



The **Spirit Tracker**

*A True Story of How Awakening Psychic-Intuitive Ability
Led to Finding a Missing Girl*

Norm Pratt

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A True Story of How Awakening
Psychic-Intuitive Ability Led to Finding a
Missing Girl

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Foreword

I first met Norm Pratt on a clean sheet of smooth, white ice. We passed the puck, made plays and I enjoyed watching him glide effortlessly down the right side of the rink. It occurred to me then, although I knew him only as a hockey player, that somehow he was different, special. I just didn't know how.

With twenty-five years' policing experience and as a Sergeant in charge of a detective unit, I had pretty much seen it all. At least that is what I thought on a warm, sunny March morning when I was called to investigate a seemingly routine missing person file. But that missing person file soon became an investigation that would have a profound impact on me and on my willingness to make use of psychics in these kinds of police investigations.

At the start of the search I investigated all aspects of the young woman's life in the fashion that is routine and accepted police practice. Methodically I utilized the usual resources to investigate this type of occurrence: helicopters, police personnel, police dogs and Search and Rescue teams.

After four days, however, I was suddenly struck with a strong feeling that I could not shake. I recall that I was looking out a window at the police station, across the mountain valley towards the search area, and inexplicably, I knew the girl was dead and she was hidden in the deep woods where I was gazing. It occurred to me then, for the first time in my career, that I should enlist the services of a psychic to help further the investigation. Moments later I received a telephone call from Norm Pratt.

It was at this point that the missing person investigation took an unusual turn. Although I cannot rationally explain the events that occurred, I can say that the events were real, as I personally lived and experienced them.

I have read *The Spirit Tracker*, and in my view Norm has accurately described his role in the events of this investigation. After reading his account I have a better understanding of how he works, and have, at the end of it all, been left with an appreciation for his skill and the role of psychics in police work.

Detective Sergeant Steve Bank
General Investigation Section
Nelson City Police

Introduction

This is a true story. Many of us intuitively sense unseen energies and an underlying force guiding events in our lives. But we have to find it within ourselves to pay attention and discern the messages of spiritual intention. This isn't always easy. It took me a long period of trial and error, dramatic dead-ends, and learning to trust in myself and a higher power before I was gifted the opportunity to find a missing person. With the luxury of hindsight, I can now recognize a purposeful design to the way events have taken place and shaped me.

Extraordinary experiences led me to develop psychic ability and communicate with the spirit realms. While early on these could be exhilarating or terrifying, I was gradually guided into the natural use of intuitive sensing; perceiving beyond accepted reality. I have learned people do pass into spirit when they die, and spirits can and do communicate with us. My task has been the telling of this truer, expanded reality.

Psychic and intuitive abilities are not the domain of a chosen few. They are as innate and natural as breathing. I am a regular guy. If I can develop these gifts, anyone can. By questioning things and searching for answers, I've been brought into a fuller, more conscious way of being, and a sharper, broadened perception of life, meaning and purpose. But the amazing part of this story isn't about me or the search for a missing girl, it is the reality of spiritual guidance that helped steer events on the earthly plane...

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Awakening

As a child, I didn't exhibit behaviour that might suggest I had psychic ability. I didn't even know what the word psychic meant. Ours was a relatively conservative, middle class family and as my parents would say, I was well-adjusted. My parents instilled in all four of their children a practical and pragmatic approach to life. Rules of order were to be followed, in our home as in society. So when I was a teenager and the paranormal came calling, I didn't have any established frame of reference. Psychic phenomenon just hadn't made it onto the family radar.

My first supernatural experience came on a fall afternoon when I was sixteen. I was at home in my bedroom waiting in agony for the first snowfall of the season. I had an insatiable ski fever, a passion that seemed to bring me out of myself with unbounded exuberance. Maybe that created an opening, a door for my psychic senses to step through.

My walls were plastered with posters of skiers plunging through fields of deep powder. I sat on my bed, gazing into the middle distance and day-dreaming of skiing. Suddenly a boy about my own age appeared in the room. He simply materialized out of nowhere. I wasn't frightened or shocked, just accepting, as if this was the most natural experience in the world. The boy seemed as tangible and real as the furniture. He was about my size with a slight build and dark hair like mine. He was gazing at me, standing just a few feet away. I was immediately struck by the caring in his eyes.

