

How to Cleanse **Spirit** Energy

*The
Step by Step Guide to a Heavenly Home*



Laine Crosby

How to Cleanse Spirit Energy

A Guide by Laine Crosby

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Thank you to my friend, Sensitive Patty A. Wilson, who has saved my hiney from the dark side on more than one occasion.

I'll never forget going to my daughter's fourth grade winter concert and listening to the other moms talk about their Christmas vacation. The O'Hairs went to Walt Disney World, the Webbs went to the beach, and then it was my turn. I didn't think my husband would approve if I told these women I stayed home and performed an exorcism, but I would have liked to have seen their faces, if I did share this news. I paused as I contemplated how much to say.

"Oh, you know, we celebrated Christmas, visited some historic sites, the usual." I stopped there, and they all turned back to their conversation not really knowing how to respond to such a sad, uneventful story. But that's the story of my life. My close friends love to hear about my adventures, but sometimes, I have to leave reality at the door for the good of my children, parochial school, and those who may not want their kids playing with a child who sees ghosts and doesn't even care.

I like to watch CIA thrillers and pretend to understand how these agents feel, taking their children to swim meets and soccer practices, then rushing off in the middle of the night to detain terrorists at Dulles International Airport, and then back home to make pancakes with whipped cream smiley faces by morning. I live the most honestly deceitful life I know. And I love every minute of it.

If you've read my book, *Investigative Medium – the Awakening*, you know I live in a new house on an old plantation. And you know the horror of our first months here, and how I had to cleanse my house. It was a hard time for me, and for my family. The spirits didn't all come with the house, but when word got out that I could hear them and see them, they came from all around to get my attention. In other words, I was haunted.

I can't begin to tell you how many people have told me stories of unwanted hauntings, so I feel it is necessary to explain how to rid yourself of unwanted energy and entities. I had to learn myself, and I hope to make it easier for others.

When you walk into a room where people have had an argument, you may be able to sense it. The energy feels different. When a friend is mad, you may be able to feel that too. Our emotions are energy, and we can leave behind this energy. When I say energy, this can be spirits or ghosts, or it can also be just plain energy, or emotions. Positive energy and positive thoughts attract positive energy, and negative thoughts (and deeds) attract negative energy. This is not necessarily ghosts, and it is not necessarily demons. It is just energy that is attracted to another energy source to live. It is parasitic and is often attracted to like energy, but can also wander in with guests, contractors, or those who may service or visit your home. Many people assign names to this energy, but in essence, everything is just energy, and I define these by their nature—negative or positive energy.

If you are moving into a new house, you may want to remove the energy of anything

that may have happened there before you arrived. It is always a good idea to cleanse your home whether you've lived in it for years or are just moving in, although rarely do people do this unless they find themselves with a haunting.

"Hurry and get over here! I have a demon in my closet!" If you've sent me an email with this line as the subject, take a deep breath. First of all, when you are sensitive, energies, entities, ghosts, or whatever is in your closet may feel malevolent. Only with experience comes the gift of discernment, so please don't jump to conclusions if you are scared. Ninety-nine out of a hundred times, that scary thing in your closet is just a ghost, or the air conditioning unit. Just because something makes the hair stand up on your neck, does not mean it is bad. How would you feel if you died and ended up in someone's closet? Well, you probably don't want them chasing you around with sage and screaming at you. Ghosts are people too.

Second, asking me for help won't do the trick. I can come over and get rid of your ghosts, demons, negative energy and all the scary stuff, but it is your house and they know it. If you have a haunting and you let someone else cleanse your house, it won't help you in the long run. The spirits will realize you are not in control of your own house, and as a result, they won't take you seriously, and they will return. You have to take control and do the cleansing yourself for it to work. Or, at least be part of the process and demand that the energy or spirits leave. You can have a sensitive with you if you need help feeling if energy has changed, but ultimately, you have the responsibility to get the job done right. Ministers and priests can also help if you feel more inclined, but you must be the one to take control and keep control.

Control is the most important part of the process of expelling anything unwanted from your home. If your will is firm and unyielding, it will leave. If you are scared because you are hearing voices, seeing shadows, or feel things that go bump in the night, you need to tell them that they bother you and they must leave you alone. When you hear them, tell them you hear them, and that is NOT okay. Ask them to please leave you alone so you will not be disturbed. Be firm but not outraged. Remind them that it is your home and ask them to respect your wishes.

