

Ghost Dancing

Rex Patrick Haire, Ph.D.

Korima



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Introduction

I believe in the existence of a Supreme Being, that consciousness survives death, that each of us has an unlimited immortal soul, that disembodied spirits may communicate with and/or enter a human host, that there are limitless dimensions of existence, each with its unique inhabitants, and that communication between individuals living in different planes can occur when conditions allow. My beliefs are based on the sworn accounts of serious investigators of so-called *paranormal* phenomena and on my personal experiences and those of my former wife Marjorie Anne Haire (now Maryam El Gamel) over a period of fifteen years. During that time, we experienced so many strange events that *paranormal* became *normal* for us and we enjoyed having close relationships with numerous individuals who live in alternate dimensions. A complete account of those contacts can be found in the five volumes of *Faeries, Angels, Indians and Aliens*. This book is a summary of contacts we had with the spirits of indigenous people who died in North America years ago. Those contacts occurred because Marjorie allowed those spirits (and many others) to enter her body and then “stepped aside”, allowing them to express themselves conversationally and artistically.

I hope you will enjoy *Ghost Dancing*. We certainly did!

Rex Patrick Haire, Ph.D.

Acknowledgments

First, last, and always, I thank the Creator Of All That Exists for inspiring me to write this and other books about His plans and His deeds. I generally refer to God as Creator, I AM, Breath, or Father. I am certain that I AM arranged and blessed the union between Marjie and me for our benefit and the benefit of many others, not all of whom were human. Marjie's loving, generous nature made the events described in these books possible and she deserves the thanks and praise of all who read them. Without the training she received from her guardian angel Alta Sha, Marjie would not have become an extraordinarily gifted channel through whom interdimensional entities could freely express themselves to humans. I am eternally grateful to the Indian spirits, the angels, the extraterrestrials and the faeries who channeled through her and still bless our lives. I am grateful for several human friends who also came to know and love those entities, thereby helping us along our spiritual path. Finally, I wish to thank my son Ben for his steadfast support in all things as I completed this last book.

Ghost Dancing

Chapter One: Finding The Light

I was devastated when cancer took Terresa, my beloved, forty-four year old wife, in February, 1993. My belief in God had helped me survive other major losses and I knew from experience that helping others helped me to cope with grief. I had a lot of time for other projects after her death, so I decided to open a new office devoted exclusively to psychotherapy and prayed for God's help.

Things that seemed like answers quickly began to happen. I received an invitation to attend a seminar in which several prominent hypnotherapists would discuss the use of hypnosis in the treatment of traumatized clients. I had always been interested in hypnotherapy but had not concentrated on it as a treatment technique and welcomed the opportunity to learn from several practitioners. At the conference, I met an experienced hypnotist who agreed to let me observe her methods with three of her voluntary clients in her home office. I liked her induction methods and each of them had very interesting trance experiences. I also noticed the newly published book, *Regression Therapy, a Handbook for Professionals* by Winafred B. Lucas, Ph.D., which was perfect for my needs, for it contained detailed descriptions of the methods and results obtained by a number of prominent hypnotherapists.

My plans were further enhanced when I was asked to evaluate a patient with suicidal intent, partially caused by previously suppressed memories of being sexually abused by her father beginning at four years of age and continuing until her teens. She was gang raped at age 18, had been physically and mentally abused by two prior husbands, had lost two premature babies only hours after they were born, had survived a house fire set by a prior husband who made sure all his possessions but not hers had been removed, had been seduced by her obstetrician, and was

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being verbally abused by her current spouse. It was no wonder that she was manifesting symptoms of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

In our first meeting Marjie responded very well to relaxation suggestions, leading me to believe she was a good candidate for hypnotherapy. After several days of inpatient therapy, a trial visit to her home and husband was attempted. Unfortunately, he verbally abused her, resulting in renewed suicidal thoughts. A compassionate Deputy Sheriff talked her out of shooting herself and returned her to the psychiatric unit. She was placed in a safe room under suicidal watch.

She had new symptoms resembling an identity disorder and I was asked to evaluate her again. Upon entering the room, I was told by an entity speaking in a girl's child-like voice that she had *set Marjie aside* because she was too distressed to answer any more questions. I agreed not to ask questions and instead gave Marjie the relaxation suggestions that had worked for her in the past. She responded well and was able to rest.

