

Spirit Exists — Now What? Why a Reading Is the Start, Not the End

Hello and welcome to Mediumship Matters, with me, Hannah Macintyre. Today I want to explore something I don't think our spiritual community talks about enough.

Imagine you've had an incredible reading — like the first time my grandfather came through to me — and it changes everything. You're no longer hoping your loved ones survived death. You know it. You know they're safe, well, with you, watching you. So — now what? Nobody really talks about that part. I think we forget that a reading is not the destination. I've said before that I don't think people need reading after reading after reading — maybe three evidential readings across an entire life, more if you're genuinely struggling or lose more people and want reassurance they're together and okay. But if the reading is good, and you're not being difficult about your requirements, and you genuinely feel touched by spirit — what comes after that?

A reading is the start of a journey, not the end

So many people arrive at a reading expecting it to fix their grief, take the sadness away entirely. It doesn't. I'll be honest: earlier in my mediumship, less experienced than I am now, I genuinely believed a good reading could fix things — because I hadn't yet appreciated what real loss actually costs someone. I say this from a genuinely privileged position: I haven't lost anyone in a way that upended my whole existence. Losing my grandfather was devastating, and he died sooner than any of us wanted — but there's something almost natural about losing a grandparent; we expect to, eventually. That's not remotely the same as a mother losing a child, or a husband who has no idea how to live without his wife. I was still able to live without my grandfather. I'm aware that's a privilege, and I'm not judging anyone who's had multiple readings, as long as they genuinely need them rather than being kept coming back by a medium who benefits from that dependency.

If it were entirely up to me, I'd read for someone once, maybe twice, and that would be it. I ask who you want to hear from, and I bring that person through — it works the vast majority of the time. There should be none of the usual excuses mediums fall back on: “they're still recovering on the other side,” “they couldn't come through today” — I once had someone tell me my own grandfather couldn't come through because he was “working.” It should simply be done, cleanly.

Why the feeling becomes addictive

What I see consistently is that the feeling of reunion with a loved one becomes genuinely addictive, and I think it's our job as mediums to build in safeguards against that. I ask people not to book an evidential reading with me more than once a year — not everyone listens, but that's the boundary I set. In that year, I want them to actually process what they now know: that their loved one is still around. For a lot of people, a reading is a genuinely important part of grieving, especially with all the conflicting religious and

cultural fears around death — imagine being raised Catholic and worrying your loved one never received their last rites, or losing someone to suicide and never knowing if they made it through, or worrying about someone whose passing was frightening or traumatic. Those fears are a real, important part of grief work.

But there are plenty of mediums working without having done the ethics or integrity work to understand this properly. You are not a grief counsellor, but you do need to hold that professional standard — encouraging repeat bookings, not honouring the sanctity of a single reading, is a failure of that standard. Your job, done ethically, is to keep a healthy distance so your client learns to live again — not to become the only place they feel connected to life.

If life continues, how does that change the life you're living now?

Earlier this season I said you don't need to become a professional medium — that comes up constantly in readings too. My real wish is for everyone to know they can do this, connect with spirit, tap into that collective guidance and love — not so we're all just delivering “your nan's here” messages forever, but so we actually learn to live differently because of it. If you genuinely believe life continues after death, the real question is: how does that change the life you're living right now? Death isn't the end — but don't let the afterlife become more important than this one. This life still matters. It's still precious.

One reading shouldn't spiral into another reading, another medium, another sign, another dose of reassurance. At some point you have to ask yourself: do I actually believe this? And if the answer is yes, you have to find a way to genuinely live from that belief. After thousands of readings, every single spirit I've worked with has taught me some version of the same undeniable truth: a life well lived is a life actually lived. Living bravely, boldly, in line with your own integrity and what you actually believe matters — being able to meet your own eyes in the mirror, admit when you've gotten something wrong without lying to yourself about it — that's the whole point. I don't believe in judgement after we pass. I think we judge ourselves, now, in this life. Spirit doesn't talk about money, status, or promotions when they come through. They talk about love, care, regret, kindness, laughter, presence. So many people spend their time remembering their loved ones' lives without allowing themselves to keep creating new life experiences of their own. That's genuinely hard to watch.

