects of her past with me, she had never once mentioned until now.

Joan had had a close friend, now departed, with whom she had sat for spirit trance communication privately over a considerable period of time. Betty had conscientiously written down the communications that Joan brought through during these sessions long hand, with Joan remembering little or nothing of what she had said once they were over, relying totally on Betty to record communications she hoped would one day be made available to a much wider audience. Whilst Joan was in trance a spirit guide, a soul who appeared to her dressed in a red robe, would speak through her and give the ladies information of vital importance to humankind – concerning who and what we really are and why we are here; information that answered the spiritual questions each of us asks at some stage during our lives.

It therefore came as a severe blow when Betty died suddenly. She had lost one of her closest friends and there could not, of course, be any further trance sessions. Thank God Betty had written down the words of the ‘Man in Red’ with such diligence! She might have moved on, but her legacy was still here – a precious record that needed to be preserved and made available at all costs.

Following the service on the day of Betty's funeral Joan asked her friend's daughter if she might have the volume she had produced in conjunction with her mother as it was of considerable importance to her. Betty's daughter, a zealous member of a religious group, replied that she had read her mother's book, that it was the work of the devil, and that she had flung it into the back of the fire where it belonged, happy to have delivered an appropriate fate to such an evil object.

Joan had grieved over the loss of the book and the information it contained ever since that day. As she told me her story for the first time, an idea slowly formed in my mind and I began to wonder whether the information the book contained was truly lost. I was an experienced medium, after all, and it had always been my wish to provide mankind with something other than clairvoyant messages from family members; something lasting that could be accessed by future generations, which is why I had insisted on incorporating workshops and lectures into a work quota that had for many years heavily featured the intimate clairvoyant readings and public 'message' demonstrations people inevitably wished me to provide.

What if I could sit to re-contact and record communications from 'The Man in Red'? ...Why not? I wasn't a trance medium at that time (that ability would develop later

and would play a major part in the transmission of further books in the series) but I saw no reason why the communications could not be accessed clairvoyantly, with me listening to what the spirit had to say and passing on his message to someone else whilst in conscious control. It was as though someone was prompting me to consider this at that moment, and there and then I suggested to Joan that I was willing to put in the time to see if I could make it happen. Joan was most enthusiastic and said we should begin sitting together soon. I, however, had a definite feeling that instead of working with her on this project, as I would usually have done without question, I should this time sit with close friend and fellow spiritual seeker David, who had expressed a desire to join me in a meaningful spiritual endeavour for some time.

David was as enthusiastic about the possibility of bringing through something of real worth to people as I was and, despite our hectic individual work schedules at that time, schedules which would become ever more demanding as the months and years went by, we set aside an initial afternoon to see what would happen.

At the time David worked from an attic room. We climbed the little ladder into the roof space, set up a cassette tape recorder (how times have changed!), switched off the lights and withdrew from this world into the

peace of a meditation. I instantly became aware of someone drawing very close to me from the spiritual dimensions, a gentleman surrounded by a glowing aura of red energy who wished to speak, and so, having first prayed that all communication that might come to us that afternoon would arrive via Divine will and approval, I surrendered my senses to this spirit as much as I was able to and began to bring through a stream of information.

Twenty minutes later, exhausted, disorientated, but also exhilarated, I slowly returned my senses to this physical world, and David and I found we had successfully taped a first short 'bulletin from beyond', which David immediately copied to his computer, also burning it onto a couple of CDs so that we each had a copy. No way would the information be lost or destroyed this time around!

## Part V. The Solitary Path Ends

(Taken – abridged – from the introduction to [Many Voices, One Mission](#).)

I didn't believe in soul mates until I was fifty-one years old.

Nor did I acknowledge the concept of 'twin souls'.

Which just goes to prove that you're never too old to learn and that it's a good idea never to box in your thoughts...