While he seemed familiar, I knew I'd never seen him before. He continued to look at me steadily and I began to feel an energy of love

emanating from him to me, and then, involuntarily, a feeling of love flowing out from me to him. As the seconds passed my brain kicked in, triggering astonishment and doubt. With that, the boy disappeared as abruptly as he'd come, leaving me to wonder if it had really happened at all. I didn't tell my parents because I was as skeptical about the supernatural as anyone else. Since it had been momentary and didn't rate high on my list of teenage priorities, I kept the encounter to myself and mentally filed it away for future reference. I couldn't doubt the huge impression it made upon me, however, a feeling that grew stronger and stronger as I replayed the encounter. That apparition had conveyed a silent and profoundly subliminal message: One day this boy would be my son.

Twenty-five years after this first experience, I wandered into my eldest son's room and sat on his bed, gazing at the snowboard posters covering his bedroom walls. Just then he walked in. I looked at him – a slight young man with dark hair. My childhood encounter came flooding back like a second layer of reality superimposed upon the first.

I was filled with an overwhelming sense of *deja-vu*. My body tingled from head to toe, as I realized this moment had happened before – my precognition vision had now come to pass. Clearly, my sixteen-year old son was the boy from that vision. Now as then, I felt the love flowing between us.

At eighteen, I left high school and headed straight for Banff, a skier's paradise. The environment was dramatic and striking; towering peaks jutting up into the sky and glacial-green rivers winding through the valley bottoms. The weather could change in a minute, creating a dynamic and vibrant atmosphere. I was ecstatic in my new life, making friends and finding my bliss, feeling a rapturous joy that transcended the sport of skiing. I felt lucky, full and invincible.

In the off-seasons, I hiked the backcountry, scrambling up mountain-sides into the wind and the sun. I liked being alone, discovering a fresh sense of self in nature's grandeur. I would make my way up above the tree-line and gaze spellbound at the panoramas spread out before me.

In these surroundings, I began to know the first stirrings of spiritual awakening – a profound sense of being wondrously and fittingly alive.

On one such day I had hiked far up a mountain until I found a good place to rest and eat my lunch. I sat absorbing the view, thinking idly of my family. I had only two grandparents left – my father’s mother had died when I was eight, and my mother’s father died shortly after. With my surviving grandparents both alone, we often included them on our family trips, gathering them close to us.

As I sat high on a mountain thousands of miles away from them, a feeling surged up inside me until it rang a bell in my mind. They were going to marry; my father’s father would wed my mother’s mother. The information came clearly and simply. I realized it was a premonition, and while it had a dreamy quality to it, it also felt true. Still, I was surprised to receive a letter just a few days later in which my mother reaffirmed what I already sensed. My grandparents were to be married within months.

Psychic phenomenon didn’t capture my full attention. Like most young people, I was beset by bigger questions. I had a burning need to understand my existence, why I was here and what I should do with my life. The next couple of years became an ongoing search for purpose and meaning. I read numerous books on world religions, indigenous cultures and new age philosophies, looking for answers to help me fit into the grand scheme of things. I carried books on my hikes, finding secluded viewpoints to rest and read. Before setting off down the mountain, I’d cinch my daypack tightly to my shoulders and run down the trail as if I was skiing, weaving and jumping off logs and rocks with reckless abandon.

One afternoon as I was descending a gully filled with huge boulders, working my way between them but taking forever to make headway, I jumped up on a rock and then leapt to the next. This was a much faster descent. The downhill momentum from each jump carried me faster and faster until I was on the edge of control. Gravity catapulted me down the mountain. I was moving so quickly there was no time to think or place my feet, it seemed to have become instinctive.

The descent was exhilarating. I was literally vibrating with excitement. I let myself go, mindless of the danger and exulting in the freedom of the moment, bounding down the slope like a deer, jumping out into space and scarcely landing before springing out again. I was completely focused and unfocused, all thoughts and mental process gone, intuitively stretching the limits of physical possibility. I felt singularly alive and transcendent, as if the normal rules had somehow fallen away and the world had become my playground.

Everything around me appeared brighter, clearer, more defined. My body glistened like a tawny hide, brown with summer tan and sweat, and when I glanced down, I was sure I saw hooves instead of feet. I was moving fast. Time was suspended in my leaps between boulders. I could feel the muscles rippling through my body when suddenly my conscious awareness seemed to pass out of me, leaving my body behind. All I knew was the most incredible feeling of sharpened, preternatural senses, as if reaching beyond the realm of normal comprehension.

