



**Lynne Caddick, 62, Rhoose, Vale of Glamorgan**

**M**ost people spend their

Christmas get-togethers drinking mulled wine and playing party games, but not me and my pals. We like to go ghost hunting!

So you can imagine our excitement when we decided to combine our annual Christmas meal with a stay at one of Wales's oldest and most haunted pubs, the Skirrid Inn in Abergavenny. After the five of us finished our dinner there at 9pm, I nipped off to the loo.

'Don't start the ghost hunt without me!' I told my friends Jan, 57, and Carrie-Anne, 32.

But on my way back through the reception area, I suddenly felt a heavy force hit my back. Then I began to feel weak, as if I was about to faint...

I rushed back to my friends, who were sitting sipping coffee.

'Something is happening,' I croaked, my voice changing to a low rasp. 'Get your camera...'

Jan gasped. 'Lynne's being possessed by a spirit!' she cried.

Around me, everyone's voices grew muffled as I collapsed into Jan's arms. She and two others propped me up in a chair while they gathered round.

'Look, her face is changing!' Jan whispered, taking photos.

'It's incredible!' Carrie-Anne cried. 'Look at all those folds of skin forming on her cheeks!'

Eventually, after what seemed



Possessed in front of my pals!



Half me, half Siân



Me in full possession mode

# Possessed by a festive spirit

like hours, I felt the weird weight disappear and my energy start to return.

'Are you OK?' Carrie-Anne asked me.

'I'm fine,' I smiled. 'Don't

worry, Jan's seen me possessed by spirits before.'

'Yeah but not like this!' Jan cut in. 'Take a look!'

She pulled out her digital camera. Taking a peek, I got the shock of my life.

*I looked like an old woman!*

There were heavy folds of skin over my jawline and my eyes were more deep-set than usual. I'd undergone a phenomenon known as 'transfiguration'.

Now I could sense the spirit – something I'd come across in my work as a medium – standing nearby, so I tuned in to see what I could pick up.

'She's a strong character, quite stern,' I said. 'I feel she was looked up to in the community but was involved in some kind of controversy.'

*But who was this woman? And what was she doing in the building?*

'Let's do some investigating,' I said.

My legs wobbled as I got to my feet and retraced my steps to the reception area with Carrie-Anne and Jan.

'Look, that's her! That's the spirit!' Jan cried, pointing above my head.

I spun round and gasped. Depicted in a portrait on the



Me

wall was an old woman, identical to the one who'd overtaken me.

'How on earth did I miss that?'

I wondered. I'd been walking away from the portrait when the spirit had leapt on my back and possessed me. She'd been hiding in the painting the whole time!

A closer inspection revealed the portrait, called *Salem*, had been painted in 1908 by an artist called Sidney Curnow Vosper.

The lady in it was a local woman called Siân Owen, who was 71 at the time. Legend had it that the devil's face could be seen in her shawl, explaining the controversy surrounding her.

But that didn't bother me in the slightest. 'I sense she was a good person,' I said. 'But what did she want with me?'

The answer came the following day at home when Siân's face suddenly appeared over mine in my bathroom mirror while I was brushing my hair.

'You scared the life out of me!' I gasped.

I gazed back at Siân's reflection until, seconds later, a message from her popped into my head: 'I would like to be your spirit guide!' Siân went on to explain that she wanted to help me pass on messages to those



REAL EVENTS REAL PHOTOS

The painting of Siân Owen

The lobby with Siân's portrait

affected by bereavement. With Christmas coming up, I knew lots of people would want to contact loved ones in spirit.

'I'd be honoured!' I beamed.

Two years on, we still work together. Siân has told me it was our destiny to meet that night, but when I ignored the painting, she had to resort to drastic measures to get my attention.

Being possessed at my Christmas party was interesting,

but I'm glad to say it hasn't happened since. Lots of people like laughing at photos of their drunken festive antics, but I've

proved you don't need booze to be full of the party spirit!

● For information, visit [www.lynnetrancemedium.co.uk](http://www.lynnetrancemedium.co.uk)

I LOOKED LIKE AN OLD WOMAN!



Lynne's friend, Jan Beattie, 57, says: 'I'd heard of transfiguration before, but to actually capture

Lynne's possession on camera was amazing. As we sat Lynne down, she could barely speak, and the lines on her face were going blurry. Looking at the resulting photos, you can see the spirit's energy around her and Lynne's face beginning to change. Even more incredible was seeing the change with my own eyes!'

As told to Carina Platt, Elizabeth Holton, Gemma Wise Photos iStockphoto.com