

Two Angry Drivers, and Why It Wasn't My Fault

Hello and welcome to Mediumship Matters, with me, Hannah Macintyre. Good news first: I got the money back from that one-time-password scam — took a month, but it's done, and it went straight onto Spirit Social's running costs, so at least I didn't have to find that money separately. Big relief. On that note, I run a monthly practice circle on Spirit Social, included in the membership — first Monday of every month, 7 to 8:30pm. Download the app and come along if you'd like somewhere safe to develop.

A village driving incident

Something happened yesterday I want to talk through — nothing to do with spirit on the surface, and yet entirely to do with spirit and energy underneath.

I live in a village, and village driving in the UK is its own particular chaos — I've had American friends insist country lanes will be fine, then arrive and discover otherwise. Near my house there's a notorious pinch point: national speed limit road narrowing past a garden wall that juts out, so cars have to take turns. I'd just picked my daughter up from the station, and we were having one of those glorious moments — singing, making up silly lyrics, properly happy.

Coming up to the pinch point, I saw a line of cars already navigating it, including someone clearly struggling to squeeze past. I stopped and waited my turn. As I pulled in as far as I could — small car, nothing more I could do — my parking sensors were beeping to tell me I was right at the edge. Then it went wrong: another car came round the pinch point without waiting, then a van pulled up tight behind me in a passing place instead of waiting there, boxing me in on both sides through no choice of my own. Suddenly it was apparently my fault — the van behind beeping, the driver beside me gesturing, a young woman in the car behind her furious with me despite the fact I hadn't moved an inch.

None of that is unusual for British roads, if I'm honest — everyone's furious all the time, I'm a fairly spicy driver myself, it doesn't normally touch me. But this did. I think it's because, much as I hate the word (I'm an empath, thank you, Married at First Sight Australia, for making that phrase permanently cringe), the wave of pure vitriol coming off those two women knocked the breath out of me. It genuinely hurt. I lay awake last night, properly upset, asking my guides: was I actually a bad driver here? How is this my fault — I was stationary when they chose to move?

My guides were clear: it doesn't matter whether it was technically your fault. Nobody had run over a child. I'd simply stopped somewhere safe, and they'd chosen to drive into a situation anyway. They were stressed — one in a car too big for her (I've been there, I know that particular panic), the other not wanting to reverse — and their anger was really about their own discomfort, not me. I understand that intellectually. It still wounded me. I'd love to claim it rolled off me, but it left me anxious, oddly wary of driving that same stretch of road, genuinely rattled.

I'll admit — my guides suggested healing for them, and I did not send healing. I sent them mental images of scraped alloys and flat tyres. I'm quite glad I'm not an actual witch from a film; heads would roll, frankly, I have zero balance in the heat of the moment. Had my daughter not been there — had I been driving alone with something angrier on the radio — I might well have gotten out of the car. I was lucky she was there, lucky we were mid-song, lucky the mood in the car was so good beforehand — because the sheer whiplash from that joy into that vitriol is something I'm still working to heal from.

The guilt spiral: “did I manifest that?”

This morning, still turning it over, a thought crept in: was this somehow my fault — did I manifest it? Honestly, I don't think I did. I wasn't a nervous driver in that moment. I was in the bigger car, not the small one. I was happy, looking forward to getting home for iced coffee and trash telly with my daughter. There wasn't a flicker of “I hope nothing goes wrong” beforehand.

But isn't it genuinely troubling that even now — after all my years of work with spirit, all my reading on law of attraction — some part of me still reached for “this was cosmic punishment for my mindset”? When the scammers hit my one-time passwords, my very first thought was: this is my fault, for worrying there wasn't enough money to cover Spirit Social's bills. When, factually, there currently isn't quite enough money to cover Spirit Social's bills — that's simply true, and it's meant working harder than I've ever worked, for less than I've ever earned. I'm not complaining, just stating the fact. You can't gaslight yourself into “everything's fine” when there's a genuine shortfall, and you can't decide it's your fault when someone else brings their own chaotic energy into your day and disrupts it.

I find it fascinating that after this much time, this much philosophy, this much connection with spirit, that instinct — it must somehow be my fault — is still lurking under the surface. I've never done a full manifestation course, though I did try an early Abraham Hicks audiobook once and had to switch it off, because it suggested children's abuse could be caused by their parents' thoughts — I simply couldn't continue listening after that. But even without buying into the extreme version, years of a spiritual social media diet clearly wired something in me: the belief that I can't just have a bad experience and feel sad about it — that there has to be a side helping of guilt, that somehow I earned it through my own vibration.

