

PATTY ANN

SOUL COLLECTOR

*When A Spirit
Speaks from Beyond*

SAMPLE PREVIEW CHAPTERS

Soul Collector *When A Spirit Speaks from Beyond*

By Patty Ann

Edited by Debbie Brunettin

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In Loving Memory of Robert
July 15, 1964 – December 22, 2010

Foreword

When a spirit reaches out from the other side, it is yearning for something—be it acknowledgment, or attention, or freedom from entrapment. It may be as simple as wanting to communicate with another living being. Or telling its story.

Visit one special property where an estranged spirit disrupts its new family. Disoriented, this troubled soul captures the attention of all who trespass. During adverse events, it becomes attached to one human who is able to recognize the perplexity of this being.

Through a series of unsettling encounters, a connection is found between dimensions, which transcends time and space. Curiosity drives one person to explore this happenstance and seek the truth. Walk within the bounds of these pages to find out the origins and the final destiny of *one special soul*. This totally true recollection may not be what you expect.

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The Cabin in the Woods

Property placement and value is all about location. Any landowner can attest to this simple fact. Some boast waterfront tranquility. Others snap up a great city-scape view. Some suffer with the neighbors from hell. Others have no neighbors—at least whom they see.

This story is about an authentic property, one full of intrigue. It encapsulates the essence of understanding communication from outer-dimensional spirits. Call it a ghost story, or an examination—or perhaps it is a dive into supernatural consciousness. In any event, it's a look beyond this 3D realm, and it starts and ends with special events that occurred at my late brother's property.

My brother's property was—and still is—situated in southern Oregon, in close proximity to Crater Lake. It sits at about 2700 feet in elevation. The property boasts 41 acres and is located in a remote region that is, oddly, fairly well inhabited. There are three gates and two other parcels to go over before reaching the final easement to his land. The approach boasts pastures on either side of the road—a stunning welcome for any visitor. The driveway to his house is blocked by another gate.

Beyond the expansive pastureland, the house peeks out from the edge of the woods. Three-quarters of this property is wooded with pines, Douglas fir and other merchantable timbers. There are two spring-fed ponds, one on the left near the house, and the other, an acre pond, out of sight around back.

The house itself was built in the seventies and is rather rough. Indeed, I'm not really sure the term *house* fits—and yet to call its over 4000 square feet a *cabin* would be inadequate. The structure is stout, but not up to code, especially if one were to extract bank financing for it: structurally, it has some crossbeam issues (floor sag). But it is very livable nonetheless.

The property was in bad need of TLC when my brother discovered this gem in the rough. His mission was to bring it back to life. He bought it from an investor who had lost money on this property deal; the former owner bought it to make a quick buck, before the economy turned. This investor had purchased it from a woman who had lived there alone for many years.

There was evidence that large animals inhabited the property at one time. Several areas featured four- to six-foot-high chain-linked fencing surrounds. The property had been on the market for a long time. It had seemingly sat waiting for my brother. It was problematic due to its location and condition. The downturn in the market was of no help and the banks would not loan on it. The seller needed a cash buyer—enter my brother. Robert was a perfect match who won this spot of gold.

Six months earlier, Robert had actually made a cash offer for this same property, but the guy would not budge. After keeping an eye on the property and watching the price drop, about two months later, my brother offered to buy the property again—this time at \$20K less than his original offer. The seller took it.

It may appear strange that I am providing this picture of the whereabouts and a bit on the history of this property—but it was these very characteristics that spawned the events I am about to share.

A Spirit Speaks

Although many would not tackle such a project house, my brother was certainly happy about his good fortune. He got a good buy by most standards, as the land was mineral-rich with timber and fresh water—all attributes he sought. At one time, however, I would not have given one red nickel for the place. Why? It had a spirit who dwelled upon its land. And it was not a good or happy spirit.

After arranging a get-together, my brother, Robert, and I were to spend a week at his place—alone, just the two of us. He gave me directions for entering the house should I arrive before him. I did get there first so I retrieved the hidden key and opened the basement level that also houses the double garages. The house is split over three levels, about 1900 square feet per floor. I entered the basement level to stagnant, dead air, went to the breaker panel and flipped all switches on. We had lights. Thank goodness.

There were many doors in the basement, and naturally I thought one led upstairs. I opened two doors, and with each one, stale negativity hit me quite hard. It kinda creeped me out really, but I just figured I was imagining things. In fact none of these doors went upstairs; the main house was entered from above. My brother arrived about an hour later. Everything was turned on and running by then. We had a good evening catching up; we barbecued our dinner, and had a wonderful reunion of just us two, some brother-sister time.