The paradox of doing this job

Mediumship is a strange double-edged sword. On one hand, as I've said before, the cost of it has made me feel uncertain, afraid, like the ground beneath me is wobbly — but I think death does that to everyone; I simply work somewhere I encounter that energy constantly. People walking along one moment, gone the next. People who reach a point they can't carry on and end their own lives. People fighting desperately to stay who don't get to. People wasting the time they've been given. Living alongside all of that has, oddly, made it more important to counter it by actually living myself — a strange paradox of being a little afraid this could all change in an instant, while also feeling more grateful, more present, more willing to actually honour being here right now.

People often expect spirit to hand them answers — sometimes you do get them — but if you're hoping an evidential reading, or even a card reading, will explain exactly why you're here and what your purpose is, you'll likely be disappointed. In my experience, the answer is almost always simply: live. We don't arrive

here pre-assigned to some fixed role. There are countless sliding-door moments where you could become someone entirely different. A good evidential connection doesn't hand you the meaning of life — it teaches you your loved ones are still with you. So: what will you actually do with that? If worry has been holding your life back, how do you finally shift it?

I often get spirits through who want their person to know they'll be reunited eventually — but who also don't want their loved one simply waiting to die in order to be with them again. We have to hold that balance. I say “simply,” because I personally cannot wait to be reunited with my own loved ones — and weirdly, I'm genuinely looking forward to meeting Jesus (I imagine I'll bore that poor man to death, if he isn't already). But I also know that reunion will arrive whenever it arrives, and until then, my actual job is choosing what makes me happy — pleasure, learning, growth, the light and the shadow, all of it — and finding my way through.

So here's a question for you: when you think of your loved ones and feel that ache of missing them, do you honestly think they're telling you to book another reading — or telling you to go and live? I think the greatest gift mediumship has actually given me isn't proof that life continues. It's a deeper understanding of how precious this life is — and I watch so many people get stuck in a loop of wanting more, more, more reassurance, rather than living from what they already have.

When the signs stop

I trust spirit's intelligence completely, even when it's painful — you'll get sign after sign after sign, and then, deliberately, they stop. I think that's spirit protecting you from becoming dependent. If a single feather from your mother is the only thing getting you through each day, you're still living inside your grief rather than alongside it — and this is exactly where mediumship must not be mistaken for grief counselling. We have to learn to be genuinely present with our losses, not endlessly medicated by more contact.

This brings me back to a reading I did during lockdown, for a woman whose husband had collapsed from a heart attack in the garden, calling her name — by the time she reached him, he was gone. I brought him through with full evidence, everything she needed to know he'd made it, that he was reunited with his own mother, that he was okay. At the end of the reading, she was furious. “Great,” she said, “he's okay. What about me? I'm on my own.” I was completely unprepared for that anger — I thought I'd done a good job. It taught me the real depth of grief, and that mediumship can't be a universal fix. She was a genuine teacher for me: I initially thought I'd failed her, then had to reconcile that I'd done the job well — it simply couldn't take her pain away. Knowing he was safe, reunited, at peace, left her feeling like she'd been left outside the party.

If you're in that place, thinking another reading will finally fill the missing piece — please reconsider. Consider grief counselling. Consider simply sitting with that loss, present with it, rather than searching for something to plug the hole it's left. I say that with love, not judgement: booking reading after reading with medium after medium, chasing something to fill that hollow space, won't work, because nothing fills that space. That's what grief actually is.

So, to close: eat the chocolate cake. It's my own ongoing struggle whenever I try to diet — that voice reminding me I might not be here tomorrow, and if I were leaving, I'd deeply regret not having had the cake. Whatever your version of the chocolate cake is — launching a slightly terrifying spiritual app, quitting the job, moving somewhere you've always wanted to live, writing the book, making the call — I think the real goal is simply no regrets. If you know you tried, you tried. I hope you enjoyed this one. Thank you for listening, and I'll catch up with you all again soon. Take care.