

This book is a Christian based written account sharing true spiritual and paranormal events transpiring in the life of the author. Logic becomes employed as the years pass unifying the physical and spiritual realities. Humanities perception of time itself, interdimensional realities, and the power of the mind are all brought into question.

How God Answered Us All: Spiritual, Paranormal & the Unknown

By Ruth Walker

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How God Answered

Us All

**Spiritual, Paranormal
& the Unknown**

Revised Edition

A True Story

Ruth Walker

How God Answered Us All

Spiritual, Paranormal & the Unknown

(Revised Edition)

Ruth Walker

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ISBN: 978-1-64718-687-6

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Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., St. Petersburg, Florida.

Printed on acid-free paper.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2020

Library of Congress Registration Number: 2020911529

2020 Second, Revised Edition, Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is on file at the Library of Congress, Washington, DC.

Book Cover, front and back; is a derivative creation using NASA's Earth Day photo 2014, NASA/NOAA/Goes Project. Portions of the Eagle Nebula M16 – NASA, ESA, and the Hubble Heritage Team (STSci/AURA). Hubble Space Telescope ACS - STSci - PRC05 - 12b; used as background/images have been moderately altered, created in combined with overlay of Angel Art photography by Ruth Walker copyright 2011.

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PROLOGUE

Many years ago, somewhere in the early 1980s at a convenience store, an unfamiliar man standing behind me to my left started talking. He acted like we'd known each other for years comfortably heralding the statement: "The origin of the word *luck* comes from the initials L.U.C.K. meaning, Loved Under Creations Kingdom." His voice was commanding and calm at the same time; somewhat cheerful even.

Continuing his unprompted educational tactics, he added, "These four letters were once written on the battle shields of the Celts. By marking the symbols: L.U.C.K., the warrior was displaying a traditional prayer of protection to the gods when entering into battle."

I politely acknowledged the man's effort by smiling with a nod while casually working my way toward the checkout counter. He had caught my attention entirely off-guard with his words. This stranger ushered in a new category of inspirational thoughts that went beyond the *by chance good fortune* that luck is randomly thought of today. Something suddenly made more sense than the arbitrary magical unknowns.

Decades later my Internet search to support his statements regarding the origin of luck yielded no actual proof I can submit here. I pulled seemingly endless variations of possible origins, uses, root words, and interpreted meanings. Admittedly, my computer skills are well below average.

I adopted these declarations of fact from this stranger as soon as I heard them. The idea of deeper meaning in a word,

or anything previously understood as arbitrary was appealing. The original meaning of *luck* is not given to chance.

Many perceptions concerning my existence held deficient meanings. I felt I had to reassess, or reassign, a deeper more specified understanding in many categories of life. We all have different degrees of contentment levels concerning various aspects within ourselves. Contentment level variations not being much different than people having diverse interests in general. In my case; the extraordinary experiences life presented me, forced, and sometimes initiated insights that went beyond what the normal mind-set of perceptions offered.

Although a deeply spiritual person, I don't deny my physical reality if I hit my shin on the corner of the coffee table. How many of us wouldn't pray if we were possibly facing our death on the way to battle?

I'm making this point to highlight how quickly a vague perception can be entirely changed with a fresh avenue of thought. Especially in a world of endless challenges where humanity generally suffers from a lack of understanding. Perhaps this is a broad statement, but viewed honestly, a true one. There is nothing a greater understanding can't heal; from medical science to all-inclusive spiritual wholeness.

I recognize now that for each of us life is a series of carefully guarded and personalized lessons. All of us are connected and connecting in ways far beyond the standard known limits of awareness.

The undeniable consequence of my experiences leaves me without doubt that the dominant presence of unseen forces is constantly active in our lives. Those unknown forces operate continuously. Regardless of cultural and individual definitions of God, or the professed lack of him that we might have. There is

only so much arbitrary luck one can attribute to reality without absolute defiance of logical reasoning.

The scientific concept of a soul or afterlife continuance is said to permit many of us who feel weakened along the way in life to maintain a worthy purpose in carrying on. This broader inner purpose would mean we are more than what is readily seen in our aging flesh. No matter how old you are, from the day you're born your time on Earth will move you forward until your very last breath. I can promise you that when your physical body ceases to function, your actual self-awareness or spiritual-self will not. This would be more difficult to accept if you've already decided you are exclusively a temporary physical body.

The limited dimensions of this world's surface conditions are but a crossing gap into expanded awareness of our true selves. This includes our collective potential. I would challenge anyone who thinks they can make it through their life without learning something. Even if what is learned is superficially acknowledged as overall disapproval in life. That disapproval objectively claims a new beginning by its own declaration of inadequacy.

Layers upon layers of facts can be, and are scholastically determined. Facts are sometimes defined by their effects because they cannot be seen within our known physical perimeters. Gravity would be a fair example. Science shows us that gravity does exist by consistent results, but we can't actually see that gravitational energy with our physical eyes. The given predictable test results become the proof, and we call it science. Yet, the results of other known existing powers, such as love, remain far beyond our ability to test, corral, or control.

The facts ultimately lead to one of two overall possibilities: A belief that random physical events we think we understand culminated into our current existence, or, a higher force than ourselves manipulated physical events into our current existence.

Personally, I vote for the higher force. The odds of all this culmination of life producing the perfect learning environment for human civilization, after civilization, remains outside any reasonable fraction of chance.

We function with abilities beyond what we can measure or detect in any other living creature upon the earth. Mankind has surpassed the development in other living creatures. Clearly shown where dog houses and animal hospitals are built by humans.

Science has produced an impressive grasp of physical laws governing a good portion of the material world. Accepting them as generally taught only showed me how limited our educations are in certain respects. I say this because I've seen those physical laws swept apart like dust particles when higher powers wave them aside. If physical laws are shown to me as particles on auto-pilot, and God's forces intervene surpassing humanities limits, can you fault me for focusing on the unknowns in spirituality?

INTRODUCTION

My name is on the cover of this book. I came very close to using a pen name. To my discredit, as I began writing this lifetime planned book I had every intention of hiding behind a false name. Otherwise, I might not have had the emotional strength to be so forthcoming concerning the abundant supernatural experiences I've had.

Life has a way of baby stepping us all into better choices. I have realized since that God has never hidden His name from me, nor should I be so fearful in trying to hide my name from you.

I'm not special at all. To the contrary, I've fallen on my face and have been mistaken more often than I cared to revisit. The candor, however, is necessary.

I've detailed the truth of my mindboggling experiences for you to decide where you could potentially benefit. These are all true stories, believed or not. The stories are being given willingly through my faith in the love that we have for each other legitimately buried within ourselves.

