

THE GHOST OF A GERMAN AIRMAN

by

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WARNNG: *This book contains information, details and experiences most people will find too “far fetched”, “uncomfortably true”, or “plain too spooky to be real” you read this book at your own peril for once it is read your own thinking will change forever!*

The author Elizabeth Paddon-Wilson is a ‘wayshower’ and ‘messenger’ of God’s Truth. The experiences of her life presented within this book have similarities to those given to us by many great Teachers and Masters: Christ, Buddha, Abraham, Mother Mary, Edgar Cayce, The Brotherhood of God, and many others for the simple truths that seem hard to accept in their time. The messages are all the same, in that they are to present God’s Truth (unchanging) regardless of Man’s Laws which are always changeable. God’s Truth is constant. The Truth is always simple, only man complicates it. Through this book you will see with renewed vision into your Own Truth and then Judge God’s Truth for yourself.

(I have used the God name in this book but please read it the name for your religions deity such as: Creator, Allah, or any other name you prefer.)

This book contains the experiences of my spooky life however; I could not have lived it if I had not interacted with others. All others names and some places in this book have been changed to protect their privacy, except those who willing allowed permission for their real name to be mentioned.

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Introduction

This book is based on a true experience and is written to take the reader into the centre of each experience. Through the years, while in the process of researching, collecting information, and writing up the data for my various metaphysical books, I found there were occasions to meet many wonderful people who have opened their doors and their hearts to me. One such person was Dr. Ian Currie. Although not a psychic himself, he would always work with psychics or spiritual consultants so as to have their expertise when dealing with the paranormal investigations he was often contacted to undertake and he required additional help with the many regression therapies he conducted each week.

Dr. Ian Currie had been dropped for teaching regression in his classes at Guelph University where he was a professor of Sociology, a Canadian researcher, teacher and author of books on sociology, thanatology and parapsychology. His book entitled, *You Cannot Die* (1989), offers a large variety of paranormal experiences to prove that man does survive physical death. Dr. Ian Currie passed to the spirit world himself in 1992. Many of my ghost dehaunting books are dedicated to Ian in memory of our

work together.

It was my good friend and excellent astrologer, Linda Duguay, who introduced me to Dr. Ian Currie in 1987. Ian and I formed a business friendship and worked on many regression cases together, as well as dealt with a variety of paranormal investigations.

Many thanks go to some of the media professionals that I met along the way. In regards to the story in this book my thanks go to Elaine Moyle of the *Toronto Sun* newspaper for her accurate coverage and interest in “The German Airman” dehaunting and Judy Gans of Roger Cable Television Network for her show *Ask The Expert* where the lines jammed with people calling in to ask me questions concerning their goolies and ghosties and personal or business like problems.

My greatest thanks will always go to my spirit guides, angel teachers, spirit helpers, and the God/Goddess/Creator/Life force, whatever you wish to call it. They have always been there for me, and without whom I would not have been able to write this or the other books I am still writing.

Life’s lessons have taught me much and I am truly grateful.

The names of the people concerned with these paranormal investigations have been changed to allow them anonymity. All other similarities to other people are purely coincidental.

Chapter One: THE GHOST

Kingston Lake Ontario is a beautiful huge lake that has a large number of islands on it that are big enough for small houses or cottages as they are called to be built on them. Many Canadians buy an island and have a cottage erected on them and use them for summer vacations or actually live in them for the complete summer and commute to their different areas of work.

One such cottage was owned by Julie and Allen Nelson. Their cottage was situated on an acre island in a large lake near Kingston, Ontario, Canada. Soon after the purchase of the cottage back in the late 1960's Julie came to realize that it was haunted.

However until the time of this writing, nothing truly negative had ever occurred there in all the 24 years since they had purchased the cottage. Therefore Julie and Allen had chosen not to do anything about the seemingly friendly ghost. As a result, the friendly ghost continued to wander until his pleas for assistance were finally heard and understood and help was given.

In the beginning, Julie had noticed a mental conversation would occur at some area's

of the cottage and would enjoy the conversations. Also the occasional movement of an item around the cottage. Later Julie and Allen had two children, a boy and a girl. As Julie's children grew up and investigated the island of their summer home they would feel a bit nervous when sensing the ghostly presence.

