

We pay up to...
£300
For your story.
Turn to page 56 for info

A Gift from Above

I suffered a devastating loss, but a psychic prediction gave me hope...

By Carolyn Mayling, 68



I was on holiday in Cornwall with my husband David and two girls Ellie, eight, and Rosie, five, when I spotted a flyer in the hotel.

'Look, there's a psychic here tonight,' I said to David. 'Why don't we go?'

'Yeah, OK,' he replied.

I'd never been particularly into the spiritual, but we got a babysitter, then headed down for a reading.

Sitting opposite the psychic, she felt my energy, then said: 'You're going to have another baby after a very long gap.'

'No,' I said with a laugh. 'There's no way I'm having any more!' But she was insistent.

'There's definitely going to be another one,' she said, 'and it's going to be a boy.'

It was a ridiculous thought. But when we got back home to

Maidenhead, Berkshire, I quickly forgot all about it.

As a mum to two young girls, there was never a dull day.

I ran a theatre school and my girl Rosie loved getting involved.

She was clever, funny and so talented.

You'd always find her sporting some colourful outfit, with her favourite stripy tights too.

Then one day, when she was 10, she was rehearsing for a pantomime when she started to feel unwell.

She had an awful cough and was struggling to breathe.

After a visit to the doctor's, she was given antibiotics for a chest infection.

But after a few weeks, they didn't seem to be working.

She was very ill and one night, I realised she'd taken herself to bed early.

'What are you doing in bed?' I

asked, checking on her.

'I'm going to die of this, Mummy,' she said suddenly.

'Stop being a drama queen,' I replied, hiding my shock.

'No, I am,' she said.

After that, I took her back to the doctor's multiple times but each visit, they just couldn't get to the bottom of it.

Eventually, after two months, she was given a CT scan.

The doctor told me and David quietly: 'She's got a pulmonary embolism on the arteries going into her lungs.'

I'd never been more frightened.

Quickly, she was blue-lighted to a different hospital and went straight into intensive care.

I was told she'd need an operation to find out more.

Moments before she went under, I was in a right state.

Then suddenly, a vivid premonition overtook me.

I could clearly see a coffin



Rosie

and flowers, as well as hear music.

Then it hit me — it was Rosie's funeral.

I broke down in tears.

Surely it couldn't be true?

Watching my little girl get wheeled into theatre, I couldn't get the image out of my head.

During the operation, Rosie had some blood clots removed.

Initially, I was relieved it wasn't something worse.

But two days later, the blood clots returned.

And then medics made a shocking discovery.

'Rosie has a rare autoimmune disease called vasculitis,' the doctor said.

Suddenly it all made sense.

She was struggling to breathe because it had inflamed the blood vessels going to her lungs.

For two months, Rosie



Rosie and Ellie

remained in hospital receiving treatment to control the inflammation.

'When I'm better, I'm going to raise money for the children in the hospital by putting on shows,' she said.

She was always thinking of others.

Eventually she was discharged, but after six days at home, she had a pulmonary haemorrhage and had to return to intensive care.

But then she went into cardiac arrest.

For nine days, she was on life support and there was nothing I could do but watch my little girl slip away.

'I'm so sorry, she is brain dead,' doctors finally told me gently.

It was too much to take.

We had no choice but to let her go.

Aged just 11, I held my baby's hand as her life support was switched off.

Afterwards I was consumed by grief.

We held Rosie's funeral a few weeks later.

It was exactly how I'd seen it in my premonition with the same colour coffin and flowers.

Following the service, we had a celebration of her life at our theatre.

As I took a quiet moment of reflection to remember my bright, colourful girl, suddenly I had a thought.

'I've got to do something to make things better for the children at the hospital like Rosie wanted,' I said. 'But I

can't think what to call it.'

And with that, I looked up and saw a huge, bright double rainbow appear in the sky.

She was sending me a message.

'That's it, I'm going to call it Rosie's Rainbow,' I said.

So, in her name, I set up a charity providing music therapy for children in hospital as well as bereavement counselling for parents.

As time passed, I still felt Rosie's guiding presence wherever I went.

In the car, I'd feel a kick on my seat behind me where she always used to sit.

Then when I was 47, just months after losing Rosie, I was walking around my mum's garden when suddenly I heard her voice.

'Don't talk about it, do it,' she said.

Then an image of a baby flashed in my mind.

It was so strange.

At first, I tried to dismiss it, but for weeks, the image wouldn't go.

Then suddenly, I started thinking: *Maybe I do want another baby.*

Losing Rosie had left such a big void in our lives.

The house was silent and seeing Ellie as now an only child shattered my heart.

'I want to have another baby,' I said to David one day.

'I don't know if we'll be able to but if it's what you want, let's go to a doctor and see what they say,' he said

supportively.

So, I went to my GP and was soon referred to a fertility specialist for advice.

'If you want to do this you can't do it with your own eggs,' he said. 'You'll need a donor.'

Although it was a blow, my age meant conceiving naturally wouldn't be possible.

I still wanted to go ahead, so from there, we embarked on a five-year IVF journey.

There were many ups and downs, but eventually, aged 53, I received an anonymous donor egg from abroad.

Then soon, we had the embryos created and my first transfer.

I was a ball of excitement and nerves.

But just 11 days later after a test, a miracle happened.

'You're pregnant,' the nurse told me.

I couldn't believe it was really happening.

For the entire pregnancy, I was deemed high-risk and closely monitored.

But thankfully, it all went

smoothly.

And at 38 weeks, when I was 54, my baby boy, Dominic, was delivered safely by Caesarean.

I was smitten.

The fact that the psychic's prediction, from all those years ago in Cornwall, really had come true left me astounded.

Deep down, I just knew Rosie had some part to play in his arrival too.

Ellie hadn't been sure about the idea of me having another baby at first, but as soon as she saw her new baby brother, she too fell in love.

In the years that followed, David and I sadly separated.

But the love for our children never faltered.

Now, Dominic is 14 and I'm still amazed by the way Rosie guided him into our lives.

Still today, she shows us signs she's around — whether it's with rainbows or feathers.

On Ellie's wedding day, I gave a speech, mentioning Rosie, and at that moment, a double rainbow lit up the sky.

This year, I released a memoir called *The Future Is Rosie*, all about my rollercoaster with loss and grief, and how I learnt to live again.

Not a day goes by that I don't miss her.

But I know Rosie's still here, guiding me in everything I do.

'Don't talk about it, do it'



My girl



Me now



• *The Future Is Rosie* (Alliance Publishing Press, £11.99) is available via Amazon and to order from all bookshops. For more information about Carolyn's charity, visit rosiesrainbowfund.co.uk

As told to Ellie Ball. Photo: Shutterstock