I have kept my experiences to myself. Until now, my voice has been rendered absent by fear of judgement. Judgement passed out like free candy by the people who surround us all. I still live within the frailties of the human condition. Regardless, my heart has grown enough to dismiss the fears that aren't real, for the benefit of that which is real. That being our deeply bonded connections to each other.

How God Answered Us All

I have done my best to give you a semi-chronological progression of the realities concerning the spiritual/paranormal issues presented to me in my life.

I am not a professional writer. At my age there is certainly no attempt to build a career with this publication. Instead, this is a truthfully written acknowledgement as a testament to God's reality.

Chapter One

WORD AGAINST WORD

Did the car actually stall on the tracks? Even worse, did Mom stop our vehicle in the middle of the railroad tracks? For what unimaginable reason? I can't make any circumstances fall into a category of common-sense, where you could reasonably find yourself facing unavoidable impact with an oncoming train. But my mother did. She carried three children in the car with her, myself included. I was eight-months-old at the time. My siblings were two, and three years older.

Mom and Dad never talked about the train accident around any of us children. Short, quick verbal notes had been occasionally exchanged between them over time. Nothing they thought as children we could understand or would pay attention to.

My parents were talking with my aunt in the kitchen. I could hear them from behind closed doors in my bedroom. I had been studying my coloring-book looking for the prettiest picture to color. Bent over sitting cross-legged in the bottom bunk, their semi-muffled words caught my attention. It was obvious they didn't want to be overheard. Naturally, that piqued my interest all the more.

I was nearing school age now, and our court date regarding the matter had seen the last of endless delays. That aspect wasn't difficult to surmise. Railroad money could afford high-powered attorneys in volume.

Mom thought what we might hear in the courtroom could bring back traumatizing memories she hoped we'd all forgotten.

Whispering escalated into a more audible conversation. Dad was insisting that us children appear in the courtroom to help win the lawsuit. Mom continued to reiterate, being torn and frustrated if she should allow it.

I can't speak for my siblings concerning their memories of the train wreck. No conscious memories existed for me. The only connection I could make was the years of throbbing pain that shot through both my legs and feet. Sometimes it was a dull ache from the hips down; the bulk of which substantially faded with age. Other times, all I could do was cry while sharper pains wove up and down nerve pathways in my legs.

I recall being invited to a sleepover at my cousin's house. I wanted to go. The invitation was more than welcome given the simplicity of our routine lives. Unfortunately, my legs hurt so much that day I was worried I'd spend the night awake in someone else's bed. It was hard to get my mind off the pain when my legs started hurting. I had no choice but to pass on the invitation.

That night was the last time I remember my mom rubbing my legs for me. Being comforted by Mom in the familiarity of my own room allowed my mind to be at rest. Her attention and touch always distracted me long enough to fall asleep.

Beyond those types of memories, it was the heavy orthopedic shoes I was forced to wear that brings a glaring recall. Wearing those steel-arched shoes held a promise of pain that continued relentlessly until I was ten years old. Walking in them felt like shoving a wide blunt nail through my foot with every step. The shoe assault hit directly on the arches of my feet by design.

Additionally, another unpleasant side effect was the imbedded psychological pattern of barely lifting my feet off the

ground to move them forward. I assume this habit developed due to the burdensome weight of the shoes. I tripped myself habitually with or without wearing the shoes for many years. Actually, I kept tripping long after I stopped wearing the special shoes. Mom's coaching continued, "Remember to pick up your feet Ruth," well into my adulthood.

That's not considering how unattractive I thought those awkward lace-up shoes were. Heavy, steel imbedded, custom-made shoes looking identical to the last pair with every size increase. To make matters worse, I seriously suspected my clunky shoes made me look like a boy. Wearing shiny buckle shoes were the extent of my princess dreams back then. The style was no longer age appropriate by the time I was allowed to wear pretty dress shoes. Sandals and sneakers (tennis shoes) had become the more popular and practical choice.

Besides the shoe dilemma, there were other issues that took a front row seat involving the accident. My siblings and I instinctively knew better than to mention the train wreck. It was like tribal knowledge. We knew we weren't supposed to talk about it. None of us wanted to be the one to upset Mom by bringing it up.

When the court date came we were brought into the courtroom. I was never brought up in front of the judge. I don't remember who, but someone was holding my sister's arm up like *show and tell*. The long bending scar on the back of her upper right arm seemed to reach from her armpit to her elbow. My brother was also called to stand in front of the judge. I don't remember what he did, or what was said while he was there.

My age didn't provide much of an attention span. I remember trying to be patient sitting quietly like a lady. Very specifically girls received *lady training* in the 1960s. Keeping

my dress pulled down and my knees closed tight together was all my attention span had room for.

All of us children were soon trotted out of the courtroom as suddenly as we were brought in. Most of our time was spent in silence, sitting in the hall outside of the courtroom doors.

On the way home the whispering my parents practiced over the matter came to an end. I remember that. It was quite clear that we had lost the case. They talked about being the “little guys” up against “big railroad money.” My parents took turns repeating that winning our lawsuit probably never had a “snowball’s chance in hell”. The railroad had employed several attorneys. We had one attorney, paid on a lower-middle income budget. I understood that well enough also.

The way I understand it is, that the lawsuit boiled down to word against word. The nonfunctioning railroad crossing in question magically worked fine by the time an acceptable documented investigation was submitted. I assume some form of an official documentation had to have been submitted to the Court.

Twenty plus years later with young adult clarity, I finally did ask Mom about the mysterious train accident; leaning on my relatively scant childhood memories. Admittedly, in the end many details remained unspoken.

It was January 1961, as I was told. Mom reported our family’s car was sidelined by a speeding train shortly after crossing the Canadian border. She had decided to accept an invitation to spend the weekend at a friend’s cabin. Children were naturally included.

We lived a couple of hours outside of Buffalo, New York at the time. Crossing the Canadian border wasn’t a big deal for

people who lived near it. I remember Mom saying the trip would have taken three to four hours all together.

Dad was working out of town. He worked in construction. Any work to be found in the dead of winter was usually in a distant southern state. He could be gone for several weeks at a time. It's understandable why Mom needed a break with three young children stranded indoors for the winter.

At the time of the accident an unexpected storm hit rather suddenly. She didn't say what kind of storm it was. Being January that far north a snowstorm seems most likely. I also imagine storm warning technology wasn't readily available, or as accurate in the early 1960s.

"Visibility," she said, "became difficult." The railroad crossing came into view. No indication of a warning signal was afforded her. No hazard alert or required stop of any kind was active for crossing the tracks. This was one of the details she felt most defensive about concerning the lost court case.