Don't try to figure out what or who is there by talking with them and using equipment. The more evp you get, the more excited they become, and more will visit. The more you talk with ghosts in your home, or attempt to talk with them, the more active they will be. When more come, you'll feel more, hear more, and see more. Don't make this mistake. Your home is your sanctuary. Don't treat it like a venue for your personal paranormal investigations, unless you like hearing and seeing them. In that case, you probably would not be reading this guide. And even if you do, I promise, it can get out of hand quickly.

Also, I suggest not using a pendulum at home to talk with unknown spirits. And never, ever use an Ouija board, regardless of the location. I cannot tell you how many people

have had demonic entities enter their homes and their lives, simply by playing with one of these. Patty Wilson and I are called repeatedly by people with hauntings, and over 90 percent of the time, it can be traced back to someone using a board, even decades before.

Using a Ouija Board is like opening your front door and inviting anyone to come in your house and do whatever they want for as long as they like. You have no idea who is lurking in the bushes. You have no idea what spirits may be at the location where you are, nor what spirits may have tagged along with your friends. I can recall a few years ago, a friend of mine, who is also a medium, went to a party and taped a reputable psychic using a Ouija Board. The psychic told everyone it was safe for *her*. When my friend played back the tape, there was evp (electronic voice phenomenon—a taped spirit voice) of an entity saying that she did not know he was there. It is impossible for a medium to know every spirit that is near.

I use a pendulum, but that is different because I am only working with one soul at a time, and when the vibration of the energy changes, I find out who it is, or I stop talking altogether. I never, ever ask to talk to just anyone. I always specify a human. If you don't specify, other entities come in, and you'll find yourself reading this guide again.

Let spirits know your home is a place of immunity where you can be yourself, and that you don't want to be bothered there.

THE CLEANSING

There are lots of Internet sites that tell you how to cleanse your house, but I have never found any which have given me as detailed information as I am going to give you. My friend and colleague, Sensitive Patty Wilson, told me how to do this when I started working on murder cases years ago, and I started getting “the icky stuff” in my home. It really works.

And before I go any further, I will tell you I am a Christian, and you must have faith in God for this to work. Prayer is highly under-rated, and it does work. We get what we ask for; we really do! You must have faith, and you will be protected.

I have known a couple of very nice Wiccans who also cleanse homes. Their cleansings have worked well by bringing the good energy of mother earth into several homes. However, I was contacted by them when a demonic entity could not be expelled this way. My theory is that the Wiccans were relying on that which was good and of the earth, not the creator of all things earthly. God is the ultimate good, and to Him we must go for all things pure and good. No matter what your religion, if you do not believe in that which is higher than yourself, this won't work. Every religion has its own way of expelling negative energy, and asking the creator, the universal being of love and light, to do the work. This is God, no matter what name She/He is given, and with faith it will work.

If you feel that a person is in need of an exorcism, that is reason to call the Catholic Church. There are dedicated priests and an arm of the church that deals with exorcisms. There are many stages, and an exorcism takes time, observation, and much documentation. My purpose here is to explain how to cleanse your home of negative energy, not a person.

In preparation for the cleansing, you should be well rested. I cannot stress this enough. You may become exhausted doing this, depending on what you encounter. Working with spirits takes a lot of energy. Whether you realize you are expending energy or not, you are. Spirits use energy to communicate, manifest, and exist in this realm. Whether they hang out near a fuse box, a water source, or you, they are pulling energy to exist. Don't be surprised if you are very tired after the cleansing.

What you'll need:

A supportive friend

Sea salt

Prayers, hymns, Bible or prayer book

You may want some sea salt, or some people use sage. Holy water is fine too. But

honestly, I've never seen an entity scared of sage, or sea salt for that matter. It is the prayer that works. However, I believe using these are metaphors for what you want to accomplish. Spirits will see and hear you and know your intention.

I am highly allergic to burning sage, so I never use it. I do use sea salt on occasion because sea salt is a cleansing agent, and that is the point of the cleansing. I have holy water, and I will use it on occasion to mark doors and entrances when I encounter a demonic entity, but that is not common for the average person.

The size of your house and your property will determine how much sea salt you will need, but for a three bedroom house on a half acre, you may want to put about 1/4 to a half cup of sea salt in a small open container to use. If you have a farm with a lot of acreage, you'll need more, of course. You will want to make sure all of your property is cleansed.