Eventually, Julie's son in his youthful way would investigate the ghost more thoroughly by conducting his own invented tests. One of these tests consisted of tying a cotton thread across the pathway he felt the ghost walked often. Julie's son was surprised and gratified to find the thread was broken time and again, when he returned to the spot where he had tied it. Julie, too, had grown so accustomed to the ghost's presence that it was almost like an additional family member. Julie often would hear its footsteps frequently going up or down the stairs and felt the ghost presence. However she had never ascertained who it was, where it was from and how come it had got to the island of their summer home.

All the while Allen had been going on with his work, and maintenance of the cottage somewhat oblivious to the ghosts presence. For Alan, did not sense the ghost and was relatively unaffected by the families talk of the ghosts. Probably one reason for Alan's apparent lack of sensitivity was that he worked hard to provide for his family. With his attention always on work, any sensitivity to spirit was very likely unconsciously suppressed.

However all the peaceful experiences with the ghost came to an abrupt end one summer's night. As Julie was alone in the cottage, for Alan had to be at a late meeting on the mainland and would not be able to cross over the lake in the dark. Julie decided to go to bed early, as she had no television to watch and was feeling tired, she soon fell into a deep sleep. She awoken with the very fearful sensation that someone was lying on the bed beside her. As her heart rate sped up and her breathing became uncomfortable she slowly reached a hand along the bed trying to make contact with what or whom was on the bed with her in the dark.

In the dim light of the moon she looked down the side of the bed and saw that the bed sagged slightly. At first, thinking it might be her friendly ghost; she fought back the feelings of fear that flooded her being. When all of a sudden she found it hard to draw breath as she realized that something was being pushed in her face and felt as though she were being smothered, but was unable to see anything.

Struggled to remove whatever it was from her face so she could breathe more easily, which was made all the more difficult because she could not feel whatever it was with her hands, however after a very scary time she managed to free herself by fleeing from the bed. Running downstairs as fast as she could and then came to a halt as she stood looking out across the lake, shaking and scared, wishing Allen would return right away and vowing never again to be in that cottage on her own again.

The incident had scared her too much. As soon as Allen returned to the cottage the next day Julie informed Allen that she had decided to take action about the ghost. Shortly after this, Julie noticed a write up in one of the Toronto newspapers regarding an investigating paranormal activities team which consisted of Dr. Ian Currie the author of the book entitled; “You Cannot Die” and his colleague Elizabeth Paddon a medium, tutor, speaker and healer. Julie decided to call the newspaper and see if they would give her a telephone number for Ian and Elizabeth. The newspaper gave Julie Ian's telephone number and she rang him requesting that he and Elizabeth investigate and dehaunt her cottage as soon as possible.

Ian then contacted Elizabeth and asked her availability which was mutual to his and agreed on a couple of dates which he then offered to Julie and she chose on and made the appointment for Elizabeth and Ian to visit her summer cottage with the view to bringing peace and harmony back to their idillic summer cottage.

Although Julie had been aware of the ghost in her summer cottage for around 24 years. He had always been a nice ghost and did no harm to anyone or anything. In fact, Julie had enjoyed the many conversation she had held telepathically with him over the years. Even though she enjoyed these conversations with the ghost, Julie chose not to inform other people of the ghosts presence in their summer cottage in case people thought she was not behaving sanely. But after the expereince of that nightmare night which was all too real she knew it was time to tell someone who could help her. Julie gave permission for the Toronto Sun newspaper to send a reporter and photographer with Ian and Elizabeth when they came to conduct the dehaunting.

Chapter Two: THE DEHAUNTING

(In Elizabeth's words)

On the appointed day, Ian Currie, Elaine Moyle a reporter from the Toronto Sun newspaper and her photographer Robert and I were standing on the wharf at Lake Kingston, Ontario, while Julie crossed the lake from her summer cottage island to the mainland wharf arrived in a small speedboat and moored patiently alongside to pick us up. I was carrying far too much in the way of a heavy leather tote bag and a bulky handbag, whilst wearing spiky high heels which added nothing to my comfort.

Julie sitting at the helm of the boat, called out an introduction to us and we called back who we each were and Julie told us to come aboard. Julie, a very pleasant lady of middle years, was chatty and friendly. Ian jumped on board first and headed for a seat nearest to Julie while as Elaine and I removed our heeled shoes before boarding

the small craft. The boat set sail shortly after.

