

## dial-a-guru

to think of me as a psychic," says Oswald, whose white is the perfect foil for her lucid, instantly reassuring manner, of an intuitive therapist or a ch. Yes, I can see karma – I see sister's transit line showed and her, and soon afterwards in one of the 9/11 airplane my profession is astrology, very much a science. A science to – as I put it – peep at God, nonetheless.

"s why I appeal to City t spend hours doing chart beforehand [an complicated process which Oswald writes lives of notes and then three hours discussing client] I wouldn't be much at all."

"ot predict the future," orge.com founder set, who has been hfully for the last ot the point of her docs is explain the nents of one's chart netary aspects at the ht have shaped your st. She helped shed a past – and it's easier choices and shape the you have a better of yourself."

a as young as I am, feel a bit like a leaf ind," agrees another Reid, 21, a history

"You're still forming your or 'position' in the world. I f blueprint to give me some w I progress from here, what ng to do with my life. Leigh aybe there are some people an figure it out without help, ssarily one of them."

ou want something a little What if you need specific questions, like whether the o recur, or whether to get on ither to sink everything you cure new film being made?

helle Jank, for example, tarot reader, Yasmina, who he house she shares with her Fulham Road, Jank, 31, a de who divides her time n, Sydney and Paris, and l pieces sell at Dover Street

Market and Colette, first saw a tarot reader when she was 17 and growing up in Austria. "She was a family friend called Barbara who was part gypsy, part royalty. She opened my mind up to the idea of past lives and magic, and it has stayed with me ever since."

Yasmina, meanwhile – an exotic, kohl-eyed fortysomething whose clients include the vintage boutique owner Virginia Bates – has been using tarot cards "to improve people's lives" in London for a quarter of a century now. Spirituality, she agrees, has been hijacked by



### Michelle Jank's spiritual address book

**Yasmina** (pictured, sitting) is a tarot-card reader and psychic who has been practising for 25 years. Based in Chelsea: 020 7352 8486

**Gary Gorrow** is a transcendental-meditation teacher whose Vedic technique puts the body in a deeper state of rest. Based in Sydney: TheSubtlescience.com

**Michelle the Medium** connects to clients' deceased friends and relatives and does readings on the phone. Based in Hertfordshire: theangelspeaks7@aol.com

**Esther Fieldgrass** uses ancient reiki techniques to heal and improve energy flow throughout the body. Based in Kensington: 020 7605 6165

charlatans and, worse, irresponsible practitioners, which can be dangerous. "Personally, I don't think you can do it unless you are a trained therapist," she says in her guttural French accent, over a glass of wine and a cigarette. "You do not come straight out with the bad news, for example, you say it in a delicate way. I had a client in one day who I

knew was going to get into a plane crash if she travelled on the day she was planning. I didn't say this, I just said: *Please* don't go, it's not the right time to travel. She didn't go, thank God – because it was that plane that went down in Sharm el Sheikh."

Time, I think, to start my own spiritual addressbook. First, I visit Sewell's skinosiologist, Jane, who asks all sorts of questions, such as whether I get tired a lot (of course!); whether we have damp in our basement; and whether we've had our kitchen checked for a gas leak.

Then she lies me on her bed with her swinging pendulum and puts her hands under my head and calls upon past lives which might be impeding my positive energy levels and asks them politely to leave my body. The process feels vaguely familiar. I've been here before – maybe in a past life, right?

Then it's over to South Kensington to see the shamanic healer Jo Bowlby, a sensible, very English sort of gel who has a picture of a polo pony in her hallway and has studied extensively with native shamans in Peru. Here, I lie down on a table with stones in my hands and belly button while – as far as I can remember, because I think I'm "out" – she hits the back of my head and waves a rattle over my tummy.

After all of this I feel slightly zonked and to be honest, not much different. It's hard, very hard, at this point not to take the cynic's view. Why is it that so many people turn to spiritualism when they are at their very lowest ebb? And is it not true that one will believe anything when one is floundering and hanging on to the very last vestige of

hope? Or, indeed, that finding one's spirituality is mere expediency, a means of laying to rest all those fears of what is going to happen to us after we die? But then, three days after having these healing hands laid on me, something happens. Yes, I do, suddenly, feel very, very different indeed. Who knows whether it is Jane, or Jo and her stones; who knows whether it is all the water I have been drinking lately, or the desire for this all, for the purpose of the piece, to work. Whatever it is, I'm definitely buzzing on something.

Could spirituality reach the parts that psychotherapy and pills simply can't? I'm still on the fence about this, but just as a postscript, I should mention now where I met Jane before. It was in early '97 – I was desperate to get pregnant and on the point of resigning myself to never having children. Though I never, ever put two and two together, 11 weeks later I was pregnant with my first child. ■