

The author of The Psi Connection experienced an awakening to the spiritual realm of parapsychology. As he studied the subject and interviewed others he began to have psychic experiences of his own. This is his story.

The Psi Connection: A Personal Voyage of Discovery

By David L. Brown, With an Introduction by Stephen Proskauer, M.D.

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The
PSI
Connection

**A Personal Voyage
of Discovery**

David L. Brown

With an Introduction by
Stephen Proskauer, M.D.

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Chapter One: Seeing Through a New Lens

*"The most important thing is transforming our minds,
for a new way of thinking, a new outlook: we should strive
to develop a new inner world."*

– Dalai Lama

I was born in 1940 and so in 2018 when I began to write what was to become this book, I was 78 years old. I had grown up in a scientific environment. My father had been a professor of entomology at the University of Missouri and taught courses in subjects such as taxonomy and evolution. I remember that in 1959 on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the publication of Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*, he gave a series of three lectures on Darwin's theory at the local Unitarian church.

I point this out to underscore the fact that I was raised with some understanding of the scientific process and a respect for rational, fact based determination. Trained as a journalist at the top rated Missouri school, I am not a scientist, but for many years I have been a member of the American Academy for the Advancement of Science to receive its journal, *Science*. Before choosing a path in journalism I was set to major in physics and unlike most journalism students I took university courses in algebra, geology, chemistry, and eight hours of astronomy. I was a member of the student chapter of the American Rocket Society; a

founding member of the campus spelunking club; and as a sophomore I was not only the youngest member of the Central Missouri Amateur Astronomers but also its president. I have read extensively on scientific subjects since my earliest years and written professionally on many technical subjects.

Unlike other subjects, paranormal events cannot be identified or studied through objective scientific methods, or at least not through any traditional means of scientific research which require the ability to consistently replicate and measure experimental results. As the late psychic and remote viewer Ingo Swann reminded us, science requires the outside observation and measurement of phenomena by qualified observers ("scientists").

Parapsychological events such as demonstrations of extra sensory perception, telekinesis, precognition, and remote viewing can be directly perceived only in the minds of the subjects (although witnesses can often observe their effects). Such events cannot be reliably repeated in the laboratory and thus cannot be recognized as valid "proof" by traditional scientific methodology. However, many experiments have been conducted and statistical analysis of the results generally reveals that the Psi effects are real.

Just as I was during most of my life, you may be skeptical and tend not to accept that Psi may exist. It should be remembered that the word skeptic is from a Greek source that means to doubt or question, not to deny, ridicule and reject. For the sake of the following stories, it will avail you to open your minds to the possibility that Psi is real. You may continue to doubt, but you may also recognize that certain events from your own life may have been examples of Psi at work. My experience in interviewing others about these uncanny affairs is that about two thirds of those who engage in this conversation end up telling me of experiences that can be adequately explained neither by coincidence nor conventional science.

The Psi Connection

After my curiosity was piqued by a personal experience, I began to read and talk with others about these subjects. I recalled increasing numbers of events in my life that might have been Psi phenomena. I learned that many others had their own stories to tell. The more I paid attention to this exploration, the more intrigued I became. Finally, I experienced new events that convinced me that paranormal powers are real and are a normal part of our natural existence.

This is the story of my journey of discovery into the mysterious world of the unknown.

Chapter Two: Hints of the Uncanny

"The real voyage of discovery consists, not in seeking new landscapes but in having new eyes."

– Marcel Proust, *Remembrance of Things Past*

When between the ages of eleven and sixteen I was a student at University High School on the campus of the University of Missouri, I had access to the university library. It was a huge benefit at that important stage of my life not to be limited to the shallow contents of typical school or town libraries but with access to the wealth of knowledge of a full scale research library. I took full advantage of that opportunity. For example, I remember reading the books on his Mars observations by Percival Lowell, Isaac Newton's *Opticks*, and many other esoteric subjects.

Among my readings were a couple of books by J. B. Rhine, the pioneering Duke University psychologist known as the founder of parapsychology. He studied what he termed extrasensory perception or mental telepathy. He must have also written about the phenomenon of telekinesis, for I remember doing coin tossing experiments of my own in which I attempted to influence whether a coin would land showing heads or tails. I remember that I had some limited success, more than once throwing ten heads in a row.

I never felt that I had been able to observe any of these so called Psi powers within myself, although just as writing this I recall that when I

must have been ten or eleven I read an article by someone who claimed the ability to make a cloud disappear by concentrating on it. I went outside and began staring at little puffy clouds - and lo and behold they would always obediently evaporate and fade away. At the time I wrote it off as coincidence or a natural way of cloud behavior, and it well may have been. After all, I assured myself that I could not possibly have mental powers that could affect a cloud.

Despite my skeptical position I continued to be interested in such subjects, much as during my life I have read extensively on religious history and philosophy even though a lifelong agnostic. Incidentally, in my case at least, that does not mean that I have been a heathen for I have read much of the Old and New Testaments and developed a personal structure of behavior and morality based on Hebrew and Christian teachings, with a little of Buddhism and myth as seasoning.

