

Obsession Stranger Than Fiction

(A True Case History of a Complete Obsession), 1960

by Ernest L. Norman

To those who do not believe that ghosts, spirit apparitions or that the dead can come back to haunt us or to wreak their personal vengeance on some unfortunate person who may be completely unaware that he is being obsessed, then read this story. The pages of history, both written and unwritten, are filled with stories and references of gods and demons. Spirits of the earth, air, fire and water were included and worshipped by many ancient and semi-historical races and nations of peoples. Even in this so-called civilized era, a large portion of the people of the earth encompass some form of rituals or beliefs which include such spiritualistic concepts.

No doubt, there are many that you know, or perhaps you yourself unwittingly subscribe to such beliefs which had their origin from some ancient cabalistic or spiritist concept. Pet superstitions and aversions are often coupled with such derivations. One of the strongest and perhaps the most pertinent and important concepts which deal with the extrasensory or external causations is known and practiced as exorcism, or the casting out of evil spirits. We are all familiar with the story in the New Testament where Jesus cast out the devils from a demented man and they entered a herd of swine who promptly cast themselves into the sea. If we choose to make a search, we will find innumerable references and stories of such nature, not only in the Bible but in various history books or in those of occult nature. It has been the general practice of the modern psychologists and doctors to pooh-pooh such stories as nonsense; in spite of the great and overwhelming abundance of evidence, he states flatly, "there ain't no such animal".

Even his own practice could very well yield cases in which such extrasensory or obsessive influences could enter in. Moreover, he has also ignored another factor which is of vital importance, namely, that of reincarnation. Our modern savants have not yet grasped the idea of man's spiritual nature and of its many evolutions through what is called time and space. As a result of such "ain't so" attitudes, our prisons and asylums are filled to overflowing. Countless thousands drift in and out of clinics and hospitals, indirect victims of this abysmal ignorance.

It has truly been said that the lessons of life are never learned outside of the school of experience. We never grasp the full importance of some facet of understanding or truth until it happens to us, or at least to someone who is close and dear. The stigma of insanity or mental disorders is one with which no person cares to become even remotely associated, yet paradoxically, we ourselves have, in being participants in creating and activating social structures which sanction such ignorant and negative criticisms, may actually become unwitting victims of our own prejudices.

One of these typical cases happened in my own family, or rather, to a man my sister married. Their three fine children as well as the generations which follow will carry this stigma, and well it could have been averted. The modern psychiatrist does, like any doctor in the practice of his art, use long and impressive nomenclature to describe various facets or conditions of such science. Many of these terms we have become familiar with and through the various channels of educational nature, we have learned something of their true value.

Schizophrenia or dual (split) personality is one; another is manic-depressive. Many stories, motion pictures, etc., have often depicted some form of either one or the other, or both. A manic-depressive is a somewhat advanced state of insanity in which the victim exhibits alternately moods of extreme depression or of elation and grandeur. The truth of the matter is, present-day

psychiatry does not, or cannot, give an absolute factual reason for causation; they say extreme conditions of frustration induced by tensions in some form from our modern daily living, etc. These are only contributing elements which enter into breaking down the natural positive spiritual resistance to obsession. Under such temporary breakdowns, a low astral entity can, and nearly always does, enter in and take either partial or complete possession of the victim. Cure would be relatively simple if the factor of such obsessions were understood; unfortunately, modern psychiatry does not. The only partially effective therapy yet devised is either removal from the familiar thought patterns and rest, or shock treatments. In the latter treatment, the electric shock therapy administered to the brain of the patient does temporarily “jar” the obsessing entity from his hold by changing some element of frequency which is associated with the frequency spectrum sometimes referred to as brain waves, etc.

I have gone to some length to explain some of these facets in order that you may better understand what happened to this brother-in-law. We will begin our narration back in 1926 in a small town near San Diego, California. Bert, as I will call him, was teaching a high school class—a fine man in his early thirties with a wife and three youngsters. There was nothing about him which would denote anything abnormal, or of the years ahead which were to be filled with strange and terrible experiences. Along in the Fall of that year, Bert began to exhibit some rather strange characteristics. He bought large quantities of expensive jewelry, all on credit. He stocked his place with pens of very expensive fur-bearing rabbits. He talked rather wildly at times of great things he was about to do; other times he appeared very quiet and almost sad.

These were, of course, symptoms of the oncoming manic-depressive stage. Finally he broke down. I am not entirely familiar with what actually happened at that time other than he was

incarcerated. It is still told that he tore out the bars from his cell and escaped into the nearby hills. A posse of seven husky deputies cornered him and it took all of their utmost efforts to bring him back! He even tore up a straight jacket!

It is a common trait of an obsessed person to have abnormal strength while the astral entity is in control. Such strength comes from not only the physical body but from numerous entities which aid in and participate in each obsession. During the next twenty some odd years, there was a continual and ever-increasing recurrence of these "spells". As fast as he was nursed back to health, it was a question of time until he would have another attack. At first they were spaced several years apart. During these first lengthy intervals, he went back to teaching and became his otherwise very fine self. I was informed of many of these spells. It always seemed he would try to escape into the mountains. Efforts to escape his confinements were very violent in nature; his arms were scarred from the chains which he repeatedly broke. Fire hoses were played upon him until he nearly drowned, and many other extreme measures taken. Finally with the advent of the shock therapy, a way was found to shorten these ever-increasing periods. He would be hauled off to the clinic and shocked out of it.

