

Chapter IV

Direct Control by Harry; and extracts from conversations with him.

On May 6th, 1930, I went to my sitting with Eileen Garrett, tense with anticipation. It was exactly a week since Uvani had told me that Harry would take control of the medium himself at the next sitting, and, as she was going into trance, I waited, wondering, longing, hoping. She was much longer than usual in going off; but then, when trance was at last established, instead of Uvani's voice there came a little murmur, followed by silence, and then another small, inarticulate sound. I said, very softly: "Is that you, darling?"; and a voice replied in a whisper, with difficulty and very slowly: "Well, I'm here. That's a hard thing over."

But, having once got through, Harry started to manipulate his instrument with ever greater skill. Before long he was able to talk to me with all the ease and precision of Uvani or Abdul Latif; and from then on, both in this and in all the many other direct control sittings we had later, every word he said was characteristic of him, and it was made clear, in a thousand ways, that it was Harry himself talking to me. He spoke often of the boys, recalling all manner of incidents throughout their lives, from the time they were babies; things they had done; things we had all done together; and ever and always showing complete understanding of everything about them in their present lives. Sometimes he would mention pranks they were getting up to at Cambridge; but he never worried about these, and he kept me from worrying too, as I am sure I should have done otherwise.

I never used anything said by Harry, directly to influence either boy, although sometimes I did so indirectly. Once, without any preliminary remark from me, or question from himself, he said, quietly: "Now about Ron. I don't like the idea of it, honestly I don't. I am speaking now