

ELIZABETH FLINT



GARRISON

KEILLOR

IS A

HUNGRY
GHOST

My Story of Survival & Spiritual Transformation

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This is a true story.

Garrison Keillor Is A Hungry Ghost
My Story of Survival and Spiritual Transformation

by
Elizabeth Flint

Those who have a 'why' to live, can bear with almost any 'how.'

—Viktor Frankl

Introduction

In 2005, I had a powerful spiritual awakening and began to grasp that there was an essential part of me that existed beyond space and time, but was hidden from me. The next several years, I gathered, would be spent becoming acquainted with that wiser part of myself and learning to see beyond my own surface.

This immersion would happen fairly quickly and would require the undoing of a lot of old habits and wrong thinking. As a result, my life would soon become very challenging. I didn't realize then that the difficulty—and opportunity—would come in the form of an attached spirit.

This book tells briefly the story of how a spirit attached itself to me, how it affected my thinking and my perception, and my discovery over time that this dark and aggressive being was actually doing me a favor, in spite of its apparent intent to harm me.

What makes this account especially unusual is that the spirit tells me that it is Garrison Keillor. My skepticism is met with an insistence that I accept what's true. Is this an aspect of the person I used to know—the entertainer and writer Garrison Keillor? Is this an ongoing hallucination? Or something else altogether? I will leave it to you to decide.

I hope that by sharing my story, I can pass along some of what I've learned, and bring understanding or relief to others going through something similar.

Prologue

Listen pig, the voice says. I don't care what you write. Nobody is going to believe it.

I sit in the corner of my room at the ashram, my chair pulled up to a rickety computer stand. I am trying to record what is happening to me. To do so, I must hold a clear space in my mind against the onslaught of threatening words and images being projected there. As I begin to form an idea of what I want to say, he flashes into my mind a picture of himself spitting in my face. Then a wide caricature of a smile with elongated, yellow teeth and saliva running down his chin.

I could help you with your writing. Maybe you could keep me on. I won't bother you anymore. I promise.

He shows me a picture of a Scrabble board and tells me that nobody has a better vocabulary than he does. I've heard this offer before: *He can be my friend. Two heads are better than one.*

I begin again to gather my thoughts, but my mind wanders to the ashram chores I've put off doing.

They're on to you, you fucking retard, he says.

Feelings of guilt and shame rise up in me. That I'm an imposter. That I'm going to be found out. And then an extreme feeling of irritation comes over me. I feel like I could kill someone.

"Your mother's a retard!" I blurt out.

As soon as it's out of my mouth, I realize, too late, what he's done. That is not the kind of thing I would say. He laughs. Another victory for him.

I feel my face begin to twist unnaturally and I press my hands to my cheeks to stop it. An acute emotional pain floods my chest. Then a kind of dry crying. I think it's his pain, but I'm not sure.

"Please God, keep me centered in your love. Don't let me be pulled into this darkness," I say aloud.

He becomes enraged. I feel my abdomen, my viscera, being tightened and cinched up from the inside. He pushes a shaft of energy inside me. I reach down between my legs, grab it and pull it out. He puts it right back. This time into my rectum. I pull it out again and quickly stand up.

Sweltering, he says. He flashes a picture of a corpse lying on the ground with the upper lip cut off, creating a permanent smile.

"My guides and angels, please come and surround me with your love," I say.

I walk out of my bedroom and around the corner to the front door.

I'll be here waiting for you when you get back, you whore. You think you can get away.

I leave the cottage and head down a dirt path to a remote corner of the ashram where I'm not likely to run into anyone. Tears fill my eyes.

I'd been warned that things were going to get hard.

Joy will come, I'd been told. Don't lose faith.

SECTION I
MY STORY

When I tell the truth, it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those that do.

—William Blake

Chapter 1

One night in May of 2006, a powerful presence came down through the ceiling of my bedroom and slammed into me. A mix of lust and hatred, it spread over my body, a toxic weight. I felt a pressure around my throat, squeezing. And something like a hand pushing down on my face. My will became immobilized. My body went numb. What followed was a kind of spirit sexual assault. After a time, it stopped. I was dazed, but not afraid. The numbness faded and I turned over and fell asleep.

The next day, whether in shock or denial, I gave no thought to what had happened the night before. But as soon as night came, I couldn't take a step into my house without becoming weak, nauseous, and confused. Outside the house I was fine. Inside, I felt like I was going to faint. Panicked, I quickly grabbed some things and fled to a motel. From there it only got worse. Sitting in the tub, trying to make sense of what was happening, I became aware of a second presence within me looking out through my eyes. Fear turned to outright terror.

Convinced I was going to die, I called an ambulance and had them take me to the emergency room, where I was faced with the problem of what to say. Doctors don't believe in spirits. I knew that if I described exactly what had happened, it would be misunderstood. So I told them that recently I had had a very challenging spiritual awakening (true), and that I suspected I was having a panic attack related to that (not true). They brought in a social worker to talk to me and gave me a sedative. I slept for most of the night.

I was released the next morning with a prescription for tranquilizers. The panic had lessened. But overnight the world had become shifty and disjointed. Everything looked too bright, too big. Sounds were too loud. The ground reared up and then fell away, making it hard to walk. And something kept touching me on my head and stomach. Was an entity

attached to me? There was something in my energy field, right up against my body. I could feel it moving around as though trying to find the right fit.

Back at the motel, I frantically began looking for help from an energy healer or shaman. Someone who understood spirit attachment. At the same time, I made an appointment with the psychiatrist I'd seen for depression and told her what had happened. As I suspected she would, she diagnosed it as an acute psychotic breakdown and prescribed a neuroleptic. I was frightened of the possible long-term effects of this kind of drug. But I was desperate. I wanted what I was feeling to stop. So I agreed to take it.

In the meantime, I had to find a place to stay. I drove to New York and moved in with my sister and her daughter in Manhattan. Soon, it became apparent that I needed to find a place of my own. The small apartment was too cramped with me and my two dogs. Because I had no job and no money, my chances of finding something were not good. An online search showed two possibilities. I picked one and went to meet with the owner. Whether by luck or divine intervention, she handed over the keys without so much as a rental application or dollar exchanged, and asked me to pay her when I could. Thus began a long summer of searching for answers on the internet, phone calls to alternative healers that were never returned, and an ever-present sense of evil around me. The medicine wasn't working, but I took it anyway, afraid of what might happen if I stopped.

Nighttime was by far the worst. The evil presence seemed stronger then. Lying down in the dark, I could feel it close in on me. I didn't know what to do. I had no store of love to turn to for protection. I felt destitute, wretched, and empty. What helped, I discovered, was to imagine myself outside in the midst of a large crowd of kind, loving and intelligent people. For some reason the people that came to mind were the colleagues and friends of my father's from Georgetown. Other teachers of literature, other writers, artists and friends. As if the love of all of those people created a force field or barrier that would keep the evil away. Each night I closed my eyes and brought this crowd in close around me as I waited for the tranquillizer to whisk me away to oblivion and the light of morning.

As the summer wore on, I tried to imagine what my future might hold. The same, probably, as any penniless and disabled person. A future of reliance

on social services, of medication and psychiatrist visits, of half-way houses. Why had my life so instantly and completely fallen apart? Was I just a deeply damaged person whose collapse had been in the making, silently, for years to come? Was there anything I could point to? Any signs I'd missed?

Chapter 2

Try as I might, I couldn't let go of the impression that Garrison was behind my current troubles. I was now so afraid of him that I didn't even want to think of him, lest it might rouse him. But some part of me needed to make sense of this.

