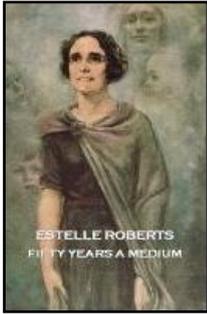


Conscious spirituality in search of truth...



ESTELLE ROBERTS: “FIFTY YEARS A MEDIUM”

Mediumship in the 20th century was an engaging, spiritually rewarding, experience for both mediums and those attending seances, circle sittings, or large public gatherings. Estelle Roberts was a highly gifted and renowned medium who had a remarkable success in communications with the etheric or spirit worlds. Red Cloud, a spirit from these realms worked with Roberts for many, many years. Roberts legacy as detailed in her book “Fifty Years a Medium” is deeply rich in spiritualistic mediumship.

She shares this mediumship with many other gifted mediums including Maurice Barbanell, Doris Stokes, Leslie Flint and others. In one public appearance Roberts gave at the Royal Albert Hall in London was completely packed out. At her private seance sittings, there were numerous occasions where “apports” [gifts and object produced by spirit guides] were received by sitters. Michael Flagg author of ‘Spiritual Light,’ “The Universal Spiritual Brother&Sisterhood, USB” was fortunate to have private sittings with Roberts in 1956-57. My wife and I have both previously sat in seance circles in Sydney, Australia. We have also been fortunate (independently) to have received apports from the spirit realms. To highlight Roberts work on apports and materialisations, an extract from Chapter five of “Fifty Years a Medium” follows.

—Philip Crouch, Tasmania, 2020

ESTELLE ROBERTS: “FIFTY YEARS A MEDIUM” BACKGROUND

“The book is packed with personal anecdote. Descriptions of mass meetings at the Royal Albert Hall interchange with those of intimate private sittings. It deals at length with clairvoyance, clairaudience and psychometry; with healing and with the laying of ‘ghosts’. Of particular interest are the descriptions of direct voice seances and their resulting communications with departed spirits.”

—Cited: Spiritualist National Union, shop

ESTELLE ROBERTS: CH: 8 – MATERIALIZATION AND APPORTS

[P: 91] DIRECT VOICE CIRCLE

‘While I was living at Teddington we arranged a special direct voice sitting in appreciation of the long service given to the circle by one of our members. It was an important occasion to each one of us as the sitting had been organized in collaboration with Red Cloud [spirit guide] and we had reason to believe he might show himself. **Our circle comprised nine people, all of considerable psychic experience.**

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The proceedings began with the trumpet becoming most lively, circling the sitters and touching first one and then another. This was followed by an animated conversation lasting some minutes between one of our member and the spirit voice of her father.

Then the trumpet returned to the center of the circle where it remained still, its spots of luminous paint glowing in the darkness. Silence followed, a heavy expectant silence as if everyone knew that what had just passed had been no more than the prelude to the more serious business of the evening. **"Ectoplasm, look at it!"** somebody exclaimed, and all eyes turned to a billowing cloud that was becoming slowly more visible as it grew in volume. All watched as the ectoplasm writhed in the still air and slowly brightened. "There's a face in it," one of the sitters said quietly. "Does anyone recognize the face?" "It's Donald," said his mother. "He was a doctor once before, he heals with Red Cloud now."

[P: 92] TRUMPET

As mysteriously as it had come the face faded and was seen no more. The trumpet came suddenly to life again. It darted swiftly about the room, accompanied by two luminous plaques, and for the first time that evening we heard Red Cloud speak.

"Give me the torch," he said. "Hold it out that I may take it from you." The torch he referred to was an ordinary pocket flashlight, its glass shielded by red cotton material, which I sometimes used in the course of a séance. Iris reached across to pick it up, and held it out at arms length. The next instant it was high over the heads of the circle, flashing on and off as though being tested. Then it switched on, and stayed on. Slowly it moved across the room to where ectoplasm hovered in mid-air and shone its little red light where the cloud was thickest. **Again a face appeared, but not the same face. This time it was the strong, cleanly-etched features of Red Cloud.**

The materialization remained there clearly visible to all for about fifteen seconds. Then, as the first face had done, it faded. The red flashlight snapped off and the room was again in complete darkness except for the glow from the trumpet and plaques as they followed their apparently aimless courses between floor and ceiling. But all was not over. Eschewing the use of the trumpet, Red Cloud's voice again filled the room.

"I have something for all of you," he said. During the next two minutes he presented each sitter with a jewel, varying in size from tiny little brilliants to hexagonally cut pieces of onyx and jet measuring an inch-and-a quarter in length. Gifts such as these are known as "apports."



They are highly treasured by those lucky enough to receive them, and were especially cherished on the present occasion as mementos of a particularly memorable evening. Two or three years later at the House of Red Cloud, my guide again materialized in the presence of some twenty people. The séance began when I entered a small cabinet raised a few inches from the floor and having a curtain across its front.

I took a red electric torch into the box with me, and as soon as I was seated the lights in the séance room were extinguished. It was not long before Red Cloud was controlling me in deep trance and all heard him speaking in his characteristic voice. For a full description of what occurred I am indebted to Maurice Barbanell, who was present and who wrote this account in the *Psychic News*:

[P: 93] AN APPORT

"I had a present from a spirit last week. Nearly twenty others had presents also. Those who know very little of Spiritualism will read these words and smile. **But this is not the first apport I have received. Some years ago, at a direct voice séance, Red Cloud promised to bring me an apport.** Last week, he redeemed the promise at his Wimbledon center. The occasion was rather a special one.

