



EXTRAORDINARY
THINGS
HAPPEN TO
ORDINARY
PEOPLE

THE AMAZING LIFE OF A PSYCHIC

CHRIS GUYON

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PEOPLE**

The Amazing Life of a Psychic

By
Chris Guyon

Publisher Information

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Dedication

*To my daughters Rebecca and Cassandra,
two of the most beautiful souls I know.*

Acknowledgements

I thank my parents Eileen and Bruce Allan for their loving encouragement throughout my life, and my 'soul sisters' Maggie Stanley and Pat Veck, always there for me through thick and thin.

My deepest thanks are for my soul mate and husband Tony, who recognised something special in me at the tender age of fifteen. He may not have always understood or agreed with what I did, but his love and support gave me the courage to explore the unknown.

I am grateful to my angels and guides who nudged me into writing down my experiences, and to my publisher Nigel Peace at Local Legend for all his help in making the book what it is today.

About This Book

Sometimes we all feel that we are just faces in a crowd.

Ordinary people. Nothing special.

We'll never be celebrities or prodigies, nor rich and famous.

But Chris Guyon teaches us that everyone is special,

for we are spiritual beings with wonderful minds
that can reach out for and touch the truly extraordinary.

By paying attention to the inner voice and opening our hearts
to the spirit world, we invite memories of past lives, the
development of psychic and healing gifts, and the protection of
angels.

This is the inspiring story of Chris Guyon's amazing life.

Introduction

One night I had a strange dream - well, I was taken out of it by an angel, who showed me to a room. The angel stood at the back to my right. In the middle of this small room was an oblong table with a chair facing it and sitting on the other side of the table were three beings in long white robes. They nodded for me to sit in the chair facing them. I did so and the one in the middle leaned forward and said, "You have cancer."

My first response was, "Please don't let it be the pancreas" as I was aware that this was a very painful way to die. The being shook his head and said, "It is unusual and it is deep, but all will be well," really emphasising those last four words. At that point the angel came over to me and once again I was back in my dream. I woke up the following morning wondering what on Earth that had been all about. I told my colleagues what had happened and they were horrified! They couldn't understand why I would have such a dream.

Four months later, I went to my doctor because I had developed a worrying condition on my foot which was causing me so much pain I was finding it difficult to walk. He referred me to the physiotherapy department at the hospital so that I could be shown certain exercises to relieve the pain. On my first visit, the very nice physiotherapist asked me to remove my shoes and socks so that she could see my feet. I noticed her frowning at a mark on my inner ankle. It looked just like a blood blister and I had wondered if I'd knocked my ankle with a shopping trolley. It didn't hurt and it didn't itch so I wasn't that bothered about it. The physiotherapist asked me if I had shown it to my doctor. I said that I hadn't so she strongly advised me to see him. She then showed me the exercises to help with my painful foot.

It turned out that my 'blood blister' was in fact a malignant melanoma (a dangerous form of skin cancer). I was warned that it was quite aggressive and that it was not of the normal type.

Everyone was shocked at my diagnosis but I remained calm. If the first part of the warning had turned out to be true then so would the rest: "All will be well." And it was. Here I am four years later telling you about it! People kept telling me at the time how brave I was, but bravery had nothing to do with it. Faith in what I had been told, that all would be well, helped carry me through that very dark time.

I am not afraid to die. Death has held no fear for me after my first angel experience at sixteen years old. I feel that I will be going home to a very loving environment.

Extraordinary things happen to ordinary people, and by sharing my story I hope it will help you to see the extraordinary in your own lives.

1 - Many Lives

I felt such a pressure in my chest and such extremes of sadness that the only way to release it all was by crying. "Ah, you're such a sensitive child," said my mum as she ruffled my hair. I was seven years old and watching the Titanic sink in the black and white film *A Night to Remember* with my parents and younger brothers. It was the Sunday afternoon film on the TV. I had watched the film with interest until it reached the scene where the ship's lights go out and it starts to sink at an angle. Looking back, I realise how close to the truth she was.

