

Me, Me, Me: Has Spirituality Lost the Plot on Service?

Hello and welcome to Mediumship Matters, with me, Hannah Macintyre. Something's been rattling around in my head for a while: have we all become a little self-obsessed?

When we first start our journey with spirit, it's entirely, rightly about us — my grief, my healing, my awakening, my guides, my evidence. That's exactly as it should be at the start. What strikes me, though, is watching professional mediums online, posting to attract clients, and still talking only about themselves — my experience, me, me, me. I recognise the irony, obviously, given I'm on a podcast doing exactly that right now. But I do wonder whether the pendulum has swung too far one way and simply stayed there — whether this is the ultimate pull away from source.

Social media, the algorithm, and the mirror we keep polishing

Social media could be something genuinely wonderful — I believe that, and I built my own version of it. But even building it, I've watched people feel indoctrinated into posting when they've got nothing to say, preferring rubbish content to keep momentum going over simply sitting back and letting quality speak. I'm guilty of this too — I'm not claiming to have transcended it myself.

What is the algorithm, really, except a mirror built to validate whatever we already believe? It shows you the world exactly as you already want to see it — the ultimate, ironic version of the law of attraction: we shape what we see through what we respond to, what we stop scrolling for, what we can't tolerate seeing that contradicts our worldview. And even that is still me, me, me — my trained algorithm, my preferences, my comfort zone.

I see the same pattern in demonstrations. People arrive carrying grief that becomes entirely self-focused — an unspoken game of top trumps over who deserves a message most. I don't believe spirits are chosen by audience need, or by the depth of someone's love or grief. I think it comes down to which spirit the medium can most easily connect with in that vulnerable moment. But you can feel the “me, me, me” in the room regardless — that flicker of hope every time, like a bingo hall when someone else calls house.

From personal healing to “my business, my bookings, my followers”

We start this journey through our own healing, our own losses, our own dark nights of the soul — all of which genuinely bring us to spirit. But then we become mediums, and it quietly shifts into my business, my bookings, my evidence, my followers, my money. Still what about me.

I'll be honest about what's actually triggered this reflection. I've spent years quietly rolling my eyes at other people's posts, thinking, goodness, we've become properly narcissistic — convinced our own depths are endlessly fascinating. But I think we're staring too long and too hard into our own mirror. We've become hypnotised by the minutiae of ourselves, trying to understand every last molecule of our being, so thoroughly that we've forgotten to actually live. I see this constantly in spirituality — there's always

another reading, another healing session promising to finally help you make sense of things. What if there's nothing left to make sense of? What if you simply are who you are, and the task is just to get on with it? What if understanding yourself, past a certain point, becomes the very thing holding you back rather than moving you forward?

Where I've been guilty of this myself

Spirit Social just had its first anniversary, and I ran a giveaway asking people to share what the platform had given them. The messages that came back were beautiful, heartfelt, genuinely humbling — and they made me realise how long I'd spent fixated purely on the bottom line: the money, the bills, how we'd ever afford new features, how far along I wished we were versus how far we actually are. I'd been so trapped in that energy that I'd genuinely lost sight of what it was all for. I had to sit with my own disconnection from the actual mission spirit gave me — which was never “complete as many upgrades as fast as possible.” It was building a genuinely safe space for people. I'd drifted a long way from the energy of growth, nurturing, and service I'd set out with. I'd spent so long in analysis that I'd stopped actually enjoying it.

I think this happens across our whole community. The mediumship market feels genuinely flooded now — good mediums, poor ones, everything between — and we spend enormous energy watching each other, panicking about our own purpose. I thought spirit wanted me to be a medium, but I'm not getting bookings, and that other person is — did spirit actually want that for you, or did you simply want it for yourself? That kind of analysis pulls us further out of alignment, which paradoxically makes it harder for spirit to bring us what we're actually asking for.