Here's another example from my teenage years: One time I heard about the art of dowsing and learned that many plumbers carried dowsing wands in their trucks. When they needed to find a buried pipe, they would use the wands to locate them without digging. I made a set of wands using wires from coat hangers bent to an L-shape and with the short ends placed inside pieces of copper tubing to be held in my hands so the wands could freely turn. Walking with the wands pointed straight ahead where I knew underground water mains were buried, I found that the wands would mysteriously swing ninety degrees when passing over a line, indicating its hidden position. Huh. Again, I wrote it off as being a strange coincidence or some natural electromagnetic effect, or that I had unconsciously tipped the wands where I knew the pipes were. And so it may well have been, but why then did plumbers trust their wands?

In recent years I have had renewed interest in the subject of the paranormal, and now wonder if perhaps I was too quick to doubt these unexplained phenomena, things I had experienced myself. In my present state of wisdom (too soon old, too late smart) I am questioning whether the effects I observed as a child may not have had some validity.

For example, I recently calculated the odds against throwing a coin to come up heads ten times in a row are 2^{10} to one (one chance in 1024). I don't recall doing that calculation way back then when I was tossing the coins. Could I in fact have affected the coin in its final position?

I began to document my memories, thoughts, and experiences of the paranormal as a kind of journal. This document slowly grew over a period of several years. As it did, my ideas on the subject began to change. My mind was opening.

As I spoke with others whom I respected, I learned that many would report uncanny experiences of their own. Sometimes they would tell me they had never told anyone else for fear they would be thought crazy. There is a strong social wall of denial around this forbidden subject.

The more I learned and remembered from my own past, the more I realized that I, too, had stories to tell. Here is one example, an episode from my early life that deserves consideration.

Sometime during my process of creating my journal, I recalled something that happened about sixty years ago. I was a recent graduate and was dating my fiancé Patricia who was still in college. We attended a big casino party put on by her dormitory. It was held on the top floor of a hotel with a central ballroom and three smaller rooms around the sides in each of which a full-scale roulette wheel was in operation. Upon arrival at the party everyone was given a little packet of funny money with which to gamble. There was also music and dancing. I estimate that there were at least two hundred people at the party. It was like a low-budget version of a scene from Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale*.

Something extraordinary happened. I began to play one of the roulette tables and started to win. After a while the guy running that wheel ran out of funny money (I had won most of it) and went to borrow some from one of the other operators. This continued until I had won all the money from all three roulette rooms and they were forced to shut down. I had "broken the bank" and had a stack of funny money about eight inches high.

Hmm, as with so many other things at the time I thought that was coincidence or "luck." But was it? Could I have been mentally causing the little white ball to fall into the winning slots? Maybe I should get in my car and head straight to Vegas! In fact, I have only bet on roulette wheels that one time, and never for real money.

A few days after I wrote down the memory of the casino night event where I won all the fake money, I speculated that it might have been due to psychic powers. If so, I was thinking in the direction that it must have been my brain that was acting on the little white balls. I also considered that it could have been my late wife Patricia who had psychic powers. I clearly remember that she did not bet and had given me her stash of funny money to use, but she was standing there beside me the whole time. If a Psi power was being applied, it could just as well have been she who was performing. Or, it could have been the combined effect of both our minds.

From what we know of the paranormal there are at least two possible mechanisms for this event. First, it could be psychokinesis (also known as telekinesis), in which a subject can cause objects to move by mental concentration. This is often demonstrated as spoon bending or levitation. With that solution the white ball would have been guided through some mysterious power to fall into the desired slot.

A second possibility is that I may have been unconsciously relying on the power of precognition to choose my bets, that is, that I was somehow unconsciously "seeing" which way the ball would fall. As we will see, there is a large body of statistical and observational evidence to suggest that both of these effects are real.

Some time later I recalled another event, a memory that came to me while thinking about the casino party. It was the recollection of something that happened many years later when Pat and I were actually in Las Vegas. We were there on business, not to gamble, making arrangements for a conference I was organizing. Something rather interesting occurred in one of the Strip casinos when Pat decided to put

her spare change into a slot machine. We did not spend much time at it. We had never been gamblers and had no real interest in it.

It was a five card draw poker game machine that took up to five nickels, increasing the payout at each level. She found some nickels in her purse and filled all five slots, then pulled the handle. It came up with a ten, queen and ace of spades, plus two unrelated cards. I suggested dumping the ten and queen along with the odd cards and hope to get a pair of aces. She said no, she was going for a straight. I shrugged, for I knew enough to realize that the odds against drawing two inside cards would be very high.

She dumped the two odd cards and drew replacements. They were a jack and king of spades. She had not only drawn two inside cards to make a straight, but got the highest possible poker hand, an unbeatable royal flush in spades. It paid out \$250, a thousand-to-one return. We went into the restaurant and had a very nice dinner. I don't think we spent more than five minutes at the poker slot machine.

It should be reiterated that at no time in our lives did we gamble to any extent at all, thus making the two examples of gambling "luck" the more extraordinary, although I did not realize it at the time.

