

True Ghost Stories

Working with the Other Side

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Disclaimer: Any techniques in this book are for informative use only. If you are seeing or hearing people who are not there, please see your physician.

I would like to dedicate this book to all my spiritual teachers, your teachings were and continue to be a precious gift that I will carry with me forever. I am what I am today because of your wisdom, guidance, and patience, and for that I will be eternally grateful.

Chapter One

A Cleansing

It was early evening; I had just heard about a suicide in a trailer park nearby; it was a young man who had become depressed and had not been seen for four days. He lived alone other than with his beloved cats. He had put a pistol to his head and pulled the trigger. No-one had realized he was dead, or at-least not until they decided to check his trailer.

I do not want to even imagine how horrendous the scene must have looked, not to mention the smell as it was summer in Arizona, and the young man had been in there for three or four days; and I do not even want to think about the trauma the cats must have gone through, such a waste of life.

Sadness was all around and this evening, I

needed to go and spiritually cleanse the trailer park. I believe that when someone takes their own life, it can open a gateway for negative spirits to enter the space. I needed to cleanse the area and remove all negative spirits, thus closing the gate again.

I approached his trailer and saw the spirit of the man sitting next to the trailer on a log, he looked at me with regret and said, *"I didn't mean to do it, I didn't mean to pull the trigger so hard."* I told him he needed to follow the light and with that, he was gone.

I burnt herbs and cleansed around the trailer leaving herbs on a tree stump close by, I continued to walk around the park praying and cleansing the area from all unwanted energies.

It was not until I reached the creek at the other side of the park that I could feel a negative spirit. I had been standing facing the creek listening to the song of the water as I often did when I felt the presence of the spirit behind me. I could feel that the spirit wanted to push me over the edge, into the creek to harm me. I turned around to face him and told him to follow the light, he was reluctant, but with that he was gone. Suicide is not an effective way-out, it creates so much negativity for those left behind and in the vicinity.

I continued until the park cleansing was complete and the park was free of negative spirits. Then I went on my way.

Chapter Two

Bad Energy

It was a dark winter night, it had been a long day and I was drying my hair in front of the bedroom window as I would normally do, when suddenly I could feel that a man had suddenly entered the bedroom, a spirit, and not a nice spirit.

I continued with drying my hair to see or feel what he was going to do. Suddenly I could feel that he had a piece of wire (not physically) wrapped around both hands leaving a couple of feet between them, I could feel that he wanted to throw it around my neck and pull it tight. I quickly spun around to face him, he was a very mean man and the vehemence he held towards women was extraordinarily strong. I ordered him to leave, he was gone in seconds.

On reflection, the spirit had past connections to the neighbour's house. I cleansed our house and placed a protection around it, something I had not yet done as we had only just moved in.

From that evening, I was aware that he stood outside the neighbour's house at night looking up through our window with that same vehemence. The energy from him was so strong, even I wanted to move away from the window, away from his stare. It felt as if he were aiming something at me and that if I stayed there, it would come straight through the window. He had to go.

The energy this man or spirit gave off was so strong that even the dog would not go all the way up the road at night, he would just stop and look ahead as if he were looking at something or someone.

It was time to remove him, time to send him to the light. I collected the things I needed to cleanse the area, and, in the evening, which is the only time he came around I set out in prayer and with protection.

As soon as I had started walking towards the neighbour's house he was there, right in front of me, challenging me. I knew I needed to stay strong and centered as I knew I could not trust him. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "*You can't make me go*" and with that, I told him to follow the light, he was not welcome there anymore. He hesitated, but he knew I meant it, I told him again and with that he was gone. I

cleansed the whole area whilst praying over it using salt where necessary for protection.

He knew he would have to go, I felt he had been there for years, and was the reason the neighbour's house had never sold.

After the clearing, the dog was happy to go up and down the road, he came with me when I went to perform the clearing. It was as if he knew that I was going to remove the spirit. After that, there was no bad energy around the house, and I was able to go back to standing in front of the window at night.

Chapter Three

Find My Son

It was a usual cruise, going between Sydney Harbour and the South Pacific Islands, I had had my usual day massaging. In the evenings it was nice to be on deck or hang out with friends, this evening, I wanted to stay in my cabin, to connect with spirit.

It was getting late, I needed to be up early the next day, so I put down my pen which was always busy writing in my diary and went to sleep.

I never locked my cabin door as there were a couple of crew members that I used to do healing with, so they knew that my door was always open.

I was fast asleep when I started to sense a presence of someone, a man in my room, it was a heavy presence and strong enough to awake me from

a deep sleep. I looked around and realized no-one was there. I went back to sleep and the same feeling awoke me again. Feeling a bit uneasy with such a strong presence, I locked my door and went back to sleep.

Then it happened, this time the presence was so strong I sat bolt upright and remembering that the door was locked, I realized I was in the presence of a spirit. I grabbed my pen and paper as I knew that I was about to receive a message.

The spirit was of a tall man, in his forties, he had worked on ships and died suddenly and unexpectedly of a heart attack leaving behind his wife and children.

I asked him what he wanted, he said, *“find my son, he is on this ship, tell him to let me go, he is keeping me earth-bound, tell him I love him.”*

With that the spirit was gone. I was wondering how I was supposed to find his son, I did not know whether that was a crew member or a passenger.

The next morning the message weighed heavily on my mind, I prayed to Spirit, asking for help in finding this man.

We were at the end of the cruise, it was the evening before passengers disembarked and I

was aware that if I did not find him tonight, and he was a passenger, then it would be too late.

I spent time wandering around the ship walking in passenger areas, walking around the decks in hope that if he were a passenger, I would be drawn to him or him to me, but nothing happened.

It was getting late so I decided to stop for the day and go to my cabin to write in my diary as I quite often did, with the door wide open so people felt they could drop in. I finished my entry and got up to close the door just as one of the firefighters went by.

He always used to say hi but this time he stopped, so I made conversation with him asking him where he was from and whether he had siblings. Slowly but surely, I started to feel that he was the son.

I asked him about his dad and if his dad used to work on ships, he said "yes" and I said, "*he died of a heart attack, didn't he?*" He looked so shocked, once again, I had been led to the right person.

I invited him in and explained to him that I had a message from his dad. He said he was a devoted Catholic and found it hard to believe

that I had a message from a dead person.

I went on to describe what his dad had said to me, and told him the message, his eyes welled up as he went on to tell me and show me that he wore his dad's ring on a chain around his neck, and that he missed him.

He said he was only 11years old at the time and it broke his heart when his dad died. He was now in his twenties, a young man with so much to offer and so full of grief.

He went on to ask me how to let his dad go, so we talked a little about how to release him.

It was now the early hours of the morning; the crew member still was not sure whether letting dad go was going to be effective so he decided that he would try it in the morning and let me know how it went.

I was happy with that, at the end of the day, I had done as I had been asked; I had found the son and delivered the message.

The next day I saw the young man and he did not need to tell me that he had followed my suggestions, I could see he had received a release, he was smiling, his eyes were sparkling, and he had a lightness around him, around his spirit.

Nevertheless, he told me that he had done

as I suggested and that he could not believe the difference it had made to him and how much lighter and happier he felt. He could not thank me enough and went on his way.

I saw him half a dozen times after that, but that was the only time we had a real talk.

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