

## **Experiences**

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I have been invited to discuss an experience I had early this year, between December, 2003 and April, 2004. I am hoping that it may stimulate discussion and provide me with some answers or understanding of what occurred. I wish to remain anonymous and have given pseudonyms to the people involved, for reasons that will become apparent in my writing. I thank Dr. Thalbourne for this opportunity.

A short introduction: I am in my 40s, female, living in NSW and a full-time carer. I studied at a local university in the 1990s obtaining a BA in psychology. Family illness prevented my pursuing my studies any further although I believe that in the next five years I will return to study.

As for paranormal abilities, I have never been tested in any way and I don't claim to be a 'psychic' or anything else like that. I have little education in the area of parapsychology, so I wouldn't begin to make any claims. I am somewhat sceptical of my own experiences, although I must admit they have been unusual. I am still hoping that someone will be able to show me how I have made a mistake and deluded myself, but so far, no one has. I must say that I have a tendency towards self-doubt and combined with university studies that included statistics, I have been able to stay grounded. I am open to alternative, more mundane explanations.

In December 2003, I read a request for prayers by a woman on an Internet site that I frequented. M, had asked for prayers for a missing young woman in the USA, presumed kidnapped. They didn't know each other; however, they came from the same college campus. It was the first time I had any communication with M or knew anything of the situation of D. Reading M's thread, I felt sorrow and compassion for both these women and at the same time I wanted to test myself, once and for all, to see if I really had any 'psychic' abilities.

Recent shows by famous mediums on television had sparked some confidence in me. I have always been rather secretive about my strange experiences. I learned early on that people feared these sorts of experiences and decided to keep them to myself. Even in later years when I confided to close friends, I was careful in how I spoke about my 'abilities'. Contacting M was, therefore, something of a momentous decision on my part. Luckily, she was open to the idea of my trying to get 'images' of D and her location. M referred me to another website where information had been set up for the missing woman by the police and relatives of D. At the time, all that the police knew was that they believed that she had been kidnapped outside a mall while talking with her fiancé on her mobile. I used the Internet photo

of the missing woman and an old encyclopedia for a map of the region. I don't know the USA very well and have never travelled there.

At first I had some trouble getting anything. I thought that maybe it was not meant to be, but then I did get some images. The way I do this is to try and imagine movement, for example, as she is coming out of the shop, is she turning left or right, what is she seeing, feeling, etc. The best description I can give of the images I get is like that of downloading a video clip on a computer, that long pause and sudden burst of a tiny bit of information which may or may not make sense.

The initial images I got involved the reason for the kidnapping, the vehicle used, the ethnicity of the person (which I gather is rare for the area), the type of weapon, a description of a building and geography, the sound of the place where she had been kept and was likely to be found.

There were two double-exposure images that I had. Double-exposure images are when two images become so superimposed that I am not very clear as to what belongs to what. For example, I had an image of a small white building, but the more I tried to look at it the roof of the building kept changing. It would take on the image of an up and down shape like that of a castle. M then told me that the sorority house of the young woman was in the shape of a castle. The other double-exposure involved the cars, I had two different cars and two colours constantly mixing themselves up. In the end the one thing that felt the surest was that of the colour, and it proved to be correct.

As time progressed, more information came to me. Unfortunately, I suddenly began to get images of her dead face and the fact that she was lying next to a shallow bed of water. I could hear babbling sounds of water. Beyond her face, I could make out trees and I had a sense that there was the shadow of a hill behind me. I also had images which cannot be confirmed. I had seen her crouching in a corner of a room, dirty, almost naked and crying; that she had been presented with an opportunity to escape but didn't make it in time; that she had thought of her sorority sisters quite a lot during the whole episode and that she had drawn comfort from them. These will never be confirmed.

I began to use the map more and mentioned a river which runs several kilometres and across a couple of states. I suggested an area between two towns and on which side of the river she would be found. M asked me about the time-frame in which she would be found. I told her that she was exposed and that if they used dogs they would find her quickly. I wrote back and told her that if they didn't find her soon, they wouldn't find her until April, once the snow had melted.

She was eventually found in April, in the river I had mentioned, between the two towns I mentioned. Neither M nor I did anything to assist the police to find her. Neither of us expected such accuracy. I had been dreading the private message from M telling me they had found her. A couple of weeks before they found her, I became very frustrated and could sense something big was about to happen but didn't really know what it was. When M wrote to me to let me know, I became emotional for days. It took me several days to disconnect from D and weeks to disconnect from the feelings of shock that I had been so accurate and the guilt of having done nothing about it.

D is not the first missing person I have made such a connection to. I think a great deal of the reason for my emotional response had to do with the fact that I have had a connection to another woman who has been missing, presumed murdered, for several years now. As with D, I allowed myself to get impressions of her. Two of those images I know from news reports have turned out to be correct. The issue of contacting the police about this other woman has been hanging over me for a number of years. I feel that the spirit of this missing woman has been active in trying to get me to go to the police but if I find it hard to believe my experiences, how could I ask *others* to believe them? What if I do contact someone and I am proved correct? I am trapped between being considered a freak or a fool.

It has resulted in my often feeling overwhelmed by feelings of guilt and anxiety. I avoid reading stories of missing people or focussing on living people for too long. It only takes a few moments for me to know the history of a person, their bodily weaknesses, etc. I don't only know it but I experience their pain in my body, so there is added incentive to avoid this. I also avoid it because I think *if* I am able to do this, it is an invasion of privacy; I don't really want to know what I am not verbally told.

My sceptical side tells me that I have a hyperactive imagination and I am hypersensitive to subtle clues that I am picking up unconsciously. I think this is a real possibility: maybe the real talent I possess is in reading subtle clues and making inferences. However, some of those guesses are rather specific. For example, a woman I met for the first time in a shop eventually told me that she had been abused by her father as a child—something I had guessed correctly. During a prayer group, I suddenly got incredible pain in my hand and had to break away as my hand became cramped and stiff. I found out that the woman sitting next to me and holding my hand during the prayer suffered from degenerative arthritis, something that was not visible yet. Another woman during another prayer meeting seemed to grab my attention, and throughout the entire prayer meeting, the words that were going through my mind about her were, “butterflies in my stomach”. When the prayer ended, imagine my surprise

when she was speaking to someone about having difficulty with her Ph.D. and using the phrase “butterflies in my stomach”. Coincidence, possibly, but it has happened in so many ways, daily, has been so specific, that I have to at least *question* the possibility.

As for D, I suppose it could be claimed that something like this should be repeated to see if it was nothing more than luck. Since D, I have joined a couple of sites which are primarily set up for people interested in parapsychology. I have provided some 30 bits of information to people I have neither seen nor known; the only two errors I made were that I described a bedroom in detail to a woman but the description I gave fitted that of her childhood bedroom; I also gave a description of her daughter as an 18-year-old, and although her mother confirmed that I was right about the personality of her daughter, she is in reality only 4-years-old. Apart from these two, everything else has been correct. Even with my limited knowledge of statistics, this seems rather significant to me. I also have been playing psi games on these Internet sites and again have been scoring fairly high.

Well, now what? I am still working through my own fears, guilt and doubts. K, the other missing woman and I continue to live in limbo, until, hopefully, I find the courage to come out of the paranormal closet or someone knows of a police officer who is interested in using the information I have. I don't claim anything but a willingness to try. Apart from this, I would also welcome discussions and advice from people. I would like to know how others deal with these experiences, since it is not only a question of whether this is real or not but if it is real, how does one make use of these abilities, define them, control them and so on?