I didn't have time to think. I was outside of mind and I felt a bubbling within my chest as though my heart was breaking open and then a voice spoke, not in words but as a flowering realization. I felt a profound awareness of something, far greater than me.

I finally slowed down and felt myself come back into my body. I hopped down from a boulder to rest at the side of the trail. My mind was blank and I was physically exhausted, yet strangely invigorated and attuned. I sat still, feeling waves of unseen energy flow out from the forest and into me. I was a part of the forest, the trail and all things. I'd moved out of the realm of physical senses and into a higher, spiritual level of perceptive ability. I walked very slowly down the mountain.

I had been changed. Opened. I wasn't sure if the experience had been psychic or spiritual or a combination of both, but I knew there was far more to life than meets the eye, and I was going to explore it. This new awareness was like a vehicle, ready to carry me wherever I wished to go. At that moment, it was to my job washing dishes, and as I jogged down the trail back to town, I felt my brain starting up again, sorting the multitude of trivialities vying for my attention. In short

order, I was back rushing through the activities and demands of each new day, but there had been a subtle and irreversible inner shift that would continue to guide me.

My life as a ski bum went on a little longer for me than for most of my contemporaries. My parents said I was drifting but I only knew I was happy living in the mountains and couldn't imagine being anywhere else. In my early twenties, I skied the winters and worked summers as a lifeguard. I became close friends with Dave Lacey, a forest ranger. He loved his job and exuded an obvious warmth and enthusiasm. Dave was open and humble and self-possessed, qualities I admired and wanted to develop in myself.

I cherished our friendship. We were kindred spirits sharing the joys of mountain life. Our girlfriends were also best friends, and the four of us would often visit the remote cabins reserved for park rangers, laughing over bottles of red wine. Dave was an accomplished mountain climber and while I savoured our time together, I opted out of the climbing. I had a fear of heights and though I tried the sport, the fear level was so high I couldn't find any pleasure in it.

Dave would return from his climbing treks with tales of first ascents and heart-stopping falls saved by ropes pinned into the side of a rock face. After one such scare, Dave told me he might stop climbing; his latest fall had really shaken him. As he talked, I felt a sense of dread in response to what he was saying. The dread became a deep and physical impression of what could happen; Dave would not stop climbing and he would die from a fall.

I didn't tell Dave about this premonition. I told myself it was merely a feeling and questioned its validity. I didn't want to think or know or believe such a thing, and felt guilty even entertaining such a thought. There was no timeline attached to it – no definitive statement of when, where or how – and I tried to push it away. Before long, Dave and his climbing partner were planning their next summit. I forced my feeling down deeper, but it was there just the same, a subtle impression of impending doom.

A few months later Dave was killed in a climbing accident. I was

devastated. I didn't want to believe he was dead, or that the premonition had come true. The climbers apparently got off-route and onto an overhanging cornice of ice and snow. Under their combined weight, the cornice broke and Dave and his partner, roped together, plunged two thousand feet to the rocks below.

Losing Dave with his perpetually sunburned face, chapped lips and contagious laugh left a gaping hole in my life. I'd never told him I loved him and wished I'd said the words. I felt guilty I hadn't warned him. I also worried that the premonition might have been some kind of self-fulfilling prophecy, or worse, that it had emerged from an insidious dark side manifested from my imagination. I sank into a depression, feeling incapable and illequipped to confront my fears. When I closed my eyes I could see the flailing bodies, Dave and his partner, falling and suspended in mid-air, the longest wait for rebirth ever. I didn't want to think of it. I wanted absolutely nothing to do with the supernatural. Looking for solace in relationships and work, I eventually married my girlfriend. We had our first child and returned to my hometown as I planned to pursue higher education and a regular career.

I was fully engaged in studying, part-time work and meeting the needs of my young family. Any thought of psychic activity was on hold. We had a second son, but unfortunately, our marriage was unraveling. By my late twenties I'd come out of university with a teaching degree and felt a great need for some time to myself. We moved back to Banff and at the earliest opportunity I set out in a campervan for a trip on my own.