Despite the boat's deep seat padding, it felt as though the boat was scraping the bottom as it skimmed over the choppy, windblown waves. Elaine sat up front of the boat opposite Ian and talked to Julie getting acquainted and collecting some information to begin her reporting about the local area and the island that housed Julie's haunted summer cottage. Ian listening in and interjecting more questions from time to time while I sat near the back away from them, not wanting to hear what they would say until I had been able to scout the area around the summer cottage as I would be directed by my spirit guides and angels. That way my mind would not be filled with their impressions of the haunting, and I could compare with them later.

The night before we were to set off to Kingston as is my usual way, I had tuned in to my spirit guides for guidance and help and was told to relax and be at peace, that all would be well so long as their guidance was adhered to without question. Also during the drive to Kingston, while Ian and Julie had conversations and answered questions Elaine was asking, I used the almost three-hour journey to meditate more and keep connected to my spirit guides and angels as I prepared for the work ahead. Robert her photographer just listened.

Toward the latter part of the journey while I had completely shut out everything Ian and Elaine were saying in order to tune in to my guides more strongly and open up to God's energy to prepare myself for the work ahead. Which I did by opening up and breathing in deeply to allowed myself to completely relax, thereby preventing any presupposed expectations that could hinder the final outcome. In my mind I asked my spirit guides for any signs or helpful hints along the way that would give me some ideas of what I maybe about to encounter. When I opened my eyes from the prayers and meditation, I saw fluffy white clouds in the sky and asked the spirits of the sky for a sign. Only moments later I saw the clouds formed into what I perceived to be a German war helmet, then later a pair of Air Force wings. Not understanding what this might mean, I held the images in my memory and continued to meditate.

Having crossed the lake which was definitely beautiful on this summer day with the light of the sun dancing off the waters and peeking through the foliage of the tree's on the many islands as we speed towards Julie's summer cottage. Docking alongside the ramp at the cottage we disembarked.

Ian, Robert and Elaine followed Julie into the house. I wandered off walking towards the path leading to the back of the house. Ian then noticed I was not with them, and he came back out and asked if I would be coming in with them now? I told Ian that I had felt myself being drawn to the back of the house. I suggested that he go on in with them and I would catch up with them all shortly when I had finished scouting the area I was being drawn too. I then placing my bags down on an old tree

stump and I made my way to the back of the cottage. Ian called out again to double check if I would come inside with them, but I explained that I needed to check out some vibrations I was receiving and would follow later. Ian felt compelled to collect details prior to my findings. These I preferred not to hear just now so that I could later compare my findings with his information.

So following my instinct and my spirit guide's instructions, I noticed that Julie's turn of the century cottage sat quietly and peacefully on a mostly overgrown island. The pathway led around back of the cottage, past the kitchen door, and opened up into a small space between some trees where it finally wound its way beyond to the back where there was a small cabin and a garden shed.

While walking along the footpath leading away from the back of the cottage, I stopped. I became aware of a very clear picture in my third eye. It was as if a projection was coming out of my forehead and leaving a picture on a small screen just a few feet in front of me. The picture was of a young, fair-haired, fair-skinned man. Although he was talking, I was unable to understand what he was saying, and I soon realized that the guides were translating for me. They explained that he was a German airman, and that he had died during an attempt to cross the lake with some others, apparently while trying to escape imprisonment.

My spirit guides told me that he had fallen in the lake and died while trying to escape from some other people. Not being a history buff however I did know that the Canadians had been allied to the British during the wars. That being said, I did not know that the Canadians had taken prisoners of war. Therefore it was unclear to me why the ghost of a German airman would be in Canada!

The young airman seemed very proud of his brown leather airman jacket with its cream coloured lamb's wool collar. Although unable to speak German myself, I was thankful that my spirit guides were there to interpret for me. Regretfully though, I did not learn the airman's name and was not sure which war he had died in, although I assumed it to be the Second World War.

Through my guide's interpretation for me, I learned that the airman had jumped into the water trying to escape and was shot dead in the water. The airman's body had then floated in under the lip of Julie's summer cottage island and the airman's energy had stayed there. The reason the airman stayed was because his belief was that he could not do anything else. The airman spent his time enjoyed walking in the house and the woods of the summer cottage island. Since the ghost of the German airman was not aware of life after physical death, he had just stayed and enjoyed the fact that most of the family who had been living from time to time in the summer cottage were aware of him, particularly the lady of the house, or as he called her, the "hausfrau"; as the airman appreciated Julie's conversation with him.

When I asked if he knew why I was there, the airman replied that he knew I had come to help him. I confirmed this was true. I explained that I would need to trace through the house to determine the strongest point for sensing his energy. The airman agreed and watched as I went into the house.