Some people use the Bible, which is always a good source. I also use a book called *Armor of God* by Dave Juliano. *Armor of God* is a compilation of many prayers, used by a variety of Christian belief systems, to protect oneself and others from negative entities or evil spirits. There are prayers for personal protection and the protection of others, as well as prayers for spiritual welfare, exorcism and deliverance. You may want the book just as a good resource whether you are asking for protection as you sleep, or as an aid for spiritual assistance. However, this is not yet available as a download, so you'll want to order it in time to receive it in the mail before the cleansing.

I like to have someone with me, and I have suggested you have a supportive friend. Your support person can help you feel when the room feels lighter, happier, or has a different emotion. And, you have someone to help if you need it. I came across a situation where I needed help, and I was very glad to have the support. At the Tillie Pierce House in Gettysburg, I was checked into the blue room for the night. I walked in and right back out, as I could barely breathe. The owners of the inn explained they had a few "runners" from that room, or in other words, guests who literally ran out of the inn in the middle of the night, never to return. Of course, every innkeeper always thinks it is fun to put me in the haunted room. Fun for them, not me!

As I investigated the situation, I found a soldier who had never crossed over into Heaven. This ghost was not in his right mind, and he was hiding with no inclination that he was dead. He was a Union soldier behind Confederate lines, and he was scared he would be caught. When he heard my Southern accent, he roared at me to "GET OUT", and then he just disappeared. I discovered he was going directly upstairs into the attic and hiding under the rafters. I couldn't reason with him, and I did not sleep in that room that night. I like my rest and it is no fun to be demeaned. If I wanted that, I have teenagers at home.

The next night, a group of paranormal investigators came to film there, and they didn't

have a psychic, so they asked me to help them figure out what was going on. I was having an event at the Ghosts of Gettysburg Headquarters next door, so during a break, I stopped by the Tillie Pierce House with another investigator who I was working with for the weekend. I went into the attic, and the nasty spirit was once again hiding under the rafters, and he wouldn't leave. He screamed at me to leave him alone, so I did not approach him, but I explained that I was there to help him. He calmed down, and relieved, I shifted my weight onto my left foot. The board was not nailed down and as my ankle turned, I fell straight down through the attic floor and into the room below. I looked like a wishbone as one foot was stuck above my head in the attic, and the other foot was hanging below the ceiling, well into the blue room below. I remember seeing the carpet come up at me. The other investigator with me was a burly 6 foot 3, and he reached down, scooped me up, and pulled me back into the attic. I think that was the paranormal feat in this story. The entire embarrassing moment was caught on film, much to my chagrin. So, another person is always helpful, if only for safety- or rescue!

STEPS:

Before you begin, say a prayer of protection. Ask God to come around you and protect you, and that His angels may shield you and those with you from any negative energy during the process. You can also visualize a bubble of white light around you. Ask Him to help you to bring love, and expel any negative energy. This is where the book of prayers also comes in. You may want to say the hedge prayer for protection of the home.

With a container of sea salt in tow, go to the bottom floor of the home, whether this is a basement or first floor. You do not need to go into a crawl space. You will walk room by room through the floor, and in each room, you will walk the perimeter and sprinkle a tiny amount of salt. While you sprinkle the salt, you will say in an assertive voice, "I command all destructive entities leave this person, this place, and this property, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." Once you say this, begin saying it again. You will say it hundreds of times, by the end of the cleansing. Be sure to say it as I have because if there are negative entities, you don't want to play a game of semantics with them. Ordering them off the people, place, and the property makes it clear you want them gone from everyone and everything. I've made that mistake before, and that's another learning experience I won't discuss here.

Continue from room to room, and don't forget the closets. You don't want any energy to remain. Sprinkle salt behind dressers and around the perimeter of the closets and utility rooms.

When you have finished with that floor, say a hedge prayer from the Armor of God, and/or pray the Lord's prayer. You will feel a sense that the room is lighter. If I encounter a particularly stubborn entity, or a spot that may feel heavy, I'll pray there longer. The hedge prayer asks God to put a hedge around the home to protect those within. I also pray that any energy may leave, but no new energy may enter. I tend to put the sign of the cross with my hand, above windows and doors and pray nothing will enter through those passages.