I'd known Garrison all my life. Among my earliest memories is sitting and playing on the linoleum floor of our Minneapolis house while Garrison visited with my parents at the kitchen table. From that spot, the most memorable thing about him were the tall, brown boots he wore, laced up to the knees in two columns of Xs. He and my parents were friends, and students at the University of Minnesota.

There is another memory from that time that seems important. The memory of a shadow that would come into my bedroom at night. He'd appear and stand there looking at me. I was not afraid. Maybe because he seemed familiar. But what happened after he arrived is a blank. I only know that getting me to stay in my room at night was a problem, according to my mother. I was always wandering out into the brightly lit living room, where the adults were still up, talking. The ghostly visits stopped when I turned four and we left Minnesota for Washington, D.C.

A few years later, I had a telling dream. In it, my family and I are on the lookout for a robber that's on the loose. During the commotion, my brother is hit by a car. Later, I go into "my house" by myself, where I eventually notice the robber and "beat him up." My father had typed it out, in my words, in the form of a poem, as he did many of our childhood dreams. This one survived, no doubt, because within a year, my brother was hit by a car and killed. As to the meaning of the robber, that remained a mystery.

Much later, in my thirties, I had a similar dream that repeated itself, with slight variations. In the dream, I'd go down into the basement of the house to discover a person or group of people who were not supposed to be there.

They'd broken in unbeknownst to anyone, and were living there secretly. The dream always ended with my chasing them out. A variation was that a huge tree branch was growing into the house through a window and posing a threat to all of us.

During high school, though I'd made good grades and excelled in sports, it got harder and harder to keep up. I found myself falling into a serious depression. At my request, my mother found me a therapist—a wonderful and gifted clinical psychologist, as it turned out. Shortly after starting therapy, I had an odd experience. It was a panic attack that came on one night well I lay in bed—the first I'd ever had. As is typical of panic attacks, I was sure that I was going to die. What was not typical was that I couldn't bring myself to look down at my feet, for fear that what I'd see would be the hooves of the devil. There was something evil within me, I felt. It never happened again, but I've never forgotten it.

Chapter 3

I had little contact with Garrison until I attended the 60th birthday party that he threw for my father. Shortly after, Garrison invited me to come live with him and his soon-to-be-wife Jenny in Wisconsin and do some writing work for him. I was thirty and applying to grad schools. Flattered at the attention, I agreed. A few weeks later I moved into their guest house, enrolled at the University of Minnesota, and worked part-time on *The Writer's Almanac*. He flirted with me occasionally and asked me if I was sure that I was gay. I laughed it off. He knew that I was. But by the end of two years, something had changed. I found myself powerfully drawn to him—a surprise.

A drunk and awkward encounter followed. And then a second. Because they were consensual, I couldn't explain the peculiar feeling afterward that I'd been violated. That something had been taken from me. Or why upon hearing his voice on the radio, I'd feel an acid burn coursing through me. All I knew was that I was suddenly in a lot of emotional pain and I attributed this to being separated from the man I'd fallen in love with. I'd left Minnesota and was now living in Silicon Valley, working at IBM. *We are one person in two bodies*, I thought. *We have to be together. Nothing else matters.*

He cut off contact soon after, callously, and our friendship ended. I felt betrayed and in an email, gave him an earful. "Judge me later when you know me better," he'd quipped. Over time, the pain faded and I moved on. News that both of my parents were ill prompted a return to D.C. to help out. I'd ended up staying, continuing my job long distance. I was now living alone in a four-story Victorian row house in downtown Washington, D.C. that I'd bought with money my father had left me. He'd died in 2001. My mother had died four years later.

The first two years in the house had been wonderful. Enthusiastically, I'd set about renovating and decorating. But gradually I began feeling an

energy in the house that was unfriendly. I became aware of little balls of energy floating over my bed at night. Other times, a presence of some kind would move in close to me and exert a kind of pressure against me. It felt like something was trying to displace me or push past an invisible boundary. When it happened, I'd become dizzy and feel like I was going to throw up. And then it would pass and I'd tell myself it wasn't real.

Twice I walked into my house to find it smelling strongly of a man's body odor and of fear. Yet nobody had keys to the house except me. Swarms of gnats would appear and hover in one of the upstairs rooms. I'd become irritable suddenly and yell at the dogs over nothing. Even at work, sitting at my computer, I'd feel something behind me, touching my head. And then a peculiar drilling sensation at the back of my neck. Daily, my fear grew and a kind of mental fog descended on me. Reaching out to someone for help seemed impossible. *You are alone with this. Nobody will understand. Keep it to yourself.* This message repeated itself in my mind and I accepted it as true.

I had the impression that my fear and the unfriendly presence in the house had something to do with Garrison. Before my father died, I'd confessed to him that the depression and weight loss of a few years earlier had been over Garrison. I'd told him what happened between us. My father was deeply hurt and ended his decades-long friendship with Garrison. "It feels like a death," he told me. He wondered aloud about Garrison's morality.

Garrison, I guessed, was infuriated that I'd told my father. He'd probably counted on shame to keep me quiet. So while I was done with Garrison, he apparently was not done with me. What was going on now was some kind of psychic attack, I thought. And it was strong. And it needed to stop. I decided to send him a warning. Whether he'd even receive it I had no idea. One Saturday I tuned into his radio show. It was a live broadcast from Iceland. While he delivered the monologue, I focused intently on him with a clear message: "Back Off!"

The response was swift. That night I was attacked in my bed.

Chapter 4

I'd been in the New York studio now for six months. When in the fall my house finally sold, I moved into an apartment in Falls Church, a Washington, D.C. suburb. I found part-time tech editing work I could do from home, and continued my search for answers. My memory of the attack that night was as clear as ever. Yet doubt had begun to sink in. I kept looking for some alternative explanation. Was this a mental breakdown? People don't usually become psychotic at forty-two. I searched the spiritual literature. Dark night of the soul? It seemed tame by comparison. Ego death? Maybe. Some of the Christian mystics described encounters with evil. But nothing quite fit. Surely, someone had gone through this and written about it.

The answer wouldn't come from a book. Over the course of a couple of weeks, the fear and evil presence faded. I woke up one morning to stillness and the sound of birds outside my window. It was gone. What took its place was a contentment and peace unlike any I'd ever known. I was grateful to be alive and with my sanity intact. Best of all, I felt God's presence. It was a loving reassurance that I was fine and that all would be well. With it came an important insight into what was happening. I was undergoing a deep clearing of my energy field. I was carrying around a lot of old pain. Stuff from many lifetimes. The process wasn't over and it wouldn't be easy. But when it was done, I would be free. All I needed to do was not give up.

Ok, I thought. I'm ready. And then one day I walked into my apartment and was hit in the stomach, hard, by something I couldn't see—a kick to the solar plexus. The darkness had returned with a vengeance. A short time later, I began hearing voices.

It was a voice in my head, as close as a thought but louder. "Good job. You get a gold star," were the first words I heard. I was standing in front of the

bathroom mirror checking out my new haircut and color. I smiled in response, but thought nothing of it.

The voice began talking constantly. Its running commentary was now a permanent part of my awareness. It seemed to see what I saw and hear what I heard—as though looking through my eyes and listening through my ears. It expressed its opinions and shared its preferences for particular movies, songs and foods, which often differed from mine. It asked me questions. I responded by thinking my answer. In this way I managed to appear as if nothing unusual were going on. And then one day I slipped up.

