



LEGAL HIGHS

Emma Freud's legal highs: a seance at Selfridges

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‘H ello, how are you?’ asked the nice girl on reception at Psychic Sisters in Selfridges on Oxford Street. “Well, you tell me,” I replied, overexcited that I was only minutes away from communicating with the dead. The Psychic Sisters are the Kardashians’ mediums of choice and if anything is going to give you a high between scouting out toys on the fourth floor of a department store and buying bras on the third, it would surely be checking in with a dead relative in the basement.

The room for readings is windowless, womb-like and one wall is made of a giant crystal. Jackie Cox, my reader, has 18 years of experience in psychometry, reiki and angel cards. I told her that I’d like to talk to my mother-in-law, who died ten years ago. She said that she couldn’t make appointments on the other side, but if anyone turned up wanting to chat, she would let me know.



ALAMY

Cox talked to me about my work, my family and our plans for next year, which she knew about even though I have yet to tell my agent. I had been booked in as “Emma – 1pm”, so googling me wasn’t an option, but her accuracy was astonishing, and her take on my life was generous and enlightening.

“Is your mother-in-law loving and warm, dresses immaculately, a great talker but a great listener, really enjoys afternoon tea and adores Claridge’s?” she asked. “Er . . . entirely yes,” I answered.

“She says, ‘Why is there not a photograph of me on your wall at home?’ She would like a photo from when she was younger, in a silver frame, centre stage, right where everyone can see it, please – she is still part of the household.” If you had ever met the glorious Glynne Curtis, you would know categorically that this was her speaking.

I wrote down everything that Cox said during that hour. It would not convince a hardened sceptic, but to have gone only to prove her right or wrong would be like reading a poem only to check whether or not it scanned properly. I chose to park my scepticism. Wherever they came from, her takes on my relationship, my daughter, my parents and life were fascinating for their clarity, positivity and guidance.

It was an unorthodox life lesson and I was left reeling from the pleasure of it, and giddy that I may have communicated with one of my favourite former people.

On this exhilarating cloud nine, I went straight to the ground floor and bought a silver frame.

psychicsisters.co.uk