Personal relationships, prior to 2006, had not been an area of my life in which I could, hand on heart, claim any measure of success or satisfaction. Quite the opposite, in fact! Over the years every one of them had ended rather rapidly and, as my work as a medium – able to see, hear, contact and converse with discarnate spirits from beyond this physical realm – grew and became ever more demanding of my time, I had decided that I was 'being told something' by Creation ...that being that my destiny, because of the all-embracing spiritual work I had agreed to undertake, was to walk the unusual life-path I had chosen alone. Besides, I reasoned, it was asking a lot – perhaps too much – of any female to share a life with someone who, rather than being focussed on money and status and all the 'usual considerations' of life, had decided to concentrate instead on the 'unseen' – the

spiritual – and was on a quest to discover, if it was at all possible, the meaning of existence and to uncover and understand the mechanics of mediumship, determining to somehow share any and all knowledge gained in these areas with other spiritual seekers. Indeed, reactions from the opposite sex upon being informed of my mediumship and goals ranged from complete and utter open-mouthed disbelief (often with a dash of contempt) ...to dangerously obsessive fascination (requesting predictions and messages to illuminate every minor twist and turn in their lives) ...to fear verging from mild alarm to wide-eyed, trembling terror.

As I would come to understand and appreciate later in my life, none of my early relationships were ever intended, in the greater scheme of things, to be long-lasting. Indeed, it would have been disastrous to the 'mission' that lay ahead for me and the communications that would eventually come through me via a trance-state connection with the ancient and highly evolved spirit communicator Joseph had any one of them proved to be so.

Ethel, an aunt on my mother's side (and mentioned in previous parts of this series), was an extremely psychic lady who, at a pivotal point in my spiritual development, had first introduced me to the concept of greater realities and had reassured me that I wasn't going mad in seeing the strange things I sometimes saw and in feeling the

strange sensations I sometimes felt ...but that I simply happened to be extremely psychic too. I remember chatting with her at a time when I was in the 'first date' stage of a relationship with a young lady and being shocked to hear her tell me in a somewhat agitated state that she had, throughout that day, psychically heard and sensed personalities from 'the other side' weeping and crying out as a result of my new romantic association. This was not in any way something a young man seeking companionship and a life partner wanted to hear, nor was it a reaction that made one jot of sense to me at the time. But, considering the gravitas of what it was hoped I would eventually choose to do with my life, such an extreme, symbolic gesture by the spirits who, if everything went according to plan, intended to work with me on the vitally important imperative that would become the Joseph Communications is perfectly understandable from the lofty perspective of hindsight. Had I settled down into a conventional lifestyle with its distracting financial and familial demands the Communications would never have happened and a mission that millions of souls had been working towards fulfilling – and, to our timescale, one that had taken

hundreds of years to set up in order to bring urgent, vital, life-changing information into this world at a crucial point in its history – would have failed (the young lady and I were soon to part, by the way, though not as a result of my aunt's observations).

My belief that I was meant to be alone had, by the time I had reached my aforementioned fifty-first year, become pretty much ingrained into my psyche, although for the four years prior to this I had been exchanging occasional friendly emails with and conducting spiritual readings for a girl called Jane, who had 'chanced' upon my business card in a spiritual book shop and had, as a consequence, requested that I conduct a reading for her. I had subsequently visited her home on a second occasion at her invitation, this time with the intention of moving into the Light the troubled, Earth-locked spirit of a young boy who had been unwittingly and systematically disturbing her sleep by waking her in the middle of the night and dimly making her aware of his presence and distress.

I'll hand the narrative over to Jane at this point so that she can tell you what happened in her own words...

## Part VI. A Ghost Story

(Taken – abridged – from the introduction to the book [Many Voices, One Mission.](#))

I'm handing over to Jane for Part Six of this series (I'll take up the story again next time):

One dark and stormy night in the winter of 2002 there was a knock at the door and there, standing on my doorstep, was a tall, dark, handsome man... (I suppose I had better rewind here to put you in the picture as this is both a “ghost story” that is rather close to home and also a romance, as it is the tale of how Michael and I met.)

