

**THE LIFE OF A
SPIRITUALIST
MEDIUM, PP. 8-108**

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The Life of a Spiritualist Medium, pp. 8-108 by Laura F. Share

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LAURA F. SHARE

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THE LIFE OF A SPIRITUALIST MEDIUM

Written by Herself

A most interesting Autobiography abounding with strange and marvelous Psychic Phenomena illustrating Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Clairsentience, Healing by Spirit Power, Prophecy and the Rescue of Spirits in Darkness, etc., etc.

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Left
Mrs. H. H. Higbee
1/7/54

FOREWORD

I greet you, dear reader, with a heart full of love for all that breathes and moves and has a being.

1-27-54 MFF
The following pages, I ask you to read with an open mind. The first and second sections give a correct history of my parents, describing hereditary and prenatal tendencies and early environments, all of which led to the development of noble characters.

I have gone into the privacy of their home life, shown the dissensions their opposite viewpoints made unavoidable, overcome at last and always by the parental instinct.

My object in doing this, is to give the people who read about the demonstrations given through mediumship and find some other cause than spirit power to account for the phenomena, (which all people today admit does occur), an easy way of studying my progenitors, prenatal tendencies and early environments.

It was a family trait to keep a daily diary. Three times during my recollections these family histories were re-written, as ink faded, so you see I have not had to tax my memory or imagination, and if a link was missing I only had to trust, wait, and be still until some of my loved family swung in the door and gave it to me in the same dear voice time and eternity cannot change.

The third and last section gives the life history of one of the pioneer spiritualist mediums, born about the time when this great revelation was destined to come to the people of this earth.

There are few of us active in our physical bodies today. Our mission robbed death of its sting and the grave of its victory. "Hark from the tomb the doleful sound," the black crepe on the door, have all given way to the white casket, beautiful flowers and words of comfort to the loved ones left in the home for a time, and the assurance that they shall see them face to face and be with them forevermore.

dearly, were losing their influence over him. She could not persuade him to return to Holland, nor would he leave the city where he began to invest his money, an easy bait for the sharks lying in wait for just such men as he.

Investment after investment failed, bank accounts grew less. The husband grew morose and reckless, drinking heavier after each failure.

Twin boys were born, the mother recovered slowly, but the helpless babies appealed to her and she bravely took up her burdens.

But there came a time when this selfish, drink-crazed man sobered up, faced facts, and owned himself a failure, as he thought of the once beautiful girl who had left loving friends and a life of luxury to help him, her hero, build a name and fortune in this new country. She was now aged and heartbroken, six helpless children clinging to her in their fear of the father who had grown brutish through drink.

Only a few hundred dollars stood between his family and want. In his despair he turned to his wife for help and found it.

A small farm with livable house, stables, necessary implements, team of horses, a few head of stock, and plenty of uncut wood, was brought to his notice by the old minister of the little church around the corner, where his wife had found strength and comfort all these weary years, and had raised her children in the fear of the Lord. Grandfather bought the farm.

In the fall of 1827 this once proud, educated couple moved into the simple home in the western part of Pennsylvania with six children and a few hundred dollars in pocket.

Grandfather proved his reformation was complete, but his years of dissipation had made an old man of him. He could not come back.

The country doctor was called soon after the family moved to the farm to attend to my grandmother, when for the second time during her married life her physical debility failed to clothe with mortal body the spirit children, who, though never cradled in mother's loving arms, will be the first to welcome her when she crosses the great divide.

The good old doctor, after getting grandfather's history, advised him to take "Rock and Rye," saying it would

put him in condition to get a living for his family out of the soil. Grandfather did try the "Rock and Rye;" it worked like magic, his old vim and strength came back, he could follow the plow or swing the axe all day and come home whistling with a big appetite for supper. He slept well, grew kind and loving to wife and children.

I doubt if a more thankful family gathered around a Christmas feast than bowed their heads in that low ceiled kitchen, while the mother in trembling voice thanked God for all His mercies and for the simple food in such abundance before them.

When the crops were taken care of the next fall, grandfather signed a contract to haul one hundred cords of four-foot wood to a factory five miles from home. True to his determination to use the "Rock and Rye" only for medicine, grandfather insisted that his wife keep the bottle under lock and key and administer the dose to him twice a day. This she did.

