

Kids Who See Ghosts and Their Parents

Creativity is the power to connect the seemingly unconnected.

—William Plomer

Children who see ghosts may see them not only in their childhood, but also in adulthood, even after they forget about their early ghost experiences. As a teacher, I worked with highly creative and imaginative children with special needs. My task then was to help them get through school by finding ways to help them learn and cope with the stress of what they faced each day. Whether in elementary, middle, or high school, most of the students were highly intuitive, and a few of them had what they called angels or guides to help them learn. I would never have known that these students' coping skills included a "wise friend" unless they had trusted me enough to tell me.

Two of my former students contacted me as adults, and we had further conversations of how my validation had given them hope and helped them learn. They explained that they had shut down their connections to their guides when they reached adulthood, but those doorways always popped open again, just like my perception reappeared during my Peruvian travels, as related in the following story about the monk who took the hot water.

The Monk Who Stole My Hot Shower

Weary, but enthusiastic, our little group of Americans arrived in the breathtaking city of Cuzco, Peru, mythical capital of the Incan empire and gateway to Machu Picchu. Less than a hundred years ago, Hiram Bingham discovered Machu Picchu hidden in the vastness of the Andes Mountains, at eight thousand feet above sea level. I was with a group who had come together to visit and learn more about this amazing place.

In Cuzco, which lies about fifty miles northwest of Machu Picchu, we arrived at a large courtyard off the main square and saw our hotel, a two-story, U-shaped building. The proprietor explained that this 350-year-old structure was once an elegant private residence owned by a Spanish lord and frequented by Vatican emissaries and Spanish nobleman. He led us to metal tables in the courtyard and served us mate de coca (coca tea), the local remedy for altitude sickness.

I craved warmth and rest due to the heatstroke I'd experienced at the "Candelabra of the Andes," the enormous geoglyph at Pisco Bay. I felt cold like ice since the heatstroke and having moved to different altitudes. Within the same week, our group visited the Nazca Desert and then journeyed higher in altitude to Cuzco. Our next leg of the journey would be Machu Picchu. The courtyard of this old mansion was filled with colorful flowers that I didn't stop to enjoy. My mantra had become, "Hot shower, hot shower." I chose a large old key for a second-floor room; opened the room's heavy, carved door; and dropped all of my belongings on the bed. Then I stripped and ran to the broom-closet-sized shower stall to turn on the water. But only cold water drizzled from the showerhead; it wasn't even warm. For the next three hours, I spoke

Copyright © 2010 *Kids Who See Ghosts* by Caron B. Goode

Reprinted with permission of Red Wheel Weiser

Available at any bookstore or through the publisher at orders@redwheelweiser.com or 1-800-423-7087.

to the tour guide, the owner of the inn, and the patrons whose bathroom backed up to mine. I found no reason my room had no hot water.

Only when I was out of patience and near tears did the ghost who had haunted this room for the last 350 (so he said) years appear with a few answers. The room took on a cold, chilled air when a short, olive-skinned man stepped out from behind the red velvet drapery that covered the window. His eyes were penetrating, and his manner was intense, as if he were riddled with anxiety. He spoke Spanish, and I did not. Yet I understood him on an unspoken level. He sought help, and I saw in his mind the images of Spanish conquistadors beheading natives with long, curved swords.

Thank heavens, my roommate, Rosa, from Colombia, spoke Spanish fluently and offered to translate his story for me. Rosa sat on a wooden chair, and I stood behind her with my hands on her shoulders. We went into silence, inviting the ghost to communicate however he could. The manner in which our communication took place was interesting because three levels occurred simultaneously in addition to the feelings of cold that we associated with the ghost. In the first level of telepathic communication, the ghost spoke Spanish to Rosa, who spoke to me in English. The second level was that I received the images the friar described in Spanish before Rosa translated in English to me. The third level was that Rosa was also receiving images, which she couldn't stop to describe and which we didn't need, as it turned out. Since the brain "speaks" by sending and receives images, unfiltered through Spanish or English, this form of communication makes perfect sense.

Rosa related that the friar knew he was dead, had died in the room hundreds of years previously, and was scared to move on because of his fear of going to hell, which had been ingrained in his thoughts from his life as a monk. He confessed that he was forced into a conspiracy to kill others and then started enjoying the act of killing. We never understood how many people he killed. When he was to return to Spain, he didn't go, but elected to stay in Peru in hopes of making amends for his horrendous sins. He had been haunted by his own fears and guilt for hundreds of years.

The friar's memories, as I viewed them, included the friar poisoning food and plunging a sword into a native. While I had no obvious way to confirm the information, Rosa and I validated the experience based on the similar images we'd seen.

The friar asked to be released from this space and helped to a place where he could move on. When I asked about the hot water, he indicated that he messed with it in order to get our attention, and he was successful. Indeed! When I asked if he would restore the hot water, he said yes. I called upon angels until we felt warmth and light fill the cold room. The friar also saw the light. He restored our hot water, walked into the light-filled area, and vanished. After that, Rosa and I felt the room temperature returning to normal. And then, I went to stand for a long time under the steaming water.

Learn from All Experiences

My former students related to me how they learned from their childhood guides. Even if initially frightened, they moved through their fears and arrived at acceptance so that any experiences with spirit walkers they had as adults brought further learning. I also learned something new from the experience with the friar.

When Rosa and I called upon angels to fill the room with light, which was a doorway that the friar used to move on, we felt completely “in the moment.” Drawing from some inner experience or knowledge, I intuitively knew what action to take. I have used this image of a doorway of light in a dozen ways in my work with children and adults through the years. Some examples include:

- Eight-year-old Maria and I created a ritual for her to bury her hamster in her backyard, and she imagined that the hamster spirit scampered through a door of light after we buried the body.
- To calm anxiety in clients who are learning stress management or dealing with chronic illness, an easy technique is to envision this doorway of light, walk through it, and sit in the warmth and tenderness exuded by the light.
- In hospice work, when a client or friend is ready to pass over to the other side, the easiest way to prepare oneself is to imagine the doorway of light as a welcoming passage.