After step 3, I go to the next higher floor and repeat the steps, and then the next higher floor and repeat the steps until the house is cleansed. Then, walk outside and do the same around the perimeter of the house, and then again around the perimeter of the property. I pray and ask God to put angels at the corners of the property to keep everyone within safe.

Remember, these are spiritual prayers and God will make sure that unwanted spirits do not set foot on the property. So, please don't be mad at me if your mother-in-law continues to drop in unexpectedly.

Throughout the cleansing, if you feel that you need extra help, more time in an area, or if there is something that still will not leave, please pray. Just stop anywhere you feel is necessary and let your senses be your guide—Say prayers and demand negative energy leaves, and that white light and angels come. I have called on archangel Michael in sticky situations with stubborn energy too. I have also been known to sing the children's song, *Jesus Loves Me* when I can think of nothing else to say, or I've exhausted all the prayers I know.

On occasion, I visit locations where I feel something malevolent, and it is built up energy from arguing, rather than an entity. People at the location may have treated each other with anger and disrespect, and this energy becomes residual. If you are helping someone with the cleansing, and if you have reason to believe there is something malevolent and it is not your house, please be sure to instruct the owners to stand their ground and be assertive, without being violently angry. Some negative entities see anger as a smorgasbord and may hop on for the free meal. The energy that accompanies anger is strong, and it can fuel a negative entity instead of turn it away. Do not taunt the negative entity, and do not try to hold a two-way conversation. In this situation, without the aide of a medium, use your senses. You do not need to know what exactly you are dealing with, if you do what I have explained. Do not try to use a pendulum, by any means, and do not try to get evp once you have determined its nature. Just tell it to leave, and call on God for help.

I feel that part bears repeating—do not become angry or taunt the entity. I can't tell you how many people I've tried to help who have become cocky with entities. This is a very serious mistake. Don't do it. Just follow my guidelines prayerfully and remember your goal is to cleanse negative energy, and it is not a prideful battle of wills. Only enter into areas where God has your back.

AFTER THE CLEANSING

After the cleansing, there are things that can be done to make sure the house is light and has good energy, especially if there was good cause to cleanse the house to start.

- Don't argue
- Play happy music to change the vibration, such as Hildegard von Bingen
- Do not watch crime dramas or particularly violent movies
- Continue to live peacefully, and continue to pray to God, asking Him to be with you in your home.

Every night I pray and ask God for angels to stand guard around the beds of my children. And when I pray, my children sleep at peace from other-worldly interference.

Once when cleansing my own house, I heard crying in a closet in my daughter's room. When I went upstairs, I realized that the ghost of the little girl in our home was scared I was trying to make her leave. Since she was only six when she died, and she never crossed into Heaven, her child-like mind was without the ability to understand my intention. I explained to her that I meant for "destructive" entities to leave, and that meant "bad stuff", and she was a good little girl. She was relieved, and I learned to be sure and explain what I am going to do before I begin. Not all spirits are in the same frame of mind as we are.

I have learned from experience that ghosts are often confused about where to go, so I try to clarify. Since I live on an old plantation, I am the intruder, and I have told the ghosts who lived here previously, that they can stay. However, new ghostly visitors have to go. I want to know who is in my house all the time. Most of the time, the existing ghosts ask them to leave, but there are times when I have to actively take charge. You may want to do the same as you cleanse.

I often start the cleansing with a prayer to protect myself, and I may say a hedge prayer, as well. Then I talk to all the ghosts and explain what my intentions are and why. I express what the owners want in terms of who must leave, and who can stay. I then tell the ghosts that if they want to go to Heaven, I will cross over everyone at the conclusion of the cleansing, and they can meet me at a specified location. I say this on every floor I cleanse, and I ask them to tell their friends. After I am done, I cross them into Heaven.

Please visit my web site at www.lainecrosby.com and let me know of any questions you have or topics of interest. You may also want to read *Investigative Medium – the Awakening*, to learn about the story of the spirits in my home, how my family and I managed, and what we learned from them.

Thank you for reading my guide to cleansing spirit energy, and good luck!

Special Bonus Section

Just Released! Investigative Medium – the Awakening
Enjoy the excerpts on the following pages.

About Investigative Medium—the Awakening

This beautifully written, heartfelt memoir touched both readers and reviewers. A true tale of self discovery, ghosts, slavery, murder, family and perseverance, this remarkable story follows 40-something Laine, an ordinary mom, who moves with her family to an 18th century Maryland plantation and wakes up suddenly psychic, and the journey she makes to find herself again.