High altitude does wonders for me. And the mountains and mountain air? Exhilarating! The front deck of the house sits looking to the east and stares right at the face of a cinder cone mountain, a remnant of volcano country. Every morning at dawn I awoke to a surge of new earth energy, so I always took a few moments to saturate in the sunrise before turning back to sleep for another hour.

Volcanic areas along with higher elevations are rich in energy. We sat in the center of Crater Lake, the Oregon Vortex, and atop old volcanoes. The whole area is bathed in age-old mineral-rich energies. These permeated my being and made me feel alive—perhaps even wired into the cosmos.

So, in meditation on his front porch, in the presence of the late afternoon sun that first day, I summoned all the earth's energies and entities to join me. I felt cautioned—that I could be inviting all entities in, even otherworldly ones. Bad spirits? No problem. I'd never experienced one. How bad could it be?

The Nocturnal Menace

The ceremony began that night. After sleeping for a few hours, I awoke at about 03:00 am. needing to relieve myself. The living area of the house faces east, to make the most of the full morning sun that streams in through the windows.

These full picture windows were the source of much taunting as they looked right over my sleeping area. There were actually two adjoining living rooms in a peculiar arrangement. With sleeping bags atop mattresses centered in each room, we each took a room to call our bedroom. The real bedrooms at the end of the house were torn up in various stages of remodeling. There was also a two-story deck adjoining the makeshift living-bedrooms that ran the full length of the house and then wrapped around the north side to connect at ground level in the back.

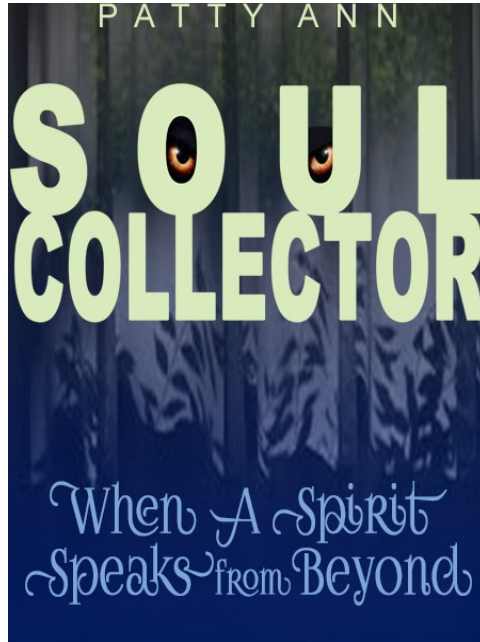
On the living room side, it is one story above ground, atop the garage. At the back, forested, side, this level was flush with the ground. There was a vast upstairs attic room that ran the full length of the house. A person could have parties up there if it weren't so creepy. Although constructed solidly from local timbers, the structure was rough around the edges. Highly use-able yet primitive in design, the function of its layout seemed disconnected. From avocado green to lime yellow, to dark paneling, and wormwood walls, it was a true throwback to yesteryear. This house had a nostalgia and history about it—untouched and trapped in a time warp.

When I first awoke that first night, there roamed a certain presence. I'd say it was a strong being because, typically, at 03:00 am. my attention to such things would not be captured, unless they were intense. Of course it was not my brother; he was asleep behind the wall that separated our two rooms. This was another sort of energy.

First impressions were it felt as if something were looking in the front window at me. It was hovering and perched like a dog would, its paws up on the windowsill. It was staring, looking down at me in my sleeping bag. There was a curiosity about this entity; a kid-like persona that felt right at home. But it was upset too. You know how it is when you feel eyes looking at you? There is a felt presence even though you don't actually see it with your eyes? This was how this spirit initiated itself. Laying on the floor, the top of my scalp felt stared at from the window beyond. I dared to look.

I got up and went to the bathroom, came back, and then the ritual continued. It looked at me from the porch through the sliding glass door on the ground level backside of the house. I looked at it with curiosity. Deep into the night my physical eyes peered. Yet physical sight could not register it. But my soul sense felt it to be rather large, murky in color, cloaked, and wary. My confrontational staring caused it to slink away.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patty Ann is a life-long educator who has taught college, high school, and was an Instructional Designer who wrote training for corporate development. Now Patty authors a variety of genres. From fiction and non-fiction, to real life use-it-now lesson books.

Patty is an avid animal lover. Her book proceeds benefit animal welfare through her **Patty Ann's Pet Project** a 501(c)(3). View more thought provoking books and/or contact Patty through her website at **PattyAnn.net**. Thank you!