Later I did some online searching and could not find the odds against drawing two specific cards to an inside straight flush. Obviously they would be quite high. I did, however, find one figure that is rather astonishing, and that is that the odds of drawing a Royal Flush in five card draw poker (an ace high straight flush) is nearly 650,000 to one. Of course there is no way to know what the true odds were, other than to be certain they were stacked in favor of the casino. Nonetheless, the result of this impromptu experiment is intriguing.

The results of our brief forays into the world of gambling might be "explained" by paranormal powers. Did we use our minds to cause a little white ball to fall into a certain slot? Did we by some mysterious process cause the spinning wheels in the slot machine to give Pat exactly the two cards she needed? This paranormal effect of telekinesis or psychokinesis

(PK) has long been denied by conventional science, and so-called "spoon benders" have been subject to ridicule.

But here's an interesting side note: About twelve years ago I was in the office of a hypnotherapist and on his wall was a framed display of eight or ten spoons that were not only bent but twisted like pretzels. When I asked about them he told of attending a weekend workshop on spoon bending at a resort and claimed to have changed those spoons through mental concentration alone. He mentioned that the resort manager became quite upset when he discovered that dozens of the hotel's spoons were being bent into unusable shapes by the conference attendees.

I remembered my childhood experience of staring at clouds and learned of Ted Owens, known as the PK Man and documented in a book of that name by Dr. Jeffrey Mishlove. Owens claimed and seemed to demonstrate the ability to affect not only individual clouds but even entire weather systems. He could conjure up wind and thunderstorms and even claimed to have broken extensive droughts. He could point to a distant mountain and lightning would strike it.

Huh. I recalled those clouds I stared into non-existence, seeing them in a new light. Did I have some unrecognized ability to apply telekinesis to the world around me? Although I have seemed to make clouds dissolve, effectively dowsed for hidden water lines, tossed ten heads in a row and won all the money at a Monte Carlo Night event, I have never bent a spoon by concentrating on it - but then I have never actually tried to do so because, after all, I have always "known" that it was impossible. I never really believed that all these things might be real, that I might somehow have "thought" clouds to evaporate, coins to land in a certain way, a little white ball to fall into a slot, or hidden water lines to reveal themselves through invisible means?

* * * * *

Well, perhaps there is something to it. In fact, I am now convinced that I do have some PK powers. It took three separate events over about eight years to bring me to that undeniable conclusion. It began with an odd experience that I had written off as coincidence at the time.

In the summer of 2013, I was a volunteer camp host at a Bureau of Land Management campground on the Colorado River just outside of Moab, Utah. During the hot summer I thought it would be a good idea to put up a shade shelter to sit under. I bought a ten-by-ten shade tent with open sides and set it up beside my motorhome. In case of wind I bungee corded one of the four legs to my motorhome and on the opposite leg I fastened a full tank of propane. I then proceeded to put my camp chair in the middle and sat down to enjoy the shade. It was a lovely summer day with a clear sky and no wind of any notice.

Within minutes an older couple came by and stopped to talk for a moment. They were standing just outside of the shade tent about eight feet from me. They said something about the nice weather, to which I responded by twirling my index finger toward the sky and telling them that the weather could change at any time. I was making a jest.

Instantly a mini tornado appeared from nowhere. With no warning the powerful little twister hit my shade shelter and smashed it against the side of my motorhome in total ruin. The propane tank and one side of the metal frame of the tent sailed past between the couple and me in my chair, leaving us unharmed. They had their mouths wide open in astonishment. They told me they had not seen the twister coming, that it just seemed to suddenly appear, and immediately after I had suggestively twirled my finger in the air.

The odd thing was that even though the shade tent was utterly smashed and twisted like one of the spoons on the hypnotist's office wall, neither I nor the couple were affected. I didn't even notice the wind. It was very strange.

At the time I did not think of this as possibly being something paranormal, and not even when writing the first entries of this memoir.

I did not see any connection, but I later realized the extremely high level of coincidence in that event, where my twirling a finger in the air was immediately followed by a powerful mini tornado. Did I conjure up that whirling wind with the twirl of my finger, like something out of Harry Potter? A summoning if you will? I shrugged it off but decided to include an account of it in my notes.

Now here is where it starts to get interesting. I wrote the draft of the above account in my studio on September 17, 2019. After finishing it I sat back in my chair and thought about what I had written. I was facing my iMac screen and behind me were double doors leading to the outside. Each door had a large window in its top half. My usual skepticism was at work. Surely, I concluded, this event along the river could mean nothing.

But as I pondered the mystery of the whirlwind and decided to discount it, I reviewed the moment of its appearance. I visualized the event in my mind, and although I did not actually twirl my finger in the air, I clearly pictured doing it. And just as those thoughts were in my mind, I heard a strange noise behind me. I turned and saw that a whirlwind was beating leaves and sticks against the doors, as if trying to get in. After a moment it died away.

