

THE 'CLEANING LADY' WHO CLEARS CHAKRAS

Georgia Coleridge talks to Roy Stemman about her work as a professional healer and the paranormal and spiritual events that permeate her life

EVERY story has a beginning but Georgia Coleridge seems to have difficulty saying with certainty exactly when her interest in healing began.

Her open-minded father was an early influence and she confesses that years of being unwell with stomach aches and sore throats were, in fact, symptoms of being a "feely healer" who was very sensitive to other people's energy, without realising it.

But then something happened that was to have a major impact on her life and also that of her future husband, Nicholas.

"He had had an operation on his back some years before," she explains, "and it was fine during the summer but in the winter months he had terrible pains – really appalling nerve pains – in his lower back."

The back injury occurred whilst studying art history at Cambridge, putting him in hospital when he should have been sitting his finals. Instead of going back a year later to take them, he landed a job as associate editor at *Tatler* magazine at the age of 22 and a successful journalistic career followed.

Within seven years he had become editor of *Harpers & Queen* magazine and then, in the late 1980s, he joined Condé Nast as editorial director of its British publications.

"One day, just before we married in 1989, Nick was complaining about his painful back and my father suggested that he consult a lovely healer called Geoff Boltwood. He was very sceptical, but he was in such pain that he agreed."

Boltwood, known as "Tareth", is now a well respected healer and teacher and very involved in New Age

philosophies and alchemy, as one might expect of someone based in Glastonbury. But in those days he lived in London.

He got lost and walked for ages in the wrong direction before eventually arriving late at Coleridge's south-west London home, wearing a cagoule and looking rather dishevelled.

"Nick and I looked at each other and we both thought, 'This isn't going to work'. Geoff said his fee would be £10 but if Nick didn't benefit we would get the money back. He was so sweet."

Nicholas Coleridge sat on a stool and the healing session began. Georgia saw Boltwood holding his hand about six inches from Nick's back. Suddenly, the patient yelped and leapt in the air.

"My God, what is that? It feels like a three-bar electric fire."

"Oh, it's just heat coming





“
I’ve been trying to tell
you for six months
you’re going to be a
healer and you’re going
to write two books. Get
on with it!
”

Left: the Coleridges’ country home, Wolverton Hall (Photo: N. Coleridge)
Opposite: Nicholas Coleridge in his office at Condé Nast (Photo: Isabel Susan)

through my hand,” Boltwood replied. “Just see if it works.”

And it did. Coleridge never needed to ask for the £10 fee back because, as Georgia explains, “Nick has not had a single problem with his back since then.”

She sips her tea, settles back in a comfortable sofa, glances out across a neat Chelsea square and adds, with satisfaction and a giggle: “It’s really lovely to see living proof, especially on a husband who is very sceptical.”

Being pain-free must have been an enormous help to Nicholas Coleridge, CBE, particularly in recent years as he has taken on demanding roles in publishing and in the charity sector. He is now president of Condé Nast International, the division of Condé Nast which publishes more than 100 magazines – including luxury titles such as *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair* and *Tatler* – as well as 80 branded websites in 24 markets globally.

In addition, in August this year he became chairman of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the world’s leading museum of art and design. His new role has thrust him into the public spotlight due to an on-going discussion about whether the V&A would be acquiring notable items from Margaret Thatcher’s wardrobe, including some of her famous handbags. He has expressed keen interest.

And in his spare time? He’s a successful author with 12 novels and non-fiction titles under his belt.

As for being sceptical about things paranormal, Georgia admits that her high-powered husband is clearly intuitive: an ability he finds useful when recruiting new people. It has also manifested in other ways.

“We bought a house in north Oxfordshire that was very haunted,” she

says matter-of-factly. “My family see ghosts and believe in ghosts, though I had never seen one and Nick’s family doesn’t believe in them at all.

“But Nick was the one who was very unhappy in that property and kept saying, ‘There’s something wrong with this house’. I was very unsympathetic, but he was so upset that I had to find a way to help him.

“By chance, Amaryllis Fraser, my son’s nursery school teacher, happened to mention that she was a medium. She said spirits often came to her asking for help. She asked me for the address of the Oxfordshire house. I was dubious when she said she would tune into it from London.