It's one thing when it's £900 to scammers, or two furious strangers on a country lane — even if I somehow “deserved” that (I don't think I did), it's a fairly low-stakes place to test the theory. But think about it from the perspective of people actually struggling. My nineteen-year-old son has been job-hunting all year before university and it's been genuinely difficult — not many local jobs, and most employers understandably want someone with real experience over a teenager with only shop work behind them. Meanwhile a big local restaurant just closed, more shops are shutting, more people will be out of work. It's worth sitting with the fact that a die-hard law-of-attraction believer, even without saying it aloud, would carry an unspoken energy of “this is somehow your fault” toward people in exactly that situation.

I do wholeheartedly believe your vibe attracts your tribe, that mindset genuinely shapes your life, and that I'll bounce back from this. But I was undeniably in a great place beforehand — money back, Spirit Social growing, excited about the circle, everything felt good — and then, out of nowhere: smack.

The lasagne theory of reality

I don't fully know why it happened. What I keep coming back to is something spirit has shown me before: we each exist in layers of reality that overlap without being identical — the way somebody who believes in demons genuinely has demons in their reality, because that's their belief system, while I don't, because they're not in mine (though when I did believe in them, they were). We're all occupying the same physical space, yet experiencing something quite different.

Spirit always shows me this the same way: as a giant lasagne. Life is layered, and we're each somewhere in it — you might be the béchamel, I might be the pasta, someone else is the cheesy top layer, golden and bubbling, best bit of all. That's fine — but there's inevitably some mixing between layers, points where they touch, blend, cross over. My daughter, in the moment, turned to me and asked, completely bewildered, “why are they so angry?” — because that vitriolic energy was hitting her too. For a little while, I'd been pulled into their layer of the lasagne, and I've had to work my way back to my own.

I genuinely don't think I did anything — vibrationally, spiritually, in my own thought patterns — to cause that moment. I think it was simply a bit of chaos, a vibrational bounce, one of the countless frequencies moving through the world hitting mine briefly. We're each responsible for most of where our own vibration sits — but you can't blame yourself for occasionally being pulled into someone else's layer for a moment. In fact, I think telling yourself it's your fault, your mindset, your bad thought pattern, is exactly what keeps you stuck there longer. The way out is accepting you were briefly pulled into an energy that was never yours to begin with — not analysing what you did to deserve it.

I'd love to tell you it's as simple as setting an intention and instantly being back in your own frequency — and to some extent it is — but I was genuinely a bit bruised by this, and it will take time to fully settle. I could tell, watching midnight tick past on the clock last night, still awake, still turning it over. You are not responsible for other people's energy. Three separate people had all driven badly, hadn't planned ahead, and were all embarrassed and angry about it — and I suspect nothing is more triggering to someone in a bad mood than someone visibly happy and oblivious nearby. I once complained at a café after they forgot our food for an hour, got a distinctly unapologetic response, and stood there fuming while the owner whistled cheerfully past our table — I was probably wearing exactly the same face those women wore at me yesterday. Nothing winds up someone furious quite like someone else's contentment.

Chaos, and the limits of “you attract everything”

So how does that square with teachings that say you're responsible for everything, always? What about genuine chaos? What about someone else's mess simply crashing into your layer of the lasagne, and you having to find your way back out again? There's real, ongoing work in staying energetically aware, in holding a decent vibration while surrounded by everyone else's frequencies — and it's very easy to underestimate that work, easy to tell yourself “I'm just high-vibe over here” as if that seals you off entirely. The truth is we're all constantly exchanging energy with whoever we share space with — and collectively, this is a genuinely difficult, dark stretch for the planet. People are struggling financially and emotionally, drowning in more information than we've ever had access to, without much evidence it's making anyone happier.

Look at what people do once they've made real money — Calvin Harris, for instance, ended up running a farm in Ibiza. All that wealth, and it just leads back to something simpler: being outdoors, among growing things. Maybe we could all use a bit of that, myself included. Possibly a tree hug is genuinely the fix I need right now.

I hope that made sense, and that you didn't mind hearing my tale of woe. I'd love your thoughts — email podcast@hannahmedium.co.uk, and I'll see you on the next episode.