

Nighttime in the Realm of the Dead
By William Becker

I had an interesting experience tonight. I hiked the roughly half mile out an old wagon road that was part of the Oregon Trail to a pioneer cemetery I have knowledge of. The cemetery had a very peaceful feel to it, even with the entities that were hanging out enjoying themselves. Not trapped souls, the spirits are gone, but something of the energy and joy and peace remains; the social feel.

The road in and out is another story. It was twilight – not quite dark – when I set out. I don't like to be there too late in case people hide out there to do drugs, etc. It's the living that scare me, not the dead! It was dark when I left the cemetery and started on my way back.

On my way out, just before the halfway point on the road – it's really more of a trail – someone tugged at my pant leg (I looked and there was nothing there I could have gotten caught on), and then just further down, I got heavy duty chills and my skin started to crawl. I stopped a bit to see what was going on. Then I continued to walk as I talked to the entities there. It was a crowd of Native Americans. We communicated well, but it was clear that they didn't want me to linger!

Local historians claim tens of thousands of Native Americans may have died from diseases that preceded the pioneers to the area. There was also some very intense tribal warfare in the area long before the settlers arrived, decimating the tribes. And, before and after the settlers came, there were murders and double dealing. All this activity happened in the location I was passing through.

I did ask them what they wanted. They want their stories told. They want the truth about their lives and suffering made known. Some want a “cleansed” version of the truth that covers up much of the native on native violence and dishonesty, while others want the whole story told.

This experience brings up some of the dilemmas of psychic investigation and communication. In a situation like this, I have the living guardians of the area to consider, the integrity and preservation of the location, and the sometimes competing wishes of the entities as to what they want and how they want it presented. And, I need to do all of this without judging!

Part of what we can do to honor the beings in these places is to work towards getting the truth out about them and what happened, and we must do so with compassion. That involves historians. I know what I was shown by the entities, and I know what the local historians say, but I haven't seen the documentation – if any exists. So, what I can do is encourage the research and the inclusion of that research in the museums of the area. At this point, I can only talk about this part of the history as legend and information given to me as a psychic, and without filtering the history through current societal norms.

When you ask a question or invite entities to talk to you, you've got to be ready to listen to what they have to say. It isn't always easy. In this case, I was shown more detail of the conditions of the camps when so many were sick and dying. I was given insight into the theft and killing between tribes other than warfare – and within tribes as well. Some of the entities only wanted me to speak about the great loss of life from disease, and not mention that which might be embarrassing to the people. They wanted to look good while others looked bad.

Cemeteries of all sorts have problems with vandalism, and people using the sites for a variety of rituals. When we visit these places, we need to remember that we are guests and do not have the right to interfere with the entities there in anyway. We can let them know that we are available if they want to communicate with us, and that's really about it.

We need to avoid trespassing (I have permission to visit this particular cemetery). And perhaps even more importantly, we need to make sure we don't open the door for people that would abuse the places we visit. My basic rule of thumb is to not broadcast locations; especially locations that are particularly susceptible to vandalism and misuse because of their history or remoteness.

And, we need to be honest in our presentation of what we learn from the beings we run across. Granted, the entities that wanted the stories told, weren't in the cemetery, they were in the surrounding area. But that's really irrelevant. I asked and they told me what they wanted. I have an obligation to present the truth as they give it, and to differentiate between legend, psychic conversation and documented historical fact. Fortunately, with a degree in history and being a ghost tour guide, I'm used to doing this!

In consideration for all of the points I've mentioned in this article, I am deliberately vague in this piece about the location of the cemetery, because the cemetery itself has been fenced off, has razor wire and looks like it's got the fortification of a military encampment because problems caused by thrill seekers and vandalism. So, I can tell the general story here, and remember that when giving my tours, I make sure I tell the hidden history that the City might not want revealed but is important to those who lived it, and in some cases, continue to do so long after they've left this life.

This is something we can all do wherever we live – tell the stories of those that went before us, and still protect and preserve the sites that need protecting.