I was having dinner alone at a restaurant I frequented near my apartment. As I ate, the voice talked away animatedly. I must have become very engaged in what I was hearing because when I looked up, a man across the room was staring at me. I hadn't realized it but I'd been whispering my responses rather than thinking them. "Don't worry," I heard the voice laugh. "Regular people don't understand." I smiled and in my mind, nodded by agreement.

Along with the arrival of the voice, I was by now waking up most mornings frightened and feeling like I'd been beaten in the night. I hurt all over. The nausea and dizziness had also returned, and a sense of building pressure. And I began having irrational thoughts. That someone had broken into my apartment and poisoned my food. That I was being watched. So when the voice said, "Get in your car and drive west," I packed up the car, put my two dogs in their crates in the back seat, and left. On the road, the fear vanished and was replaced by a sense of adventure. That I'd left behind a job and friends without a word didn't concern me greatly. The voice kept me talking and laughing all the way to Arizona, where I was told to stop driving. Sedona would be our stopping place. From what little I had left of the money from my house sale, I plunked down six months' rent on an apartment in the Village of Oak Creek and settled in. And then things got interesting.

Chapter 5

The voice now presented itself as Garrison. And a cast of characters, introduced by Garrison, made themselves known to me. Every day I was engaged in one drama after another as voices came and went, accompanied by corresponding faces and other images that flashed in my mind. When at home, I would interact with them, talking aloud. In public, I kept quiet, though the voices tried to make me laugh and sometimes succeeded. I could buy groceries, pay bills and do all the things I needed to do. But as this interior life came alive, the outside faded dully into the background. I'd been let in on a secret world of invisible beings who communicated by thought and who lived among humans, undetected.

When Garrison spoke, he would often flash an image of his face in my mind. Other times, he would show himself as a crudely drawn goat, standing on its hind legs. He would say something to make me laugh and the goat would do a joyful little leap in the air, its cloven hooves pointing down. The goat was his special sign. "Capricorn rising," he'd say to indicate its power. Or "Magic Pan, Pandemic, Pantomime..." Anything with the word "pan" in it. The funny goat was my secret friend, he assured me. I'd never need anyone else.

Garrison would tease me, from time to time, telling me that my light was so bright that he could barely stand it. He'd show me a shower of light pouring down above me and himself running for cover. It was a big joke. Then he'd say, "If you want to switch sides, the door is always open." He talked about the "Hunt for Red October." It was the underground search for people who could be made into conduits for furthering fear and suffering in the world. He was always looking for candidates. A person who could be changed over was called a "convertible" or a "top-down."

I would be given a high position, he said. I would have special powers. Like him, I would be "fully liberated." He called this organization the "United

Kingdom.”

Out of the question, I thought. But I couldn't bring myself to say it aloud. I felt blocked. The topic was dropped for the time being, but would be raised again. “Elizabeth, the door is always open ...”

Chapter 6

Being new to this strange, hidden world, I took it all in, questioning nothing. Until something happened that changed that.

Early one evening I drove to a strip mall to pick up some Thai food I'd phoned in. As soon as I got out of the car, the voice told me that I was being followed close behind by a spirit intent on doing me harm and that I needed to walk quickly and try to lose it.

"Keep your eyes down and walk as quickly as you can around the parking lot," it directed me. I did as I was told. One time around the parking lot. Two times. Three times. It was starting to get dark. People were looking at me.

"OK," the voice finally said, "it's gone." Relieved, I went in and picked up my food.

"We thought you weren't coming," the cashier said. I'd been circling for over an hour.

When I got home and sat down to eat, the voice told me the spirit was back and that I needed to leave immediately. I grabbed my things and ran to my car. I was told to drive to a motel, check in and not to leave my room. I'd be in grave danger otherwise.

"Do not look at motel sign or anything else that indicates where you're staying," the voice said. The spirits that were after me would see through my eyes and know where to find me. I checked into my room and eventually fell asleep.

The next morning I was told to get up and start walking in the hallways and lobby, but not to leave the motel under any circumstances. And not to return to my room. I'd be in danger if I did. I did as they told me, picturing the

spirit fast on my heels. I walked through the hallways and around the lobby all day, stopping only for quick bathroom breaks.

“You’re doing great,” they’d tell me. “You’re so strong. You can outrun them. Keep going.”

In my mind, they showed me a kind of control room with people sitting at a microphone, monitoring the situation and directing me on where to go and what to do. There was an entire network consisting of both spirits and people who’d swung into action to prevent the bad spirits from overtaking me. They were all pulling for me.

By nine o’clock that night I was tired and hungry. And I was starting to have doubts. I walked over to the door to my room and sat down on the carpet in the hallway, wondering whether it was safe to go in.

Last night, they told me not to leave my room. That it was too dangerous, I thought. Today, they told me not to go into my room. Which is it?

And then it hit me. They were toying with me. It had all been an elaborate prank.

“It was an experiment,” the voice said coldly. “It’s done now.”

Furious and in tears, I collected my things and drove home, berating the voices for what they’d done.

“You can go fuck yourselves!” I said. “I’m done!”

After that, the mental fog — what Garrison called a “headlock” — faded. I was able to turn my attention to the outside world again. The cast of characters and their drama disappeared, leaving only Garrison’s voice. Had the other voices been him as well? I didn’t know. Garrison, however, continued to talk.

Chapter 7

At times the talk was conversational and benign. He'd tell me how much he likes Johnny Depp, especially the Pirates of the Caribbean movies. He thinks of himself as a kind of pirate. He hates the singer Adelle. Hates Oprah. The day his picture appeared on the cover of Time magazine was the happiest day of his life. He seemed to want to share something of himself with me. This voice sounded like the Garrison I used to know. "Clint Bunsen was named after your dad," he told me.

But mostly the talk was threats and insults. "I'm going to kill you. Your whole family is under attack, you dumb bitch. You don't know anything."

Certain phrases he'd repeat often. "Eat my shit and die!" was one of them. Always, it was said with great force and contempt. That the phrase meant something to him took me a while to figure out. He wanted me to know that he was offloading dark energy into me. That I was helpless to stop it. And that he was syphoning off my lighter energy. This was how he lived.

What I came to understand is that he isn't able to take in life force directly from the Source. His own energy field is as clogged by pain as a plaque-filled artery. And he has to continuously discard dark energy. He uses other people for both. Usually, he's hooked into more than one person at a time. If the connection is strong and doesn't wear off, people eventually become sick. Sometimes they die. This isn't a surprise to me. The download is overwhelmingly painful. And heavy. It feels like taking on the grief of a hundred people. Meanwhile, your own life force is being depleted.

He talks sometimes all day and into the night. About how much he despises the people who come to his shows—a sea of hideous laughing faces. And how he's fooled everyone. "I'm a national treasure," he reminds me. He tells me, repeatedly, how much he despises women. Making a woman go crazy is especially fun for him—turning a confident, professional woman into a scattered, crying lunatic.

His plans for me? To have me committed to a mental hospital against my will. I will spend the rest of my life there, silenced and forgotten, while he visits nightly to feed and unload. Unable to escape, I'll become progressively worse. Crazier.

He is able to cause me physical pain, as well, and it pleases him to do so. There are odd sensations in my body—a pulling inside, like a cinching up of my viscera. Or an intense pressure pushing outward. Numerous times, I feel myself being choked. I have shooting or dull, throbbing pains in various parts of my body. He stabs me in the thigh, making my leg jump. He causes my abdomen to cramp up, and pain in my genitals. “You’re giving birth to the baby Jesus,” he sneers.