The film was shown many times over the years but it always had the same effect on me. No matter what age I was, at exactly the same point in the film I would feel that pressure in my chest. It became a bit of a family joke and boxes of tissues were passed to me without anyone having to look at me. Then, one day when I was in my thirties, I had a flashback to a previous life. I was looking through the eyes of someone walking down a corridor. There were doors on either side with numbers on them. I could see the arm of the person who was walking down this corridor. It had a white sleeve and a white glove on the hand, carrying a silver tray with a glass of Martini on it. I saw another person approaching - a man in the same uniform, but he had his tray tucked under his arm. We nodded at each other as we passed - and then the flashback was gone.

I had a sense, a 'knowing' that I had been part of the staff on the Titanic and that was why I was so affected by that old film. The pressure in my chest was a memory of drowning... Over the years, I had other past life memories flash into my mind and the majority of them involved drowning, which may account for my fear of the sea in this lifetime. To be taken on a cruise would feel like a punishment to me. On our first holiday together, my husband suggested a romantic moonlit walk along the beach. I couldn't stand

it after only five minutes. I could hear the sea whispering to me and I begged to be able to walk on the promenade!

I was shown another life but it seemed as though I was looking down from a great height on the scene below me, where I saw the mast of an Elizabethan ship and a man on the deck. He had sandy coloured hair and beard and I 'knew' he was me. He wore a white, open fronted shirt with breeches cut off at the knees, and he was barefoot. The ship was in dock and there were crowds of people on the quayside, come to see it off before it set sail. Amongst those there I saw a young woman with her mother and knew that this girl was the love of the man's life. I watched him jump from the deck down to the quayside to kiss her goodbye. In this flashback I felt all the emotions of this man as he kissed the girl he loved, but also a great sadness as he knew he would not be coming back from this voyage (it felt like a premonition). Then the ship's sails unfurled and caught in the breeze and it was time to leave. The man climbed back up onto the deck and waved to the girl quickly before taking his post on the ship. This had been such a powerfully emotional flashback.

Many years later, during a meditation I saw caves high up on a cliff face. In the valley below a wide river flowed rapidly. I watched as a caveman came out of the entrance of a cave and walk along a narrow path that led to the entrance of another cave. As I watched, I saw him stumble and then fall off the path and straight down into the rapid river. He was sucked under the water before any of the other cave dwellers saw it. I began to understand even more my dislike of water.

A while later, I attended a talk given by a Dutch Catholic bishop. I went with a friend, and in the break I went to get us a cup of tea; when I returned I saw that she was talking to the bishop. When she joined me after her chat, she told me that she'd been telling him about all my 'past life drownings'. She had asked him if he could suggest anything to help me and his reply was, "Tell her to stay away from water!" My mum once told me that when I was three or four years old I fell into a neighbour's fish pond while playing in their garden. Luckily, one of their sons found me and pulled me out

quickly. Maybe water is trying to take me in this life? I made sure both of our daughters could swim from an early age!

I'm fascinated that the majority (well, those I've been made aware of so far) of the past lives I've had have been as men, but on one occasion I volunteered to be regressed as a demonstration to the rest of the psychic development circle I belonged to at the time. This time I saw a room with a window and a table with a birthday cake on it that had some lit candles. There was a group of people - a man and a woman, an older woman, a young boy and a teenage-looking girl. I understood that they were a Jewish family and that it was the girl's sixteenth birthday. The grandmother told them to sing Happy Birthday very quietly so as not to draw attention to themselves, because German soldiers were outside in the street. I knew that I was the birthday girl, and the person regressing me asked me to walk over to the window and look outside. I did so and saw that we were in a tenement building about four floors up. It was nighttime and there were German soldiers out on the street, stopping people and checking their papers. The building opposite looked like a factory with a lot of windows facing the street. I was then moved on in the regression and this time I saw myself as a machinist in the same factory. I had a friend who was also a machinist and her name was Dora. We made uniforms for the soldiers. I was then moved on again and this time I was in my mid-twenties and a hospital assistant. Wounded soldiers, both German and English, were brought in. I was standing next to the bed of an English soldier and I knew that we had fallen in love. It was then time to end the regression.

There was another regression in which I was a woman. My first scene was of a little hut in the forest where I lived. I was about fifteen years old with long black hair down to my waist and a long dress made of coarse material, tied at the waist with plaited wool. I was a herbalist and I made remedies from things in the forest. I remember seeing a deer by my side while gathering the natural ingredients needed for my potions. The townspeople would come and see me at night, so they wouldn't be seen by their neighbours! In the next scene I was married and working in the fields with my husband and