As I entered the living room, Ian, Julie, Elaine, Robert and Allan looked up to hear what I had to say, but I suggested that they continue what they were already doing, as I intended to scan the house for the ghost's main energy space. I headed towards the staircase to the next floor. On starting up the stairs, I began to get a strong tingle of the ghost's energy as it goosebumped my little hairs on my arms, however then the energy changed and became rather odd. On feeling this strange sensation added to the ghost's vibrations, I asked the guides what this was all about.

My guides suggested that I open my eyes and turn around and look behind me. As I was to do what my guides told me to do, I did open my eyes and turned around behind me and found Ian right behind me holding a microphone towards me. I asked him what he was doing. Ian said he was ready to record anything I might say. I informed him, a little agitatedly, that I would not be saying anything until I came back downstairs again. Then I reminded him that I needed a clear space of eight to ten feet between myself and any other human being to ensure the energies did not become confused. After that, I suggested that Ian return to his interview with Julie and Alan. Ian looked rebuffed and was obviously not used to working with someone like me. Ian reluctantly headed back to the others.

Once again I proceeded to open up, drawing in some deep breaths to release the agitation that had risen during my conversation with Ian, and then again removing my "cloak of ego", I began again to receive the airman's ghostly vibrations. As I continued to walk up the stairs, I received the vibrations of the airman, although not a particularly strong sensation at that point. It was though enough to cause the hairs on my arms and body to stand up again, and with a warm friendliness. The sensation however became stronger at the turning in the stairwell.

When I reached the top of the stairs, I turned to the right into a small bedroom that had a single bed, a chest of drawers, and a view from the window of the lake where we had landed earlier. I stepped into the centre of the room and encountered an energy that shook my whole being. It was not violent, but very strong indeed. Feeling unstable on my feet as if I was about to fall down, I quickly sat on the single bed, as the word "Wow" escaped my lips. Then standing back in the centre of the room, I felt my whole body tingle and heat up. The shaking became much more obvious and strong, quite forceful and yet I knew it would not cause me any harm. How, you might ask. Well, mostly because I had seen and spoken with the ghost and recognized that his energy was not formidable.

I quickly moved away from the centre of the room and sat down on the edge of the bed again. As the feeling of this strong energy began to balance with my energy it felt mellowed slightly and my thoughts ran over what had just happened. I felt a bit confused that this had happened in the smaller bedroom that had a single bed. I wondered to myself if the energy was this strong in the small bedroom, what on earth would it be like in the larger double bedroom where I was expecting to encounter it?

As I moved away from the bed, shaking gently, I avoided going through the centre of the room and I walked out into the hallway and moved along with a firm but un-forceful tingling sensation still flowing through my body. I then walked into another small bedroom which had no bed in it however it was here that the previous tingling sensation of the airman stopped. I noticed that the room contained two old military trunks and a wooden commode chair.

Excited I snapping one of the trunks open, I opened my senses stronger to feel any vibrations from the trunk's contents. However there were none that would be of any connection to the German Airman haunting. I quickly snapped open the second trunk, again hoping for a connection to the German Airman, but there was no sensation of the airman there either. I did though become aware of a warm and gentle sensation that was drawing me towards the wooden commode in the corner of the room.

I went over and sat in the commode for a moment, as soon as I sat there I felt the vibrations of a woman, a gentle woman who seemed a bit lost. Knowing I would need to complete the airman's transition first, I apologized to the lady's energy and told her I would check back with her later if that was alright with her. She confirmed for me that she did not mind waiting a bit longer. Then I resumed the search for traces of the vibrations belonging to the German Airman.

Moving now across the hallway I entered the master bedroom of the summer cottage. I again picked up on the German Airman but only a trace of the airman's energy. In this larger bedroom I found an old style double bed with partial posts and a beautiful patchwork quilt on top of the bed. The rest of the furniture (wardrobe and chest of drawers) were from the same era and the floor had a rag rug.

Attuning to my guides more strongly I sharpened my senses, as I tried to feel more of the vibrations of the German Airman. I was expecting at any moment to be lurched right off my feet because I could not imagine more finding more energy than that which I had already experienced in the first small bedroom.

