

20. *SEER AS DETECTIVE AND MESSENGER*

In December 1976, while I was living in Santa Barbara, I received a telephone call from my friend, Susan. The sister of her boyfriend had disappeared and the family was worried, she said, adding that it was not like this woman, whose name was Jackie, to go off and not stay in touch with her family. Susan knew I had the ability to do psychometry on an object and from that, provide information about its owner, including her whereabouts, so she asked me if I could help.

If I was asked the same thing today, knowing what I do now about the emotional consequences of such cases, I would say “no” but back then I was prepared to try something new, so I said “yes.” I agreed to meet with Susan’s boyfriend, Tom, and his sister, Barbara, who were instructed to bring me a few of Jackie’s personal items to psychometrize. On the appointed evening, Susan came to my small apartment, followed by Tom and Barbara soon after. The collective anxiety among the three of them was palpable. Obviously they were nervous and afraid of what I might say.

Straight away Tom announced that they had consulted a psychic who told them that Jackie was fine and would be home by Christmas. I nodded, but as I always do when hearing someone’s hopes and beliefs, I attempt to put them aside in order to prevent their desires from “leaking” into my perceptions and interfering with my ability to see with a degree of objectivity.

Tom and Barbara had brought with them a box with some of Jackie’s clothes from her college dorm room but no really personal objects, such as a ring or watch she would have worn constantly. I was concerned that the signal left on the clothes might not be clear enough for me to connect my attention to Jackie, but they assured me that she had worn the sweater, in particular, a great deal and that it had not been cleaned or worn by anyone else since her disappearance.

As I picked up the sweater and held it close to my face, immediately, in my mind's eye, I found myself in a remote location, standing in some chaparral near the side of a road heading up into the hills northwest of Santa Barbara. To my horror, in the brush, only meters from the road, lay the body of a woman, face down, partially covered by shrubbery, with only her lower half visible. As I looked at the scene before me, I had a direct knowing that she had been sexually assaulted and shot dead. It was not as if I witnessed it, nor were there any visual clues I could discern. I can only say that the scene somehow "spoke" to me.

For a minute or so I was too shocked to speak. How was I to relate what I had just seen to Jackie's siblings? It seemed to be an horrendous thing to have to tell a family, so I began to "waffle"—a British term meaning talking without really saying anything—while struggling to find a way to convey to these people that I saw their sister had been murdered. The picture in my mind's eye was very vivid and had that unique phenomenological signature that tells me that I am witnessing a real event external to me, but for the next half hour I continued to struggle with the problem of how to break such awful news.

Before long, Tom and Barbara—deciding perhaps that I had nothing useful to say—decided to leave. Only at the last minute, standing beside them at the door, did I finally blurt out what I had seen. "I'm sorry, she's dead." I said. "She's been shot and is lying near a roadside in the mountains in that direction" (I pointed to the northwest). "I can see her legs and what she was wearing—dark-colored jeans and sneakers."

The shockwave that hit the room was seismic. Tom and Barbara froze and then they fled without saying another word.

Within a few weeks, on January 21, 1977, the body of Jacqueline Anne Rook, age 21, was found by hikers in an area near the Santa Ynez Mountains to which I had pointed that evening. Although Tom had reported our meeting to the police, they did not take my information seriously, which is a common response in such cases. Most police are not interested in the utterances of psychics or seers.

This episode left me with a question I would spend many years trying to answer: how to be the bearer of bad news. During that half hour with Jackie's relatives, I felt a bit like a squirrel frantically racing

up and down a tree, trying to avoid the “danger” of bringing a dreadful message, while feeling compelled to deliver it.

Back then, I often felt caught between telling the truth of what I had *seen* and protecting those who came to me for help. There were no rules or standards of behavior for such encounters, and nothing in my background or education had prepared me for such a role. In the Jackie Rook case, it was about eight years before Barbara would not flee at the sight of me and Tom, an accomplished professional, would not feel agitated in my presence.

But there was more to come in relation to Jackie’s murder. About a week after the initial psychometry, as I was walking along upper State Street, unable to shake the dark cloud hanging around me associated with what I had *seen*, I had another vision, this time of a sneering, light-haired man driving north toward the suburb of Goleta. He appeared to be filled with rage and disdain for others, and I knew at once that I was *seeing* Jackie Rook’s killer.

Later I learned that this man had taken the lives of two other women in the area as well. From police forensic evidence, I found out that he murdered his victims with a gunshot to the head before sexually assaulting them. This would account for the gruesome “feeling atmosphere” surrounding my first vision and the pain and horror I felt, which stayed with me for many weeks afterward.

