
Experiences

A Haunted House, NSW – 1985, by Patti Barton

I was the President of the Australian Transpersonal Association when I first met Trish Trowbridge in 1996. I became very interested in her capacities as a ‘sensitive’ and a skilled alternative healer. She has told me numerous stories of transpersonal experiences and events in her life, many of which have led to the development of new Natural Therapy modalities (the Horstmann Techniques) which Trish now employs very successfully in her Brisbane clinic and also teaches in workshops around the world. I am compiling a book based on her remarkable facility for transmitting unusual and yet useful information when in an altered state of consciousness.

The following, however, is her recollection of paranormal events surrounding her family’s haunted house experiences that occurred in the mid 1980s when she moved from Sydney to a new home in the southern highlands of NSW. She writes:

“After signing the contract on an historic house in the country, we were informed that we would be inheriting a ghost who, we were told, frequently turned on the lights and bathroom taps in the night. In fact, the previous owner’s young children would not go into a particular room in the house saying that it made them frightened because there was ‘someone’ there.

These people had made inquiries in the district and had found that a lady had died in that room some years before. They assumed her spirit was still in residence. They also concluded that the ghost wasn’t fond of cats since every kitten the children had been given over the years died within a short time. I hoped this would not be our fate because we were bringing our much-loved tabby with us.

My experiences started on the first night I slept in the house. I woke while trying to turn over in my bed and met a resistance, as if there was someone in bed with me. Logically, I knew this would be rather difficult as I was lying on my side in the centre of my single bed. I came to waking consciousness and tried again to turn over, but I still met the resistance, and when I put my hand out to check the cause I was sure I could feel a body.

Somewhat unnerved, my mind quickly scanned through several possibilities of what I could be experiencing including thinking of what I could do if I did have a physical bed companion. There was only one logical way to find out. I turned on the bedside light, lifted the doona and was somewhat amazed that I could see no-one, and yet the sensation I’d felt had definitely prevented me from turning over.

After the light was off again and my mind was telling me I hadn't really felt anything, I went to roll on my back once more, only to experience the same sensation again. I was extremely tired following the previous day's moving that I decided to stay on my side and just go back to sleep.

This same event occurred again for the next two nights, but there was far too much to do with unpacking and settling in to give these incidents much more than a casual thought.

One of my daughters announced that since spirits and ghosts didn't seem to affect her she would take the supposedly haunted room.

As for our cat, he didn't seem to settle into his new home at all and, after a few days, it became obvious that he could "see" something that we couldn't. Frequently he would stare upwards, hair standing on end, then rush through the door and immediately turn, look up again and then dive under the nearest chair or behind one of us. He died a few weeks later.

I then realised there was truth in what the previous owners had said. We were quite distraught and I felt the need to investigate further. I meditated, asking for some help but nothing came to me directly. Then, a few weeks later, I woke in the night to the "click" sound of the cord-pull light switch. I looked and saw that the hall light had gone on and the cord was still bouncing up and down. I shot out of bed and into the hall, but no-one was there, in fact no-one else in the house was even awake.

Then I remembered that as a small child I used to spend a lot of time at my Grandparents' home where they had the same light switch cords and I used to delight in 'pinging' them when I turned the light on, sometimes not even pulling them down hard enough to put the light on, but just to watch the cord bounce. So it occurred to me that our ghost could have been a child.

My mind went back to my invisible bed companion of those first three nights in the house and I recalled that I had felt the sensation of a body only from my shoulders to my knees. Of course, a child!

A local person from the village was visiting one day and the conversation got around to the rumours of our house being haunted. I mentioned the events so far and then found myself saying that we had a little girl who had died in a riding accident. I don't know why I said this.

My daughter in the 'haunted' room was very musical and had her piano and an antique church organ in her room. One night I woke to her playing the piano at about 1.30 a.m. I went into her room and requested an explanation. My daughter just kept on playing, and she said that the little girl wanted her to. It was then that I realised she was playing an old-time tune (something like 'Clementine') which she wouldn't know and had probably never heard before. The next morning my daughter denied the whole incident. Apparently, she had responded in her sleep!

Upon further investigation in town over several months, I discovered that a little girl, who had lived in the house in the early 1900s, had been killed while riding her bike down the long driveway. She had come from a musical family, in fact her

father had played the church organ. In later years her brother did the same. I was beginning to piece together some of her story.

I could not, however, verify a dislike for cats until one night when I woke suddenly with a 'knowing' that it was a cat that had caused her to fall from her bike.

My girls really wanted another cat and had found a stray that they were begging me to let them keep. I didn't want them to go through the pain of losing another pet, nor did I want this cat to go through what the other one had.

Eventually I agreed that they could keep this new tabby and by then I felt I had built up a enough of a relationship with our little ghost to be able to effectively appeal to her not to persecute this one. I spoke to her, as a mother to a child, and explained how my girls felt. It wasn't long after this that our new tabby had four kittens, before we had her de-sexed, and all except one of them lived with us for more than 10 years.

We all became quite used to the pinging of the light switches and other unexplainable happenings like a tap being turned on in the night or a vibration like a cool rush of air passing by when we played music in the evening. Quite often we had house guests or visitors who would comment on ghostly experiences while at our house.

After we had been in the house about four years it became very apparent, from the stillness and cessation of the events we'd become used to, that our little ghost had left us. Two things happened around that time. My musical daughter who had had 'that room' left to work and further her studies in Sydney. Also, I had a visit from a Canberra woman who said she would love to look through the house because her ancestors had lived there in the late 1800s. I told her about our little girl and while she was in 'that room' she burst into tears saying she could feel the little presence holding onto her waist. She remained visibly shaken for the rest of her visit and was still tearful as she drove away.

My daughter has not spoken of any feelings or happenings that might indicate that the little girl had gone with her and I never heard from the other person again."

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