I moved around gently all over the room, searching both sides of the bed and yet did not detect more than a slight trace of the German Airman's vibrations. Feeling stunned, I made my way back to the first small bedroom again. On entering the small bedroom and walking into the centre of the room, I once again felt myself shaking

very energetically all over and heating up as the energy of the German Airman's ghost joined with my own. I sensed the energy of the German Airman shaping the energy of his spirit within mine. This happens often when I conduct a dehaunting because my spiritual guides have entered within me in the same way as has been seen in the movie Ghost with Whoopi Goldberg, as they enter through the chakras. When this happens I do not fear this, for I know I am safe and protected throughout the situation by the presence of the Christ Light.

It was important at that time to ask the German Airman to wait while, and I apologized and returned to the large bedroom to again double check the energy there again. However I was still amazed at the lack of the German Airman's energy in that room, so I returned to the vibrations in the first small bedroom. Standing in the energy field of the German Airman, which by this time I sensing and did not see at this time, I informed him that I would need to speak to the people downstairs now and and would be back shortly to help him move on. The German Airman said kindly that he would wait for me.

As I returned back downstairs, everyone once again looked up as I walked into the living room and I sat down beside Elaine on the sofa. Ian aimed his microphone at me so it would pick up my voice and asked, "What did you find"? I quickly told them about the German airman and everything that had happened upstairs, especially about it all happening in the first small bedroom and not the double bedroom. However I did not at this time tell anyone about the gentle lady's vibrations and the wooden commode in the second small bedroom.

Julie and her husband, Alan, questioned me quite strongly about the ghost of the German Airman because their psychic friend Don had told them that the island had once been used as a burial ground for North American Indians. That Don their psychic friend had sensed a connection with the burial ground and the nelson's haunting.

My guides were very sure that if it had been a haunting from North American Indians, they would not have entered the house. The North American Indian spirits do not enter a home or dwelling unless invited in. Plus my guides lead me very positively that it was a German Airman, even though I could not imagine there being a prisoner of war camp anywhere near where this lake island summer cottage was. I then said I need to return upstairs and release the German Airman and Ian asked what I wished them to do next?

Knowing that both Ian and Elaine wished to be present at the final moment, I suggested that they follow me back upstairs but requested that they keep a good distance away from me. They then followed discretely behind me as we went up the stairs and into the first small bedroom. I deliberately stayed away from the centre of

the room and chuckled to myself as Ian walked right through the area where I would be working and did not feel a thing, obviously the reason he always works with a Medium or Psychic to do this work as he is unable to sense these things for himself.

Elaine entered the room and took direction from me to make herself comfortable on the floor just behind the door which was slightly ajar and did not need to walk through the energy field to get to. Julie told Robert to wait downstairs with Allen as she did not want photo's taken of her rooms upstairs.

Ian put himself by the single bed and close to the small chest of drawers with his recorder in one hand and a microphone in the other. Then, I walked into the centre of the small room taking up my position once again in the centre of the German Airman energy field.

I allowed myself to become filled with the vibrations now associated with the ghost of the German Airman. Once again I became consumed with major shaking, almost like shivering except that I did not feel cold. Almost rocked off my feet as my body heated up and with eyes closed I joined the energy of the German Airman's and sweat began pouring down my limbs and dripped off my forehead and the end of my nose.

I began to heat up so strongly and sweat irritated me as it ran down my forehead and into my closed eyes. There was no time to worry about vain things like sweat dripping as the shaking, though harmless, became more violent and the German Airman became excited that we were now ready to help him.

I continued to hold on to the German Airman's energy while Ian went through his usual format of interviewing the ghost with such questions as, "Do you know you are dead"? "What caused your death"? "Have you seen the doorway to the light"? To these questions I would relay the ghost's answers. I continued to relay all the ghost's answers to Ian's questions, and at the same time I searched for the Doorway to the Divine Light.

On locating the Doorway to the Light, I began to convince the German Airman ghost to recognize where the doorway was and directed him to enter it. At this point Ian asked the ghost if he had seen the Doorway to the Light. Answering for the German Airman, I informed Ian the airman had and that he was looking at it right now. I then told the German Airman to go through to the Light.

The German Airman hesitated, feeling uncertain. At this I looked towards the Doorway of the Light and asked my spirit guides and angels to help him by asking, "Would someone who knew the German Airman in the life he had last to please come forward to help him through the Doorway of Light"?

All of a sudden a shadow appeared in the Doorway of Light. On asking, "Who is this?" the lady in the Doorway told me that she was the airman's wife. I asked her, "Are you presenting yourself as you were when he last saw you, or as you were at the time of your own death"? She replied that she was appearing as he had last seen her. The airman noticed my speaking with someone in the Doorway of Light, and he turned to see who it was.