'In my early twenties when I had first moved into my cottage, I was very relieved to find that it had a peaceful atmosphere with no sign of any discarnate presence – unlike my childhood home which had been haunted. The cottage was a bit of a “hovel” in need of restoration and for the first few years whilst saving up for this I was actually unaware of what was in the attic as it had been totally sealed off for some reason. During the renovation work the loft was opened up to make a bedroom and it was only after I started to sleep in that room that I began to experience the odd incident where I would wake up with a start in the middle of the night absolutely petrified at the sight of a grey, blob-like shadow coming

towards me and, with my heart pounding to bursting point, I would shout at it to leave me alone! Other times I would awaken suddenly in a terrible panic, not knowing where I was and with a feeling that I was suffocating. Not being prone to flights of fancy, I had always just shrugged these incidents off as imagination but by 2001 the nocturnal disturbances in that room became so frequent that it finally dawned on me that my own house might be haunted.

Around that time a work colleague, whose father had recently died, asked if I could recommend a medium for her to see in the hope that her father might communicate but, as I hadn't been to a spiritualist church for years, I was unable to help (I stopped attending as I had more than sufficient proof of survival and, not being a “message junkie”, I preferred to rely on my own intuition for guidance). However, one day shortly afterwards whilst Christmas shopping, I felt drawn to go into the spiritual book shop in my local town and there on the notice board was Michael Reccia's business card. I had found a medium that I could recommend to Lynne! I had seen Michael take the service at a nearby spiritualist church fifteen years earlier, and he had stood out in my memory as an exceptional medium because of the unique quality of his spiritual philosophy (little knowing then that



the earnest young man on the platform would one day be the love of my life).

Private sittings were subsequently arranged for Lynne, my friend Angela and myself – hence the knock at the door on that dark and stormy January night ...and the tall, dark, handsome man on my doorstep was, of course, Michael. (I have to tell you that at this point the story also has a farcical twist because, to my surprise, Michael was dressed identically to me. A fairly uncommon coincidence for a man and woman generally but even more remarkable when I tell you that our chosen “look” for the evening was black trousers with a hideous Rupert Bear-esque combination of red jumper and yellow shirt. What on Earth had possessed us? Or was it some cosmic joke signifying that one day we would become “twinning” in the same spiritual mission?)

Lynne and Angela had their readings first with Michael (and yes, Lynne’s father did come through) and then, amazingly, when my turn came, the very first thing Michael told me was that one of the rooms in the house was giving me trouble – the reason being that a little boy was “stuck” there. Apparently he had died of consumption as a toddler but hadn’t moved over to the Light because he was trapped in reliving the panic of his last moments. Michael went on to assure me that the little boy meant no harm and wasn’t even aware of my presence but that in my sleep-state I

was picking up his panic of being lost and dying and that grey shadow was his depressed aura. Michael told me that the child needed to be moved over and that I had to meditate and pray for this to happen but, if it didn’t clear up after a while, he would come back and sort it out.

Can you imagine after twenty years of living in a place to then discover that it was actually haunted? I was now in a situation where I was scared of being in my own home and the tricks of my imagination were far worse than any of the incidents had been. I certainly daren’t sleep in the attic room any more and so moved into the little bedroom downstairs. I did do the prescribed meditations and prayers for the little boy as Michael had instructed but, having little faith in my abilities on that score, after a couple of anxious weeks I telephoned Michael to ask if he could come back and check whether the boy had gone.

So, back Michael came (and this time I had put on a skirt and floral blouse as insurance against any repeat “style plagiarism”) and checked each room in the house. All were found to be clear until he came to the attic, where he could see a little boy in floods of tears by the fireplace. Michael spoke to him telling him to stop crying and asking him if he could see him – which the boy could. Then, having got his attention and calmed him down, Michael asked the boy if he could see the person

standing next to him, and at that point the little boy's face lit up at the sight of a spirit in beautiful Light who had appeared (presumably some relative that the boy recognised) and he took their hand and they both disappeared through the wall ...and that was that.

Michael advised me that there might be a residue of negative vibration for a while but it would lift, and he suggested that I keep the windows open for a few days. He thought the boy had been there for quite a while (perhaps two-hundred years) but explained that, although that is an eternity in our terms, for the boy it would only have seemed like a few moments because his perception would be of it just being "now". I wondered why someone from the spirit realms (such as his mother) hadn't come to rescue him before, but Michael explained that some souls become so trapped in their own negative thoughts on passing that they cannot see those who try to help them from the spirit realms because of the difference in energy frequencies. The boy, on the other hand, could see Michael because their

vibrations were both of the Earth plane, thus allowing Michael the opportunity to communicate with and distract the boy for long enough to break his thought pattern and get him to see the rescuing spirit.