Who knew Laine Crosby, former marketing executive at The Weather Channel, had the gift of being a Psychic Medium? Not even Laine, that is, until she moved from Atlanta to the property of an eighteenth century Maryland plantation and woke up talking to a former slave buried in her backyard! Besides going through culture shock, she soon learned that the property was loaded with spirits, largely from a slave cemetery. When they overheard her tell her kids about spiritual realities, they came calling. Lots of them.

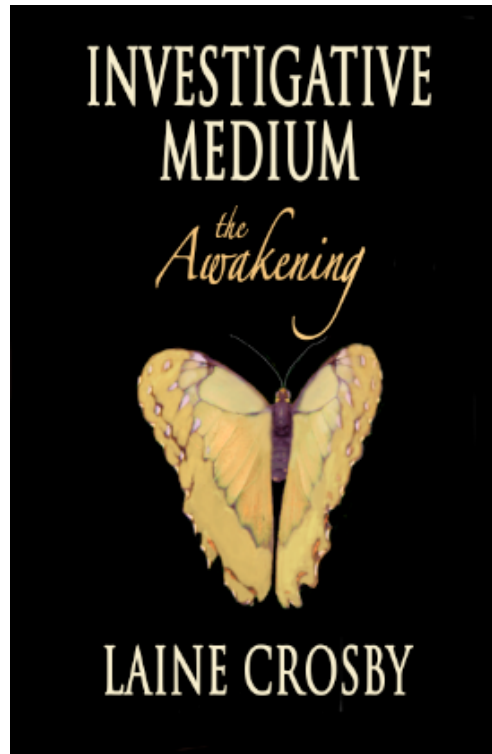
Investigative Medium - the Awakening, examines the gift that was thrust upon Laine who was at first surprised, and then upset, and over time and through experience, embracing of this new way of life. Laine's husband, Chris, twins Annie and Caleb, and even her Jack Russell terrier "Steve" have peripheral ghostly involvement, so it is a family affair, although at first an unsettling one.

Along Laine's journey, she meets an unlikely friend, the spirit of Jannette, once nanny to the children on the plantation where she lives. Laine finds similarities in her own life and Jannette's, and with Jannette's friendship, Laine begins her journey down a path of self discovery. Jannette has had a similar tussle with racism and sexism from her 19th-century circumstances to Laine's struggle with prejudices against her spiritual abilities. So, the two stories are parallel. With Laine's new abilities, she becomes Jannette's voice, bringing her back from the antebellum South to tell the incredible story of her life as a slave, and a tender romance is revealed. Interwoven with Laine's personal story, are the first hand accounts of former slaves Jannette and Bill, and others.

Once Laine accepts her gift, it is her mother who, from beyond the grave, helps

Laine find a way to surrender, and at long last give up on the life she dreamed of having, in order to have the life she was meant to live. Folksy and fresh, endearing and affecting, Investigative Medium - the Awakening is funny, thrilling and inspiring. The book examines the gift thrust upon Laine, and her acceptance and eventual surrender to the life she is supposed to live.

Excerpt from:



Chapter 1

THE AWAKENING

I took one step before the world as I knew it swirled clockwise and away, and I was left standing off-balance while looking through the eyes of someone I didn't know. I tried to escape the sound of my television as I rose from bed, my usual place of comfort and solace, but on this day, I couldn't move fast enough.

I don't want to be sad today. Not today, I thought. The shaky male voice coming from the television was faint now, and it said, "I ask you to please help me find my daughter and bring her home." I couldn't digest those words at that moment because I was somewhere far away, in a very dark place.

Oh God, I am scared. Fear swallowed me and held me completely immobile. What is happening? Where am I?

Lying in darkness, my head is tilted up slightly and I could see my toes if only there was light. The familiar feeling of an asthma attack is coming on and I gasp for air, but instantly I realize I am suffocating and no air is to be found. Somehow I see, or feel, or know things, and I'm not exactly sure how because it is all happening so fast. My left arm is the small, soft beautiful arm of a little girl. I am startled with this knowledge, but at the same time I struggle because I can't get air and I can't breathe. I feel the grit of sand. Is it in my lungs? I am saturated with fear, but like a game of Sardines, more pushes into me when there is no room left.

Help me God, show me where I am! I can't breathe!