Chapter 8

After nine months in Sedona, I was almost out of money. Jobs were few and far between and the cost of living high. Returning to D.C. seemed like the safest thing to do. I sold my car to finance my way back and put a hold on an apartment. Back in Falls Church, I began working as a temp, taking the bus or riding my bike to get around, and barely scraping by. I worried constantly over money and what would happen if I couldn't pay the rent.

During this time, I began noticing a shadow that showed up in my apartment in the evenings. It would casually stroll around, stopping here and there. I'd see it out of the corner of my eye. When I was sitting on the toilet or taking a bath, it would pass back and forth in front of the doorway, or just stand there. If I closed the bathroom door, I'd hear a derisive laugh in my head. When the shadow wasn't roaming, it seemed to retreat to my bedroom closet.

"Get out," I'd once heard it say when I entered. "This is my room."

I kept trying to figure this out. Could the thing attached to me really be Garrison? Was Garrison also following me, astral travelling into my apartment? The voice in my head seemed to speak for the shadow, as if they were two aspects of the same being.

"I've been going out of my body my whole life," Garrison's voice tells me one evening. When his mother thought he was reading in his room, he'd be travelling out to where the kids in the neighborhood were playing. Now, he goes into people's homes and watches them. He makes them irritable. He causes fights to break out and basks in the anger that's released.

When he sees someone he wants to merge with—usually a woman—he gets in through a weak spot in her energy field. He calls it "throwing a rock through the window." In astral form, he walks up behind her and steps into her energy field. If he has to push his way in, so be it. Once in, he starts the

energy exchange and begins manipulating her thoughts. His range of influence is wide, he says, and includes public figures.

“They have no clue,” he snickers. “They write their articles and books and don’t know I’m working through them.” People are like puppets to him, he tells me. He sends them thoughts and the words he wants them to say. Even actions that he wants them to take, though these are harder to initiate. If he can manipulate two people who know each other, so much the better. Through them, he acts out entire dramas.

Thought manipulation? This seems incredible, and yet I’ve come to believe it. Over time, I’d begun to notice that thoughts and feelings would arise that had nothing to do with what I was engaged in at that moment. More often than not they were thoughts that brought me stress. Worries, fears, judgements about myself or other people. Memories that brought me shame. The constant re-hashing of past conflicts with other people along with the thought that I needed to do something about it. To right a wrong.

Sexually stimulating people is also something he’s able to do, through the energy field, quite easily. “Conjugal visits will resume tonight,” he tells me as evening approaches. At night I sleep with a hand between my legs. As far as he is concerned, lying down unprotected is an invitation.

I knew he could do this, ever since the attack in my bed. But until now, I’d never connected it to the night visits I experienced as a child. Was he the shadow that had come into my room? Is this what he’d done to me? “Of course,” he brags. He flashes an image into my mind of an infant lying alone in her crib in the dark.

He tells me that he’d planted an energy—a little seed of hatred—in me, knowing that it would take root and grow into something like self-hatred. Along with it, he tells me, he’d left a placeholder in my energy field, so that he could find his way back to me later in my life. I have no reason to doubt any of it.

But when I grasp the implication—that I’m 53 and have never been free, not really—I feel an overwhelming sense of grief. I think back over my life and I cry. Some part of me has always known it. The news of another baby

animal being born “into captivity” in a zoo has always caused me an acute pain.

Chapter 9

It was now March of 2009. Almost three years had passed since the attack in my bed. I'd avoided tuning in to Garrison in any way. I stayed away from NPR on Saturdays and from any website he might post to. And yet he—or something calling itself by his name—was ever-present. Threatening me, insulting me, hurting me. My attempts to reach out to others for help had, without exception, come to nothing. I'd concluded that I would need to figure this out on my own.

“Who are you?” I'd ask. “You know who I am,” the voice would say. It would tell me that it is a piece of Garrison buried within me. It would flash a picture of Garrison's face in my mind. Other times, it would say that it is a spirit. Commanded by Garrison and acting on his behalf—an extension of Garrison. On and on it went.

From time to time I would tell myself that it was impossible. That there must be some other explanation. Garrison is a living person. Yet the impression persisted. In fact, Garrison seemed to want to rub my face in it.

“It's me, you fat fuck. G-A-R-R-I-S-O-N.” He'd spell it out in my mind, one letter at a time, as if to make it perfectly clear to someone of limited intelligence.

“Hey rodeo bitch. I'm going to ride you to your grave. Don't like it? Why don't you call the police!”

I needed to do something. Could I break this connection by tuning in again and disarming him with light? At the very least, it might help me put to rest the question of the spirit's identity.

One Saturday, I turned on the radio, inserted my earbuds, and closed my eyes. This time, I placed myself in a meditative state, breathing deeply and visualizing myself surrounded with light.

Within a few minutes, I felt something come over me. A heaviness and rigidity. Too late, I pulled the earbuds out and staggered to my bed. I had made a grave error in judgement. For the first time in months, I was afraid. I'd taken on a huge hit of dark energy.

That Monday morning, I boarded the bus for work, numb and unsteady on my feet. Taking my seat, I studied the faces of the people around me. They were noticeably distorted. The most obvious flaw in someone's face was grotesquely enlarged and misshapen, out of place. Like a caricature. Trees took on a menacing presence. Clouds and other shapes morphed into sinister smiles. Everything was imbued with evil. Two days later the energy cleared and the world returned to normal. It would be years before I'd attempt anything like that again.

Chapter 10

I'd been living in survival mode for months now. Trying to make sense of all that was happening. Trying to make ends meet. Trying to keep going. But it wasn't getting any easier. The jobs I'd found in D.C. were ending and I couldn't find anything to take their place. I was already living paycheck to paycheck, as frugally as I could. At the same time, the energy in my apartment was again making me sick. Desperate and sensing homelessness might be on the horizon, I sold or gave away most of the rest of my belongings and said goodbye to my two beloved chihuahuas. They needed a stable home and I couldn't provide one anymore.

Thankfully, an ashram I'd once visited in Tucson agreed to take me in. I was welcomed into their community and provided with a small room of my own. But within five months, I was physically ill. The length of time I could live in one place seemed to be getting shorter and shorter. I would have to keep moving. How long could I keep this up?

My next home was an apartment that I shared with two other women. I'd found a job teaching composition at a community college. It seemed like a new beginning. I felt energized and hopeful. As always, my room was spacious and light at first. But three months into the semester, the room had taken on an oppressive feeling, and the headaches, nausea, and lethargy were back. So was the shadow, which I now accepted was Garrison, astral travelling.

That he was the cause of this oppressive, toxic energy had also become clear. Every time I moved he followed, and took up residence in my home. Over time, the energy would build up, making it impossible to stay in one place. I'd tried everything I could think of to neutralize it. I smudged, burned incense, sung or chanted, lit candles, played music. Out of options, I resigned from my job and moved into a tent in the backyard of an acquaintance. Two months later I was homeless.

With my last few dollars, I bought a Greyhound ticket and went to Flagstaff, where I began camping out on a mesa above Thorpe Park at night, walking the long trail down into town each day for a jug of water and meals I bought with a food stamp card. Loneliness and the arrival of the monsoon season drove me to the women's homeless shelter. I made money by selling my plasma and eventually bought a bus ticket to Phoenix.