When the airman recognized his wife, his excited vibrations almost shook me to the floor. He rushed over to his wife, whooshing right through me, and embraced his wife affectionately. Hugging her tightly, the airman turned back towards us, smiled, and waved good-bye as their shadows disappeared through the Doorway of Light.

At that exact moment Julie came rushing up the stairs breathlessly and ran into the room declaring, "He's gone, hasn't he? He's gone...I just know it"! She stood there in shock. Ian and I gently confirmed for Julie that she was right that the German Airman's ghost had indeed gone.

Tearfully and very sadly, Julie stated, "I didn't get to say good-bye". I told her through her heart with the help of her mind send him the thoughts of goodbye and he will receive it. She spent a moment doing this and then hugged me.

As I had been relieved now of the sensations just experienced, I reached out and returned Julie's hug. Julie had learned much from the airman's presence in her home, such as her the ability of her own sensitivity and spiritual abilities to communicate with spirit. We were all fascinated and happy for Julie's abilities in her having noticeable pinpointed the exact moment of the German Airman's departure.

We all returned downstairs to the living room where Allen had waited. Elaine was very upset that she had not been allowed to have any photographs taken during the soul release. She stated that what she had witnessed happening to my physical self during the time I had held the energy of the ghost had been phenomenal. She stated that it would have been worth a tremendous amount to teach others what happens if other people could have been able to see just a small part of what she had witnessed. (She did not mean money, but education.)

Julie went to the kitchen and while Julie made us all some tea, I went to the bathroom to rinse the sweat from my body and refresh my energies.

Elaine, Robert, Ian, and Alan chatted about what had occurred as they relaxed in the living room. After my bathroom trip I was feeling refreshed so I joined Julie in the kitchen. On entering the kitchen, I sat on a stool at the kitchen table and I opened my

conversation by asking Julie about the wooden commode upstairs in the little bedroom that had no bed.

Julie asked me why I wanted to know about the commode, stating that it was only a “plain old commode”. I told her of the lady’s vibrations I had found with the commode. I also told Julie that the lady was gentle and had used the commode for some time before she had died, probably with cancer. Julie told me of her friend who had been a neighbour with a cottage on one of the neighbouring islands. Her friend became ill with cancer and could not get upstairs to their bathroom, so Julie and her husband had bought the wooden commode for the lady. When the friend had passed over, the lady’s husband had given the commode back to Julie and Alan, not realizing that he had in fact given Julie’s friend, his wife, a pathway for her to visit Julie.

On informing Ian of this other ghost, he said there wasn’t time for me to investigate another ghost that day and suggested we wait until the Nelson’s ask us to return, that way he said he could be paid for the second one also. I felt very bad about that, for in my book when going to a haunting you release all the ghost you find there in the one visit or you are not guaranteeing a true clearing. After all if we do not deal with whatever is there in the one visit we cannot say we guarantee our work.

Therefore, as I was newly working with Ian I felt I had no choice but to tell Julie that I would be happy to return another time if she wanted me to investigate it further, and to make sure that Julie’s friend had gone through the doorway of the Light and on to eternal life. Julie said that she would like me to return sometime soon and would call me to set it up. I gave Julie my business card.

Chapter Three: The Return

It was about a month later when Julie contacted me and requested my return to their summer cottage to investigate the lady ghost. Julie informed me that the lady’s ghost had been making some disturbances when some of Julie’s friends were visiting recently. Her friends had left quite frightened as the ghost had been making noises and moving things all the time the friends were visiting. Julie asked if it was possible for me to return soon and without Ian so that I could perhaps stay over as their guest. I happily agreed.

On the day I returned, Allen was busy cooking the dinner. Allen said not to take long doing the dehaunting as dinner would be ready soon. I felt the need to get busy with

the investigation or end up spoiling Allen's cooking.

I went off on my own and sat again in the wooden commode in the other small bedroom, and soon connected back with the gentle lady who made me chuckle at how little she had to do to make Julie's guests uneasy, she merrily regaled saying boo to the people who had visited Julie and Allen and she told me of her blowing the curtains and moving small objects. That was funny to me too as you don't expect some of Disney's attitudes coming to reality but she obviously enjoyed doing that.

I then talked to the lovely lady and asked her to look around for the doorway to the light. She didn't see it at first so I asked her to think the question; "Where is the doorway to the light?" and then she saw it... She spoke of how beautiful it was as she walked up to it and then as she peeked inside said the colours were amazing. Gently speaking to the lady ghost of the commode, I asked her to let go and pass through the Doorway to the Divine Light and on to eternal life.