Needless to say, while Mom was crossing the tracks a barreling train seemed to appear out of nowhere. Now at least I've learned she didn't just stop in the middle of the tracks. I assume that there was more than one set of railroad tracks lined-up to have taken more than three seconds to rattle and bump across.

Mom was adamant that the train well exceeded any reasonable rate of speed when it rounded the bend hitting us. The unyielding train driver apparently didn't even have time to blow his whistle, and never attempted to stop. Without time to react from either driver a monstrous collision literally exploded. The uninterrupted train hit us with so much force that the car doors were completely blown off the car. All passengers were ejected from the vehicle instantaneously on impact. Our bodies

being blown clear from the tracks was a blessing. As a result, we all lived and I'm here writing about it.

Mom's account became more difficult for her. There was a slowing in her voice. She was hesitating to continue. Where the story began with a hint of defensive anger, the emotional toll of retrieving her children was still evidently a painful issue. Recalling the memory was forcing her to relive it. Regardless, I selfishly felt an overriding need to finally hear what happened from the source. The old rules from childhood forbidding the subject to be mentioned had long since expired.

I started asking specific questions as she needed prompting. I asked, "If everybody flew out of the car, where did you find us?" The question might seem a little ridiculous, but that's what popped into my mind first. She answered, "In the ditch, I found all of you spread out in the ditch. It took forever to find all of you."

Offering no more details on her own Mom drifted, staring blankly down the hall.

"Well, was anyone around you to help? Was anybody else there?" I asked. "No," Mom replied, "After I found all of you, I started walking. No one stopped to help me at first." After a brief pause she continued voluntarily. "Cars drove by, but nobody was stopping. We looked pretty bad. Our clothes were torn and bloody. I guess they were afraid to stop. People don't want to get involved honey."

"What the hell Mom," I snapped at her in disbelief. I asked, "Then what happened, what did you do?" Anxiety and frustration took over my demeanor for the moment. She answered, "Somebody finally did pull over and helped us get to a hospital. I don't know how long I walked, but it felt like days."

“Oh my God,” I exclaimed, “I can’t believe people passed you by! I’m so sorry you went through that.” “We were real rough looking,” she repeated.

I couldn’t help but interject. Visioning the ordeal, I asked her, “How did you carry all of us?” She said, “I did. I carried all three of you. I had to.” Welling tears were momentarily blocked as her voice declared the dedication of a protective mother. A lingering quiet followed taking over in the room.

My curiosity progressed into near disbelief picturing this horrifying scene. Visualizing the accident in realistic images was something I hadn’t done. My mind needed to try and capture some kind of closure. I needed a place my thoughts could shift into. Somewhere I could let the visual imagery go.

I continued the conversation asking her, “Were you hurt?” I remember her incidentally describing various cuts, bruises, and some head and back pain, as if she wasn’t relevant. Her mind fell back into focusing on the memory as she casually mentioned my brother’s arm was dislocated. She was entirely disinterested in talking about herself. My mind was still caught in the vivid horror of imagining the scene.

I wasn’t in a place where the conversation could find its closing words. I was familiar with the scar under my sister’s arm. My brother’s upper body was scarred as well. I knew my legs had some sort of slow to heal problem, but I didn’t know why. Then I asked the only other question I needed to ask.

Point-blank, without hesitation I blurted it out asking, “What’s the deal with my legs? Why did they hurt for so long?”

“Honey,” she said, “your hips were twisted backwards. You were paralyzed from the waist down. You had to be tied down onto a flat board for a year. The doctors couldn’t do anything else to help you.”

Stunned by her answer, I really didn't know how to respond. My mind struggled with the words, "hips 'being' twisted backwards." That didn't sound logical or possible somehow. It didn't make sense to me. I was surprised to hear that I was actually paralyzed for a year. The statement included the famous trailer, "from the waist down".

Mom continued with tears streaming down her face. She said, "You screamed every time I changed your diaper. I had to lift your legs. I hated having to change you."

Mom got up turning her face from me struggling with her breath. No words came to mind for me to speak. I sat quietly, reeling in my own thoughts until she was ready. She walked out into the kitchen and dug out an ashtray, returning to the couch with a lit cigarette for both of us.

After a minute, yet somehow comfortably she passionately said, "I prayed, and prayed, and prayed over your legs. I prayed a thousand times for God to make your legs grow straight and strong." Mom's voice wavered on and off as she pushed the words out. "The doctors told me you might not ever be able to walk, and you would never have children." She choked on the words before the sentence was finished. She attempted to get the words out audibly. Her throat sounded like it was closing.

I'd rarely seen my mother cry. This painful recall was desperately needed for Mom to heal. I tried to distract her from crying by saying it was all right. I told her that we didn't need to talk about it anymore. By now she had collapsed into full-blown weeping mode. Mom lost the battle attempting to hold back the outpouring of her long overdue emotional release.

I stood up and raised my voice to help snap her out of it. "Mom," I hollered out loud, "my legs are fine, and I did have a kid! I'm fine. It was a long time ago. You've got to let this go!"

False Guilt had relentlessly cringed in her mind below the surface horribly for many years. The suffering of the past latched into her spirit like some rooted force that had a right to endlessly torment her.

Her body was partially sitting up leaning into the corner of the couch. I stuck one of my legs out, toe first, right under her nose on that couch so she couldn't miss it. "See," I said smiling with a high-pitched voice, "my legs are great!" I swung my toe back and forth a little, indicating how freely my legs could move in dance. Insisting on getting the message across I acted out quite a lively step trying to pull her out of it. No effort was held back. I beamed a smile at her so bright she couldn't possibly miss it. Even if she wasn't looking up.

Mom did begin to recover. Then she busted out in one last verbal release similar to a long-awaited confession. "You," she sniffed a couple of times and continued, "you were just learning to walk before the accident." She stated the information as if it was proof of responsibility to continue some unfounded, self-appointed guilt.

The combination of difficult circumstances tormented Mom's heart deeply. After years of agonizing recovery, she ultimately left herself out of the healing process. My initial recovery remains lost in conscious memory. Hers was apparently disregarded.

The basic stun from learning about my paralysis quickly became old news. Restoring sanity to an agonizing heart became the only aspect that mattered now.

Hugs and assurances ushered out of me in an unrelenting river of defense for her, from herself. Although forceful, I chose my words, and the timing of those words with tuned focus. It

was abundantly clear to me how unnecessary her suffering was. I was going to make sure the message sank in.