That night I had to force myself to sleep in that room again – with the light on and my dog with me for "protection" – and I can't say I got much sleep because of the combination of me glancing around the room every two minutes checking for "ghosts" and Molly padding around the bed checking whether it was time for her breakfast. After a few weeks, however, my confidence was restored and I never had any trouble in that room again.

So, a very happy ending to what the uninitiated might consider to be a 'ghost story' ...as for the romance, we had to wait a further four years for the next instalment, as Michael will explain to you in the next part of this series/ Incidentally, several years ago the spirit of the little boy came through to Michael (but appearing as a young man this time) to thank us for releasing him.

## Part VII. A Love Story

(Taken – abridged – from the introduction to the book [Many Voices, One Mission.](#))

...Following the ‘rescue’ of the little boy, a procedure which (as Jane related in Part Six) at its thankfully happy conclusion saw him depart ‘through the bedroom wall’ for the next stage of his existence hand in hand with the loving, elevated spirit who had come to collect him, I remember sitting in my car outside her house thinking about my (strictly professional) encounter with this slim, beautiful blonde girl who had gazed into my eyes and feeling like I had been zapped by a bolt of energy – the likes of which I had never encountered before. I couldn’t think straight. I wasn’t sure what had happened, exactly. All I ‘knew’ was that if I was receiving romantic signals from Jane I couldn’t get involved because ‘God wanted me to concentrate on my mediumship’ and, as Joan, my spiritual mentor, had once so eloquently put it when I was bemoaning what appeared to be a permanent bachelor status and the seemingly inevitable disintegration of any romantic relationship I entered into ... instead of being in love with any one person, in order to carry out my spiritual work to maximum effect, I could always choose to ‘be in love with the whole world’. In any case... surely I was imagining things and reading signs that weren’t

actually there. Jane couldn’t actually be interested in me... could she?

As stated, however, following the encounter at her home she and I did keep in touch on a semi-regular, purely platonic basis. We would email each other on occasion, with Jane asking me spiritual questions and me sending updates as to my progress along with the responses to her queries. We sometimes bumped into each other, seemingly by ‘accident’, and she would attend my workshops and also visit my home for a clairvoyant reading every twelve months or so. At the conclusion of one such session, in what would ultimately prove to be a pivotal and life-changing moment for us both, I was, to say the least, rendered almost speechless when, as I was in the process of closing down my chakras (the body’s principal spiritual energy vortices, which open to allow spirit communication to take place) and bringing myself back to ‘everyday consciousness’, the spirit who had been working with me that evening to deliver the information and act as a go-between for the personalities who wished to contact Jane through me suddenly announced, ‘She loves you.’

‘What?’ I asked mentally. The gentleman in question, a trusted friend and co-worker from the higher side of life known to us by

the simple 'identification tag' of the Big Indian, and who, as a personality had, up until this point, consistently been 'all business' and (necessarily and quite correctly) strict, focussed and completely dedicated to the task at hand when working with me, fixed me with a poker-faced stare and repeated, 'She loves you.'

'Oh...' I replied mentally, more than a little nonplussed as I escorted Jane to the door (she, of course, being totally unaware of what had just been said to me).

Did I do anything about this staggering revelation? I did not ... at least not immediately. After all, I reasoned one more time: 'Divinity wants me to work for Him/Her and demands total dedication. It's not on the cards for me to be in a relationship.'

What the Big Indian had revealed was not, however, something I could simply shrug off as you can well imagine, and every so often I would think about that perspective-changing, three-word statement from him and drift away for a few moments into an uncharacteristic (for me) warm and fuzzy daydream.

Then, on a hot summer's morning in July 2006 which was set to alter both of our personal worlds – a full four years after we had first met and several months after the Big Indian's bombshell announcement – the receipt of an email from Jane which, as they

always did, indicated affection for and interest in me in her usual restrained and respectful way caused a curious catalytic reaction in my approach to her. I suddenly felt deeply saddened by the fact that I was still holding this very special and desirable woman at arm's length and that she must, after all this time, surely think by now that I had no feelings for her. Actually the truth was, as I finally and fully admitted to myself that day, I did. I was not being fair to her and it was time to let her know the truth.