“A few days later she called me and I expected her to say she had sensed nothing. But she asked, ‘Do you know about a man who lived there until he was eight? He died six months ago. He jumped off the top of a very tall building. He was very happy in the house, but later he was confused and took a lot of drugs. He died in confusion.’

“I told Amaryllis I had never heard of the boy. ‘Well, I’ve been talking to him every day for four days. He’s in the dark. He’s very upset. He doesn’t know who you are.’

“She kept urging him to look for the light, assuring him he would see it. And then, that morning, he told her, ‘I can see the light’ and she felt an explosion of light through her body and knew he had gone.

“That was my first experience of soul rescue, and I just thought: How beautiful, how compassionate, how wonderful. Later, when I asked our builder if he’d known of a boy who had lived in our house, he said, “Oh, yes. I remember him well. He jumped off the top of a multi-storey car park in Banbury.”

We have been chatting for half an hour,

as Georgia regales me with her fascinating paranormal experiences, but she still hasn’t told me how she became a healer – apart from the fact that her husband’s cure had made a huge impression.

“Then I went back to Amaryllis,” she continues. “Various people had told me my departed grandfather wanted to speak to me, but I didn’t know which one. Through Amaryllis I learned that it was my father’s father and he had a simple message for me: ‘I’ve been trying to tell you for six months you’re going to be a healer and you’re going to write two books. Get on with it!’”

Georgia laughs as she recalls the insistence in his tone.

“Then a grandmother communicated through Amaryllis and said, ‘Your husband can’t possibly live in that house because of all the people – 50 – who died there on the airbase in World War Two’. And my response to Amaryllis was, ‘Tell her she’s completely wrong. There isn’t an airbase!’”

It wasn’t long, however, before Georgia had to eat her words. Speaking to an Oxfordshire historian she learned not only that there *had* been an airbase within sight of the house, but also that 49 people had died there.

But how to help them move on? Amaryllis said she couldn’t manage so many spirits, so the next paranormally-gifted person to enter the Coleridges’ lives was Terry O’Sullivan, whose speciality is psychic house-clearing.

“I followed him around for two days and discovered in the process I was very, very psychic because, at all the spots he didn’t like, my stomach – which I now know is my tuning fork for ‘bad’ energy – was going absolutely crazy.

“A lot of this had to do with an Iron Age barrow, a burial mound that had been damaged, and there was a sort of dark line

running from it through the airbase and into our house.”

An unexpected revelation that came out of Terry O’Sullivan’s house-clearing exploits was that he detected a spirit attachment with Georgia: a woman who had been with her since childhood.

“There was an old lady who lived next door, do you remember?” Terry asked her. “She was very strict, an empire builder, and very upright. Well, she’s been with you since you were three years old.”

Yet again Georgia was dismissive: “I don’t remember her and I’ve never heard of her!” But when she mentioned this to her parents, they knew exactly who he had been talking about. It was the wife of an archdeacon who lived next door to them.

“Apparently, I used to chat to her in the garden. Later, she went into an old people’s home many miles away, but on the day she died, I insisted to my mother that I had had a long chat with her in the garden.”

As well as attending Terry O’Sullivan’s classes in Somerset she also acted as his assistant at various land- and house-clearing visits.

“For months I could feel energy, but couldn’t see anything at all. I was on the point of declaring ‘I am really rubbish at this work. I can’t do it. I’m going to give it up’. But one day I went with Terry and three other students into a shed in the grounds of a big house, and he said, ‘Everybody, close your eyes. What’s in that corner?’

“For the first time ever, I got a very clear view of a black iron structure, with a fire burning, like an old Victorian range. I thought, ‘No, that’s stupid. There can’t be a cooker out in this building. This is ridiculous.’ So I kept quiet.

“The others said, ‘Oh, a blacksmith’s forge.’ I thought, ‘Oh, I *did* get it’. I was so lucky I experienced that. It boosted my confidence.”

Having cleared their old house of its psychic disturbances, the Coleridges have since moved to a new country retreat, the untroubled Wolverton Hall, near Pershore: a 10-bedroom Queen Anne property built in 1709 which is a very happy place for them, their four children, and their guests when they can escape from London.