Body language quickly chimed-in directing a firm verbal litany straight at her. My hand braced itself on the hip while the other hand pointed waving around as I pleaded my case. "The crossing signs weren't functioning Mom! A storm hindered your visibility. The train was speeding from around a bend. C'mon Mom!" I tossed my head back in exasperation while desperately trying to make my point. "Clearly, I'm not paralyzed anymore. I did give birth to a child. I don't have any memories of the accident. My legs work as well as anybody's," I continued.

In closing on my rampage for peace, I reminded Mom of a memory we could both recall. This is one of my earliest, conscious childhood memories. I am sure of the date because my newborn baby sister came home from the hospital that day. I was well on my feet walking flawlessly by late September, 1962. I can still see my parents walking in the door with the staircase to the right. I remember that one moment perfectly.

Focus was finally landing on the whole reality. I had recovered and life continued.

Mom and I took our time healing emotionally that day. We acknowledged that her loving prayers were answered. She accepted that being the driver of the car did not somehow make the accident her personal fault. That's the reason she had taken it to court. She had zero responsibility to uphold the parasite of guilt within her. I pointed out that it was fully within her power, and her responsibility to reject the taunting guilt.

I'm glad I pushed the issue to finally discuss the train accident. Love was ultimately served. Now all of us were healing. Mom needed to allow her recovery by dismissing the temptation to drown the remainder of her years in a false guilt. I

wanted to understand what really happened and got all the answers I cared to hear. The subject was never relived or mentioned again, until now. It's been nineteen years since her passing, and fifty-nine years after the actual event.

Some might think that no miracle is technically given in this chapter of my life's spiritually altering, and paranormal highlights. Others may see an abundance of miracles in this segment of my story. I have nonetheless included it because I believe the reality of the events play an important role in the beginning of the overall picture. It also represents the first of continuing situations nearly ending with the loss of my life. Situations like being tumbled submerged in under-tow currents, to spinning my '67 Mustang under an eighteen-wheeler on a rain soaked highway.

This chapter, parts remembered or not is actually how my incredible experiences began. Physically paralyzed, confined to a wooden board, and completely healed despite formal medical expectations. Taxing on the human spirit without argument, and a demanding responsibility on my mother. Attended without doubt by those who we know as guardian angels.

God can turnaround the negative creating a benefit, therefore a blessing out of anything. There is no trauma or mistake we can make that God can't heal advancing our development. In fact, I've come to believe that realizing we are not disconnected from anything is one of the fundamental purposes in living. Equally, if not more importantly, we cannot disconnect ourselves from the whole that we are created from. Defining what we are eventually reaches beyond the individual ego. That reach will be accomplished no matter how stubborn someone's ego might be. Living life through the limits of the flesh teaches the consequences of our choices well.

I think the only condition for God's turnarounds is simply that we have a willingness to allow our minds to expand beyond temporary things. Without a loving, guiding power, we are singularly limited to the restrictions of a confined ego.

In truth, it has become a fact for me that all of us are placed and moved without flaw endlessly from the prevailing conditions we call our human lives. Every moment that exists holds eternity within it. The opportunities to expand beyond the isolated self are exponential in every moment. Imposed judgment, in a quarantined existence, is the task of the disillusioned ego.

Chapter Two

PARANORMAL INTRODUCTIONS

1967-1968

We awaken into our truer spiritual selves one layer at a time. Not much differently than a baby is introduced into his/her adulthood, one stage level at a time. We understand perfectly that a baby can't be placed in the drivers' seat of merging traffic, expecting less than instant tragedy. Any expectation where a human infant could be a capable motorist just isn't feasible. The attempt would be viewed as ridiculous, and rightfully so. Without time for physical growth and development of one's intellectual capacity, the baby is essentially helpless in adult conditions.

No less is our spiritual development born into a physical reality without being afforded a spiritual cultivation. Decisions concerning our personal beings are fundamentally classified as we get older through our own experiences, and how we perceive them. Individually, we conclude that we are solely a perishable body of expiring flesh, or the flesh temporarily houses the continuing essence of the soul.

Similar to learning to drive a vehicle as we become ready, expansion of our spirituality is nurtured well beyond the fallacy of singularity within ourselves. Stated more directly: No human spirit is expected likewise, to surmount their perceptions of fear without the presence of higher nurturing forces as the soul develops.

God accomplishes the phenomenal timing of physical elements and unseen forces, converging miraculously timed

without flaw trillions of times a second across the planet. That's just on this little blue speck we call Earth. We are continually maintained by countless forces a thousand times over in the flash of a micro-second. This care transcends throughout the entire cosmos by God's hand.

My focus in this book is to recount the main spiritual and paranormal events that steered, altered, and saved my life. Circumstances that convened cultivating the eternal spiritual self. Not necessarily the readily seen features surrounding the physical environment.

Carving an estimated twenty-six months out of 1966 through 1969 marks a string of events taking precedence in the expansion of my mind's grasp on the presence of what we identify as supernatural forces. Although specific time frames in the given years can no longer be accurately pinpointed, two incredibly different aspects of thought presented themselves as the general challenge.

The first aspect of identifying thought was realizing the massive potential contained within the human mind in its ability for expanded understanding. The secondary idealism in my division of thoughts was considering the effect from influences outside of the personal physical awareness challenging that inner potential. The actual dawning of capacities reach in the "cause and effect" from the chambers in the mind. Hidden in ordinary-life situations, stood a peaceful internal unchallenged self-awareness, versus, those triggers challenging reactionary defenses from outside influences potentially, and seemingly working against us.

During most of the later 1960s our family lived in an older, two-storied home in Buffalo, New York. My parent's rented the upstairs of the house, while Mom's parent's lived downstairs. This was an arrangement that evolved due to my grandparent's advanced age. Only family members could be trusted to move into the vacancy of beneficial rental income above them.

My dad was eighteen years my mother's senior. Being born in 1917, his narrow-mindedness reflected loudly from his youthful error of widespread ignorance and racism saturating the 1920s. In my mom's defense, the time did come when she divorced him for an array of intolerable mindsets. She never remarried. Her last decades were spent primarily alone outside of my willing companionship.

As children, we were frequently reminded not to run in the house and stomp our feet. It was mandatory that we respected the rules to keep the house quiet for our elderly grandparent's downstairs.

Both of my mom's parent's came to this country as immigrants. Grandma was from Ireland, and Grandpa from Germany. This made my mother and her siblings first generation, born Americans.

Mom didn't go downstairs more often than she needed to. I was asked to go with her even less often. My rare accompanied visits downstairs felt almost foreboding. It was so gloomy and sullen that it created a feeling of apprehension. Being scolded without cause to be on my best behavior never helped. Envisioning scenery walking through Grandpa's house half-century later certainly dates the era.