I carefully composed an email telling her as much, agonising over every word as I typed and re-typed its contents. Finally satisfied that what I had written said just enough and not too much, my hand hovered hesitantly over the send button for what seemed like an age. Eventually I took a deep breath, threw caution to the wind and jabbed at the key, sending the revelations on their way, an action that resulted in me spending much of that day in a nervous, wide-eyed 'what on Earth have I gone and done?' state.

Actually what I had done proved to be exactly the right thing to do – both for us personally and for the spiritual work we were intended to undertake should all those metaphysical dots connecting us to a specific future join together as they were supposed to.

Jane replied to my message that afternoon expressing similar affections and

we met for our first date a week later. The rest, as they say, is history.

## Part VIII. Many Souls, Many Insights

(Taken – abridged – from the introduction to the book [Many Voices, One Mission](#)).

One day during our early ‘courtship’, whilst Jane and I were spending an evening together, the spirit we call ‘the Persian Gentleman’ appeared and talked to us as he often did, enlightening us as to some aspect of high spiritual truth which Jane hastily scribbled down to preserve his words as accurately as possible prior to writing them up. He then turned to me, gestured towards Jane and casually stated: ‘You’re twin souls’. ‘Oh’, I replied, much in the stunned tone I had used mentally when ‘the Big Indian’ had delivered his particular game-changer a few years earlier.

Much evidence was then presented by P.G. to reinforce this statement, but he wasn’t telling me anything I didn’t already know on a soul level. Consciously, however, this was something new. The concept of twin souls was one I had formerly dismissed in ignorance as a fanciful daydream. Now it was being presented as not only a fact and important facet of greater reality, but one which impacted on me personally. Despite trusting P.G. totally I determined to investigate and come to a conclusion about his statement for myself, via a series of heart-mind meditations and much literal soul

searching and reflection, undertaken repeatedly over an extended period of time, resulting in me arriving at the inevitable conclusion and deep knowing that Jane actually IS the other half of my soul – just as I am the other half of hers (one statement logically follows the other, after all 😊). We’ve been together before on Earth and have been together always in Infinity.

Little wonder, then, that from the moment we reconnected on a physical level things began to change and accelerate on a spiritual one. That reconnection was a ‘power point’ in advancing the Joseph mission, enabling an outpouring of spiritual energy that allowed the plan to create the right conditions to manifest the Joseph Communications on Earth to unfold and move forwards.

The spiritual consequences of Jane and myself becoming a couple instantly began to make their presence felt and gather momentum...

I had long been the recipient of addresses on a variety of spiritual subjects delivered by certain of the discarnate personalities who worked with me regularly – members of a ‘soul family’ I had known for many years. At the time Jane and I reconnected the initial chapters of Revelation, Joseph’s first book, had already

been received clairaudiently with me sitting for the Communications with friend and Band of Light member, David. When Jane and I became a couple, however, there was that sudden, intense burst of energy that instantly boosted my access to spiritual information and extended the amount of time during which I could connect to higher vibrations and sustain that connection.

For the first four years following our reconnection, souls would visit and interact with us almost daily, delivering a constant stream of in-depth spiritual insights – a phenomena we found extremely gratifying as each address would offer individual viewpoints, yes, but also proffer a bigger picture of practical advice and information that filled in the gaps concerning mankind's metaphysical roots and the ways in which we truly operate as the spirit beings we really are.

Jane would record the spiritual insights that came through... And come through they did ...at home ...on holiday ... watching television ...in bed ...visiting friends ...on the 'phone to each other ... walking – spirits, lectures and enlightenment at all times of day and night – anywhere and everywhere. And I'm not referring to personal messages for us but, rather, to information of vital importance to every soul on Earth ...communications we determined must eventually be made public.

Little did we know, as this spiritual input occupied so much of our early years together, that it was forming itself into a body of work that represented the shared observations and knowledge of a 'group soul consciousness' and was building a foundation from which the Joseph Communications would spring and continue to evolve.