The gentle lady gave me a warm feeling of love and then a person came to the doorway and she turned and smiled said her mother was there and she waved and went through the doorway to the light. It only took a few moments to help this nice lady recognize she was permitted to enter the light, and then she was off, especially once her mother came to the light to meet her. Now satisfied that all was at peace, I joined Julie, Alan, and their psychic friend Don for a very enjoyable after dinner conversation.

Later Julie and I took a walk around the island following some overgrown footpaths. It truly was a beautiful and natural place to be. Julie told me that she was the one who walked the pathways alone most often these days.

As I walked following behind Julie on the narrow pathway, a young woman's voice kept coming to me. The young woman was talking to me with messages for Julie. On informing Julie of this young woman who wanted to talk to her. Julie said I wondered if you would hear from her. I said she says she is your daughter. Julie confirmed it was her daughter. I then told Julie that I sensed that the daughter had died quite suddenly and had not been happy in this life. Julie confirmed that her daughter had committed suicide and that Allen had not yet accepted this. Julie had accepted it at the time and had sprinkled her daughter's ashes on a beautiful, peaceful corner of the island.

Julie then took me to where the ashes had been sprinkled. Standing there I sensed and felt for any vibrations, but all that I felt was peace and contentment. Julie's daughter had gone through the Doorway of the Light.

Julie's daughter had informed me she had regretted that she had caused her parents such grief, but had felt that there was no way she could be truly happy as she was. There in spirit she was healthy, happy, and content. She said she was learning many things to help her for her next incarnation, but as yet she was happy healing the traumas of the old life and was progressing in her spiritual pathway.

Julie's daughter and her guides informed me and asked me to tell Julie that Julie's daughter was the reincarnation of the airman's wife. The daughter could not be at peace with him trapped on one side of the veil between the world's and she on the other.

Until he went through the Doorway of Light, they would not be able to find each other in the physical form again. The German Airman was therefore unwittingly preventing her from living out their chosen destiny.

Julie's daughter told me that she and the German Airman were preparing for a joint transition as twins for some lucky new mother-to-be. On hearing this Julie smiled and wondered if it would be within their family bloodline. Most reincarnations occur within the bloodlines of the persons families. So it was possible they would come through as her brothers children or grandchildren. Time will tell.

On conclusion of the walk around the island, Julie and I returned again to the cottage and Allen where we enjoyed a tasty meal with the added company of Don, Julie's psychic friend had arrived. After dinner, Don stated he had done some research after hearing from Julie what I had said about the German Airman and he smiled as he said he could confirmed that during the war there had been a prisoner of war camp nearby in Kingston, although not much was known about it. The records stated that they did not seem to have any records of any escapees from the camp. But then I had felt that the German Airman had never arrived at the camp, as he gave me no memories of it. It is quite possible that Canadian soldiers were in the boat with him and he was killed escaping from them on the way to the camp.

Julie's psychic friend Don wanted me to feel some other vibrations from a couple of areas of the little island. He said he had some theories he wanted me to check out with him. We walked a short way and then he pointed out a small mound in one area. And as we stood together in that area, I had the vision of a Native American Indian sitting cross-legged, quietly looking out across the water. A short distance behind him was a mound of ground where the weeds, trees, and wild flowers had not been replaced by nature. The indian gave the sense of waiting for something.

Having no concrete history of the place or the origin of the mound other than the certainty that the vibrations given off were that it was a grave of a soul gone to the light, I cannot say more at this time. My attention was strongly taken by the Indian

who seemed to be sitting, guarding and watching. I felt a deep affinity for the Indian. It was as if part of me already knew him, even if only in spirit. I felt that the Indian had visited with me as one of my guides during my early spiritual developing years. The impression I received was that the Indian had died while waiting for someone to come. The grave behind him was of great importance to him and I felt it housed the remains of an “Old One,” one of the Indian’s ancestors.

Don and I talked for a while regarding shamanism and then went back to the cottage. Back at the cottage, I checked out all the vibrations in every room and the surrounding energy space and all was well.

That night I slept peacefully in the cabin behind Julie's summer cottage. The next morning I awoke to the sounds of the birds chirping happily in the trees. I was treated to a very enjoyable breakfast before reluctantly leaving that placid, restful, serene little island, but knowing I could return, I headed back to the bustle of Toronto.