Faster than the speed of light, I am no longer looking through the same eyes, but I am in the same space next to a little girl. I am so close, it's almost as if I'm an overlay, a varnish on a picture. Not part of it anymore, but every bit as close to the experience. There is a sudden peacefulness I feel from the girl, although my fear is escalating.

I am pulled backward, up through the shallow dirt and into the bright sunny sky. I can see the green grass and the tree line, and a small one story home comes into view. As I travel higher, I see people milling around with sticks and long-sleeve light-colored shirts. Some have baseball caps and are calling out. They are searching all around the area, but not where I am. They are so close, so very close but too far. Suddenly, a still photo of a man flashes in front of me. I see his full body from the side, as he is walking. He is shorter than I am, with leathery skin, and evil is the purest part of his nature. Another image flashes on the movie screen in my head, and the man is facing me, very close, with vague eyes, the grin of a wolf, and the overwhelming smell of alcohol around him.

I was returned as fast as I left, and I quickly sat back down on the bed. I was stunned with an overload of information in a period of time that doesn't correlate with this dimension, and I was searching to line it up and figure it out. Then it came, as if someone stuck a flash drive in me and booted me up.

In that very instant I also realized my husband Chris was beside me trying to understand what was happening, and all I could say was, "She's buried alive! They don't know! She is still alive and nobody knows! She's right there! Right there!" I trembled as I stood, stomping my foot, trying to regain contact with reality. "They are starting their search back too far. I can hear them and they are so close but back too far. She is alive and they don't know it. Oh my God. OH MY GOD! WHAT DO I DO! SHE IS ALIVE!"

My hysterical screaming became unrecognizable through my tears as Chris held me in his arms. It was February 26, 2005, and I had just become an Investigative Medium.

Chapter 2

PRECIOUS SOULS

Jessica Marie Lunsford was a beautiful nine-year-old girl, who like most girls her age, enjoyed swimming, singing, riding bikes, and her dog Corky. She especially loved her Grandma Ruth and those shopping trips together to Walmart in Homasassa, Florida. Jessica was going to be a fashion designer when she grew up, and she practiced by making doll clothes and modeling white capri pants and a sassy little raincoat in her church's fashion show. Jessica was all girl, a true princess, a precious soul. On February 23, 2005, Jessica was raped and murdered by 47-year-old John Couey.

I had never experienced anything similar, and I knew what I had seen was profound. I picked up the phone several times and asked my husband, "Who do I call? The FBI? The local authorities in Homasassa?"

Chris just shook his head back and forth. "Honey," he said, "they'll never believe you, even if you could get through to them on the phone."

"Maybe I could fax them a map!"

"You don't understand. At best they will ignore you, and at worst, they'll investigate you and think you had something to do with it."

I was haunted by my experience, but I managed to put it out of my mind. Self-doubt helps us sometimes that way. On March 19, while standing by my bed again, I heard on the television that Jessica Marie Lunsford's remains had been found buried only 150 yards from her back door. Forensics indicated that Jessica had been buried alive.

My life has never since been the same.

I have two precious little souls, my children, Annie and Caleb. Annie loves swimming and dress-up and singing Disney princess songs while riding her bike alongside her dog Steve. I still have my treasured children, and I thank God for that every day. But, I also have to live with my decision not to call the police. As a result, another family does not get ten hugs a day, a serenade of Hanna Montana songs, and smiles and giggles for the rest of their lives. Dear Lord, please forgive me.

Now I work on missing persons' cases with police and families, mostly taking my orders from the other side. I also work with authors, historians, and archaeologists to determine what happened long ago in specific locations.

Through the clairvoyant, clairaudient, and clairsentient abilities I have been given, I am an instrument to help the other side connect to this world. These are not abilities I

asked for or even knew I had, but having become aware of them, I have chosen to use them in the best way I can. It is important to understand I am only a mouthpiece—a channel, a medium—not really much different from a telephone or radio. As I experience information, I do the best I can to make sense of it, define it, and pass it on.

I like to think that when I was buried with Jessica, my presence eased her pain. The calm I felt was not from her death, for I would have made that distinction and found a way to live with myself. I believe she felt me somehow, and it brought her peace—the momentary calmness I sensed before I was pulled away. Perhaps by being there, I took away some of her fear and experienced it myself. At least I hope being a physical empath has these advantages.