Large wooden clocks chimed, ticked, and cuckooed all around the living room walls downstairs at my grandparent's. The smaller clocks were anchored in the main room by two

ceiling height grandfather clocks in opposite corners. The clocks could be heard announcing passing hours, half-hours, and a few chimed on the quarter-hour. Statues of the Virgin Mary, and various sized crucifixes filled the spaces between the decorative clocks. Large oriental rugs covered most of the hardwood floors.

Walking space was limited with a lifetime of collected furniture. That included a formal dining room table that seated twelve; fourteen if you squeezed the extra chairs in. Many of the inside doors had been removed to accommodate Grandma's wheelchair. Every inch of space was required to help everyone move around the rooms. Dozens of doilies topped almost every surface, and knickknacks with limited pause lined the remaining wall space.

The aroma of Grandpa's cigar smoke permeated the air around you while Grandma's homemade chicken soup often simmered in the kitchen. I'm not sure which of the two smells I disliked the most. I probably shouldn't admit that I didn't care much for Grandma's soup. I was more comfortable with *Campbell's* store-bought soup. Grandma's soup had fat floating at the top of the bowl, with dark spices trapped in oily puddles.

Even worse, Grandpa kept a long dark razor strap hung on the bathroom towel rack next to the toilet. I understood this same hanging strap had served a dual purpose. According to Mom it was used to punish children as well as sharpen Grandpa's razor. Glancing toward the bathroom and seeing the strap dangling on the wall always unnerved me when I walked through their kitchen.

Mom's parent's had five boys, and six girls. Many of their eleven children I'm guessing were born in the house. Estimated probably between 1912 and 1937. Altogether there were twelve

children acknowledged. Including one infant who passed away before birth.

My mother was the second youngest of the children. Four of her older sisters joined the convent becoming Catholic nuns. Heavy-handed religious doctrine, and intolerance for youthful play scarred my mother's early years. As a teenager, Mom was required to attend church services a minimum of twice a week. Three times weekly was preferred. Volunteer work for the church was mandatory by parent demand. Mom recollected it usually involved scrubbing floors, and ironing starched laundry for the nuns. Obligatory hours of prayer between church services and the small shrine in their home frequently left her calloused knees cracked and bleeding. Mom reminisced dreading the required hours of kneeling in prayer. She still felt obligated to make the sign of the cross when passing by the Virgin Mary statue, which included a kneeling bench in her parent's home.

The residual past of wounded spirits seemed to echo quietly through the downstairs walls of my grandparent's house. Even though Mom's childhood was emotionally dominated by ritual doctrine, she healed by never being unreasonable, unkind, or intolerant with any of her children. Her ability to define the difference between the strict doctrine of religious practice, and a sincere belief in God proved to be my blessing.

I found some of Mom's childhood stories more entertaining than others. My personal favorite was the one regarding groups of ladies in the 1950s educating other women concerning birth control. They paired off knocking on doors canvassing neighborhoods. Apparently my grandma was flabbergasted beyond social repose at the very idea of birth control. Being an adherent Catholic woman of the time, she couldn't possibly

allow the ladies or their pamphlets dare step foot inside her front door. What if a neighbor saw them come in?

Social protocol and community standing was revered as an unwritten commandment. Any infraction against the church, or any type of family problem was viewed back then as a horrendous scandal. One could easily find themselves socially blackballed by almost anything questionable. Household disturbances were held tightly as private matters. The “code of silence” regarding family issues could not be broken.

Being born in 1960, I myself had dated stories to pass on. I remember the first official day females were permitted to wear pants and long shorts in the public school system. The new policy was announced over the loudspeakers to take effect on Field Day, the last day of school. I believe that change took effect when I was in the third, possibly the fourth grade. No matter how thick the leggings were, your bones paid a price wearing skirts in the freezing winters. Being able to wear pants was a welcome modern change.

This was progressive evidence that some good ideas did advance in society with each generation. The private Catholic School we previously attended had yet to embrace more modern dress code policies.

I also remember the first time I saw a color television at my dad’s friend’s house. My children found it difficult to wrap their minds around an exclusively black and white television screen. For the sake of humor, I told them that I too had to “walk ten miles barefoot in the snow to school,” like my parents told me they had. Everybody laughed, but the reality of improving living conditions concerning every generation was taken. Society was learning. I did point out however, that the walking to school in

the snow joke was probably close to the truth in my dad's case when he attended in the early 1920s.

In revisiting my mom's memories; she spoke of huge blocks of ice being delivered with large scissor-like tongs into her childhood home. Grandma still had that old chipped icebox pushed up against the wall of her downstairs kitchen. I remember the porcelain covered box had two doors in the front with silver handles. Those shiny handles called me to grab them to look inside when I was young. My curiosity nagged until I finally asked permission to open the doors. As warned, the icebox was empty against my hopes to see it in action. Its only remaining function was to serve as added counter space when it was needed.

Mom told stories of hunched-over men carrying large butchered portions of beef hidden under blankets. The meat was being smuggled in the late hours of the night using the darkness for added cover. A vivid imagery was easy to picture when she told the story. Their home sheltered fourteen people including, eleven children, two parents, and an uncle during World War II. These were more mouths to feed than the government allotted wartime food rations allowed them.

Mom didn't really talk about her childhood often. When she did though, it was like she was experiencing the moment again. Watching her body language and listening to the expression in her words had a way of bringing me back with her. Hearing her talk about the endless task of being the "designated potato peeler" for the day, made me picture mountains of white and wet peeled potatoes. Soaking the potatoes in cold water kept them from turning brown. The potatoes could then be cooked later in the day. It didn't really matter how long it took her to finish the job since she was the second youngest in the family.

Bread-kneading and ironing ranked as chores to be avoided. If she could stay out of her mom's line of vision in the morning, she had a shot at spending some time for herself. A trick she learned watching her siblings.

Mom's brothers were often heard being called to move heavy sacks and mounded bushels of food from the cellar. Reportedly, these bulk amounts of food only lasted the family a few days. Fruits and vegetables were exclusively bought in season to help maintain affordability, along with the bulk purchasing. Milk was added to a dozen eggs stretching the portions in a single breakfast. "The eggs cooked sloppy," as Mom put it, "because of the milk." The smell of bread baking permeated the air continually generating heat. That added heat was welcome in the winter months, and considered miserable in the summer months.

All the children were assigned chores from the youngest to the oldest. Endless dirty dishes had to be repeatedly washed. Mom remembered having to stand on a chair in her younger years to reach the sink in doing her part. I was allowed the same inclusion as a child, on a chair in the kitchen sink.

