After writing, *Hiding in Plain Sight*, a story about the possible discovery of an Indian Burial Mound on my neighbors’ property, I began to reflect back on my own near death experience, (NDE) three years ago April 2005. I was in church helping out at a funeral for a 17 year old boy in our congregation, when I suffered a near fatal brain aneurysm.

Long story short, I survived unscathed after going through five brain surgeries during my 20 days in the hospital. This event happened three years before, almost to the day of the Indian Burial mound revelation. My doctors later told me, “I was more dead than alive when I was first brought in.” During my hospital stay I had an NDE which included a series of vivid dreams that coincidently came true.

I will talk about two of these many dreams in print for the first time here. In all of these dreams, I was always aware of a very protective superior entity that literally babysat me as I hovered between the two realms of the living and dead. I came to name this entity, “Spirit Face.”
The first dream was good. During one late night surgery, I dreamt I'd turned into a marble size golden phosphorescent orb of light. I somehow made my way to my father’s larynx that had been damaged during a recent surgery. He was terminally ill and only lived another eight months after my dilemma. Knowing he didn’t have long to live, he was greatly frustrated by not being able to voice his final thoughts to the family. In this dream, once I located the problem in his throat, in orb form, I hovered over the damaged spot acting like an eraser on a blackboard.

The following morning, my mother called me and I could hear Dad’s voice clear as a bell in the background. Shocked and happy at the same time I asked, “When did Dad get his voice back?” Mom replied, “Late last night while you were in surgery, he kept pointing to his throat as if he felt something. Then he woke me up 5:00 this morning to tell me he could speak again.”

The second dream was like no NDE I’d ever heard of. Spirit Face took me on a journey to see my former boss who’d been backstabbing me and endangering my safety. This former boss’s actions did force me to quit my job when I wouldn’t help cover
up political corruption going on under his watch. Several months after I quit working for him, he almost got too close to me with his vehicle as I was walking through a local parking lot. Apparently, Spirit Face was quite angry at my former boss, Dan.

Spirit Face and I somehow made our way to my former boss’s armpit. I telepathically asked, “What are we doing in Dan’s armpit?” Spirit Face replied, “I’m going to mess with his DNA.” This dream haunted me for about two years as I wondered what kind of guardian angel would want to do such a thing. You can imagine how spooked I was when I did learn Dan was dying of a lymphoma disease he was diagnosed with not long after this dream.

After writing about the Indian burial mound, I began to wonder who could be interred in it. It is a large mound and after research learned usually the tribe’s elite members were interred in the larger mounds. The elite included Chiefs and Shamans. Then I began to research about Shamans.

As per Wikipedia, [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shamanism](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shamanism), a Shaman with help from the spirit world can both heal and cause illness. Many times after an NDE a tribal member would hear the spiritual calling and become a Shaman themselves. After reading this, the hair on back of my neck literally stood up on end. I was now aware of what Spirit Face was and where he came from. The next question, did Spirit Face want me to act as a kind of White/Indian hybrid mediator between the white and the red, the living and the dead.

I’m not ready for the full blown responsibility of becoming a Shaman, but decided Spirit Face did want me to tell someone in authority in my realm, the land we’re living on is considered sacred burial ground. Spirit Face doesn’t seem to mind our co-existence but is tired of hiding in plain sight. I took the first arrowhead I found over to neighbors, a sheriff and his school teacher wife; I felt could be discreet in getting
my information to the right political leaders, one who grew up in this very neighborhood.

So far, things in the neighborhood seem to be calm, though some of the cops who live here look somewhat stunned. Perhaps they heard something through the “Blue Grapevine.” Perhaps like me, they wonder how this will affect our property values if this neighborhood secret gets out. Then the Indian side of me came out.

Remembering the power Spirit Face exhibited during my NDE “dreams,” sometimes it’s better to risk a few real estate dollars then to incur the wrath of something so spiritually powerful, we’re literally living on top of. If making select members of this new neighborhood aware of the old neighborhood we’re built on is Spirit Face’s only request, then I don’t think that’s too much to ask for.