Message for all from the Spirit Guides

Remember, especially when making a judgment on the chosen actions of others, is that each person has their own destiny map and we may not always be able to read it. For by their understanding it will be different than the understanding we have for our own. It is hard to lose a loved one to suicide, and yet sometimes there is a deeper meaning for the actions taken by those we loved dearly.

A deeper meaning is that if we could have a glimpse of some of it, we might find more peace in our own hearts for the choices that others around us make every day.

Please do not wait until someone you love commits suicide before you find their choices for their life an acceptable thing in your own life.

We all have free-will and we all have the right to do with that free-will as we choose. We also have to take full responsibility for all the choices we make with our free-will as karma will come to all who mis-use their free-will or take away the free-will of another.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BE BORN A NATURAL MEDIUM?

Being born with a Grandmother who was a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and a mother who was born with the veil made sure I had some very important spiritual connections for starters.

Couple this with my father's side of the family having the long renowned psychic Gypsy Rose Lee in our ancestry this made even more sure that something spiritual would definitely be guiding my life. Add to that my own experiences of speaking with spirit when I was a tot and listening to my closet psychic mother speaking of the guests at weddings, baptisms, and funerals that the other guests could not see helped me accept that there definitely was something to all this spiritual stuff.

Sorry to say though that the horrendous experiences of my physical self in childhood caused me for many years to fear the entities that were always with me and I would run from my own shadow.

What happens when you begin to realise you are never alone?

Once I began to realise that I was not alone and that this was a good thing, something which did not happen until some scary experiences after the death of my fiancé` Joe in 1974 when I began to have even more prophetic dreams which usually included my doing some healing on someone. I was not aware of healings but later when the dreams came true I found out I was a natural healer and medium. This then led me to be taught by spirit but so that I could be accepted in the human sense as a medium I was guided to become part of some classes on spiritual development and meditation which did give me a better understanding of discipline for this work. It also allowed me to be proven through the system and therefore be accepted on the human levels even though my Spirit Guides were my teachers long before the human "teachers" came into the picture.

Through my early years realising I was not alone I felt embarrassed in the bath and would use a towel to cover me in the bath while I soaked because spirit inevitably spoke with me there as I was relaxed and calm. The towel amused my guides no end and they would always have me chuckling at myself regarding it.

How do you handle other people's rejection of you and their persecution for your being different?

I have been loved and hated for the talents and gifts God gave me... I have feared my own capabilities with the sense of truth that kept prevailing, yet still I am honoured to be a vessel for God's truth, love and enlightenment to pour through and always will be.

The Author

Bio

Rev. ELIZABETH PADDON-Wilson PhD. - Spiritual Consultant, Author of, "Ghostly Secrets" available with other books from Lulu.com/SpiritualVisions. A pioneer and pacesetter in the metaphysical movement since 1979, an internationally known minister, PhD in Alternative Healing, Hypnotherapist with American Medical Board Licensing, speaker, writer, counsellor, past-life-regression therapist, spiritual consultant, Reiki/Karuna Ki master/tutor and paranormal investigator.

Through seminars, lectures, workshops and private counselling sessions Elizabeth has assisted many individuals to achieve a balanced, meaningful, enlightened life and return to their inherent attunement with the Divine Plan. Elizabeth has appeared on television and radio shows; and been interviewed by numerous newspapers and magazines.

These have included many "Psychic Investigations" and a séance with ELVIS PRESLEY on behalf of his step-brother Billy Stanley who is quoted as saying, "I have no doubts that Elizabeth is in touch with my brother Elvis." Much of Elizabeth's time has been spent investigating spirituality and psychic phenomena.

Elizabeth can assist in enlightening your pathway, thereby bringing inner peace and personal success with the services she offers. Services Include: Rostrum Mediumship, Various workshops, seminars, classes within the spiritual movement. Also available for Phone readings and Personalized Hypnotherapy CD's Elizabeth can assist you to connect with YOUR Spiritual Guides and Angels, often bringing messages from loved ones now departed but ever present with us as the cycles of love are never ending.

All Elizabeth's services include Love, Truth and Light, these being the main ingredients for Happiness and the widening of our limitations to bring the Universal Abundance of Good to everyone. Remember that world peace begins with each one of us and how we each feel about the self. If you are happy then you will resonate happiness and can share the love unconditionally. For further information on consultations, classes, workshops, seminars, and for appointments, please email: revlizabethpaddon@gmail.com

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