What I mean by this is that the information, although expressed via the personal viewpoints of the many discarnate personalities involved, presented a completely cohesive, interlinked and comprehensive approach TO and explanation OF this life and the next. The 'lectures' also addressed such topics as Divinity, creation and spiritual capability, together with an examination of the human condition from a spiritual perspective – each new commentary complementing the texts that had previously been dictated to us.

There were no contradictions. For example, a spirit who had once lived a life on Earth as a monk and was, therefore, coming from a background in that life that had been coloured by religion, and another who had been a scientist, and was consequently operating through the inevitable partial filter of an academic viewpoint, plus many others from vastly different time periods and cultures in our history, were all united in sharing with us a single, timeless, unwavering truth. This information

supported totally the revelations Joseph regularly brought through to enlighten mankind and prompt us to rediscover our spiritual origins and understand why we and the Earth are as we are at this moment.

Shortly after Jane and I reconnected, the 'delivery system' for this information was further refined as I was taken into trance for the first time. This change to the way in which my mediumship manifested itself was something I had been given various 'heads up' about for months prior to it actually happening but was a state which, although I had agreed to it and confirmed that I would undertake the work, I was extremely wary of, mistakenly fearing a complete loss of personal awareness during the trance sessions. Would I return to my senses sound in mind and limb? Would I return at all?

In a surprise event engineered by my guides my fears were allayed as I was suddenly taken into trance for the first time, returned to Earthly consciousness, then instantly pulled back into trance again - firstly by 'Silver Star' then, immediately afterwards, by the Persian Gentleman - all this happening whilst returning in the car

from a seaside holiday with Jane (I wasn't behind the wheel, I hasten to add!). From that time onwards, and following a couple of public demonstrations to 'test the connection', 'hosted' by the Persian Gentleman on the first occasion and the Big Indian on the second, trance became the preferred method used to bring information through, particularly by Joseph, who, part way into delivering Illumination, switched from a clairaudient link to a 'takeover' of my mind and body, a method by which each of his books has been delivered since.

Neither of us realising at that time just how globe-spanning and life-changing Joseph's mission would become, and how much of our lives would need to be dedicated to it. Our spirit friends continued to talk to us in parallel with the compiling of the Communications - often through clairvoyant and clairaudient links, though also by sometimes 'dropping in' to speak at the conclusion of a Joseph session whilst I was still in trance - building up a picture of how souls should ideally be living their lives here and explaining how we function and what we are capable of achieving as spiritual beings wearing the illusion of flesh.



## Part IX. The Band of Light is Completed

We've reached the point on 'The Road to Joseph' at which I'd known and worked with David for some years and had also 'reconnected' with Jane, the other half of my soul. It now only remained for our close friend and extremely pro-active fourth member of the Band of Light – Tony – to appear...

...A highly successful textile industry specialist and businessman, Tony had, sometime prior to us meeting, sold a company for a considerable sum, and couldn't understand why, having access to virtually anything he could desire materially, he felt so empty inside. The sale hadn't brought the satisfaction he'd expected, and his thoughts were increasingly at odds with his former approach to life. He was only paying lip service to the contentment he should have felt. So pressing was this out-of-step feeling with the rest of the world that he decided to embark on a journey of spiritual growth, which would see him discover perspectives that were radically different to those he had held in younger life, and would ultimately cause him to create the Sanctuary Of Healing in Lancashire, UK.

The Sanctuary is an amazing spiritual centre whose doors are open to souls seeking benefit from complementary, non-

invasive methods of healing. It is also the heart of the World Meditation Alliance with participation in the weekly sessions being offered to all those across the globe wishing to actively and spiritually transform our world by streaming specific frequencies – 'Angelic Intentions' – and Light-energy into society and the planet.

Our connection with Tony began when a friend of his, who had read Joseph's first book Revelation left a copy in his car for him. At the time Tony thought the unexplained appearance of the book was a supernatural event, only later discovering it had reached him by far more material means. He took the copy home and spent much of one night reading it in bed, amazed by its contents and delighted to discover its 'authors' were not only based in the same county but, relatively speaking, were 'just down the road' from him.