It was uncanny. Was this another huge coincidence, or evidence that I really might have some unrealized PK powers? That I could conjure up whirlwinds, like Ted Owens the PK Man? Should I take all this seriously? I didn't know, but in future I decided to be careful about commenting on the weather and in particular twirling my finger in the air.

I have considered that the whirlwinds may have been a message from some unknown power. Was it trying to tell me something, to open my eyes to its existence? That could be suggested by the fact that although my shade tent was utterly destroyed, none of the three of us were affected in the least. I merely sat in comfort as the tent was smashed around me.

When I ask how many times I've been engaged by whirlwinds, I can only think of these two events. In each case I either twirled my finger in the air while stating that the weather was likely to change or visualized the same act from my memory. The likelihood of coincidence is extremely low for either event because they required the juxtaposition of two factors, first my twirling of a finger or visualization of doing so and then the resulting actions. For it to have happened twice, the odds against coincidence would surely approach infinity.

Yet I still could not believe that powers of telekinesis were in play. I added the second part of the account to my notes and left it as another of many unanswered questions. I thought it might be possible the whirlwinds resulted from my thoughts but was not by any means convinced I had PK powers. It was to be more than two more years until I received absolute certainty. It was not another whirlwind, but something even more uncanny.

At the end of 2020 I temporarily moved into an old trailer in a rustic field camp up the river from Moab. The campground where I had been living in my 38-foot fifth wheel trailer had been sold, forcing me to relocate. I was a board member of the non-profit that owns the camp, and it was closed due to Covid, so it was a welcome place to spend a few months until I could find something permanent for my trailer, which was temporarily in storage.

The old trailer in the camp needed some maintenance. One thing that vexed me was that the rubber gasket around the door had come loose across the top so that it hung down a few inches. To open or close the door required me to reach up and pass the loop of gasket material over the door. Particularly when opening the door from the outside while standing on a steel stair that was sometimes covered with snow and ice, I was afraid of a fall.

I got some Gorilla glue and intended to use it to fasten the section of gasket back into its track. However, upon reading the instructions I

learned the glue was not to be used below 40 degrees and as it was midwinter with temperatures below freezing, that was no option.

After a few days of dealing with this inconvenience, one evening I resolved to take more direct action and remove the loose section of the gasket. As I often do when thinking about taking a future action, I previsualized the task, similarly to what I did in the second whirlwind episode a couple of years earlier. I pictured in my mind how I would reach up and use my scissors to sever the gasket at the top right of the door, then reach across and cut it again at the top left. I decided to do that the next morning.

Come the day and I had forgotten my decision of the night before - but something strange happened. When I opened the door and the dangling gasket looped down, thought became reality. I looked up at the right end of the gasket - and it spontaneously parted, just as if had been cut as I had visualized it the night before. The gasket swung down, and my eyes followed it to the left, where the other end immediately parted as well, again just as I had visualized it. It was as if my eyes were somehow emitting cutting lasers.

I realize it is hard to believe this, but I saw it happen. It's impossible for me to deny that my visualization of the action had somehow programmed it to occur. And, that it took place through no other force than my thoughts - or some outside power responding to my intention.

Had I once again drawn on mysterious powers that could summon whirlwinds and dissolve clouds? What are the odds? This time I could not argue with myself. Psychokinesis is real and I have some of it.

Now that I had thought about the mysterious whirlwinds, I recalled yet another possible example of weather control that took place in 2019. I used to lead photo tours and often ended at a location in Arches National Park where the setting sun casts golden light onto a large balanced rock and distant mountains. On the occasion in question the sky was heavily overcast but I took my party of four clients to the spot in the hope that at the last minute the setting sun would peek under the

clouds as sometimes happens. In this case, it seemed certain that was not going to occur. There was no sign of the sun at all, just solid cloud cover. Then, just at sunset time, one of the women I was guiding suggested that I do a dance to make the clouds open.

She was joking of course, but in the spirit of the thing I played along and did a quick little jig - and immediately the sun shone through just as it was setting, causing the landscape to light up in an amazing deep red color for about 30 seconds. My guest turned to me saying, "It worked!" She was surprised and awed, but again I wrote it off as mere coincidence.

Now I am not so certain of my denial. Perhaps like Ted Owens I can control aspects of the weather. I still am not completely convinced - but I have experienced four examples where such PK powers might supply an explanation to odd weather "coincidences" - the vanishing clouds when I was a boy; the appearance of a mini tornado out of nowhere; the apparent summoning of a whirlwind at the door of my studio; and the brief opening of the sky to allow a ray of sunshine to appear just where I wanted it. Hmm. Lots of coincidences there. Too many to be ignored, and especially now that I have seen hard evidence of psychokinesis in action.

I have recently been reminded that Shamans allegedly have the ability to control the weather. We all have heard of native spiritual leaders who can guide their tribe's members in dances that cause rain to fall. I have since read a book titled *Weather Shamanism: Harmonizing Our Connection with the Elements* that describes this subject in detail. I will have more to say about Shamanism in a later chapter.