The shelter in Phoenix was nothing like the small, modern one I'd come from. It was a warehouse on the south end enclosed by tall fences and accessed only by vans that brought women in from the main homeless campus near downtown. A single room with a hundred and fifty numbered beds, laid out in long rows, and dozens of women talking aloud to no one in particular. Fights broke out constantly. It wasn't uncommon to find that the woman who'd used the shower before had also used it as a toilet. I kept to myself, observing as much as I could. Was all of this sickness and suffering the result of chemical imbalances? Of traumatic experiences? Or were spirits to blame?

As soon as I was able, I went on to San Diego. Warm weather and an abundance of services made San Diego the preferred destination for homeless and about-to-be-homeless people from all over the country. I met some women friends, and with them spent nights on the sidewalk that bordered a large parking lot near the convention center. Other times, I slept in a shelter. For many of us, a good part of the day was spent at the downtown public library reading or sleeping or waiting for time on the computer.

One day a disheveled young woman, mumbling to herself, walked into the library and began making a scene. When security arrived to escort her out, she pushed them away and started screaming.

"You can't make me leave! I'm a land owner!"

A land owner? It sounded like nonsense. But I recognized this kind of talk. These were the bragging words of an attached spirit, speaking through her. I'd heard Garrison say something similar, many times.

"This is my home and I'm not leaving," he'd boasted.

Owning a human is the right of any spirit able to acquire one, I'd been told. Only that person's death would force it out in search of a new place to live.

And could a human invade another human, the way a spirit could, and live through them, long distance? Was this possible? Or was this an ability of some other kind of being, one that only looked human?

Chapter 11

Two years of homelessness ended when I found work as a technical editor through an ad on Craigslist. With it, I was able to obtain an apartment. My concern, as always, was that I wouldn't be able to remain indoors for long. One day while perusing items in an electronics store, my eyes fell upon an industrial strength ionizer. I knew immediately it would help and it did. I've been living in the same place for the last three years, in spite of Garrison's continuing evening visits.

"Why," people have asked, "have you not tried harder to get help for this?"

Let me explain. I've been worked on by medicine men and energy healers who said they could remove spirits. I've undergone hypnotherapy for spirit release. I've contacted Catholic priests about performing an exorcism. I've drunk ayahuasca. I even gave psychotropic medication a second try to see if it would take the voices away.

What has persisted is my trust in what God communicated to me during those months of peace. That if I allow this to happen, it will heal me. In my case, the transformation is best accomplished by a spirit. That the spirit is dark and the work uncomfortable doesn't make it any less an expression of grace.

Many spiritually-aware people think I'm nuts for accepting spirit attachment as a condition I'm willing to live with. "Under no circumstances is this ever OK," I've been told more than once. My explanation that I'm supposed to go through this is met with skepticism. Which I understand.

It's a form of imprisonment, after all. The life force available to me is compromised. I'm in a continuous state of discomfort. Relationships are hard to maintain. Holding down a full-time job is pretty much impossible. A large portion of my energy and attention are devoted to maintaining balance in the presence of something that is determined to do me in.

And yet, I can see that it's helping.

SECTION II LEARNING AND HEALING

The nature of mankind will appear strange in these times we walk between worlds and we will house many spirits even within our bodies ... The way through this time, it is said, is to be found in our hearts, and reuniting with our spiritual self.

—Hopi Prophecy
Last Cry: Native American Prophecies & Tales of the End Times

Chapter 12

Early on, I was reassured by God that I would be given everything I needed to become free. I didn't even need to work at it. I only needed to not give up. A couple of years is what it will take, I thought. Maybe five. It's now going on eleven. So, I've had moments where I thought maybe I was wrong. Maybe I'd misunderstood. And I'd renew my efforts to have someone remove this thing so that I could get on with my life. These efforts always failed. As a result, I felt reconfirmed in my initial understanding and would then steel myself for more. And I'd accept that it was going to take longer than I'd hoped.

Because I could not separate myself physically from the spirit attached to me, learning how to separate my consciousness from its consciousness became my goal. When you have a spirit attached to you, you can't simply retreat into your mind for privacy. There is no private place. Everywhere you can go within yourself, the attached spirit, it seems, is there. And probably, it will be mentally stronger than you and therefore able to exert more influence over your mind than you can. At least initially. And yet, you feel like your self has to have a fixed address. And so you keep looking for some safe place. The realm of thoughts is not that safe place.

Somewhere along the way, I discovered that the voice I heard was only the most obvious influence on my awareness. There were deeper, more subtle levels of influence taking place that I'd missed, focused as I was on the voices. Thoughts, I noticed, would arise unbidden that were unrelated to anything I was doing in the moment. How did I recognize this? I began to notice that many of my so-called random thoughts followed a pattern. They almost always brought me a feeling of stress or contraction. In addition, they seemed to have the same content as the voices. The only difference was that they were quieter.

I might, for instance, be fixing the wheel on my bicycle and completely engaged in the task. All of a sudden, a disagreement I'd had with a friend would come to mind and with it, a feeling of anger and the thought that I needed to wrong a right. To do something about it.

Similarly, I might be browsing in the library, thinking about whether I wanted to check out a book or just get some DVDs. From out of the blue a thought would arise in my mind that the dogs I'd had to leave behind in Virginia were not being cared for adequately. An image would flash into my awareness of them in a dark room with no food or water. Leaving my dogs had been painful to me. Still, I hadn't actively brought them to mind. One moment I'd felt relatively good, interested in what I might find in the library. But with the arrival of this thought and the guilt and worry that went with it, I now felt undermined and weakened.

Were any of my thoughts my own, I wondered? Yes. I began to make the distinction between a created thought and a received thought. A created thought was a thought I actively generated, usually in connection with an action to be taken, such as "I'm going to the grocery store after work." Received thoughts just appeared, taking me out of the present moment and bringing fear, worry, shame, guilt, self-consciousness, anger.

Clearly, these thoughts served only one purpose: to cause me to shrink down into myself, or to take an action destructive to myself or someone else. What makes the true source of these thoughts even harder to identify is that they often begin with the word "I." As in, "I hate my life. I want to die." Spirits do this intentionally. Time and an improved ability to observe only served to confirm my suspicion that many received thoughts come from spirits.

Previously, it had never occurred to me that a thought could come from something that was not me. The prevailing belief, after all, is that we create our own thoughts, that they reflect our state of being, and that they are private. What I've observed is that many thoughts are not ours and therefore not reliably indicative of our state of being. And they are not private—whether created or received. Spirits have access to our memories, our fears, our hopes, our likes and dislikes. In other words, they have access to all the

material they need to press our buttons and maybe even influence our behavior.

Hands down, thought influence is the most powerful tool in a spirit's arsenal. Why? Because it gains immediate buy-in from the person. People rarely question the source of their thoughts. Thought influence, therefore, can be used to imprison a person from the inside. Fear, self-consciousness, the need to conform—these are all very powerful influences that limit human freedom and discourage self-expression. Spirits, by the way, are thrilled that we believe we create our own thoughts.

Chapter 13

But the influence goes beyond thoughts. An attached spirit can also manipulate a person's senses. The night I went to the emergency room, I was aware of a second presence looking out through my eyes. A truly horrific experience if ever there was one. The impression faded. But I know without a doubt that the spirit attached to me is able to receive visual impressions through my eyes and hear sound through my ears. It does this by gaining access to a person's nervous system. After that, it can manipulate pretty much any part of the physical being that it wants to. And by way of the senses, it can approximate living "in" someone's body. So deeply integrated that it seems to be a part of you. It would never occur to most of us that that another "being" was living inside us, experiencing the world through our senses, accessing our memory bank, filling us with thoughts, and prompting our speech, our actions, our choice of dinner, what clothes to wear for the day.