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Hiding in Plain Sight

Two weeks after my first backyard Indian Arrowhead find, I found several more. April is a busy outdoor clean up time for me and it was while weeding in the same area where I found the first, several more were unearthed. One arrowhead find is no big deal, but finding several in one area means something more was going on in that particular spot. Possibly some kind of religious ceremony was held in my backyard hundreds to maybe thousands of years ago. This could explain the earlier chanting heard that I wrote about in a previous story, Indian Arrowhead Spirit.

Later that night, tired from all my gardening, I fell into a
deep sleep on my living room couch during the Jay Leno show. My husband knows to just throw a blanket on me when I’m sleeping soundly. Usually, I wake up around 3:00 am and make my way to bed. This night was no different, except when I woke up I saw a bright white tennis ball size orb light hovering outside the octagon window. I watched fascinated for at least a minute as it flew by the window twice leaving a light trail each time. Whatever it was, it finally left.

This latest incident left me not so much scared but curious. I began to ponder the possibility there may be an energy source on my property or one of my neighbors, this and other past orb sightings may be originating from. Could there be a nearby unmarked grave or cemetery from a few hundred years ago?

I woke up the next morning and began to research the new arrowhead finds. Many of them looked exactly like the arrowheads in the Wikipedia picture. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Image:Arrow_Head_1.JPG

More research revealed arrowheads were left at the base of Indian Burial Mounds as a tribute. The adrenalin rush was such I don’t remember running out back to the brick retaining wall separating my property from my neighbors odd berm shaped property abruptly rising 4 to 5 feet higher than mine.

Like the southern Indian tribes, Long Island’s Algonquian Indians also created burial mounds. When a person died, their wigwam was moved to the burial area. The deceased was then placed inside in a sitting or standing position depending on the tribe’s burial customs. The whole structure was then covered with dirt. Over time the burial mound would get larger and higher as more people and wigwams were interred.


For the past 18 years of living here, I’ve always thought
their backyard was the strangest shaped hill I’d ever seen. Now I was seeing it in a whole new light. Could this be the suspect cemetery hiding in plain sight all these years? Just in case, I discreetly planted flowers and hung a dream catcher near the retaining wall as a tribute to those who may be resting there.

On a lighter note, I secretly named my female neighbor, “Yakkity Woman,” because I’ve never seen her without a phone glued to the side of her face. Since this revelation, I watch with newfound amusement the surreal scene whenever she walks across the mound towards her tomato garden, (something I’ll never look at quite the same), talking non-stop on the phone, clueless as to what may be under there.

Between her, landscapers and incessantly barking dogs, my own included, I wonder what my newly found mound neighbors think of this noisy suburb coexisting above them. I’m amazed they haven’t dug themselves out to find a quieter place to rest.

I’ve no intention of telling my neighbors of my suspicion as it would only upset them. They’ve lived there for 22 years apparently without incident. Sometimes it’s just better to keep things to one’s self.

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**Shape-Shifters Among Us**

As a child, I wasn’t exposed to the culture of my Cree Indian ancestry or any American Indian culture for that matter. Anything I learned was through my own research as an adult.

The shape-shifter belief common in many tribes was something I
couldn’t logically comprehend. How could a human change into an animal, bird or anything else it wanted, at will? Surely this was just folklore; unless, these shape-shifters weren’t human to begin with.

One day last year, 2007, I put on the Discovery channel. It was the first time I’d ever seen or heard of David Ickes, a conspiracy theorist. While I’m still pondering his many claims, his Reptoid theory caused my Indian light bulb to finally flash on concerning shape-shifters.

Ickes believes Reptoid beings cohabit the Earth with us and have been here as long as humans, maybe longer. Unlike us, they evolved from reptiles instead of primates and live underground. He also believes their intelligence is superior to ours. Most interesting, like chameleons, they have the ability to blend in with their environment to the point of shape-shifting, even into human form.