Although her behavior suggested multiple personality, I was not convinced. The childlike entity continued to manifest in a protective manner when Marjie was under stress and occasionally gave the staff verbal suggestions or notes written in a childlike scrawl. Instead of denying the reality of the entity, the treating psychiatrist adopted a tolerant, wait and see approach, which I appreciated.

Marjie agreed to another meeting with me and easily entered a deep trance. I instructed her to enter a hallway containing several closed doors and to find the one that would lead to very beneficial experience. When it was located I asked her to describe it.

"It's a big wooden door with intricate carvings all over it. The doorknob and hinges are made of pure gold. It's beautiful!"

"Admire it for a moment. When you're ready, open it and enter."

"I'm afraid to."

"Wait until you feel calm enough to open it. Remember, there's a good experience waiting for you behind that door."

A few seconds later she said, "Alright, I'm ready now."

"Go in as slowly as you like and tell me what you see."

With tears of joy she exclaimed, "It's a paradise! I'm standing on a hill looking over a beautiful valley. The grass is so green! There are flowers and trees. At the end of the valley, there's a gorgeous Light surrounded by a rainbow. I want to go to that Light. I know where this is! This is heaven!"

I was convinced that God was answering my prayers and couldn't stop the grateful tears that flowed from my own eyes. I thought, *The therapist isn't supposed to cry*. I struggled to swallow the lump in my throat and said, "Look for a path that will lead you to the Light."

"A stone path off to my right leads down into the valley. There's a stream running beside it. Can I go?"

"Certainly."

"Children are playing leapfrog on the grass. They're running and jumping and rolling down the hill, having a wonderful time! I wish I could play with them."

"You can if you want to."

"No, I might get my pretty white dress dirty. I always wanted to have a dress like this. It has ruffles and bows all over. I'm wearing shiny white shoes and white socks with lace on them. I'm going down the path next to a border of trees, getting closer to the Light. I'm here! This is God's Light! I've never felt such love and acceptance!"

"Don't try to talk. Just enjoy what's happening. You can tell me about it later."

After several seconds she said, "I'm ready to come back now."

"Find the path that leads back to the door and follow it."

"There are the children again. Do you think I could play with them?"

"I think you need to play very much. It would be good for you to enjoy yourself for a change. This is heaven, you know."

She laughed and said, "This is fun!" Several seconds passed. "Okay, I'm ready to come back."

"I will count from one to ten, and with each number you will feel

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yourself becoming a little more alert until you are fully awake and aware of your body and your surroundings in this room. You will feel refreshed and wonderful.”

Happy tears filled her eyes as she emerged from the trance. She remarked, “I’ve never seen a doctor cry before.” I handed her a box of tissues and took one for myself.

I said, “I often cry when I see beautiful things happening to others. I feel blessed to have witnessed your trip to heaven. I wasn’t expecting anything so awesome.”

She beamed. “It was so real! I never felt anything like the love that came from that Light. Thank you so much.”

“There’s no need to thank me. All I did was to lead you to a hallway of doors. You did the rest and God supplied what you needed. It was an answer to prayer, wasn’t it?”

“Yes! I never felt such total acceptance. He didn’t care anything about my faults and mistakes. He loved me just as I am.”

“Isn’t it great to know you don’t have to be perfect to receive such love, to know that God wants you to be happy and to love yourself the way He does? Do you think you can do that?”

“I can try.”

“Good. I want you to go and think about everything that happened and let it sink in. I think you’ll start to feel much better.”

“Thank you again. Do you mind if I give you a hug?” We enjoyed a brief embrace.

By the time Marjie was ready to go home, I was convinced that the child was an entirely separate individual. Marjie, who was blonde and blue eyed thought so too, partly because she perceived her as being a child of around 8 years old with flaming orange hair and green eyes. She named her Little One.

Because Marjie was such a good candidate for hypnotherapy, she agreed to my offer to treat her without charge. In our first appointment, Little One quickly manifested, requiring proof that my therapy would not be too stressful. She readily accepted my offer to demonstrate how I would help her overcome one of her own fears. She said she didn’t like snakes, so I took her on an imaginary visit to a zoo where she was allowed to hold a snake and

discover that she had nothing to fear and actually could enjoy playing with it. Little One approved of my method and was very happy that I treated her as a real and separate individual.