Beyond seeing through a person's eyes, the spirit will attempt to steer them, as well. Sometimes when I'm talking to someone, the spirit will try to force my eyes away from making eye contact with that person. Or, if I'm out somewhere, shopping for instance, and it sees something of interest, it will attempt to force my eyes in the direction of what it wants to see. A struggle then ensues over control of my eye muscles. I was not surprised in the least to read about a study that showed that schizophrenics have trouble maintaining eye focus. It helps to confirm my belief that many kinds of serious mental illness are probably caused by spirit attachment.

As if that weren't enough, I realized recently that the attached spirit had also dulled my senses. My sight, hearing, sense of smell and sense of taste are all less acute, and not as a result of age. My skin sensitivity, I suspect, has also been affected. This too, is a trick of the spirits, and serves their agenda to turn a person's attention inward while making the outside physical world less vibrant, less real. Every once in a while, my sense of

smell will briefly return to normal and I'll take in the sweet aroma of desert rain or newly cut grass and I'll feel immediately alive and present. Spending time outside in nature—as clichéd as it sounds—helps me reconnect with and reaffirm my allegiance to the physical world. I just have to remember to look up and around me, and not down at the ground, lost in the realm of thought, as the spirit would prefer.

It's important to understand that a person could have a spirit attached and not know it. Spirits can remain completely hidden while subtly influencing a person through thoughts, interior images, even physical impulses. In my twenties, I became aware of images arising in my consciousness that seemed utterly foreign to me—years before the events described in this book took place. I had no other indication that anything was amiss. Spirits prefer to work quietly, behind the scenes. In fact, remaining hidden is their number one priority because their success depends on it. When a person begins experiencing symptoms that might indicate spirit involvement, it's considered a failure on the part of the spirit.

Also worth mentioning is that with a spirit attached to a person's energy field, perception is altered. Perception is the receiving ground for your sensory input. With an attached spirit, the water is muddied, so to speak. And the world looks different because of it.

This hit home when I took in a huge download of dark energy described in my story. For three days, the world appeared sinister and threatening. Yet during the months when I felt the closeness of God, the world was transformed into something incredibly benevolent and beautiful. Going for a walk in the early evening as the sun was setting, I'd marvel at the quality of light in the sky. The overall vibration of my energy and its attendant consciousness could place me squarely in hell, or lift me into heaven.

Chapter 14

So what is the good news in all this? Is there really anything to be gained from such an inconceivably awful experience as spirit attachment? Yes, there is. However, let me state first that the first response when a spirit attachment is suspected is to try to confirm it and to have it removed, if at all possible. There are energy healers who know how to do this. And there are shamans and medicine men and women who can do it. Some people have been healed by drinking ayahuasca or using some other plant medicine. Some have been helped by hypnotherapists.

However, if these attempts are met with failure, then you might want to consider the possibility that—like me—your soul’s path may include being transformed by an attached spirit. Some people, I believe, agree to experience spirit attachment before incarnating because it provides a specific kind of healing that is best accomplished by a spirit. It may also be the case that many people will experience spirit attachment—or its undoing—as the planet’s vibration changes. More on that in a moment.

If you are meant to be transformed by an attached spirit, there are two main ways, I’ve found, to work with the situation instead of trying to shield yourself from it. First, the spirit can help you discover who you are, most truly, by understanding first who you are not. Second, through energetic friction, a spirit can bring buried pain in your energy field to the surface to be released.

My discovery of how to make use of the attached spirit went something like this. I coped at first by trying not to allow what the voice said to engage my attention in any way. To hear what it said, if possible, as noise that had no content. This didn’t work very well. The sound and meaning were too intertwined to receive one without the other.

So I decided to separate every thought or voice into one of two categories. If there was a location within to place myself, I wanted it to be wherever

God was. So, I made a list of the attributes of God that were expansive and life-affirming (love, peace, joy, creativity, beauty, compassion, truth) and another list of attributes—also of God—that come from the dark, stuck energy of the attached spirit (hatred, fear, chaos, ugliness, judgement, illusion, destruction). These lists provided me with a set of criteria. If a thought arose that fit the first list, I'd keep it as an expression of truth. Everything else, I'd discard as a lie.

Quickly, I wearied of this. I became so sick of thoughts—any thoughts—that I began to aspire to something higher—the God of silence. An unspeaking God who communicated to me through my heart alone seemed preferable. I began to look for the God of silence within myself. That, I decided, was where I would live.

Tired as I was of the noise in my head and all of the various lies that bombarded me daily, I could see the potential benefit of paying attention. Received thoughts are not random, it turns out. Some thoughts the spirits tried held no sway over me. They fell onto hard ground and blew away. There was no pain in me that resonated with them. But with certain other thoughts, I had no distance or objectivity. It took me a while even to notice them when they arrived. Why? Because there was pain in me that provided a fertile soil for them to fall into. I'd receive them as coming from me, without question.

When deciding what kinds of thoughts to place in your mind, spirits will target areas where you are most vulnerable—fears, desires, hopes, etc. In other words, parts of you that have knots of pain or stuck energy. Wherever there is pain, there is probably a compensating energetic connection you've made to something or someone you hope will provide you with security and control. That energetic connection to a perceived source of stability is like a chain that can be yanked.

The spirits see these energetic connections and they yank on them as often as they can. They look into your mental archives for a thought or memory that is a match for the chain they want to yank, and off they go. If, for instance, you feel unsafe and as a result, have identified money as the antidote, you've created an energetic link to money. The spirit will spot that

link and provoke a fear response by inserting into your mind a thought about losing money.

The repetition, however, works in your favor. If a knot of pain in your being is picked on hundreds of times, it eventually loses its charge. It dissolves. Love fills the place it used to be. Since love trusts in what is, the chain is no longer needed. The thought that targeted that pain now takes its place among the other thoughts that hold no sway over you.

You can thereby use the attached spirit as a navigator of your interior, as a dedicated adversary who pushes you beyond yourself to the God within. Jesus had a dedicated adversary in the Devil who tempted him for 40 days in the desert. Buddha's was the demon Mara who tried to distract him from attaining enlightenment. A dedicated adversary can be a great boon to a spiritual seeker. I know of no human teacher who would have the time or persistence to keep after me in the way that the attached spirit has.

Once I understood what the spirit could do for me, I got better at working with the process rather than shielding myself from it. I began to see my consciousness as a movie screen onto which the spirit could project anything. At first, I was in the front row, deeply immersed in what I was seeing and reacting to it instantly, instinctively. Over time, I moved further and further back into the theater of my awareness. My perspective broadened and with it came a built-in lag time between observing something and choosing whether to respond to it. Eventually, I learned to identify with the stillness behind the thoughts. The deep unchanging sky rather than the clouds passing across it. In this way, I found a place within myself to call home—the part of me that is God—even as I shared my mind with the attached spirit.

But there is an additional benefit. Once you witness the lies of a spirit played out in your own mind hundreds of times, you recognize these lies instantly when you hear them coming from the mouths of other people, or from the culture as a whole—media, politics, religious institutions, etc. The same fear-based messages are everywhere. Except you've now become immune to them.