Although more inconvenient, the winter months hardly excluded the need to wash clothes. This need was evidenced when I lived at Grandpa's house by the four laundry lines that still hung in the basement. Solemn hard work was part of their everyday living. No wonder my siblings and I secretly named our mom, "the Drill Sergeant". We did lovingly intend our secret name for Mom, but that nickname correctly defined some of her characteristics. She seriously had an organizational skill in her rank-and-file personality.

Mom never permitted us to chew with our mouths open. Clanking silverware against the dishes during meals was

considered rude misbehavior. We got in trouble if she detected more than one little clink of the silverware against a dish. A threatening look instantly shot across the table. This was the familiar *parent glare* that made you pay attention without delay. I heard Mom's speech more than once. She'd repeat, "Can you imagine fourteen people sitting around a table. All of them chewing, slurping, sipping, with the silverware clanking in your ears. It's enough to drive you crazy! The sound can rip the appetite right out of you." Evidently, her childhood dining table took a toll on her. As an overall consequence, proper table manners have hit generations since.

On a lighter note, when Mom was a little girl, I learned that milk had a layer of cream floating at the top of the bottle. Her siblings competed for that first drink of fresh cream off the top after the milk deliveries were made. She confessed with a warm smile that Grandma helped her get into the milk bottles first. That was one of the few welcome memories she had during the lean times of World War II.

As already stated, my parent's rented the upstairs of my mom's childhood home in the late 1960s. The next generation outlook took on a whole different persona than the last. Sheets still occasionally hung on laundry lines outside capturing the smell of fresh air. But it wasn't laborious chores and strict doctrine that guides the forefront of my memories at that old house.

Our upper half of the house was much lighter feeling than the heaviness restricting joy downstairs. In our rented part of the house, life felt more normal. There was room to breathe. At least for the time being.

My bedroom was located off the kitchen by the back staircase. The staircase led to one of four places: the attic, downstairs, the basement, or the backyard. I don't think my room was designed to be a bedroom given its size. I suspect it was closer to being a large storage pantry. The room allowed enough space for a twin bed and an upright dresser.

Back then, as far as I could tell, air-conditioning was relatively rare outside of larger banks and grocery stores. Warm summer evenings usually left everyone wrestling uncomfortably in bed attempting to sleep. Higher humidity evenings made sleeping almost impossible.

Anything out of the ordinary has become like an obvious alert notification for me. Back then, I hadn't learned to pay attention yet. One night my bedroom didn't feel hot and humid as usual. I accepted the moment without wondering why. I stretched out enjoying the comfort.

On the brink of fading off to sleep, I thought I heard a single creak on the steps leading up into the attic. The construction of the house, and placement of my bed left me no more than twelve feet away from the staircase through the wall. Half-asleep and fading away, I wasn't going to let this one little noise trouble me too much. I chose to ignore it.

Then, quite abruptly, I was jolted with the unmistakable sound of distinct footsteps on the second tier of stairs. Three to be exact. Someone must have been heading into the attic. Oddly, I didn't hear the footsteps continue. The footstep sounds didn't come back down, or finish going up. I couldn't help but wonder; *Who could be going up into the attic, most suspiciously, this late?* The attic floor wasn't considered to be the safest place to walk on. I couldn't imagine anyone wanting to go up into the attic at night. All that was up there was a few

old boxes, about a ton of dust, and a couple of vacant wasp nests in the back window.

My bedroom door was completely opened. If anyone had come through the kitchen, I would have known it. The back of the house was a fairly quiet place. Sounds carried readily at night away from the street. I held especially still, listening carefully for more sounds. I became aware of how cut-off I was from the rest of the family on the far end of the kitchen. This situation was beginning to feel alarming.

I was sure I heard someone's footsteps on the attic stairs. Someone had to have made the sounds. A person couldn't get away with a single step on that old staircase without being detected. Logically, I should have heard more steps. I was paying close attention now.

I knew it couldn't have been my grandparent's. Grandpa used a cane, staggering somewhat loudly when he walked. Grandma was disqualified being confined to a wheelchair. Who could it be then? Searching for a reasonable explanation, I started thinking that somebody may have actually broken into our house!

Several tremendously long minutes passed while I listened for more sounds. I could hear my throat swallowing periodically, and the sound of my own breathing seemed uncontrollably loud.

As soon as I was about to give up on hearing anything else, the sliding chain on the backdoor chain-lock moved across its carriage and dropped! I sucked in a short cut-off breath through my mouth. The thud of the chain stood out so vividly against the quiet of the night. It's a distinct, unmistakable sound when you hear the chain's knob pull, then drop against the door. Before I could start breathing again, the door began to slowly

squeal open. The hinges creaked that stuttering high-pitch of metal rubbing and groaning as it faded to a stop.

Trying not to panic out loud, I rationalized the backdoor didn't open wide enough yet for anyone to have come in. The door had only cracked open a few inches wide. The sound I heard was painfully drawn-out over a handful of ticking seconds. Naturally, I waited to find-out if I could hear or see anything else. But I didn't. Regardless, something definitely happened here. Exactly what, I wasn't sure. Whatever it was, it certainly felt wrong. The idea of someone breaking in was frightening enough. On the other hand, remaining possibilities could be considered even worse.

I was already aware that unseen forces truly existed. That which normally remains concealed to humanity was as real to me as anything else the physical senses could identify. Undisclosed experiences I'd had the previous year made me absolutely certain of that. This current predicament however, was distinctively different in an undesirable way.

My body clenched tighter as my mind searched wandering uncertainly. Sliding my knees up into my chest, I snatched the blanket pulling it over my head. Part of me had to remind myself that guardian angels were always at hand. Then another part of myself flew crumbling without faith cascading backwards into fear. Stranded, feeling cut-off from the rest of the family I wasn't sure what to do.

I couldn't dare risk my feet touching the floor. I'm not sure my body would have cooperated if I had asked it to. I envisioned a direct path to reach Mom. Regrettably in the moment, I just couldn't gather the courage to brave an actual run for it.

I did the only other thing that came to mind. Something I previously thought I understood. I had already learned to recite many prayers. Except now the urge to find God became incredibly real. I knew God was real, and for the first time in my life I truly prayed with heartfelt sincerity. I utterly retreated inside myself knowing God was accessible. It wasn't what one would consider a reach for "blind faith". My faith was solid. It was more like a direct bypass of fearful thoughts into an internal safety zone. I was serious, and it worked.

My thoughts neatly focused without distraction. I believed in God, but had never felt the need to flee inward to find him. A part of myself must have inherently known where to go. This was a shift from the focus on my physical being, straight into a reach for the nonphysical directed into my spiritual being.