Now here is something that I can add as a kind of postscript, another experience that might involve PK which occurred to me late in the process of writing this book. In early 2023 a recollection bubbled up out of my memory and took on new significance. When I was young I took an interest in bowling and played off and on well into my middle age. I was never a serious bowler, but I remember one night in 1961 when my very limited skills were tested.

It was very late and I was bowling with some friends at an alley that was open 24 hours. At that time I was still single and working my first job out of college as a newspaper reporter. It was after a game in which I did unusually well for me. I don't recall the score but it was probably no more than the low 100s if that. A stranger heard me crowing about my score and challenged me to a contest, offering a bet of \$5 to the winner. Now at that time my salary was \$65 a week, so this was not a small wager. It was nearly half a day's pay in fact, and about \$60 in today's dollars. The guy was obviously a hustler, but I was still glowing from my recent success and I blithely accepted the bet. I was a fool of course and deserved to be cheated.

But it didn't turn out that way. The guy was good, really good and he didn't expect to lose—but somehow I won the bet. It was right down to the wire and I finished the tenth frame with three successive strikes to beat him by just two pins. The hustler didn't look happy. He handed me a \$5 bill without saying anything and walked away. I had not made his day. I wonder if he thought he himself might have been hustled.

Looking back on this from my new perspective, I recognize this as another possible example of the power of telekinesis. Just as somehow the white balls on the roulette wheels fell into the right slots at a casino night party, so the bowling ball took exactly the right paths to knock down pins and earn me the reward.

But perhaps the most notable fact that makes the game remarkable is that the score I made, 205, is the highest bowling score I ever made in my entire life. By far. Only that one time with a serious need to win did I achieve such a high score. Can this again be mere coincidence? What are the odds?

Chapter Three: The Plot Thickens

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said. "One can't believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast."

– Lewis Carroll, *Alice in Wonderland*

The focus of this book is a broad exploration of the subject of apparent human abilities that science cannot explain, through that mysterious force called Psi. These effects are described by the word "paranormal," meaning outside of or beyond the normal. Before we proceed, some definitions are in order. Here is a brief list:

- The ability for individuals to communicate thoughts from one mind to another without using words or signals is called *mental telepathy*, *mind reading* or *extra sensory perception* (ESP).
- Another form of ESP is *clairvoyance*, the ability to see or predict objects or events that cannot be perceived by the five physical senses.

- The ability to see or predict the future, actually a subset of clairvoyance, is termed *precognition* or *foresight*.
- Another form of clairvoyance is the ability to visualize distant objects or locations through mental concentration, called *remote viewing* or *distance viewing*.
- The ability to move or manipulate objects through mental concentration is variously termed *telekinesis*, *psychokinesis* (PK), or *levitation*.

Self-proclaimed "normal" science vehemently rejects the possibility that paranormal effects even exist. For example, *Wikipedia's* article on parapsychology pulls no punches in stating:

"The standard scientific models give the explanation that what appears to be paranormal phenomena is usually a misinterpretation, misunderstanding, or anomalous variation of natural phenomena."

The "normies" further confuse the issue by conflating claims of the paranormal with examples of superstition, delusion, psychosis, fantasy, hallucination, self-deception, and illusion. As we shall see, this flies in the face of myriad personal experiences that defy explanation. It also ignores thousands of experiments that provide statistical evidence that supports the existence of Psi powers. This is another of many reasons why *Wikipedia* should always be used with extreme caution and its proclamations put to the test.

For the record, this book will not concern magic tricks, fairies, superstitious delusions, demons, or any such stuff appropriate for the pages of *The National Enquirer*. We will encounter no witches or visits by Bat Boy.

I have often encountered people who have exhibited abilities that can only be described as paranormal. Examples were as close as my late wife herself. Once as Pat and I were flying across the Atlantic Ocean returning from a photo shoot in Europe, she turned to me and said, "My grandmother just died." I didn't know what to say so I said nothing, and she said no more - but when arriving home, we learned that her grandmother had indeed passed at about the time we were over the mid-Atlantic.

It was an unexpected, sudden death. Her grandmother was making her bed and as she spread the coverlet across it she fell face down, never to move again.

I have mentioned the times where Pat may have influenced the results of a roulette wheel or slot machine. Now I am thinking she may have had some other extraordinary powers. Putting the two gambling events together with her knowledge of her grandmother's passing yields strong indications that she probably had paranormal powers. She died in 2011 and I wish I had studied this subject when she was still alive, because it would have been very interesting to see if she could bend spoons, cause objects to move around the room, or make lightning flash. At the times, we just assumed the experiences were mere coincidences.

Now there's no denying that coincidences do occur, but I have developed a little saying that coincidence is like baseball, you only get three strikes. If you have one thing happen and call it a coincidence, that's OK. It doesn't mean it's true, but for lack of evidence to the contrary it could be even though the odds against it might be very high.

But after you experience two, you cannot credit any further such events as mere coincidence. The odds against three or more extremely unlikely occurrences are just too high. Does the explanation still hold up? What are the odds of multiple extremely unlikely events all being mere coincidences? I suggest the odds of that are so high that we must conclude the experiences are not coincidences at all.