During these many years, he had been living with his wife and family in the state of Utah whereas natives of that state, they had returned after the San Diego episode. It had been my habit for many years to visit my folks in this state, as we are also natives. In 1952, I made one of my periodic visits and staying a few days at my sister's place, circumstance was such that a full investigation was made of Bert's case. I had actually never witnessed an attack or "spell" but was tremendously intrigued when sister told me that he always assumed a different personality while so obsessed. She said his skin took on a coppery hue, his arms seemed longer, facial expression was entirely different, in fact, as she stated, he looked like an Indian! Further inquiry revealed startling facts. When

suddenly seized, he would make a break for the hills, shedding his clothing as he ran. After many miles, he would wind up on a nearby Indian reservation; there he would be found squatting in some teepee engaged in guttural conversation with his Indian hosts. Normally, he could not speak a word of their language. Finally, the whole story came out and went something like this:

He was born in a small mountain valley in Northern Utah in a normal way in the early 1890's. His parents' home stood on an old Indian trail. As of that time, the country was still wild and sparsely settled; roving bands of Indians frequently appeared, fortunately, all friendly. Then one day when Bert was about three years old, he was badly frightened. He and his mother were eating their noonday meal when suddenly a huge seven-foot Blackfoot chief stood inside the door. He was brandishing a big butcher knife, his face was streaked with white paint, bear claws dangled from his neck, his eyes glowed with anger and hate. The mother, although badly frightened, was a pioneer woman and resourceful. She managed by gifts of food to quiet the murderous savage down sufficiently to get his story.

In broken English he explained that another Indian had stolen his wife and that they had passed there just a short while before, and he was out to get them. We do not know for sure if he did, but it is quite likely that he did, for there was a fight in which the participants all died to become vengeful entities and roam the astral worlds. It was many years later in the chain of negative circumstances that this big Indian would, at times, take over this now-grown man and make of him his living earthly image! The rest is merely factual. The boy passed an ordinary succession of years of grade, high school and finally emerged a graduate of a prominent university. He, like everyone, had a major interest which was baseball. In this he excelled and by graduation time had won honors on the various campuses in this sport. His life ambition was to be a big-league baseball-player, but plans of careers often

go astray. After graduation, he met and married my sister. She prevailed upon him to give up this, what seemed then a rather precarious outlook, as she took a rather dim view of anything outside of the rather stable, secluded way of life which a teacher's professorship would bring. It was this frustration which in time tore down the natural protective elements of a positive way of life and became the open sesame for this roving astral Indian to come in and take over.

This was made possible because his picture and his vibration were firmly engraved in the subconscious mind of Bert, in the shock and fright encountered as a small lad of three; in other words—psychosomatic shock. I do not know if Bert is still living or not as I have not heard from sister for years; my letters are unanswered but, living or dead, I feel sure Bert would feel happy and in some way compensated for what he went through if his story could help some other unfortunate victims. For the sake of posterity let it be said, his scars and sufferings were not incurred through any of his faults or shortcomings. The blame for this and countless similar tragic examples of ignorance will have to be met and borne by those who foster the doctrine of self-assured complacency which, in drawing the lines of demarcation, not only mars the lives of their fellowman but stamps their own personality with the black cross of ignorance.

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In going through my mental notes, a more adequate and detailed account of these spells or seizures would be in order. At the beginning he would, as I have described, take on a very odd appearance, seemingly growing taller, his arms longer, his normally blue eyes would take on a glowing murderous red color. Sister said his first impulse would be to try and kill her. For many years she slept in a locked bedroom, the door booby-trapped with pots and pans. When under control of the entity, he would emerge

from his basement bedroom, try to find any kind of a gun or weapon and failing in this, he would “take to the hills”!

I was also told it was necessary to use up to four or five times the usual amount of power or voltage in the shock treatment as would normally be used; he would then just get up and walk off as if nothing had happened. Indeed, he never seemed to remember a single moment of the interval of obsession! His only one reminding semblance of attack would be that he might say or let drop, in some indirect way, that he thought the Indians were the only real people and someday they would reoccupy the country! No doubt, in the last and final years the big Indian entity was never far away and used every advantage possible to obtain control. I wonder sometimes what will happen when Bert and the Indian meet in the world of spirit. Will he be able to free himself or will he have to return to earth and work it from here? The answers to these questions are locked in the sealed book of the future (and in the Unariun texts).

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November 1967—As of this time, and during the past two years, I have again established active communications with my sister and found that Bert is still very much alive and well. My last communication via telephone, as of November 21, 1967, and with some prodding on my part, revealed that since my visit and conversation with her in 1952, Bert has not had one of these Indian seizures! And the atmosphere of their domestic household has remained clear and tranquil!

Quite obviously there was, at that time, one of those miraculous healings wherein the Unariun Brotherhood was able to completely remove the obsessing entity, just as clearly as were the demons cast from the demented man. However, there is still another chapter: During the ensuing years from that time, (I do not know

the exact date), Bert took on another and entirely different type of obsession which manifested itself by causing Bert to become addicted to cigarettes. Now this, in itself, was strange, as Bert was born and reared in the religious environment of the Mormon Church, which forbade the use of tobacco. Furthermore, as an athlete, Bert had never ascribed to the habit. Strange it was then, so it seemed, that in his seventies, he should suddenly take to the weed, and in large quantities.

The final chapter to this part in his drama of life was written about a year ago when Bert was taken to the hospital and operated on for the removal of his gallbladder. While under anesthesia, he was again healed—the obsessing entity or entities which had caused the tobacco habit were removed; and from the time he regained consciousness from the anesthesia, he has been entirely free of the habit. He has not smoked, touched, or even mentioned cigarettes; and once again, from that time on, the atmosphere in my sister's household has remained placid and calm, and free of obnoxious fumes!