Chapter 15

The other piece of this healing process is the excavating of your energy field by a dark spirit. It's uncomfortable. And yet it can change you drastically and permanently for the better. How? The spirit's pain dredges up your own pain. It acts like a magnet, pulling it to the surface to be released from your energy field. What makes it uncomfortable is that you feel the pain as it makes its way out. There's no way around this. The alternative is to leave it tucked away in your energy field. You won't have to feel it, but it will be an anchor that limits your consciousness and reduces your overall vibration. Pain—plain and simple—prevents freedom. The atoms of your being can't sing as long as they are tinged with pain. With an attached spirit, though, choice is off the table. The excavation will happen automatically.

The two processes—recognizing your deepest self and the clearing of your energy field—seem to support one another. Releasing pain changes your consciousness and makes it easier to maintain a higher perspective. From the vantage point now available to you, you can see beyond the immediate antagonism of the attached spirit to the boundless forgiveness and love of God, providing you with everything you need to become free. Less often will you view the friction taking place as a battle, or your adversary as something you must dominate. You will understand that the attached spirit is a servant, a tool of the divine. You may even get a glimpse, from time to time, of God's love and esteem for you, its confidence in your capacity to endure temporary discomfort in the name of achieving permanent joy.

When I think of the similarities between what we've come to call the "fear-based thoughts of the human ego" and the manipulative thoughts of the attached spirit, I have to wonder whether the human ego ever really existed. Is it too great a stretch to consider that what we've called human nature has actually been a hybrid of human and lower spirit consciousness? Is it possible that spirits have been embedded in our energy fields, hidden, for

millennia? And by design? That they have played an important role in the Earth experiment in darkness and illusion that would not otherwise have been possible?

If this is the case—and I'm not at all sure that it is—then the increasing vibration of the Earth will bring about the separation of attached spirits from human beings. Like a centrifuge whose spinning sends the lighter plasma to the top and the heavier blood cells to the bottom, a natural separation by vibration is bound to occur. A hidden spirit will thus be forced out to the surface, where its presence will become obvious. But it will not go easily. It will fight tooth and nail to hold on, making for a potentially confusing and uncomfortable time. If, however, we understand what is occurring and keep the goal in mind, we can navigate our way through.

The goal? Simply, to attain a vibration at which spirit influence is no longer possible. Attached spirits—that is to say dark or lower spirits—exist at a specific bandwidth of vibration. Like a river. On the other side of that river, at a slightly higher vibration, is a bank we can cross to where these kinds of spirits cannot follow. To get there, we must jettison pain and shake off the clinging spirit. The good news is that in accordance with divine providence, the spirits that once blinded us to our true nature can now expedite our traversing to the far shore of pure human-divine consciousness.

Childhood Dream

T HE WEST

We lived in the west
and there was a real bad robber
and everybody had to watch out for him
and one night I could say one night
but it was really one day
we were looking out for the robber
and there was a bus coming through
the alley
and Ethan wouldn't kkkk get out of the way
and the bus hit his neck
and he was all right
Then I found a rope
and the next day
Daddy was going to work
all by myself I was going into my house
and I didn't notice him
but in a few minutes
I saw the robber
and I beat him up all by myself
I did Daddy
and Daddy came home
Daddy can I say the end?
---The End---

BY ELIZABETH FITZGERALD FLINT

A dream I had at 7 years old, taken down by my father. My brother was later hit by a car and killed.

Guidance From a Friend

Sometime after the attack in my house, I began sensing that Garrison might be taking actions to damage my reputation among people I used to know, and possibly creating trouble for me at my workplace. I decided to ask a friend of mine who was very intuitive whether she could obtain any insight into this. She was skeptical, but said she'd "check in" with her guidance and see what came up. A few weeks later she sent me the following email.

Elizabeth Flint <[REDACTED]>

Fwd: Message

Mon, Oct 8, 2007 at 2:59 PM

To: Elizabeth Flint <[REDACTED]>

Hmm. I've sent this twice.... to the wrong address, I think. (it came back "Mail Delivery Failed") (I had spelled out your whole first name.) Anyway, I am trying again. Maybe third time's the charm...

- > I asked for any clarity or insight into the feelings/fears you've
- > been having about Garrison, and "heard"/felt.
- >
- > "She feels this continuing presence of Garrison in her life and she is
- > right."
- >
- > So I asked,
- > --Does he exist in mind/memory/spirit only?
- >
- > No. He is mad and trying to get at her.
- >
- > --And has he succeeded in the past in the world?
- >
- > Yes he has. He has written to those who know her and dissed her
- > character.
- >
- > --Has he used her internet materials?
- >
- > No. He invented his own and ascribed them to her. In his mind they
- > are indeed hers, but she neither wrote nor thought them, nor would she
- > will them to be even in the privacy of her own mind.
- >
- > --And then did he take steps to impart them to others known to Eliz.?
- >
- > He did.
- >
- > --How did he do this?
- >
- > Through the US mails.
- >
- > --And was he successful?
- >
- > Yes.
- >
- > --Is there anything she can do about this now?
- >
- > She can pray for forgiveness (for him). Over time, this has an effect.
- >
- > --Is he still trying to do this sort of thing to her?
- >
- > Yes, though the energy with which he has pursued it in the past has

- > been taken over by his ill-will/spite towards some newer woman in his
- > life. He mixes Eliz. with this new woman's presence in the back of
- > his mind, but he is consciously fixed almost exclusively on the new
- > name/being.
- >
- > --Poor woman.
- >
- > Yes. (Something about... dangerous)
- >
- > --So does Eliz. have to worry about continued spite manifesting in her
- > life?
- >
- > Yes. This sort of spite is always dangerous. Especially because
- > Garrison considers women to be his natural victims -- natural
- > prey who cannot fight back. He saw this a LOT in his youth and it is
- > also his weakness. He cannot foresee how a woman w/could "fight back"
- > because he has never "seen it" meaning "admitted it that it can
- > happen."
- >
- > However -- and this is a warning --: this is a man who feeds **FEEDS**
- > on war. It makes him hungrier, more devouring, stronger. **NOT**
- > feed his lust for struggle and blood, Elizabeth.
- >
- > We pray that you "fight" him with weapons of which he is not even
- > aware:: the "weapons" of peace, blessing and open heart. The
- > Christians call this forgiveness, though our "scribe" here doesn't
- > "take by" that description very easily.
- > :-)
- >
- > We do not, of course, ask you to forgive him for what he has done and
- > you have participated in. We ask you rather to forgive yourself for
- > being caught in this ancient set-up. And we ask you to forgive
- > yourself for worrying about it now, which seems after-the-fact to you,
- > though all events occur in the now. (Ed: the scribe also doesn't see
- > how this can possibly be true, but she feels it is right nonetheless.)
- >
- > This "forgiveness" of yourself and your participation in this ancient
- > battle does nothing more than level the field between you. It enables
- > you to make the next steps which are blessing (him and the impulse
- > within you to scream, to hate and to fight as your world fights.),
- > peace and calm. Control your own soul and you control the world as
- > you have never known before. **██████** will give you more about calm when
- > you see her if you want. to hear more on this.
- >
- > (I will?? -- Scribe :-))
- >
- > (Somehow they have changed from second to third person in addressing
- > you here:)
- >
- > What she has so admirably done with John Yates would be a very
- > appropriate way to de-fang Garrison. We do not mean that she should
- > go see/hear him. This would be dangerous in its re-awakening of his
- > spite directly at her (rather than a bit muffled by his confusion of
- > her with this other woman. But she has sat in his presence enough