If there are no paranormal powers, then how did Pat know – just immediately know – of the death of her beloved grandmother? Only by evoking some form of extra sensory perception can we attempt to explain this, and we have been brought up to believe that is impossible, so it must be coincidence. Right?

And yet I have since spoken with several people who have had similar experiences, the sudden knowledge of a dear one's death. It turns out this is a documented phenomenon termed *crisis telepathy*. When a person is in great danger, injured or dying, they may somehow spontaneously send out telepathic cries to those to whom they are close. There are many reported instances going back even hundreds of years.

If such accounts are to be doubted or discounted as coincidence, why do I so often meet others who tell similar stories. In fact, as a journalist for whom the art of the interview is a particular skill, I have found that when talking to others about the fascinating subject of Psi, if I probe deeply enough I often draw out stories of the paranormal, including precognitive dreams, visits by departed spirits, strange warnings of unknown dangers, lost time, memories of past lives, even the experience of UFO abductions and alien encounters.

There is the account of a friend, Cherie, who told me of when she "saw" a horrible auto accident that had just taken place five miles ahead of her on the highway. She was driving with her mother when she had a clear vision of a multi-car crash with several killed or badly injured. She described the scene to her mother, who was amazed a few minutes later to see the very picture her daughter had described. Perhaps this was due to crisis telepathy coming from one of the victims of the crash, and in this case powerful enough to be received even by a stranger.

Another friend, Mark, revealed how when he was a young man in Pennsylvania, he would sometimes visit his sister and her husband who lived in an old farmhouse. He would sleep in an upstairs room, and while there he would see visions of demon-like creatures. I asked him if it had happened more than once, and he replied that it occurred each time he

visited, only in that room, and over a period of years. He said the same words many have used: "I have never told anyone because they'd think I was crazy."

The stories are legion. It appears from my observations that many if not most people have experienced paranormal or uncanny events, almost always keeping the stories to themselves, or denying them entirely. Like me, most have probably written them off as coincidence or imagination, or simply repressed the memories. In many cases they tell me they have experienced no Psi events - but as I carry the conversation further, they eventually reveal deeply held secrets of paranormal experiences.

And these are not ignorant people. My friend Cherie, who has a doctorate and was a university department chair, has besides telling of seeing the auto accident on the road ahead, reported visitations from deceased friends or relatives and even the experience of a UFO abduction, details of which were drawn from her unconscious mind through hypnotic regression. Her written account of the abduction is included in a later chapter.

I have heard from Steven, who is both a CPA and graduate of a leading law school, that he remembers a past life as a German soldier who died on the Eastern front during the battle of Stalingrad. He told me that when he sees films of Nazi rallies he thinks, "these are my people," even while knowing it has to be impossible. He is actually of Scots descent and plays the bagpipes. He told me he had never told anyone about this.

John, a longtime friend who was a professor of history, related to me his memories of a past life in Vienna, Austria in the early 1800s. His specialty was the history of science. He also believes he has met a woman who is a reincarnation of someone he knew in the past life. I have read that it is common for people experiencing memories of past lives to believe they have repeatedly interacted with another individual in successive iterations of their parallel existences. Sometimes they are

lovers, sometimes antagonists, even parent and child reprising their relationship down through successive lives.

I have listened as a friend named Paul described a previous life in distant times in which he was burned at the stake. When the memory came to him in an altered state of meditation he ran screaming from his room, his mind overwhelmed by the memory of burning flesh.

There are many more examples of events that are hard to explain. Val, a friend who taught college astronomy once told me of having a kind of vision about an owl. He was curious and stepped outside his front door. A Great Horned Owl was sitting in a tree about 20 feet away, just staring at him. Did he somehow sense the presence of the owl? Or did he somehow conjure up the owl, a Harry Potter kind of scenario? Perhaps it had brought a message for him, as owls were often said to do in ancient myths. It was the only time he ever had such a vision, and the only time he ever saw an owl sitting on a branch in his front yard. It is very hard to imagine this was coincidence.

I was once invited to tea in an Englishwoman's several hundred year old Elizabethan house in Kent. As we sat in the large main room she said, "Oh, I should tell you about my ghost!" She proceeded to do so, pointing to a tall staircase and describing how a woman dressed in white would appear at the top and begin to walk down, then fade and vanish. I asked her if this was something that had happened more than once and she assured me that she had seen the ghost many times, always in exactly the same way. I gather that in England it is a source of pride to share one's home with a ghost or two.

Then there are NDEs, near death experiences. Joe, a very close and now deceased friend who was a former CIA employee, described such an event in which during emergency surgery he imagined walking down into a cave where he encountered an apparition he identified as the Egyptian god Anubis. (Joe had an interest in Egyptian history and had been wearing a little pendant representing the jackal headed deity.)

Anubis asked him telepathically why he was there and Joe replied, "I don't know; I just came." Anubis told him: "Go back, it's not yet your time." He later learned that he had actually died during the operation and been resuscitated. Many subjects of near death experiences report they were instructed to return in just such a way. Many add that having gotten a taste of the afterlife they were reluctant to return.