In February, 2009 Tony contacted Jane, David and myself and invited us to visit the Sanctuary. From that point onwards, and at Tony's suggestion and invitation, we decided to hold a series of Joseph trance demonstrations at the Sanctuary and other locations, with the intention of introducing Joseph to audiences, inviting those audiences to interact with Joseph and ask him questions, and with a view to proving to

the public that Joseph was real and that we were not simply making up the contents of the books in a closed room somewhere.

Tony's unique vision, drive and energy provided the physical platform from which Joseph could springboard into public consciousness via the Sanctuary's meeting rooms, and he constantly gave essential encouragement, support and advice that would enable further books to be published, our global advertising campaigns to be undertaken, and the Joseph Communications message to reach increasing numbers of souls across the globe.

Today Tony and I work very closely together in a number of ways – from the filming of monthly Soul Group Messages trance sessions, which allow informative and enlightening perspectives from members of Joseph's Soul Group to be made publicly (and freely) available (see elsewhere on this site), to the co-ordination and expansion of the World Meditation Alliance, which aims to link thousands of meditators together globally each week in order to introduce Light energy and a spiritual perspective into our world, working with specific 'Angelic Intention' frequencies, details of which are regularly delivered to us by 'The Persian Gentleman' then distributed to all WMA members.

## Part X. Taking Joseph on the Road

(Some of the following text is taken, abridged, from the introduction to Joseph's book [Trance Mission](#).)

The Band of Light, having connected, harmonised and agreed upon a 'plan of action', needed to do one more thing in order to launch Joseph and his soul group's message out into the world – and that was to introduce him to 'his public'.

We therefore decided, with Joseph's approval, to organise a number of public trance demonstrations, many of which would take place at the Sanctuary of Healing, so that the source and authenticity of his message could be viewed and examined up close. This was not a decision that was taken lightly, as trance mediumship is a challenging undertaking for me even in ideal conditions, and to submit myself to unknown audiences, a small percentage of whom might be aggressive or hostile or wish to see us fail, or who might break the link through forgetting to turn off their mobile phones or by unwrapping sweets whilst I was in trance (both these things happened – the latter regularly – but, fortunately, Joseph was always able to maintain the connection) was not a prospect I relished. Joseph, however, needed to be witnessed publicly so that the word could spread, and so that we would have the authenticity of his

sessions on record to add weight to the book material which had been generated as a result of us meeting regularly in private, controlled conditions.

...And so we took Joseph 'on the road'.

Those evenings were daunting for me. If held at the Sanctuary I would wait alone and nervous in one of Tony's consulting rooms or in his office as everyone arrived. Invariably, and despite detailed instructions as to what was expected on the night being given to all attendees by Jane, some individuals would arrive late, prolonging my agony. Then, at last, the voices from the meeting room would become silent, Jane would come down the corridor to collect me and I would walk back with her into a now-hushed room, filled with people, sit down as Michael, and then...

...Joseph would stand up.

My legs would be locked into position and I would stay rooted to the spot, motionless from the waist down, for anything up to an hour and three quarters as I vacated my body and mind and Joseph moved in, opening with a little address, then inviting questions from the audience and answering them with his usual fact and information-packed eloquence and gentle humour.

At the end of each session Joseph, having invariably overrun my physical frame and mind to the point of complete exhaustion, would reluctantly vacate my body and I would be drawn back into it, my first returning sensation being extreme pain in both legs. I would subsequently, following a few seated moments to allow me to literally gather my senses and take a few sips of water, hobble off through the silent audience back to the consulting room, where a tray of sandwiches and a piece of chocolate cake would be waiting for me, courtesy of Tony. These I would devour like a man who hadn't seen food for a week, bolting everything down without really tasting it in a frantic, almost instinctive quest to reacquire some physical and mental energy. On one occasion I remember peering into the mirror in my post-trace state, unable to recognise what I was seeing. On another I simply wanted to crouch in a foetal position behind the examination table in the room, shut my eyes and hide until I felt better... I might have been back in my body but I was definitely not myself. Following each demonstration it would take me at least a week to fully recover my wits and my energies – but the ultimate outcome would be the same – Joseph would have filled in some further blanks in our spiritual knowledge and his presence whilst doing so would be on record.