- > that she can call him up and see she can see the misery within him now
- > if she just directs her mind/spirit to attend to that. She will see
- > him as a being in turmoil (which he reproduces outside of him) and –
- > if the recent past is any guide, be able to turn this insight into
- > (comparative) peace.
- >
- > We do not expect this to change Garrison in the world. One must
- > participate willingly in order to change. But it will remove the
- > nourishment of her presence in his mind. He will no longer be able to
- > feed on the energy of her anger (this is gone; we realize that) or her
- > fear – which is also a very strong energy, and nourishing to vampires
- > such as he. (Something about sucking our blood – which vampires are
- > reputed to do – being just another expression of sucking one's life's
- > blood...)
- >
- > She should know that she is a very good girl, doing admirable work.
- > These interior revelations of peace and healing will enable to
- > continue and increase the effectiveness of her work in the world a
- > hundredfold ... a thousand fold.
- >
- > Remember: "Greater is He that is in me than he that is in the world."
- >
- >
- > –Amen.
- >
- >
- >
- > And finally, I know you haven't yet been inundated by Harry Potter,
- > but I cannot expunge an image from the very end of the series when
- > Harry at last realizes that the reason that no one can vanquish the
- > evil Lord Voldemort is that this monster has divided his soul and
- > stored it away in many places. Thus if his body is subjected to
- > anything that would kill another being, it will attach itself to
- > another portion of his divided, hidden soul and regain its life and
- > power.
- >
- > After destroying several of these soul hiding places Harry realizes
- > that part of Lord Voldemort's soul is lodged in his - Harry's – own
- > body, and that the only way that Voldemort can be vanquished is to let
- > him kill Harry himself.
- >
- > And so – though he's just 17 – he goes out to meet this monster, and
- > refuses to draw his own wand in defense during the duel that ensues.
- >
- > Voldemort's killing spell ricochets off Harry and knocks them both out
- > into some deeply altered state during which we clearly see the souls
- > of both Harry and Lord V. Harry has the choice to return to the world
- > or "go on" from this place. The evil Lord Voldemort has no soul to
- > accompany him, and therefore no choice but to return to the world and
- > his final face-off with Harry – now man to man – on an even playing
- > field.
- >
- > After reading the really spectacular last scene I heard some message
- > for you that drew on this story.
- >

Gmail - Fwd: Message

> "Put your sword away. He can only kill you once."

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Poems

I've included these poems because, like the the dream typed out by my father when I was seven years old, they were written many years before the events in this book and yet seem to foreshadow an understanding of what was to come.

Say It
by Roland Flint

Having lent my apartment to visiting friends,
I was sleeping in a strange basement
and I was wakened by a crumb in my ear —
I tried to shake it out, tossing my head.

No luck. It was not a crumb.

Though I didn't know it yet, it was a bug.

Not small. So burrowed in
my friend couldn't see it
when I finally called her to look.

Sweating-cold, crazed, thinking of death,
feeling it move, deeper, gurgling, in and in—

I poured water in to drown it,
and pried it out with a cuticle knife.

Pure dread—I was awake for hours.

Late the next day I was telling
how fine the previous day had been,
how wrong to end like that.

And then slowly, and then suddenly,
I realized what the thing in my ear had said.

It said, *listen*, this will make you hear
what kind of day it was:

slow, and warm, and fine,
a two-mile run in the rain,
a new book on the great Jefferson begun,
people pleased with your own book, proofs!
children laughing, calling.

And most good, and, at the start of your fifth decade,
most strange,

a beautiful woman loves you so
the dank corners lighten,

listen—

how she came to you at noon with love,
how you went to her at night for love,
and found the light was in you, singing.

I couldn't hear it until now,
the brown, ugly, implacable bug saying
pay attention: this is back of any perfect day,
madness, the child's death, and will not stop,
and saying, by the difference,
will you hear, now, which side of days you have.

Then thank a mystery that speaks your name,
thank every trick in your ear, and listen.

Muncie
by Roland Flint

Muncie was a nasty
Muncie was a thief
Muncie came to our house
When we were on relief

Muncie ate our biscuits
Muncie drank our tea
Muncie left us empty
Staring like a tree

We went to Muncie's house
Bellies all puffed out
Muncie didn't know us
Muncie had the gout

O Muncie mine I cried him
Help for sweet Christ's sake
Muncie didn't answer
Grinning like a snake

Muncie hadn't long to live
Muncie knew it well
Muncie died a-Monday
Tuesday screeched in Hell

Do you wonder what happened to Muncie?
Who thought he could eat us and run?
Well

We caught him and coiled him
And flogged him and boiled him
From the top of his crown
To a circle of brown
We transmogrifyingly foiled him

So!

Goodbye Muncie lump of lies

May Satan bite your heart

May pterodactyls stab your eyes

And beak your brains apart

May maggots munch your belly bone

And rats chew on your ears

May Mother Mercy hear like stone

And giggle at your tears

May God look down a rainbow

As you begin to scream

And turn and close the window

And send us all ice cream

Recommended Reading

Barbara O'Brien, [Operators and Things: The Inner Life of a Schizophrenic](#) (A.S. Barnes, 1975, 166 pages) Describes in detail the workings of the visitors she encountered while in a psychotic state and includes a glossary of terms they used.

Elyn Saks, [The Center Cannot Hold: My Journey Through Madness](#) (Hachette Books, 2007, 352 pages) A law professor from USC describes a lifetime spent undergoing schizophrenic episodes with numerous, well-described examples of the evil presence she felt and the disordered thoughts she experienced.

Fr. Gabriele Amorth, [An Exorcist Tells His Story](#) (Ignatius Press, 1999, 210 pages) Stories of possession and exorcisms told by a renowned exorcist in Rome. Rich in examples and knowledge of the techniques of demonic spirits, including their ability to cause physical symptoms.

Malachi Martin, [Hostage to the Devil: The Possession and Exorcism of Five Contemporary Americans](#) (Harper One, 1992, 512 pages) Five stories from research and interviews conducted by writer Malachi Martin. Notable for recounting the various and subtle ways that spirit possession can manifest and for the descriptions of how demons respond under the stress of an exorcism.

Michael Singer, [The Untethered Soul: The Journey Beyond Yourself](#) (New Harbinger Publications, 2013, 232 pages) An excellent book on becoming an observer of the inner dialogue that goes on in our heads and how to dis-identify with these thoughts.

Robert Whitaker, [Anatomy of an Epidemic: Magic Bullets, Psychiatric Drugs, and the Astonishing Rise of Mental Illness in America](#) (Crown, 2010, 416 pages) A critical accounting of psychiatry's adoption and widespread prescription of psychiatric drugs, a trend motivated more by the

needs of the profession than by the patients they serve, and with little understanding of the causes of mental illness. Makes the argument that when left unmedicated, most cases of schizophrenia are self-limiting and provide an opportunity for growth and healing.

Shakuntala Modi, M.D., [Remarkable Healings: A Psychiatrist Discovers Unsuspected Roots of Mental and Physical Illness](#) (Hampton Roads Publishing, 1998, 632 pages) Ahead of its time, this book describes how, under hypnosis, patients revealed to Dr. Modi that they had spirits attached to their bodies and energy fields, creating psychological and physical problems. Fascinating excerpts from patients under hypnosis.

William J. Baldwin, Ph.D., [Healing Lost Souls: Releasing Unwanted Spirits from Your Energy Body](#) (Hampton Roads Publishing, 2003, 336 pages) Like Modi's book, this contains a wealth of information on dark force entities obtained from hypnosis sessions that Dr. Baldwin conducted with patients.

About the Author

Elizabeth Flint has a website:

ElizabethFlint.com