After several days of travel, I felt lighter and more content. I loved the spontaneous flow of the trip, pulling into remote campsites when the spirit moved me. One evening I parked in a vacant lot on the edge of Whistler and went for a stroll in a nearby park. As I crossed a footbridge over a little stream, I was halted in mid-stride by a feeling of extraordinary negative and chaotic energy.

It felt as though something very bad had happened here. The hair on my neck bristled. While I wanted to continue the walk, I felt vul-

nerable as though I were being watched by invisible forces. I abruptly turned around and strode quickly back to the van trying to get away from the intense negativity. But rather than recede, the energy intensified.

When I got into the van, the energy followed me inside. It felt like a threatening and invasive entity checking me out, prying at the corners of my mind, trying to lift the lid on my fear. Not being able to see or understand it only increased its terrifying impact and I hurriedly started the van and drove out of the lot hoping to leave it behind. This tactic didn't work. It was all around me – a horrifying and powerful force. I pushed the 'play' button on the tape deck, hoping some soft piano music would help diffuse it, but all that came out was a frenetic whine and moaning sound as though the entity had somehow taken over the machine. This frightened me even more and I jabbed at the power button, finally turning it off.

As I drove on, the force gained in intensity as if drawing strength from my fear. I drove faster, winding and twisting along a mountain road with a sheer drop-off. It was dark and had started to rain, making it even more difficult to see ahead. I was fighting panic; intimidated by the chaotic, demonic energy I sensed all around me. It was so powerful and overbearing it exerted itself upon me, as though able to force thoughts into my head to wrest control. The force was real and evil and palpable. I could feel it trying to influence my thoughts, urging me to drive off the road and over the cliff. I gripped the steering wheel tighter and began to pray aloud asking whatever God was out there to intervene and take this entity away.

I drove for over an hour, never lessening my focus on prayer, intuitively knowing I could give no conscious room for this force to enter or influence my mind. Praying came naturally, as though I'd been doing it forever and I kept at it, gradually feeling a welcome sense of peace and relief. The negative energy seemed to pull back and by the time I reached the town of Squamish, it had dissolved altogether. With the atmosphere in the van calmed, I found a place to pull over for the night. I pulled out the bench seat and lay down, thanking the powers

that be and continuing to pray until I fell asleep.

I woke up some time in the night feeling as light as air, as if I were floating. Then I realized I was floating, hovering a couple of feet above the bed. I couldn't believe it; I was levitating. With that realization, I seemed to snap out of whatever dream state I was in and crashed to the floor, fully conscious and somewhat shaken. I had no idea how this had happened or why, nor did I care to find out. While I suspected it might be the result of sustained prayer, I'd had more than enough of paranormal experience; levitation, dark entities, or otherwise. I had no desire to acknowledge the supernatural realm, much less let it affect my life. Complete normality sounded wonderful and lying in my campervan, fully awake, I resolved to slam the door on anything remotely unworldly.

When the sun came up, I made the van's bed and started for home, vowing to recognize only the established, known quantities of the everyday world. I devoted myself to work, family and sports, firmly absorbed in the reassuring routines of daily life. Unfortunately, my marriage continued to disintegrate and I began to shut down emotionally.

By my early thirties I was divorced and feeling disheartened, with two small boys to care for on a half-time basis. Psychic experiences were a distant memory as I adapted to life as a single parent and discovered an even deeper sense of intimacy with my two sons. Then one day the news media began to report a tragic story. A young boy, Michael Dunahee, the same age as my younger son, was missing from Victoria. Surprisingly few details emerged. The boy had last been seen at a neighborhood playground. It was all too easy to relate to his parents' televised anguish each night on the evening news. With each passing day, the despair over their son's disappearance grew more apparent and each report gave less and less hope of recovering the boy alive.

The media treated this as a major story, substituting speculation in the absence of facts. They hinted at abduction or murder while the police, appearing to have little to go on, appealed for tips from the public. Like any other parent I was saddened and empathetic, but also

strangely frustrated that nothing could be done to bring this little boy home. I found myself wishing I was psychic.

With the conventional means of investigation exhausted and leading nowhere, the scenario seemed designed for a psychic and I couldn't help imagining myself in the role, aiding the police to find missing people. When I recalled the unusual incidents in my past and the intuitive knowing I'd had on numerous occasions, it seemed more than an innocent flight of fancy. I felt a distinct and lingering sense that it could happen.