December 30th, my father's fourteenth birthday, grandfather kissed the sleeping children, embraced his wife, and said to Jacob, his oldest and best loved child, "Be father's helper just this winter, take care of mother and the children while I must be away, and next spring you shall have a chance to go away to school and make us all glad by becoming a minister of the gospel." Then he climbed onto the load, took up the lines and waved good-bye. The mother and son stood, hands clasped, watching him go out of sight around the bend of the road, listening to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" as they floated back to them on the frosty air, accompanied by the song of the sleigh runners and the creak of the frost coated wood.

That birthday was one my father never forgot. He stood silently by his mother's side some time for he knew she was giving praise to God. At last the cold wind warned him to take her into the house where they were greeted by the waking children. A merry hour was spent in washing little faces, curling golden locks, and braiding dark tresses. At last all were seated at the table, heads were bowed and grandmother once again gave her children into the Lord's keeping.

As the children ate, mother molded the bread dough into loaves and Jacob took the milk pails and went to the stable.

Would I could insert here a picture of this young hero. Jacob was a typical Holland Dutch boy, large for his age, a strong, squarely built frame, big head, mass of light colored hair, large ears ornamented with gold hoop rings. Measles had left his eyes weak and his mother knew of but one remedy: pierce the ears and wear gold rings. (My father wore those rings until I was twelve years old.)

Jacob was slow of speech and movement and while he never shirked a duty, and no task was too menial for him to do or labor too hard if necessary for those he loved, he disliked work. He had a high sense of honor, was very truthful, analytical, a natural doubter of anything he could not prove, good to weak creatures and passionately fond of children.

To an ordinary observer, Jacob, as he leaned over the bars, watching the cows eat their warm bran mash, would have been called a commonplace boy, but, as he raised his head and looked out over the landscape with those big blue eyes that so easily expressed love and hope, scorn or anger, and began the labor of another day, more fitted to the strength of a man than a boy of fourteen, a reader of character would have said: the making of a real man lies in that youth.

A heavy shadow had hung over this loving mother for months. She knew her son Jacob would never consent to becoming a minister of the Gospel. He had not pained her by open rebellion, but she knew it was his love for her that made him go to church, learn long Bible lessons, bow his head when she thanked God for the salt they ate on their potatoes—not his submission to the heavy cross laid upon her family. Added to this grief, she knew her husband had fallen from Grace. She felt she must reconcile these two loved ones to God before it was too late, or they would be lost.

My Grandmother lived over eighty years in her earth body but never changed her belief.

Jacob knew the day was soon coming when he must assert himself, and for the first time, refuse to be guided by the wishes of his parents.

As the day drew to a close he swung the axe to his shoulder, took his tin dinner pail and started for home. Looking about him at the little farm so in need of thorough tilling, the house with its leaking roof; the children who

must be fed, clothed and educated; his dear mother so broken in health and spirits, imploring God on her knees to keep His smile turned towards her loved ones when she should be sleeping; his father, whom he worshipped, who had gone astray and nearly wrecked his once happy home, because the same God had allowed conditions to exist that were stronger than his father, and by his boyish reasoning, must have been stronger than God, for at the time when his father began his downward course he was a member of the church and a child of God; Jacob reasoned out in his own way that, it was not Godly ministers to preach on Sundays that the world needed, but good men and women to work seven days in the week to make the world a safe place for weak mortals to live in. Jacob never got beyond this point in studying over the problem.

Jacob's fourteenth birthday drew to a close, dusk settled down over the low gabels, the Bible lesson was read, the evening hymn sung and children put to bed with a "Now I lay me" on their lips, but father had not come.

Mother's hands trembled as she took up the darning basket and drew the tallow candle closer. She was not surprised when she saw Jacob open the kitchen door, the lighted tin lantern in his hand; she hastened to him, he kissed her forehead and said "Don't worry Mother, I am going to find Father."

Less than a mile from the house Jacob found his father's lifeless form on the frozen ground as it had fallen from the wood rack. A broken whisky bottle in his hand told the story. He unhitched Old Poll and rode her at top speed three miles to the nearest neighbor. Warm hearts and willing hands responded at once.

Jacob stood by, speechless with grief, while friends and neighbors, from near and far, came to help the frail widow and her fatherless children. Death was not a daily visitor in that rural district; this sad case appealed to the hearts of all within a day's ride of the little farm. Sympathy and service were offered by all and as freely accepted.

The sad rites were over. Quiet prevailed after the excitement of the past five days. The widow seemed little changed, a shade paler, more tender to the children. Jacob knew his mother was constantly seeking help from her Lord to reconcile her to the fact that her first love, father of her children, had not died and gone from her for a