In feeling threatened I discovered instinctively that you find God on the inside. Until that moment my general understanding was that you send a prayer toward heaven outside of yourself. I didn't fully intellectualize it yet, but I knew to dive inward to find God. Not far away, separate from the essence I considered my inner, spiritual self-awareness.

No further sounds were heard that night. Even if there was sounds to be heard, I probably wouldn't have heard them. My face was buried under the pillow while my hands plugged the ears. One persistent thought to stay with God firmly continued.

I must have fallen asleep because I woke-up the next morning hearing Mom's familiar voice almost shouting in the kitchen, "Who left the backdoor open?" Light returned to the world. The sun had risen and I felt saved! I had no need to understand how the dreadful night disappeared so quickly into daylight. I only felt gratitude.

You can bet I had every intention of telling Mom, and believe me I tried repeatedly. If there was ever an opportunity to learn sooner what, “wasting your breath” meant, this could have been it for me. I was brushed off faster than I could get my sentences out. She accused me of letting my imagination totally run away with me. I knew my story wasn’t childish fiction. Apparently, my claim had no chance of being acknowledged.

My efforts weren’t entirely lost. An insistent refusal to continue sleeping in the room off the kitchen rallied some actual results. My brother agreed to trade rooms with me before bedtime. We didn’t have a ton of possessions making it a difficult task. We could do the work ourselves, including reaching the top shelf in my brother’s closet with a kitchen stepladder.

My brother was happy to take the room. I had already rambled on, and on, about the backdoor. Nobody cared to give my concerns the time of day. The bustle of the household moved forward as if nothing had happened.

A few days had passed. My siblings and I were seated in the kitchen being served dinner. Mom was shifting from stove to sink finishing up when the unexplained sounds returned. This time the footsteps couldn’t be missed. Everyone, including Mom, clearly heard someone walking in the attic. The footsteps walked the length of the house almost twice. Those sounds thumped over our heads across the kitchen ceiling, then back to the front of the house away from the staircase.

Mom looked up at the ceiling like the rest of us. The kitchen atmosphere shifted from insignificant chattering into astounded muted faces with our mouths hanging open.

The unexplainable footsteps were back! I felt some relief being vindicated, but vocalizing the words, *I told you so*, didn't feel worth speaking out loud at the time.

Mom looked at my older siblings and asked, "Did you hear that?" She knew they had. We all reacted together. But you almost have to say it out loud to verify.

"Yeah, I heard it," my sister and brother both chimed-in simultaneously with a low, meek tone.

It sounded like a large man wearing boots was casually strutting in the attic at a fair enough pace.

"You stay here," Mom commanded in her, *I mean business*, voice. We knew she was talking to all of us. Mom pulled out a flashlight and busted open the backdoor. She marched fearlessly with a strong conviction straight up into the attic.

She called out, "Hello, hello, who's up here?" Although we expected a response, no response came. All of us sat erect, with our ears perked in alert mode like a circle of meerkats standing predator watch. I don't think anyone of us was breathing. We could hear every step Mom took working her way to the front of the house. She must have checked from every single angle. Mom's footsteps sounded thunderously pronounced. She returned declaring, "No one's up there, and I don't want to hear another word about it." Every one of us children remained quiet and big-eyed. Mom persisted barking out sporadic orders, "Eat your dinner; bring your dishes over to the sink..." as she was using the art of distract and dismiss.

It was hard to believe she didn't want us to talk about something that felt like a very big deal. Given her tone of voice, nobody argued with her. Her demeanor seemed suspicious. It felt wrong to let the ordeal go without some kind of discussion.

My siblings and I pulled off some lip-reading exercises around the table with some quick, and colorful body language. We were all frantically signaling the same unspoken word: “Ghost!”

Unexplained events continued to present themselves over the next few months. Lights periodically flickered in different rooms where they never had before. Things started going missing or was moved to perplexing locations. Mom kept accusing us children of moving and taking her stuff, when she finally seemed to understand it wasn't us.

I remember the television turning on once by itself. In those days turning the television on required turning a good size knob until you heard a fairly loud click. At that, you had to be careful not to pull the knob forward. If not, it might entirely fall-off. Then you had to mess with old-fashioned antennas (rabbit-ears) until the person giving instructions yelled out that the picture was good. So, for the screen to just pop on independently from human hands seemed technically impossible. Footstep sounds periodically continued in the attic, and its staircase as well. There was never a human body to account for them.

Incidents spread out becoming more commonplace. With the ongoing circumstances, none of us, including Mom, doubted it was paranormal activity. We even heard an admission of similar circumstances when she was a child. While pulse rates still went up on occasion, we were basically becoming somewhat desensitized.

I had some mixed emotions because of what I experienced the year before. Regardless of this current haunting ghost-type activity, I carried what was a failsafe foundation of confidence in protective, good forces as well. I knew that higher forces, otherwise understood as guardian angels were very real to me.

The family members took turns spotting elusive shadows from our peripheral vision. It always seemed to catch you off-guard when your mind couldn't be further away. A wisp, maybe a figure caught in the corner of your eye. You knew you saw something dart by. Then self-doubt made you question yourself. The natural tendency was to ask the person next to you, "Did you see that?" I don't remember many of those elusive wisps from the corner of your eye being corroborated. I do however, remember seeing part of a shadow figure once.

I was walking through the living room when I happened to look up, maybe ten feet from the kitchen entry. It was a rather darkly shadowed human head shape peeking around the doorway at an angle. I only saw the head. It was entirely devoid of detail beyond the outline. The shadowed head wasn't discernibly male or female. The figure was taller than myself, but not quite what I considered an adult height.

This dark grey ghost head had leaned around the kitchen doorway to look ahead into the room. It's like the shadow figure was aware, and afraid of being seen. The head sprang back out of view at the same time I froze, then backtracked. We saw each other at the same time. That very specific image of something peeking into the room was the same as an admission of creeping and not belonging. To some degree, any head I see peeking around a corner still briefly flashes that initial recoiling flinch I felt then.

As the paranormal events strung out, Mom's anxiety appeared to be growing. Her demeanor gave her away. She maintained her unwillingness to allow us children to wind ourselves up by talking about it. At the same time, her old-school way of trying to avoid the subject didn't make it go away.

My sibling's and I huddled whispering amongst ourselves. We concurred with each other that there wasn't much we could do about it. The buddy system was employed at night when the incidents were fresh. If something frightened us, even in our imaginations, we would crawl into bed with one another to sleep. The emotional security of being together helped. Mom must have understood because she never said anything to us about it.