Once a year, Red Cloud holds a séance for the benefit of those who are closely associated with him. It is a sort of annual reunion - almost a party in fact. He had previously asked for two luminous plaques and a red torch to be brought in to the séance room, so we knew there were going to be materializations. **The séance was an evening of laughter and joking.** It was not doleful and weird, as our opponents think sittings usually are. Red Cloud insisted on bright conversation.

Tenseness would ruin everything he told us right at the beginning, when he spoke through his entranced medium, who sat inside a hastily improvised cabinet. This was made of four pieces of wood with some curtains draped over the front. It stood about five feet in height. 'Wendy's house,' Estelle's daughter laughingly called it. They insisted that I should examine the cabinet and the room, so that I could say I had done so. It did not take long for the materialization to begin. The two luminous plaques were lifted by invisible hands from the floor. Soon there could be seen between them the silhouette of a face. **It was Red Cloud. 'John,' he said, calling me by the nickname he gave me years ago, 'come forward.'** I felt my seat and stood within three or four inches of the cabinet opening.



[P: 94] PHYSICAL SENSATION - HAIR

' Give me your hand,' I was told. A masculine hand -certainly not that of Estelle - grasped mine. 'Feel my hair!' said Red Cloud. I did so. It was long and silky and reached almost to where his shoulders would be.

This was extraordinary, because Estelle's hair is crisp and wiry and inclined to be crinkly. **Standing so close to him, I could see the beard on his fine, oval face. When I told him, he asked me to feel that also. I did. It was a short beard, soft and silky in texture.** ' It is very soft hair,' I said. One other person had this privilege, Mrs. Constance Treloar, who felt Red Cloud's hair and beard. This is known as bearding the guides,' I said jokingly. Red Cloud laughed.

At least six times I left my seat and stood very close to the materialized form of Red Cloud. Twice, to show himself as clearly as he could, he arranged for the light of the red torch to be focused on his face. It was a handsome face, with eloquent eyes. I could see the ectoplasm which was draped round his figure. His height I judged to be several inches taller than that of his medium.

Here was a 'miracle' - a materialization of a 'dead' man who could move and speak who had life and volition. Incidentally, the voice that came through his moving lips was a little softer than I have usually heard it, but it was undoubtedly the voice of Red Cloud as I have often heard it through his entranced medium and through the trumpet at his direct voice séances.

Then the guide invited all the sitters to file past the cabinet so that they could see his face. He held the two luminous plaques quite still for almost two minutes, as far as I could judge, while, one by one, the sitters went to the cabinet and filed past. Shortly afterwards, we all saw an extraordinary spectacle. The curtains of the cabinet were slowly parted. At one end, there stood a materialized figure, holding the red torch which illuminated another materialization, dazzling white in appearance. To me, the illuminated figure seemed to be seated.

[P: 95] STRIKING PART OF MATERIALIZATION

The most striking part of the materialization was the fact that in the center of the forehead there was a bright, scintillating jewel. After that came the apports. We saw, by the two luminous spots painted on the trumpet, that it was moving. It tap tapped on the ground. Soon we heard a rattling sound inside it. ' This is for John; hold out your hand, Rachel,' said Red Cloud, addressing Constance Treloar - Rachel is the name that he has given her. **When she did so, the apport fell into it. She passed it to me. I could feel it was a jewel of some kind.**

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This process was repeated again and again until everyone in the séance room had received a gift from Red Cloud. It was always the same procedure - the trumpet tapped on the floor, there was the rattling sound and then the apport shot into Rachel's hand. 'Where do they come from?' I asked Red Cloud. Laughingly, he replied, 'The Land of Anywhere.' Red Cloud says that nature spirits help him to produce the apports.

The trouble is that, once they have them in their possession, they are reluctant to let them go, and they have to be cajoled. All the time these apports were being produced, Red Cloud was jesting, laughing in his characteristic way, treating it all as a huge joke. When the lights were switched on, flowers which had been placed on the top of the cabinet and just in front of it were found all round the room, some of them on the laps of sitters. Just where I sat, there had been put a small bunch of violets. **We all examined our gifts. Mine was a beautifully cut amethyst.** One or two had sapphires, while others had aquamarines. One had a small cross - I noticed it was hallmarked 'Sterling silver' - another had an Eastern charm.



Suggested resources:

Fifty Years A Medium,

<https://nasm.org.au/pdf/FIFTYYEARSAMEDIUMbyEstelleRoberts.pdf>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nSbaq5c3ril>

Book: <https://www.snu.org.uk/shop/estelle-roberts-fifty-years-a-medium>

Leslie Flint Education Trust,

<https://www.leslieflint.com/who-is-leslie-flint>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QDI9KENwjnk&feature=emb_logo

'Voices in the Dark - My Life as a Medium', by Leslie Flint Paperback - 221 pages

ISBN: 978-0947823481

<https://www.leslieflint.com/books>

Maurice Barbanell

<https://www.spiritualtruthfoundation.org/Barbanell-silver-birch/>

Doris Stokes <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6BiXGe2Bc-Q>

Maurice Barbanell,

<https://www.spiritualtruthfoundation.org/barbanell-silver-birch/>

[Medium Chico Xavier predictions unfold2019,](#)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4JxukHvGVzE>

Bill Rowan, NSW, cited in: A Souls Learning by Ria Lizzikam:

<https://books.google.com.au/books?id=P8cSv1mdL1oC&printsec=frontcover#v=onepage&q=Bill%20Rowan&f=false>

The Universal Spiritual Brother&Sisterhood, USB, *Spiritual Light Teachings*,

www.theusb.org