Bill, another old friend, described a similar event in which he was walking down a hallway lined with billowing white curtains and toward a white light where he glimpsed the faces of departed friends and family before being brought back to life on the operating table after suffering a ruptured aorta.

There is a similar version of NDEs called SDEs, or shared death experiences. These are cases when someone close to a dying or dead person are drawn partway along the journey into the other realm. I collected a poignant personal account from my friend Mark that might be something like an SDE experience.

Mark's mother died of cancer when he was six and a few weeks after her passing he was in a hospital to have his tonsils removed. The operation did not go well and there was excessive bleeding. He isn't sure if he actually had a moment of death but was definitely anesthetized and under stress. Something remarkable happened.

As Mark described it he was suddenly with his late mother. They were in a quiet forest at night sitting by a fire. He told me the vision was very real, describing the sandy soil they were sitting on and the way a column of sparks was climbing up from the fire into the darkness. He added that the vision is still clear in his memory over fifty years later. He felt very calm. His mother gave him assurance that everything would be OK.

There is another area of interest to me, and that is the subject of the UFO. I heard many stories of strange encounters when I once attended the annual conference of MUFON, the Mutual UFO Network, including hearing a talk by Betty Hill who along with her husband Barney was an

early subject of UFO abduction. I also met and interviewed some of the leading researchers and writers on the subject of UFOs.

There are reports that suggest we may have aliens among us, appearing as humans. I have talked with Jim, a radiologist who works in Manhattan and who recounted how he had tried to contact those superhumans. He described an experience on a busy street in Manhattan where after he projected a telepathic query, everything came to a complete stop with people and cars frozen in place except for one figure across the street who waved to him before things began to move again.

Are there aliens among us? Do they read our minds? Can they suspend time and step outside of it? Maybe.

I heard a similar story during my MUFON experience while at lunch with well-known UFO researcher and author Timothy Good, who told me how when he once attempted to use ESP to contact non-human aliens it resulted in an apparent signal from what appeared to be a normal human woman. It occurred in a crowded restaurant. When Timothy decided to send out a telepathic query, a waitress serving another table walked over, stopped in front of him and made a sweeping bow before going back to her business. I am reminded of scenes from the movie *The Matrix*.

A day after my wife passed about a decade ago, my sister Barbara reported seeing a turquoise colored "aura" floating in the air that she identified as a visitation by the spirit of my deceased wife. I have heard similar reports from numerous people who believed they had been contacted by dead friends or relatives, sometimes as if in the flesh. This is totally beyond the ability of science to explain. I should mention that turquoise jewelry was a favorite of Pat's.

And in November 2019, my sister told me of another event. She has a friend named Connie with whom she worked many years ago and they have remained in contact. She had recently learned that Connie's husband had died. A few days later, my sister told me, she had a sudden strong urge to eat a peanut butter and honey sandwich. It was a strange

compulsion, something she had never thought about. Just then she felt as if someone had placed a hand on her shoulder, but when she turned there was no one there.

She called Connie and asked if she knew of any meaning for the idea of a peanut butter and honey sandwich. Connie replied that it had been one of her husband's favorite foods. When my sister told her she believed her late husband had just visited her, Connie said that he had always trusted my sister.

I recently spoke to a Navajo woman named Miyosi who told me of having a strange dream about one of her brothers who lived in the Navajo Reservation. In the dream he appeared to be seriously ill and was with an uncle who had previously died. Shortly after that she had a sudden intuition that her brother had died. A few days later she learned that he had been murdered down on the reservation at about that time.

I told her that her feelings about her brother could have been the result of a precognitive dream warning of his coming death, and that she may have received a message from him through crisis telepathy as he was dying.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I have so much trouble telling people about these things and you are giving me the vocabulary of it."

I explained that I had also been ignorant of the paranormal plane of existence but had been studying it. When I mentioned I was writing this book, she said she was very eager to read it.

Then there was the story I gleaned from a woman named Victoria who was an artist and astrologer. After her mother's death she told me how it was her task to straighten up for sale the residence that had been the family home for several generations. In her later years her mother had been hospitalized several times, and each time when being released was given a little bag for her effects. She had used them to hold used tissues and kept them in the house.

Victoria told me that as she was emptying these bags and throwing away the used tissues, she felt a hand on her shoulder, which seems to

be a common way for visiting spirits to introduce themselves. She turned and there was an apparition of her long-deceased grandfather. He told her telepathically that she should not throw away a particular pink tissue, and when she unfolded it there was a piece of heirloom jewelry inside.

I asked her for more information, and she told me that her grandfather's apparition remained with her for several days as she completed clearing the house. Finally, she believed she was finished, but her grandfather told her "you still need to do the attic." She told him there was no attic, but he led her to a place at the top of the stairs where there was a closed hatch in the ceiling that had gone unnoticed. The attic contained many items, including family records from times long past, when her grandfather was young.

Experiences such as these, and I have found them springing up whenever I raise the subject of the paranormal, are hard to deny.

