

When Someone You Trusted Turns Your Own Audience Against You

Hello and welcome to Mediumship Matters, with me, Hannah Macintyre. I want to talk about something a bit personal today — I've gone back and forth about whether to share this publicly, but I think it's worth talking about: the impact of sharing your space with the wrong person.

I recently collaborated with someone I've known a long time, someone genuinely important to me early in my journey. I don't know what's changed in them, or whether they were always like this and I simply hadn't seen it — but I've come to realise, unequivocally, that this person isn't a kind one. I'd go as far as calling it bullying. I didn't fully understand that until we were working together publicly.

I can't blame anyone but myself

I want to be honest about something first: I've had that old message from the shamans, years ago, telling me I needed to walk this path alone. I also had a quiet instinct that this particular collaboration wasn't a good idea. So I can't blame spirit for this, and I can't blame anyone else. I ignored my own nudge. I genuinely don't know yet whether I've learned this lesson properly, or whether I'll be circling back to the same pattern in Season 10.

There's a real duality here. I don't want to work entirely alone — but one of the great ironies of my journey is that nearly every time I try to collaborate, it eventually blows up in my face. And yet the flip side of that same instinct gave me Spirit Social, and a genuinely wonderful tribe of people. So sometimes it works beautifully, and sometimes it goes badly wrong.

The demonstration

Here's the pinnacle moment. There'd already been a build-up of things that felt like being quietly undermined — snide comments, a “mean girls” kind of energy I kept talking myself out of noticing. Then we did a demonstration together, in front of my audience — genuinely my people: friends from the gym, my parents, students who'd driven hours just to be there.

I did the introduction, then asked if she wanted to add anything. She stood up and said: “I work very differently to Hannah. I'm not a shopping list medium.” Some of my own students visibly reacted. For anyone not steeped in this world, that line might have sounded harmless — but “shopping list mediumship” is industry shorthand for old-fashioned, outdated, faintly embarrassing evidential work; fine thirty or forty years ago, not something anyone wants said about them now. It's the equivalent of walking into a proper restaurant and telling the chef, “not bad, for a home cook.” That single line, on top of everything already simmering, confirmed for me that what I'd been sensing all along was real.

Later in the demonstration, she went back to someone I'd already worked with and brought through the exact same spirit — I'll talk in a separate episode about why I don't think that's ethical practice. At the

time, I barely registered it happening, because I was still reeling from the earlier comment. Then someone in the audience asked what happens to spirits after a reading — where do they go? It was my turn to answer first, so I spoke about how spirit is omnipresent, always with us, part of everything. I asked if she wanted to add anything. She stood, and told my own audience: “we’ve had a perfect example of this tonight, where I had to bring a spirit back through properly, because an inexperienced medium had done a substandard job.” I’m paraphrasing slightly, but that was the substance of it — said to eighty people, many of whom immediately looked at me in visible horror, because they’d clocked exactly what had just happened. That’s simply the verifiable, agreed-upon sequence of events. I won’t get into what I felt in that moment.

What it actually did to me

I hate confrontation. I’ll do almost anything to avoid it, and that’s occasionally cost me. So I genuinely couldn’t process someone saying that about me at all — let alone publicly, let alone in front of my own audience, my own people. I’m only two weeks into processing it as I record this, and I’m sure there’s more to come. What’s struck me most is watching how it’s bled into my relationships with other people entirely — people who did nothing wrong, who I loved and trusted, who I now find myself second-guessing without cause.

There’s a strange, persistent voice telling me maybe I misread it, maybe it wasn’t meant that way — even though I’ve had it independently confirmed by others who were there and heard exactly what I heard. I know, rationally, it was meant as an attack. I just still can’t quite process that someone would actually do that. It’s made me genuinely shaky, uncertain of myself, uncertain of everyone — even though I know intellectually I have a wonderful tribe of people around me. Suddenly I’m wondering: do they actually like me? Are they really on my side? This is the real risk of letting people in — and I don’t know the answer to how you stay open-hearted when people can behave like this, especially when you’ve handed someone an opportunity to be seen by a bigger audience, and instead of gratitude, you get undermined.

It’s been a hard week for another reason too: my husband’s instinct is to box it up and move on — “that was a rubbish thing to happen, get on with it” — while I process things much more slowly, and I don’t think I’m fully through it yet. It’s created its own quiet friction between us, him wondering why we’re still talking about it, me still reeling.

The ripple effect went further than just work. I started reading silence from friends as rejection — assuming it meant they didn’t like me, rather than that they were simply busy. Even though I know, intellectually, that I’m not a bad medium, hearing something like that said to an entire room leaves a wound that doesn’t just listen to logic.

A small act of kindness

I made myself go back to the gym after a little time off, genuinely nervous, half-expecting an awkward, unwelcoming atmosphere. One of the instructors I adore threw her arms up the second she saw me and said, “you’re back, you’re back,” and pulled me into a huge hug. I can’t tell you what that meant in that moment. Never underestimate what it costs nothing to give someone: just being visibly glad to see them.

No one becomes untouchable

I think we all secretly believe that at some level of success, we'll become untouchable. I don't think that's how it works, especially not as a medium, an energy worker, someone whose entire mission is to stay open — to love even the people who make that hard.

This has taught me a great deal, however unwelcome the lesson. I'm not usually one for talk of dark forces or negative spirits — I've always maintained that spirit is good, and it's humans who can be genuinely difficult — but I'd call this one of the biggest psychic attacks I've experienced in all our time together. Not just that one moment on stage, but many moments across many days, from someone I believed was a friend, who ended things by telling me she loved me, while I sat there reeling. My husband's advice was simply: get through what you need to get through, keep smiling, don't engage, there's nothing to win. He was right. But it still felt like falling — vibrationally, I dropped and dropped. As I've said before, it's a strange irony that when your vibration drops, it feels like spirit has stepped back, when really they're still there — it's simply harder to feel them through all that noise. The strangest part was watching it colour every other relationship too, briefly making me suspicious of genuinely good people, even while some part of me could see exactly what was happening and couldn't stop the feeling anyway.

So — my message, such as it is: follow the quiet nudges when you get them. But accept that even those of us who teach that principle don't always follow our own advice, and sometimes it goes wrong anyway, for reasons only the other person really knows. Despite everything, I know I'll keep wanting to collaborate — it's simply written through me. I just have to accept that sometimes it will be genuinely damaging, and find my way through it regardless. I hope this was useful, and not just me having a moan. Sometimes we get it right, sometimes we get it wrong, and sometimes people, for their own reasons, simply can't get out of their own way. I'll catch up with you again soon.