

Tall tales but true.

Devic possession from Thailand

She was a strong roman catholic. Unusual for people in my friendship circles. Most are just agnostics. "Be careful when you go that Chinese Mediations Master in Thailand. Bad things happen there."

I took it with a grain of salt. Well a scoop of soy sauce – it was in Singapore.

She was right of course in the 5 week period many strange things did happen. (See link) Lots of people were brought in by friends and relatives with problems. Most were possessions coming to be cured. Even I got quite good at removing unwanted attachments. But usually the master shook his head and said, "You know it is a waste of time, that person is open to possessions, another will come along."

But I was going to tell you about my possession. Looking back I think it started on one of those too hot pre monsoon days that hit the Thai rice paddies with 40 plus and as much water as the air will hold. The locals call them "roll over days" you lie on the tile floor and roll over when the tiles have absorbed all your heat and plonk down on another cool patch. So hot that one sort of excarnates.

Now where I was living was a just behind the ancient Monastery graveyard. And indeed there were things in it.

But all that's hindsight – a construct after the event, after the story had run its course.

The next thing I noticed was a couple of months later, I kept feeling "I'm tired, I sick of this being alive, I want to go."

Now, it wasn't depression, it was just tiredness, a heaviness, a wish to pass on to an easier place without the weight of the body to be moved around.

It seemed natural at the time. The complexity of life seemed an unnecessary bother.

Well, to cut a long story short ... I went off one day to have lunch why my friend Barbara, Opps this needs a digression Barb and I have done lots of spiritual work together over the years. Site visiting, Deva work, spiritual projects – even a small publishing venture together. We knew and trusted each other's inner sincerity.

Siting in the crowded restaurant Barb asked me how Philip (Lets call him that) 'was going'. Not having seen Philip for months I responded, "It ages since I've seen him, let me 'go out and check' but please protect me - this is a busy place and there is all sort of stuff has been

left in the air. Barb knows what I was talking about and said, "Sure." Confident of Barb I felt happy to dislocate my consciousness and check on Philip.

Which I did.

When I came back Barb was slumped in her chair. I felt fine.

"Hey what's been going on? Was it an attack by something big?"

"No. Nothing like that."

"So what was it?"

"I wish I knew."

So Barb went home to bed and was there for four days, stunned and flat.

We spoke on the phone and both came to a same conclusion by via or separate techniques.

There was an entity inside me, well around me, attached if you will. Its aim was to kick "me" out and take over possession of the higher, thinking part of my body. Leaving my body and everyday personality of "me" in place. The intention was to use my shell (so to say) as a puppet to become alive once again.

Was it a long dead Buddhist monk from the cemetery? Not quite, it was a strange mixture of dead monk and a Deva being of that hung around the cemetery, the mix was near human enough to wish to experience human identity and be in a position to able to do so.

It was what Barb encountered when she was protecting the real full 'me'. She was able to exhume the Monk/Deva hybrid from my body. But it cost her considerable energy to do the job.

I guess the question in this web site is, "Could this casting out of higher mind be done by earthy magicians?"

And, even more significantly, "could consciousness from intergalactic space do the same?"

I believe the answer is yes