During their investigation, the FBI published a profile of the possible killer, in which they mainly described him as a “drifter,” but as a *seer* I knew they had this wrong. From what I saw of the killer he was no mere stranger passing through, but a member of a prominent, local family. This turned out to be true when later he was identified as Thor Nis Christiansen, the son of restaurateurs from Solvang. He was finally arrested in 1979 and convicted in 1980. A few years later he was murdered by one of his fellow prisoners at Folsom State Prison, California.

Violent death caused by another person almost always leaves a deep impression in the *field* of the place where it has occurred. Inevitably the *tone* is unpleasant, and connecting to such scenes tends to evoke intense sadness in me. On the few occasions when I have

taken on such cases as a kind of psychic detective, it has been at the request of friends or interested parties. The story of Jackie Rook was one such case. Another was the incident of a child who went missing in Isla Vista, a university town north of Santa Barbara, in the late 1970s. My friend Ray, with whom I shared a house in Isla Vista at that time, wanted me to become involved. After my experience with the Rook family I did not want to work on such a case again. However, Ray, being enthusiastic about my work as a seer, kept at me for several days until I finally agreed to at least “scan” the area.

I soon realized that although the authorities had included in their search a northern section of undeveloped beach jutting into the ocean and much favored by surfers, called Devereux Point, they had missed the body, which I clearly saw lying under a large, spreading tree. Ray wanted to tell the police, but I discouraged him because they had previously showed little interest in the information someone like me could offer. However, the issue became moot when, very soon afterward, the boy’s body was discovered under the tree I had seen by someone walking on the Point.

My primary technique for doing a search like this is similar to the one employed by remote viewers who are usually given maps or coordinates and then asked to scan designated locations and report what they perceive. I had seen the press report about the missing boy before I started a “scan” of the area, *looking* for anything that resonated with the available information. When I focused my attention on the Point—partly because the news report mentioned it—I was drawn to the tree. Then, through an act of *intentionality-driven seeing*, I searched the ground around it and saw the boy’s body partially covered by debris. This was all done at a distance without me ever visiting Devereux.

Another, historically interesting example of my detective work as a seer occurred on a commercial tour of Great Britain that my wife organized in late 1984. We drove a small group of participants around parts of Britain to visit sites of historical interest that she had researched and decided would be interesting. The plan was that I would perform a psychometry at each location and help participants learn to do the same. My wife chose the sites for us to visit, but kept them and details surrounding their history a strict secret until after we had scanned them.

It was kind of a “magical mystery tour.” The locations ranged from ancient barrow tombs and stone circles to the ruins of a manor house called Minster Lovell Hall, located west of Oxford in the Cotswolds.

It was at this last location that I had one of my best “hits” on that trip. I remember walking around the property sensing the *field*, scanning for any interesting anomalies in the *tone* or *contents*. After ascending a few steps at the rear wall of the crumbling building, a clear and dramatic image came through my *second stream* of awareness. I saw a rider on horseback galloping toward the manor with a sense of panic and urgency about him. Upon arrival he dismounted and delivered a message to a man whom I surmised to be the lord of the manor. The gist of this message was that some military action had been lost and the lord was in danger. Strangely, however, he seemed not as perturbed as the man bringing the message.

Next, the scene shifted to a tiny room inside the manor where I found myself looking, at a downward angle and from a distance of 50 to 75 feet, at the same man who had received the news earlier. He was sitting at a small table or desk, apparently writing by candlelight. I had the strong sense that he was trapped in the chamber somehow.

After I described my vision, my wife told us that Minster Lovell Hall was known to be haunted, possibly by Francis, first Viscount Lovell, who had sided with the Yorkists during the Wars of the Roses. According to Ferne Arfin, a writer on travel sites in Great Britain, the story goes that

Lovell had been made a Viscount by Richard III, but within two years, Richard and the Yorkists were defeated at the Battle of Bosworth. Briefly exiled, Francis returned from France only to take up the losing side once again, in an abortive Yorkist rebellion. According to local legend, he hid in a vault at Minster Lovell Hall giving a servant the only key. The servant died shortly after and, so the story goes, his skeleton, surrounded by mouldy books and the skeleton of his little dog at his feet, was found by workmen in 1708.¹

This was another case of an imprint being left behind in the *field* to be picked up, centuries later, as *content* by a *seer*. My *intentionality* had focused my attention sufficiently to allow me to sweep the area like a

¹<http://gouk.about.com/od/thingstodo/ss/Minster-Lovell-Hall-Haunted-And-Haunting-Ruins-Near-Oxford.htm>

bloodhound sniffing out a scent. Once the hot spot was located, it was only a matter of stilling my mind in order to allow the *contents* of the *field* to enter my awareness—bringing what was normally background into the foreground in order to perceive what was no longer physically present.