While the news moved on to other events, my heart stayed with the child's parents. That experience planted a seed. Before long small things started to happen – subtle premonitions of knowing who was calling on the phone or who I'd run into at the post office. Once or twice I seemed to get a glimpse of a picture or an image forming in my mind's eye, but life was busy, scheduled, and demanding and there was scant opportunity for inner reflection. I was wary of encountering dark energies or negative experiences, so I didn't actively seek to develop psychic ability or even know if that was possible. I did sample new areas of interest, like yoga and meditation, finding these disciplines relaxing and spiritually rewarding. As time went on, I began to feel better about myself, emotionally and mentally clearer, revitalized and ready for whatever life might have to offer.

That turned out to be new love. I met a wonderful woman at a seminar in Seattle, the attraction instant and mutual. Kim also had two young boys and almost immediately I felt a strong sense this was the woman for me. We eased our way slowly into a relationship, trusting if things were meant to work out, they would. Living six hundred miles apart created some hurdles and after a year of mounting telephone bills and innumerable trips back and forth, we decided to split the distance, buying a home together on a riverside property, near the small, bustling mountain town of Nelson. I was ecstatic to be starting a new life with Kim. I felt blessed and re-energized, finding myself again opening to my deeper and intuitive feelings.

Opening to my deepest feelings created a problem. I began to notice a certain sense of discomfort, as if I wasn't yet living life as intended, too busy with too little purpose. I was missing out on something important, something outside of family, career or external world accomplishment. As this impression grew stronger and more urgent, I became increasingly uncomfortable in my own skin. I felt an irresistible need to pay closer attention to my inner world. Soon, this gut feeling was a full-fledged and conscious intuition, calling for changes in my way of being. After talking it over with Kim, I decided to do something about it.

I left my latest job to work on the development and subdivision of our property. The land was in dire need of reclamation. It had been heavily logged and swamped by spring runoff for many years and needed to be drained, cleared of debris and opened up to the sun and fresh air. I suspected that's what I needed as well. Not having any background or experience in land development, I was enthusiastic but unsure how to begin. I decided to view this as an opportunity to depend on my intuitive feelings for guidance.

Each morning I'd fire up the excavator and while the engine warmed, I would sit and wait for a sense of how to proceed. My first impulse was usually best and I would set out to dig drainage ditches, bury logging waste and carefully clear the nearly impenetrable overgrowth, trying to follow my intuitive, gut feelings. If my actions didn't feel appropriate, I would almost immediately sense a mistake and try again, feeling out a different approach. It was an exercise in trial and error, discerning intuition, feeling out the most natural course of action. It didn't hurt that I loved operating the excavator and creating instant, lasting results. I felt an immediate and enriching affinity for the work and it rewarded me as no other job had. It turned into a recovery mission for the land and for me.

Working alone in the woodlands allowed me to slow down enough to hear myself think. I was surprised to realize my mind was a constant barrage of chatter. In noticing my thoughts and feelings, I could see a difference between them. My head was proactive, calculating and

result-oriented, busily analyzing the surface events of the day. My inner feelings had a deeper, more reflective quality that called for an equal voice in my conscious process. These feelings seemed to be directing me inward to again examine the nature of my life. It soon became apparent that I had ventured into a new search for purpose and meaning.

Several years passed. We subdivided and sold three parcels of land and built a modest house beside the river. As I turned forty, I realized the peaceful nature of the forest was cultivating an inner tranquility. The meandering rhythm of the river seemed to flow into me and with each passing day it became easier to become still, to quiet my mind and emotions and to hear an inner voice that seemed to float in behind my thoughts, speaking softly. It was unfailingly affirming, telling me yes, this was my intended path. Even my physical senses seemed increasingly acute and the sights and sounds of nature appeared brighter, more vibrant and real. I loved what was happening.

I worked hard at self-improvement, day after day practicing yoga and meditation, taking quiet walks in the woods and steering away from the whirlwind of constant thought and activity. I was giving my feelings a chance to emerge and be recognized. In turn, I could sense a greater mystery. Subtle perceptions of an expansive and underlying spiritual design kept slipping into my awareness. I felt inspired and on the threshold of profound discovery.

What happened next amazed and humbled me. It was a psychic opening, bursting whatever mental dam I had left and releasing a torrent of paranormal experience. It was like a flood, carrying me along with it. All I could do was hold on for the ride.