Take the “I am” affirmation — meant to reflect that we're all one, that I am every spirit that ever existed, and every spirit is me. Increasingly I see “I am” statements used more like badges of identity: I am anxious, and I'm still here. I am fiery, and I'm still here. I wonder if somewhere in that we've lost the actual point, which is service. Nobody I know became a medium because it looked like an easy career, or because they wanted to charge for connecting people with loved ones. Nobody became a healer because they fancied waving incense around. Everyone I know came to this wanting to give, wanting to be of service.

A genuinely uncomfortable question

So why, in how we present ourselves online, does it so often become simply: here's me, here's my story? Where's the line between sharing your story because it helps someone else, and dragging that same story into the present purely because it keeps eyes on you? Here's the question I can practically hear spirit asking me directly: if you're genuinely healed from something, why are you still talking about it? And if you're not actually healed from it, why are you presenting yourself as though you are, as an advertisement for your own healing abilities?

That's genuinely uncomfortable to sit with. Looking at this very podcast, at my own book — am I still dragging old material into my present simply because it works as content? Where's the line between sharing something so people who've been through similar things don't feel alone, versus sharing it for attention? I honestly don't know. I built this platform on being real, on oversharing, on staying honest —

but I'm going to have to watch myself closely from here, to make sure I'm sharing to help, not because "being authentic" has quietly become its own strategy for attention. That's deeply uncomfortable to admit.

Here's something worth sitting with: across thousands of readings, spirit rarely seems remotely concerned with itself. They talk about love, forgiveness, connection, encouragement, kindness — never "you don't really know yourself yet, keep exploring." What fixes everything, apparently, is another ten readings from different practitioners explaining who you already are — and all you really get from that is "yes, I already knew that about myself," and the simple, human desire to be seen. Maybe the desire to be seen — by yourself, or by anyone — is itself part of the problem.

Fifteen years of self-exploration, and genuinely bored of it

I've been on my own self-exploration journey for fifteen years now, and I'll admit it: I'm bored. I've stopped trying to fix certain things I once assumed needed fixing in my own spiritual journey, purely because I'm bored of thinking about them. People have asked me, after everything I've shared recently about being undermined by a friend in front of an audience, whether I'll let myself be put in that position again. Honestly — probably, yes. Everyone wants me to declare I've ascended past that particular lesson. I know myself well enough to know I still love collaborating, that I was already, today, planning the first in-person Spirit Social gathering in my head. I can't switch off the collaborative pull in me, even knowing the shamans once told me my path would always ultimately be a solo one, and that this same instinct will likely keep damaging me sometimes. I don't think any amount of reflection, journaling, or healing sessions changes that. It's written through me. So: deal with the drama when it comes, and keep going.

The real question

My genuinely uncomfortable question, then, is: how can I be of service today — not how can I be of service in a way that also pleases an algorithm? I don't believe in evil spirits, as you know, but if I had to name the single thing that's damaged spirituality most, I'd say social media — it's made everyone more self-obsessed, given us a false sense of connection, and planted this strange need to become an influencer. I shared recently on Spirit Social that despite however it might look from outside, I'm nowhere near influencer numbers — this podcast, adverts included, earns me roughly £100 a month. I will not be retiring on podcast ad revenue. If you'd rather skip the ads, you can listen on Spirit Social instead. Last month, for all my hours of content, I earned £2.76 from YouTube. The number of views needed to earn genuine money is genuinely astronomical — you'd have better odds winning the lottery. So why build an entire business chasing virality, for what, exactly, and for whom?

To be clear — I'm not saying abandon boundaries, or that self-focus is inherently wrong. Working on yourself matters, up to a point. What I'm asking is: once you step into public, professional space — reading for strangers, sharing openly online — are you doing that freer to help, freer to serve, freer to love? Or does it all keep circling back to you? If spirituality just keeps returning to yourself, have we missed the entire point?

Let me know your thoughts — and probably your heckles too, though you likely can't heckle me harder than I'm currently heckling myself. Still worth asking. I hope you've enjoyed this one, and I'll catch up with you again soon.