I am not an angel or a saint, a demon or a witch. I'm just a mom who goes to church, volunteers at her children's elementary school, and regularly burns pizza. I am completely ordinary. I am an Investigative Medium and this is my story.

Another Excerpt from Investigative Medium:

It was the morning of September 21st, 2004, and I sat on my deck overlooking the lake and rolling hills of Rock Creek Park, and I thought of the plantation that once was. I could see several dark skinned men in the field with straw hats, white shirts, and suspenders. After another sip of tea, they were gone.

It was quiet. In Atlanta, I could always hear the sound of I-75, and the noise of the city, but I had never heard the flawless sound of silence as I did here. I remembered my excitement to spend our first night in our new home, until I realized it was too noiseless to sleep, and my first stop the next day had been the Home Depot for a white noise machine.

I have wasted enough time this morning dreaming about what once was. I only had one more box to unpack and my domestic duties would be history too. By now, it was almost lunchtime and Chris would come through the door for his peanut butter and jelly sandwich with potato chips separating the layers for added crunch.

As I leaned over to pull the crock pot out of the last box, the only thing I pulled out was my back. At first it was only a noise, then I tried to move. Chris soon found me on the floor, as well as the humor in the situation. I had moved dressers and sofas, and lugged the twins on either hip, but a crock pot had gotten the best of me. He helped me into bed, kissed me on the forehead, made his pb&j, and left for work.

My best friend in nearby Alexandria, Virginia, had already moved with her husband to another Air Force base, and I calculated my nearest friend was six hundred and twenty-four miles away. But somehow, I didn't feel lonely. Or rather, I didn't feel alone.

I drifted off to sleep for minutes, or hours maybe, until I heard the sweet, soft voice of a woman. Her voice was louder than the other voices in my dream, and I started to become restless from the sound.

"I had a son the same age as yours", I heard clearly.

In my delirious state of mind, it seemed natural to chat with this woman, but as I started to awaken, reality began to manifest, and I was confused. Does she think my son is hers? Is she confused? Or am I confused? Who am I talking to?

"He is my son and not yours," I said, and as quickly as those words addressed her in my mind, I realized I sounded a bit unbalanced.

After a pause, I heard a compassionate voice say, "I know he is your son".

I am waking up much more quickly now, and I perceive a presence beside my head. I see the image of a beautiful woman with dark skin and an almond shaped face. She is simple and soulful and composed. She defined beauty.

"What is your name?", I inquire.

"Jeannette".

I am wide awake now and I see her smile at me, then her voice and mirage fade away into nothingness. Whoa. I just made contact.

Long after the twins had returned from school and had gone to bed, I asked Chris to blank his mind for a moment and just meditate to see if he heard anything. I could feel his agitation growing. Although he knew I wasn't crazy, he was becoming too upset to humor me for long, but kindly, he remained quiet and closed his eyes.

I felt the same presence, the same energy or "feeling" as when the woman had visited me earlier, and I concentrated hard to see if I could hear anything.

"I pat his hair at night. He reminds me of the man I once loved."

I gasped! At once I knew it was Jeanette. "Did you hear anything, Chris?", I asked.

"Nothing."

"It was the woman again. You have an admirer! I know it was Jeanette. She said she touches your hair at night because she was in love with a man who looked just like you."

The next morning, I surfed the Internet for local history. I found an historical society, but it seemed to be a long shot. I sank into the sofa, hopeless, but I knew better than to give up. My father and I had climbed mountains and hiked through snakes, fox holes and chiggers to do our genealogical research, and nothing could be as hard as spending my childhood summers scrubbing tombstones in the heat of the South.

I suddenly see a picture in my head of rows of slave cabins, and a mansion, or what folks here call a "manor home". I felt the same presence again and knew I was being led somewhere and an explanation was forthcoming. The urge to leave my house grew stronger, as if I were late to an important event, and since I had no plans, I knew the feeling was imposed on me, and I was absorbing it.

Precisely at the moment I had planned to leave, Chris arrives for his pb&j. Another delay, and the feeling was growing more pronounced. The moment he left, I sprung to

my Chevy Blazer and drove to the end of our driveway. I assumed I would be told where to go, and I was strangely excited to feel the compulsion to turn right. Somehow, I was beginning to understand that which was outside my comprehension.