The backdoor continued to be locked, and was found opened regardless; without fail, two, sometimes three times a week. It almost got to be a game between us children in the morning. Which one of us would wake up first, run into the kitchen, and report if the door was opened again or not? Half the time Mom got there first. That took some of the fun away from our little game. We wouldn't know if the door was opened or not. Living in a heavily populated city, my parents weren't happy about a door that wouldn't stay closed, let alone locked. An obligation to remedy this vulnerability ensued.

Mom tried wedging a kitchen chair under the doorknob at an angle. I remember watching her fidget, shifting it around. She even had my brother stand outside the door testing the chair's ability to keep the door shut. Unfortunately, her efforts were unsuccessful. The door continued to be opened. The chair would be found sitting there close to the spot it was originally placed, haphazardly turned facing different directions.

Although Dad was intolerant and never around to witness an event, Mom persuaded him to install a slide-bar lock. This was in addition to the chain-lock and deadbolt. Dad installed the lock well out of a child's reach. It was placed so high on the door its placement was an accusation toward us children.

Again, there was no success keeping the door shut at night. Mom was ready to declare war. She called in a Catholic priest.

A few days later the house was properly blessed, upstairs and down. The priest entered each room. He spoke blessings in English and Latin sprinkling holy water in every direction he was facing. Waving an ornate crucifix, he stood in every corner, and lingered in every doorway.

I did notice that the priest didn't actually go up into the attic. I felt a little short-changed. I was disappointed that he didn't physically walk up into the attic. He stood at the bottom of the staircase speaking Latin up into the attic. I was thinking that maybe he didn't enter the area because the floor was considered unsafe to walk on. I was paying close attention. Nothing happened while he was there. I'm not sure if he went down into the cellar or not. Being somewhat intimidated, I didn't want to follow him downstairs to watch.

Mom placed crosses at the priest's recommendation over the doorways in both the front and back of the house. Technically, an additional cross at the bottom of the stairs by the door leading outside, and another cross upstairs where you actually enter the living space. She didn't waste any time either. The crosses must have been already purchased. Grandma had dozens of crosses downstairs. Maybe Mom borrowed them.

I can't say with confidence what temporarily ended the pesky haunting activity. It did coincide with the house being blessed giving considerable credence there. It's also possible the unwanted activity temporarily ended for the time being due to a combination of variables we can't identify yet. I can however, give you some basics on where my overall beliefs landed as an adult.

I am what most people would call the *Spiritual* type of sorts. Everything for me is about higher awareness and spirituality.

I am strongly opinionated in the *Jesus* department, and call myself a *Christian*. Although, I am not involved with a formal, organized religious institution. In fairness, please understand that I do respect religious institutions focused on helping people with spiritual growth. It's not my intention to be judgmental insulting someone else's efforts.

I could also be considered what is identified as a *sensitive* in paranormal circles. The word *sensitive* speaks for itself. Nothing much more complicated than that. It means that I sometimes feel positive and negative energies more readily than most people. I will admit nonetheless, unless the energy is reasonably strong I can be distracted by tunnel vision on personal issues enough to walk right by a negative influence unaffected. I rarely miss an opportunity to smile where positive energy is emanating noticeably.

I can do something as simple as buying a gallon of milk and end up blocking-out negative energy. Sometimes I send out healing thoughts in the form of *light* to help subdue the negative energy if I feel subsequently inspired to do so.

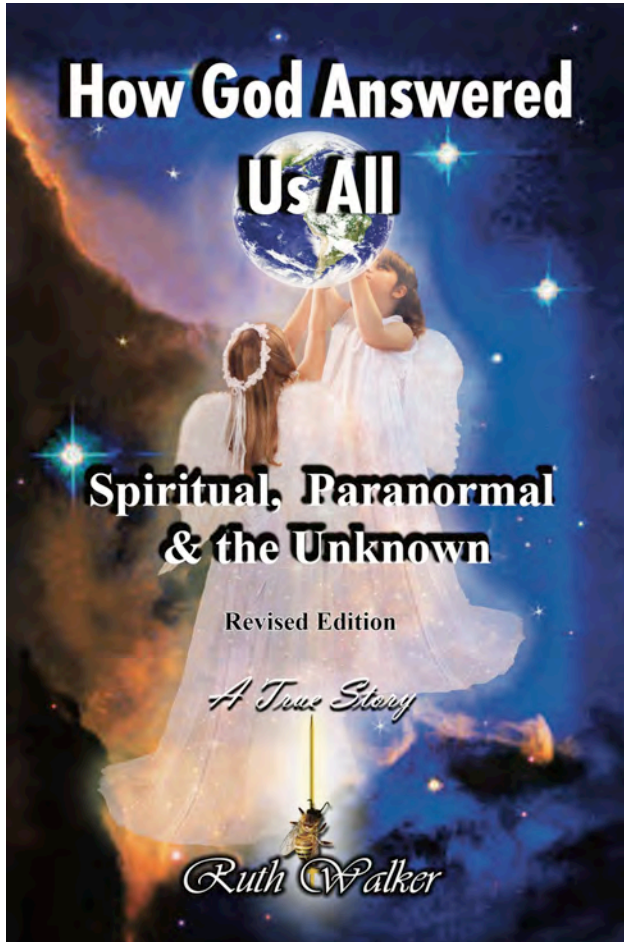
I simply feel other peoples' energy. In the car next to me, in the parking lot and at the checkout stands. Anywhere in close proximity. I normally avoid large gatherings and have no trouble attributing that to my sensitive nature. With so many peoples' thoughts and energies flying around it's just easier for me to skip it. That's been the case for me since my late teens.

I should probably add as evidenced, that I have *reclusive* tendencies in general. I honestly prefer to remain unchallenged as often as possible. Given a choice, I'm good staying home. It's not that I can't comfortably function in public if I need to.

That's not a problem. I run errands and shop like everyone else.

I've officially turned sixty now, and I honestly don't expect longevity to prevail. This physical body has served me well, although, I admit it has been greatly taxed in service along the way. That's not mentioning the responsibility I have to take for allowing the endless train of sugar fixes and the nicotine addiction. Hold the cigarettes against me if you need to. In my defense the addiction did start the day I was conceived. Strangely in contrast to my bad habit, I'd unquestionably vote to make cigarettes illegal with some type of phase-out program given the opportunity.

An August 2009 *Pew Research Center* survey reported that 18% of people surveyed have seen, or been in the company of a ghost. In addition, their polls estimated 29% of the 2,008 people surveyed have physically felt the touch of someone who has died.



This book is a Christian based written account sharing true spiritual and paranormal events transpiring in the life of the author. Logic becomes employed as the years pass unifying the physical and spiritual realities. Humanities perception of time itself, interdimensional realities, and the power of the mind are all brought into question.

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