Navajo stories I researched regarding their elder shape-shifting snake brothers living below their tribal grounds, finally made sense. However, this means, while we’ve all been searching the night skies for signs of alien life and UFO’s, we merely had to look in our own backyards. Every insect, animal, bird and human, (especially that weird neighbor) is suspect for being a shape-shifter.

I don’t mean to sound tongue-in-cheek, but as I write this essay on my front porch, I suddenly don’t like the sideways look a squirrel is giving me from my front lawn. Now imagine the massive paranoia and hysteria, if society found out for sure shape-shifters really are among us in human form and running the world’s governments. If this is indeed a fact, I doubt this is something any government would want to readily share with the human faction.

As wild as some of David Ickes claims may seem, maybe we should step back a moment and consider what the Indian nations
may have already known about and casually accepted for centuries. Shape-shifting aliens have been here all along. They’re among us and there’s really not a whole lot we can do about it.


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**Yo Hablo Espanol**

“Everyone who comes to America should learn to speak English.” If I only had a nickel for every time I heard this idealistic statement. This statement might work in a perfect world, but our world is far from perfect.

My interest in learning the Spanish language began several years ago. My husband and I were involved with all aspects of traffic safety and received a government grant to open a bilingual traffic safety education site for Spanish speaking immigrants; many who are driving cars without a license, etc. Our hopes were to make our community safer for both English and Spanish speaking residents. Sadly, the plans had to be scrapped when our supervisor resigned from his job due to an unrelated matter.

My husband plans to retire in a few years and we are thinking of going into the traffic safety field part time with this same mission in mind. Once again, we are making the effort to become fluent in Spanish.

Our local library provided the Rosetta Stone program on-line for residents to use at home at their convenience. Languages offered included English, Spanish, French, Chinese, Italian, German, etc. It is a fantastic program requiring no
translation. It shows images with spoken and written language, much the same way we learned to talk as preschool children. Unfortunately, the Rosetta Stone Company cancelled our library’s on-line subscription service.

Our library is now providing us with Mango also a multi-language program. This program does not use images but focuses more on grammar, much like a child’s early years in elementary school. Having used both programs, I find they actually complement each other. Hopefully, our library will continue to provide the community with this service. It could get costly for residents if we had to buy these programs on our own. Some of the poorer residents might be forced to stop learning a second language altogether if this happened.

My biggest inspiration for reviewing Spanish occurred a few months ago while accompanying my husband to the doctor’s office for a procedure requiring anesthesia. There was a Spanish man there for the same reason as my husband. This man spoke no English and had no English speaking relative or friend with him during this particular visit.

After his procedure, he could not understand why he could not drive back to work. The doctor’s Spanish was more limited than mine, so I intervened and told this patient, “No va en el coche hoy.” Maybe not grammatically correct Spanish but I made him understand he could not drive for the rest of the day. His look of gratitude gave me new energy to continue learning this language.

As far as I am concerned, Spanish immigrants are the new kids on the block in this country, doing many jobs English speaking citizens will no longer do. Yes I believe these immigrants should be legalized, but this is not going to happen unless we can understand each other and establish some trust. Only then will there be a chance of smooth transition. Learning a foreign language is easier for some than others.
For those of us able to do this, let us step up to the plate and learn. The world is not perfect and life is unfair. But a little “Understanding” can alleviate a lot of misconception and anger.

http://www.rosettastone.com/
http://www.mangolanguages.com/

Indian Arrowhead Spirit

Yesterday I found an Indian Arrowhead in my backyard not far from my bedroom window. It may be hundreds to thousands of years old. Being of Cree Indian ancestry makes me appreciate this artifact even more. I gave it a place of honor on my dresser so it can be seen first thing every morning; a reminder of the Indian elders who once inhabited this land.

I found it in the most unusual way. Something in the early afternoon made me go out back with my dog, Sammy and walk across my patio. I stepped about 3 feet off the patio, stopped, looked down and there it was, just like that. I couldn’t believe my serendipity. It was probably unearthed a few days prior due to Sammy’s running and my husband raking leaves in that area.