I was reminded of yet another story by mentioning that Victoria was an astrologer. While working as a photographer in Europe off and on over several years, I became friends with a man named Peter who lives near Leeds in Yorkshire, England. I was a dinner guest in his home on several occasions when I was in the area.

One day we had lunch together and he told me this story. He and his wife Laura had a teenaged daughter, but a subsequent pregnancy had gone wrong and Laura had been told that she could not have another child. She started a successful business doing cosmetic makeovers.

One time about a year before Peter told me this story, Laura had an appointment with a client who happened to be a noted astrologer and who wrote a newspaper column on the subject. They talked about how the future could supposedly be predicted by casting horoscopes based on the positions of the planets at the time of the subject's birth. Laura showed interest, and as she had no appointment for the following hour, the astrologer offered to stay and cast her horoscope.

She did so, and the conclusion caused great mirth when Laura reported it to Peter that evening. She was told that she was pregnant, that

she would bear a girl, and that the birth would happen on a certain day that autumn. They had a good laugh and forgot about it.

A couple of weeks later Laura woke with symptoms of morning sickness. A doctor confirmed that she was indeed pregnant. Came the time of the predicted birth date and the astrologer missed that detail, but only by a hair. The water broke that day, but the birth of a healthy baby girl occurred early in the next day.

As Peter finished his story, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I don't even believe this stuff, but what am I to think?"

Can some connection with the universe be at work, making it possible to transcend time and space to predict the future through observations of celestial objects? Perhaps. How much of a coincidence would it take to cause the event described by my British friend. Indeed, what are any of us to think?

Another woman, Sarah, recently told me how after her boyfriend was killed in a tragic accident, he appeared to her in dreams. But she said they were not really like dreams but seemed more real. This first happened about two weeks after his death. In her vision she said, "Oh, you're here! I thought you were dead," whereupon he responded that indeed he had been killed.

Over several years he would occasionally appear, always with some message. For example, one time he told her in her dream that he was concerned about his mother and asked her to call to be sure she was all right. She did call, and learned that her late boyfriend's brother, the mother's only other child, had died the day before, placing the mother in deep mourning.

Here is another example. For 25 years my friend Mark worked in a hospital in western Pennsylvania near where he grew up. One year he made a driving and camping tour of the west and decided in a general way that he would like to move there. He thought about this for a couple of years but made no specific plans.

One day he had a sudden realization, like a message from the unknown. The thought came to him that he should quit his job and prepare for the move - and that he had to do it by a certain date a few weeks away.

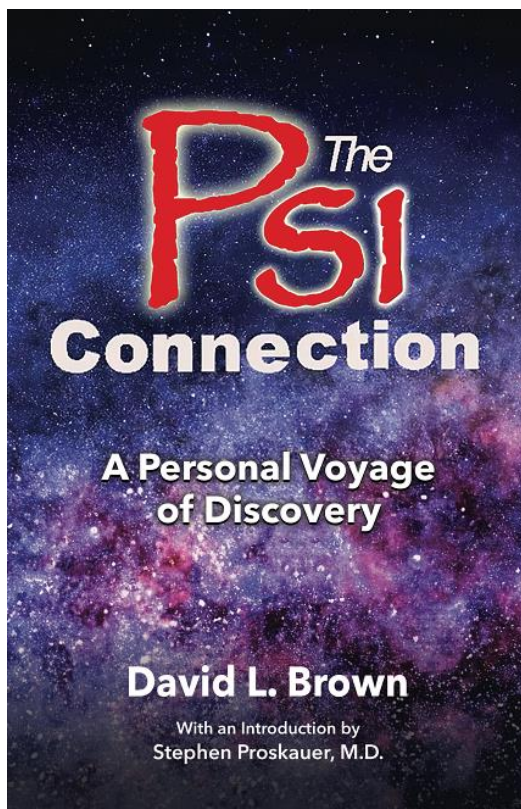
"It hit me like a ton of bricks," he told me. "That date was like a neon sign embedded in my brain. I had to leave my job by that certain day. I started writing out my resignation letter for that date."

When that mysterious day arrived Mark was sitting in the office of the hospital human resources person for his exit interview. The executive told him something interesting.

"You picked a good time to leave," she remarked. The hospital had come under new management and she told Mark that on the very next day he was to have been informed that his job had been eliminated. Did he somehow receive advance knowledge of that coming event? It's hard to explain otherwise.

How can disbelief in the paranormal hold up in the face of stories like these? Can we write them all off as self-delusion, coincidence, or madness? I don't think so. You might assume the subjects were making up the stories, but that doesn't hold up either when you consider the caution with which they reveal their experiences to my probing, often saying they had never related them to anyone for fear of being thought crazy.

As I pieced together these and other stories along with my own experiences, my thinking took a slow but certain 180 degree turn. And I have discovered a lot more since beginning my investigation of the things that science cannot explain and refuses to accept.



The author of The Psi Connection experienced an awakening to the spiritual realm of parapsychology. As he studied the subject and interviewed others he began to have psychic experiences of his own. This is his story.

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