Writing about “My Perfect Weekend” in the *Daily Telegraph* in 2012, Nicholas Coleridge described its purchase as “the best decision ever” adding: “It has been incredibly satisfying renovating it and in fact the process never ends – we have just converted a tumbledown medieval barn into a party room.”

Georgia shares these anecdotes with a mixture of wonder and disbelief. She describes herself as a practical person who was pushed into discovering and



accepting her gifts, but is obviously now very comfortable with a whole range of paranormal interactions. She’s a great believer in the Universe guiding you to where you are meant to be.

In just a few minutes our conversation embraces family constellation work with Jill Purce, the value of kinesiology – both are therapeutic tools she uses – and the spirit guides who work with her, including the grandfather, an Army colonel, who insisted in a spirit message that she would become a healer.

Her psychic development has included many different courses at the College of Psychic Studies in London’s Kensington. Louise Wilde and Angela Watkins are among the “lovely” tutors who get a mention from Georgia: “I wasn’t very confident about my abilities, but something compelled me to keep showing up.”

She confesses she “was the worst person in Angela’s psychic development class. I studied with her for about two years and I could hardly channel anything. It wasn’t until clients started coming to me that it all started flowing through. Now I get messages a lot, beautiful ones, and I feel lucky to be a conduit for so much wisdom, but it was a long, slow

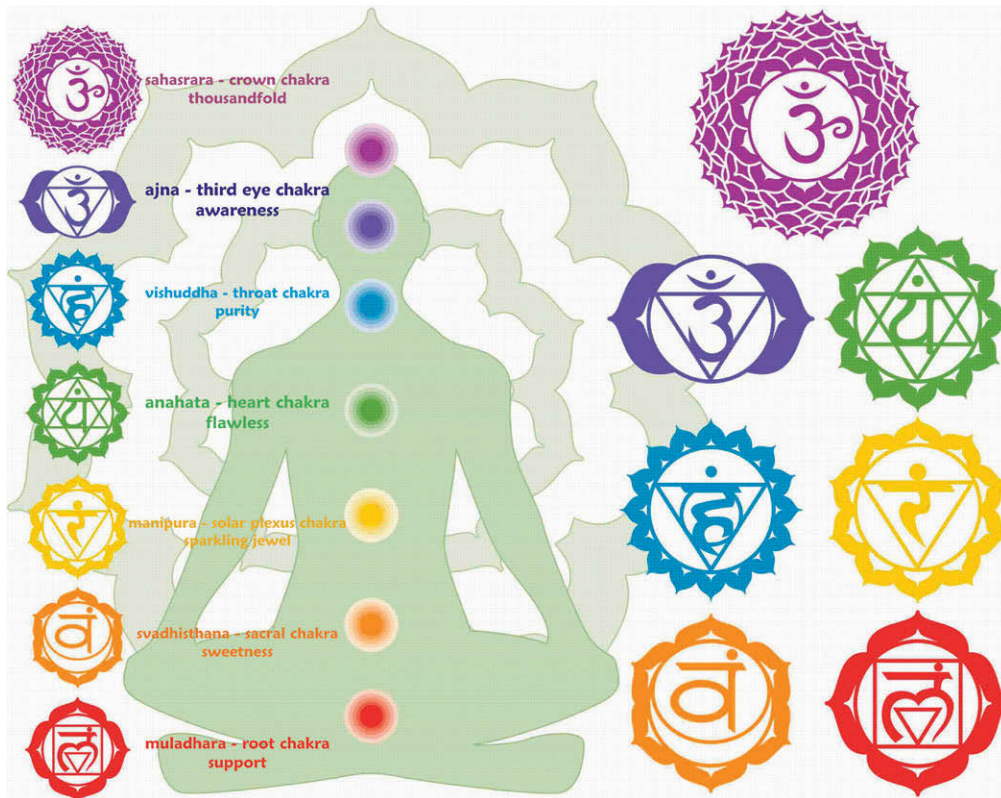
apprenticeship.”