We held a demonstration in Ireland, where a very dark conference room in a hotel, completely devoid of spiritual energy, was quickly transformed into a chamber of light and power for the duration of the communication by our guides; and also in various other UK locations, at one of which the overhead lights were extinguished in a burst of high-pitched noise by the Field, and the transformer on our camcorder was fried, cutting short our visual recording. Our final public demonstration, back at the Sanctuary, and whilst not affecting the communication, was the subject of attack by negative forces, the consequences of which had a debilitating effect on us all for some weeks – Joseph was, after all, making available liberating spiritual knowledge that the world as it is did not want to 'go public'. Such were the effects of that final demonstration that we decided the public communications were becoming too dangerous for us all and for me in particular, and that we would, from that point onwards, continue to bring through Joseph's observations in private only, lest my health suffer too much.

By that stage we did, however, have a comprehensive visual and aural record of Joseph's twelve public appearances. Inevitably, certain queries were raised more than once across the demonstrations, with members of the congregation at different locations and gatherings wanting in particular to understand more about 'the Field' and 'the Fall'. In addressing these

questions Joseph, however, always wove further enlightening information into his answers. He disclosed something new and deeply thought-provoking in each session,

even on those occasions where variations of questions that have been addressed in earlier communications had been asked again.

## Part XI. Never Say Never

My spiritual mentor Joan used to say: 'Once you set your feet on the spiritual path you can never take them off.'

How very true. Having brought through eight books from Joseph and members of his soul group and made them available worldwide in various formats, having taken Joseph 'on the road', having held numerous 'evenings with' and posted Joseph quotes daily on Facebook and discussed Joseph at length with Tony on Youtube there was actually a short period (I think it was precisely one hour, seventeen minutes and twenty-three seconds) when, apart from continuing to get the message out to as many souls globally as possible, we dared to think: 'Our work here is pretty much done. Perhaps we can take things a little easier.'

However, in the years since they were first published, it has become increasingly apparent that Joseph's books are a precise prophesy of what is currently happening on Earth, delivered well before our current challenges but knowing full well that they were about to manifest. They also explain the way out of current difficulties and are a manual for spiritually transforming current conditions if we are resolute enough and heart-minded enough to do so.

I had vowed never to go into trance again and to spend the remainder of my life

promoting the Joseph information already in the world. ...'Been there. Done that. Got the etheric T-shirt', as it were. ...But hang on, Michael.... Everything Joseph detailed in his books as about to happen on Earth is now happening, so his message and that of the soul group is a vital, guiding beacon of Light and hope at this pivotal time.

I began to sense an increasing urgency from the soul group, a growing background request that they be allowed to say more through me, and that we film these connections so they reach as many people as possible and offer a spiritual perspective in a world gone mad (hopefully temporarily). And so, having said 'never again!' to the rigours of trance, I have found myself, over what is now almost a year at the time of writing this, acting as a conduit for further insights from Joseph and the soul group on behalf of us all.

Jane, myself, Tony and David have vowed to keep on keeping on for as long as we possibly can because, having each experienced various eye- and soul-opening 'red pill moments' during our lives, we feel it is our duty to invite as many souls as possible to consider choosing the red pill option for themselves – while there is still time to do so.

The future of humanity and that of our children and our grandchildren – the kind of world they will live in, the kind of life they will experience – rests with each of us today. What we decide to create via our thoughts and beliefs at this time is vitally important. A determination to share the right kind of spiritual input and understanding with this world is needed, together with a resolve and a willingness to think, reason and act only from the heart.

Ultimately, the spiritual perspective that Joseph and his soul group urge us to urgently consider adopting is the essential ingredient that will determine, for all those who come here after us, the exact shape that this world's future will take.

The red pill of spiritual awakening is being offered to every soul on Earth at the moment. We will continue to work to encourage as many people as we can to choose to take it.

**Discover more at:**

**[www.thejosephcommunications.co.uk](http://www.thejosephcommunications.co.uk)**