

# THEY COME BECAUSE THEY LOVE YOU

Contributed by Carolyn  
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I always feel honoured when someone who has never seen a medium seeks me out. I know that person has spent time looking for a Toronto psychic &ndash; perhaps by combing through websites, or perusing ads in <it>Vitality</it>, or even listening to recommendations from a friend. So, consequently, I want to do my best for this individual. (As I do for all my clients!) But recently, I was saddened by something a young woman said after a very evidential reading involving her mother who had passed into spirit: &ldquo;Well, why didn&rsquo;t she tell me that she loved me?&rdquo;

Actually, I get this question a lot: It happened once when I brought across a husband who had passed; I described him down to the holes in the knees of the dungarees he wore when working in the garden, and he gave his wife several wonderful messages. Then there was the young man who had died in hospital, who came to tell his mother and father that his lungs no longer hurt and he was fine now. I&rsquo;ve even heard from pets that thanked their former owners for getting them a favourite chew toy, and wanted their owners to know that they&rsquo;re happily waiting to play again with their favourite humans on the other side.

These readings often leave clients very moved. They are happy to hear from absent friends and loved ones. But for some people, evidence and encouraging words are fine, but they feel they are missing an important last piece of information. And so they turn to me with a look of disappointment and say something like, &ldquo;He/she didn&rsquo;t tell me that he still loved me.&rdquo;

And I reply, in a gentle voice: &ldquo;She came because she loves you.&rdquo;

That&rsquo;s what I told the young woman who was so thrilled to hear from her mother, yet so disappointed not to hear the words &ldquo;I love you.&rdquo; During the reading, I felt that her need to hear this, but I also knew I could not put words into spirit&rsquo;s mouth. I&rsquo;ve never done that, and never will. The truth may be painful to hear, but lies are always damaging.

Of course, there are times when a client wishes to hear from, say, Uncle Ed, and Uncle Ed doesn&rsquo;t come through. Or he <it>kinda</it> comes through. Uncle Ed may present himself to me, but stands way behind me with his arms crossed over his chest and a belligerent look on his face. Why? Well, if Uncle Ed didn&rsquo;t like you on the Earth plane &ndash; or you couldn&rsquo;t stand him &ndash; why would he cotton to you now? Or perhaps Uncle Ed has always been a sourpuss. When this happens, the best I can do is ask my client, &ldquo;Is there anyone else you&rsquo;d like to hear from?&rdquo; And more times than not, Uncle Ed will take a few steps away but still hang around, sticking to his guns, giving his silent version of &ldquo;Nyaa-nyaa&rdquo; from the spirit world.

I&rsquo;ll never forget Bob&rsquo;s (not his real name) emotional visit; it was the young man&rsquo;s first time seeing a medium, and he was very nervous. His appointment was on the first anniversary of his mother&rsquo;s passing, and Bob was heartened when she came through. But then Bob&rsquo;s father wanted to speak with him. Bob tensed in the chair, and his hands tightened around the arm rests. &ldquo;No,&rdquo; he muttered, &ldquo;I don&rsquo;t know.&rdquo; But Bob&rsquo;s father urged me on: He had come to apologize. When he was alive, Bob&rsquo;s father couldn&rsquo;t accept his son&rsquo;s homosexuality, and banished him from the house. But in spirit, the man now understood his son&rsquo;s lifestyle, and was proud of his son&rsquo;s courage to be different. He wanted to make peace with his child. Though Bob initially resisted his father&rsquo;s presence, he listened to the healing message with tears in his eyes.

After the session, Bob was shaken, yet mystified. To answer his questioning look, I gently said, &ldquo;He came because he loves you.&rdquo;

If you have any questions or comments on this subject or any other spiritual matter, please write me at [mail@carolynmolnar.com](mailto:mail@carolynmolnar.com). And please visit me again!