

## **Mystic Lake: Mind over Matter**

**Teresa L. Frisch, RN 3.28.09**

The spring of 2007 found me at a conference in Mystic Lake, Wisconsin. I was hoping to expand my knowledge of Mind-Body Medicine and had signed up for two of Lyn Buchanan's post grad Controlled Remote Viewing (crv) courses. CRV was developed by the United States Government as a form of military intelligence, and can assist with finding the answers to questions, whether those questions are asked by military, law enforcement, medical personnel, or business. Lyn's Medical Applications course had been my goal from Day One, but I needed the foundation of learning crv basic through advanced methodology first.

Books on intuitive medicine had already made their way into my library, including *Invisible Acts of Power<sup>i</sup>* by Caroline Myss, and *The Creation of Health: Merging Traditional Medicine with Intuitive Diagnosis<sup>ii</sup>*, co-authored by Caroline Myss and Dr. Norman Shealy. Dr. Shealy had also offered a foreword for *The Body of Health<sup>iii</sup>*, written by Francesca McCartney, PhD. I hoped that by studying Med Apps I could both develop my intuitive "gifts" and correlate them with my nursing intuition. Somehow, someday I hoped to find a way to actually help people by using these "abilities" that I couldn't, as yet, name or define.

Organized by two crv students, the conference was located at the huge Mystic Lake Casino Hotel in Minneapolis for several reasons. The first half found crv methodology being taught at all levels. Instructor Lori Williams introduced several new students to crv Basic while Lyn Buchanan taught an Advanced class. Coleen Marenich simultaneously moved several of us through post-grad mini-sessions using tools designed to hone specific skills.

The group had also gathered for an extra-special reason. Mel Riley, another member of StarGate, the military intelligence "psychic spy" program was at the conference. Mel is a natural psychic, and a "Mel sighting" is rare. As Lyn says, "If Mel says that something is there you can take it to the bank." All of us were privileged to be able to learn from him and we knew it. Mel's wife, Edith was going to be there with him. Edith is a fellow nurse and Reiki practitioner, and I was looking forward to meeting her and sharing some stories of our own.

During the day we had class, and in the evenings we had Mel and Lyn swapping stories. The privilege of seeing those two naturally talented people together was a gift that none of us will ever forget. The first half of the conference drew to a close with the now-familiar sense of sadness, the feel of family going their separate ways. As we scattered across the country and sometimes the globe, we never knew if we would see each other again.

The second half of the conference began with eight of us gathered to study Med Apps with Lyn. Seated in an L-shape, I was across the long table from him, about three or four feet to his left. As always, he began our lesson by laying the foundation, reviewing terminology and methodology and building into teaching through analogy and storytelling. At one point my mind wandered, as it is wont to do, and as we were talking about healing, I noticed that Lyn had a large vein on his forearm. We nurses are very bad about that. Give us a big juicy vein and most of us immediately think about how easy it would be to pop an intravenous needle in there.

I focused on that vein and immediately and simultaneously realized that if I was starting an IV on Lyn, then that meant he was sick. My immediate emotional reaction to *that* unpleasant thought was sadness and dismay that Lyn would be sick. I didn't like it, and thought "awwww..... Lyn's sick!!!!!" Lyn, in turn, simultaneously began scratching his arm at the exact place I was staring!

Sitting very, very still, I silently stared while Lyn absentmindedly scratched his forearm and talked on. Another new thing had just rocked my world. I knew intuitively that I had just "done something again" but I had no idea what. I also had no idea that I was about to get a double-whammy in personal paradigm shifting.

Still watching Lyn scratch his forearm, I was snapped out of my state of shock by a bellboy knocking on the door, then opening it and asking what we needed. We all looked at him and pausing, Lyn replied that we didn't need anything. Confused, he looked back at Lyn, and then glanced at the intercom by the door, asking again what we needed. Lyn repeated that we didn't need anything, and explained that there must have been some mistake. He must have the wrong room because we hadn't called. This bellboy wasn't about to take "no" for an answer and he was, by golly, going to do his job. He dug in and did that casino proud.

