

HONORING THE REQUESTS OF THE SPIRITS

By William Becker, Paranormal Insights

As a psychic, one of the big responsibilities I feel that I have is to honor the requests of the entities I encounter who ask that I tell their stories.

One night I was walking along an old wagon road that had been part of the route settlers had used to head south from the end of the Oregon Trail to points further down the Willamette Valley and on to California. The area had been a major seasonal and year-round camping area for many of the Native American tribes, not only from the area, but from hundreds of miles away. It was also the area where pioneers made repairs to their wagons and stalked up with water for the continuation of their journey.

As I was walking, I felt someone pull at my pants leg. A bit further, I had a very uneasy feeling. I don't get those uneasy feelings often when working with the paranormal. I stopped to see who was around. It was a large group of Native Americans. They wanted their stories told, and they wanted me to tell them, but not to hang around while they told me!

One of the great things about psychic communication is that it is often easy to get a long story quickly. I hear and see the story inside me. Thus, long periods of history can make their impression in just a few minutes. That was important in this case!

A Story Told to Me Psychically

The area had been a scene of violence and disease for some time before the white settlers came. Disease preceded the settlers — coming with the trappers and spreading among the tribes. Also, there was competition for the resources of the area.

One local tribe held the best areas for hunting, gathering, and fishing — camas ovens are still found in the area because there was so much food gathering going on. Weakened by illness and death, a tribe from nearby



During a long walk one night, I was given a message by members of the Native American tribes who used to live in the area. They asked me to tell their story to others.

attacked and displaced the locals for a brief time before they regained their territory. These were not friendly little touch-your-enemy battles. These were battles of life and death, and many died. All of this is part of the historic record (though not well known and not talked about), and it is also part of what they were telling and showing me. What follows is not part of historical records I've seen, but is part of what they showed me.

There was also inner tribal violence, theft, and other crimes. Murder did happen. One tribal member would steal from another. This was particularly true after the tribes had been badly diminished. There had always been some of this activity, but it seemed as though there was a sort of decline in values and morality as survival became more precarious and people and communities became weaker. It became more of an individualistic settlement in some ways, instead of a community surviving together.

Many mothers allowed me to see and experience the

grief they held for their lost children. Men were full of sorrow, and many also full of shame for what their societies had become and how badly they had deteriorated. They grieved for their lost friends and loved ones, and they grieved for the lost soul of the community and of so many individuals. They grieved for what they had become.

The Entities Wanted Their Story Told

Some of the overly proud only wanted me to tell the stories of what white man's diseases and wars and treachery had done to them. And the white settlers had done a great deal. They abused and used the native peoples in many ways. They didn't honor bargains, and they stole land and goods. So many, but not all by any means, killed, robbed, pillaged, and burned, and treated the natives as sub-human.

The majority of these entities, though, had a larger vision. They wanted the whole story told. All of it, including that which showed the native populations as being human beings with human weaknesses and responses to the destruction of their lives. These men, women, and children wanted everyone to know what happened when society

These Native American souls aren't trapped. Their energy, thoughts, and emotions are implanted into the land.

fell victim to itself and outside forces and lost its way. They wanted the truth about what really happened to be made known, and to tell the world the dangers for everyone when a people is denigrated, marginalized, abused, and treated as other. They wanted the affects of violence to be made known — affects to both the victim and the victimizers. Everyone loses, and everyone is dehumanized.

For those of you who are worried that these are poor trapped spirits, they aren't. What is there is the energy, thoughts, and emotions the people implanted into the land with their lives. It's a consciousness and intellect, but not a trapped soul. I think a few souls did come to visit to help articulate the stories, but that is all, and they didn't linger.

I find these experiences to be very humbling and a great honor and obligation. The entities are giving me their stories because they trust me to do the right thing with them and honor their wishes. It's a responsibility that I took up when I allowed my own psychic abilities to come through and when I decided to let the entities in. It's an honor to be their voice for which I am very grateful. ♦



The Paranormal Guide

Ashley Hall explores the strange, macabre, and paranormal in *The Paranormal Guide*

To Join the Conversation, visit Facebook at:

<http://www.facebook.com/theparanormalguide>

The Paranormal Guide features topics on Ghosts and Hauntings, UFOs and Aliens, Cryptozoology, Unsolved Mysteries, Conspiracy Theories, Earth Mysteries, Psychics and Mediums, and Unusual Crimes, among other strange and unusual topics.