Our sessions often began with Little One playing humorous word games with me. Marjie often described Little One's comical "stunts", such as riding a tricycle under water. Though they might seem silly or nonsensical their relevance would often be revealed in normal waking experiences. Little One's escapades sometimes referred to future events that affected me as well as Marjie. We became a team, and Little One was providing helpful information to both of us.

For example, in one early trance session Little One escorted Marjie to a cemetery where she was shown a sunken grave in front of a simple, upright headstone. A breeze blew away the words inscribed on it before Marjie could read them, but in their place symbols appeared which Marjie described to me and later drew:

"They're in a row from left to right. The first one is a pair of vertical, parallel lines. A 6 and a 9 touching each other come next, followed by an infinity sign. Then comes a number 3 with an extra long tail on the bottom and after that there's a straight line leaning to the right with a small circle attached near its top. Then there's something that looks like a shooting star followed by a single eye. Above the row of marks, there's a large, open rose on a stem that has two leaves. There's another eye in the center of the rose. I don't know what any of this means."

"Ask Little One what it means."

"She says it's a secret and we'll find out later."

In another session Marjie said, "I see Little One. She's squatting down and drawing a picture in the dirt with a stick. The first part is three crescent moons. They represent seasons. Next is a stick figure of a man with his arms raised and just below him she's drawing a stick figure of a horse. I guess that means he's going to travel. Now she's making a group of circles. Three of them sit side by side with a fourth one under them and a line below it. There's another circle below the line. The circles represent spirits. Now she's drawing a circle with rays coming from it, like a child's

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drawing of the sun. Next come two peaks side by side. Now she's drawing the stick man again with his arms stretched out toward the mountains. It's the same man as before but somehow he's different. Last she is drawing many little circles fading into the distance. They stand for thousands of people. That's all." We discovered much later that the thousands of people were probably Native American spirits and the changed man was me.

Because so many serendipitous events had occurred leading up to meeting and working with Marjie, we both believed it was God's will that we begin living together. We had sessions almost daily, which accelerated her improvement, and Little One was always close at hand. A few months passed before Little One revealed that her true name is Perithnea (Per ith' ne a) and that she is a genuine faery (her spellings). She said faeries' job was to bring happiness into the universe and to individuals, and that she had chosen Marjie's name from the *Book of Suffering*. Much later she revealed that she had chosen my name as well. True to her purpose, Perithnea often did things that made us laugh. She said she could adopt any form that she chose, but she preferred to appear to Marjie as an 8 year old child. On several occasions, she appeared as a tiny but very bright speck of Light. If Marjie needed my support but hadn't asked for it, Perithnea would let me know. When Marjie was incapacitated and I wasn't available, she would answer the phone to schedule an appointment or do household chores. She was a dear companion whose company I always welcomed.

Chapter Two: Guardian Angels

Marjie and I had dealt with past traumas through several trance sessions before she asked to have one devoted to spiritual growth. After saying my usual prayer for I AM's assistance, I induced the trance and led Marjie into the Light, whereupon she said, "A man is here. He's old and not very tall. He has the most loving and kind expression I have ever seen. His eyes see right through me. He knows everything there is to know about me and he loves me completely."

"Is it someone you know?"

"I have never seen him before but I feel as if I have always known him. He says he is my guard and my guide, an angel of God! He was sent by the Creator to watch over and protect me, but it was by his own choice." Tears flowed from her eyes as she continued, "He won't tell me his name because it's not important. He is here only to serve I AM and the credit for any blessings I receive should go to Him. He wants me to travel with him. There are things he wants to show me."

"Then go. You'll be safe with him. Tell me what you see."

"We're flying through space! We're going so fast! There are stars all around us. This is incredible! We have stopped. We're in a room. He says I must wait here while he gets permission for me to enter the next one. The room is very beautiful. The walls seem to be made of stone. They feel like pearl, but they're full of swirling colors that keep changing. I could watch them for hours."

"He's back. He says my name is in the book and we are allowed to enter. We're passing through huge doors that are made of the same substance as the walls." She gasped, awed by what lay before her. "I see two long lines of guards facing each other. They are what the *Bible* calls Hosts. They're magnificent, big, muscular

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