Most important, this find confirmed my suspicions; Long Island Indians from a bygone era did walk, maybe even lived on the very land our house now sits on. Our house is 38 years old and like the rest of the neighborhood, was built in the heart of the Pine Barrens. The first owners lived here 7 years; the second owners, 13 years. My husband and I are the third owners and have lived here nearly 18 years.

In 2005, we expanded our stand up attic to make an apartment
for my aged parents. It was a major renovation and took from October to December to finish. Prior to the construction, we never experienced anything unusual in the house. It was soon after completion, “little things started to happen.” I don’t like to use the “G or H words” but some type of unseen energy is coexisting with us. After a bit of research, (see links below), I found house renovations can awaken dormant spirits if they’re already in the area. It’s believed like us humans; these spirits get curious as to what someone is doing to their home. The newly found arrowhead pretty much confirms someone may still be lingering from another time.

There have been too many innocuous happenings to list them all, but the most frequent are orb sightings both in and outside of the house. The first time I spotted one was when Sammy chased it through the dining room into the kitchen where it disappeared into nothing. He promptly ran back to me whining with all his hair standing up on end. Sammy, usually a fearless German shepherd mix, has stuck to me like glue since that day.

The latest incident was a few weeks ago around 8:00 pm. My mother, daughter, husband and myself simultaneously heard a woman chanting. It was quite pretty and resonated all over the house. Each of us came out of different rooms thinking the other was responsible for the noise. It was Sammy’s spooked behavior that made us realize we’d just experienced another event.

The chanting sounded familiar like the chanting I’ve heard at numerous Pow Wows my family and I’ve attended through the years in honor of my paternal Cree great grandmother.

In addition to an American flag, I also fly an American Indian flag purchased at last year’s Pow Wow. Both flags had been down for a few days due to high winds. My husband gave no argument when sent out immediately after the incident to put the flags back up.
It’s been pretty quiet to date, but Mom did report this morning Sammy was barking incessantly one night recently while she was home alone. She also swore she heard a disembodied voice that told him to “Shut up,” which he did do.

You may wonder why this unseen house guest doesn’t upset us. In today’s world, we more fear the humans than we do the spirits. And, it’s nice to know, “someone” is keeping Sammy in line while we’re out!

http://www.true-ghost-stories.com/GhostInfo.html

http://www.lake-arrowhead-ca.com/indian_arrowheads_for_sale.shtml

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arrowhead

http://www.hawkstone.com/

What’s In a Name Anyway?

Like my late paternal grandmother, I love unusual names and gardening. I never met Grandma Florence as she died in 1933, twenty-five years before my birth.

For years I wondered why Dad’s older sister, one of my favorite aunts, spelled her name Alyce with a “y” instead of an “i.” While thinking up a pseudonym to write under for this site, I googled Alyce out of curiosity.

Apparently, ninety-two years ago, Grandma Florence named my aunt after an annual ground covering legume, Alyce clover planted in fields on the rural upstate NY farm they lived on. This new discovery was almost too good to be true. It was inevitable I take this as my newest pen name.
What I found most profound, was the sense of connection I felt across time and space with my grandmother. It was as if this new revelation was actually a long forgotten memory of my own. As I looked around at my “Farm Scene” kitchen wallpaper, I thought to myself, who says there’s no such thing as DNA Memory.

http://www.wildlifeseeds.com/info/alyceclover.html

http://www.americanchronicle.com/articles/11660

Alyce Clover’s Mind Calming Revitalization Rx

Move over Dr. Phil! There’s nothing more therapeutic than mindless yardwork on a beautiful spring day. The exercise from raking leaves, pulling weeds and disposing of the skeletons of last year’s annuals, causes a natural high. The revitalizing visual satisfaction comes after the cleanup when crocus, tulips, hyacinths, daffodils and narcissi are revealed. For a moment, all is as it should be. My final reward is a cup of herb tea with honey on the front porch; feeling content all my hard work got my mind off the world’s troubles, even if only for an hour.

Note: I was curious as to how the phrase “all is as it should be,” popped into my head and where it may have come from, as I was writing the above mini essay. Decided to google it this morning and the following link is what I came up with.

All as it should be