Drawing himself up, he regrouped and proceeded to point, then *touch* the intercom, explaining that it had come on across the casino and it had definitely come from this room. The group assured him that we were fine, we had plenty of coffee and juice and we didn't need anything. His facial expression said that he still wasn't convinced but he gave in, closed the door quietly and left. Lyn resumed our lesson and once again I sat there staring, but not hearing a word he said. I knew that the bellboys' office was by the front door to the casino / hotel and the conference rooms were sequestered....across a very large and spacious lobby and down a side hall.

It was a very long way from the conference room to the bellboys' office, and I had affected something electrical and summoned one.

I sat there for a minute or two, and then decided that this was a witnessed event and the class might as well learn something from it. Head down, dismayed, staring at the table, I stuck my hand in the air and abruptly interrupted Lyn before I lost my nerve. Lyn is a “people-whisperer” and can read us like books. He knew by the look on my face that I was upset.

He indicated that I had the floor and I blurted, “Anybody gonna take credit for that?” We all knew each other by now. Wondering what was up, people both directions leaned forward and back to see me, some staring and some beginning to smile while I waited... and hoped. Nobody spoke up. I tried one more time.

“Uh.... anybody want to take credit for calling the bellboy just now?”

By now they were all grinning expectantly and were watching me squirm with obvious amusement. Lyn, meanwhile, was trying very hard to choke back a laugh. He knew what was coming because he has PK himself. Thoroughly chagrined and bemused, I raised my hand and said “okay.... I did it. I admit it, it was me. I just had a PK event, and I know what I did. Sometimes I affect electrical stuff and since you were here I figured I might as well let you in on what you just saw.”

We psychic-types appreciate this kind of thing and after general round of kudos, Lyn once again tried to resume teaching class.....and once again I interrupted. In a rush, I went on to explain that I thought I might have done something else. Maybe.

We made eye contact, and I know mine were huge as they were glued Lyn’s. As my teacher, I was looking to him for reassurance and an explanation about this strange knew thing that I seemed to be able to do. Plus the fact that I seemed to have been able to figure out that I had done it. I was scared to death but if I didn’t ask now, if I let it go and walked away then I would lose the opportunity to learn something and I would wonder about it forever. In my mind, the fear of the unknown was worse than the reality of not knowing.

I explained that I had been staring at the big juicy vein on his forearm, and being the nurse that I am, I thought about starting an IV in it. This made me realize that I didn’t like that thought because it meant that if Lyn needed an IV, then he must be sick. Realizing that my emotional response had kicked off an electrical psychokinetic, or PK event, I put two and two together and made the mental jump. When I thought “awwwww.... Lyn’s sick!!!!” I had also had an “AI.” An AI, or aesthetic impact is the emotional response a viewer has when they realize they’ve established a spatial relationship with a target.

I asked him if he scratched his arm because I was staring at it. Surely that was it; it *had* to be that because he is so sensitive that he notices everything. He looked me right in the eye and didn’t hesitate, saying “No, I scratched it because you poked it!”

Thinking, “Oh God, what else?” and I essentially went numb and the rest of class that day is a blur. The next day we studied the theory, methodology and potential concepts that might promote healing behind events such as this.

I will add one last thing. One last piece of information for you, as the reader, to ponder.

Lyn was concerned that “unfriendlies” might try to access sensitive information through him when he was a member of StarGate. He developed a protective crv methodology structure for shielding and tells us that he protected three things with it. The first he will not divulge, the second is the history of The Story Stone (he has it at his home), and the third is his head. If anyone tries to make it past this shield and establish mind-to-mind contact they will supposedly develop a severe case of gastrointestinal upset. To this day I haven’t asked about his forearms.

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<sup>i</sup> Myss, C. Invisible Acts of Power. New York, NY: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 2004.

<sup>ii</sup> Shealy, N., Myss, C. The Creation of Health: Merging Traditional Medicine with Intuitive Diagnosis. Walpole, NH: Stillpoint Publishing, 1998.

<sup>iii</sup> McCartney, F. Body of Health: The New Science of Intuition Medicine for Energy and Balance. Novato, CA: Nataraj Publishing, division of New World Library, 2005.