I drove slowly for half a mile, awaiting the inevitable feeling of my next move. On the left I saw subdivisions of recently built homes, and on the right was still Rock Creek Park. A long drive came into view, confined by a row of majestic loblolly pines on each side, which even in this century, seem to oblige a manor home. I turned down the drive, a little nervous about trespassing, and wondering what I would say if confronted. The house was the same as it had been in my vision, although I did not remember driving in this direction previously. There were no stores, restaurants or schools in this direction, just rolling hills, lakes, and the mammoth Rock Creek Park which extends from the district all the way through Maryland to Pennsylvania.

The drive turned to the left just in front of the home, and into a small parking lot on the side. I felt more comfortable knowing that the mansion housed a business, and I may be able to find some answers.

I hurriedly parked and turned to walk to the front door, when in my peripheral vision, I caught a sight that rendered me speechless. I turned to see what looked like slave cabins directly behind the house, the very same cabins I had been shown in my vision. I grew cold and could feel every hair, electrified. I carefully walked behind the house, and I could see flat grassland next to these cabins, as if there had once been many more.

My left side became hot and I knew I was not alone. In my head I said, "I know you are here. Is this where you lived?" I heard simply, "yes".

I may have run to the front of the house. Perhaps I rang the bell and knocked so loudly that everyone in the house knew I had arrived; I hardly recall. A handsome middle-aged man opened the door and said, "Yes?"

I have never talked faster than when I blurted, "Hi! My name is Laine Crosby, and I just moved into the yellow house..." and I flung my arm to point west and continued, "and I want to know..." and I paused as I looked around the door for a sign and said, "What is this place anyway?"

The man responded, "These are the offices for the county department of parks and recreation, and I'm Mike, the historian".

"Wonderful!" I gushed. "...then I need your help. Can you tell me what happened here on this property? I mean, a long time ago, what went on here and where I live?" The man began, "Well", and I interrupted, "You see, I have ghosts. There are people in my house, and I know this sounds crazy, but I promise I'm not. I want to know what happened because there are voices talking to me of people I can't see."

Mike looked at me incredulously. I couldn't tell whether he thought I would be a danger if he opened the door, or if he was concerned for me.

He said, "How long have you been here?"

"Only a minute or two."

He pointed down the driveway to a local news affiliate van and said, "Were you here when that woman was here?"

"No, I just came."

"Well, she was filming a story for Halloween about our ghosts here. Lots of people around here see them. Come on in and wait here, I want you to talk to someone."

Mike disappeared up the stairs of this stately edifice, and I entered the grand foyer. I imagined children running and giggling, and a piano playing. I was brought back into the moment when the old grandfather clock struck 1:00 p.m.

As I turned to admire its design, I caught a glimpse of an old picture from the mid-1800s, hanging on the wall. I leaned forward and squinted for a closer look, and cold chills ran up my spine.

My husband's face was staring back at me.

Investigative Medium – the Awakening can be found as an ebook on Amazon, Barnes and Noble, Smashwords, iBooks, Sony, Kobo, Diesel, and at other online retailers. The autographed paperback can be ordered directly from LaineCrosby.com with same day shipping.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Laine Crosby is a mother, wife, professor, writer, medium, and proud Southerner. As the daughter of Atlanta Civil War author/historian, C.P. Crosby, Laine grew up cataloging and cleaning cemeteries while helping her father do genealogical research. She was known to have the uncanny ability to find lost graves whether she was in a cemetery or just had a feeling where to go. As she grew older, she focused on her education and a career in marketing and public relations spanning two decades, until finding herself suddenly psychic.

Laine began her professional writing career at the age of sixteen as a student editor for *The Purple Cow*, an Atlanta monthly, before earning an Economics degree at Agnes Scott College, an MBA from Georgia State University, and then completing postgraduate business studies at Georgia Tech, the University of London, and the University of Tours. Her corporate career spanned two decades in the capacity of director/vice president, building businesses, positioning brands, and launching products for major corporations and start-up companies. However, in 2004, Laine moved to a haunted house on an old Maryland plantation and life has never been the same. Since then, she has worked as an investigative medium helping historians, historical organizations, authors, archaeologists, and law enforcement, discover details about history.

Laine's future plans include writing more about her adventures, driving to swim practice, and continuing to scrub tomb stones. Laine lives on the property of an eighteenth century plantation in Derwood, Maryland with her husband Chris, teenage twins, and Jack Russell Terrier, Pete.

Please visit www.LaineCrosby.com for more books, tv shows, and stories.