In retrospect, she feels that professional courses run by the main healing organisations are too narrow because they don’t recognise psychic or spirit influences. “You’re not allowed to use any psychic stuff, when you channel healing energy,” she complains.

“But how can you heal without using your psychic abilities? We’re all evolving so fast, and there is so much work to be done. You can’t separate healing and psychic work into little boxes any more.”

On the road to becoming a professional healer, Georgia learned kinesiology, “a marvellous body system that utilises muscle testing”. It involves asking questions and getting Yes and No answers from your muscle responses. “My teacher said, ‘This isn’t supposed to be a dowsing tool’ but my whole body screamed, ‘Yes it is!’ For years I drove my guides mad by asking them all sorts of questions, both esoteric and mundane, from ‘What happens in heaven?’ and ‘What happens when we die?’ to ‘Should I eat this orange?’ And using the muscle test I received answers.”

Her spirit guides, it seems, are very patient. “They keep changing,” she adds.



The seven Chakras (Photo: Adamo Corazza)

“
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“I get a sense that the more evolved ones are taller and thinner than the practical ones who are mostly interested in things that concern me and my family. While the guardians are so solid, like bodyguards.

“I also get a strong sense of personality from people’s relatives, who sometimes turn up during healing sessions. I’m much more of a healer than a medium but sometimes a husband or a mother will make themselves known. It’s an incredible responsibility, but so far it’s always been very lovely – particularly if the right phrase comes through accurately and I see my client’s eyes fill with tears.

“A few days ago, the husband of a widowed lady was determined to give her a message. He felt like an old-fashioned soldier, bluff and no-nonsense, with a tremendous sense of humour. But he was so loving. He wanted her to know that he would be with her at a big family gathering. That he would be holding her hand all the way through. And she was very moved and said to me, ‘That’s exactly what he used to do, whenever we went to a party, he always held my hand!’”

Chakras – energy points in the subtle body – have become a focal point of Georgia’s healing work. Whether balancing, clearing, boosting or cleansing them, it is the chakras that seem to hold the key to her healing successes.

“I’m a cleaning lady,” she says in a humorous, self-deprecating way that

doesn’t begin to do justice to the results she achieves. “It’s like spring cleaning. We all try to keep ourselves clean, but I think sometimes we need help to tackle those dust balls behind the fridge or those old batteries that turn up in the kitchen drawer.”

Once we stop laughing at the picture this conjures up, Georgia describes her technique.

“Chakras are fascinating and as a healer I feel their energy. When a chakra is clear it feels like being up on a mountain at dawn. It feels clear, clean, fresh, full of possibilities. When chakra energy is blocked it just feels like smog or fog. It’s dense and horrible and stifling, like being in Bangkok at midday in rush hour traffic. Sometimes I’m physically clearing the smog and the fog off their bodies.

“Every session is different. I usually start at the feet and then scan their energy. As we are talking, if they get onto subjects or words that stress them, I get a very strong clue in my own body that something isn’t right. Sometimes a chakra feels so blocked up that I can’t even move my hand down through that part of their energy field, until the chakra is cleared.

“My guides often encourage my clients to do a lot of the work for themselves; for example to visualise standing under a shower of light to clear their energy field, or send down roots to connect to the earth energy. Taking part in your own healing is

much more empowering than someone else doing it for you.”

And as part of her healing mission she is doing a year-long awareness project on Instagram, posting a new image every day whose dominant colour reflects one of the seven chakras, “from the red base working up towards the crown”.

What does Nicholas Coleridge think of his wife’s development as a healer and psychic?

“He is sceptical of paranormal claims generally, but he can see how much I love my work and how happy it makes me. Because of client confidentiality I am completely discreet about who comes to me and why. I would love to tell him about the amazing things that happen during my healing sessions, but I can’t and won’t,” she replies.

“But sometimes he goes off to a swanky dinner, sits next to a fashion designer, entrepreneur or TV presenter and they tell him that they have come to me for healing, and how much happier and lighter they feel and he exclaims: ‘What? You look after her? I can’t believe it!’

“It’s a pity that I can’t share any of those extraordinary life stories with him. But in the end it is all about being kind and completely trustworthy. Everyone is fighting a hard, hard battle, and it is a privilege to be able to help them.” ■